

3-1920

The Colbiana vol. 8 no. 2 (March, 1920)

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. 8 no. 2 (March, 1920)" (1920). *The Colbiana*. 33.
<https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/thecolbiana/33>

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.

The Colbiana



Spring Number
1920

Contents.

From Dick to Richard, <i>Bernice Butler</i> , '21	4
The Bet, <i>Doris Gower</i> , '21	6
Loss (a poem) <i>Anonymous</i>	7
The Delicate Ending, <i>Marjorie Hornung</i> , '21	8
The Treasure in the Attic, <i>Melva Mann</i> , '23	8
My Dad (a poem), <i>Olive Edgerly</i> , '21	11
The Mill of the Gods, <i>Irene Gushee</i> , '21	11
The Kitties' Hour (a poem), <i>Olive Edgerly</i> , '21	14
What Might Have Been, <i>Avis Barton</i> , '22	14
Spring (a poem), <i>Olive Edgerly</i> , '21	16
Comrades, <i>Ethel Alley</i> , '23	16
A Song for Colby (a poem), <i>Olive Edgerly</i> , '21	17
An Up-River Hold-Up, <i>Dorothy Sylvester</i> , '22	18
Chapel (a poem), <i>Grace Foster</i> , '21	19
With the Editors	20
Editorials	22
College News	23
Dramatic Club	23
Athletics	24
Y. W. C. A. News	24
Alumnae News	25
Echoes from the Alley	26

THE COLBIANA

Volume 8

MARCH, 1920

Number 2

From Dick to Richard.

"Dick, O, Dick-ee, see my weddin' wess," shrilled a very youthful but very feminine voice, as its small owner tripped happily over the lawn straight for the spot where she had last seen Dicky.

Dicky, however, had noticed the tiny figure approaching even before he had heard her voice, and with that alacrity and skill known only to small boys, had leaped from the back fence, where for the last half hour he had been sitting, calmly swinging his legs, and had made a wild dash for the barn. Once inside the door, he climbed up into the loft and tumbled onto the floor where he remained perfectly quiet until he was sure he had escaped from the owner of the shrill voice. At last the sound of his name became indistinct and he knew that the child had returned to the house. With a sigh both of relief and disgust, Dicky jumped up and dealt a delapidated punching bag which hung from the ceiling, a series of blows, which had never been administered to a live and robust man might have caused him to seek an untimely grave. The old loft was Dicky's sanctum sanctorum and where no one dared to intrude.

"Foolish old girls," muttered Dicky, as he gave the bag another vicious thump. They don't think about anything but dresses an' things. Why did the Lord ever make girls and make 'em so foolish; an' why did He make my father a minister so we had to have weddin's all the time. I hate girls, I hate weddings, I hate everything!"

This time the bag received such a thump that the well-worn rope by which was suspended, broke and the badly treated punching bag fell to the floor.

"Jest as if it wasn't enough to have

other people coming here to be married all the time, my own sister had to do it. An' *why* couldn't she get married without havin' that horrid little cousin Priscilla here. I don't care if she is goin' to be a flower girl or somethin' like that. She don't have to tell me how pretty she looks in her dress, every time she sees me. She's a silly girl. I hate girl cousins anyway. Wish't I had a boy cousin or a brother or somethin'. I hate girls anyway and I *hate* weddin's. Don't see what people have 'em for. People always act silly when they come here to be married."

Dicky's soliloquy was interrupted just then by the sound of his sister's voice calling, "Dick, Dicky boy, please come here."

With a little sigh Dick started down from the loft. Even though his sister had destroyed all his faith in her, he still loved her and still wanted to do things for her, just as he always had. Somehow Dicky had never put his big sister Margaret in the same class with other girls. She had been different. She had played his boyish games with him; had turned a sympathetic ear to all his youthful troubles, and had helped him out of many a scrape. It seemed to Dicky that this big sister couldn't really be a girl; she was somewhere between a good pal and a mother. Thus by her understanding of human nature, Margaret had won for herself the unswerving loyalty of Dick's boyish heart. And then—Margaret had told her small brother that she was to be married! All her former perfection faded before the enormity of this unforgivable crime. His idol had fallen. To Dicky, the son of a village minister, wedding ceremonies had become not only very commonplace but exceedingly tiresome occur-

rences. How he hated to see a carriage drive up before the house, a young couple alight, go into his father's study, and then before long come out laughing, talking and—as Dicky said—acting silly.

However, he might have forgiven his sister for her inconsiderate act if she hadn't insisted on making such a celebration of her wedding. A great many people, mostly girls, were visiting at the house, and worst of all was that horrid little cousin Priscilla.

And now Margaret was calling him. He knew what she wanted; she wanted him to be dressed up, to sit in a straight chair and watch her be married. He loathed the thoughts of it but—as Dicky said—“A feller's always got to stand up for a pal, ain't he?” Margaret had been a pal to him and though *she* hadn't kept faith, Dicky was no quitter. He left the punching bag lying on the floor and reluctantly climbed down from the loft. Margaret was waiting for him in the door-way.

* * * *

“Hey, Dick,— Dick, you old son of a gun, come here,” yelled Terry Mathews to his roommate, as he raced across the campus with a letter in his hand. “Are you going home for Thanksgiving?”

“No, Terry. I guess not,” answered Dick, as his room-mate caught up with him. “Father has to be away that day and there won't be anybody there but the housekeeper. She and I could hardly make a holiday occasion of it. It won't hurt me any to stay here though. You know my rank will just barely let me play in the game Tuesday and if I don't snap to and study a little, the faculty won't let me do anything at hockey. I'll study for these few days and be the star of the class when you all come back.”

“Well, I guess you won't, old man,” cried Terry. He may not have heard the wistful tone in Dick's voice, but he knew well enough that Richard Graham would never relish the idea of staying at college during the holidays with all his

classmates gone. “You're going home with me. I've just got a letter from the family saying that they are coming down Tuesday to see the game—to see you play, old man. My sister is coming down from Brent, too. On Wednesday they are all going back to Brent and take us along. The girls at the college there are giving some sort of an affair that day, in which Sis is starring. Athletic contests in the afternoon, play a dance in the evening, etc. After that they will take us all home for Thanksgiving. And you're coming along, too. You have a regular invitation from the whole family. Here, read it. Sounds pretty good, eh?”

“Terry, you're a prince. I'm for going home with you all right, but nothing doing on the Brent affair. Nobody could drag me to that girls' college. I'd die first. I'd feel like the biggest fool in creation. You know where I get with girls, Terry. Leave me here, Wednesday and pick me up on the way back. Imagine me being dropped down in the world of girls. O, Lord!”

“You fool, Dick. I know where you get off with girls—nothing. I know they'd all be crazy about you if you give them half a chance. Come on. Be sport. Just this once, Dick. If you go, I'll promise to stick to you like glue. I won't desert you once. Yes, I, Terry Mathews, will promise to protect you, the greatest athlete of Hunwell College, from the fearful rushes of the females. I'll even promise not to be captivated myself— gee, what a promise for me to keep— but just stay by and pick me up through. You'll have a good time. If only that tongue of yours would congeal so entirely, when you get within six miles of a girl. Come on, Dick. Just this time. I'll tell you what, young man, if you don't go to Brent, you can't come home with me. That's final. Your invitation holds good only on one condition—that you take in everything. What do you say? Is it a go?”

“All right, Terry—I'll go. But I wa

u now that I won't be responsible for
 ything I may do or say. If you hear
 ne of your friends deploring the fact
 at you room with a dub like me, be
 ent and know whose fault it is. Yes,
 l go, Terry, but— Heaven protect me,
 feel like a convict being led to the
 air.”

* * * *

It was Wednesday and the campus of
 ent college was a scene of great festiv-
 . Fond parents, loyal alumnae and
 vited guests had come to Brent to be
 esent at the Thanksgiving carnival
 ven annually by the girls of the college.
 ere was an unusual number of guests
 is year for many people had traveled
 r to witness the great football victory
 Hunwell College the day before and
 d come from there to Brent.

Tonight, as the guests gathered in the
 ilyantly lighted hall, waiting for the
 st strains of music to sound for the
 ncing, all conversation was centered
 on the beautiful play which had just
 en presented by the girls and upon the
 t door sports which all had witnessed
 at afternoon. Just as last night, the
 me of Richard Graham had been in
 e minds and on the lips of all those
 o had seen his superb playing for
 unwell, so now the name of Katherine
 athews was mentioned in tones of ad-
 ration, as the guests commented upon
 e remarkable ability of the leader of
 ent's activities.

Not that Dick Graham's playing had
 en forgotten. Far from it, for in
 ery corner, one could hear the voices
 excited girls as they made such re-
 arks as:

“Is he really here tonight?”

“Yes, they told me someone saw him
 re with Kay Mathew's brother.”

“Wouldn't you love to meet him? They
 y he doesn't care a thing for girls.
 hat an odd fellow he must be!”

“His father went to college with mine,
 d I'm going to see if Dad won't make
 s acquaintance and then introduce
 a.”

No, the name of Dick Graham had
 been made famous for all time among
 college students, but just as more recent
 happiness, though perhaps less than
 that which has gone before, stands out
 more clearly in the mind of him who ex-
 periences it, so now the remarkable abil-
 ity of Katherine Mathews had slightly
 overshadowed the young football hero's
 fame of the day before.

In the athletic contests of the after-
 noon, Katherine had played basketball
 with unusual skill. More than that,
 however, in the great skating contest
 which was held each year when the con-
 dition of the river would allow it, she
 had taken the winner's ribbon. Those
 who sat on the bank of the river and
 watched her through the whole course
 of the race had held their breaths as
 she reached the final lap. Could she keep
 on with those steady but daring strokes?
 Could she finish as she had started, with
 that appearance of little effort? She
 seemed more at home on the ice than on
 solid ground. Those who did see her fin-
 ish and come in over the final lap, glori-
 ously victorious, marveled at the endur-
 ance and vitality of the girl. Again they
 wondered when that night she took a
 prominent part in the college play; won-
 dered that the qualities of such a re-
 markable athlete and the equally desira-
 ble qualities of sweet girlhood could be
 so mingled in one feminine character.

Even Dick had been impressed. “Well,
 I'll bet that's one girl,” he had said to
 himself, “who isn't as silly as the rest
 of them. Any girl who can skate and
 play basketball that way could—why
 she could almost play football. She
 must have a little sense. I'll bet she isn't
 crazy about dancing and dressing up
 and all that rot that most girls like. If
 Terry has to have a sister, he's lucky to
 have one like that.”

Somehow Dick had never imagined
 girls as having any interest in athletics
 and the ability of this girl quite over-
 awed him.

Later in the evening, Terry, untrue to

his promise, did allow himself to be captivated by one of the fair sex. In desperation he sought his sister: "Say, Kay, go talk to Dick for awhile, will you? I promised him I wouldn't leave him alone for a minute but I *do* want to dance. I've persuaded him to let you take charge of him for awhile, if you will. You can make him talk if anyone can. Will you do it, Sis? Just for a little while you know. Wake him up. Do something to make him have a good time. I'll be back and relieve you soon. He can't dance, you know. Never could make him try."

And so it happened that Richard Graham, the confirmed hater of girls, found himself alone with one of the most attractive individuals of that sex. He had met her once before and mumbled a few words of introduction, but that was a far different thing from talking to her. For one awful moment, Dick's tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth and his collar felt several sizes too small.

Then he heard the girl saying, "I suppose you are tired of being congratulated on your wonderful playing of yesterday, but I can't help adding a word. I believe you're the best open field runner that I've ever seen play, Mr. Graham, and I've been to the Hunwell games with Dad ever since I was a very little girl. I guess none of the spectators have yet recovered from that spectacular feat of yours when you intercepted that forward pass and without any interruption ran the length of the field for that touchdown. It reminded me of that game three years ago,—perhaps you remember it—when Ray Samuels was starring. Do you remember his smashing line plunges and what terrible holes he could tear in his opponent's line?"

As the talk shifted to bygone Hunwell games and from there to other topics regarding athletics, Dick forgot his embarrassment, forgot the habit his tongue had of refusing to move, and forgot that he didn't know what to do with his hands when girls were near. Instead he became an eager listener and an ani-

mated talker. Why, this girl could talk sense! She knew about football and other things which Dick was interested in. He never knew before that girls liked such things. The time flew so fast that, instead of longing for Terry's turn, he was surprised when he saw him walking across the floor. He was more than surprised, however, when in a few moments another son of Hunwell came to claim Terry's sister for the next dance. He was actually disappointed and it was with a variety of feelings that he watched the girl as she whirled over the dance floor by her partner. Terry pleaded off once again, and Dick was left alone for awhile. For the next few dances his eyes never left Kay's serene. She danced as well as she skated, he thought and she seemed to like it. Poor Dick couldn't reconcile the two. Here was the first girl he had ever known whom he could talk to, who liked athletics and who could talk about them intelligently—and yet—she liked to dance as all the other girls did—the silly ones. Moreover, she must like to dress up for she certainly looked very beautiful tonight, he thought. Was it was it? Was the trouble with him was it? Was it possible that all girls weren't bad after all, that even though they didn't care for silly things, they might be intelligent, too? Or maybe—maybe, at all, he should try and learn to dance and do some of the things which other people liked to do. A sudden wave of longing swept over Dick and with all his heart he wished he could dance. That was Richard Graham's ship of life, launched on a strange, new sea.

The vacation days at Terry's home were very happy ones. The friendly hospitality of the Mathews' home appealed to Dick. He had never known his own mother; had never known what a home presided over by a mother could be like.

Good times filled those few short days and the young people made merry on every occasion. When they skated

river, Dick was in his element. Here he enjoyed the companionship of Katherine to his heart's content; yet he marveled at his enjoyment. To think that he could ever be on speaking terms with a girl. There were dances during the vacation days, and it was then that Dick experienced utter misery. He envied the ostrich who could hide his head and feel himself safe from the eyes of the world. Girls were still Dick's Waterloo; just as in his childhood days, his sister had seemed apart from the rest of her sex, so now Katherine stood out alone and different from other girls. Dick liked her company and it troubled him to see her enjoying things which he himself could not participate in.

The time for returning to college came all too soon and it was with sincere regret that Dick said good-bye to the members of the Mathews family.

Several nights after their return to college, Terry was suddenly roused from the depths of sweet sleep into which he was about to plunge, by hearing Dick suddenly turn over and exclaim, "Terry, do you think I can dance with you?"

* * * *

The old Graham home at Townville was filled with hustle and excitement. Ever since Richard, the only son, had graduated from college, the house had been closed and Mr. Graham, the former village pastor, had lived in an adjoining town where his son had gone into business.

During the past week, however, the house had been re-opened and everything possible had been done to give it an air of festivity. The occasion was Dick's wedding and he had come back to his old home to be married by his father. The house was filled with guests. Never since the time of Margaret Graham's wedding had it had such a gay appearance.

A tall, broad-shouldered young man walked slowly down the path towards the barn. He appeared to be waiting for someone to come from the house. He

could hardly be recognized as the small boy who, seventeen summers before, had raced down that path, bent on escaping from his small cousin, Priscilla. As the young man reached the barn, he looked back once more toward the house. No one seemed to be in sight so he entered the building and climbed up into the loft, the famous rendezvous of his childhood days. Here and there were scattered remnants of his childhood treasures, some badly mutilated, others in good condition although covered with layers of dust. Foremost among them all was the punching bag, hanging from the ceiling by a badly tattered rope.

"Poor old bag," laughed Dick to himself, "a good deal of the wrath of my young life has been vented on you, I guess. Lucky thing I had you. Somebody or something had to take it, little beast that I was."

Then suddenly, as he looked at the old bag, there swept over him the recollection of his feelings at the time of his sister's wedding. He laughed aloud. "How I used to hate weddings and girls and here I am getting myself mixed up with both. Little boy Dick, I didn't think it of you." As he spoke, however, a soft light shone in his eyes. He smiled tenderly as he gazed into space, seeing something which would have been invisible to anyone else in the room.

His reverie was interrupted as he heard someone calling his name, "Richard, Richard." Instantly he jumped up and climbed quickly down from the loft. This time Katherine was waiting for him in the doorway.

Loss.

We were all alone on a mountain
And I showed you a far-off light,
But you could read deeper its meaning
For yours was the better sight.

And you climbed higher and higher
That you might the farther see,
It was hard, but it was better
That you should not stay with me.

The Delicate Ending.

He was handsome for all his eighty years; he had clear gray eyes, a high forehead, white hair, a thin, finely chiselled nose, and a white Van Dyke beard. I have never seen a finer specimen of intellect personified. His learning, however, had drawn him away from his kind, and for more than half his eighty years, he had been a misanthrope. I was greatly honored, his family assured me, to be one of the few objects of his attention; honored to be permitted to call him grandfather (out of courtesy, for we were not of one blood.) That he liked me was evident; the reason, too, was evident—at least to me. I loved the things he loved, though I had not his long acquaintance with them; and, at this age of his life, there were few who knew him, who thought his thoughts, or spoke his language.

It was in my honor that he had stayed to dine with the family that evening, instead of dining alone beforehand or having his dinner sent up to his room. He sat in dignity at the foot of the table, with me at his right hand. His son, from his place at the head, tried respectfully to draw his father into the conversation; but, after several attempts which drew from him only monosyllables, the younger man gave up trying. The misanthrope, except for an occasional word to me, sat silent as though he heard nothing, his gray eyes neither approving nor disapproving. Suddenly he leaned forward, his long, slender fingers gripping the edge of the table.

"You know, of course that candles, before an improvement was made in the weaving, had a habit of smoking, when the wick grew long."

Yes, I remembered. The whole family turned its attention upon him, for when he deigned to speak, he was usually worth listening to.

"Well," he continued, "in the days when they used candles, people kept shears on the table to nip the wick.

"One time, a young city blade went to visit his relatives in the country. His relatives gave a dinner in the boy's honor. Wishing to create an impression for proper conduct, the boy declined wine when it was passed to him. His kindly hosts coaxed him, but he remained firm in his refusal.

"The room was lighted by a single candle on the center of the table. At that moment of the youth's third refusal somebody noticed that the wick was smoking, and picked up the shears to nip it. The shears nipped of both wick and flame. In the confusion and darkness that followed, the young gentleman found the wine and set the bottle to his lips. When the light came on, there stood the wine decanter in the pudding dish."

I chuckled appreciatively. The storyteller smiled.

"Well, what happened then?" asked his lovable little gray wife.

The cynic stared at her, "After when?"

"After they found the bottle there."

"That is all," said her husband, frowning slightly.

"How would you end it, Grandmother?" I asked.

"Well, when they found the wine bottle in the pudding dish, they all said 'Who did that?' And they looked at each other. They the young man grew very red, and they knew he did it."

But the misanthrope, after one gesture of impatience, and an appealing look toward me, had relapsed into former abstracted silence.

The Treasure in the Attic.

(Freshmen Prize Story)

The rain pattered unceasingly on the window-panes, and I, curled up in my arm-chair in front of an open fire, watched the tiny rivulets chase one another down the glass. I was tired of sewing, and I was wishing idly that I had something interesting to read. So

ly, the remembrance came to be of a box of old books and papers which I had found in the attic one day, while I was hunting for something there, and I determined to look through them to see what they were.

I climbed the steep stairs to the big turret and searched among the piles of chests and furniture for the box which I wanted. At last I found it, and dragging it into the middle of the floor, I began to sort over its contents. I discovered old letters, yellowed and creased, account books, and books of cooking recipes which my great-great grandfather had used. At length, near the bottom of the box, I came upon a thin leather-bound book, with "My Diary," in gold letters on the front. On the fly-leaf was written in faded, old-fashioned script, "To Susan E. Waterman, from Mother."

The first entry was dated "January 1, 1843:

"I am almost ten years old now, and think it is time I kept a diary. I have worked hard on my sampler today, and Mother says that I am a very good girl. I am going to try to be a good girl, all year."

Amused, I read farther in the diary, smiling at the naive comments of this little ten-year-old Susan. Evidently, her good resolution was not always proof against temptation, for she frequently wrote that she had had to learn new chapters of the Bible, by heart, for having "neglected my duty," or "given way to my besetting sin." The entries, which continued at irregular intervals for several years, showed little by little, that the girl was growing up. At length, under the date of March 24, 1849, there was recorded the first real sorrow in Susan's life. Until that date, she had written only of the simple griefs and pleasures of childhood:

"Mch. 24th, 1849.

"Oh, how sad and lonely our home seems today! My dear eldest brother has just set out for the Pacific. My poor

Mother is almost broken-hearted, but he was determined to go and become rich, and would not listen to my dear Father. I fear for him in his journey across the continent. But we must trust in the Lord!"

The entries which followed were full of anxiety for her brother, an anxiety which was increased by the long months during which her parents had no news of him. At last, in October, she spoke of a letter from him telling of his safe arrival after a perilous trip across the continent. His family, evidently, heard from him very infrequently, for several months; then his letters ceased to come. A whole year went by with no word from him, whatever.

"December 24th, 1851.

"'Twill be a sad Christmas for us, I fear, for David has sent us no word since more than a year. He told me so blithely when he went that he should soon be home with plenty of money for us all, so that Father would not have to work so hard. Father never smiles now, and he seems to have grown suddenly stooped and old-looking since David went away. He had planned that David should buy the farm next to ours and settle on it with Eliza Hall. I think Father cared more for David than for any of us. And Mother was so proud of him!

"December 25th, 1851.

"I am so happy that I scarce know how to write. I shall always remember this Christmas Day as the happiest one in my life. Early this morning, as I was feeding my chickens, I saw a stranger get off the stage at our gate, and walk slowly down the lane. I watched him until he came to the hedge, and then my heart almost stood still, for it was David. In the next minute, I was in his arms and crying and kissing him all at once. Somehow, we got into the house, and Mother and Father and Joab and Daniel and Sarah all came running to find out what was the matter. What a happy day we have had! And David

brought me a whole bag full of gold nuggets, all for myself. He said that I should do whatever I liked with them, so I shall have a string of gold beads made from them and wear them at David's wedding."

I closed the book gently, for it seemed as if I, too, had been present at the home coming, and had shared in little Susan's joy and happiness.

The Bet.

"I'll bet you five dollars that you can't stay half an hour at that affair the girls are having tomorrow evening," said "Tusky" Benton from the depths of a comfortable chair.

"I'll take you up on it," promptly answered "Nails," the daredevil of the campus.

Several fellows had been discussing the "Campus Notes," a weekly magazine which had just come from the press. Two things of particular interest had caught their eyes. One, a short paragraph relating to the tea given to a few boys by the new professor's wife, Mrs. Hart, and the other, an announcement of the Annual Masquerade Ball to be given the next evening at Hayden Hall for the Women's Division of Minus College. For the Women's Division! That had brought the daring glint into "Nails'" eyes, which had called forth the "dare" from "Tusky," anxious as usual to enliven the dull college routine.

"Clear out, you fellows. Give a man a chance to think. Beat it," Nick yelled above the uproar that followed; and when at last he had slammed the door on the heels of his last devotee, he sank into a chair to think.

"Masquerade costume and card invitation, absolutely necessary."

Then in his mind he ran over all possibilities.

Ah! The new professor's wife! He would try her. He had been one of the lucky fellows who had attended her tea that week and, with the rest, had pro-

nounced her "all right." Surely, she could help him if anyone could. Dan Fortune favored him, for soon he had arranged over the telephone to come to her house in an hour.

As a result of the conference at Mr. Hart's house, at eight-thirty o'clock the following evening, a ghost-like figure wrapped in a brown coat, rang the bell at Hayden Hall and, after presenting a card to the maid, was conducted into the dressing room. It had attracted little attention as the hall was already filled with laughing, queerly-dressed figures.

Certainly no ghost's knees even quaked quite as much as did this one as it slipped out into the midst of the crowd. Someone immediately grabbed hold of its arm and asked if it had guessed who "Dolly Varden" was.

A sepulchral "No," caused his attendant to shriek in mock horror.

"Don't make it so real, Peggy, you might frighten someone. Let's go and have some punch."

Punch would taste good to this ghost whose name you probably have guessed. "Nails" felt as though he needed something cooling. A million eyes seemed to bore thru his back as he made his way toward the punch bowl. He caught a fleeting glance of surprise on his companion's face, as he gallantly handed her a cup. He must be careful and maybe, let her wait on him.

He looked across the hall and saw a girl in yellow watching him closely. She started toward him. What had he done to reveal his identity so early in the game? He had believed himself safe.

"Molly, I thought you were to be Lady Macbeth. Why are you in this costume?" said the yellow vision, when he was within speaking distance.

Why was he indeed! How he wished he were back among the fellows! What should he say?

"Molly is Lady Macbeth. She is talking to 'Primrose' over by the other table. He heard a welcome voice say at his side and before the "Daffodil" could talk

ck to him, he was led away to look at
e "Siamese Twins."

For what seemed ages and ages, his
ide flitted here and there, never stay-
g long near too inquisitive people, nor
glecting to answer all questions asked
cerning the ghost. She seemed will-
g to lend to its mysteriousness. His
ne must be nearly up. He couldn't
und it much longer, he knew, because
arly everyone had been recognized and
e interest was centering around him.
s unknown pilot offered a way of es-
pe, when she abruptly left him stand-
g near an outside door.

Before things got any more dangerous
would gently open the door and slip
t. Not a great many people were near
n and he might not have so good a
ance again.

"Three minutes for everyone to un-
sk," came a clarion voice from across
e hall.

Three minutes! Everyone turned to-
rd him to make the most of the re-
ining moments in which to discover
o the ghost was. They seemed to sur-
und him. From behind his mask he
ered out upon a sea of faces, the colors
am before him in a confusing mass.
felt like a ship about to be wrecked,
hip without a pilot—his pilot. Where
s she? He couldn't distinguish her
the swimming mob before him. He
st act at once, and alone.

His frantic eye fell upon an electric
ht button just beyond the door.
ughly pushing aside one girl who
s firing rapid questions at him, he
ched over and snapped out the lights,
n gained the door, opened it and
shed headlong to safety.

"I win," he shouted a few minutes
er to the crowd gathered in his room
receive him. "Whew, but it was a
se shave!"

My Dad.

Working all day,
No time to play,

Who is it, yet,
Has time to pet?
My Dad!

Tho' I'm nineteen,
Long, lank, and lean,
Who, when morose,
Cuddles me close?
My Dad!

Worry forgot,
Hard tho' his lot,
Who is so glad,—
Such a comrade?
My Dad!

Boys may be boys,
With all their noise,
Who is *my* "Lance"
At game or dance?
My Dad!

Dear old father!
Love him? Rather!
He just suits me,
Down to a "t,"
My Dad!

The Mill of the Gods.

The midnight train that hot July eve-
ning was crowded and no one seemed to
be concerned in anything except his own
troubles. The deep voiced conductor
growled out, "Tickets, please," and even
the usually jolly brakeman called the
stations in a surly tone. Mothers tried
to soothe their wailing children, while
old men sighed for a breath of pure air
unpolluted by the odor of engine smoke
and sulphur from the mills. The condi-
tions were stifling. Suddenly the car
stopped with a jolt, and the grinding of
the wheels gave forth a harsh discordant
groaning. Then a few tired-eyed wo-
men and worried men entered.

Just before the engine started again,
a slenderly formed Salvation Army las-
sie came aboard. Her dark blue cape
concealed her dress, but its high red col-
lar with the insignia upon it and her

queer poke bonnet with its red band told that she had enlisted in the service. Beneath her bonnet was an oval face of ivory white, and about her forehead clung damp ringlets of jet black hair. Her lips were warm and red with life, and when she smiled they opened to disclose two rows of even white teeth. Her full gray eyes had almost a frightened, hunted look; but she smiled in sweet assent as a well dressed, middle-aged man rose to ask her to share his seat. She sat by the window and, looking out, could see the gleaming lights.

Thomas Bradford, a retired banker, returning from California, had been forced to take this local train because of the lack of engineers, so many of whom had been sent to war. He stared unpardonably at his seat mate, who was such an appealing figure in her severe black gown. She had thrown off her cape and her slim white hands were clasping in her lap an old accordion. Her eyes were fixed upon the scene outside the window. She gave no sign that she was aware of Bradford's gaze upon her. He was a portly, prosperous man who bore the marks of good breeding and a knowledge of the world. His shoes were polished, his hat was a faultless Panama, and his suit of mixed gray was pressed and creased in proper fashion. His hair was gray at the temples, and under his heavy eye-brows a pair of dark eyes gleamed sympathetically at this forlorn little figure whose body drooped in every curve and whose eyes with their dark circles beneath them showed that her service did not rest lightly upon her.

Bradford ceased to stare at her and turned his attention to the latest magazine. But a quick jolt brought the car to a standstill; and, for some time, the passengers hurried to and fro trying to discover the cause of the stop. Soon, however, they resumed their seats, and settled down to wait until the temporary accident to the steam belt might be remedied.

"Have you far to go, to-night?" Bradford queried.

"No," she answered; "but why do you stare at me so?" She smiled, and was as if a perfume-laden breeze had swept over him. Her little twisted smile broadened and she added, "We of the army are no curiosity in the city."

"You'll pardon me, Lassie," Bradford answered, "but you looked so very tired."

Just then a ministerial looking person in the seat ahead turned around and leaning over the back of the seat, said pointedly to the girl, "Song is a blessing you will sing for us?"

The girl turned a smiling face to him and answered simply, "I will."

She rose and as she pulled her old accordion lovingly, the clear notes of "Beulah Land" were borne upon the warm air of the summer night. Even one turned his attention from himself and his own discomfort to the girl at her song. The soft notes died. Again the drowsy passengers stirred, the babies wailed, but soon the sweet accents of "I'm a pilgrim; I'm a stranger" filled the air.

Soon the train began to move. "South Benton" called the brakeman. The girl slipped into her cape and out onto the platform. The heavy train rolled on.

In the heat and discomfort of the summer night, the sweet tones of the singer still lingered in the minds of the hearers. Bradford, who had heard people call the Salvation Army a begging band, felt that *she* must have been inspired, and that there is something in the Salvation Army after all. His thoughts were drawn upon this lassie whose song had brought back memories of those days when he had been a farmer's son and had often heard his gentle pious mother sing the old familiar hymns she loved so much. Uppermost in his mind remained the face of the girl herself, her slim white hands, her slender black-gowned form and her beautifully spiritual face, which showed beneath her far from attractively

d and black bonnet. Surely here was the faith of a girl won to philanthropic work.

How unlike the women he had known! Now that youngest boy of his, Dan, so he had written him, was going to be married. He wondered what the girl would be like. His boys were fond of their Dad. He had humored them, Alfred and Dan; he had never denied them anything. It was because the mother was gone and he was often away a year at a time and he wanted to make up for the hunger for love in their hearts. He wondered if he had not done wrong in allowing them so much money. Dan and Alfred were his sons, but even to himself he could not deny that they were selfish, pleasure-seeking lads. He wondered if they could make their way in the world, alone as he had done.

The air became warmer and warmer. Bradford fell asleep thinking he had only this night to travel and he would reach home. Alfred and Dan would be here to meet him. Suddenly a terrible shock shook the train. Women screamed, he felt a heavy weight upon his chest and then he recovered consciousness to find a physician bending over him and in time to hear him say:

"He will not live more than an hour. You must attend to more hopeful cases. There are for him, and take any messages." A woman bent over him to ask his name and address. Should she send for any one? He gasped out Thomas Bradford, gave his street number, and then swooned. The next morning he was still alive and in control of his faculties. A lawyer had been sent for to help him make his will; and, while waiting for him, Bradford thought and thought. He knew that his hard-earned money would do Dan and Alfred little good. It would be a blessing to them to have no money and give a chance for them to show what they were made of. The thought of the Salvation Army girl's singing brought the realization that God would care for them and so his will read thus:

"I do hereby give and bequeath to my two sons Alfred Arnold Bradford and Daniel Elbert Bradford the sum of \$10,000 to be equally divided between them and the rest and residue of my possessions shall go to the Salvation Army, this gift having been inspired by the little singer on the train." Soon after the signing of the will, Bradford died.

At his home, his boys Alfred and Dan, were sorrow stricken. After the reading of the will their sorrow turned to anger. Alfred was openly rebellious and Dan was bitter; but the lawyer confirmed the validity of the will and nothing could be done. Five thousand dollars apiece! They had spent that yearly before. It looked as if Dan's approaching marriage would not take place. Alfred, the older and more calculating of the two, declared that the girl would not marry him, now that his money was gone and that he had better find a girl who could furnish him money. They quarreled and Dan took lodgings at his club.

Dan knew that he had no wealth to offer her now and, in his heart, he knew that he would be a brute to bind her to him; but oh, he wanted her so, and he would marry her at any cost; so, selfish as he was, he married her but told her not of the alterations in his fortune.

Somehow it never came to him in their first wild rapture of happiness that he should go to war. It was not America for him, then, it was Florence, his lovely bride that counted. Time went on and he had failed to secure a position. The next draft would soon come. He was worried and fretful.

Florence was happy, but she expected more luxuries than his slender means could furnish. When he refused her a fur throw which she had seen in Kaker's window, she burst out pettishly,

"Why can't I have it? You're selfish; but if we are poor, why don't we move into a less expensive rent and why don't you find a job?"

Poor Florence had been working at

the Red Cross rooms and, unused to sewing, she had made her work doubly hard. She was tired, her nerves were beyond control, and because she was in this condition she vented her spite upon the nearest object, her husband.

"Where'd your father's reputed money go to anyway?" she continued.

This was more than Dan could bear. For weeks he had sought a position; but no one wanted a man without experience and, least of all the son of an idle rich. It was useless, and it was all his fault. He waited, and then said bitterly at first, then more contritely, as he continued,

"Father left his entire fortune, with the exception of \$10,000 which he bequeathed to Alfred and me, to the Salvation Army. It seems he always prided himself on being a self-made man and had queer ideas about sons' making their own way in the world. Music always did move him strangely. Some Salvation Army girl sang that night on the train which was wrecked. Through her influence, he left most of his fortune to the Salvation Army. I am poor. I ought to have told you, Floss; but I was selfish and I wanted you. I was afraid that if I should tell you I should lose you. Oh, forgive me, Floss;" and he buried his face in his hands.

Florence, with her nervous condition now aggravated, laughed hysterically and screamed, "The mills of the gods," over again. Her laugh rose to almost that of a maniac as she kept repeating, "The mills of the gods grind slowly but they grind exceedingly fine." It was not until next day when she had become calmed that Dan learned the significance of her remark concerning the mills of the gods.

Florence had been in the city to serve at a church bazaar the afternoon and the evening of the wreck. In order to get the last car home she had been forced to wear the Salvation Army costume in which she had served at the bazaar. Upon entering the train, she had been stared at so much that the attention

almost frightened her; but the minister's disapproval of her talking with her seat-mate and his solicitation for a song bred in her the spirit of mischief and she had decided to see how well she could play the part. There was no doubt that she had succeeded in deceiving the people on the train and that the man who had sat with her could have been no other than Dan's father. It had been she who had lost their money, and it had been she to complain because they did not have it. The mill of the gods had ground, and exceedingly fine, too. She could forgive him for not telling her that he was poor; but could he ever forgive her for being the cause of this poverty?

The mill of the gods had ground exceedingly fine.

The Kitties' Hour.

Between the dark and the daylight,
Which is surely an unearthly hour,
Comes a shriek and a howl of dire anger
Which is known with a grimace dour.

I hear thru' the window beside me
The scratching of slipping feet,
And the sound of the snarls and the
 hisses
That awoke me from dreamless sleep.

A sputter and then a silence;
Yet I know from experience wise
They are spitting and glaring at each
 other,
With gleaming, vengeful eyes!

A medley of bass and soprano,
And then battle cries cut the air,
And I know that in the morning
The yard will be full of hair!

What Might Have Been.

"By Jove, Elizabeth, I have some charming news for you. We have an opportunity to sell Kingswood. My solicitor says the prospective purchaser

nows very little about real estate, so we can ask our own price. How would 0,000 pounds appeal to your ladyship?"

"Really, my dear, I believe that would be a most gratifying sum. To be rid of worthless estate and ground on which not even grass flourishes and to receive 0,000 pounds in the transaction! Ah, Reginald, are you quite sure there is no mistake?"

While this conversation was taking place in one of London's most aristocratic neighborhoods, the same subject was being discussed in a small but tidy home in a suburb of the great metropolis.

"Madge, dear, I know we shall be perfectly happy at Kingswood. Just think—one hundred acres of fertile land where you can have your flower garden, and I, my vegetable garden without the sacrifice of our green shady lawn."

"I think that we shall enjoy Kingswood; that is, if the buildings are in good repair and the ground is fertile. Have you asked about the soil?"

"Yes, Madge, I inquired very carefully about that. The solicitor said that the soil would grow anything from maize and vegetable marrow to nasturtiums."

When the two months following these conversations had passed, Frank Sykes and his wife had been the owners of Kingswood for six weeks. They had discovered that Lord Macclesfield had raised the castle and grounds beyond their true worth. Even the hardy little plants that Mrs. Sykes had transplanted had died.

"Frank, we have made a mistake. Don't you think we could sell this estate and return to our old home? Everything here is so cheerless and barren."

"That's true, Madge, but let us wait a month longer. By that time, if we have no better success, we'll sell and return to the old home."

Frank Sykes did not wish to give up his long cherished dream—an estate in the neighborhood of London—so he

worked with a will thru the following weeks. He could make neither plant nor seed take root in the barren soil. By the end of the fourth week but one spot not yet tested remained. The land here was rocky, uneven, and without shelter. The hot sun beat down day after day so that all vegetation the land might encourage the heat would kill.

"Madge, this is the seventh day of the fourth week and we have not succeeded in growing a thing; so you can begin to pack, if you wish to. I am going out to dig in that little piece of land a few yards this side of the willow. I know it will be a hopeless undertaking, yet the very barrenness of that place arouses my curiosity." So Mr. Sykes, loaded with pick and shovel, walked slowly toward the old willow.

Mrs. Sykes, watching him from the door, noticed how bent was his back, and how slowly he walked. His hair from under the old straw hat seemed whiter than ever, perhaps it was because of the contrast with the sun-burned straw.

He was aimlessly digging the hard-baked crust when, suddenly, he tossed aside the pick and, stooping, picked up a rough stone. With much excitement he examined it on all sides. "Madge," he cried excitedly in a quavering voice, "come here, quick. See what I have unearthed. Did you ever see anything like this piece of stone? What do you suppose it is? I don't know and I don't believe you do. Can't you remember the telephone number of the ore expert we read about last week? I'm going to call him up. This stone may be valuable for all we know."

"Frank, if you'll wait one moment and not ask so many questions I may be able to tell you that there is no cause for such excitement. That stone I have seen hundreds of times on our old farm. Poor fellow, you must be very tired to get so excited over a piece of stone."

"Maybe I am, but I'm not going to ad-

mit it until after the ore expert has said so."

He hurriedly walked to the telephone and asked for an interview with the expert. That afternoon the stone was examined and identified as pitchblende, the ore of radium. On that apparently worthless, dried land was a rich lode of this precious ore, thirteen times as rich as that imported from America. Frank Sykes did not sell Kingswood, but he bought an adjoining farm where he and Mrs. Sykes now have their flower and vegetable gardens. Wealth has not lessened their love of nature.

At breakfast, the day following the discovery of radium. Lord Macclesfield, while reading the morning paper, noticed on the front page a thrilling account of the finding of pitchblende at Kingswood. He read it several times, passing his hand before his eyes as if he could not believe what he read. He turned white and red by turns; then, when convinced that the account was no illusion, he flung back his chair and rushed into the next room. His wife was carefully tying a huge red bow on her favorite poodle. "Elizabeth, look here," and he held the paper before her, pointing to the account concerning Kingswood and Mr. Sykes and the radium. "That bally solicitor has sold a fortune for 20,000 pounds. If I had my hands on him now I'd—and he violently shook the white poodle for illustration.

"Reginald, you forget yourself. Just see, You have crushed Spicket's bow so badly that he can not wear it."

"D— Spicket's bow! Can't you read? Don't you see we've lost a fortune thru that ignorant solicitor of mine? When I see that man I'll—" he stopped short, for his wife was pouring endearing phrases into the poodle's ear and he was raving unheard.

"What did you get out of the Faerie Queen?" Ans.—"A headache."

Spring.

Fleet of wing sing the harbinger flocks
Once again from the chain's pearly lock
Encircling the land and bedecking the
 sea,
Gray winter has set gay Miss Spring
 time free.

Of't and o'er has the legend been told,
How 'neath Spring's ardor flowers un-
 fold;
Yet, even when war's taunting trumpe-
 sounds clear,
And brave soldier lads march away with
 a cheer,

Weary hearts, wrung and helpless with
 pain,
Yield to Spring's balm, and laugh with
 the rain.
So blithe and so free, for His glory
 decked out
Dame Nature's pet child scoffs at "blu-
 De'il's doubt."

Comrades.

In the northern part of New Hampshire lies one of those quiet little towns where every one still goes to church on Sunday morning, and where "preserving time" comes regularly once a year. There the Literary Club is supplanted by the Ladies' Aid, and there a woman may wear a hat two seasons without losing all her friends. In the fall, the still have husking-bees, and in the spring every housewife unfailingly gives her family sulphur and molasses to ward off spring fever.

Some years ago, there lived in this town two boys, Dick Haywood and John Smithson. From infancy, they had been the best of friends. They had prattled to each other from their respective gaiters when their mothers had met on the street, and in kindergarten days they had read from the same primer. Even when they had both fallen in love with the red-haired girl who sat in the front

seat and who could make a "cat's-cradle" in half a minute, their friendship remained intact, and they swore on the worn, old Bible in Dick's parlor that nothing, not even girls, should ever come between them.

Years passed, and Dick and Jack grew to manhood. But Fate played a strange hand with these two; for while Dick went to college and took highest honors, John left school in academy days and went away, to see the world. As time went on, vague rumors came of his downfall, but nothing definite was ever heard and he was soon forgotten.

Then the war broke out. Dick enlisted and was sent to Plattsburg. In a short time he received his commission for over-sea service and went to France. At Chateau Thierry, Lieutenant Haywood was put in charge of a new company. That night came the order to go over the top, and the young officer led his men out. At the first charge, he felt the sting of a bullet in his shoulder, but dashed ahead, only to fall on the enemy's ground. How long he lay there he did not know; but when the stars began to wane and the wounded men about him ceased to move, Haywood heard some one creeping stealthily toward him. He felt himself dragged toward the French line's and then all was darkness.

In the morning, he awoke in an emergency hospital. A white-garbed nurse sat by his side, with her eyes anxiously fixed on a man nearby. Turning, he saw a motionless figure lying on the next cot; and, as his glance fell on the other man's face, Haywood uttered a cry. The other man was John Smithson!

"He is dying," the nurse said, as if in answer to Haywood's cry. "It was he who brought you in from the other lines. As he was dragging you along, a sentinel of the enemy caught sight of him and fired. He told us that he recognized you as an old friend when you led your company out. Later he saw you fall, and went to your aid."

Just then a groan came from Smith-

son's cot. With an effort, Haywood raised himself to look at his old comrade once again.

Slowly the dying man's eyes opened. When he saw Haywood looking at him, his face glowed with a wondrous light, and he said, brokenly, "Dickie, old boy, don't the guns remind you of Fourth of July at home? Can't you see the old elms now where we watched the parade go by? I don't reckon I'll watch any more. But don't mind about me, Dickie, because I'm happy. You remember the pact in your parlor that day? How I swore to stand by you? Well I did my best." Then he fell back dead.

As Haywood turned his glance from the face so peaceful in death, his eyes fell on a verse from the open Bible at his elbow, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A Song for Colby.

TUNE, ("*Maryland, My Maryland*")

By Kennebec's fam'd waters clear,
Arise the halls of Colby dear;
Her flower-decked walls and campus
green
Are garments fit for the College Queen.

How proud are we, your subjects true,
To give to thee the honors due;
To win for thee some further fame,
And spread abroad thy peerless name!

O Colby, Alma Mater dear
Our voices rise in cheer on cheer!
Thine enemies must bite the dust,
When you appear in contest just.

When echoed loud the bugles call,
Our Colby answered first of all,
She sent her bravest and her best
With trust in God to do the rest.

May all the honors e'er be gained
 And never let her name be stained.
 Oh! Long in triumph may she stand
 The College Queen throughout the land!

An Up River Hold-Up.

Mrs. Dewey clambered into the buggy, picked up the reins, and flapped them on old Grey's back, as a signal for him to start.

"Humph!" she ejaculated, "the impudence of that young upstart, telling us we'd better hurry home before dark!—as if I wasn't able to take care of myself,—and you, too!" she added vehemently, turning toward Miss Evans.

Miss Evans was the village school-teacher, who boarded with Mrs. Dewey. She had eagerly accepted Mrs. Dewey's invitation to ride to Holman station on this Saturday afternoon; for life in the little town of Moose Bend was very dull and uneventful, and a ride into Holman promised at least something new to see and to think about. She thought it rather fortunate that Clyde Stephens had suddenly been called to Wakefield to teach the high school, and still more fortunate that it was Mrs. Dewey who was obliged to drive him to the station, since all the other available horses in town were being used that afternoon. But Mrs. Dewey did not agree with her.

"It's ridiculous," she sputtered, "that I should have to leave my work to tote him here to the station. And he offered to pay me! Land sakes, do you think I'd accept money from a Stephens? I guess not, after old Bill Stephens once saved my life. I'd 'a' been drowned deader'n a door nail if he hadn't come when he did. But Clyde's not like his father. Clyde—why, he's as white and sickly as my old Plymouth Rock hen! Why doesn't he go out and do a man's work, instead of fussing around in stuffy rooms teaching school? Bah! Oh, I ain't saying nothing about you, Miss Evans, 'Wimmen' teachers are all right, but when it

comes to *men* teaching,—that's out of reason altogether, I say."

Mrs. Dewey paused a few seconds for breath, then began again.

"If it hadn't been for him, I'd been home now, baking hot biscuits for Cy's supper. Funny, ain't it, how men do love hot biscuits, after they've been working hard all day—especially if they have 'rheumatiz'—say," she broke off suddenly, "do you know what I've done, Miss Evans? I've—I've forgotten to call for Cy's 'rheumatiz' medicine at the drug store! That's what!"

"I should say, 'what I've *not* done,'" said Miss Evans, glad of an opportunity to put in a word of her own at last, even tho the foregoing monologue had been amusing. "Well, shall we go back?"

"We must," replied Mrs. Dewey emphatically. The road was very narrow, and it required skillful manoeuvring to keep the buggy and its occupants from being upset; but Mrs. Dewey turned the team around in a very creditable manner.

It was fully an hour before they again returned. In the meantime, night had fast approached. "As I've said before," Mrs. Dewey was saying, "I don't mind going thru these woods after dark, but I'll admit that there are some places pretty 'skeery,'—especially that place just ahead a-ways, where the road turns that sharp corner. It was there, you know, that old Bill Robbins was killed."

"A man killed! Oh, Mrs. Dewey!" Miss Evans gasped. "Let's not talk about it here."

But Mrs. Dewey went on as if she had not heard—"Yes, we're pretty near there now. You see, old Bill had just been to the bank in Holman and had drawn out a lot of money (I don't know how much but 'twas a lot), to pay for some land that Tim Perkins was going to sell him the next day. Someone knew about it evidently, because that night as he was walking home, a man jumped out from behind that big rock, and knocked—why, child, what's the matter? You're shaking all over."

"Mrs. Dewey," gasped Miss Evans, "I know I see someone behind that rock now. The bushes are moving!"

"Nonsense, child! You're just excited. Get-up, Grey!"

"I'm not—I mean—oh, I'm afraid."

"As I was saying," continued Mrs. Dewey, "I—"

"Look, oh! ! !"

In truth there was some one there,—not only one, but three men, standing beside the big rock. As the team came up to them, one, a short, heavily-built man, very shabbily dressed, wearing a black slouched hat pulled far down over his eyes, leaped forward and seized the horse's bridle. The other two did nothing, but stand ready to help their comrade if help were needed.

"Let my horse go, you scoundrel! Let go, I say!" shrieked Mrs. Dewey. But the man still held fast.

Miss Evans, deathly pale from fear, was at the point of fainting; she roused herself, however, enough to say "The whip! the whip!"

At once Mrs. Dewey understood. She leaned over and took the long cowhide lash from the whip-socket. Then she slashed at the man near her horse's head. Still he clung to the bridle. All at once, however, the whip glanced by and struck the horse smartly across his nose. The animal jumped so far to the side and so quickly, too, that the highwayman was completely lifted off his feet and thrown to the ground. Before his companions could come to his rescue, there was a rattle of wheels and the carriage disappeared in the darkness down the road. Once and once only did Mrs. Dewey look back; the men were still standing in the road cursing and shaking their fists imprecatingly.

"There," exclaimed Mrs. Dewey, when she had regained her breath, "didn't I say that I was able to take care of myself and you, too?"

Dean—As dean of a woman's college—as this practically is.

Chapel.

I like to sit in chapel at noontime when
the sunlight
Sifts in changing shadows thru the elm
trees to the grass,
Or when gently falling snowflakes wan-
der by the arching windows
And touch the sooty snow to cleanse
with winter's light caress.

And I like to see the buildings stretching
there before me—
Champlin and Coburn, South College
and old North;
They are very bleak and grimy and pa-
thetically forbidding
But how memory makes each, for ser-
vice given, in dignity stand forth.

And I like to think of all the lads who
have lived beneath the elm trees,
And taken from those grimy halls the
lessons they could give
The long years tell of many—Boardman,
Lovejoy, Chaplin,
But begin the list of those whose lives
in Colby's life still live.

Ah, Colby, Colby, rich in memories, rich
in service of the past,
May there be for thee in these great
days, from us, no lack
If those, who choosing gladly some
steeper needier path
Ever climbing, say with Lovejoy, "I
have chosen and—God blessing, I
never will go back."

Heard at the "Stu—G" Meeting—

Dean—I want you to try 3 or 4 hymns
(hims) tonight and see what you can
do with **them**.

House Chairman—If a girl goes away
for a vacation, and after a girl stays out
all night, I want her to sign up when she
comes back.

With the Editors.

Dear Editor:

My daughter goes to Colby. Recently her letters caused me a great deal of work and worry. It seems they have a dozen or so clubs there—The X. Y. Z2, University Knuts, the Lunch-a-Lots, etc. These clubs are always having "feeds," so she has to write home about eight times a week for a box of food. Here is her latest letter:

"Dear Mother:

"I am studying desperately, nearly dead but well and happy.

"Thursday night my room-mate and I entertain the "Eight O'clock Cookey Club," and I must have a box of your nut cookies for them. Be sure and send them Special Delivery on the three o'clock train.

"Lovingly,
"MARY."

Now I cannot understand how she is well or has time to study on account of entertaining these clubs so much. What would you advise me to do about it?

ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Dear Anxious Mother: Do your utmost to get those nut cookies on the three o'clock train. P. S. Don't forget the Special Delivery stamp.

Dear Editor:

Some of us girls have been wondering what to do in a certain case so we thought we would write to you and ask your advice.

Whenever we go to a dance we have noticed that our partner keeps his arm gently around us when in the middle of the floor, but in the corners (especially when the lights are dim) it becomes such a pressing matter that it really demands a response. What would you advise?
"US GIRLS."

Dear Girls: While I do not approve of your trying to lead your partners in a dance, a move in the right direction is always to be commended. Let your motto be, "Try for the corners."

Dear Editor:

My room-mate has become temporarily mentally unbalanced, due, I believe, to a severe shock she recently received. Thinking your advice might alleviate the condition to some degree, I lay the case before you.

She is naturally a very discriminating girl but at present she is indulging in a course in American history. But that is not the least of her difficulties. She is frequently obliged to attend social functions (she is very attractive personally, petite and with a bewitching smile) or at least she has invitations and it would be cruel to hurt anyone's feelings by refusing. By a diabolical trick of fate, she met the "Prof." at a dance the very night before her exam. And what do you think? He gave her 59 79-80, "because she had been having too good a time lately." Why, the other night, the constitution was mentioned in one of the pictures at the show and we had to fairly hold her in her seat.

Thanking you in advance, I remain
Yours truly,

COLUMBIA COERCIVEACT.

Dear Columbia:

Your room-mate should choose social functions which the professor will not attend,—if possible. She might go in deep disguise as the 10th amendment, or the Embargo Act. Personally, we should advise dropping the course.

Dear Editor:

The girls pick on me and call me "moony," and I am not. I never go to the movies more than seven times a week

nor do I ever occupy the "spoon-holder" all the forenoon unless we aren't going to be together in the afternoon. He is a poor fellow and can't afford to call me on the 'phone more than four times a day. It seems queer that a girl can't be with a fellow a little without being called "moony," I trust in you, dear editor, to make those awful girls stop.

A SENSIBLE JUNIOR.

Dear Junior: I'm sure I don't see why they should call you such an awful name. Why not apply as matron to his frat house?

Translation from Greek—He entered the house and snatched the earrings from his wife's ears that she was wearing at the time.

Literary facts, hitherto unknown, brought to light by students of Colby College.

After King Alfred's death, there came a great slump in American Literature.

I liked Sir Thomas North's "Plutarch's Lives," because it told about Macbeth. But much of the poem "The

Faerie Queen," was uninteresting to me; it teaches high ideals and morals.

Shakespeare was born in 1541, 1549, 1560, 1564, 1608, 1616: take your choice. He died in 1600, 1616 or 1674. Shakespeare is the greatest prose writer in English Literature. When he was about 11 he saw the Queen. Two years later he became the father of a pair of twins. I like the "Midsummer Night's Dream," best: in this play, Puck is the Queen of the fairies.

Milton wrote satyrs. Milton's blank verse contained no definite line length, metre, nor rhyme. In "Paradise Lost" each line ends with a punctuation mark. "Paradise Lost" just goes along so smoothly that it is almost like reading poetry. "Aereopagitica" was written on the freedom of the press,—a pressing question of that time.

George Eliot, by writing "Uncle Tom's Cabin," caused the American Civil War.

Punctuation is to writing what safety pins and buttons are to a girl's toilet: it makes it passable and presentable.

"Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,"—I don't know the author, but those are my sentiments.

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.

Esther Power, 1920 Editor-in-Chief
Irene Gushee, 1921 First Asst. Editor
Gladys Dow, 1921 Second Asst. Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Eliza Gurganus, 1920	} Literary
Elva Tooker, 1921	
Naomi Maher, 1922	} Editors
Alice Bishop, 1920	News Editor
Marion Waterman, 1920	
Y. W. C. A. Editor	
Stella Greenlaw, 1920	Alumnae Editor
Eleanor Seymour, 1920	Sports Editor
Helen Getchell, 1920	Business Manager
Bernice Butler, 1921	Asst.
Naomi Maher, 1922	Business Mgrs.

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

All remittances by mail should be made to Helen Getchell Foss Hall.

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

Editorials

May everyone have a pleasant vacation and return rested with renewed zeal for work.

The prize for the best short story written in the freshmen rhetoric classes last fall, was awarded to Melva Mann. Honorable mention is given to Ethel Alley's.

"Come girls and cheer for Old Colby
The College we all love so dear—"

What's next? How many of us can finish that song? Very few! Some of us would not recognize the tune if we heard it. It's no wonder that we don't know our songs—we never sing them. The last time Foss Hall girls sang their

own College songs was one Sunday evening when the lights were out. Do you remember? It was quite a long time ago! Our college songs are the embodiment of Colby traditions and ideals,—the expression of our love for Alma Mater and all her rich gifts to us. Let's not be mute in our gratitude but let those who play "jazz" or classical deviate frequently to the songs of the Blue and Grey.

After we've forgotten today's Foxtrot as completely as we've forgotten the most popular song of 1912 we'll still sing "When a Colby Man Meets You."

Let's dance and sing, for those who play best work best, but remember that Colby comes first in every thought and it's up to us to strengthen our college spirit. This can be accomplished not only for the present but for the future by knowing and singing her songs.

"For though life's tide may part us wide
Our tho'ts shall meet in thee."

THE WORLD FELLOWSHIP DRIVE

"Have you earned that three dollars yet?" is the question or rather "how did you earn it" is more the question; for every girl is going to do it. Colby has always been most liberal in giving and we venture to say that not one girl in college feels herself incapable of earning that amount in the next two months. What girl is there whose duties and labors weigh so heavily upon her that she cannot spare time for fraternity obligations or movies? We fail to know her. Colby went over the top for the United War Work Campaign and the evangelization of the world is the culmination of our ideal in fighting. The world's welfare is dependent upon the Christianization of its people and we are the very ones to forward the enlightenment and conversion of the ignorant and non-Christian. We're going to do it girls. Think it over. What does our contribution compare with what the missionary gives—his life?

College News.

On Nov. 28, the Literary Society held an open meeting to which everyone was invited. The program, which was on modern novelists, was as follows:

Coningsby Dawson

	Bessie Chadwick, '21
Vicente Ibanez,	Dorothy Rounds, '21
Bruce Barton,	Clara Carter, '21
Piano Solo,	Dorothy Crawford, '21
Current Events,	Gladys Briggs, '22
	Mary Carl, '22
Critic of Thought,	Clara Gurganus, '20
Critic of Delivery,	Alice Mathews, '20

The final organization of the town girls was completed Dec. 1, with the adoption of a constitution and the election of officers for the present semester. The officers are: President, Lucile Kidder, '20; Vice-President, Alice LaRoque, '21; Secretary, Elizabeth Whipple, '21; Treasurer, Clara Carter, '21.

At a student government meeting held Dec. 5 in the assembly room at Foss Hall, Irene S. Gushee spoke about some of the problems which were discussed at the Student Government conference at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa. Miss Gushee was the Colby delegate at the conference. The question minimizing the noise in the halls seemed to be as difficult in other college dormitories as it is at Colby.

Dec. 11, the members of the Women's Division held a children's party in the Foss Hall dining room. There was a Christmas tree with a present for everybody and Santa was there to distribute the gifts.

Beta Chapter of Chi Omega Fraternity announces a prize of five dollars (\$5.00) for excellence in economics or

sociology for the Women's Division of Colby for the year 1919-1920.

Respectfully submitted,

GLADYS E. DOW,

Chairman of Social and
Civic Service Committee.

The Junior class gave a leap year dance at Foss Hall, Saturday evening, Jan. 24. The members of the faculty who were present were President and Mrs. A. J. Roberts, Dean Holmes, Dr. Harry, and Prof. Weber. There were novelty dances and the hall was prettily decorated in the class colors, red and white, while the fraternity and class banners adorned the walls. Refreshments were served by freshmen dressed in white, with red and white caps.

An International Relations Club has been organized among the members of the Women's Division. Professor MacDonald is the faculty advisor and the officers are as follows: President, Hildgarde Drummond, '19; Vice-President, Eleanor Seymour, '20; Adelle McLoon, '20; Librarian, Alice K. Bishop, '20.

Dramatic Club.

At last a dramatic club has been formed by the girls. Ten seniors were selected by Miss Flood as members for their excellence in dramatic work. The officers have been appointed as follows: President, Helen Getchell
Vice-President, Lillian Dyer
Secretary and Treasurer,

Pauline Higginbotham

The other members of the club are: Gladys Chase, Stella Greenlaw, Eliza Gurganus, Alice Mathews, Esther Power, Harriett Sweetser and Marion Werman. The purpose of the club is to

promote an interest in dramatics and to supervise all dramatic activities in the Woman's Division. Membership is limited to twenty in number, and members of the three upper classes are eligible. They will be elected to membership according to merit shown in dramatic performances throughout the year.

On March 9, the club elected a new member, Adelle McLoon, '21. The entertainment was provided by Helen Getchell, Esther Power and Marion Waterman, who gave an original sketch "A Narrow Escape."

Athletics.

The snow has been with us since the publication of the last Colbiana, so our rosy visions of that issue have not yet come to pass. The three under classes have been having systematic gymnasium training, and desultory snowshoeing has been indulged in, but aside from that we are still only dreaming, since we have no proper equipment for indoor sports. Miss Emery has started a class in aesthetic dancing for Thursday afternoons and all those who are in it will be sure to get a great deal from it.

During the winter months the girls have played several games of basketball

with Coburn and High School, which have been unofficial, however, owing to rules of President Roberts' suggestion.

Girls! You have been asked to give your whole undivided support to the athletic association this spring, and the dues have been doubled, but listen to some of the reasons why you should always make it a point to belong. Since the editor has been in college, she has heard many grumblings about the slights done to the Women's Division. One complaint was that the girls had nothing to show for their membership. That is a misapprehension. Every member has a right to vote for officers if they care to, although we really know nothing about the qualities of the men put up for leadership. Furthermore, an old tradition of former days says that we have had a member on the Athletic Council to present the needs of our division, and technically we have that privilege now, although it has been long out of use. Also remember this: Good money buys good coaches who create winning college teams and give our college a wider reputation. Financially, to look at the less important part, we are benefited, for a certain percentage comes back to us in improvements and athletic instruction. We look forward with anticipation to our spring activities.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

The Association was very fortunate in being able to secure Miss Grace Johnson, of the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions, for its meeting, December 4.

Edith Harvey led a very interesting Christmas service, December 18, when the Association had as guests, the members of the Coburn Y. W. C. A.

The Colby Y. W. C. A. was very proud to be represented by a 100% delegation at the Student Volunteer Conference held in Des Moines. Our delegates, Gladys Dow, Grace Foster and Eliza-

beth Whipple, brought back much of the enthusiasm and spirit of the conference. They conducted a week of very inspiring chapel services when the following program was carried out:

The Setting,

Misses Dow, Foster, Whipple
Facts to Face,

Misses Dow, Foster, Whipple
Mountain Peaks of Vision—Miss Dow
Inadequacy of Non-Christian Religions,
Miss Whipple

Challenge to Our Generation,

Miss Foster

The lunches which the Y. W. C. A. served during the week of January 26 resulted successfully both for the Association and its patronizers.

We were glad to welcome Dean Benton of Carlton College who gave an interesting address on her work "over there" during the war. Dean Benton worked especially among French girls and had the very good fortune to help in the selection of French girls to receive scholarships in some of our American colleges.

January 21, the cabinet girls assisted Mrs. Roberts in serving at a tea given in honor of Dean Benton who gave an informal talk. A very pleasant social hour was enjoyed.

The Students' Day of Prayer was observed by a short prayer service in the Association Rooms, Sunday afternoon, February 29.

The Sophomore-Senior Bazaar held at Foss Hall, Saturday evening, March 6 was a great success. The senior women presented "Cinderella" in pantomime, after which dancing was enjoyed, with music by Daniels' Orchestra. At intermission Miss Gladys Briggs gave a very enjoyable reading. During the evening punch and ice cream were on sale and Misses Alfreda Bowie and Mae Greenlaw in Pierrot costumes had charge of the grab bags. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all those present.

Mrs. Little led a very interesting open forum meeting, March 11, when the topic for discussion was "A Girl's Relation to Her Church."

During the week of March 8 the chapel services were under the direction of the Y. W. C. A. for the purpose of arousing interest for the World Fellowship Drive for Foreign Missions. We're out for \$500—over the top, girls!

Alumnae News.

1919

Marion Campbell is teaching in the high school at Columbia Falls.

1918

Marian Lewis is training in the Children's Hospital, Boston.

Helen Buker is engaged in social service nursing, and is also taking a course at Teacher's College, N. Y.

The engagement of Isabelle Wing to John C. Jackson has been announced.

Marion Starbird has accepted a position as Assistant Librarian at the Yale Law Library in New Haven, Conn.

Doris Andrews is teaching in the high school at Epping, N. H.

Mrs. Evan Wheeler (Lucille Rice) is taking a course in Brooklyn Library, N. Y.

Gladys Craft is substituting in the Boston city schools.

Gladys Twitchell is principal of the high school at Woodstock, N. H.

L. Maud Spaulding is teaching in Sufield, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Collins (Violet French) announce the birth of a daughter, Martha Allen, on Jan. 1, 1920.

1917

Marion Horne is teaching Latin and History in Camden.

Myrtle Aldrich is acting as assistant in the Chemical laboratory at Yale, Conn.

The engagement of Hazel Robinson to Paul Burbank, Berlin, N. H., has been announced; the marriage to take place this coming summer.

Ruth Murdock is teaching in Bridgton High School, Bridgton, Me.

1916

Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur Brooks Dexter, (Flora Norton) announce the birth of a son, Wilbur Brooks Dexter, Jr., on Nov. 24, 1919.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Yorke (Esther Gilman) announce the birth of a daughter, Virginia, on Feb. 29.

The marriage of Ida Brown to Horace Dorr took place recently; they are now living in Newport, Me.

Alice Clarkin is teaching in Waterville High School.

1915

Miss Aldiene Gilman is teaching in Camden, Me.

Ruth Goodwin is teaching mathematics in Waterville High School.

1913

The marriage of Jennie Farnum and Mr. Clinton A. Collins of Weld, Me., took place recently.

Margaret Adams is teaching in Longbranch, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Foster (Helen

Thomas) have arrived in Nanking, China, where Mr. Foster is engaged as a medical missionary.

1910

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Marriner (Eleanor Creech) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mr. Marriner is engaged in the English Department at Hebron.

Ex-'17

Iola Haskell is spending the winter at her home in Oxford.

Helen Clark has accepted a position as librarian in Seattle Public Library, Seattle, Wash.

Ex-'20

Elsie McCausland is taking a secretarial course at Simmons.

Ex-'21

Clara Whitman is teaching in Sanford High School.

Margaret Hanson is teaching music in Houlton.

Echoes From the Alley.

There are, of course, various degrees of familiarity with college dignitaries but the following incident illustrates surprising familiarity, acquired by an Alley inmate:

Swinging up the avenue with his hands in his pockets (and pockets in his pants), whistling like a school-boy, hat slightly tilted comes our unsuspecting president.

As fate would have it a "mere slip of a girl" was going down the avenue. It was just beneath the lamp-post (luckily for the president) they meet.

Bubbling over with innocent good cheer he greets the designing damsel:

"Good evening, Miss —"

"Good evening, Prex,"

The lights blinked and they both scurried on their way.

Just another tale from the Slums of the Alley:

"One fair Sunday afternoon Young Mr. Lanigan, loaded with Sunday papers was peacefully wending his way homeward, he was boldly accosted by an Alley female:

"I want a Sunday Herald, sir—"

"You want a paper?"—

"Yes, how much, please?"

Thinking himself the victim of a conspiracy, he clutched at his prize, and said: "These are mine, ma'am." His sense of chivalry here came to his rescue "but if you really want a paper, I will—"

I—"needless to say the bold bad woman had already made her exit from the scene of activities.

THE STRONG SEX

Many gems are lost, and lie in the corner, but this is a rare one I found, and will print for your approval:

Co-ord (bitterly) "O, yes, I like men just like I do any other indispensable modern convenience. They carry your books, put on your coat and do lots of little helpful things like that."

SLUSH!

Occupant across the Alley entering a neighbor's room, "Oh, yes, I just drop in here and look around at all this noisy crowd and then I go home and enjoy the seclusion of my own abode."

HEARD AT A FUDGE PARTY

The reader, "Americans are emotionally starved and do not enjoy sentiment."

The listener, "Oh, we can stand a little sentiment at our age."

THE MORNING BEFORE

The eager student, after ten hours of intense study of German, rose in her sleep and, waving one hand aloft, murmured, "Mein Herz Blut warm."

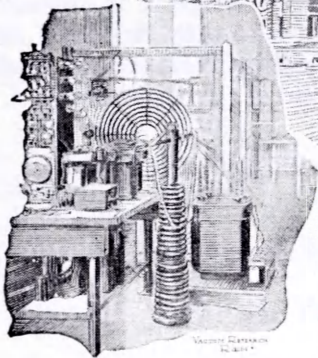
One room-mate to another—Can't you just *feel* the room when it is clean?

The other (who has wielded broom and mop while her room-mate gadded) —Yes, and *I can see* it when it isn't.

RESEARCH LAB



G-E RESEARCH LABORATORY



VACUUM CLEANER

The Service of an Electrical Research Laboratory

The research facilities of the General Electric Company are an asset of world-wide importance, as recent war work so clearly demonstrated.

A most interesting story tells of the devices evolved which substantially aided in solving one of the most pressing problems—the submarine menace. The results attained in radio communication, special X-ray equipment for field hospital service and many other products, for both combatant and industrial use, did their full share in securing the victory.

In the G-E laboratories are employed highly trained physicists, chemists, metallurgists and engineers—experts of international reputation. These men are working not only to convert the resources of Nature to be of service to man, but to increase the usefulness of electricity in every line of endeavor.

Scientific research works hand in hand with the development of new devices, more efficient apparatus and process of manufacture. It leads to the discovery of better materials, which ultimately make happier and more livable the life of all mankind.

Booklet Y-863, describing the company's several plants, will be mailed upon request. Address Desk 37.

Some of the General Electric Company's Research Activities During the War:

- Submarine detection devices
- X-ray tube for medical service
- Radio telephone and telegraph
- Electric welding and applications
- Searchlights for the Army and Navy
- Electric furnaces for gun shrinkage
- Magneto insulation for air service
- Detonators for submarine mines
- Incendiary and smoke bombs
- Fixation of nitrogen
- Substitutes for materials

General Electric Company
 General Office Schenectady, N.Y. Sales Offices in all large cities 95-140B

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.

A. S. LANDRY, SHOE DEALER

Waterville, Maine

Next to Western Union

Why do we sell cheaper?

Because we sell for Cash

Telephone Office Hours
Connection 8 to 12 1 to 5

DR. W. F. FOGG
Dental Rooms

120 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

DR. FRANK P. HIGGINS

Dentist

58 MAIN STREET

Tel. 329-W. Waterville, Me.

Compliments of

Waterville Steam Laundry

*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.

*BOOKS, STATIONERY,
AND
FINE ART GOODS*

130 Main Street

K. M. RACKLIFFE

*Watches and Fine Jewelry, Cut Glass,
and Silverware*

Films Developed and Printed
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 St. 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.

L. G. BUNKER., M.D.

Waterville, Me. Tel. Office, 49

Practice limited to the treat-
ment of the eye, ear, nose and
throat.

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 318-M

THE COLBY ECHO

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
DURING THE COLLEGE
YEAR BY THE STU-
DENTS OF COLBY COL-
LEGE

JOHN W. BRUSH,

Editor-in-Chief

H. CHESTERFIELD MARDEN,

Manager.

*Corsets, Shirtwaists,
Millinery and Art Embroidery*

IDA TAYLOR HERSOM

86 Main St.

The Shop Where Things Are Different

THE LITTLE GIFT SHOP

56 Temple St.

NELLIE K. CLARK

T. A. GILMAN

OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

Broken Lenses Replaced

116 Main St., Waterville, Maine

Sororities, Attention!

Mitchell's Flower Shop

Flowers for All Occasions

144 Main Street, Waterville

EMERY - BROWN

Company

Department Store

*SPECIAL ATTENTION
TO THE NEEDS OF
COLLEGE STUDENTS*

The Store of Dependable Quality

WATERVILLE, MAINE

*BUY YOUR FOOTWEAR
AT THE*

GALLERT SHOE STORE

51 Main Street

Agents for

Dorothy Dodd Shoes

Gold Seal and Shawmut Rubbers

Waterville's Leading Theatre

The Haines

*Latest and Best Screen and Stage
Productions*

*Assisted by the Haines
Symphony Six*

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.

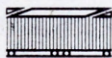
Patronize Merchants Who Advertise in The Colbiana

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.

ELM CITY CREAMERY

*Milk and Cream
Butter and Eggs*
52 TEMPLE STREET

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

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*

..Spear's..

*FRESH HOME-MADE
CHOCOLATES AND
CANDIES OUR
SPECIALTY*

The College Store

THE H. R. DUNHAM CO.

64 Main St., Waterville

1820

1920

Coburn Classical Institute

Waterville, Maine

Coburn is a well located, well equipped school for boys and girls.

The faculty is composed of well trained and experienced teachers.

The courses are thorough and prepare for college and for life.

The Household Arts department is unexcelled. The Library and Laboratory facilities are excellent.

Coburn Cottage is the home of the Girls.

Thayer Hall is the splendid new dormitory for Boys.

Libbey Field is a first-class place for all out of door sports under competent directors.

Coburn is a thorough, progressive Christian School.

For Catalogue write the Principal,

DREW T. HARTHORN

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 Elmwood, Waterville, Maine

Main St. Cash Grocery

170 Main Street, Opp. Savings Bank
Telephone 188

Girls, when you get your Sunday morning breakfast think of us on Saturdays. The first grocery store as you come downtown. Our quality highest, our prices lowest.

HERSOM & BONSALE

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.

Red Cross Pharmacy



25 Main St. Tel. 290

DAVIAU & CUNION, Props.

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

THE LOVERING HAIR STORE

129 MAIN STREET

Hair Goods Theatrical Wigs
Hair Pins Jewelry
Royal Soc. Package Outfits and Yarns

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

New York Millinery Company

Exclusive Styles
WATERVILLE, MAINE

GREGORY BROTHERS,

Shoe Shining

Ladies' Hats Cleaned and Blocked. Ladies' Private Shoe Shining
Parlor 90 MAIN STREET

Learn to Write Stenotypy.
Special Courses at

Thomas Business College

Study How to Save!

FIRST LESSON AT
United Shoe Stores Co.

162 MAIN ST.,
WATERVILLE, MAINE
Buy All of Your Footwear Here

CALL ON

Freeman

LOOK FOR THE ELECTRIC
SIGN

88 MAIN ST. TEL. 319-M

THE PLACE TO GET
YOUR JEWELRY IS AT

S. RUSSAKOFF

Satisfaction Guaranteed

104 Main St., Waterville, Me.

Cut Flowers Funeral Designs

Chas. E. Carter, Florist

TEMPLE STREET
Potted Plants Tel. 454-R

We have changed our location but
not the quality of our food

BUZZELL'S RESTAURANT
33 MAIN STREET

Elmer L. Craig

DEALER IN

GROCERIES

REAL ESTATE AND
LIVE POULTRY

58 Temple St. WATERVILLE

Shampooing, Manicuring, Chiropody,
Facial Massage, Waving, Scalp Treat-
ment

PEARL E. WHITE
Savings Bank Bldg., Waterville, Me.
Telephone Connection.

EAT AT

HARMON'S Electric Cafe

83 Main St., Cor. Common and Main