

3-1919

The Colbiana vol. 7 no. 2 (March, 1919)

Colby College

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/thecolbiana>

 Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Colby College, "The Colbiana vol. 7 no. 2 (March, 1919)" (1919). *The Colbiana*. 19.
<https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/thecolbiana/19>

This Journal is brought to you for free and open access by the College Archives: Colbiana Collection at Digital Commons @ Colby. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Colbiana by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Colby. For more information, please contact mfkelly@colby.edu.

McLoon

The Colbiana



March Number
1919

Contents.

Tribute to Theodore Roosevelt, Catherine Bates.....	3
Colby in the Olden Days, Miriam Hardy.....	3
A Gymn. Dandy, Nan Burgess.....	5
The Bet, Alice Mathews.....	5
From a Soldier's Diary, Irene Gushee.....	6
A Sketch, Eliza Gurganus.....	6
Too Many Examinations, Esther Power.....	7
A Child's Story, Bertha Gilliat.....	8
To a Missionary, Catherine Bates.....	9
The Last Examination, Irene Gushee.....	9
A Little Prayer, Grace Foster.....	10
The New Dean, Esther Power.....	10
The Marriage Certificate.....	12
Free Belgium, Lucy O. Teague.....	13
With the Editors.....	16
Editorials.....	18
College News.....	19
Y. W. C. A. Notes.....	20
News from the Alumnae.....	20

THE COLBIANA

Volume 7

MARCH, 1919

Number 2

A Tribute to Theodore Roosevelt.

Like the sweeping winds that blow across the broad expanse of western prairie-lands, was the refreshing vigor and vitality, the uplifting buoyancy of the United States's most distinguished son, the world's most popular man, Theodore Roosevelt. How we shall miss his impulsive, sincere, keen analysis of national and international affairs! What a tremendous vacancy he has left in this time of reconstruction, when our greatest men are needed to cast and recast forms of action to be taken for the betterment and advancement of humanity! How personal is his death to each and every true American patriot! His magnetic personality, boyish zest, and whole-souled devotion in whatever movement he was affiliated, reached and warmed many an honest workingman's simple heart. To have a man high in prominence and power equally high in estimation, trust and love—how rare!

Theodore Roosevelt is dead, but he will ever live in men's memories. His soul has returned flowerlike, as when it came, having given fragrance, beauty and strength to many another soul.

Colby in "Ye Olden Days."

Colby, after many struggles against poverty and neglect has now reached its ninety-ninth year. The college certainly has changed for the better and she may congratulate herself that now the days of infancy have passed and she may rejoice to look forward to a life of increasing usefulness. However, since the rocks and hindrances that beset the paths of the early climbers have been cleared away we ask whether the coming generation will be as strong without these obstacles.

The boys in the early days came with a purpose to win. An education was eagerly sought and the few that went to college were looked up to as great men in their home villages. It was while in college that they laid the foundations for character. What splendid records these men have made in the different circles of people!

The hour of chapel has been changed from that of the old days, much to the joy of present Colby students. The old bell used to toll forth its summons from the old South College at the hour of six. Woe betide the man who arrived late as he was not allowed to enter after the chapel doors were closed and a definite fine was made for those not able to rise in time to get in chapel at six. The service was held in a dark room which was either frigid with dampness or sweltering in the excessive heat from the wood stove. I am afraid that the doctrine that was gained or listened to in those early hours was not inspiring. Doubtless the students would have agreed with the little boy, who when asked what part of Sir John Moore's poem he appreciated the most, replied, "Few and short were the prayers they said."

One of the first things a freshman did was to try and get customers for a downtown boarding house. One boy walked up to a professor, mistaking him for a brother freshman, and asked if he had secured a boarding place? The answer can be easily imagined. However, the following instance may show that freshmen were not the only green ones; a professor was lecturing on psychology concerning the fact that all phenomena are sensations. "For instance," he said, "that leaf appears green to me. In other words I have a sensation of greenness within me."

Then came the famous cane rush. A

freshman would carefully carry a cane into prayers and when he appeared after the exercises he would find the entire sophomore class waiting to receive him and to relieve him of his precious burden. Long and fierce was the struggle which usually ended in favor of the sophomores. The cane was broken up in small pieces and carried by the sophomores to their rooms where the relic would be hung in conspicuous places.

The famous sophomore prize speaking contest was held in the Baptist church. Each year the freshmen tried in every way to hear the sophomore speeches. The citizens of Waterville always expected to be entertained and they were rarely disappointed. One year just as a noble sophomore rose to go on the platform, a life sized dummy dressed in fantastic garb stood before the audience. Before the culprits could be discovered the dummy was lifted amid the delighted murmurs of appreciation from the audience.

Each year the campus was burned over and on this particular year the freshman assisting said to the negro janitor, "Well, Sambo, soon this campus will be as black as you are." Sambo with a chuckle replied, "Well, Johnny, it won't be long before it will be as green as you are!"

One day in a fight between "town" and "gown" a "yager" struck a sophomore over the head with a club. Friends gathered and threw the "yager" into a deep mud puddle. He came out swearing. A boy cried, "Look here, this is a Baptist institution and there is no swearing allowed. Baptize him again, boys." They did so until his profanity was washed away.

Mr. W. S. Knowlton, one of the two men still living, who was a member of the class of '64, writes that it was in that same fracas that he saw a big man standing by the fence, and rushing up to him, he grabbed him by the shoulders and yelled, "Come on." The response

astonished him, "Go to your room, young man." It was the president, Dr. Champlin.

When the evenings grew warmer many boys found that their student lamps were altogether too bright for their eyes, so they took every precaution to guard against injury. The only remedy from the exposure of the bright rays was a moonlight ride on the river. It is interesting to note that the affliction of the eyes seemed to increase greatly after the women were admitted to Colby in 1871. This serious affliction is similar to that disease or morbid condition marked by increased heat and accelerated pulse, common during the astronomical year beginning with the vernal equinox and ending with the summer solstice. This disease is known at Colby as "spring fever."

However, in spite of the fun of the early days we must not forget that the men were here for earnest, faithful work. These men who came to Colby in the days when funds were low, and professors were overworked and few, when the library was inadequate and small, "acquired the power which they are today using in every honest calling and profession for the good of their fellow men."

Papa—Bobby, if you had a little more spunk you would stand better in your classes. Now, do you know what spunk is?

Bobby—Yes, sir. It's the past participle of spank.—*Chicago News*.

Your sacrifices and investments in War Savings Stamps helped win the war. The victory has been won—let us carry over into peace time, two of the great lessons of the war—the value of thrift and the good citizenship and interest in your Government, which comes from having a part in financing it.

A Gymn. Dandy.

As they entered the old gym door,
The maiden softly faltered.
What has happened to the floor?
Methinks it does seem altered.

Said he, "It hath been smoothed and polished,
The dancing you'll enjoy,
The humps of old have been demolished
That did before annoy."

But to tread the light fantastic toe,
Her dainty feet refused.
She knew the way that she should go,
But Oh! Her stubborn shoes.

Now left, now right, her feet stuck fast.
He led her to a chair
And at her feet himself did cast
To see the ruin there.

He scraped her shoes and brought her wrap.
They tiptoed to the door.
The gray-white shoes with ruined tap
That maid will wear no more.

The Bet.

Margaret came in quietly and put out the light in the hall. Noiselessly she crept up to her own little room and closed the door softly behind her. The moonlight lay across the floor. She walked to the center of the room and stood full in its light, gazing with weary eyes out of the window at a little twinkling star. It was her star and she called it "friend." But it was more than a mere friend because friends sometimes fail one, but the star never did. To be sure, sometimes it did not come out and then she had to save all her confidences for another night but the other night always came and sooner or later the star.

"Well, I'm home," she said at last, "and it's the same old story. I guess I

was just born a wall-flower and a wall-flower I have got to be. Oh, why isn't John someone whom I can like and who can dance? Yes, Ellen and Hazel were there and in the height of their glory. Ellen was laughing at me too. I looked at her just as she looked away and I know she was laughing because John can't dance. Oh, it was a dreadful feeling! I wished a thousand times that I were dead.

"Here's the dance order. I can't see it very well or I'd read the names to you. This fourth name here is a fellow from away—he was bored to death when he danced with me and it hurt. But I did my part to be agreeable. I said I thought the floor was good and he said, 'Yes.' Then later I said I didn't think the orchestra was as good as usual, hoping that he might think I was in the habit of coming to dances and be more interested, but he only said, 'Is that so?' When the dance was over he edged further away from me—talking to different people and finally disappeared. He wasn't very polite, was he?"

"This next fellow here—his name is Ray something—I can't see the rest. He asked me if I minded sitting down awhile. I said I didn't. He said he had been on the go all day and I noticed he was on the go the rest of the evening. I don't know—I guess they think I can't dance. John is so abominable that it doesn't show up how well I can dance. Mary has invited me to her party next Thursday. I think I'll curl my hair. Wouldn't you? Well, good night."

Thursday came and went and Thursday night found Margaret at the window.

"Oh, friend," she cried, "what do you suppose? I've had the best time. Jim Haskell was there and I had four dances with him. He says he doesn't mind when I step on his feet—he says it can't really be helped in dancing. He called me 'pretty little girl' once when he was talking to me. He is so

much fun, and every one looked at me. I suppose they were envious. Jim is such a good dancer. But I've saved the best till last—he asked me to the movies tomorrow night and to the ball next week. I simply don't know how I shall live till then! Good night."

The next night the girl and the star were talking again at the window.

"O, little star, how bright and beautiful you are to-night! Listen—I went to the movies tonight of course but we didn't look at them much; we talked. Jim says he likes to be serious too, altho he does cut up most of the time. He is so genuine and sincere. Do you suppose there are any more like him, little star? But it really doesn't matter. Well—one night nearer the ball—so long."

A planned good time is always long in coming—it draws near and then in a flash it has come and gone. So it was with the ball. It was a forlorn little figure that came and stood before the window that night and looked out into the utter blackness. There were no stars.

"I am glad you are not here tonight," she began slowly, "for then I would have to tell you the terrible news that it was all a bet that some of the fellows made with Jim. I had a wonderful time all evening until just before the last dance we came out so we could walk home. I got my things on and was waiting when I heard Jim talking just outside the door. They all laughed—they think I am a joke—but I guess it really doesn't matter because I think they are a joke and I guess I'd rather be a rose in my own garden than a wall flower in a garden where I don't belong."

From A Soldier's Diary.

Picked up on the Flanders Field.

When dusky twilight steals along the land

With recollections fond of you and home,

'Tis then my thoughts return again to thee,

And I am back once more in dear Saone.

Now war has come and called me to our cause,

But still your face is with me in the fight.
I see you in the cannon's smoke and glare
And I am driven on by thoughts of right.

The signal warns us now's the time to go
Over the top with best of luck's the cry.
I think of all that stands for liberty
And do my duty sans regret or sigh.

If I return not to our lines tonight,
I did my duty both to God and you.
Don't weep for me but smile, my dear, in
knowing
That I did serve my country staunch and
true.

Irene S. Gushee.

A Sketch.

Everybody had gone completely crazy and everything was turned topsy-turvy. Paul couldn't understand this new attitude of the world in general. "Why do you always stand on your head when you shoot," said his neighbor, and Paul grew furious. He wasn't standing on his head at all, but the funny part of it was, everybody else was. But his gun persisted always in pointing straight at the sky and every time it went off, the whole heavens broke open and millions of star shells poured down on them, and everybody laughed and patted him on the shoulder calling him brave boy. And there was always one man in a snow white coat among the crowd that looked at him steadily all the time, till Paul couldn't stand it any longer and fired his gun at him, and when the usual star shell performance was over, the man stood there laughing just like everybody else. Then he took Paul by the hand, led him up over the top of the trench to the edge of a wide, wide sea, and together they went sailing away to the other side

of the world, where the stars and the sun, and the moon were all on the earth, and the cities and the people were up in the sky. There wasn't any ground to walk on, only the air, and Paul laughed when he stepped on it because he went down, down, down, and couldn't make any headway at all. But the man held on to his hand, and together they went on endless journeys, and always in the distance he could see the next trench with helmeted German heads rising above it. Sometimes the air was filled with blood-red birds screaming out his name, and when he answered them, they disappeared like magic, and he and the man were riding on a white horse at a maddening pace till they came back to the trench from which they had started where everyone was standing on his head and shooting at the sky, then all was darkness.

"Well, where have we come to now," asked Paul of the man in the snow white coat standing near him. The man laughed as was his custom and said, "We've been on strange journeys together, haven't we? Of course I wasn't really there, but you told me all about it."

Paul looked around to see the men standing on their heads and star shells raining down, but he saw a row of little white beds instead with men lying in them, and then he remembered.

Too Many Examinations.

A play in one act.

The Persons of the Play.

Dorris Kenyon
Elizabeth Sands
Mab Thompson
Julia Knowles

Time—The present.

Scene: Girl's room in college dormitory. Banners and pictures adorn the walls. There are cretonne draperies and a window seat covered with sofa pillows. The furniture consists of a bureau, desk, table, two chairs, besides a

large comfortable wicker chair and two couches covered with pillows. A large bright colored rug is on the floor. Books and papers are scattered about. Dorris and Elizabeth, two juniors, are studying, the one at her desk, the other reclining among the pillows on her bed. Mab enters.

Mab. Don't you girls want to come to the movies this afternoon with me? I hear they're great.

Dorris. Don't mention movies to me. I might get desperate and go. But I've got to study for exams. Why, I haven't been to the theatre this year—too many exams! I would much rather have mid-years than all these hour exams.

Elizabeth. So would we all of us.

Mab. I should say so; but I've got an exam tomorrow too.

Dorris. Yes, dear, but I have three,—Psychology, History and Greek Lit.

Mab. Heavens! Whew! One's all I can stand. [turning to Elizabeth]. You come Betty.

Elizabeth. Not much! I have a Spanish written tomorrow and it takes in our whole year's work. Besides, I've got a theme to write and my French to do.

Mab. Oh dear! Everybody's studying for quizzes all the time. Well, I suppose I'll have to stay home and study too. But I would like a little recreation.

Dorris. Recreation! I don't know what that means. I haven't been to the movies this year and only one dance. Every week it's just the same—exams, exams,—exams!

Mab. Cheer up! It can't last forever. Maybe better times are in sight.

Dorris. Let us hope so.

[Exit Mab.]

Dorris. Five minutes lost! I wish people would stay out. I'm going to put a sign on the door to "Keep Out." [writes sign and goes outside to pin it on door. Enters shortly afterward].

Elizabeth. My, but you're getting crabby, Dorris.

Dorris. Who wouldn't. [Glances in glass]. Look at me, pale, drawn, tired, and looking about 50 years old. Two months ago I was rosy and fresh-looking. You'd never think it to look at me now.

[Dorris sits down and both commence to study again. The room is quiet for a few minutes, then a young girl, Julia Knowles, bursts into the room.]

Julia. Oh!—girls—excuse me for coming in—but what do you suppose? Prexy won't let us give our dance for the Y. W. C. A. Not only that, but he says there'll be no more dances for the rest of the year! Imagine it!

Elizabeth. No more dances! We've only had two anyway.

Julia. I know it. We'll all die.

Dorris. Nothing to look forward to, at any rate. Pleasant isn't it? Girls, nothing to do but study. Fine! [bitterly]. We don't need any recreation. We're past that stage in life. Just work, that's all we ought to do.

Julia. Well, thought I'd drop in and tell the news. [Exit Julia.]

End of First Scene.

Scene II. Same room.

Time. Two days later.

[Enter Dorris and Elizabeth.]

Dorris. Another Pschy exam! Oh dear! And we've got Geology and Spanish coming too. [Sighs]. I'm so tired. I didn't get any sleep last night. My eyes ache and everything. [Sinks in chair].

Elizabeth. Dorris, are you ill?

Dorris. No, I'm all right. [Opens book, mechanically]. There goes the dinner bell. I haven't time to get ready. Guess I won't go down.

Elizabeth. I'll bring you up something if I can.

Scene III.

Same room, a few days later.

Elizabeth is alone in room, studying.

Elizabeth. I wonder where Dorris is. I'm worried about her. I hope she is through with exams for a while.

[Noise in hall. Enter Dorris followed by other girls. Dorris laughs hysterically].

Elizabeth. Dorris! What is it?

Dorris. Ha! ha! ha! another Pschy exam! Ha! ha!

Elizabeth. Oh dear! What is the matter? Someone call the dean, doctor, or someone. Dorrie dear, lie down here.

Dorris. [Pushes her aside and looks out of the window]. See! Look! There they are! 1, 2,—3, 4, 5, 6—why, I can't count them. There are still more coming. There's Pschy, Rhetoric, French, Pschy,—more Pschy—will they never stop? [Screams]. They're waving their hands at me and coming right here. Don't let them come. [Clutches Elizabeth and sinks exhausted on bed].

Elizabeth. [Wails]. Dorrie! Dorrie!

THE END.

A Child's Story.

Once there was a big black cat that was very fond of eating poor little gray mice. This cat was a very wicked cat, because he killed the poor little mice just for the fun of it.

One day the big black cat was in the pantry, and he saw a little gray mouse way up on the top shelf.

"Come down here," said the cat, "I'm going to eat you."

"Oh please don't," said the little mouse, "my mamma is waiting for me and if I don't come home she will worry."

"Never mind about your mother," answered the big cat, "if you don't come down, I'll come up there and get you."

The poor little mouse sat on the top shelf and trembled with fear, while the big cat glared up at him.

Now there was a mouse's hole right in back of where the cat was sitting and the end of the cat's tail was very near this hole. Pretty soon another little mouse stuck his head out of the hole, and it didn't take him long to see that his brother was in danger. So in an in-

stant he opened his mouth and bit the end of the big black cat's tail. It hurt the cat and he hollered and jumped around to see what it was that had bitten his tail.

But before he had a chance to find out what it was, the little mouse had run back into the hole and the mouse upon the top shelf had run home to his mamma as fast as his little legs could carry him.

To a Missionary.

I.

In a far-off distant land
Guided by an unseen hand,
Member of a noble band;
Devoting the whole of every day
Giving to others a bit of life and play,
Rewarded with service, glorious pay;
Away from home and scenes so dear,
Showing her people like a Seer
To worship, to love and revere,
Her life's a song, a sweet-chimed gong.

II.

A benediction she seems to be,
Rescuing all from a stormy sea,
Bringing them back to port—to Thee.
In a far-off distant land,
Nobly, has she taken her stand,
And out in the desert sand,
When she goes to seek for rest,
To wonder if 'twas—the best,
I et this thought come from the west:
To rightly live, like Jesus—give!

The Last Examination.

"Big Jim" Fraser, football star and all around athlete of Burnham College, was prepared to meet his Waterloo. It was the much dreaded week of mid-year examinations. Jim had failed in one already and a second failure meant that he would be barred from the spring baseball team. The fate of Burnham's team hung by a thread.

Jim's fraternity brothers were rack-

ing their brains in a vain attempt to conjure up some method whereby Burnham's reputation might yet be saved. There was no possible chance, and what is more, the whole prospective baseball team and Jim's fraternity admitted it. Ordinarily it could be done by sitting up the night before and coaching the delinquent student or by pilfering the examination paper from the professor's desk. This time, however, they had to compete with a new professor, active, and energetic, "Live-wire" Hamilton. Professor Hamilton was none of your old fossils, but was a man in the middle thirties, and like all young men, wished to reform the world. He had been, in his day, an athlete, and he knew the ropes of the game. He never made out an examination paper before hand and his mathematical problems were all original. They could not be obtained anywhere and thorough knowledge of the principles was necessary to solve them.

The day of Jim's examination dawned, but the sky had a mighty black look for Jim and when the hour of examination came big, husky Jim grew a little pale. "Live-wire" Hamilton met the class. The questions were written on the blackboard Jim wrote furiously for about five minutes. He bit his pencil, wrote, bit his pencil, and frowned. The steam sizzled in the radiator and the warmth of the room became almost oppressive.

"Will someone raise the window at the back of the room," barked "Live-wire." As anything for a diversion was in the mind of Jim, he rose, went to the rear and raised a window.

One hour, two hours went by and Jim had written pages, but he had not solved the problems. A loud rap came at the door. A messenger from the Western Union had a telegram for James Fraser. Jim grew pale. Dad hadn't been well lately. What if—? "Live-wire" handed him the telegram. The others watched him read it. There was a deadly silence. Jim gritted his teeth, placed

the envelope in his pocket, and continued to figure. He worked with a will for the remainder of the hour and was almost the last one to leave the building.

When the semester ended it was said that Jim Fraser had gone home. It was rumored that the death of his father had called him home. The most of the baseball team were down at the heel. No one knew whether Jim would be back or not. The prospect of the championship hung in the balance.

Jim came back a week later but not the same Jim. The fellows tried to offer sympathy in their rough way but Jim would not hear of it. He put his soul into the baseball team training and anxiously awaited semester ranks. Jim received his report one night and it showed a rank of C in Mathematics and but one condition. Miracles happen occasionally outside of the Bible. Jim played on the team that spring and Burnham College won the championship.

Unknown to some, there is a co-ordinate department in Burnham for the women and among the fair co-ords Jim was considered a hero. The fair ones would say, I think Jim Fraser is a *man*. To think of his staying to finish his Math exam when he had just got news of his father's dying. Of course his father didn't die, but he supposed he was dying. It showed pluck to grit his teeth and go on. Jim isn't the way he used to be. He is my idea of a hero in real life."

The baseball men shared much the same opinion of Jim but their language was less effusive.

* * * *

Ten years later Jim Fraser called at his fraternity house and among other visitors, three of Jim's classmates were present.

"Say," drawled Bob Harden, "that was some little game we pulled off on 'Live-wire' when you had that Math exam, Jim. We fellows thought you were never going to drop us the ques-

tions and when you did, Oh Boy! I never saw such problems in my young life. Besides the sharks, we had two tutors and that couldn't solve that last one. Guess you thought we were never going to bring in the telegram. Didn't that get by 'Live-wire' dead easy. He never knew. I was at a banquet not long ago where he spoke, and he said that no one had ever put one over on him in an exam. I wanted to rise up and contradict but for the honor of the frat. I didn't. The most marvellous of all was that no one ever let it out. I nearly burst my sides laughing when I think of how you went around with a long face while the pater was supposed to be on his death bed. Some day I'd like to publish that little yarn. We worked it to a science even hiring the janitor to put on more steam in room 16."

A Little Prayer.

Beauty in such tiny things,—
As snowflake or blade of grass,
See them every day we live
And scarcely heed them as we pass.

Beauty in such mighty things,—
A towering tree, a steadfast star,
Yet somehow we see them not,
They are so great, so still, so far.

Beauty everywhere we go,—
In children's eyes, in faces kind,
We see them not,— I pray tonight,
"Dear God, make me less blind, less blind!"

The New Dean.

The middle suite on third floor in Dickinson House was, as usual, overflowing with girls; for it was a popular resort for gossiping, "henning" and frivolous conversation. Aimee, the most popular sophomore, was standing before the mirror humming, "We don't want the bacon, etc.," while powdering her nose and patting her hair in place. Janie

and Madeline, two senior girls, were curled up on the beds, discussing the fifth postponement of the A. T. O. dante and the expected arrival of the new dean. Josie, a young freshman, was seated on the window sill, interested in the proceedings of the boys' fraternity house across the road; while Helene, representing the junior class, was, strange to say, seated at a desk before an open book, and evidently trying to study.

Bang! finally went Helene's book on the floor. "How do you girls think I can study with all this noise?"

"What makes you try, dearie?" asked Aimee.

"Yes, and flunk 'Rosebud's' course,—no siree! I'd rather flunk any other course in college."

"Try smiling at him like I do," suggested Aimee, "and he'll pass you."

Just then a breathless girl burst through the door and announced the arrival of the new dean.

"Hope she isn't anything like the last one," remarked Helene.

"Oh, I don't know," someone ventured. "Ma Hamilton wasn't so bad, considering she was a little deaf and too lame to walk up on the third floor. I wonder how long this one will stay."

It was a known fact that Mrs. Hamilton had broken down under the strain and confessed her inability to cope with the situation.

What a surprise did the girls of Dickinson House have when they saw a young, good looking dean! They were very much impressed by her appearance. She was tall, slender, and very attractive. Her dress was becoming and in good taste. Her manner was very cultured and refined, while her voice was sweet and low.

Every girl felt herself caring considerably about the young dean's opinion, and was possessed with a desire to please her. They all liked her and admitted it, which was a strange thing as the girls of

Dickinson House usually found flaws in everyone.

One night not long afterward, Helene, upon entering her room, found Aimee reading some magazines and newspapers.

"W-why—," gasped Helene, "I thought you were going out tonight with Bob."

"Well, I'm not," snapped Aimee. "Do you think I'm going out with boys every night? I have other things to do."

"You have?" incredulously asked Helene.

"Yes, you goose, but really, I sat at the dean's table tonight. I couldn't help it.—I was late and the other tables were all filled. The topic of conversation which Dean Chandler had was 'The Peace Conference.' Well, she asked me what I thought about it. Of course, you know I never read the newspapers. I was so embarrassed I choked and had to leave the table. I'll never be caught like that again. I'm going to read the newspapers every day. Here I am a college girl and don't know a thing about the topics of world-wide interest. I am an ignoramus. I can't even converse intelligently upon any subject. I guess it's about time I got something out of my college course besides just trying to get by."

"Yes," said Helene, "none of us read enough. I think it would be a good plan if we all read a little every day."

Dean Chandler was considered an authority on current subjects and gave talks in chapel every day, enlightening the girls on the different events of importance. The fact that she assumed that the girls knew something about the topics of daily interest embarrassed them considerably. Needless to say, newspapers and magazines were perused more than formerly and the girls found themselves in the habit of conversing about the things they read.

It was commonly known that the dean

was very literary and read Greek and Latin verse for pleasure. She entertained groups of girls in her room by reading poetry. She was an excellent reader and the girls enjoyed it. Many of them had a taste for poetry but in the whirl and rush of college life, had neglected to develop it.

The middle suite on third floor was as usual overflowing with girls for it was a very popular resort not for "henning," gossiping and frivolous conversation, for these were forbidden by the signs on the wall, "No Henning," "Don't say anything about anyone else that you wouldn't want said about yourself," "No slang," etc.; but rather for the discussing of worthy subjects. Aimee was diligently reading the Outlook, while Janice and Madeline were lying in their favorite position discussing the recent article condemning college girls as shame. Josie was sitting on the window sill, not looking out, but watching the girls and listening to their discussions. Helene was at her desk studying with successful concentration.

This spirit prevailed not only in the middle suite but throughout the whole hall and eventually it came to pass that a calm ethereal atmosphere pervaded the hall and a cold intellectuality devoid of sentiment existed.

The Marriage Certificate.

"How do you do, Gertrude. I am so glad to see you." Mrs. Hapworth cordially grasped both of my hands as I set down my traveling bag at her door.

"Very well, thank you. How are you?"

"Oh, I am not quite myself today. I should have gone to the station to meet you had I not been so disturbed this morning that I could not seem to accomplish anything all day. But do come in and take off your things. I am glad you could pay me this little visit on your way to New York."

"I did want to stop over and see you for at least two or three days. But I

hope I have not come at a time inconvenient for you. Is anything in particular the matter Mrs. Hapworth?"

"Well," with a deep sigh, "I suppose I might as well tell you first as last."

Thereupon she told me that there was to be built in the town a large mill in which her husband, Professor Hapworth, hoped to get the position of chief chemist. Another professor at the college where Professor Hapworth lectured also desired the position and had been spreading false stories in regard to Professor Hapworth in an effort to hurt the latter's reputation.

"And now," continued Mrs. Hapworth, "Professor Osgood is telling around that Professor Hapworth and I are not legally married. Professor Hapworth does not seem to care what Osgood says but it makes me cross. The manager of the proposed mill is coming to interview Professor Hapworth tomorrow so to make sure, in case the manager had heard this last ridiculous story of Osgood's, I hunted up our marriage certificate. This morning I left it on my husband's desk here at the house. Soon afterwards that traitorous Osgood came over to summon Professor Hapworth to an unexpected meeting of the faculty. Since then I have not been able to find the certificate. Professor is so absent minded that he probably left the office door wide open and Osgood saw the certificate. When Professor returned at noon, we hunted everywhere but could not find it. I feel sure that man Osgood took it. But George says it will probably turn up all right in due time."

She showed me the little office opening into the professor's private laboratory. The furniture consisted of a roll-top desk, a bookcase filled with scientific treatises, a couch, and several chairs. The few papers on the desk required but a momentary glance to show that the certificate was not among them. The waste basket was nearly empty. It seemed probable that Osgood was a thief as well as a fabricator of false stories.

That night I lay awake a long time

wondering what I could do to help. Suddenly there flashed into my mind the scheme of playing the part of a detective.

In the morning, after the professor had gone up to the college, I learned from Mrs. Hapworth where Osgood lived and the exact location of his room in the house of the private family where he boarded. Assured that the gas lighting company had been during the war employing women, I dressed in the plainest costume I had with me and went to Osgood's boarding place. In a cool, business-like manner I asked if I might read the meter. To my joy, the unsuspecting lady of the house led me to an upstairs room opposite to what I had been told was Osgood's. Inwardly trembling, I mounted a chair and began scrutinizing the meter.

"It seems to me this not working exactly right," I began hardly knowing how to proceed but wishing to gain time. I drew a screw driver from my pocket and pretended to loosen a screw although I did not know what would happen if I really did so. Whether the box was something that could be opened or whether it was a tank full of gas, I did not know. But I tapped here and there and re-applied my screw driver. Just then the door bell rang and, to my relief, Mr. Osgood's landlady puffed stairs to answer it. I immediately searched for the bit of paper about six inches square with a big blot of purple ink on the back of it. Evidently Professor Osgood carried the paper with him.

Rather discouraged at my unsuccessful attempt at sleuth work, I returned to Mrs. Hapworth. She was pleased with my daring and had hoped I might succeed in recovering the certificate. She grew more anxious as the afternoon approached, which would bring the manager. With her permission, I again entered the office and hunted in every conceivable place where the certificate could possibly have been carelessly mislaid. I

wandered into the laboratory and peered among the ill-smelling bottles. I could not see a single piece of paper, except the labels on the bottles, until finally my eye rested on the apparatus where the professor had apparently begun an experiment and left it unfinished when he was called to the faculty meeting the morning before. At any rate, he had not been working in the laboratory since I arrived. Around the neck of the flask, which was clamped to an iron stand without proper rubber protector, was wrapped several folds of paper. A bit of purple ink showed near the edge. Excitedly I unclamped the flask and removed the paper. Mrs. Hapworth hurriedly joined me in response to my call. My fingers trembled as I unfolded the precious document.

Mrs. Hapworth with mingled feelings of relief, disgust and amusement, could only say, "Isn't that just like a man?"

The Mystery of "Free Belgium."

Von Sturm was in a rage. Pacing up and down the floor of his spacious library in the splendid mansion which had been made the headquarters of the German Governor-General of Belgium, he muttered angrily to himself.

"Beast! pigs! they think they can outwit me, these Belgian printers. I'll show them yet whose power is greatest. How dare they heap insult on the Imperial German Government and its representatives?"

At this moment an orderly entered to announce the presence of Captain von Scheffel of the German military police.

"Bring him in at once," was the sharp command.

The orderly saluted and went out. A moment later the Captain entered. Saluting his superior officer, he stood stiffly at attention.

"Captain von Scheffel, have you any report?" demanded the Governor-General. When he received a negative answer, he immediately lost his temper.

"What!" he roared. "Will you, a son of the Vaterland, allow yourself to be outwitted by these Belgian dogs. Will you let them go on publishing that outrageous, that damnable paper, 'La Libre Belgique,' without interruption? This isn't a game of hunt the thimble. It's a far easier one, for a printer's outfit can't be so easily hidden as a thimble. For heaven's sake, man, get to work, redouble your forces if necessary but find those men who are responsible for that paper which is not only an insult but worse for it tells things which are true, too true. Its publication must be stopped and you must stop it."

"—No, No excuses," thundered von Sturm, as the captain opened his mouth to speak. "Go, and carry out my commands."

While von Sturm was venting his rage on the unlucky captain, a small group of patriotic Belgians were engaged in earnest conversation at the home of one Eugene van Eichorn. The subject of their conversation was that very paper that was giving the German Governor-General so many anxious moments, for these few men, all with marked journalistic talent were the composers, editors, and publishers of "La Libre Belgique."

The fairly regular publication of "Free Belgium" had been carried on by these men since shortly after the German occupation of Belgium. Before its appearance, the news obtainable came through German newspapers which were not at all reliable. A few patriots, deciding that accurate and fully trustworthy news must in some way be distributed through out the kingdom, conceived the idea of issuing secretly a paper which should be, as "La Libre Belgique" announced in its sub-title, "A Bulletin of Patriotic Propaganda, Regularly Irregular, Submitting to Absolutely No Censorship."

Many a jest and choice bit of irony was flung at the Governor-General and his subordinates in this little paper.

No wonder that von Sturm had put a whole army of police to unearth the mysterious authors. As yet, however, no trace of them had been found.

It was the possibility of being discovered that was troubling the group of men who had met at M. van Eichorn's.

"It is rumored that von Sturm is redoubling his efforts to unearth the mystery of 'La Libre Belgique,' said M. Dujardin, who sat near the open fire.

"Yes, I, too, have heard the rumor," said M. van Eichorn, who stood with his back to the fire. "I have sent M. Durand to see if he could verify it. Ah, there he is now," as footsteps were heard in the hall outside.

A gentle knock came at the door. Van Eichorn crossed the room and opened it.

"Ah, it is you, Pierre. Come in my friend."

M. Pierre Durand, one of Belgium's greatest patriots, who was afterward to meet his death at the hands of German executioners, entered.

"My friends," he exclaimed, "the rumor is true. The military police force has been doubled in strength and no stone is to be left unturned to find those responsible for 'La Libre Belgique.' We must redouble our precautions, gentlemen, there is a price upon our heads."

The men exchanged glances. For a moment no one spoke. Then M. Dujardin sprang to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "ever since we began publishing 'Free Belgium' we have done it at the risk of our lives. Now the peril seems to be even greater than before, but is there one of us who would hesitate to go on with a work that is worth so much to our fellow countrymen?"

"No, no," came in emphatic tones from every man.

"It is true," said M. van Eichorn, "that we must exercise great caution, but almost in the same breath I feel impelled to urge that we enlarge our plant,

for many more people are demanding copies than we are able to supply. We ought to turn 20,000 copies in the next edition, but with our small foot-press we can do only half that number."

"I propose then," said M. Dujardin, "that we have a larger press, run by a motor, installed. I am willing to finance such a proposition."

"But a motor would make too much noise," objected one of the group.

"That's so," agreed M. Dujardin. What could we do about that? We have to remember that the man who finds our printing office will receive 100,000 francs,—quite an incentive to follow up suspicious noises!"

After considering several schemes, they finally decided to wall up the press and its motor in the little out-building where it was to be installed. This building was near a factory owned by M. van Eichorn. As there were a great many Germans around, especial care would have to be taken to avoid discovery.

When plans had been made for buying the new press and setting it up, the meeting ended and the men left, one by one.

In the days following the purchase was made and piece by piece, the press was conveyed to the little out building in Molenbeeck, a suburb of Brussels. At last the parts were all assembled and put in place. M. van Eichorn then procured the material to wall up the press and its noisy motor. When he had finished he arranged some furniture against the false wall in order to deceive anyone entering the room. No one could have guessed that on the other side of the wall lay the solution of the greatest mystery in Belgium, a mystery which was as unfathomable to the Belgians not in the secret as it was to the Germans themselves.

When all was completed, M. van Eichorn returned to Woluwe where in an abandoned house on the Avenue Verte he set up the type for each edition of "Free Belgium," after it became too dangerous to do it in his own home. He

was assisted in the typesetting by two professional printers, who for a time had also done the printing. That night when the material was ready he stowed it away in the two small cases he had made for the purpose. He left the house and made his way unobserved to a more frequented section of the town. There he boarded a car for Molenbeeck. Although curious glances were bestowed on his burden, which, though small, was very heavy, he seemed oblivious of them. On arriving in Molenbeeck, he left the car, and by devious ways, went cautiously toward the printing office. When he reached the building he entered by a small door screened from the casual observer by a heap of old rusty iron and cardboard boxes. Once inside, he proceeded to print the paper. When the last sheet was done, van Eichorn picked one up and smiled grimly at the picture on the front page.

"Ah," he said, "old von Sturm would appreciate that!"

The picture showed the Governor-General himself, sitting at his desk reading a copy of "La Libre Belgique."

The next step was the distribution of the papers. M. Pierre Durand was M. van Eichorn's chief assistant in this work. It was not long before copies were in the hands of nearly everyone in Brussels and its suburbs, while trusty delivery men were distributing them far and wide throughout the kingdom.

Not long after this edition appeared, M. van Eichorn was sitting in his study, reading, one evening when a man entered quite out of breath.

"M. van Eichorn," he cried, "I have reliable information that your hiding place is suspected by the German military police. It will be necessary to remove the printing press and all connected with it to a place of safety."

M. van Eichorn sprang to his feet.

"I will notify the others at once," he said, "I know you would not bring me this information if it were a mere rumor."

All that night the little group of men, who were willing to give their lives if need be to save the life of "Free Belgium," worked swiftly, stealthily, removing the printing plant to the home of a friend of Pierre Durand in Brussels.

When the Germans searched the little outbuilding next day they found that the bird had flown. They were baffled just as they had been before and just they would continue to be in the future for,

although they later arrested some of the parties concerned who knew the secret, they were never able to lay hands on "Free Belgium." Although M. Eichorn himself was finally discovered to be in the plot, he successfully escaped arrest. He was no longer able to carry on the paper, but other patriotic citizens continued to publish it until the day the armistice was signed, November 11, 1918.

With the Editors.

Dear Editor:

On Monday last as is my custom, I did my washing. I wished to dry the clothes as quickly as possible and there was no room in the laundry. There is only one horse for over one hundred girls, editor, and usually the poor animal is submerged. Not wishing to burden him further, I took my laundry to the Assembly Room and decorated the radiators. All would have gone well had not the matron discovered the act and canvassed the Hall with the clothes in an effort to find the girl who dared cook her clothes in the chapel. Had I been discovered—but we will not dwell on that. Can you advise me as to the deposition of a wet wash?

I Scrub.

Dear I Scrub:

Try the hot air system. It usually is effective.

Dear Editor:

I am a poor hard working education seeking girl. I wait on table three times a day. In the morning I usually have two tables and everybody drinks coffee. At noon we take orders for milk and trot back and forth from kitchen to dining-room at least three times before things go around once. At night we crumb the tables before desert, and pass the plates but we don't mind because we get 3 3-7 cents a meal extra. In all we receive \$1.75 per week. Now the boy that waits

on the boys at each meal gets his whole board. Is this ethically sound?

I. B. Underpaid.

Dear I. B. Underpaid:

Strike! See the weekly publications of the I. W. W.

Dear Editor:

I was never so driv in my life. I had five quizzes week before last and four this week. I sat up until one o'clock most every night administering cold packs and black coffee, externally and internally respectively at following intervals and plugging for exams and writing up resumes and copying notes. The few hours that I did snatch for sleep were given up to oral German exams or cross examinations in Jr. Lit. Is this my fault or that of the college curriculum?

Miss Cray Zee.

Dear Miss Cray Zee:

You have all the time there is—there are twenty-four hours in every day.

Dear Editor:

I am not going to crab, editor, but I'd just like to ask you to explain the idea of these dance restrictions. An awful cute fellow asked me to go last time and not saying anything about my feet I had a swell time. But I am told that I have to go to church the next morning and also that I can't go again with that fellow for four weeks. Why should not the boys go to church too and why

won't the girl that goes with my fellow
next week get him away from me?

Deb U. Tante.

Dear Deb:

Seek not to know the reason for things.
Along the road of fluid submission lies
happiness.

Dear editor:

There's one course in this college
that's a head-long course, all right, all
right, and that's geology. Make a noise

like a glacier and pass over! That's
what I'd like to do. Make a noise like
a rock and sink—flunk, ka-plunk, that's
what I do do. Some weeks, we have *just*
lab., only fourteen or sixteen hours re-
quired. The trenches in my grey mat-
ter are being eroded by this grinding.
What shall I do?

I. M. Cramin.

Dear Miss Cramin:

As a matter of fact, your character
grows by headward erosion.

THE COLBIANA

Published three times a year by the Women's Division of Colby College.

Entered as second-class matter December 18, 1914, at the post office at Waterville, Maine, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

BOARD OF EDITORS

Katharine Hatch, 1919. }
Mira L. Dolley, 1919. } Co-Editors-in-Chief
Lucy Teague, 1920. First Asst. Editor
Esther Power, 1920. Second Asst. Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Elizabeth Hoffman, 1919. }
Stella Greenlaw, 1920. } Literary
Irene Gushee, 1921. } Editors
Elizabeth Eames, 1919. News Editor
Helen Baldwin, 1919. Y. W. C. A. Editor
Hilda Bradbury, 1919. Alumnae Editor
Mary Titcomb, 1919. Business Manager
Helen Getchell, 1920.
Bernice Butler, 1921. Asst. Business Mgrs.

TERMS: Subscriptions, 50 cents per year in advance. Single copies, 20 cents.

All remittances by mail should be made to Mary Titcomb, Foss Hall.

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

"You've got to satisfied that you can do anything, but never satisfied with anything you do!"

Self-confidence and self-analysis as we think of them do not make the best of companions—they are too quarrelsome. Yet need self-analysis always be destructive? An hour of self communication is apt to leave us with our castles in ruins about us. To rout the old ideals and standards is but half of the process, putting newer, brighter ones in their place is the other half. In most of our self-analysis we go just to the five cent limit, then we get out and walk and lose

our way and get discouraged. When we tear down our old convictions we should courageously set to work forming new ones.

It is a generally accepted fact that more failures in the world are due to under-estimation than to over-estimation. As a man thinks so is he. Self-confidence is the key to achievement—better slip it on your ring!

"Take all you can, you are never wrong unless you have to give back," said Frederick the Great of Prussia and in these few words he characterizes himself and his reign. A college student is apt to read this sentence, "College students, try it—you are never wrong unless you can not get away with it," and too many times this is made the watch of his college life. He starts to class with nothing prepared except a good line of bluff. If this student can hypnotise the professor with an idea of his brilliancy, he feel well satisfied with himself and as if he were a Phi Beta man in the making. If he fails in his purpose he is thoroughly disgusted with the world in general, the professor in question, and himself in particular. He is disgusted not so much because he has failed in his bluff, although this enters in, but because he has neglected his lessons.

The professional cribber performs his task with all the talent of one skilled in the fine arts. If he gets away with it, he pats himself on the back and calls himself a fine fellow. If he is caught in the act, his repentance is pathetic, he calls himself all kinds of cruel names. He minds not so much the fact that he

is caught as that he could be such a base villain.

We all have a dual personality—more pronounced in some than in others. We

are happy if we get away without people really knowing us. But there is always the one chance too many. Beware—it always gets you!

College News.

"A Maid of France" is the first play given by the Dramatic Club. It was presented under the direction of Alice Barbour, '19. The cast included Adelle McLoon, Stella Greenlaw, Doris Gower, Merle Davis, and Mary Newcomb. Judging from the sounds that rose to the open windows of the "gym" and were caught by the passerby outside the Hall, the play was "a howling success."

The Literary Society has held interesting meetings during the winter. At the last meeting the following program was carried out: Americanization— from the National Point of View, Esther Power; From the Immigrant's Point of View, Lillian Dyer; From the Citizen's Point of View, Mira Dolley; Current Events, Catherine Bates and Grace Johnson; Duet, Geraldine and Laura Baker; Vocal solo, Lucile Kidder. The critic on thought was Katherine Hatch; on delivery, Alice Mathews.

Grieg's cantata, "A Spring Cycle," is to be presented by the Glee Club this year. Rehearsals are being held under the leadership of Miriam Adams, '19. Other officers are: Manager, Lucy Teague, '20; Lillian Pike, '19. Marian Campbell, leader of the Mandolin Club. Alice LaRocque, '21, is leader of the Girls' Orchestra.

Sigma Kappa held its annual banquet and initiation on the evening of February 8. The following girls were initiated: 1920, Stella Greenlaw; 1922, Beatrice Baker, Ruth Baker, Ruth Banghart, Catherine Bates, Mary Carl, Edna

Chamberlain, Bertha Gilliat, Julia Hoyt, Mary Newcomb, Harriet Pearse, Pauline Pulsifer, Doris Purington, Reta Wheaton, Dorothy White, and Mary Whitcomb.

On March 1, the banquet and initiation of Phi Mu took place. The girls who were initiated are as follows: 1920, Eleanor Burdick; 1922, Virginia Bean, Lorena Scott, Mildred Smiley, Olive Stone.

From the class of 1922, Naomi Maher, Bertha Cobb, and Ann Sweeney have been initiated into Delta Delta Delta. A banquet was given the new members on February 8th.

Chi Omega has initiated the following girls: 1921, Irene Gushee; 1922, Avis Barton, Nan Burgess, Edna Briggs, Gladys Briggs, Annie Choate, Hazel Dyer, Daphne Fish, Ruth Goodwin, Mae Dorothy Sylvester, and Sybil Williams.

At the initiation of Alpha Delta Pi, the following girls became members of the sorority: 1919, Elizabeth McCausland; 1922, Eleanor Bailey, Marguerite Craig, Edna Fish, and Ruby Shumann.

The first semester of a strange year has closed in a manner fittingly wild and woeful. The rapture caused by announcement that there were to be no mid-year examinations was destined to be brief. The long-drawn-out period of quizzes following one another in quick succession seems now like a bad dream. From the bottom of our hearts, we hope that peace has come, to stay with us evermore.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

Our unexpectedly lengthened Christmas vacation gave us a rest from Y. W. C. A. duties, but all the committee chairmen returned in January with a new zeal, and the three months since then have been busy ones.

Discussion groups began almost immediately, consisting of twelve groups of about eight girls under a student leader. Dean Raymond very kindly and willingly gave an hour of her time each week to talk to the leaders, giving them helpful suggestions which they in turn could give to their respective groups. And the book which was studied—*The Call of a World Task*, by J. Lovell Murray—proved of intense interest to very many. Even to the extent that one girl, when the final meeting of the group came, said, "I wish we could get together some other Sundays just to talk things over like this."

A vesper service was held in January when Dr. Pierce of the M. E. Church spoke; and another, this time a union service with the Y. M. C. A., was held in February, when Professor Moulton of Bangor Theological Seminary gave a very instructive address on world conditions. At each of these services the vested choir sang and special selections were given on stringed instruments.

The last of January a tea was given by the Cabinet girls to the members of the Advisory Board, and a very enjoyable afternoon was spent talking over plans for work with the advisory members.

Who says we need a dance to make money for the Y. W. C. A.? Not the

seniors for they cleared over \$75.00 at the bazaar held in Foss Hall dining room on February 14th. The booths were fittingly decorated for Valentine's Day and were arranged along the walls to leave the center of the room open for guests. And as for supper, who wishes more than fruit salad, rolls, coffee, doughnuts, frankfurts, sandwiches, pie, cake, ice cream and candy? The girls' orchestra furnished music during the supper hour and then a short program followed. The food that remained was then auctioned off by one of the professors and everyone went home with full hands and a happy smile.

Another social time for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. was the dance the juniors held in the college gymnasium on March 8th.

The Student Volunteer Board, too, is alive and busy. Two new members have been added this year and we hope others will follow them.

The membership campaign is over and now Colby's associations' membership is 102. That's fine; but we want the other girls to join us too.

All this time though unheeded and unnoticed the regular work is speeding along under the various committees. Plans are being made by the social service committee to take a little of Foss Hall music and cheer to the sanitorium in Fairfield some time soon.

One more big thing! Silver Bay conference is coming at Lake George, June 20-30! Don't miss those ten days of jolly sport and of a new glimpse of world conditions. Plan hard to go!

Alumnae News.

1904.

Mrs. Mary Caswell Carter is receiving congratulations upon the birth of a son.

Ex-1910.

Helen Joy Hinkley, who has recently returned from France, was one of the eight nurses of the Harvard Surgical

Unit awarded the Royal Red Cross. She was invested in December by King George at Buckingham Palace.

1912.

Mrs. Marjorie Meader Lucier announces the birth of a daughter.

1913.

Cynthia Knowles is doing Y. M. C. A. work in Paris.

1916.

Marjorie Barker is attending the Bryant-Stratton Business College in Boston.

Esther French is studying at the Boston Y. W. C. A. Domestic Science School.

Berle Cram is studying for her M. A. at Brown University.

Mrs. Louise McCurdy McKinnon is receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter.

1917.

Grace Fletcher who was recently mar-

ried to Herbert Willey is now living in Milton, N. H.

Marion White was married to Ralph Smith, D. K. E., March 6, 1919.

Helen Cole is organizing a branch of the Little Wanderers' Home in Caribou.

Margaret Brown Staples is now living in Newark, N. J.

Ex-1917.

Mildred Barton Flood is living in Winthrop, Mass.

1918.

Florence Eaton is taking a course at the Columbia University.

Ex-1919.

Mrs. Harriet Eaton Rogers announces the birth of a daughter, Harriet Estelle.

Ex-1920.

Gertrude Willey is now teaching in Ricker Classical Institute.

The Elmwood, Waterville, Maine

L. G. BUNKER., M D.

Waterville, Maine

Tel., Office, 49

Residence, 49-Y

Dress Goods

Underwear

L. H. SOPER COMPANY

*Department
Dry Goods Store
Victrolas and
Victor Records*

Garments

Millinery

Kennison & Warren

Dealers in Paper Hangings, Room
Mouldings, Paints, Oils, Var-
nishes and Glass
76 TEMPLE ST., WATERVILLE

MOVING PICTURES

AT

CITY OPERA HOUSE

*We earnestly solicit your patron-
age*

S. E. Whitcomb Co.

Dealers in

Groceries, Meats, Fish, Provi-
sions, Fruit and Canned Goods

Tel., 261 & 262

81 Main St.

European and American Experience

NORBERT KRUTZKY

CHIROPODIST

Telephone 319-W

100 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

DOMESTIC BAKERY

Homemade Bread, Cake and Pastry

64 Temple St.

Tel. 397

When you want a good lunch or meal
go to **BUZZELL'S CHOP HOUSE**,
63 Temple Street.

Tel., Office, 336-M; Res., 998-W

M. M. SMALL, M. D.

84 Main Street, Waterville

Practice limited to diseases of the Eye,
Ear, Nose and Throat

12 Main St. Chas. A. Rubbins, Prop.

New York Millinery Company

Exclusive Styles
WATERVILLE, MAINE

Hager's

FOR CANDIES, ICE CREAM
AND SODA

113 Main Street

W. L. CORSON

FILMS DEVELOPED AND
PRINTED

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS
FINE WORK

Dunbar's Drug Store

HARRY H. DUNBAR, Prop.

*The Store that does a
Strictly Drug Business*

118 Main St., Waterville, Me.

The Finest Line of

Diamond Rings

in the City

F. A. HARRIMAN
Jeweler and Optician

DR. E. P. FISH

132 Main Street

Tel. 53-W. Waterville, Me.

DR. C. F. KIDDER
Dentist

60 Main Street, Waterville, Me.
Telephone 323-W

Telephone Office Hours
Connection 8 to 12 1 to 5

DR. W. F. FOGG
Dental Rooms

120 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

The Place to get your JEWELRY is at

S. RUSSAKOFF

Satisfaction Guaranteed
104 Main St., Waterville, Me.

*Learn to Write Stenotypy.
Special Courses at*

Thomas Business College

Compliments of

Waterville Steam Laundry

Coburn Classical Institute

Waterville, Maine

Coburn is an excellent school for boys and girls. Its standards of scholarship and character are high. College Preparatory Scientific and Household Arts courses are maintained. These give excellent preparation for college and for life.

Coburn is well located, is easy of access, and is well equipped with splendid laboratories for science work, a good gymnasium, a well stocked library, a modern house for Household Arts work.

The new Libbey Athletic Field of twelve acres with quarter mile cinder track, football and baseball field gives first class opportunities for athletic sports under competent directions. The expense is moderate. For cata'og address the principal,

DREW T. HATHORN

COLBY COLLEGE

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Courses leading to the degrees of A. B. and S. B.

For Catalogue, Address

A. J. ROBERTS, President

Waterville, Maine

The Fashion

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR
APPAREL, MILLINERY,
GLOVES AND FURS

The Fashion

MAIN STREET
THE NEW STORE

LOUD'S SHOE STORE

52 Main Street, Waterville

For

DRUGS, KODAK AND
PHOTO SUPPLIES
AND TOILET ARTICLES

Go To

DeOrsay's Drug Store

70 Main St., Waterville

Redington & Co.

HOUSE FURNISHERS

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Crock-
ery, Stoves, Mirrors, Mattresses,
Etc., Etc.

11 SILVER ST, WATERVILLE

HOT DRINKS AND
LIGHT LUNCHES AT

.. Stone's ..

FRESH HOME-MADE
CHOCOLATES AND
CANDIES OUR
SPECIALTY

The College Store

THE H. R. DUNHAM CO.

64 Main St., Waterville

Compliments of

ERVIN'S



Hours, 8 to 12, 1 to 5 Telephone

DR. GORDON B. HATFIELD

Dentist

173 Main St. Waterville, Maine

Gold Work a Specialty

Savings Bank Building

L. A. D'Argy, D. D. S.

DENTIST

Tel. 291 21 Main St.

Waterville, Maine

DR. EUGENE H. KIDDER

Dentist

Waterville

148 Main St. Phone 196-M

EVERYTHING
ELECTRICAL
FOR THE HOME



We have an Electric Grill that provides college girls and boys and hostesses of fudge parties and similar gatherings with the most up-to-date electric cooking device on the market.

ATTACH TO ANY
SOCKET



Central Maine Power Co.

*Corsets, Shirtwaists,
Millinery and Art Embroidery*

IDA TAYLOR

86 Main St.

The Shop Where Things Are Different

THE LITTLE GIFT SHOP

56 Temple St.

HORTENSE L. BOWMAN

T. A. GILMAN

OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

Broken Lenses Replaced

92 Main St., Waterville, Maine

Sororities Attention!

Mitchell's Flower Shop

Flowers for All Occasions

144 Main Street, Waterville

S. L. Preble

The Artist



*College
Photographer*



68 Main St., Waterville

*STYLISH, SERVICEABLE
CLOTHING*

for men and women on our

Modern Credit Systems

MARKSON BROS.

43-47 Main St., Waterville, Me.

G. A. KENNISON COMPANY

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
SUGAR, FLOUR AND SALT
Retailers of Grain, Seeds and Groceries,
Plants and Seed in Season
Tel. 219 Waterville, Me.

OTTEN'S BAKERY

**MANUFACTURER OF BREAD,
CAKE, CRACKERS**
Tel. 126. 41 Temple St., Waterville

PIANOS

VICTROLAS

STRINGS

SHEET MUSIC

Wentworth Music Co.

Savings Bank Building

**HARDWARE HEATING
PLUMBING**

W. B. Arnold & Co.

107-109 MAIN ST. 23 TEMPLE ST.
WATERVILLE, MAINE

O. A. MEADER

Wholesale Dealer in
**FRUIT AND PRODUCE
CONFECTIONERY**
Butter, Eggs, Paper, Paper Bags
9 Chaplin Street, Waterville, Maine
Telephones: 50 and 51-2

*Sole Agents for the famous
Queen Quality Shoe for Women*

Simpson & LaChance

*Clothing and Gents' Furnishings,
Boots and Shoes.*

*Common Street, opposite City Hall
WATERVILLE, MAINE*

Central Fruit Market

Choice Fruits and Confectionery

E. MARCHETTI
Opposite Postoffice

VERZONI BROS.

Choice Fruit Pure Ice Cream
140 Main St. Waterville, Me.

H. L. Kelley & Co.

*WALL PAPERS, AND
BOOKS, STATIONERY,*

FINE ART GOODS

THE LOVEJOY STORE

K. M. RACKLIFFE, PROP.
*Watches and Fine Jewelry, Cut
Glass and Silverware*
56 Temple Street

KAREKIN PHOTO STUDIO

*Post Cards, Amateur Developing and
Finishing, Cabinet Work, Copying
and Enlarging our specialty.*

KAREKIN SAHAGIAN,
Cor. Main and Temple Sts. Tel. 338-R

Betty Wales

Dresses

*FOR STREET, AFTERNOON,
AND EVENING WEAR.*

*Sold in Waterville
exclusively by*

WARDWELL

DRY GOODS CO.

DR. COBB

DENTIST

74 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

E. L. SMITH

SHOE REPAIRING

*A cobbler shop with up-to-the-
minute equipment*

Expert Workmen

Prompt Service
57 Temple Street

THE
EMERY - BROWN
Company

*will be pleased to supply
you in*

**Coats, Suits, Dresses
Furs and Waists**

*You will surely be pleased with
the style and service in our*

**UNDERWEAR AND
HOSIERY**

*as well as in all the little essen-
tials which young women need*

**BUY YOUR FOOTWEAR
AT THE
GALLERT SHOE STORE**

51 Main Street

*Agents for
Dorothy Dodd Shoes
Gold Seal and Shawmut Rubbers*

MAIN ST. CASH GROCERY
170 Main Street, Opp. Savings Bank
Tel. 188

The right place for the girls to trade
We have nothing but the best. Our
Prices Cash. Agents for Peony Flour.
Our prices always the lowest. Quality
highest.

Hersom & Bonsall

Compliments of
LARKIN DRUG CO.
Main St., Waterville

Try
McCALLUM'S
Preferred Stock Coffee

PHONE 207

City Job Print : : Printers

Savings Bank Building, Waterville, Maine

*Engraved Cards and Invitations All Kinds of School Work
Commencement Programs a Specialty. Send for Samples
Paper Stock for Memo. Books.*

Patronize Merchants Who Advertise in The Colbiana