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THE COLBIANA

Volume 7

JANUARY, 1919

Number 1

The Spirit of France.

O lovely France, who now so long hath
seen
Grim-visaged war lay waste thy fields—
thy soil
Hallowed with blood of thy brave man-
hood slain,
Thy womanhood and motherhood that
lie
Stricken;—and thy children, pierced by
the sword
Of the blood-lusty foe, prostrate in the
dust.
War-weary France? Yes, war has sapped
thy strength,
But dimmed thy spirit never, for thy
soul,
Pure element of fire, onward moves,
The soul that leads on—on to victory!
Hail, fairest France, Spirit of Liberty!

German Philosophy and the Present War.

In discussing the causes of this present war, we think at once and rightly of Prussian Militarism and its lust for world empire. But where did Prussia acquire its militaristic views and its arrogant idea of forcing German "Kultur" upon the whole world? The answer is simple. In a marked degree, a nation's principles and ideas are inspired by its philosophers. This is especially true of a country like Germany. Because of her autocratic government, of the strict imperial supervision of her schools, her churches, in short, of her whole national life she falls an easy victim to whatever system of philosophy her ruler allows to be propagated.

In recent times, the names of three men stand emblazoned on the heart of every true German; these are Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardt. They have

been aptly called the German Trinity, and it is to them that the German spirit does homage. It is they who are revered as the great moral and religious teachers of the New Germany.

Nietzsche, the prophet of ruthlessness, was the son of a clergyman. His was a brilliant mind and early he showed genius. Under the influence of a much misinterpreted Darwinism, however, he adopted the idea of the survival of the fittest, affirming that Supremacy is to the strong. He substituted for Darwin's "Will to Live" the phrase "Will to Power," a catchword much in vogue at the present time.

He prophesied the coming of a wonderful being, the Superman. It was no great stretch of imagination, then, for those thus inclined to see in this prophecy a symbol of the German nation, the chosen people. As a well-known professor writes: "Friedrich Nietzsche was but the last of the singers and seers who, coming down from the light of Heaven, brought to us the tidings that there should be born from us The Son of God, whom in his language he called "The Superman."

Many of his writings may be rightly interpreted as merely the visions of a poisoned brain, for in his last years, he became hopelessly insane, yet it must be admitted that he has exerted and still exerts a powerful influence not only upon the circle of intellectuals, but also upon the German people as a whole. It has been well said of the German youth born in the 'seventies and early 'eighties that Nietzsche was the lighthouse toward which their enthusiasm was directed. Can it be a mere coincidence, then, that in the first war which Germany has waged since Nietzsche propounded the "beast of prey" ideal, the German army is apparently inspired by a literal interpretation of such a standard?

Is not this war both a psychological cause and effect of a statement such as this? "We children of the future do not by any means think it desirable that the Kingdom of righteousness and peace should be established on the earth. We rejoice in all men, who, like ourselves, love danger, war, and adventure," or this—"You shall love peace as a means to new wars and the short peace more than the long. I do not advise you to work but to fight, not to compromise and make peace but to conquer. Let your labor be fighting and your peace victory. You say that a good cause may hallow even war, but I say to you that it is a good war which hallows every cause." Such doctrine was all the more pleasing to the German ear since the immortal Luther himself pronounced war to be "a business divine in itself and as needful and necessary to the world, as eating or drinking or any other work." What can be expected then from a nation whose religious and intellectual teachers hold such views but that it will be utterly ruthless, merciless, and without conscience?

In spite of the assertion that in the knapsack of every cultured German soldier, there is always found the Bible, Goethe's Faust, and Nietzsche's Zarathustia, yet one thing has tended to obscure the latter's influences. He was no patriot, no lover of Prussia and its ways and often glorified cosmopolitanism in the same breath with war. Another mind was needed to choose from his writings Prussian ideals and to pass them on in modified form. That man was Heinrich von Treitschke, the prophet of tribalism.

Although deaf from childhood, Treitschke occupied a prominent place in German life. "Our national historian," the Kaiser called him and well he deserved the title for his sole ambition was to emulate the House of Hohenzollern and the rule of Prussia. One of his main points was to establish the sovereignty of the State. "It is necessary," he af-

firms, "to choose between public and private morality, and, since the State is power, its duties must rank differently from those of the individual. When the State's salvation is at stake, there must be no inquiry into the purity of the means employed; only let the State be secured and no one will condemn them."

Does not the following statement furnish a reasonable basis for the mere scrap-of-paper argument? "No state can pledge its future to another. It knows no arbiter, and draws up all its treaties with this implied reservation. Moreover every sovereign state has the undoubted right to declare war at its pleasure and is consequently entitled to repudiate its treaties."

He recognized the imperative need of German expansion both for commercial advantage and to prevent her people from being incorporated into other nationalities. For "there can be no question at all," he declares, "but that human civilization suffers loss every time a German is turned into a Yankee." In order to guard against such a serious degeneration of the human race, he outlines Germany's future policy. To obtain a chance for colonization, the natural method to use and in fact, the only one consistent with Prussia's lofty ideals is by war, so he repeatedly asserts that "God above us will see to it that war will always recur as a drastic medicine for ailing humanity."

In his view, Germany has been the great civilizer of mankind and the vigorous purger of shams. All this serves merely to increase her responsibility to spread her culture throughout the world. So he looks forward to the day when the saying of the poet shall be fulfilled:

*"Some day through the German nation
All the world shall find salvation."*

The third and perhaps the most warlike of all is General Friedrich von Bernhardi, now famous as the author of the book, "Germany and the Next War," a work popular in both political and military circles. Its avowed aim is to pre-

are the minds and hearts of the common people for the approaching struggle. It is saturated with deadly hate towards England, bitter jealousy of France, and correspondingly unbounding ambition for Germany.

He returns repeatedly to his country's mission in spreading her culture among her peoples but "the duties and obligations of the German people," he declares, "can not be fulfilled without drawing the sword. War is not merely a necessary element in the life of nations but an indispensable factor of culture in which every truly civilized nation finds its highest expression of strength and vitality." Coupled with this is the aspiration for world-empire. He says: "Our next war will be fought for the highest interests of our country and mankind. World-power or downfall! will be our rallying cry."

His best-known doctrine is "Might makes right." "Might is the supreme right," is his belief, "and the dispute as to what is right is settled by the arbitration of war." Judge for yourself the effect on a people of a statement like this: "It is a persistent struggle for possessions, power, and sovereignty that primarily governs the relations of our nation to another, and right is respected only so far as it is compatible with advantage. Our future lies in our own hands. What we want is a firm will to greatness. All true Germans must gather around the Emperor, ready to give their blood and their treasure for the honor, the greatness, and the future of the German nation. 'Thro' war to victory.' It becomes necessary, therefore, that in one way or another we square our account with France, if we wish for a free hand in our international policy. France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path. A pacific agreement with England is a will-o'-the-wisp which no serious German statesman should be able to follow. We must always keep the possibility of war with England be-

fore our eyes and arrange our political and military plans accordingly."

Steeped in such utterances and surrounded by such philosophy, it is no wonder, then, that the German people are prosecuting this war with undreamed of ruthlessness, diabolical cunning, and utter barbarism.

The Home Stretch.

Old Sarah Amanda Cobb was seated by an open window, knitting. She had finished the front and shoulders of the sweater and had just started down the back, humming, as she settled herself for another half hour's industrious knitting.

Her needles clicked a merry tune and the teakettle bobbed cheerfully on the shining kitchen stove. As the saucy little clock on the mantle chimed the hour, she drew a deep sigh of satisfaction and exclaimed, "Well now! I just bet Eliza Jane h'ai'nt got no further'n that!"

She gathered her work together and, depositing it hastily in the basket, hurried to peel the potatoes. It was a little past the time at which she usually put them on to boil,—and Josiah was so "particular" about having dinner on time!

It might be said here that Josiah Cobb and Ezra Smith had had quite a violent dispute as to the virtues and good qualities of their respective better halves. Ezra declared that his wife could make the best "salaratus biscuits in the country 'round." Josiah on the other hand maintained that this was not so, and that, at any rate, if it were so, Amanda could make better squash pies than he (Ezra) had ever tasted. And so they had it, until one of them hit upon the idea of having the two ladies in question, commence knitting a sweater at the same time, with the idea that the one who finished first should be considered as possessing superior ability to the other.

Each had done her valiant best, and

thus we find them, both commencing the home-stretch of the race.

As Amanda was lifting the last potato from the kettle, she spied Josiah coming around the corner of the barn. She flew to the door and called out, "Josey! did yer call at Eliza Jane's as I told yer to, and did yer find out how fur she's got?"

"Yes, Mandy, I called and I cal'late as how she's got 'bout one quarterpiece down the back!"

"Mandy" said nothing, but put the dinner on the table in silence. "You go ahead and eat, Josiah. I'll take a bite later," and catching up her knitting, she made her fingers fly. She was not more than an eighth down the back, and that would never do! On and on she worked, unmindful of the time.

When at last she stopped to rest her tired fingers, her eighth had grown into a good third. She was progressing, but, Mercy!—there were the dishes to do and supper to get! She hurried to tidy up a bit, occasionally casting anxious glances at the sweater, now well on the road to being done.

That night Josiah reported that Ezra had said as how that his wife had her back half done. "The woman must be a fiend at knitting," thought Amanda, "Anyhow, I've got to have some supper."

Josiah took charge of the dishes and Amanda went at the knitting in hot haste. It had been decided that the one who finished first was to telephone the other family. When half past nine came, Josiah fixed the fires, put the cats down cellar, locked the doors, and started for bed; but words made no impression on Sarah Amanda. Nothing could persuade her to leave that sweater; finish it she must or die in the attempt.

About two o'clock, A. M., Ezra Smith and his wife, Eliza Jane, who had gone to bed, feeling satisfied with herself and the world in general since her back was three quarters done, were rudely awakened by the jangling of the telephone bell.

Ezra felt sure it could mean nothing less than fire, and Eliza Jane could al-

most see burglars infesting the next house; but what was their dismay and chagrin to hear an excited voice call, "I've got my sweater done first!"

The words that Ezra used were not exactly courteous, nor were the thoughts of his wife serene; but, needless to say, there was no further discussion as to whose wife was the more capable.

Broke, Broke, Broke.

Broke, Broke, Broke,
It's the only song I sing;
And all through the day I'm thinking
Of the cash that I could sling!

Oh, hail for the Chop-House, then,—
To the dance, and movies, and play,
And Parent's, the great old place,
When my dad sends me half of his pay!

But my plugging still goes on.
And I study alone, forlorn;
For when you are "broke," you can't be a
"sport,"
So you "plug," when the boodle's gone!

Broke, broke, broke,
It's the only song I sing;
And e'en in my sleep I am dreaming
Of the cash that I could sling.

Geefie Gofie.

When I was a little girl I had a wooden doll named Geefie Gofie. This doll was carved by a very dear friend of my grandfather and presented to the only baby in my family, my oldest cousin. Every night Geefie went to bed with this young fellow until the time came for her to be handed on to my oldest brother. My brothers both played with and loved Geefie and being a remarkable doll she survived the manifestation of their affections with no injury more serious than a broken nose.

In the spring of the year that I was three years old, my family moved to Cal-

ifornia and the next Christmas a huge dry goods box arrived from Maine. How well can I remember the unpacking of that box! My mother cried over the nodhead apples from the cellar of her childhood home. My brothers dragged out the packages and insisted that they all be untied and distributed at once. At last came a package for me. After tugging at the string and snatching off the cover my delighted eyes fell on darling Geefie Gofie all dressed up for her long journey. At the sight of her my mother was again moved to tears, for did she not represent the childhood of all the family kids?

No tears came to my eyes, however, and when asked by patronizing grown-ups which I liked best of all my Christmas presents, without a moment's hesitation I replied, "Geefie Gofie." Carefully I treasured her and when seven years later we returned to Maine, Geefie accompanied us, carefully packed in my own little trunk.

Not without a pang did I dutifully hand the doll on to the next kid in the family, Eleanor, the five year old daughter of Geefie Gofie's original master. Eleanor was very much pleased with her at first but in a day or two began to pass remarks about her funny joints, much to my indignation. One day I caught her swinging Geefie around by one arm to see the ball ball and socket joint slip in and out and my heart stood still in anguish.

Several weeks later we were all out in a boat on the lake near where I lived. Eleanor had Geefie and was letting her puppy lick the paint all off her face. To this, in spite of warning looks from my mother, I objected, and Eleanor, her black eyes flashing, said, "This is my doll, now, and you can stop bossing me about her. She's nothing but a silly old wooden thing anyway." Whereupon she flung Geefie over the side of the boat.

In my desperate effort to rescue her I nearly tipped over the boat, but held by my mother and commanded by my

brother I was forced to stand there and literally watch her die.

Even the echoes of a sound spanking issuing from the next room could not comfort me that night and I cried for the loss of Geefie Gofie.

Never have I had exactly the same thoughts and feelings until on the night of November 11, 1918, I was forced to attend the funeral of "the best time ever," Bloody Monday.

Tinta.

Two years ago I met Tinta pushing her baby's carriage around a popular park in a certain large city. Her eyes beamed a welcome. Happiness and trust shown in her honest face as she displayed her little Sima to me.

"Oh, yes," she said to me in her quaint English, "I live always in a great happiness now."

If you, who are reading this story, will remember that Tinta is a real, live girl, and is now living in the West, you will gain a clearer insight into the lives of the poor tortured Armenians, for Tinta is an Armenian.

Years ago, when Tinta was but a little girl, she lived in Armenia with her grandmother, her father, Mr. Samos, her mother and two brothers, Salinus and Baden. They were comfortably housed and were contented with their lot.

But suddenly fear entered their peaceful colony. It was reported that the Turks were restless and so the long suffering Armenians walked in trembling timidity. One day, in the middle of the morning, Tinta's father burst into his house, calling his family together. Tinta has never been able to forget the picture they made,—her father, pale with fear, her mother, instantly realizing what had happened, clasping her two sons to her, and her two brothers staring curiously, yet fearfully at their parents.

"The Turks have issued a proclamation saying that every Armenian man

and boy who does not accept Mohammedism today will be killed. Even now their soldiers are among our people, on this road."

With a groan he bowed his head and prayed for help. His wife drew the boys closer to her. Then, realizing that no time could be lost, she seized a large flower pot and left the room with the boys. Salonis, her oldest son, she hid upstairs, but Baden, her favorite, she led to a back room. She told him to kneel upon the floor of a huge fireplace, and, putting the flower pot over his head she covered him with paper and wood. She knew he would get sufficient air through the hole in the flower pot. Then, warning him to keep perfectly still, she hurried back to her husband.

She found him standing stiff and straight before six boorish looking Turkish soldiers. He had managed to keep them from searching the house until his wife returned, but when she entered, they roughly ordered the two to show them all the rooms. They plied her with the questions which she answered automatically deceiving them. Angered at her evident stubbornness they seized her by the shoulders and dragged her along. Mr. Samos was powerless, for two others had bound his hands. Tinta crouched in a corner, smothering her sobs, but when they left the room she furtively crept after them.

Salonis was discovered, trembling with fright and was dragged along through the remaining room. His mother had become so weak with fright that she could hardly walk. The rooms swam before her eyes, tears blinded her. When they came to the dark, rear room, where Baden lay hidden, she prayed that he might be saved.

The men entered, looked here and there, kicked the pile of wood and paper lying ready to be lighted, but did not touch the boy. The mother breathed a sigh of relief, as they turned to leave the room, when,—crash! A heavy boot had knocked the flower pot. Baden lay before them. The soldiers, filled with

evil joy, exultingly hauled him to his feet and, binding his hands, they went back to the main room.

There the three prisoners were lined up before their captors. The father, grave and stern, Salonis, cowering, a strange contrast to Baden walking with head thrown back, eyes haughtily to the front.

Mr. Samos was ordered to step forward. He complied with their order. Then the Mohammedans asked the all-important question—would he live, a Mohammedan, or die,—a Christian dog.

Without an instant's hesitation he raised his head and said.

"I am a Christian."

With a snarl of rage two soldiers confronted him and in a flash Tinta's father lay dead before them. Tinta felt her mother reel and then stiffen. She looked. Salonis had been ordered out front, but, without looking at his people he turned his back and crossed to the side of his enemies! He had accepted Mohammedanism!

One was left! Tinta glanced fearfully at her younger brother. Could he stand the test? Involuntarily she closed her eyes and prayed. One moment, then the blessed words—

"I follow my father."

Silence, but only for a second. The men, like dogs deprived of a bone, rushed at him. An order from their leader caused them to fall back.

"Leave him alone. At the prison he shall wish we had killed him now."

Without further talk Baden was led out of the house. Tinta and her mother groaned despairingly for well they knew the torture of the prisons.

Of the two years that follow Tinta remembers little. Life was one round of fear. Her mother had become an invalid, her grandmother was blind, and soldiers constantly watched the house and searched her mail for news of Baden. For Baden had escaped from jail. The night of his capture an American woman missionary and several others had succeeded in rescuing nearly one

hundred young men. Once Tinta heard that these boys had been taken into American families and were being educated. A friend who had been to America brought word that Baden wanted his family to come to America, but this was impossible.

Three years after the death of her husband, Tinta's mother died. Her grandmother consented to live with relatives and Tinta was free to come to this country.

How she secretly sold her household goods, escaping the notice of Turkish spies, how she slipped by the Turkish officials onto a cattle ship as a stowaway, how she arrived at this country and found her brother would be another story in itself. May it be sufficient to say that she actually accomplished all this and is now the proud possessor of a home and a family of her own.

Rain drops, rain drops, falling, falling,
Tear drops, tear drops, calling calling—
All is dull and drear and gray,
All is tragic on this day.

Rain drops, rain drops, gently dropping,
Care's and troubles soothing, stopping,—
All is comfort, all is love,
They are God's tears from above.

Scars.

"Hello, John! haven't seen you since October! When did you get back? Thought you would be in Florida for some months yet!" exclaimed his friend Smith.

"I was called home to attend to some business, and I decided that old New York State looked pretty good to me just now? So, I guess I'll stay a month or so," was the reply. "Any news? Who's that fellow across the street? What is the matter with his face?"

"That's young Bryce Hamilton, don't you remember him? I don't wonder you don't know him, though. He cer-

tainly is a sight. He went out West last fall for three months on a business trip and was in a bad automobile accident. You see half his face is burned a hideous red and his hair is burned off on that side too. Actually, he is the most repulsively ugly person I ever saw. I always liked Hamilton and do now, but I can't help shrinking when I look at that terrible face."

"Shame! And he was such a handsome fellow! Always had all the girls in town wild over him. I heard he was engaged to Irene Maynard—old Maynard is the steel magnate, you know. Does she still stick to him? I should think that terrible face would test any girl's loyalty."

"She threw him over shortly after he came back. I heard she couldn't stand it—and to think of looking at that across the breakfast table! I don't wonder! They say nothing can be done for his face. I don't know—he never mentions his disfigurement, and no one ever dares ask any questions. You know how proud he always was—good dresser—almost fastidious. But he always has been a man's man, as well as a favorite in society."

"I should think he could find a substitute for the faithless Miss Maynard. He has always been decidedly eligible, business prospects and all, hasn't he?"

"The social set rather shun him—his lady friends are shocked by that appalling ugliness,—those scars. All but Alice Carey and everyone is somewhat surprised at her. You know she is a practical kind—an out of doors girl. Goes in for sports and all that sort of thing—always talking about fair play. Never cared for society, nor paid any attention to men though she was quite a beauty. She did know Hamilton pretty well—he was a great chum of her brother in college and always has been. Since his accident she is the only one of the set who has taken him in, the same as ever, and she doesn't seem to mind his looks at all. Still it's probably more

sympathy than sentiment. Speaking of sentiment, what did you think of the cool way C. R. Davis sold out his father-in-law down on the 'Street,' yesterday? Cold blooded! I never saw the like!"

The conversation shifted to business matters for a moment, and then the friends went their separate ways.

Some months later, Smith went to the railway station one afternoon to meet his wife who was coming from Philadelphia. "3.15 express 40 minutes late," stared at him insolently from the bulletin board. With a muttered ejaculation concerning trains in general and the 3.15 in particular he turned toward the newsstand, and came face to face with John Tracy. Suitcase in hand, he had just alighted from the New Haven train.

"Well, you are just the man I would like to see, Smith. Just sit down and look over this plan a minute, will you?"

He drew a paper from his pocket.

"Slater and Cobb have given me an option on this property and I want your candid opinion. I haven't been in town since spring and really don't know much about matters."

From one business topic to another they went and finally conversation turned to more personal affairs.

"You can't imagine what I saw in New Haven as I came down town in a car this morning!" John went on. "It was a fellow who looked exactly like Bryce Hamilton, before the accident I mean. I could have sworn it was he, if I hadn't seen him so much disfigured when I was here last. The fellow looked all cut up about something—that attracted my attention in fact—then I noticed the resemblance. He certainly was the image of Hamilton. When I saw him I thought of our conversation about him last spring. Strange isn't it?"

"Probably that was Hamilton! He went that way when he left here."

"But his face—"

"That's a queer thing, John. You haven't heard? Why, Hamilton and Miss Carey, you remember her, the only girl

that stood by him when he was so hideous—they became engaged, and the wedding was to be in August. Everyone was astonished—to say the least—at the step Alice had taken, but they seemed so much in love that it seemed to be coming out all right. They were absolutely devoted to each other."

"But his face? What happened to it?"

"Just a minute, John. I'm coming to that. Relatives came from far and near to the wedding, and they had barrels of handsome presents. Well the very next day after they were married, Alice took the Boston train, alone, and went to her sister's, Hamilton boarded the New Haven express, and we haven't seen either of them since."

"Trouble so soon?"

"Gradually the truth—or what they know of it—came out, through her mother, who is all broken up over the whole affair. It seems that Hamilton was in a wreck but wasn't hurt much; and he had a friend, a young doctor, at the hospital where they took him, who fixed up his face like that for a joke—chemicals, dyes, or something. Then Bryce decided to keep it on awhile. He figured that he would find out if Miss Maynard really loved him—and he found out all right. Then he fell in love with Alice when she was so loyal to him—and she fell in love with him, at first probably out of sympathy. What's that some poet says about 'pity being akin to' love? Then after they were married he told her how it was and thought she would shout for joy—but a man doesn't know women very well, I guess, because she was angry instead. You see he had deceived her, and she couldn't forgive that, queer things—women! I hear she has her bill in for a divorce already—is going west. Poor Hamilton, he is down and out, they say. I give it up—I never could understand women. Now my wife—but there comes her train! Drop in at the office, old man. Glad I saw you."

With the Editors.

Many letters find their way to the Editorial bureau all of which we would like to publish, but must refrain from lack of space. Following are a few typical ones: Dear Editor:—

I am a Colby Co-ord. The S. A. T. C. asked us up on the campus to a party the other night. Though a good dancer and not bad looking, I think I had only one dance with a boy. The rest of the time I either sat unnoticed on the mess-room bench or tripped around the rippling floor in the arms of my roommate. Can you explain this?

Miss I. M. Sad.

I. M. Sad:—

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and cast its shadow on the ball room wall.

Dear Editor,

I am a senior at Colby. When I was a freshman I was told that freshmen were supposed to do the work, when I was a sophomore I continued to wash ice cream dishes and lug chairs to the gym, all with a free and willing spirit, for that surely would be the last year of toil. Junior year found me still doing the dirty work; ex. (Ivy Day Fence and weeding the tennis court); but still there was hope ahead, senior privileges would soon be mine. Now I am a senior, but Atlas in all his glory was not burdened like one of these.

Cinderilla.

Dear Cinderilla:—

Cheer up. Respect for seniors is but another of progression's cast-off ideals.

Dear Editor,

Inclosed please find this letter from my daughter who is a freshman at Colby. Can you advise a course of action in this case?

Dear Mother:

This is just to say that I am well. I am making an awful hit here at Colby and I am having the time of my life.

The girls are just lovely to me; they like the color of my eyes, the way I comb my hair and even that ridiculous old green suit that I had in grammar school.

I learned to dance, last week, and now all the girls are crazy to dance with me although I admit I spoil lots of perfectly good shoes. Last night I had fourteen dances promised ahead.

Time just flies. Last Saturday night was the Y. W. C. A. reception. Sunday I went to church three times. Monday night was Bloody Monday. Tuesday, a Dutton House party, Wednesday night, I had to tend bell and Miss Butman came in and told me all about the butter problem. She is awfully nice to homesick freshmen. Thursday night, I went to Y. W., Friday night, literary club and dance and, Saturday, military ball on campus.

The girls are all afraid I'll be homesick so some of them are in my room most of the time. All my spare minutes I go to walk with a bunch—Please send those old ground grippers I wore clamming, last summer. Of course I don't have much time to study, but the girls say I am clever so I guess I can bluff through. I'll write more later, but business is rushing just now.

Your loving daughter,

Dear Mrs. Concerned:—

By all means send the ground grippers.

Dear Editor:

On the morning of November 11th, I was awakened from ten minutes' delicious slumber by the thunder of a dawning peace. I bounced out of bed, hilarious with joy, humming "Glory, glory, Hallelujah," and dashed off down town with the parade. Everywhere were signs, "No school, No work, Everybody celebrate." Surely it was a grand and glorious day! I had just made up my mind to a wonderful gala day, when the chapel bell tolled for an eight o'clock. Having dragged through four classes I went to chapel to

hear a rousing speech on the "Downfall of Militarism," only to be squelched by a little talk on the "lunacy fringe." My spirit was thus subdued; was it better thus?

Iza Holiday—Wrong.

Dear Miss:—

It is better to have enthused too much than never to have enthused at all.

The Minister's Son.

"Devil!" said Dick Dalton aged ten, "gosh, darn, damn!" he continued after looking around to see if any of the elder Daltons were within hearing distance.

He sat on the back door step hugging his knees and scowling fiercely. He had had a glorious day of freedom topped with the other fellows,—a picnic, a swim (maybe) and a mock battle with the enemy forces, Tom Maybee's "Ruthless Raiders." And then like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, father, the highly respected pastor of the highly respected Methodist church in the very self-respecting town of Danbury, had been called to the next town to preach a funeral sermon and mother had thought best to go with him.

"Dick will stay with the baby, won't you dear?" his mother had said as she hurried off to prepare the baby's food. Since there was nothing else to do or say, Dick thrust his hands in his pockets and dragged his heels out to the back steps. Why did that old puddie have to die on a Saturday anyway, why couldn't it have been on a Sunday or a school day so a feller could get out o' somethin' instead o' havin to stay home all a holler day? As for the baby—ugh—besides being a fussy cry-baby, it was a girl. If it had been a boy, a fellow could stand totting it around some for it would be big enough to play with and teach tricks, and the best fishing stream, and the way to dry your hair after a forbidden swim and everything,—but a girl! All they do is switch around and giggle."

With yards and yards of final instructions to which Dick said "uh, uh," Mrs. Dalton climbed into the covered carriage and was off. It was a beautiful September day, with the very blue sky and the very green grass and the very clear air peculiar to that time of year. A boy of ten of good health and average energy, however abused he may consider himself, will not sit on the door step all day bemoaning his fate. Soon Dick's bright brown eyes were darting around in search of something to do.

The parsonage and grounds had been quite elaborately laid out in the first place. In the garden was an artificial duck pond which Mr. Dalton had very emphatically objected to because of the children, so it had remained dry all these years. The other day while digging a trench in the garden, Dick's shovel had hit a pipe. Investigating further, he learned that it was the drain pipe from the duck pond. The spigot was rusty, but with his characteristic perserverance he kept at it, pounding and tugging and perfectly happy as a ten year old is with a self-imposed job and a scheme in the back of his head.

At last his chance was here. He jumped up in the air and gave his most blood-curdling Indian war-hoop and then held his breath in a minute of the most sincere prayer he had ever felt.

"Please God,—don't let the baby wake up,—please, please, please!" By degrees, he relaxed and though he strained every nerve to listen, there was no sound in the chamber above. He tiptoed to the shed and dragged out the hose. He would fill up the duck pond and then for a raft and some fun!

Altho his war hoop had not waked the baby, it had reached the very susceptible ears of Joe Merrimam, Dick's sworn friend and ally, and soon he came steaming up, impersonating a war tank.

"Boom!" handspring — three backward summersaults — "spat, spat" — hand spring, — "chug, chug, chug." More summersaults and a victorious but very

red faced captain brought his war monster to a standstill right at Dick's feet.

"What cha doin' with that hose?" Joe said finally as Dick refused to praise his manoeuvres. "Oh! somthin'" said Dick, looking very wise and important.

"Your pa and ma have gone off and you have got to stay with the baby, ain't ya?"

"I want to stay home anyway," said Dick, "I'm busy," not even getting mad.

"Why Dick Dalton, you told me yourself just yesterday that you were going on that picnic with the other fellows."

"I changed my mind."

"Well, I'm going—so long" and off went the tank.

He did not go far however. Dick paid no attention,—he knew Joe. He turned the water on and in spite of many leaks in the hose, very slowly the reservoir began to fill up. Joe was back in about five minutes.

"It's too hot for a picnic. I guess I'll stay here with you," he said casually, as he strolled up to where Dick stood. In a few minutes both boys were hard at work on a raft. Joe had a small tent that summer and it was the floor to that that the boys were so speedily demolishing now. They could nail it together again afterwards if they wanted to. In the midst of all this the baby awoke and not hearing anyone around and feeling herself neglected began to screech at top of her voice.

Dick had forgotten all about her and like a shot he dropped his hammer and ran into the house. He grabbed her bottle out of the refrigerator as he went, and thrust the nipple into her widely opened mouth. With a gurgle Dorothy (a silly name in Dick's estimation but good enough for a girl) shut her mouth and opened her eyes.

"Let's go out doors, Dot," he said taking her up and putting on her coat and bonnet in rather an awry fashion. He was not rough with her and she submitted to his actions quite amiably. He set her in her carriage down where

he and Joe were playing. The raft was completed and put in the water and it floated—Hurrah! No ocean liner was ever launched with more genuine enthusiasm than that raft was on that September forenoon. Mrs. Dalton's cookie pail did good service for refreshments.

Everything was a success and the boys paddled themselves around on the raft for quite a while. Soon, however, even that grew tiresome.

"I tell you," exclaimed Dick suddenly, "let's play submarine. We'll get into our bathing suits and take turns being the submarine and knocking the other off the raft. Pa and ma can't possibly be back for a couple of hours yet. Go on home to dinner now and smuggle out your bathing suit when you come back—Hurry up!"

Dick took the baby and went into the house where he swallowed whole the luncheon his mother had laid out for him. Joe had a little harder time, for there were always questions to answer. However, in an incredibly short time both boys were waging a fierce sea battle with Dorothy enthroned in her carriage as a spectator.

Even such strange goings-on could not make the baby forget that mother was nowhere around, and she began to whimper softly to herself. The boys hollered to her and made splashes, but such devices were only temporary in their success.

"I know," said Joe, "it's your turn for the raft,—take her on with you. I'll be easy. Put her in a clothes basket or sompthin' so she can hold on and keep dry."

This they did and Dorothy's delight was unbounded; she squealed and laughed and gurgled. But Joe got careless, as boys will, and lifted the raft just a wee bit too high,—basket, baby and all slid off into the water.

It was two scared young faces that looked at one another as they shook and pounded a choking, frightened, crying baby of one and one-half years.

"Gosh," said Joe, "I gotta be goin'" as he looked up and saw the pastor's covered carriage coming down the driveway.

By the time Mrs. Dalton got to her, the baby had recovered her breath and was soon comforted by the presence of her mother.

For Dick, caught at the culmination of his sin, there was nothing but confession and its consequences. Dick was unusually polite for the next day or two,—standing when others stood and when they didn't, too, for Rev. Henry Dalton was a fine believer in the text,—*Spare the rod and spoil the child.*

When the Boys Come Home.

Ended! The strife is ended, our heroes will come again

To the homes which they have defended, coming as God's own men.

For the God of battles has spoken, the tyrant's rule is o'er.

His power at length is broken, and peace shall reign once more.

They are coming, our gallant brothers; husband, father, and son,
Who suffered and bled for others, their noble task is done.

Back from the land of sadness, back from death unto life,

And our hearts are bursting with gladness, mother, daughter, and wife.

They have made us a place in story, purchased and sealed with blood;

Brought to our flag new glory, these "untrained cannon food."

And some have answered the reveille, which called them unto God,

Leaving their blankets of lifeless clay, buried beneath the sod.

So welcome the living gladly, hold them close to your side.

Yet think upon those that sadly mourn for the men who died.

And while to our Saviour in heaven you offer your joyful prayers,

Remember His mandate given and mingle your tears with theirs.

THE COLBIANA

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All Alumnae news and other items of interest to the Women's Division will be gladly received by the Editors.

May the spirit of Christmas never cease to gladden the hearts of old and young!

O, that I were a senior! It is not the desire of every member of every class until she reaches the long-labored-for day? The great end to which the girl looks forward is of course graduation, when she receives her diploma and goes into the world equipped to battle with the strongest and surest of weapons—an education. But just before lies an almost equal joy, that is the last year of training, the year of seniorship. For the girl to whom the numerals 1919 are the finest of them all this year has come, but does she find in it what she has ex-

pected? As she looks to herself she is surprised at what she does not find. So little time is left in which to make her own all that college may give her if she wills that now she stops, looks backward to read what progress she has made, looks forward to see what must be put into the remaining months. Then it is she discovers that her old ideas must give place to new. After all, she is not going out from college a finished product. The senior girl sees that there must be always limits to her knowledge, her capabilities, her achievements. She who would be able to give free expression to her thoughts in speaking and in writing finds her thoughts still hedged about by petty trifles, sees herself still embarrassed when she would speak, her pen dry when she would write. Is then the whole four years of work to end in disappointment? What is to take the place of those qualities which were to have been a part of the senior? The girl of 1919 looks ahead to life as she is to meet it and there she sees infinitely more than she had dreamed of. There are waiting opportunities in the vast number of fields. She may choose her own. Before her are the needs of all the people in the world. It is her part to fill some need, and so help on the work of the world. She has had a glimpse into knowledge, just enough to suggest the limitless interest of the search after learning. She sees the multitude of problems to be solved. Here is where the training that she has given her mind in study of a few subjects is of value. Each problem can be viewed broadly,—some opinion formed where before all seemed hidden in fog. And above all there is that which she could not foresee—the zest for life.

The call grows more and more insistent to come out and enter the human struggle. The girl has gained an earnestness of purpose, has learned patience through failures, and eagerly she goes to meet life holding before her the vision of all that is hers to do. E.R.E.

"Education comes hard these days," a blue looking junior remarked the other day and in one sense it is true.

The spirit of seriousness and steadfastness of purpose is driving out frivolity and light-hearted gaiety. We feel that it is an electric age, we are impatient to do something, anything to help in the wonderful task that the world has before us.

Stories of the heroism of some of the world's women fan our enthusiasm to the burning point. Classes in psychology, in mathematics, in Greek, in geology, seem tragically futile, a terrible waste of time, when one's mind and imagination are in France, doing worthily big things in this time of times in the world's history.

But it is upon trained college women that the wonderful work of reconstruction is going to fall, and although our minds beat against the restrictions that hold them to their old tasks, we cannot but see that the path of the old work leads straight to a new world just ahead!

War Substitutes.

- Economy for Waste.
- Co-operation for Criticism.
- Knowledge of Prices for Gossip about Profits.
- Cornmeal and Oatmeal for Wheat Flour.
- Fish for Beef and Bacon.
- Vegetable oil for animal fats.
- The Garden Hoe for the Golf Stick.
- Performance for Argument.
- Service for Sneers.
- Patriotic Push for Peevish Puerilities.
- Perishable for Preservable Foods.
- Greater Production for an American Peace.
- The Beef You Do Not Eat for the Rifle You Can Not Carry.
- Conservation for Conversation.
- Common Sense for Common Gossip.
- Marketing for Telephoning.
- Production for Pessimism.

Canadian Food Bulletin.—

College News.

The Colbiana extends a cordial welcome to Miss Anna Raymond, the present dean of the Women's Division. Miss Raymond received her degree of Master of Arts in Boston University in 1913; studied in Northwestern College, Evanston, Ill., in 1917, and later became acting professoress of Latin in Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. Miss Raymond is a member of Gamma Phi Beta sorority, also the Classical Association of New England. This year she will have charge of the freshman latin course.

Several changes in the faculty of the college have been made this year. In the absence of Dr. Harry, Professor Helie is instructor of Romance languages. Professor Johnson's place is taken by Professor Nelson. M. L. Roberts is professor of English.

The four classes of the Women's Division have elected officers for the coming year. They are as follows:

1919, Mary Ann Foss, president; Mollie Tourtillotte, vice president; Grace Lermond, secretary; Anna Anderson, treasurer.

1920, Harriet Sweetser, president; Eleanor Burdick, vice president; Pauline Higginbotham, secretary and treasurer.

1921, Elva Tooker, president; Thelma French, vice president; Ruth Mosher, secretary; Adelle McLoon, treasurer.

1922, Nan Burgess, president; Julia Hoyt, vice president; Doris Purington, secretary; Beatrice Baker, treasurer.

The Literary Society is active this year and its meetings have been interesting and well attended. "Crosses Across" was the subject of the first meeting and

the following subjects were interestingly presented: "The Red Cross, Helen Baldwin; "The Blue Cross," Hilda Bradbury; "The Red Crescent," Marian Campbell; "Timely Topics," Dorothy Mitchell, Irene Gushee, and Dorothy Rounds. Critics on thought and delivery were Katherine Hatch and Alice Mathews. The music consisted of a vocal solo by Dorothy Knapp, and a violin solo by Alice LaRocque.

The Dramatic Club has organized this fall and hopes to present several plays during the course of the year.

The honorary societies, Kappa Alpha and Chi Gamma Theta are enjoying their usual "feeds" and parties.

The S. A. T. C. has indeed brought its changes to Colby College! How strange it is to see the boys running to classes rather than slowly sauntering along! We stare in amazement at them diligently studying in the chapel. And how queer it seems that they should be under strict rules, even more so than we, who have always envied the boys for their liberties.

We all feel the inconvenience of this military system, but "orders is orders" and we're game!

leges. The president of the Sophomore class delivered the funeral oration.

It has always been the sacred duty of Phi Chi to educate the Freshman and to down their sense of self-importance by many and varied methods. Its career has been long and successful during many happy years at Colby. Though we mark its passing with regret, we feel that its departure is for the best. Dear as the tradition has been to Colby, progressive ideas have gained supremacy over sentiment and Phi Chi has passed away.

It is not that the Freshmen this year do not need the courses which Phi Chi has given in the past, nor that the class of 1921 were unable to do it but an arbitrary rule placed by a Sophomore is now a thing of the past, a relic of days gone by. Modern ideas and ideals are different.

"The old order changeth yielding place to new," and the trend of the times is such as to make young people think more seriously than ever before. Future entering classes will, without the help of Phi Chi, have some regard for the respect due to upper classmen, and for the time honored traditions of Phi Chi the glory of which will survive in spirit if not in deed.

The Passing of the Phi Chi.

On Monday, Nov. 11th, in Foss Hall gymnasium, the student body of the Women's Division of Colby gathered to witness the funeral of Honorable and Ancient Phi Chi. The Freshman class occupied the front rows as chief mourners. The funeral procession marched slowly up the middle aisle. Phi Chi's enfeebled condition and extreme old age brought on a serious illness due to influenza and progressive ideas. In this enlightened generation it had begun to feel out of place since its brothers and sisters had already passed away in other col-

Burglar Observes 50-50 Ruling.

A Council Bluffs grocery store was robbed of five sacks of wheat flour one Sunday night. The next night it was robbed of five sacks of corn meal. The grocer's explanation is that the burglar upon finding that he had disregarded the 50-50 rule was so conscience stricken that he could not rest until he had conformed to the Food Administrator's ruling that one pound of other cereals must be obtained with every pound of wheat flour.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Work and play have again begun in our Y. W. C. A., although the quarantine kept us so long limping on one foot.

The annual reception was held, Friday evening, November 8, at Foss Hall, in honor of Dean Raymond and the members of the Freshman class. In the receiving line were Dean Raymond, Mrs. Clarence H. White, Mrs. Robert W. Crowell, and Helen L. Baldwin, president of the Y. W. C. A. A very interesting program was given which was as follows:

Nightfall K. L. King
Orchestra of Women's Division.

Reading—
Young Fellow My Lad. . . R. D. Service
Pilgrims.....
Alice V. Barbour

Violin Solo—
Mazurka E. Inlynarsti
Kathleen Goodhue

Reading—
The Dead Pussy Cat.....
A Lovely Scene..... Anonymous
Alice Mathews

Solo—
Just a Wearyin' for You.....
..... Carrie Jacobs-Bond
Dorothy Knapp
Dutch Kiddies.... George J. Trinslaus
Orchestra of Women's Division

Many members of the Advisory Board were present and also many of the faculty; all of which added greatly to the pleasure of the evening.

During the week of November 10-17, the World Y. W. C. A. Week of Prayer was observed by the organization. Each evening after dinner a few minutes were spent in thoughtfulness and prayer for blessing on work done and for a world-wide vision of service.

The regular work is speeding along in a splendid way under the direction of the various committees.

Then too, the United War Work Campaign started off with a big boom at a party given by the four classes, Saturday afternoon, November 9th. The interest is ever growing and the faith of the Y. W. C. A. still clings to \$800.00 as our goal. We can do it!

News From the Alumnae.

1918.

Doris Andrews is teaching French in the Epping High School, N. H.

Ethel Armstrong is teaching in the High School at Sanford.

Marguerite Bradbury has accepted a position in the Warner High School, N. H.

Helene Buker is now taking the nurse's training at the Newton Hospital. She spent the summer at the Vassar Nurse's Training Camp.

Eunice Chase is a teacher of Biology and English in the High School at Hanover, Pa.

Phyllis Cole is teaching English and Latin in the Sandwich High School.

Gladys Craft has a position as teacher in the High School at Topsfield, Mass.

Alta Davis is teaching in Athens.

Florence Eaton is employed by the National Geographic Society in New York.

Elizabeth Fernald is teaching in the Bristol High School, New Hampshire.

Violet French Collins is teaching at Sanford.

Norma Goodhue is teaching Latin in the Caribou High School.

Winifred Greeley is principal of The Forks High School.

Marion Horne is teaching in Winthrop High School.

Mary Jordan Alden is teaching in Caratunk.

Cornelia Kelley is teaching in Barre, Mass.

Helen Kimball is teaching English and French in Hampton, N. H.

Hortense Lambert is doing settlement work in Boston.

Marion Lewis is at home, Conway, N. H.

Hazel Loane expects to travel in the West this winter.

Gertrude Megquier is at home ill, Weston, Maine.

Daisy Murray is teaching in Hancock, N. H.

Esther Murray is at home, Waterville, Me.

Lenna Prescott is taking a secretarial course at Simmons.

Zadie Reynolds has a position with the Armour Co., Waterville.

Zella Reynolds is teaching in Oak Grove Seminary.

Lucile Rice Wheeler is at home for the present, Waterville.

Dorothy Roberts is a teacher in the High School at Nutley, N. J.

Ruby Robinson is teaching in Connecticut.

Jennie Sanborn is teaching in the Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, N. H.

Winifred Shaw is teaching at Rangeley Lakes.

Alberta Shepherd is at home in Corinna.

Isabel Snodgrass is teaching in Berlin, N. H.

Maude Spaulding is a teacher of English in the University of Raleigh, N. C.

Marion Starbird is taking a librarian course at Simmons.

Kathryn Sturtevant is teaching at Burlington, Vt.

Gladys Twitchell is teaching in Whitman, Mass.

Leila Washburn is a teacher of mathematics in the Junior High at Revere, Mass.

Hazel Whitney is preceptress at R. C. I.

Margaret Wilkins is teaching in Hampstead, N. H.

Isabelle Wing is teaching domestic science in the Sawin Academy, Sherborne, Mass.

Pauline Winsburg is teaching languages in the Washburn High School.

1915.

Marion Stewart LaCase is teaching in Westbrook Seminary.

1916.

Carolyn Stevens is doing government work in chemistry in Philadelphia.

1917.

Flora Norton Dexter is doing social service work in Philadelphia.

Marion White is secretary of the speakers' bureau of the Y. W. C. A. for the present campaign.

Margaret Brown Staples is at home in South Framingham, Mass.

Hazel Robinson is doing government work in Washington, D. C.

Phoebie Vincent Parker is at home in Willimantic, Conn.

Lucy Taylor is teaching in the Willimantic High School, Conn.

Madeline Daggett is at home in Dexter.

Ex-1919.

Louise Merrill has transferred to Dickinson College, Pa.

Madge Tooker is teaching in Hebron Academy.

Harriet Eaton Rogers is living in Tenafly, N. J.

Mildred Dunham is spending the winter in California.

Almira Schaubel Morgan is living in Philadelphia.

Ex-1920.

Dorothy Harvey is taking a secretarial course at Simmons.

Gertrude Willey is teaching in R. C. I.

Elsie McCausland is at home, Portland.

Florence Preble is staying at home, this winter.

Adrienne Clair is at home, Waterville.

Clara Gamage is teaching in East Lebanon.

Bertha Norton is at home in Anson.

Dorothy Crawford is teaching in Harmony, Me.

Ex-1921.

Margaret Hanson is teaching in the Fort Fairfield High School.

Doris Orcutt is taking the nurse's training course at the Bangor Hospital.

Martha Woodbury has transferred to the University of Maine.

The Hall of Shame.

"Not all Americans can win a niche in the Hall of Fame, but all can keep out of the Hall of Shame that bears the names of profiteers and hoarders, of wasters, and slackers, and slickers, of both sexes and all ages."—*Youth's Companion*.

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