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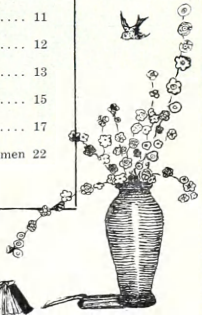
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# THE COLBIANA

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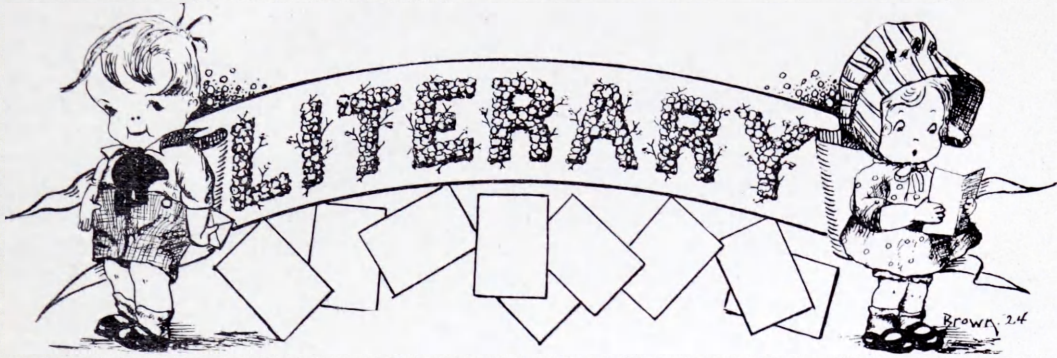


# THE COLBIANA

Volume IX

DECEMBER, 1921

Number 1



## THE CAMPAIGN FOR AN ALUMNAE BUILDING

Today education is understood to mean the development of one's physical, intellectual, and spiritual powers. The first has been left largely to the home and the individual; the second has been regarded as the business of the schools and the last, the duty of the church. The result is that few have been so fortunate as to receive complete training. It has become evident that this three-fold development should proceed systematically and simultaneously. This schools and colleges are beginning to recognize.

Physical training for the purpose of promoting good health rather than athletics has been most neglected. Vice-President Coolidge has said: "Great progress has been made in medical science and skill, and relief has been found for many terrors of disease. But too little attention has been given to full bodily development which after all, is a matter of intelligent training." People have thought that this most marvelous of all mechanisms, the human body, would run itself, and have assumed no responsibility for keeping it in good order. The war revealed the serious consequences of this lack of training. This was especially true of Maine which in physical examinations ranked among the lowest of the states.

For financial reasons this need has not been met at Colby as it should be. The trustees, however, realizing the im-

portance of health work, have established this year a department of Physical Education and Hygiene for the Women's Division. A most efficient director, Mrs. Bertha M. B. Andrews, has been put in charge of the work. She brings to it thorough knowledge of the subject together with practical experience in other colleges and on the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. She has planned for the department in the most scientific manner. There will be required courses in physiology and hygiene. All women are to be given examinations to discover any physical weakness or defects for which corrective exercises and treatment will be given. Through gymnastic exercises and play proper physical development will be secured. By an ingenious system of credits health habits will be encouraged and cultivated.

The one thing needful now is the building which the alumnae have taken the responsibility of providing. It is the first great project that the women have undertaken and so it is necessary to organize for the purpose. This takes time as Colby women are scattered far and wide and have not kept in close contact with their Alma Mater. Nevertheless, the work is progressing. The Boston and Portland alumnae had organizations for social purposes. These are being aroused to active work. Committees have been appointed and plans are being

made. Through the efforts of Mrs. Helen Hanscom Hill, '97, Chairman of the Boston Alumnae, a section has been secured for Colby in the All-College Carnival to be held in Horticultural Hall February 7-12. This is a great opportunity to raise money and to advertise Colby. It will require the combined efforts of the women of Maine as well as Massachusetts to make this display worthy of Colby and the Pine Tree State. Every girl can help to make this a great success by securing and contributing articles for the sale.

The alumnae in other sections are organizing to help this good work. The Aroostook women took the lead and last summer formed an association with Mrs. Annie Richardson Barnes, '94, as President. A group of representative New York alumnae met at the Sherman Square Hotel October 15 and appointed as their chairman Miss Helen F. Lamb, '97, a very energetic business woman. The women of Bangor and Skowhegan are rallying their forces. The Waterville Alumnae are to launch their campaign with a supper, December 16.

The college girls have set an example to the older women. At a mass meeting of all the students held in the Chapel on the afternoon of November 30 the women made pledges to the Alumnae Building Fund amounting to \$3100. If every Colby woman should contribute as gen-

erously, the building would be in a short time a reality.

Now some may be asking, "What kind of a building is this to be?" The plan is to make adequate provision for the needs not only of the present but of the future. This will require a suitable gymnasium properly equipped, shower baths and dressing rooms, class rooms, corrective room, and offices. As a swimming pool is regarded as a necessary for the best physical training, that is included in the plan. To provide a much needed social center for the woman, it is proposed to have an auditorium which together with the gymnasium will furnish a place for entertainments and social gatherings. The best buildings of the kind in the country have been inspected and the definite plans will be ready soon.

This building will make it possible for Colby to offer special advantages to women. Not only will it provide for the health of Colby women, but it will prepare them to become leaders in physical education. With a summer session at Colby courses can be offered to the teachers in public schools and Colby can become the center for the teaching of physical education in the state. This is the great task to which we invite all Colby women.

ADELLE GILPATRICK,

Chairman of the Committee of Promotion.

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## HUNTING SONG

Oh it's ho the open road m' dear  
 With the blue sky overhead  
 And it's ho for the trumpet sounding  
 clear  
 And the hounds running on ahead.

And the air as clear as crystal glass  
 That sparkles and shines in the sun.  
 And it's cheerly—O my pretty lass  
 When the hunt is hap-ply done.

For the tang in the air is the wine of life  
 That makes you drunk in the delight  
 And the swing of your roan is a joyous  
 strife

That carries you onward with might.

Oh cheerly—O now the games in sight  
 And the hounds are closing in  
 What ho—it was a jolly fight  
 With clamor and noise and din.

And now m' lads the homeward trail  
 And take your lady fair  
 Heigh-O m' lad—the road thru the vale  
 The mists are still hovering there.

And now round the table I bid ye stand  
 Each at his lady's side  
 And here's a health to our merry band  
 And here's to another ride!

## SIX COMMANDMENTS FOR COLBY FRESHMEN

*(Observed by many women before you)*

1. Thou shalt constantly bear in mind that Colby College was founded in 1820, and not last fall by the class of '25.
2. Thou shalt consult Webster's for the meaning of respect, and then demonstrate the same to the upper-classmen.
3. Thou shalt not walk on the left side of College Avenue below the Deke house, neither shalt thou cast thine eyes thereon.
4. Thou shalt not stroll down the winding path to the College Willows. Get thy recreation in the gym.
5. Thou shalt not drift idly down the placid waters of the Messalonskee in the balmy spring. Canoeing is not in the college curriculum.
6. Thou shalt, above all, be loyal to Colby, and staunchly support her in every undertaking.

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## A SECRET FROM PA

I'm goin' to tell just exactly what happened in our family last Christmas time about a present for Pa. There are five of us in our family, Pa, Ma, Herb, Grace and me. I'm older than Grace and Herb. About a month before Christmas, Ma says to me one day, "George, how would you like to give your father a picture of you three children for a Christmas present?"

I said I would like it all right. Then Ma says, "We must try to keep it a secret from him. Every time we have planned a surprise, he has found out in some way just what we were going to do."

I didn't say nothing because there wasn't nothing to say. Then Ma asked Herb and Grace if they would like to have their picture taken, and they both wanted to. We all promised to be extra careful not to let Pa know anything about it.

Ma dasen't telephone from our house to find out when we could have it done because Pa's office is on the same line and he might happen to be listening; so she went to one of the neighbors and telephoned to the photographer from there. He told her we would have to be there to have our pictures taken right on time, because the light was poor late in the afternoon.

He couldn't have us for a week and all that time Grace kept talking about what she was going to wear. We had to watch her all the time and stop her if she said anything to Pa to make him suspect.

At last the day came when we were

going to have our pictures taken and it was awful dark and it looked like it was going to snow. At the breakfast table I says to Pa "Do you think it is going to snow?"

Pa says he thought it might and wanted to know what I want to know for. I says that if it snows you can't take pictures good, can you, and Pa says, "Who's going to take pictures?"

Ma was winking at me, and Herb and Grace had their mouths open like an O, but I says that I hoped maybe I'd get a camera for Christmas, and if I did, I'd want to know what kind of a day I could take pictures on. I didn't really think I would get a camera Christmas but I hoped it anyhow.

After breakfast, Pa went down to the office and we didn't have any school because it was Saturday; so we went in the front hall and fixed an elevator over the stair railing and hoisted Grace's doll up and down in it. It was working fine and we were having a great time until one of the strings broke and the doll fell out and smashed. Then Grace cried and Ma came in to see what the matter was and said that we were knocking the varnish off the stair-rail. She wanted some wood and some coal and the walks swept off and shoveled and the shed floor swept and the dishes put away and some rooms dusted, and after we had got that all done we could go up and lay out our clothes that we were going to wear in the afternoon. I felt as though after I

got that all done I'd be too tired to have my picture taken.

After a while, Grace hollered down that her best shoes had a hole in them. Ma says why didn't she tell her that before, and Grace said she didn't know it.

Ma telephoned to Pa and asked him to get a pair of shoes for Grace and bring them when he came home to dinner. He said he would, but dinner time came and he hadn't come home and at last we had to eat our dinner and then Ma told us to go upstairs and get ourselves ready to have our pictures taken. Ma was kind of mad because the dinner was cold and besides we had to be at the photographers at two o'clock.

At last Pa came, and Ma asked him if he brought the shoes and he said he forgot them. Someone had come in to see him and had stayed a long time and he had been busy all day anyway, and what a time to bother him about shoes!

Ma said she must have them and he would have to get them and send them up before quarter of two. Then Pa asked why Grace couldn't get along till supper-time, but Ma said she couldn't, because she had to have them to go shopping.

Pa didn't say nothing more but he went out a few minutes later and I was leaning over the stair railing, and I heard him say something to himself about the unreasonableness of women.

I had just got back into my room and started in dressing, when Ma hollered to know if I was ready. Of course I said I wasn't and she says, "Well, what have you been doing all the time you have been upstairs? I could have dressed twice in this length of time. George, have you been dressing yourself ever since you went upstairs?"

I hadn't been exactly dressing myself all the time because I was leaning over the stair-rail all the time Pa was eating his dinner, to find out if he had brought the shoes and what he would say. So I says, "I been dressing most of the time but Herb stole my best neck-tie and I had to hunt for it and then I been trying to make my hair lay flat."

"You must hurry," she says, "and Herbert, too. I want both of you down stairs in fifteen minutes."

When Herb and I got dressed we went

downstairs and Ma and Grace were all ready but the shoes hadn't come. Ma came over to look at us and the first thing she said was, "George Gardner, you have n't put a drop of water on the back of your neck or behind your ears. Neither have you, Herbert. Go right upstairs, take off those collars and wash your necks."

Herb says, "Well, Ma, our necks won't show in the picture, not the backs of 'em."

That didn't have any effect on Ma, so up we went and we hadn't been there more than five minutes when Ma hollered, "George, don't you suppose you could go downtown and get those shoes for Grace?"

I didn't see how I could take a bath just about and race all over town besides, so I didn't say nothing. Ma says, "George, do you hear me?"

I says, "Yes."

"Well," she says, "can you?"

"Maybe, I can," I says, "but I haven't got my collar back on yet and—"

While we was talking, somebody brought the shoes, and at last Herb and I got dressed again and we all started.

We got the pictures taken all right and Ma says, "Think of the work I've been through to get ready for this and keep it a secret, and it's over in ten minutes."

Ma said we must go home and take off our best clothes before supper so that Pa wouldn't suspect what we had been doing.

At supper that night Pa was feeling better and Ma was, too. Pa says, "I didn't find out why Grace had to have those shoes before she could go downtown and do some shopping? Couldn't she have worn her overshoes?"

Ma was going to say something but Grace hollered: "Well I guess I wasn't going to have my pictures taken in old overshoes!"

Herb says awful slow, "Why they wouldn't 'a showed anyhow!"

Then he clapped his hand over his mouth and looked first at Pa and then at Ma. Pa's eyes twinkled, and he says, "Oh, you were having your pictures taken, were you, and you didn't want me to know?"

Then he and Ma looked at each other and laughed. I didn't laugh; it made me tired. Of course a girl would blab.

## WHO'S WHO IN COLBY

HAZEL GOOLD DYER.

"H. G."

"H. G." is a star. Not a star of stage or cinema, but a Senior star, and, too, one of the stars that shine. Her galaxy of social duties arising from the various offices she efficiently controls, might sometimes seem a menace to the demands upon H. G. as a student. Actually, there have been times when she has had to cut a social engagement—such as hobnobbing with a Y. W. C. A. secretary—fifteen minutes short, in order to devote said fifteen minutes to a class of J. Bill's, of which she is an esteemed member. But contrary to the conclusion a stranger might draw, she does not suffer as to marks, either scholarship or black. And we do not wonder at her profusion of black marks, for is it strange that a mind so engrossed in loftier things, should occasionally lose sight of such a sundry duty as "signing in"?

And one other thing; although within the seclusion of her thot-life, she may dwell in heights or in depths, when you meet her she is always on the level.

"BUFF" GILLIATT.

Who is that laughing you ask? Why don't you know that famous laugh of Buff's yet? Then it's high time you did for you'll hear it often.

As our worthy Health League president "Buff" complies with the rules. In fact, she often takes up various outdoor sports among which is bicycling. Perhaps I should have said was for Prex recently suggested that she try it having noticed how fond she was of it in her freshman days.

As a dancer—well, I'm not sure! She may have a superior, but when it comes to whistling there is no doubt. She cannot be surpassed.

EDNA CHAMBERLAIN.

"O Sleep it is a gentle thing,  
Belov'd from pole to pole!"

quotes Eddie with sincere approbation and the warmth of feeling which comes only with profound conviction. She

holds to the theory that it's nice to get up in the morning—for some people, but personally she prefers to stay in bed. Also, she likes a little nap after lunch, from one till four o'clock if possible.

Another trait of Eddie's which she has confessed to us many a time, is that she would spend her last cent for something to eat. Fudge is to her a lure not to be withstood, but who of us can plead not guilty to the same charge?

With all her naps, this young lady has a double portion of Aroostookratic energy and efficiency; she can even find a considerable portion of time to devote to a certain member of the other division of the college.

MELVA MANN.

"Act calm, and you'll be calm," says Prexy. We believe him, too, when we watch Melva as she capably turns off more work in a day than the majority of us can accomplish in a week. But when, oh, when, in the midst of all these publicity committees, and drives, and so on and on and on, does she find time to do the studying that all those big, fat A's call for? That's what makes the rest of us curious as we rush hectically from one thing to another and then never seem to get anything done. And those questions she reels off in "psychy"—our brains whirl and we gasp for breath!

But once in a long, long while she loses that serene air and—(listen, here's a secret!) if you want to be there when it happens, ask her to tell you about the good time she had playing cards at the Thanksgiving party! Then, and only then, can you destroy the calm poise of our Melva. But the storm does not last long and soon her eyes begin to twinkle, and then comes that delightful little chuckle as she admits that, after all, the joke was on her.

LEONETTE WARBURTON.

One minute before nine a figure is seen rushing madly toward Chemical Hall. We lose sight of the figure for a moment, but later it plunges headlong into the Drama class just as Professor Hannay calls in stentorian tones: Jessie Leonette

McGregor Wallace Warburton! Leonette answers "present" with a look of triumph and takes her seat only to find that she has forgotten to fill her pen and that her paper is all gone. Then follows the usual "Have you any ink? My pen is empty,

and I haven't a single sheet of paper!"

Yes, Leonette is noted for always just "making it," but no one in college is more ready for fun or more willing to help anyone, anywhere, anytime no matter how busy she may already be.

## IN THE NIGHT WATCHES

"Deliver it to me at nine sharp and the one hundred dollars will be yours!" Donavan's tone was dominating. Pine instinctively cringed, as a dog cowers at his master's kick. He knew he was in Donavan's power, bound hand and foot. What mattered how he got the money as long as he got it? He must have it. The words of the doctor rang in his ears, "Bobby must be operated upon at once or he will be a cripple for life." His boy dangerously ill. What could he do?

He had no money—no work ahead. For six months they had been eating hand to mouth—and a small handful it had been too. The sardine factories had closed down and more than a thousand men were jobless. The approaching winter had alarmed him—and now there was sickness at hand. The walls of the kitchen seemed to choke him, to smother him. He must get out. He must think clearly. Grabbing his mackinaw he dashed out-door and walked fiercely, heavily in a vain attempt to outstride his problem. He paid no attention to neighbor Peabody's friendly call, "How goes it, Pine?" He saw nobody.

A hand upon his shoulder had stopped him. The ever-present Donavan had hailed him—and this offer was the result. He had promised to go. But could he? What would Bobbie say if he knew his dad,—"his funny dad"—had stooped so low. And his wife! Would she forgive him for the sake of the life of their boy? Ah! But it was too late to question. He had already given his word and but an hour remained in which to do the job.

The black whirling waters of the Narrows yawned before him. The strong current pulled with deadening noise the little boat far down the channel. The spray dashed over the sides of the dinghy as the current, at times conquering the oars, pulled the boat sideways. Were even the waters trying to check his progress?

A fifteen-minute row and then the errand. How would they receive him? Would they believe Donavan had sent him? Or were they expecting him? Up a long narrow path across the field, down through the woods. An owl hooted, "Who, Whooo!" Pine shuddered. The camp was near. With uncertain gesture he hesitatingly knocked—three long and one short rap. A gruff voice spoke, "Come in." A bright light flashed in Pine's eyes. Blinking, he stood still until a "Humph! It's Donavan's man," served as the signal for the light to be dimmed. He could see more clearly now. Three men were playing cards at one end of the room using suitcases for a table. Two others sat on upturned boxes before the fire, puffing away at their pipes. The gruff voice called out, "Hands up, Pine. Hey, Bill, search him! No arms? Well you've got the dope. No monkey shines played on us. Understand we want no squealing. If you're going to do this job, you're going to be one of us hereafter. Savvy?" Pine nodded that he "savvied" and the man continued, "All right! Bill and Jim here will help load yer boat. Make it fast, boys."

Three trips to the dinghy—slipping, stumbling, swearing. Nine cases put aboard. Then an outside layer of firewood placed above. To the unsuspecting eye—a boatful of fir.

The waters whirled faster—the night was dark. The current pushed strongly against the side. The wharf loomed up big and menacing in the dark. There was a shadowy outline at the top of the steps. Who was it? Could it be Peabody? A chill seized Pine's body. What if he were caught now? He must not go on and yet mechanically he slowly climbed the steps slippery with sea-weed. At his first stride, a voice called out, "Hello there!" It was John Peabody, the custom-house officer. He dared not



answer. As he stood with one foot in midair, a hand grasped his shoulder and he felt himself roughly pulled forward up toward the light. He could feel stern eyes fixed upon him and instinctively slouched down. Finally, as if drawn by a magnet Pine slowly looked up and then,

"Well, well, well, Frank Pine! What are you doing here this time of night? Boating wood! And here I've been watching you an hour thinking you some boot-legger with whiskey aboard. That's one on me." And chuckling out apologies with a hearty "Good night," he departed.

"God," muttered Pine, "He trusted me. I—I—!" Conquered by emotion he choked back his words and stood motion-

less a minute, nervously opening and closing his hands. Then with one stride, his head high, his eyes gleaming, he boarded the boat, threw the wood aside, and with one turn of the hand, tore open the cases. Then overboard he emptied them one by one—the long green bottles of their dark odoriferous contents—whiskey gurgling into the sea.

Moneyless and empty-handed, Pine walked home, but with a certain air of the conqueror which had been lacking before. With a smile on her face, his wife met him at the door, "Oh Frank, the specialist has examined Bobbie and says an operation will not be necessary after all."

## CROSSING THE BORDER

An extract from the Diary of Clara Carter Weber, Colby, 1921.

Saturday, August 6th, 1921.—

"She's o'er the border, and awa'  
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean!"

Such a day it has been! More excitement than I can ever record! Up at six-thirty, breakfast at seven, and at seven-forty we were on the train for Scotland. The sun came out, and made our last view of Keswick and its mountains very wonderful, though Skiddaw *did* still keep his nose well in the clouds. I was torn between two desires: I'd have loved to stay on at Keswick much longer (especially now that fair weather seemed due), and I wanted to reach Scotland, and see Edinburgh and hear it. "Jock of Hazeldean" had two tickets already, so it was decided for me that I should come along. A young couple got into our compartment not far from Keswick. First all sorts of paper bundles and hand-bags were pushed into the small space, and then came a red-faced youth followed by a still more red-faced maiden. They had been accompanied to the train by a perfectly calm, stolid group of friends who dutifully and silently showered them with rice from the station platform, much to our amusement. I got pretty much covered with the rice, too, and Jock remarked aloud that I looked as if I might be the bride myself. Just fancy that!

At Penrith we waited an hour, marveling at the light noiseless speed of the express trains that dashed through the station every ten minutes, and reading *Rob Roy* (for our visit to his country lay just ahead). Leaving Penrith at 9.25, we were in Carlisle at 9.50. There we went at once up to the Cathedral, "Jock" losing his straw hat on the way and having to retrieve it from beneath a cab-horse's hind feet! The wind certainly did blow a lot there. And so we came to Carlisle Cathedral, and spent perhaps an hour there. I was most interested in the old Norman nave, with the heavy Norman arches (the part of the cathedral where Sir Walter Scott was married), and the beautiful Decorated East Window, with its fine flowing tracery. The colors were gorgeous. We explored every corner and noted every detail, and sat a long time before the East Window. The exterior is of red brick; we did not think it very lovely,—the least lovely cathedral exterior I have seen. The ruins of a wall nearby reminded us of the ruins so near the Canterbury Cathedral. Then we walked out to the Castle, looked into its homely old courtyard, and walked around the high grey stone castle walls.—At the Public Library I noticed their system of a huge "sign-board", with red numbers to show that the books of those numbers were out, and blue numbers for the books

that were in. It seems a very convenient way to save needless hunting for books. In the Museum we avoided the snakes,—or rather *I* avoided them, until "Jock" found out that there were none! And we walked through a room or two of Roman relics from the old Roman Wall nearby.

After lunch at a restaurant (with tea, as usual. How I do thirst after some real ice-water!), we were off at 1.30 for Edinburgh. It didn't rain while we were at Carlisle, but not five minutes after the train started, it was pouring, and it rained off and on until we were near Edinburgh,—where the sun shone from a clear blue sky on our arrival. The country through which we rode was not so very interesting until we began to get glimpses of Edinburgh in the distance, and then it was fine. I loved to see the spire before us there, and I made out even the Sir Walter Scott Monument. At 4.30 we were at the Caledonian Station on Princes Street, whence we walked up past the fine public gardens and into the Old Waverley Hotel, just across the street from the Scott Monument. Soon we were off for supper at an attractive, foreign-looking restaurant, where a sign on the wall read, "These premises are closed at 7 p. m.!" So we ate until seven o'clock, and then made our exit.

Next we took a char-abanc (a sight-seeing omnibus) up to Arthur's Seat, where I got my first real idea of how Edinburgh is situated,—on the Firth of Forth, with the North Sea so near that I could see it. The sun was sinking lower, making big deep shadows on the hillsides. Upon the top of the big hill (Arthur's Seat) there were two small lakes, without any inlet or outlet, enclosed by a wall of smooth, rounded rocks. They seemed odd to me,—so high and so small! From the summit we had a marvelous view, and I was ready to say, "The very best yet!" There are many spires and towers; the old Castle on the hugh rock makes an imposing and unique picture; and the water beyond the city makes it all doubly beautiful. I certainly love Edinburgh already, and I wonder if I don't think it the loveliest city I've ever seen. The streets are either very wide and clean, with innumerable fine statues of men of fame or valor; or they are narrow and dirty, with every

house the wreck of a world-known poet's, or author's, or nobleman's, one-time home; and every square the scene of some famous historical event.

On the way home from Arthur's Seat we stopped just facing the entrance to a soldiers' drill hall, and there we chanced upon the crowning treat of the day! Two regiments of Scottish infantry, with bagpipe musicians in kilts, were marching towards us and into the entrance. We had an excellent view of them all. The bagpipers were playing for all they were worth, it seemed to us, and the drummers were surely expert. Oh, it was such fun to see them twirl their sticks until they seemed to dance by magic on the drummers' thumbs! The men marching, the musicians in kilts, the shrill haunting bagpipe music—all seemed the most perfect scene that we could witness on our first night in Scotland. May I never forget it!

Later, in the park, we heard more bag-piping, though not as fine, and listened to part of a concert by the red-coated band in the stand in the center of the lowest terrace of the gardens. It was a brilliantly colorful scene, with the vivid red coats, the plaids of the kilts, and the costumes of the hundreds of people sitting and standing on the terraces; and high above it all stood the old grey Castle, tinged with gold from the setting sun. The monuments give a special touch of impressiveness to the gardens, while the stately Scott Mounment dominates the whole unique scene. It seems impossible, too, that the railway station is here beside and hidden away beneath these splendid lawns and flower plots. We were interested in a pretty clock made entirely of flowers; even the big hands were completely covered with alyssum, and red begonia, and blue forget-me-nots. We waited to hear the cuckoo announce nine o'clock.

A small crowd had collected around a Punch and Judy show on the street near the Art Gallery, and I made "Jock" stand with me a few minutes to laugh at the crazy thing and fling "tuppence" into the old woman's basket. Meanwhile the night air had grown so cold that we were glad to seek our room in the hotel, where I was soon lost in dreams of how we "came over the border".

## ALGERNON

We, who had nine o'clock classes duly attended them on Friday, September twenty-third, nineteen hundred and twenty-one. The campus was the same, the professors the same, the chalk dust the same as it had been in June, yet, each of us felt that something in nature's general scheme was changed. Again, we, who had two thirties duly attended and again the same incompleteness was felt. Suddenly we knew. We had not met Algernon returning from his stroll up College Avenue. Inspection of the house next door confirmed our fears. Algernon was gone. The house was no longer a house but a dormitory. And as for the little yard at the rear of the house where Algernon had spent so many happy hours—that, too, was no longer a yard but a hockey field. Saddest of all, the window, where he was wont to

sit, with nose pressed flatly against the glass, watching the passersby, now held only a kewpie doll.

Three months have elapsed and still we have not become reconciled to our loss. Algernon was woven into the very fabric of our lives and only time can smooth and join threads. Does he wear his sweater during this cold weather? Does he venture out when walks are sloppy? Does he have any back yard in which to spend carefree moments? Ah, we can not know. We fear for his well being in the changed environment and yet we can do nothing, nothing.

Do I hear a question? Who is Algernon? Your question has defined your status. You are either a Freshman or an alumnus of long standing. Algernon is the poodle who lived next door.

T. A. P., '23.

## REFLECTIONS

An hour—a day—a month—a year  
Praps more—but probably less—  
Yet I shall always hold you dear—  
Because, well, you can guess.

A smile—a nod—a passing hour  
In Life's swift flowing stream  
And then the parting of the ways  
The memory of a dream.

# THE COLBIANA

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H. NAOMI MAHER, 1922,	- - - - -	Editor-in-Chief
LOUISE STEELE, 1923,	- - - - -	First Assistant Editor
ETHEL ALLEY, 1923,	- - - - -	Second Assistant Editor

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EDYTH PORTER, 1923,	- - - - -	First Assistant Business Manager
CAROLYN HODGDON, 1924,	- - - - -	Second Assistant Business Manager

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## EDITORIALS

The COLBIANA extends to its readers its best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a successful and happy New Year.

### TO THE CLASS OF 1925

It is a bit late to extend to you a welcome. You have been with us long enough to feel that you are a real part of Colby, a sharer in her victories and defeats.

You have heard and will hear a great deal about Colby spirit and showing your loyalty. Since this is the season of giving we will add our mite and offer a suggestion.

You are the hope of the future—you are responsible for upholding and maintaining the ideals and traditions of Colby. To do your part you must love Colby as a mother and give freely to her your best of efforts. Find your niche in college affairs; select some activity which appeals to you and make that activity your avocation. If you can write, help

the College publications; if you can sing, try out for Glee Club. Certainly there are enough organizations to accommodate every Freshman girl.

Plan now to work for your College, gladly and cheerfully that you by doing your share you may help in making the Colby of our dreams. You are a part of Colby; Colby is a part of you—be true.

### LET'S DISTRIBUTE OUR EFFORT!

Are you a member of a sorority? of a feed society? Do you support it? Of course you do! You couldn't maintain a particle of self-respect if you didn't. Why! you *promised* to do everything in your power to keep its standards high. That settles it.

Do you belong to the Health League? to the Literary Society? to the International Relations Club? to the Y. W. C. A.? Of course you do! Everybody who has any college spirit at all joins those. But when it comes to support—sometimes

a microscope is a great necessity to discover that. Yet you have pledged yourself to these other college activities. Why "fall down" on your pledge? For example take our glorious percentage for Y. W. membership. Yes indeed! the meetings are well attended—that's not the point. But—are YOU there? Do *you* say "Oh, Mary and Katy will go—I've simply got to study. I'll go next week." (Question: when is next week?) The meetings *are* a success, but sometimes *you* are not there, and *you* are needed.

You say you aren't interested. Get interested. It is also said, you know, that those who work hardest for a thing are the ones who have the keenest desire

to see it prosper. You work for your sorority and you are interested in it. It is your life. But in other things you hold eternally to the idea that if you do anything for them you'll lose your carefully cherished excuse, "I'm not interested."

They say that the other side of the campus has two main classifications: THE COLLEGE and the annex! The College is the new grandstand and track. The annex represents all other activities. Let's not lose *our* sense of consistency! Let's not confuse the bricks with the foundation! Let's distribute our effort of support.



#### THE HEALTH LEAGUE.

The Health League was started off this year with a boom, at a camp supper out at the Power House. At five o'clock, on the afternoon of September 24th, groups of girls could have been seen hiking out Silver Street with tin dippers dangling from their necks. They were on the way to the picnic, and such a picnic it was! Hot dogs, rolls, coffee and doughnuts all went to make up a fine feast. Huge camp fires were built and after the last doughnut had disappeared, the classes gave cheers and songs. Speeches by different girls followed, then Mrs. Andrews explained the aims and ideals of our Health League. The girls went home, each more eager to do her part in making the League a success.

The college is very fortunate in having Mrs. Andrews back this year, for she has done much in establishing a health department for the women. A course in Hygiene and three hours weekly of gymnasium work are required of the sophomores and freshmen. Mrs. Andrews has introduced hockey here and had a field laid out for that purpose. During the

winter months, volley ball and skating will be the chief sports, and matches in each have been planned. The girls are keeping in mind the point system, and there should be fine results.

The Panhellenic Association is offering a Lyceum course, this year, an innovation in the Women's division. The first number, in which Mme. Baschi featured, was held October 3; the second, the Illingsworth Concert Company, November 7; and the third, Dr. Cadmon, December 8. The course has been well attended by the members of the Women's division, but the men have been rather disappointing in their patronage. The other two numbers to be held are the Oepheus Tour, January 30; and the Zedellers, March 9.

#### COLBY DAY.

Colby Day, on October 28th was the best ever! Each and every girl entered into the spirit of the day and did her part towards making it a huge success. There were hockey games, where pep and enthusiasm were in the air; a tea at

Foss Hall, where the social beings could converse; a harvest supper and pageant, which were a delight to all; and last, the play, in which the seniors showed themselves very capable of representing Shakespearian characters.

In spite of the fact that classes were held in the morning, the hockey teams and their supporters were not daunted. The preliminaries had to be played in the morning, so why not before breakfast? At six o'clock, the senior and junior teams and large cheering sections were on hand. The teams were evenly matched and it was not until late in the game that a goal was made. The juniors managed to get by their older sisters and make this goal, thereby winning the game with a score of 1 to 0. The ravenous appetites of the girls were satisfied by a sumptuous breakfast planned by Dean Runnals and Miss Wright. There was much merriment at the tables, original songs and cheers being offered.

The second preliminary hockey match was played between the sophomores and freshmen. The outcome of the game could not be foreseen until the final whistle blew. The score was 1 to 0 in favor of the sophomores.

The most thrilling contest of all was the third and final one, between the two victorious teams of the morning. This was played in the afternoon and was attended by the girls en masse. The juniors played a fine game, but the final count was in favor of the fast sophomore team, 2 to 0. At the tea, served after the game, the conversation was chiefly of the hockey contests.

At six o'clock, a harvest supper was served, at which several Trustees were guests. The dining room was prettily decorated with orange crepe paper and green pine boughs, while in the center of each table was a huge hollow pumpkin filled with fruit. In place of the usual after dinner speeches, a pageant was presented. Representatives in costume, from the organizations, classes and alumnae association brought gifts to the throned Spirit of Colby and laid a symbol at her feet. The climax was the gift of the alumnae—service in the form of plans drawn up for a recreation building.

The play, "The Taming of the Shrew" was given at the chapel by the senior class with a success hardly to be expected of amateurs. Miss Gladys Briggs, as

the shrew, carried out the change from the haughty independent maid of the first to the resigned meek wife of the last, in a very realistic way. Miss Vina Parent playing opposite Miss Briggs, showed unusual talent as Petruchio, with his air of bravado.

Others in the cast were:

Baptista,		Elizabeth Dyer
Hortensio,		Edna Chamberlain
Pedro,	servants to	Avis Barton
Biondello,		Baptista
Grumio,	servants to	Edna Briggs
Walter		Dorothy White
Nathaniel		Miriam Hardy
Gregory		Julia Hoyt
Gabriel		Doris Purington
Music Master		Mary Whitcomb
Bianco		Ruth Banghart
Curtis		Hazel Pratt
The Widow		Hazel Dyer
The Tailor		Julia Hoyt
The Cook		Louise Jacobs
Leucentio		Catherine Larrabee

A mass meeting of the students and faculty was held Wednesday, November 30. Dr. Herbert C. Libby called the meeting in the absence of Pres. Roberts, to get pledges for the new endowment fund, with which to surprise the president on his return from Chicago. Dr. Libby, Dr. Ashcraft, Dr. Parmenter, Miss Rose Gilpatrick, and Dean Nettie Runnals gave short speeches. The speakers stated that the money pledged by the men was to go for the endowment fund, and that by the women, for the new building of the physical education department. Pledge blanks were passed, two committees were appointed to add the amounts, and Professor Brown went to the blackboard to list them. The entire sum from all the pledges was \$8,703; \$5,559 from the men, and \$3,144 from the women. These pledges it is hoped will be useful in arousing the enthusiasm of graduates for the new drive started by President Roberts on December first for \$100,000.

After the mass meeting the women under the supervision of Miss Gilpatrick and Miss Runnals made plans for promoting interest in the "All College Carnival" to be held in Boston in February. Through the efforts of Gertrude Hanscom Hill, President of the Boston Colby Alumnae Association, Colby will have a booth at the Carnival, which will be a

two day affair. Colby was fortunate indeed in securing place in the Carnival, as it will be the only Maine College represented.

The Women have been organized in states and counties with a chairman for each County or State. These groups will solicit material to be sold at the Colby booth, and are very anxious for the help of all Colby people and others interested in the College.

### THE SPELLING BEE.

An old fashioned spelling bee was held in the Chapel, Friday night, December 2nd, for the purpose of bettering the English of the students, and to get funds for the trips which the debating teams will take. There was a large attendance of faculty, students, and townspeople.

Teams of fifty had already been drawn, Clyde E. Russell, '22, being one captain, and Clara Wightman, '22, the other. The teams were lined up in the outside aisles and when one person misspelled a word, the name of another was drawn to fill in that place, until there had been one hundred people on each side. Some were found to be very good spellers, while others misspelled some of the simplest words.

Great enthusiasm reigned toward the close of the match, when the sides were being fast depleted. The captains did not spell until the last. One young Miss spelled the word cinch, s-i-n-c-h and was

presented with an A-B-C book, as the booby prize. By a decision of the judges, who were Dean Runnals, and Professors Ashcraft and Trefethen, the first prize was awarded Alfred K. Chapman, '25, of Portland.

The climax of the evening was the presentation to President Roberts of the pledges of the students for the Endowment Fund. Dr. Libby did this in an informal way, leaning his elbow on the back of the President's chair. He handed over the pledges, saying that the total from faculty and students was \$8,703, and that the college presented it to the best president the college ever had.

The president was deeply touched. He said that it is this sort of thing which made us feel sure that the Fund will be a success. He thanked the students from the bottom of his heart for what they had done.

The girls of the Senior class were hostesses at a dance in Foss Hall on the evening of December third. The dining room was decorated in Christmas colors and presented a most attractive appearance. Music was furnished by Wallace's Orchestra for an order of fourteen dances. At intermission refreshments of fruit salad and rolls were served by daintily garbed Sophomores. During the evening there were three feature dances, an elimination dance, a prize waltz and a lollypop dance when Santa presented each person with a "sucker".

## THE LETTER BOX

*Dear Editors:*

This letter is just a hint to you to give some good advice to the Freshmen. They are real nice girls and I like them, but I hope they'll keep on being just as likable as when they first came.

You know editor sometimes we older girls sort of over-emphasize the importance of the Freshmen by being so keen over them in the Fall. Most of them don't lose their heads, but a few get a

magnified idea of themselves. They usually recover in the course of time, but I want to speak about the damage they do before they recover.

If a girl who has been fairly popular at college goes home at vacation feeling superior to pre-college friends and a bit lofty at having "made the best fraternity" what is the result? It is that Colby is judged by that girl's conduct and personality. Do the members of 1925 want

that judgment to be favorable or otherwise?

Freshmen think it over. If you do you'll act in such a way that fathers of other girls will say: "If her college stands for girls of that sort Colby is where we want our girls to go, isn't it Mother!"

The greatest advertisement a college has is its students—don't be content to "sing praises of Alma Mater"—advertise her by being worthy of her.

Loyally,

THE SPECTATOR.

Mary Low Hall,  
Waterville, Maine.

December 3, 1921.

*Mother dear,—*

I fear you and dad are too solicitous concerning my scholastic standing. Would you have me looked down upon as one "hydroptic with a sacred thrust", one who neglects social functions for the mere intellectual pursuit of knowledge? With your loving heart, I am sure you could not desire for me such unpopularity among my fellow students.

You don't understand our modern college life, mother. Why, people no longer come to college to study. It isn't the thing! It simply isn't done any more! Of course we're all after good marks; but studying isn't the way to obtain them—at least it is a last resort. Every girl has at least one device for pulling A's besides sheer brain sweat. There's Nancy. She displays an uncanny regard for statistics and gets a "95" spot in Eecs. Gouldy trails around innumerable Y. W. secretaries, comes to class or stays away and never gets a mark below an "A". It's her social activities themselves that get her there. As for me, I sit wrapped in apparently ardent interest in the lecture while my brain is laboring over such problems as:—how to attend a banquet and a fudge party the same evening, or, having cut French three times in succession, is it wise to cut the fourth time?

Surely, mother, you won't urge me to study hard. In the first place there is no time in a college schedule for pursuit of learning. In the second place, it is a shame for any college girl to be tied to books. And in the third place (I am loathe to admit it) I haven't the moral courage to do it. A person who prepares

her lessons is looked upon with contempt by all except the faculty. To assert boldly that we "haven't cracked a book," we "haven't read a line" is the daily exercise of every girl who values her reputation.

Now, mother dear, I am sure I have made you understand. Don't worry about me. Maybe I shall never know cosines from tangents but so long as I don't study, I shall be respected by the girls.

Affectionately,

PEGGY.

11 P.M.

*Dear Auntie,*

It grieves me that Constance is getting so tired. It must be that the strenuous life of staying at home is too exacting for her, but if only she can rally her spirits until she enters Colby next September, she will have ample opportunity to convalesce in the peace and calm of dormitory life.

You remember, Auntie, I have often pictured to you how restful the life is here. To make it fresher in your mind, I'll jot down a few things that I have done today. Immediately after breakfast I frantically rushed around to collect 25 church attendance records, a proctoritic duty, made pleasant by welcome smiles and hails of: "Has that old thing got to be made out again, *now?*" I was then late to my 8 o'clock, but braving the wrath of Buggy, I stumbled down to my reserved seat in the front row. Quiz papers flashed before my eyes. "Nuf sed."

Expecting a quiz at 10 in Dr. Hannay's Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning, I hastened to the library to make a few accretions to my gray matter for the coming ordeal. No sooner had I become engrossed in my work there than the sonorous tones of Cassie White came eking from Chippie's Holy of Holies. You know I just love to study 'mid musical surroundings! Fate was with me, for Cassie's tones were drowned in the wheezy strains of the heave-afflicted organ—it was men's chapel hour and my hour of study was wafted on with *tempus fugit*.

No need to discourse long on the quiz, —like all nightmares, it came to an end. At 11 I called on J. Bill,—of course I went to attend a lecture on American



History, but the hour proved more social than otherwise, for after dusting his desk, settling his portfolio, checking up the outside reading books, arranging the draughts of the stove, and adjusting the windows according to his system, he read us two letters (not personal, of course, but connected with International Relations club matters). The main lecture came after the bell rang. Consequently, late to chapel, I missed the opening remarks, but as Pa Brown was the speaker and was giving one of his familiar talks on statuary, I did not miss his theme.

After lunch, a mass meeting in the assembly room, followed by a class meeting, preceding a meeting of the Colbiana Board, scheduled the same time as a meeting of the Health Board, presented me with the grand total of one office and three committees. In the seclusion of my room I had 20 minutes to paint 15 place cards, all the while planning a discussion group meeting. While dressing for gym, I was called to the telephone, only to learn that the Oracle Board was depending on me to collect, within a week, some 50 snap shots to adorn the pages of the next issue. On the way back to my room I met Louise who asked me to write a "clever" letter for the COLBIANA. In my room, Doris was waiting to ask me to write a worth while column for this week's Echo, as a special contribution from the Women's Division.

Five minutes late to gym meant a half hour discredit, and wearing brown stockings almost discredited the other half. All the period we played volley ball (Con-

stance will love it!) At 5:30 I trudged upstairs, having been hit twice in the stomach and once in the head by some of Freeman's swiftest. From 5:30 till 6:00, I dressed for dinner, entertained seven callers, made out a Y. W. C. A. report, hunted for four committee members to give notice of a meeting after dinner, answered two telephone calls and darned one of my silk stockings. At dinner I tried to be entertaining. Afterwards, while waiting for my committee to gather, I prepared my Philosophy lesson and packed my laundry. The rest of my evening was spent in the Baptist Church, being present at a stereoptican lecture, where I stole a march on old Tempus Fugit by sleeping 50 minutes.

Arriving home I performed certain sundry duties, those of the "legitimate shusher" predominating. Then happily I sought my bed, luxuriously drawing the covers under my chin.

Herein lies the "peace and calm of dormitory life,"—but wait!—my door swings on its creaking hinges and Scottie stealthily whispers:

"Fran—!"

My palpitating heart is stilled.

"Fran,—oh, I'm sorry, but did you know—"

I jump up. "I didn't sign in?"

Pause.

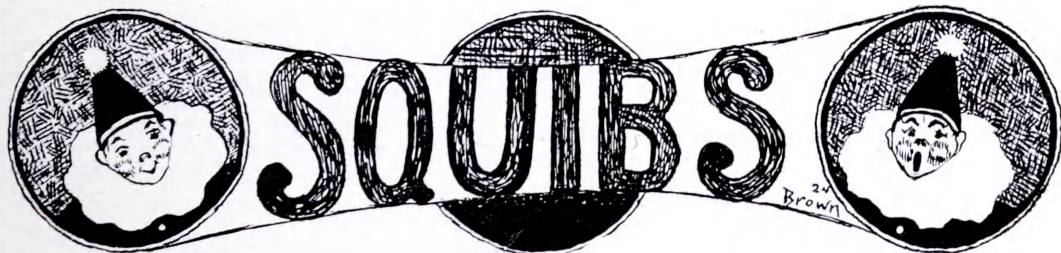
"And, Fran, it's—," begins Scottie.

Stoically I finish, "My fifth black mark. No nights out and campused for a week.

The end of a perfect day.

Loads of love,

FRANCES.



#### GRAY'S ELEGY FOR CAMPUS USE.

Ed—(touching her slender hands and quoting) "Hands that the fate of empire might have swayed."

Coed: (sarcastically quoting) "Or waked to ecstasy the living liar!"

Ginger: If tea *leaves* has coffee *grounds* for divorce?

Allspice: Yes, if tea *spoons*.

It's the little things that worry us. We can dodge an elephant, but not a flea.—*Copied.*

## SAYINGS OF DR. HANNAY.

There should be good attendance in all classes—but there *aint*.

That's one of the things which makes a teacher want to go and commit suicide.

I'll remember *you* in my will.

If you young ladies would rush dates the way you rush freshmen you would get somewhere.

If Mr. Peaslee should strike down this whole class there would be great noise and confusion and he would be called a criminal. But if Mr. Sargent should shoot down fifty Germans he would be considered a hero. A great deal depends on motivation.

Tom, Dick, and Harry would have to be educated to Thomas, Richard, and Henry before they could appreciate intellectual drama.

My dear young ladies—dear in the sense of expensive.

## SAYINGS OF PROF. SAVIDES.

My class likes its text books so well that it wants to keep them open all the time.

If a centipede tried to think what foot he should put first what would happen?

If you are of the explosive type you may go—where—?

It is said that the amount of sleep and the amount of clothes in women's colleges has already reached an irreducible minimum.

## OF COURSE.

First Student: "What kind of ears has an engine?"

Second Student: "I don't know."

First Student: "Why, engineers."

## NOW'S THE TIME!

"So you're a bill collector, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you believe in a hereafter?"

"I certainly do, but I'm not going to wait until then to collect this bill?"

## A ONE-MAN QUARTET.

A celebrated singer was in a motor car accident one day. A paper, after recording the accident, added, "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in four pieces."

## EASY ENOUGH!

Doris: "Even a policeman cannot arrest the flight of time?"

Buff: "Can't he? Why only this morning I saw a policeman go into a store and stop a few minutes."

He—Why is it that people say I remind them of a river?

She—Perhaps it is because your mouth is bigger than your head.—*Copied*.

How come that your hired man is a born musician?

Because he has drums in his ears.—*Copied*.

Flattery is like cologne; to be smelled but not swallowed.—*Copied*.

When you're down in the mouth, remember Jonah. He came out all right.—*Copied*.

## SIGN IN A BASEMENT WINDOW

Coffee and a roll downstairs—10c.—*Copied*.

You can string beans and kid gloves, but you can't bull frogs.—*Copied*.

"How do you like codfish balls?"

I said to sister Jenny

"Well really May, I couldn't say,

I have never been to any."—*Copied*.

"This hotel is a book of life," chortled the blonde and boastful desk clerk, "with me the hero thrilling its pages, and you poor bell hops—merely the pages."—*Copied*.

A bald headed man likes to tell about the hair-breadth escapes he's had.—*Copied*.

Even a fish won't get caught—if he keeps his mouth shut.—*Copied*.

Page a F'ly—Miss Stevens—"Albert, will you please run up that curtain?"

Albert—"I'm not in very good training, but I'll try." *Warwick Life*.

More Brains (at piano recital)—"What is that charming thing he is playing?"

Less Brains—"A piano, y' dub."—*Literary Digest*.

Two in One—"Sages tell us that the best way to get the most out of life is to fall in love with a great problem or a beautiful woman."

"Why not choose the latter and get both?"—*Amherst Lord Jeff*.

Editor—"We can't accept this poem. It isn't verse at all; merely an escape of gas."

Aspiring Poet—"Ah, I see; something wrong with the meter."—*The Medley* (New York.)

"My time," said the magnate, "is worth \$10 a minute."

"Well," answered his friend casually, "let's go out this afternoon and play \$10,000 or \$15,000 worth of golf."—*Boston Transcript*.

First Undergrad—"What shall we do?"

Second Ditto—"I'll spin a coin. If it's heads we'll go to the movies; tails we go to the dance, and if it stands on edge we'll study."—*London Opinion*.

#### SAD ASSOCIATIONS.

"I can't play billiards at all in the winter-time."

"Why not?"

"Every time I get to knocking those balls around it reminds me of my winter overcoat."—*Gargoyle* (Michigan.)

"A dash of winter now and then is relished by the coal-yard men."—*Boston Transcript*.

Mother—"Whoever taught you to use that dreadful word?"

Tommy—"Santa Claus, Mama."

Mother—"Santa Claus?"

Tommy—"Yes, mama, when he fell over the chair in my bedroom on Christmas eve."—*Life*.

#### LOGICAL.

Teacher—"Thomas, will you tell me what a conjunction is, and compose a sentence containing one?"

Thomas (after reflection)—"A conjunction is a word connecting anything, such as 'The horse is hitched to the fence by his halter. 'Halter' is a conjunction because it connects the horse and the fence."—*Harper's Bazar*.

"What is your idea of clean sport?"

"Swimming."—*Orange Peel*.

#### RAISING THE PRICE.

Mother—"Johnny, will you be quiet for a bit?"

Johnny—"I'll do it for two bits."—*Awgwan*.

#### ONE EXCEPTION.

Prof.—"Nobody ever heard of a sentence without a predicate."

Bright Soph.—"I have, prof."

Prof.—"What is it?"

Bright Soph.—"Thirty days."—*Punch Bowl*.

"I'm sorry that my engagements pre-

vent my attending your charity concert, but I shall be with you in spirit."

"Splendid! And where would you like your spirit to sit? I have tickets for half a dollar, a dollar, and two dollars."—*The Drexerd*.

Man—noticing a little colored boy standing outside a house where there is a funeral—"Why aren't you at the funeral?"

"Oh—"I'se de crêpe."

A widower ordered a headstone for his wife's grave. The inscription was: "Lord, she was thine." When it was finished it was found that the stone cutter had not had room for the "e" in thine."—*The Drexerd*.

#### CONSIDERED HONOR.

A British lord has a lion named Laury. None of the versemakers seem anxious to be the poet Laury ate.—*Baltimore Sun*.

#### SOMETHING TO STRIVE FOR.

Lives of master crooks remind us

We may do a bit of time,

And, departing, leave behind us

Thumb-prints in the charts of crime.

—*Life*.

#### HOPE VS. EVIDENCE.

At the grave of the departed an old darky pastor stood, hat in hand. Looking into the abyss he delivered himself of the funeral oration.

"Samuel Johnson," he said sorrowfully, "You is gone. And we hopes you is gone, where we specks you ain't."—*American Legion Weekly*.

#### TO FIT THE DAY.

Fond Mother—"Oh Reginald! Reginald! I thought I told you not to play with your soldiers on Sunday."

Reginald—"But I call them the Salvation Army on Sunday."—*Bohemian*.

#### INFORMATION WANTED.

At a banquet given by a large body of educators the speaker of the evening rose and began his address with the words, "Long live the teachers!" He was interrupted by a tall, emancipated young man who rose from the rear and in a sepulchral voice queried, "On What?"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

"Bill is going to retire from business for five years."

"Oh, I've heard him say that before."

Yes, but this time the judge said it."—*London Opinion*.

The Test—The immigrant isn't fully Americanized until he has learned to cuss the umpire.—*Baltimore Sun*.

#### FINANCIALLY EDUCATED.

"What did your son learn at college?"

"Well, sir, he can ask for money in such a way that it seems like an honor to give it to him."—*The Virginia Reel*.

#### GOOD BARGAINS.

Betty—"You mean thing! You said you wouldn't give away that secret I told you."

Bertha—"I didn't. I exchanged it for another secret and a chocolate sundae."—*Boston Transcript*.

"And what is an egg?" asked the missionary who was testing his pupil's knowledge of English.

"An egg," said the boy, "is a chicken not yet."—*The Watchman Examiner*.

Well Raised—A negro mammy had a family of well-behaved boys, and one day her mistress asked, "Sally, how did you raise your boys so well?"

"Ah'll tell you, missus," answered Sally. "Ah raise' dem boys with a barrel-stave and Ah raise' 'em frequent."—*The Watchman Examiner*.

#### DUTCHYISMS.

Dutchy:—(on first day to some very noisy 11 o'clock Sophomores who have entered his classroom before the end of the 10 o'clock period)—"Has the bell rung?"

"No, sir."

"Then close the door—from the outside, please."

Dutchy:—(in a regretful tone as he finishes connecting the theme of Miss X who has just been passing back corrected themes for him)—"Oh, too bad, you did me a favor and I have to give you a 9."

We wish that all of our professors might be like the German professor Doctor Marquardt tells about. In giving out a lesson he would say, "I want you to overlook the following pages for next time."

Monday morning German class. Miss X has just finished a recitation making every error possible.

Dutchy:—"Miss X, there is one beautiful characteristic to your recitation—a very beautiful one. Would you like to know what it is? It is this—you don't study on Sunday."

#### DID YOU EVER

See Gladys Briggs ready on time?

See Nome Maher get to breakfast before 7-9-59 $\frac{3}{4}$ ?

See Helen Raymond get a letter?

See Dot White stay in nights?

See H. G. forget to sign in?

See Gyp Wyman thinner?

See Marcia Davis miss a dance?

See J. Bill with his hair mussed?

See Joseph Nelson in a dress suit?

See Doctor Hannay reading "Snappy Stories?"

See Snappy Stories?"

See Miss Wright hurry?

See 1925 Freshmen show deference to upper classmen?

See Dean Runnals without a "System?"

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## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO COLBY WOMEN

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### CAMPAIGN FOR ALUMNAE BUILDING FUND

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#### Alumnae Association of Colby College, Waterville, Maine

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Do you want to be admitted to the National Association of University Women? Are you interested in providing for the highest welfare of Colby Girls? Would you like to make Colby a better college for women? If so, co-operate with the Committee of Promotion of the Alumnae Association, who are aiming to provide for all these needs. If you were present at the Golden Jubilee last Commencement, you know that there has been a great awakening. The college has discovered that the women are a valuable asset; the women have found that they can do something for the college.

Already many things have been accomplished for the Women's Division. They have a representative on the Board of Trustees, Miss Louise Helen Coburn, who is exerting a strong influence. Dean Runnals, who is a member of the faculty, has won by her tact and judgment the confidence and esteem of all. A trained dietitian and house manager, Miss Mildred Wright, is putting the domestic affairs on a scientific basis and giving excellent satisfaction. Most important of all, a Department of Physical Education and Hygiene with a Supervisory Committee chosen from the alumnae has been established by the Board of Trustees. Mrs. Bertha M. B. Andrews, a health expert, has been appointed as director of this department. The Foster property has been purchased and the house is being used as a dormitory. An athletic field has been made on the land in the rear of Foss Hall and the Foster house. This is being used for hockey and outdoor exercises. Two tennis courts have been made on the Dunn lot. All of these things have been done by the college for the women.

Now it remains for the women to do something for the college. A building must be provided for the new Department

of Physical Education. The gymnasium in Foss Hall is entirely inadequate. A new building with ample facilities and modern equipment is needed if this department is to correct the defects and build the health of the college women of the future. This building also may be used to provide a much needed social center for the women. Is not this a cause that should appeal to every woman who realizes the importance of a strong body as well as a trained mind?

"Let the college provide this building," you say. The college is obliged at this time to raise a Second Century Fund of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in order to pay the increased salaries of the Faculty.

Obviously, this task is the duty of the alumnae and to it the Alumnae Association has committed itself. The Committee of Promotion have been authorized to undertake a *campaign for an Alumnae Building Fund*. To this the women are urged to devote their efforts and their money.

The best Departments of Physical Education in the country have been visited and plans are being made for the proposed building, which will be located on the site of the Foster house next to Foss Hall. The plans include a gymnasium, dressing rooms, shower baths, swimming pool, corrective room, offices, class rooms, and auditorium. Such a building will provide not only for the needs of the college women, but will serve the community, which lacks everything of the sort, and furthermore, will be a center for health training in the state.

*The first thing to do is to organize for work.* Join the nearest Alumnae Association or club. If none exists, help to form one. The members of the Committee of Promotion and Regional Chairmen will direct in this work. The Boston

and Portland Alumnae have been organized for some time. Last summer an Aroostook Association was formed. Recently the New York Committee of the general Alumnae Association was organized. Steps are being taken to form clubs or associations in Bangor, Somerset County, Connecticut Valley and other places. If you think a group of Colby women can get together in your community, try to arrange a meeting and write to the Chairman of the Promotion Committee. Everywhere let the slogan be, "A health building for Colby women!"

*The next thing is to give, get others to give, and devise ways of raising money.* Such a building as planned will cost from one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand dollars. Every woman will need to give according to her ability. Furthermore, it will be necessary to ask others to give. In such a cause every woman should be willing to solicit funds. At least, she can give the committee the names of prospective givers. Wherever it is possible, groups of women should cooperate in some money-raising enterprise. The Boston Alumnae are planning to have a section in the All-College Carnival to be held in Boston in February. Let Colby women follow the example of other college women that are raising millions of dollars. If they can do it, we can do it.

All money received will be placed in the Ticonic National Bank to the credit of the Alumnae Building Fund. Pledges may be made on the three-year plan. Money should be sent to the treasurer, Miss Alice M. Purinton, 40 Pleasant Street, Waterville, Maine.

It is interesting to know that the first money received was a Liberty Bond of one hundred dollars, not from a Colby woman, but a woman connected with another college, but interested in the movement. How much more interested should Colby women be! This will make Colby a better college for women; it will make better women of all Colby girls; and through them it will be a benefit to the world and the succeeding generations. The greatness of the task is a challenge to the loyalty, the generosity, and the sacrifice of all Colby women. *Give and give now. Work and work hard.*

To those who are interested in being

admitted to membership in the Association of University Women, we would say that every effort is being made and most favorable letters have been received recently from officers of the national association. The establishing of this department will help to secure admission.

If anyone is to have interest in the college, she must know what is going on. The best way to keep informed is to read "The Colby Alumnus." The Commencement number contained a full account of the Golden Jubilee, Mrs. Carver's historical article, Miss Coburn's Semi-Centennial Poem, besides many other articles of interest. The Alumnae Association secured two hundred extra copies, which are on sale at 50 cents per copy. This is one way of contributing to the Building Fund, for the profits go toward that cause. *Send an order now* and renew your enthusiasm for Old Colby.

We need to reach every Colby woman. Our Mailing list is incomplete. If your address is not correct, please send your permanent and also temporary address if you have one. Please send any changed addresses that you may know.

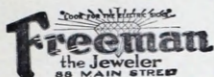
The Promotion Committee will be glad to answer questions, receive suggestions, solicit prospective givers, or assist in any way.

#### COMMITTEE OF PROMOTION

Adelle Gilpatrick, '92, Chairman, Hallowell, Maine.  
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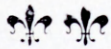
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