The Colbiana

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**MAY 20 1922**

Mornings of sparkling sunshine, noontides of perfect calm, afternoons of slightly moving breezes, and cool evenings deliciously restful, were happily granted Colby College during the observance of her centennial, when more than twelve hundred of her sons and daughters united in perfecting the biggest moment in the history of their cherished alma mater. The new centennial gateway in its enticing stateliness invited many happy visitors to pass under it, onto the venerable college campus, with the splendor and beauty of artistic decoration added to that ever-present majesty of beloved bricks surrounded by aged maples, elms, and willows. Or in the evening, the myriad of twinkling stars sent out from vari-colored lights, lending an almost mystic enchantment all about.

Truly immemorable in the minds and hearts of all those fortunate ones who were present will Time prove that week to be. The meetings of old friends, the joyous exclamations, or the spontaneous smiles are but a few of the expressions thru which surged an overwhelming pride in our Colby, and a renewed love for her, powerful and unresisting. Nearly one-half of all her living graduates came back to add to those gala days, and to take from them the inspiration they so freely offered.

Those who helped to crowd the municipal building on that Sunday morning will never forget the Baccalaureate address delivered by President Arthur J. Roberts. "Give and it shall be given unto you" is the well remembered text which the President characterized as the secret of success in life. Perhaps the few following phrases from that sermon are remembered with an equal force:

"What you have got out of your college course is measured by what you have put into it. If you have given little, but little has been given to you. Your gains are commensurate with the industry and energy and enthusiasm with which you have gone about your tasks. The most generous givers among you have received the richest rewards."

"Kindness and sympathy, expressed in word and act, will pay you larger dividends than any other investment you can possibly make."

"Any one of us is a profiteer who is more concerned about the compensation to be received than about the quality and amount of service rendered."

"For every one of us who thinks he can do more than he really can there are a hundred of us who could do vastly more than we think we could. The world's greatest tragedy is that of undeveloped human power."

"Do not hesitate to assume heavy responsibilities. They are agencies of development. The heavier load you carry gives new strength for the burden. I like to see a boy with an ambition apparently too large for him; our text shows him how to grow to fill it. If his ambition is too small for him, he will surely shrink to fit it."

"We show our wisdom, or lack of it, by the way we use our knowledge. Wisdom is plan and purpose and method. Wisdom is the correlation of learning with life. Knowledge without wisdom is at best useless and at worst a danger and a menace."

Another of the never-to-be-forgotten meetings took place on the same day. Sunday afternoon the big white tent—the campus auditorium—was filled, to witness the bestowing of the Service
Medals upon three hundred Colby men and women, representing all branches of the Nation’s service, and to pay homage to the nineteen Colby sons who made the supreme sacrifice. The bronze medal which has been given to each of the six hundred and seventy-five Colby men and women who were in any branch of war service, or to the nearest of kin in the case of those who will never come back, bears on one side a picture of two students, one in the uniform of the army and the other in that of the navy, leaving their college room, and the words, “For Country and Humanity;” on the reverse side, a picture of the immortal Lovejoy defending his printing press, and the words, “By the blessing of God, I will never go back.” On this occasion President Roberts, Dr. Herbert C. Libby, and General Herbert M. Lord made brief, stirring addresses.

Thus, mention might fittingly be made of each and every unit which went to make up the whole of Colby’s wonderful first centennial, as for example, of the Phi Beta Kappa oration;—of the big college sing;—of the President’s Reception, where everybody met everybody else;—of the special speakers for the Junior and Senior Class Day exercises;—of the well trained band and orchestra ever at Colby’s service;—of the fraternity and sorority reunions where men or women were boys or girls again;—of the presentation of the Lovejoy bookcase;—of the long torchlight parade where singing, cheering enthusiasm vied with the penetrating flamboyance of the burning torches;—or of the Commencement Day exercises where degrees were conferred upon seventy-seven graduates, but it was not these that portrayed most strikingly the progress of our college; that which pictured this was The Colby Centennial Pageant.

Miss Rose Adelle Gilpatrick of the class of 1892, is the author of the pageant; Miss Lotta A. Clark of Boston, was the director of it; the campus, sloping toward the Kennebec, offering as a background The Willows, at that time rich in their June foliage, afforded the pageant grounds; and Colby men and women were the performers thru whom its beautiful message was twice expressed to more than six thousand admiring spectators.

Four episodes in twelve scenes trace Colby’s Torch of Learning:

Seeking a place where her ideals may be realized, the Spirit of Learning, accompanied by her two attendants, Liberty and Service, who represent the special characteristics of Christian education, comes to the New World. In the first episode, The Lighting of the Torch, the Spirit of Learning and her two attendants, welcomed by Roger Williams and the Indians, after having been repulsed by the Puritans, kindle the flame in America. Roger Williams, by founding the first Baptist church in America, kept aloft the Baptist Ideal; not long after, Rev. Jeremiah Chaplin brot his family to Waterville, and thru his efforts there was the Founding of Colby. The Spirit of Maine, urged by the Spirit of Learning, confers the right to give collegiate degrees upon the Spirit of Colby who promises, “Ever will I bear the torch on high nor let its light grow dim. My torch bearers will I send wherever freedom, truth, and brotherhood shall call.”

The Torch of Liberty is the second episode. Portraying the martyrdom of Elijah Parish Lovejoy of the class of 1826, the scene of Lovejoy defending his fourth press is introduced; just before the shot fatal to him, he declared, “I can die at my post, but I cannot desert it. I have sworn eternal opposition to slavery, and by the blessing of God, I will never go back.”

(ABraham Lincoln wrote in a letter to Rev. James Leman, Jr., March 2, 1857, “Lovejoy’s tragic death for freedom in every sense marked his sad ending as the most important single event that ever happened in the new world.”)

Colby’s share in the Civil War, and
the patriotism of the students is depicted in another arousing scene; there, “Sam,” a freed slave, who for thirty-six years served as a faithful janitor, receives an enthusiastic greeting from those who recognize his likeness.

In the third episode, *The Growing Flame*, the Spirit of Learning and the Spirit of Womanhood lament that men only, are permitted to share the privileges of learning; Colby receives women within her portals, and a dance of Hope prettily symbolizes her greeting. A tableau at the close of this scene shows hope fulfilled, as honorary degrees are presented to Mrs. Mary Low Carver, the first woman graduate, and to Miss Louise Helen Coburn, the first woman trustee.

Colby’s preparatory schools are shown, paying homage to Mother Colby.

Later, the Spirit of Colby becomes downcast and dejected; three times, in striking variation, the Blue Gloom dances weirdly about her, but each time they are driven away by the Joy Sprites, as a Herald announces gifts from Gardner Colby, Ex-Governor Coburn, and Colonel Shannon.

*The Torch Bearers*, the fourth episode, suggests Colby’s part in worldwide missions, by impressive representative groups from the needy ones to whom Colby has sent many helpful workers; they bear testimony to her work in the past and welcome the Student Volunteers who dedicate themselves to the service of these people.

Next comes a scene calling to mind Colby service men of the Great War,—men who bore the torch in the struggle for democracy. Then a picture of Colby to-day with her many departments, her collegiate organizations, fraternities and sororities,—thru which the torch keeps burning brightly. Her spirit, however, is put to test by Humanity who makes an appeal for help in this day of the world’s needs. The undergraduate students, represented by the Knights of Learning and the Maids of Compassion, promptly pledge themselves to give assistance.

Finally Colby presents to the Spirit of Learning some of those who, having received their light from her, have passed it on to others, and some who are ready to go forth to continue the service in the future. The Spirit of Learning bestows the Crown of Service upon Colby, saying, “Faithfully have you performed your mission. With pleasure I place the victor’s crown upon your head. In the coming century may your light ever brighter grow.”

To the singing of the Centennial Hymn, written by Rev. Woodman Bradbury, D. D., ’87, the pageant performers withdraw in recessional,—a review of Colby’s first centennial completed; determined hope, pure faith, and alluring aspirations dominant within her as she enters upon her second century of service.

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**The Dago.**

“Dagos,” people call them; and the name seems to fit. They come over from their peaceful homes, by shiploads, animated with one idea that is to be fulfilled in one glorious rosy future.

It is easy to get rich in America! And so they come to this country, the land of promise, in flocks like sheep, find homes if so they can be called, (in the poorer section of some city) and become parts of the machinery that keeps the world in motion.

Miguel Gonzola was a dago. He had no education. Instead, his hands earned for him the daily wage that others, idly sitting behind their office desks, considered sufficient.

All day long the crew of men had been toiling in the hot sun, half a mile beyond the sign which read,—“Road Under Construction.”

Miguel stopped work and slowly mopped his brow. Only that morning the doctor had come to see Loretta, his
wife, who, back home in the hottest part of the city, lay ill with consumption.

"You will have to take her to the country," he said. "It is her only chance."

Poor Loretta! This America had not been all sunshine since they had come over ten years ago. They had worked—And now the doctor had said—but Miguel could not bear to think of it. Humbly he worked on, resting only now and then when the crew would have to stand back from the road while the dynamiting was in process.

Unconsciously he watched the man place the fuse and set off the heavy blasts of dynamite, that sent showers of rock and debris into the air. It all looked so simple to him—and yet this man got twice as much salary as he, who shoveled away with hardly time to think.

"It is her only chance," ran thro his mind as he bent to his task, "It is her only chance."

It would take twice as much salary as he was getting, to find a home for Loretta in the country where she could get well and strong again. Yet it had to be done! He must work over hours. He hated the man at the battery. Things were not fair in this world. Why could not he, Miguel, who needed the money so badly, hold his position and receive his wages?

The afternoon wore on but no solution of affairs for Miguel. In a dazed sort of a manner he worked on, his mind constantly reverting to Loretta and then back again to the man at the battery so confidently setting off the heavy blasts of dynamite.

"It is her only chance;" that was as far as Miguel could get in solving the problem confronting him.

At last it was nearly time to stop work for the day. One last part of a ledge had to be dynamited, then all would be ready for the crew to start work in the morning. The signal for the men to stand back was obeyed instantaneously. They were only too glad to stop work.

Miguel stood apart from the rest of the group of weary dust-covered road builders. It was time to go home,—there to prepare his frugal meal and care for his suffering wife; and it would be months before his meagre earnings would form a sum large enough to send Loretta to the country.

Narrowly Miguel watched the man, the man whose salary would mean so much to him; watched him place the dynamite and attach the fuse which was connected with the plunge-battery by means of two little wires. He saw the man stand back at a safe distance, take the battery lever in his hand and plunge it down. Immediately an explosion came that sent earth and rock hurling upward.

But something else had happened! The force of the explosion had sent the small battery wire into the air and it had struck against the main high tension wires that ran uncovered above the ledge and on to furnish electricity to the city.

The man at the battery fell to the ground, his hand still grasping the lever; he was unable to let go. The men rushed to him but immediately fell back again. No one dared to touch him. The wires were still connected and the whole force of the 30,000 volts of electricity was passing thro the man's body.

Slowly, it seemed to the waiting and silent crowd, yet in reality in a few seconds, the little wire burned thro and fell to the ground. They raised the man limp and pale. The deadly electricity had done its worst.

Suddenly Miguel straightened up. He had come to a full realization of facts. What if he had been the man at the battery? What good would the extra wages be to him? Poor Loretta would have been left with no one to care for her. As it was, by working more hours and saving as best he could, he would be able after a time to send Loretta to the
country. America was a good land after all.

The Butterfly.
Up thru the bright blue skies it floats at dawn,
The sunlight glist'ning on its gorgeous wings,—
For beauty only, one can see 'twas born;
While on the nodding flow'rs it clings and swings.
'Tis one of mother nature's fairy things
And blithesomely it dances for a day.
At twilight, as the far-off wood thrush sings
A soft "good-night" to sunset's fading ray,
The butterfly sinks down; its life has ebbed away.

Twilight.
The sunset slowly dying in the west.
A lonely peasant coming from his toil
Thru fields of ripening barley and of wheat
While over all the mystic sound of chimes,
The Angelus, as tho' enclosing all
The landscape in a cloak of quiet peace.
The twilight falls, and echoes only send
Reverberating o'er the land, the faint Sweet music of those chimes.

Little John and his Curls.
Little John sat moping on the back steps! It was June, the time of year when little boys and girls are usually happiest. A nearby meadow rang with the jumbled shouts of young baseball enthusiasts. From nearer still, the woods directly in back of Little John's house, came the uneven chop-chop of little hatchets. Little John knew what that chop-chopping noise meant. Many a time he had gone there where the tiny log cabin was being built—that is when he was sure that none of the boys were around—and how he had longed to chop-chop too. The delicious odor of ginger-bread came from the kitchen window—and yet, Little John was moping!

Suddenly a breeze blew one of his soft yellow curls across his cheek. He started out of his reverie and defiantly pushed the curl back. Yes! it was those horrid yellow curls that spoiled all his fun. How he hated them! All the boys in the neighborhood teased him about them; even the little girls taunted him—and that was worst of all, because he hated little girls anyway. His next-door neighbor, Joey McKenzie, had been his one staunch playmate—until to-day. Now, he too was over there in the woods helping to chop-chop-chop logs for that wonderful little play-house. Deep down in his heart Little John did not blame Joey—he would like to be there himself. But he knew what the boys would say, "Sissys with curls can't chop with a hatchet."

He remembered the time when he wanted to play pirates with them. They had laughed and cried out, "a pirate with curls, yellow curls 'special!" Even Joey had to laugh at the idea of a pirate with yellow curls. After that Little John never asked to join in their games; in fact he avoided them all, except Joey, as much as possible. But next fall he was going to school! Then he would have to be with the boys—and girls. When this awful calamity recurred to him he jumped up and thrust his fists into the pockets of his little white pants. He started down the driveway scuffing up the dirt as he went; so that he did not see the boy coming down the street until he heard, "'Lo there sister!"

He looked up and saw "Baldie" Jacobs go by with a fishing rod over his shoulder and a tin can in his hand. Little John sighed with envy. "Baldie" had his hair shaved off every summer! How wonderful it must be to hear the snip-snip of the barber's shears thru your
hair! He had watched Joey "get a haircut" once and he had never forgotten the snip-snipping of the scissors.

Little John was pretending that the barber was just snipping off his last curl with those great big shears—when his mother called, "Come, Little John, you must get dressed to go down-town with mother." Down-town meant a ride on the trolley car and Little John loved the trolley car. He ran in and an hour later was all ready to start even to his best sailor hat and little blue coat. Once on the magic car he lost his worries in imagining himself one of those important blue capped men that took your five cent pieces and rang a bell every time anyone got off or on. Then a motherly old lady boarded the car and sat down beside him. She smiled up at his mother and said, "What pretty curls your little girl has!"

John's forehead clouded with a sullen frown. He lost all interest in the trip and brooded all the way to town and back. That night he asked his father, Big John, why he couldn't have his hair cut like other boys most five did. Big John laughed and said, "Mother wants her little boy's curls another year, son."

Another year! That meant a fourth of July, a Hallowe'en, a Thanksgiving, a Christmas, a birthday, an Easter Sunday—and all that time he would be going to school! The boys and girls would jeer at him; perhaps the teacher might laugh too! Perhaps she might even call him a girl and put him with the girls!

All thru June and July Little John planned wild schemes for avoiding the dread opening of school, but he knew that they were useless.

One morning he was out in the kitchen helping Nora dry the dishes, with a big gingham apron tied around him. Mother was having company that night and Nora was preparing the choice dainties for dinner. She went over to put some coal on the fire and Little John followed to get a close-up sniff of the luscious chocolate pudding. While he was leaning over one side of the apron slipped off his shoulder into the open fire. Immediately Little John was ablaze! Nora screamed and tried to beat off the flames with the dish towel. Mother came running to see what the trouble was. She snatched the pail of drinking water from the kitchen table and poured it over Little John.

He was too badly frightened and hurt to remember what happened next, but he remembered being in bed all bandaged up, and hurting all over. There was a lady there, all in white, with a little white cap on her head, who smiled and asked if it hurt very much. For the next week Little John was petted and humored and read to, to his heart's content. Gradually the pains grew less and finally there were hardly any at all. Soon he was able to get up and play about the room.

He quite enjoyed the bandages on his head and neck and arms. He played all sorts of games in which he was a wounded soldier, a wood-cutter whose axe had slipped and cut his head, even a man run over by a trolley car. And yet when one morning the doctor came to peel off the yards of bandage, Little John was not reluctant.

That noon when Big John came in to see how his son was getting on, he patted him on the shoulder with a "Little John, there's a surprise for you on your mother's dressing table. Run in and get it!"

Little John ran into his mother's room but stopped short in front of her dressing table. After a dazed second he raised a loud whoop and shouted, "My curls are all burned off! Now I can play pirates!"

The Chance Companion.

Before us both the same road lay.
I called for you to hear,
"A mile along life's sunny way
Come walk with me"
And laugh with me,
A comrade for a year."

So now the cross-roads post is nigh,
And must I leave you here?
We laugh, and part without a sigh,
The mile is done,
The sands are run,—
But 'twas a merry year!

A Newspaper Story

It was a crisp, fall evening and the streets were filled with pleasure-seekers. Pearl Palmer, a young actress, separated herself from the throng and tripped up the hotel steps. An annoyed frown was on her face, her red, "cupid's bow" lips were pursed into a pout, her chin was lifted haughtily in the air, and her usually laughing blue eyes held a glint of defiance, as she looked at the quietly dressed young man who was waiting a' the top.

Pearl tapped a dainty, kid-covered toe and snapped irritably, "I forgot you asked me to supper with you, Herbert, and I accepted an invitation to go to the 'Oriental' with Norman Porter. You needn't scold," she anticipated, "I'm sorry I forgot," and she left him.

The man stumbled back down the steps. It was the old story, "some other man." Had she not promised to marry him? And yet, she didn't care enough for him to remember their engagements on the few nights he might spend with her. He wandered down the street and into the park. He had worked all day and then gone without his supper in order to meet Pearl. Now, he was tired, and disappointed. It was only one of many nights like this. He sank down upon a bench, and buried his face in his hands.

As he sat there, he heard a whining sound near him, and, a moment later, a cold little nose was thrust under his elbow. A tiny puppy had been left on the bench and forgotten. Herbert took him up and put him inside his coat to warm him. The puppy gratefully curled up in a little round ball and went to sleep.

"Poor little shaver!" he said. "I guess we're both down and out, tonight, but I don't believe they left you in the lurch on purpose. It's only human beings that are treated that way."

The next night, Herbert started to the theatre to meet Pearl. As he neared his destination, he caught a glimpse of her in a roadster beside a strange man. She was smiling and he seemed to be talking to her. Herbert turned back, sadly, and, later in the evening, when he asked Pearl about it, over the telephone, she answered laughingly, "Oh, 'twas only Tom Verbeck, the star player," and then, "You'll be proud of me, Herbert, when you see how well I'm doing."

Herbert sighed as he hung up the receiver. Was he, after all, a fool? He had come to the city he despised and taken a position inferior to the one he had left just to be near Pearl. And how was he being rewarded? Four dreary months and he had had only fleeting glimpses of her, alone. "Jumbo," the puppy, was now recognized as the other member of the family, and Herbert resorted to a habit of talking to him, now. "The wheels are going wrong in my head, son. I guess this kind of life doesn't agree with me. Every time I see her, I want her more, and yet she slips away. She's too much of a butterfly for me, but I guess that's what makes me want her so." And again he heaved a sigh that was almost a sob.

A few days later Herbert called her up again, "And you'll take a ride with me tonight?" he asked.

Herbert drove recklessly. Sometimes he joked and laughed wildly, and, suddenly, he would lapse into moody silences. Pearl had never seen him like this before. She could not understand him so she devoted herself to teasing Jumbo. As she stepped from the car at
the end of the ride, Herbert detained her.

"Won't you be ready to marry me soon and come back to my home, dear? I've waited long," he pleaded.

Pearl laughed, and pinched Jumbo's ear as she said, "Oh, don't get serious, now, Herbert. You don't want to be married yet."

"But don't you love me, still?"

"Oh, yes, but I'm not ready to give up this life, yet. One may as well die as marry."

And she left him laboring under a red rage against the theatre, Norman Porter, Tom Verbeck, and even Pearl. She wouldn't torment him much longer. He would go away and leave her to her friends,—no, he couldn't do that. His hand trembled on the steering wheel, as he guided his car towards the country. He sped rapidly away from the city, the theatre, and Pearl. A traffic policeman's whistle blew somewhere, but he only sped on the faster. Jumbo yelped in protest as the car lurched, but he paid no attention.

It was Sunday night before the play was to be given. Pearl was practicing the chorus to her song. It rang out clearly, and coquettishly, in the big empty theatre—

"Never let him know you like him: Never answer, 'Yes'
Till you have him broken-hearted Make him guess, guess, guess."

From an upper balcony of the theatre, a shot rang out! Pearl crumpled up and lay, motionless, on the floor. A second shot was heard,—muffled this time. Women screamed, and white-faced men ran up-stairs where they found a man with hair disordered and full of dust. His eyes were bloodshot. In one hand was a smoking revolver, and, in the other, he held out a squirming puppy.

"Take good care of the little beggar. He's the only true friend I ever had," he gasped. As his eye rested on Norman Porter he gave him one look of triumph, and died.

The next day, the following article appeared in the paper:—

"If you want a man to love you, Bear in mind this plan: Always keep him doubtful of you; Fool him all you can!

"Never let him know you like him; Never answer, 'Yes,' Till you have him broken-hearted, Make him guess, guess, guess.

"This is the chorus of one of the songs Pearl Palmer, pretty opera singer, was to have sung when she made her first Broadway appearance as one of the principals of the opera, 'The Princess Pat.' Now she is dead, because she carried out this philosophy in her own life, her friends say. Herbert Haeckler, who killed the young singer and himself, Sunday night, had been kept 'guessing,' they say, until his mind had given away."

The Friendly Philosopher.

In these days of moving pictures with their blood-curdling serials and thrilling mystery stories, it is refreshing to find something so genuine and wholesome as the writings of David Grayson. Long since tired of the psychological theories of Oliver Lodge, the upsetting problems of Bernard Shaw, or the jesting genius of Oscar Wilde, we turn with delight to "Adventures in Contentment" or "The Friendly Road," in them to find happiness, contentment, and a more lasting philosophy of life than is found in most poems or in many an orthodox sermon.

It is strange how few there are, who before some poet or prophet comes along to reveal it—are able to recognize the beauty of the commonplace. It re-
mained for David Grayson to discover the charm in simplicity, the joys of friendship, and the beauty that is hidden in all the common things with which we are surrounded. "Adventures in Friendship," "Hempfield," and several other books of his appeared under the pseudonym of Grayson; but his political, economic, and journalistic articles are signed by his own name, Ray Stannard Baker. One would hardly expect from the pen of a journalist, editor, reporter, nay even "muck-raker" such philosophy as his books reveal. Having perfect health, he lives mostly out of doors, and not only enjoys life but reaps a kind of second crop from enjoying that enjoyment. President Wilson appointed him director of publicity for the Peace Conference—a fact that proves that this rambler over God's green fields is a practical man of affairs and not a mere idle dreamer. Neither is he a reactionary. He does not want to go back, nor does he neglect any means of progress. He is eager to know men thus better to reach "the elbow-rub of brotherhood," as he calls it, the highest of human ideals.

There is a humaneness, a freshness, an intimateness in his pages, nowhere else to be found. We read his books without rule or reason, not even for instruction but willfully for enjoyment, because we cannot help it. The author breathes of satisfaction and contentment and quiet contemplation of the life about him. He hates sham and cant and seeks to give us reality. His works display the qualities of unexpectedness and beauty, and arouse the spirit of happiness, wonder, and appreciation of the value of truth. The reader finishes a book with infinitely more zest than when he began. Upon completing the first chapter of "The Friendly Road" I exclaimed, "Ah, I have found a philosopher,"—and indeed a joyous one is David Grayson! A friend of mine once wrote me—"If you ever get out of sorts with people and life in general, read one of David Grayson's books and you will chuckle at your own follies." There is a healthfulness, an air of exuberance about him. He makes an adventure out of the common task of ploughing "this wonderful, beautiful, and incalculably interesting earth," as he calls it.

He loves the sense of smell, the earthy smell. After digging on his little farm he sits down comfortably beneath the hawthorn tree and stretches his legs with the remark "There is a poem in stretched legs—I can't write it but I can feel it." Who but David Grayson could have said just this?

Happiness he finds in the rebound from hard work, not in lurking in palaces, but in corn fields and factories and hovering over littered desks.

For his friends, he has much to say. In "Hempfield," his book nearest a novel, he calls talks with friends "those rare and beautiful flowers which blossom upon the growing branches of the tree of intimacy" and, as for neighbors, he accepts those nearest at hand. You will find them surprisingly human like yourself. If you like them you will be surprised to find how much they like you. His friends have come to him as naturally as the corn grows in the cornfields or the wind blows in the trees. So he goes back to his work thinking how many fine people there are in the world if one will but scratch them deep enough.

His "Friendly Road" rings with the thought that life is wonderful, that there is grandeur in everything. Turning in whimsical view, he reflects that nearly all of us are shocked by the cheerfulness of the wicked, and feel that those whom we have set aside as sinful reprobates should, by good rights, draw long faces and be appropriately miserable. We are never quite accustomed to our own surprise at finding them cheerful or contented. He tells us that when he was younger he felt that he should like to make over some of his neighbors.
He wondered if he could not improve upon the processes of the Creator, who, apparently, was wobbly in his moral standards and weak in his discipline in that he allowed several people to flourish and be joyful who certainly deserved to be smitten on their refractory pates.

Time has changed Grayson; for now he likes to see his friends coming toward him true to themselves.

He strikes the key note of happiness in what he calls "doing;" for doing leads the way to riches, to power, to reputation; and, if occasionally it lands a man in the penitentiary, still, he feels, that there is something grand about even that, and he reflects that the same process leads also to the Senate, the White House, or to a palace on Fifth Avenue. Than to be needed in other human lives, he says, there is nothing more wonderful in the whole world.

We close his books with the regret that they are not longer. We read our favorite passages over and over again, and rejoice in the reading and in the memory and lesson left. He can reach the heights, he can travel in the clouds; but he never once loses sight of good old Mother Earth and her commonest children. Perhaps the most typical Graysonian expression, the one which sums up his whole genuine self, is his words in "Hempfield:"

"The fact is whether we like it or not, we are all mixed up together in this world—poets, plumbers, critics, and cooks—and the more clearly we recognize it, the sounder, truer, firmer will be our grip upon the significance of human life. Why, many a time," he says, "when I've been sitting in my study, living for a moment in the rarer atmosphere of prophets, poets, and philosophers, I have had to get up and go out to feed the pigs and I have always felt that it was good for me."

Candles.

"The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord."
—Prov. 20, 17.

God's candles we
Some burning high, some low
We see the flames as souls,
Where e'er we go.

God's candles we—
If set where dark or light,
It matters not—, if we but keep
His altar bright.

God's candles we—
Lit from his radiant flame
If we burn clear and high
We glorify His name.

God's candles we—
Oh, may we brighter glow—
To lighten other flames
That flicker low!

Springtime Again.

It was in an old-fashioned garden, bursting forth in the first glory of the springtime, that our story began.

Everywhere was the warmth and freshness of this happy season. Birds were chirping blithely in the trees. Now and then a squirrel dashed recklessly across the path. Dainty flowers were lifting their heads for the first time in greeting to the sun, and the tender green shoots of grass found a carpet as yet untrod upon.

But suddenly, a cloud seemed to dim the light. A chill came over the atmosphere, and down the narrow, gravel walk came the intruding form of an elderly man. His steps were faltering, but his head was high; and a cold cynical expression was on his face. The contracted brows, tight lips, and wrinkles showed the sign of suffering, but also of an iron will. He wandered slowly around the garden, taking in with a cursory, unresponsive glance all the
beauties of nature. Once he stopped before a bed of nasturtiums. He gazed intently for a moment on one brave little blossom, gnashed his teeth, crushed the flower underfoot, then turned and left the garden. He locked the massive iron gate through which he passed, and entered the house. He uttered no word until he fell dejectedly into his favorite armchair, but then, did the strength of the man give way. Tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, and pitiful sobs echoed through the empty rooms of the lonely house.

"Mary, my Mary," he cried. "Another spring and you are not here to enjoy it with me. Why! oh why, did you marry against my wishes? But why have you never returned? Did you not know that it was in a storm of passion that I forbade you to enter your home again, and that for seven long years I have prayed for your return?"

He entreated thus for a while, then, becoming master of his emotions, he sat still, thinking of the past, and the cards fate had dealt him. His wife had died many years before, and after her death he lived only for the love of his daughter, and of money. When she became old enough to pilot her own ship, she directed her course differently from that which he approved, and thus, for seven long years the two ships of life had been tossing far out at sea, with no beacon light to draw them together. This, the seventh springtime witnessed alone, was the climax. He wanted his daughter, but could he break the shackles of pride; seek her out; and bid her to return again to her home?

While pondering this momentous question, he was disturbed by the patter of feet, and the crunching of pebbles on the walk. Amazed that anyone should be in the garden, to which no one had been admitted for many years, he hastened to the door and there beheld a sight bewildering enough to startle any man.

Darting from bed to bed, and clasping a varied bouquet of posies in her tiny hands, was a fairy-like child with hair of spun gold, and eyes like the velvet petal of a violet. A warm light leaped from his eyes and he started forward impulsively. But immediately he restrained himself. The cold steely glint returned to his eyes, and he approached the child with no semblance of a welcome. To the deluge of questions which he showered upon her, she replied with smiling lips reddened by the juice of wild strawberries: "My name is Mary. I squeezed in through the bars of the gate. I know I oughtn't to be here, but my mama has told me so many times about the beautiful flowers here, that today when she went away, I ran off, and thought I would just come in and peek at them. I didn't mean to pick any, but there were so many, and they were so pretty, I—I just couldn't help it."

Her pleading look should have melted the heart of an iron man, but not so with this one. He told her to get out the way she had entered, and with drooping head and lagging steps she made her way to the gate.

Meanwhile, he was deep in thought, for the mention of her mother had sent a ray of suspicion into his brain, and he was wondering, wondering, futilely wondering if at last the door was opening. While engrossed thus, he felt a tug at his coat, and there again was the originator of his thoughts.

"Please sir, I gess—I gess I must have eaten too many strawberries. I can't squeeze back again, and will you unlock the gate for me?"

An eerie smile crossed his face. He strode to the gate; unlocked it; and she was about to slip through, when a woman rushed frantically up, cried, "Mary," in the anxious tones of a mother; seized her; and then looked up at the keeper of the gate. For one long moment each held the other's eyes. Then pride crumbled. The eternal fire of love leaped out, and again father held daughter in a long yearned embrace.
The noon-day sun sent his warm rays into the garden, and one could have heard him say, upon seeing the happy trio, "Well, it's springtime once again.

The Treasure.

Uncle Benny sat down on a box, pulled a dark piece of chewing tobacco out of his pocket, and sank his brown teeth into it thoughtfully. "It's a good thing for a man to have plenty of pride," philosophized he, "but too much of it is liable to spoil his own happiness. And speakin' of pride reminds me of a chap I knew way back in the seventies."

Hearing these words, I settled myself comfortably on a pile of dry fish-nets and awaited the story which I knew was sure to follow.

"He was a fine, upstandin' fellow," he went on, "as gentle-mannered as one of these here highfalutin' writer-fellows who come down here to get what they call local color, whatever that is. His name was Kersey, Sam Kersey. He was shy at first, I guess, anyway he never talked much till one night he opened up and told me his reason for coming here. He was a lawyer and a good one, too, and seems like his father had been one of these scientific researchers—I guess that's what you call 'em—who lost his life somewhere along this shore. His body was found with the bodies of his companions and people said that his boat went down with a chest of treasures from somewhere in the Bermuda Islands. Young Kersey had come after the treasure. I thought it was a wild-goose chase, but he was deadly in earnest.

"The sea had been searched along its bottom but the lad had a fool notion that he could find the gold if he looked for it long enough. Well, I told him he was crazy and he said he guessed he was, too; but he seemed so sad about something that I gave him all the hope and comfort I could. The next day I got at the bottom of the matter. He was in love with a society girl. He was shook up amidships all right but he had too much pride to ask her to marry him because she had lots of money. Time wore on. We hit it off pretty well together, but no sign of any treasure or anything that looked like it till one bleak, dark day we got lost.

"We were nearly down to the Staghorn when dark came on and a big wave nearly swamped us. 'Let's strike for that little cave over there,' says Kersey; so we had a race with the wind through the gale and made the cave which seemed like a long narrow canal with a roof of stone. There was a kind of ledge of rock along the wall where a man could walk. We anchored the boat just inside the cave where the wind couldn't get at it, took a lantern, and started to look the cave over. I guess it must have been a half mile long. But I tell you right now, boy, that what we found at the end was worth the walk.

"The water stopped there so we could see the floor of the cave. Half in water, half on the rock of the floor, was an old battered boat, in which was lying tipped up a wooden chest locked tight and bound with brass bands. Shiver my timbers, but wasn't I excited! And Kersey! He let one yell out of him and jumped for the box. We couldn't get it open there so we started back to the mouth of the cave to find the boat still in its place, the wind gone down, and the stars a-shining.

"We hustled back to the house and while I was gettin' supper, he opened the box. Suffering catfish! what do you suppose he found? A small leather bound book with a few legal papers of some kind. On the inside of the cover of the book was the name, John F. Kersey. The kid broke down when he saw it, and I know it wasn't because he didn't find the treasure, it was memories of his father. The boy must have thought a lot of him.

"I made him eat some supper and af-
terwards he sat down to read the little book which turned out to be his father's diary. He read till eleven o'clock and he seemed kind of thoughtful when he went to bed. The next morning when I was getting the fish nets ready for the day's catch, Mr. Kersey steps out of the house all dressed up, with suit case and all. 'Where you going,' says I. 'Back home' answers he and dumb-founded I shook hands with him and said good-by. "It wasn't till two weeks later that I learned the reason for his sudden departure. They were visiting me and they were two of the happiest people in the world. He had gone to ask her to marry him before some one else grabbed her off. The old chest had held a treasure after all. The diary had told the secret story of his father's life; for he had been too proud to pop the question to the girl he loved because she was a little above him in money matters and he married a nice girl years afterward, who made him a faithful wife but who never held the place in his heart the other one had. The young fellow had learned a lesson from his father's life."

Uncle Benny stopped talking, leaned back and closed his eyes. "Well," he said, "it's a funny world. He found a treasure that day, any way, and one that he will keep for life."
THE COLBiana

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Editorials.

"We are dug by sermons, ploughed by theaters, harrowed by movies, hoed and spaded by novels and magazines, yet nothing is allowed to grow"—Frank Crane. And along with this pithy saying of Crane's, are the oft-repeated words of Dr. Libby about the man who goes to church and hears something which prompts him to do good and then he comes out of church and does nothing that it is better that he never went. We hear lectures, we attend church, we take in all the activities of college life but how many of us on the morning after have more than a faint recollection (which fades as time goes on) as to the stimulus the event had? College is not a sponge into which everything soaks and then evaporates. College should be a ground where the seeds are sown and all life thereafter is the garden. But if we are dug, ploughed, hoed, spaded, and harrowed and nothing is allowed to grow in college shall we ever have more than the ploughed ground when we are finished?

College students of to-day emphasize ability, initiative, executive ability and the energy that accomplishes things. The student who is a leader in college activities is a hero praised and admired by his fellows. On the other hand the scholar, if there can be found in the college halls an individual worthy of that name, is promptly labelled a grind, and is left to tread the path of knowledge in solitude.

We scorn the scholar but his labors are rewarded by delights unknown to most of us. To the sincere seeker after knowledge, the earth unfolds its treasures. The scientist finds miracles in the very things which we in our blindness call commonplace. In the forces of nature, he finds mysteries which baffle his intelligence at every turn. Only here and there a gleam of light which challenges and beckons him onward.

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to those loving faithful seekers who are willing to toil and sacrifice and faithfully follow the gleam for the sake of the light ahead.

College days are the golden days in which we have leisure and youthful vigor to follow the gleam and gain the treasure house. We can afford to think carefully before we allow mere surface activities to usurp the place which sound knowledge and sincere scholarship have always occupied in the life of truly cultured people.

The nineteenth amendment having removed us from the idiot and imbecile class it is now up to us to prove ourselves capable and intelligent voters.

In order to do this we have been told time and time again we must be "informed." We must suit ourselves to the times,—so just a few practical things we Colby women can do toward this end. The point is, do it now! The woman who does things may make a mistake but she never makes the biggest mistake of all—doing nothing.

We ought to lay our foundations by taking seriously a history and an economics course. "History is past politics and politics present history," if so we can better understand the present by our knowledge of the past.

However, if this is impossible, we might spend a few minutes in the library before or after meals. If arranged to come down to the library when the ten minute bell rings it would mean, at the end of the day, a half an hour spent with the "Literary Digest" or the "Atlantic Monthly." All we ever use the "Sentinel" for is to find out what's "on" at the movies; yet, have heard more than one professor say, "I saw by the Sentinel this morning——," while I try to look intelligent and resolve to at least look at the head lines tomorrow morning before I go to class. But we never catch up with our good intentions for tomorrow.

When you are up on the campus, just drop into the library a few minutes after class. There you will find all the leading papers and magazines—use them a little!

Poor Richard, Jr., says: "Perhaps if trading stamps went with the ballot the women would take more interest in politics." Why not try to cultivate this interest by becoming an active member of the Literary Society or the International Relations Club?

These are only a few of our opportunities. Let us use them and see if we can't talk a little more intelligently with father Christmas vacation than we did last election day.
Many marked improvements have been made in the reception room at Foss Hall, due largely to the efforts of Dean Runnals. The chief feature is two beautiful art rugs, a gift from the Alumnae Association.

Colby Day.

Colby Day was celebrated Nov. 6. The Sophomore-Freshmen basketball game was played at 1:30 P. M. in the Coburn gymnasium resulting in a score of 24-6 in favor of the Freshmen.

Open House was observed at Foss Hall from three to five. The reception hall was attractively decorated with evergreen and chrysanthemums. Dean Runnals and members of the Senior class were in the receiving line. Tea was served and the College Girls' Orchestra provided music for the afternoon.

At six o'clock dinner was served—The guests of honor, members of the faculty and their wives, passed into the dining-room followed by the students singing "Alma Mater." During dinner each class sang a tribute to Colby.

The toastmistress of the evening was Miss Clara Gamage, '21. Miss Helen Louise Coburn of Skowhegan, who was the first speaker of the evening, told several anecdotes of Colby in the old days and spoke briefly on the political and economic opportunities for modern women.

Miss Edna Chamberlain, '22, vice-president of Student Government Association gave a history of the Association and an account of its success at Colby.

Dean Nettie Runnals, the next speaker, quoting the late Prof. John Hedman, said, "If a girl goes thru a large college, she goes thru more college; if she goes thru a small college, more college goes thru her."

The last speaker of the evening was President Roberts. After speaking briefly on friendship and loyalty, Dr. Roberts said, "I have immense faith in Colby women and what they stand for. It is a matter of great satisfaction to me that we have one of our own women for dean."

At eight o'clock the senior class presented in the college chapel Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Great credit is due both to the members of the cast and to Miss Exerene Flood who coached them, for the splendid production.

The International Relations Club has resumed its duties this fall. Miss Adelle McLoon has been elected president and Miss Irene Gushee, vice-president of the club. Thru the efforts of Dr. Black, the faculty advisor, the club plans to have many fine speakers at the college this year whom no one can afford to miss hearing.

On Saturday evening, November 20th, a very attractive dance was given by the senior class at Foss Hall. The dining-room was prettily decorated with pumpkins and corn husks. Refreshments of ice cream and cake were served by the Sophomore girls.
On the evening of September 24, the freshmen class were welcomed to Colby by the Y. W. C. A. reception held in Foss Hall. A number of faculty ladies were present, who with Dean Runnals, Mrs. Roberts, and the president of the association served as a receiving line. There was a short program of music and readings, and then time for the upper classmen to make the freshmen feel how glad we were that they were with us.

The first meeting of the association was in the form of a welcome service for the freshmen. The meeting was led by the president, Grace Foster, and the cabinet and other upper classmen welcomed the incoming girls to the association and its various lines of service.

Miss Jessie Dodge White, daughter of ex-President White of Colby, was in Waterville during the first few days of October. On the evening of Oct. 5, Dean Runnals and the cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. were hostesses at a dinner given in Foss Hall in her honor. A number of the faculty ladies who knew Miss White when she lived in Waterville over ten years ago, were present. These included Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Parmenter, Mrs. White, Mrs. Marquardt, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Little, Mrs. Carter and others. After dinner, Miss White gave an interesting talk at the regular Association meeting—on "Jumping at the Chance." Later in the evening Miss White spoke informally to the Student Volunteer Band. As she came to Waterville representing the Woman's American Baptist Home Missionary Society, she had private conferences also with the girls.

Mr. Fay Campbell, a representative from New York, of the Student Volunteer Movement addressed a joint meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. in the chapel the evening of October 12. He spoke of the challenge of the need in other lands to the college students of today. The week before, Dr. Dekker, a missionary representative from the South addressed the associations on a similar subject. We are very fortunate to have such men as these who have had a vision of the great need of foreign service in these critical days of world history, speak to us.

Julia Hoyt represented our association at the conference of the Undergraduate Field Representatives of the North Eastern Field of the Y. W. C. A. held in New York City Oct. 9-11. She gave a full and interesting report of the conference at the weekly meet Oct. 19.

On Wednesday, Oct. 13, the active members of the Colby Y. W. C. A. voted unanimously to accept the new basis of membership. This basis makes it possible for any college girl to become an active member of the association provided that she declares herself in sympathy with the purpose of the association and with the purpose, herself, to live as a true follower of Jesus Christ.

The adopting of this new basis is an important step, as it makes possible a broader field of interest and activity for our association, by including all girls of whatever creed in the active membership.

The membership drive, beginning after the adoption of the new basis and closing a month later was the success that we all hoped it would be. Of the 211 girls in college 204 are now members of the association. Hazel Dyer, as chairman of the membership committee, is surely to be congratulated for this faithful work.

The regular cabinet meeting held every Sunday afternoon, is to be an open meeting once a month to include the members of all the Y. W. C. A. committees who really form a big association.
THE COLBIANA

cabinet. The first of these meetings was held Oct. 23. After the usual devotional and business meeting Dean Runnals spoke, giving several helpful suggestions as to how to make our association mean more in our college life. Dean Runnals has had experience in Y. W. C. A. work and we are fortunate to have her to advise us.

After the meeting led by Dorothy Mitchell, Oct. 26, on “Are you Triangular or Square,” a large number of the girls went up to the chapel to hear an interesting address by “Al” Sanders. Mr. Sanders gave an account of his life as a brewery owner and of his conversion by Billy Sunday. Irene Gushee led a meeting and open discussion Nov. 2, on the first commandment—“Our Other Gods.” President Roberts spoke at the meeting Nov. 9, on the subject, “What it Means to Be a True Follower of Jesus Christ.” As this is the new basis of Y. W. C. A. membership the meeting was especially appropriate for the last meeting of the membership drive. On the following week the Tuesday night meeting was in the form of a Candle-Light Recognition service for new members. The association room was decorated in blue and white, the Y. W. C. A. colors, and the candle lighting and explanation of the purpose of the association made a very effective service. After the candles of the new members were lighted Dean Runnals read a little booklet—“Petering.” As there were over 110 at the meeting she said she felt it would be appropriate to resolve that our interest should not “peter” in our association work—and after hearing the essay on “peterers,” we felt the same way.

The week Nov. 14 to 21 was observed by Y. W. C. A. girls the world over as a week of prayer. Each evening immediately after dinner a prayer service was held at Foss Hall. Dean Runnals led the first of these and the following six were led by the girls. On Wednes-

day of that week President Roberts gave an inspiring talk in chapel on the meaning of prayer.

Saturday night, Nov. 13, a stunt party was given in the Foss Hall gymnasium for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. Each class presented a clever stunt and they were all properly appreciated. Lollypops were sold and there was a dance after the stunts. Over $15 was made.

On the afternoon of Nov. 15 the cabinet of the Y. W. C. A. entertained the Advisory Board at a tea given in the Foss Hall parlor. Ten of the advisors were present. The chairman of each committee gave an informal report of the work her committee had done and planned to do. The work of the committees has been far-reaching. The social service committee under the leadership of Elva Tooker has charge of an employment bureau for girls who wish to work in town, and also supplies teachers for the Syrian night school. During the Centennial this committee had charge of an information booth on the campus. Alice Dyer as chairman of the music committee has supplied special music for the weekly association meetings. The programs have been varied with instrumental and vocal solos and duets. The orchestra has also been enjoyed. Dorothy Mitchell has had the oversight of the prayer groups in the various houses. These little “family” prayer services at 9.45 fill a definite need in our daily program.

The Y. W. C. A. presented Mrs. Gordon Gates (Helen Baldwin, ’19) with two pieces of silverware. Mrs. Gates sails with her husband in a few weeks as a missionary to India.

The Y. W. C. A. has decided as world fellowship work to send money to help support a student secretary in Japan.

Dean Runnals has kindly given the Y. W. C. A. the Tuesday chapel service, as our own. We hope that the town girls will attend these meetings and thus get in touch with the association work. The
speakers have included Dean Runnals, Prof. Libby, Prof. Marquardt, Prof. Rollins and others.

We are starting out this year with the largest membership our association has ever had. Our attendance at weekly meetings, as our chart on the bulletin board shows, has gone from 94 to 110. That chart gives us the right idea. "The Y. W. C. A. is on the up-grade. Let's not 'peter'.”

Alumnae News

Mildred Barrow, '20, is teaching in Oakland, Me.
Alice Bishop, '20, is teaching in Eastport, Me.
Alfreda Bowie, '20, is teacher of English and History at the Greely Institute, Cumberland Center.
Eleanor Burdick, '20, is teaching in Richfield, Conn.
Retta Carter, '20, is taking a course at the Newton Theological Seminary.
Gladys Chase, '20, is History and Economics teacher at Windsor, Conn.
Lillian Dyer, '20, is teaching at the Morgan School in Clinton, Conn.
Anna Fleming, '20, is teaching at Higgins Institute.
Helen Getchell is at her home in Limestone, Me.
Stella Greenlaw, '20, is in Saco, Me., teaching at the Thornton Academy.
Eliza Gurganus, '20, is teaching in Wilmington, N. C.
Pauline Higginbotham, '20, now Mrs. Ernest Blair, is at home in Atlantic, Mass.
Lucille Kidder, '20, is teaching Arts and Crafts.
Alice Mathews, '20, is teaching in New Jersey.
Esther Powers, '20, is teaching in Little River, N. C.

Eleanor Seymour, '20, is teaching in Scroon Lake, N. Y.
Harriet Sweetser, '20, is teaching in Bangor, Me.
Madge Tooker, '20, is Assistant Cataloguer at Brown University.
Marion Waterman, '20, is teaching in Gardiner, Me.
Ruth Wills, '20, is teaching in Richfield, Conn.
Mrs. Arthur Beverage (Anna Anderson, '19,) is at home in North Haven, Me.
Mrs. Willey (Grace Fletcher, '17) is receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, named Herbert.
Mrs. Gordon Gates (Helen Baldwin, '19) has sailed for Burma, India, where she and her husband will teach in the Judson Missionary College.
Mrs. Paul Alden (Mary Jordan, '17) announces the birth of a daughter. She is living in Newton Center, Mass.
Elva Sawyer, ex-'21, was married September fourth, to Mr. Lincoln F. Fish.
Grace Lermond, '19, was married to Chester O. Wylie on August 23.
The marriage of Josephine Rice, '19, to Harold Newman took place in June.
**Jokes.**

*An Art*

Sammy: “Over in America we gotta lilac bush fifty feet high!”
Tommy: “I wish I could lilac that.”
—Exchange.

*Money*

Roommate Primus—“Hang it, old top, I wish there were no such thing as money.”
Roommate Secundus—“Don’t let that worry you. We have no proof.”—*The Phi Gamma Delta.*

Foss Hall Inmate—“How does Mrs. D— make this hash?”
Another Student—“She doesn’t, it just accumulates.”

Professor: “I am dismissing you ten minutes early today. Please go out quietly so as not to wake the other classes.”

Prof. H— to Miss P—: “Is that right, Miss Phelps?”

Prof. H— in French class: “Miss M—how do you say ‘approach me’?”
Miss M—“Wink!”

Miss C— is informed by Dr. Hannay that she is not responsible. We wonder why?

Dr. W— telling his Psychology class of his experience investigating the intellectual underworld of Boston, said that he and his friend had planned to go to a spiritualist meeting.

His friend went first and was refused admittance, attributing it to the fact that he thought he looked too respectable but continued Dr. W—

“I determined to make a try and I had no trouble getting in.”

*A Word to the Senior Class*

“Engaged young people should remember that of engagements only fifteen per cent end in marriage.”

**Guess Who?**

Prof—“Now that ladies’ skirts are getting shorter and tighter, there is no room for pockets, but, in spite of their many foibles, we like them just the same.”

Miss M—: “I had rather have a Phi Beta Kappa key and an A. B. than a plain gold band and an MRS.”

Dr. W—: “A woman had rather lead a double life than have a double chin.”

We want to know why Miss B— departed so unexpectedly to Augusta.

Miss H—: “I was so busy in chemistry Lab. today!”
Miss D—: “You were! Who assisted?”

Miss S— exclaimed jubilantly “’Mornin’, Si!”
As Professor Harry passed by.
What Is Vacuum?

If the traffic policeman did not hold up his hand and control the automobiles and wagons and people there would be collisions, confusion, and but little progress in any direction. His business is to direct.

The physicist who tries to obtain a vacuum that is nearly perfect has a problem somewhat like that of the traffic policeman. Air is composed of molecules—billions and billions of them flying about in all directions and often colliding. The physicist’s pump is designed to make the molecules travel in one direction—out through the exhaust. The molecules are much too small to be seen even with a microscope, but the pump jogs them along and at least starts them in the right direction.

A perfect vacuum would be one in which there is not a single free molecule.

For over forty years scientists have been trying to pump and jog and herd more molecules out of vessels. There are still in the best vacuum obtainable more molecules per cubic centimeter than there are people in the world, in other words, about two billion. Whenever a new jogging device is invented, it becomes possible to eject a few million more molecules.

The Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company have spent years in trying to drive more and more molecules of air from containers. The chief purpose has been to study the effects obtained, as, for example, the boiling away of metals in a vacuum.

This investigation of high vacua had unexpected results. It became possible to make better X-ray tubes—better because the X-rays could be controlled; to make the electron tubes now so essential in long-range wireless communication more efficient and trustworthy; and to develop an entirely new type of incandescent lamp, one which is filled with a gas and which gives more light than any of the older lamps.

No one can foretell what will be the outcome of research in pure science. New knowledge, new ideas inevitably are gained. And sooner or later this new knowledge, these new ideas find a practical application. For this reason the primary purpose of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company is the broadening of human knowledge.
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