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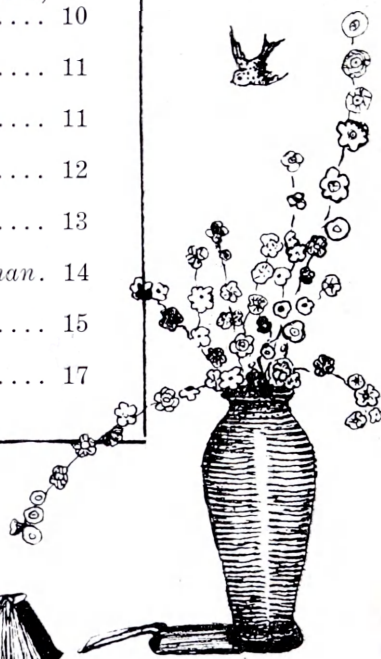
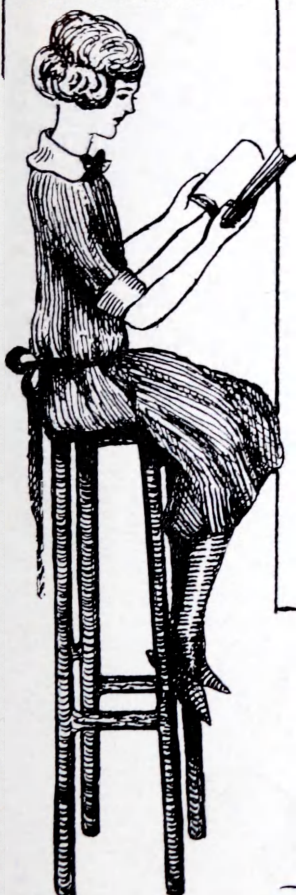
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THE COLBIANA

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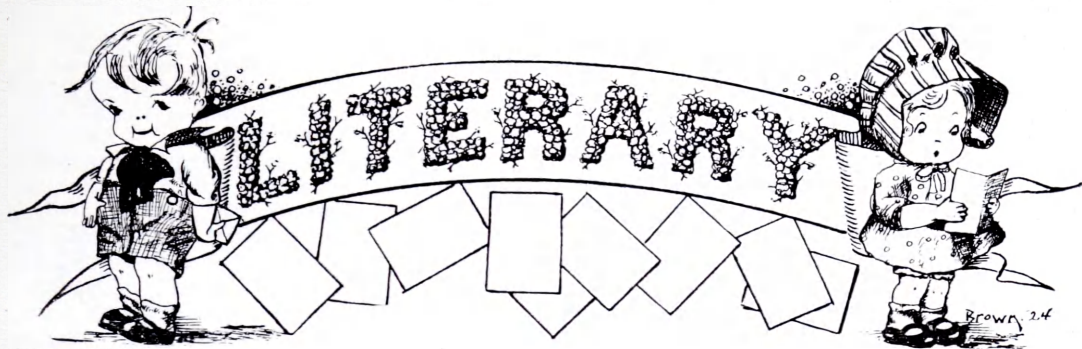


THE COLBIANA

Volume IX

APRIL, 1922

Number 2



MODERN MORALIZING

The modern young woman seems to be the most discussed present day topic. Magazines and other periodicals abound in articles denouncing her conduct, and her dress, while preachers from their pulpits call down the vengeance of the heavens on her unworthy soul, and declare that she shall pay the penalty in the burning fires of purgatory for her detrimental influence on pure-minded young men, and modest matrons. And all this while the modern girl herself is wondering where in the world magazine writers, preachers, and social gossips find ground to call a certain abnormal species of woman kind, "the typical young woman of to-day". The loud spoken, boldly-dressed individual with her fingers yellowed by cigarettes, and her eyes dark-shadowed from late (or rather early hours), whom literary geniuses and brilliant lecturers in their infinite wisdom and broad insight into human nature, choose to call the "typical representation of young American womanhood," is *not* typical, and from every corner of the country normal young women are rising to defend themselves in this unjust war of criticism which is being waged against them.

The chief offending element in the modern girl seems to be her general appearance,—her conduct, and her dress. She is accused of "masculizing" her clothes, and occasionally she even bobs her hair. I ask you, however, if there is anything morally wrong about bobbing one's hair? It is cool, comfortable, and easy to arrange, and so far as I know

there is no law forbidding it, or even condemning it. As for that tendency, which has been characterized as the masculine trend in clothes, it is purely and simply an effort to secure a saner and simpler type of dress. Doctors and dress experts are agreed that never have clothes been more sensible or better designed to fit the needs of the human body, and to allow perfect freedom of movement. To be sure, there are extreme styles and ridiculous fads, beyond "the power of tongue or pen" to describe, which are the ruling passions in the lives of some ladies of leisure, but the lady of leisure is not the average modern girl, who has neither the time nor the inclination to follow every passing whim of capricious fashion, and who is often found making her own clothes when most severe critics are vehemently denouncing her "frivolous, extravagant" nature.

"Not only is the modern young woman immodest in dress, but she is also too frank, too open, too curious in her attitude toward life," says a popular writer. I do not refute the latter part of this statement. On the contrary I am inclined to agree with the writer. The modern girl is frank, and open, and curious, but is this such a grave offense against our moral code? Do you think the world will be any the worse for her frankness and curiosity. It will not! Frankness is a rare quality these days, and is sadly needed to remove the unwholesome veneer of pretense with which our social life is coated. As to her curi-

osity, that much abused characteristic of the fair sex, it seems to me that the modern girl is utilizing it far better than her predecessors have done. She has made curiosity an asset, for curiosity is constructive which leads to a better knowledge of science, art and music, which investigates and enlightens vital political and social problems, and which leads, in the long run, to a deeper and fuller understanding of the greatest good in life.

Yet even this earnest search for knowledge does not prevent the modern girl from indulging whole-heartedly in healthy pastimes. She can compete with her brother in almost every kind of game, and he admits it too. As a result of her athletic training, the modern girl has a finer, more vigorous body, and a clearer stronger mind. She is better equipped than ever before to assume her part of the world's responsibilities, and to bear her share of its burdens. Every day she is proving herself worthy. She is break-

ing into fields heretofore sternly forbidden. Electrical engineering, chemical research, scientific investigation, and psychological research all fall ready victims to her eager, capable hands.

On the whole, after thoughtful consideration, I think you will agree that the modern young woman is a sane, healthy, normal, intelligent human being. She realizes that she cannot sit by with folded hands while others find out what is fitting, and what is not. So she is finding out for herself. In this age of experiment and readjustment, the modern girl is the transition from the old to the new, and although she is handicapped on every side by time worn traditions, she will emerge from the shackles of these into a fine, glorious womanhood. With her sane unprejudiced outlook on life, and her strong, religious beliefs, the young woman of to-day is working out many problems the solution of which will result in a fuller and better life for the next generation.

FLAPPERISM

Flappers—the very word draws your attention. You become interested. . . . Why? The word itself is not particularly fascinating, it is the modern use which attracts you to it. The expression originated in merrie England, where the young misses leave their "hair down their backs and have governesses until they are six feet tall."

Of late, a great rumpus has been raised about this wild and reckless rising generation of ours. Papers have scorned, preachers have preached, and parents have groaned about it. It is in defense of these greatly persecuted young folk that I make my plea with words of burning eloquence.

Only recently I read of a \$50,000 a year man who with disparing look, sought out his lawyer and pitifully asked for advice. This gentleman was at the head of 10,000 men. Was it a strike, you ask breathlessly? Oh no, he was merely the father of a modern flapper of eighteen. Among other things, she had charged a large dinner party in a B'way Cafe to his account. I admit that this was wrong, yet, he was more to blame than she was. He had brought her up loosely, catered to her every whim, had given her every luxury and denied her nothing.—What then, I ask, could he expect?

Fifty years ago young boys and girls amused themselves by fishing, rolling hoops or playing dolls. There were no automobiles—they rode in buggies, seldom any great distance at that. Their world was small. The telephone and electric light were just coming to the fore. The present day prodigy, on the other hand, has all the accumulations of the greatest development period in history thrust upon him at one dose, and accepts it without comment. As George Ade says: "Just as a Chinese infant easily picks up a language which it has taken a missionary twenty years to learn, so the absorbent little ones take on without conscious effort, a mighty cargo, which is the result of the war, an array of inventions and of myriads of facts of existence which are lined up along the motor routes and trolley lines. Is it any wonder that the rising—or uprising, if you prefer—generation is blasé?"

Now let us turn to history to prove our point. Here we find that Wordsworth was so lazy that he was "incapable of continued application to prescribed works"; there was Darwin, who was "absolutely good for nothing"; there was James Russell Lowell, who was allowed to leave Harvard because of "continued neglect of studies." These, along with scores of others, including the much loved

Florence Nightingale and saintly Joan of Arc, were the despair of their parents because of their seeming indifference to things worth while in life. Are these modern girls and boys any worse than those of yesterday? Are they as bad as they are so flagrantly advertised?

I will now *attempt* a word about the modern dance—do I hear an excited murmuring? True, it is not all that it might be, but then, it could be worse. And surely you can't say that it isn't an improvement on the Turkey Trot and so-called Bunny Hug. Why, only the other day, I heard a respected woman of Waterville say that there was no dance today as bad as that hopping waltz of the eighties which was so much the rage. Of course the quaint old minuet *is* lovely, but you will agree that it would hardly fit in with street cars, motor trucks and modern dress.

And right here I come to another point,—clothes. You sit back comfortably, for, surely, you say, I must acknowledge that present day wearing apparel is little short of indecent. Admitting that there are extremes of fashion, now—as in every other age—my argument is that the costumes fit the times. Just picture to yourself an enormously bustled young lady with wasp like waist and tiny feet, as a conductorette on a street car, or taking her place among the dignitaries of the United States Congress! This is an age of freedom—emancipation. Girls are no longer hampered by long skirts flapping about their ankles. Skirts are, and should be, short—tho not *too* short. I believe the proportion of extremists to be no larger now than it ever was. Moreover there is economy in the dress

of today. A modern flapper can have a whole wardrobe from one of her mother's old party gowns. But, instead of having one silk dress, as grandmother did, she has several simple straight-waisted affairs which she wears in perfect comfort—and with perfect assurance.

The Collier's National Weekly, which takes up big, vital questions in a big, vital way, says, "every generation criticizes its daughters and praises its mothers, forgetting that the mother of today is the flapper of yesterday." One thing, and one thing only is sure about youth, that it cannot remain youthful. Even while we are criticizing its follies, Nature slips up and lays upon its shoulders the burdens of marriage and parenthood. Business fastens upon its dancing feet the manacles of routine. The youngsters whom we criticized in 1914 when this outcry began, are already settled tax payers, sitting around the fire at night and grumbling about Congress. What their successors need most is a little less attention and a little less lime-light from us.

Right here, let me stop and impart to you one of the secrets of my life back in my high school days, while perusing history, I discovered, with a little help, that there was a law in life called the law of the pendulum. The *worse* affairs were at the *up* swing of the pendulum, the *better* they became on the *backward* swing. So, if you *won't* believe flapperism justifiable, please be comforted in the thought that what goes up must come down, and the higher she goes, the harder and faster she falls.—I thank you!

ON CHICKENS

There are chickens and chickens. To some sophisticated and slangy individuals, the term "chicken" at once suggests "an innocent young thing," or in the words of Webster "a young or inexperienced person supposedly of the feminine gender." This discussion shall be confined, however, to the barnyard variety.

It has been commonly asserted that chickens and hens are the most foolish creatures alive, inasmuch as they do not know enough to go in when it rains. From a long experience as a chicken-raiser, I declare this totally unfounded: I feel that I must refute this base calumny against those who are unable to defend

themselves. Perverse they may be, and greedy—but foolish, never! At times they seem to be possessed of diabolical cunning.

A remark which was once made has been borne upon me with increasing force as I have meditated over it. I was one of a crowd of youngsters in search of mayflowers. On our way we passed an old farmhouse, with a tumble-down fence, enclosing a yard where a flock of hens was busily scratching. We all draped ourselves on the fence and began shouting, "Cluck-cluck-cluck-cadacut," at the hens, who paid not the slightest attention to us but continued to scratch energetically. An old lady came to the

door of the house and looked at us for a moment without saying anything. As she turned away she remarked caustically, "Them hens has got more sense 'n you has."

They had indeed; they were at least attending to their own affairs, a policy which only creatures of sense ever learn.

Hens and chickens are very like people anyway. To see a fat old hen waddling across a road is to have a very good picture of a stout old lady in the same act. She has her mind firmly set on her objective and she is oblivious to everything else until a car perhaps is almost upon her. With a frightened squawk, she dives straight down the middle of the road. No matter to which side the driver swerves, she is sure to be just in front of him, until at last she flops onto the side of the road, where with breathless and excited clucks she preens her ruffled feathers.

Can a flock of chickens gather around a fat and juicy worm any faster than a crowd collects on a street corner to listen to a soap-box orator?

Then, like many excellent people, hens cannot be driven. If you have never attempted to corral a flock of hens by driving them before you through a gate, you have missed one of the best forms of training in patience and self-control.

A beginner walks carelessly toward the industrious fowls waving his arms and shouting, "Shoo! Shoo!" To his discomfiture, the whole flock rises with loud cacklings and flaps each in a different direction. The task of rounding up the crowd is infinitely more difficult. The unfortunate person must begin again; but this time he uses more care and circumspection. He steals gently behind a fussy old hen and utters the magic "Shoo, biddy! Shoo!" in mollifying and melting whispers.

Biddy nonchalantly waddles in the indicated direction and all is rosy once more. Smiles wreath the countenance of the unwary hen-driver. Why indeed should anyone think it difficult to drive hens? Just treat them gently and they are the most docile of creatures.

Once more the flock is drawing into a compact group and is being propelled surely and steadily toward the gate. Overconfidence breeds haste. The driver attempts to shoo the amiable creatures into the straight and narrow way, and in his haste, waves his arms too violently. Four or five fowls suddenly discover the open gate before them, realize that they have been cunningly deceived and immediately scuttle for freedom. The driver

loses his head completely, lunges sideways to head off the escaping birds and only succeeds in entirely scattering the flock. By this time, he is wholly demoralized. After a half hour's running warm and weary, he appeals for help. Some good Samaritan then brings out a dish of corn, and it is a question whether relief or exasperation is uppermost in the mind of the would-be-driver, as he sees the objects of his fruitless efforts push each other through the gate in response to the potent call of "Here, chick—chick—chick," and the rapping on the pan.

It is possible to get strongly attached to a fowl when one has known him from earliest chickency. A friend of mine had set a hen, and was looking forward to a flock of chickens. The hen, however, after about two weeks of "setting" evidently tired of her task, for she abruptly left her nest one day and no inducements would bring about her return. Another hen was soon obtained in her place, but the eggs had evidently become too cold in the meantime. Only one hatched and the miserable little specimen of chickhood who issued forth into a cruel world seemed not long for this life.

In a few days he began to improve in health and spirits, but he had a peculiarly high and melancholy voice, on account of which the family christened him Yippy. As his tail feathers began to appear, Yippy's appendage was seen to have a pronounced cant toward one side as if it had been blown over by an extremely high wind and had never resumed its normal position.

Misfortune seemed to pursue him, for his mother deserted him and the other hens made his life a burden by viciously pecking him at every turn.

At length the family thought of putting him into an old mocking-bird cage; and there he stayed, with plenty to eat and no one to peck him until he had reached a considerable size. He remained always, however, of a somewhat timid and retired nature, perhaps due to his cloistered life.

Several times a suggestion was ventured that Yippy would furnish an excellent family dinner, but the children's clamor of protest at the mere mention of such a crime, effectually silenced it. Accordingly Yippy lived his inoffensive life until he was too tough to eat anyway. His voice always retained its peculiar quality, and his tail always pointed strongly to the left; but great was the grief at his demise in a ripe old age.

There are some unfortunate persons who have pronounced antipathies to hens,

and cannot understand how a sensible person can become attached to hens or see anything attractive in them. Hens are not the wisest creatures, I grant, nor

the most amiable; but if one has to choose between no company at all and the society of hens, he should think twice before scorning the humble fowl.

STARS

Oh stars that pierce the veil of night,
Oh stars whose shining seems the light
Reflected from a greater power,—
Give strength and peace to me this hour.

So distant and so cold you seem,
So awful in your silent gleam.

Is it that mortals cannot see?—
Do you conceal a mystery?

In faith I think that some day soon,
May hap 'twill be at heat of noon,
I'll know,—and that will end my quest
And then my soul shall be at rest.

HELEN FREEMAN, '23.

EXCERPTS FROM THE DIARY OF ELLEN—A MAID OF 1860

Wednesday:—

I have been most unfaithful to my little diary this week. Tonight I feel like writing again—perhaps because of the pleasant walk I had this afternoon.

Miss Pritchard chaperoned us because Miss B— was ill and we had a much nicer time. She even allowed us to gaze at the shop windows—something Miss B— never would do. I wore my veil as a protection from the wind and sun but poor Rosabel did not and already has three freckles. I have been inspecting her nose at half hour intervals this evening, but no new ones have come yet. Freckles are really disgraceful. Vacation one week from today and Rosabel is coming home with me.

Have a long French lesson tomorrow—a review of conversational idioms. "Pritchey" always assigns them for a week before vacation so that we can impress our families with our linguistic abilities. It behooves me to study.

Thursday:—

Another of Miss B.'s "at homes" this afternoon. It was my turn to assist in pouring tea. Miss B. is the most graceful hostess. I wish I might be like her in that respect. She complimented me, after the guests had gone, on my appearance and manners. I really did get along beautifully. Our embroidery was on exhibit and the ladies were extravagant in their praises. Of course Miss B. took all the glory to herself and before the afternoon ended had developed a very good humor. We girls took advantage of her mood to ask if we might

go to the party that Mrs. Ralston is having for Penelope's birthday, Tuesday. A propitious circumstance! Our party is assured. I shall lie awake all night thinking about it and planning what to wear and say.

Friday:—

A letter from home today. Mother is planning to have me help entertain twice during vacation. I am so pleased and do hope I can appear well. I shall not be "finished" until next summer, but she thought I might begin now with some minor social affairs.

Something interesting and unusual happened this afternoon. A queer woman came here asking us to give money for a society that aids poor children. Such persons are not allowed to enter usually, but soft-hearted "Pritchey" let her in. The woman invited us to come to see the children but of course we shall not go. It is in a very bad neighborhood. Rosabel is so emotional—she always forgets what is proper and wants to rush right into things. She would have gone if Miss B. had allowed it. I thought we might sell our embroidery and give the money to help the children. But Miss B. said that was altogether too mercenary and that she didn't want her young ladies to conduct such enterprises. She says it is very unladylike to sell things, though I can't see why. Father thinks the same way too. I remember once I wanted to help the gardener with the flowers, but he said "no". I can't help wondering about those children just the same.

Saturday:—

Went to town today for a fitting at the dressmaker's shop. Rosabel and "Pritch" went as my guests though of course "Pritch" was half chaperone. My rose dress is truly beautiful. I think it isn't quite full enough—its only five yards around—but everything else about it is perfect. Mother let me have it three inches longer this time and it makes me seem like a real grown up lady. The sleeves puff and the skirt does too. I feel as if I could float off in the air when I have it on.

After that errand was done "Pritch" let us look into some of the shops—that's why I chose to have her come. Miss B. never allows us to do anything but errands. Rosabel bought a book while I kept "Pritch" looking at pictures. It has the most romantic pictures and title. We are going to read it together as soon as we have a chance—tomorrow night, I hope.

Have spent all the evening telling the girls of our adventures in town. If talking isn't profitable, it is most enjoyable.

Bedtime now. I need a long night's rest for Sunday is a trying day.

Sunday:—

Morning prayers were long drawn out as usual and consequently we had to hurry in dressing for church. Miss B. marshaled us all to the church door but there our sedateness was rudely shattered. Either her new hoop skirt was made without reference to doors or vice versa. At any rate it took some little manipulation of both hoops and doors to gain entrance. Once inside all was well. We walked down the aisle in orderly decorum and sat for two hours. The text was something about the eternal damnation of souls that transgressed in the ways of the Lord. Rosabel and I didn't learn the details this time. We got the main points of that topic from one of his sermons last year. I counted all the stays in all the bodices that I could see but only found one hundred and fifty. Rosabel made the count one hundred and fifty-eight but I am sure the mistake was her's.

Miss B. assembled us in the parlor at two o'clock for reading. It was "Lives of the Saints" today. The black hair-cloth chairs and Miss B.'s mournful view lent a very proper atmosphere for those sorry tales.

After evening services vigilance was relaxed and we were left to our own devices. Rose read "Love's Sacrifice" to us—the book that I smuggled home last Saturday. The hero is wonderful. I

don't see why all men can't be like him. I just know I can't sleep for hours, there are so many ideas in my head.

Monday:—

Lessons again this morning! Miss B. decidedly "vinegary". None know better than we how strenuous her Sabbaths are. I told her once that she really should rest Sunday afternoons and not mind about the reading, but she said she could not neglect duties for mere physical comfort. Nothing came of the suggestion but a benign smile!

Poor "Pritch" is discouraged. Our last review of idioms was worse than the first. She was sympathetic, however,—said she realized we were fatigued and needed a change. We came to that conclusion long ago and substituted "Love's Sacrifice" for French lessons. The ending is awfully sad. We couldn't help crying. Rose and I are going to read it again during vacation.

This was the night for our literary club to meet. Ruth was going to read some original poetry and Miss Lawry, our music teacher was to sing for us. Both were ill so the meeting was postponed. I was sorry, for I adore Miss Lawry and her voice and beautiful gold harp as well.

Walked over a mile this afternoon. That is the longest walk we have taken this year. I shouldn't care to do it often, for it consumes too much energy. I was tired for an hour afterwards.

We have been thinking of the party all the evening. I have just found out that John Dumont is invited. He is very nice, but not in the least romantic—one never could fall in love with him. Rosabel's freckles are gone and she is happy again. She worried about them and it did look at one time as if she would have to let them just wear off. As a last resort we begged some buttermilk from the cook and that worked beautifully.

Tuesday:—

The party is over and it is almost midnight! I am so excited I can hardly write about it—much less sleep, as I should. I guess the lights and dancing, fluffy dresses and pretty faces went to my head. One of the girls had enormous hoops in her skirt. Why are there always some who go to the extreme in styles!

I am sure all of us were a credit to our dancing teacher. My partner was very attentive and polite and an excellent dancer. Best of all he tried to teach me—it is rather shocking—one of those new round dances where you dance with

your partner alone. I am afraid Miss B. would not approve of such a thing.

John Dumont was there and he asked to escort me to a concert next week—just vacation time. Of course Miss B. would go as chaperone. Even if I were to be here I think I should refuse. I met him only two months ago and I know very little of his family.

I guess I am sleepy after all and my slippers hurt dreadfully.

I am going to take you home with me, little book, so you won't be neglected this week of vacation.

I wonder if Mr. Dumont will write me again—not that I care—I am only curious.

SNOWSHOEING

Oh, to snowshoe by the moonlight
Through the clear and frosty air,
O'er the crisp and hard-pack snow drifts!
'Tis a keen delight and rare.

Hear the merry shouts and laughter!
Hearts are light and spirits gay!
We forget our cares and worries,
As we swing along our way.

Up the hills and through dark woodlands,
Over fields all glistening white,
While our songs, with joyous freedom,
Echo through the silent night.

THE DIARY OF A MODERN GIRL

Monday:—

Up at 6 a. m. and went for a swim. The water was cold but how good I felt afterward.

Dot came over about nine and we went horseback riding. In the afternoon I played two sets of tennis and won both.

Tuesday:—

Mother and I motored to town and spent the day shopping. We spent a quiet evening at home with Dad and Phil.

Wednesday:—

What an exciting day. Field Day at Harvey Park. There were all sorts of sports among which was a very exciting game of baseball between two girls' teams. I played catcher for our team, but we lost 6-4. Then there were races of all sorts for both girls and boys. We had a picnic dinner out by the lake and in the afternoon everyone went in swimming. We got home about nine and tumbled into bed.

Thursday:—

Got up at six and went in for a swim. Dot stayed all night so I initiated her

into the early morning dip. She is quite enthusiastic and intends to keep it up.

We rowed across the lake in the morning, taking a lunch with us. We had a beefsteak fry and made coffee. In the afternoon we rowed out to Bear Island and back.

That night we went to the dance at the Club House and danced until about 1 a. m. It was a very pretty party. Dot stayed all night.

Friday:—

Dot and I went in for our usual early morning swim. Dad's firm gave an outing to the employees so Dot and I went along to help entertain. They hired a boat and took us up the harbor. We had a picnic lunch served in the grove and afterwards had some sports, both in the water and out. We got back about six.

After eating a hasty dinner we went to the Charity Bazaar and sold candy.

Saturday:—

Dot and I went horseback riding in the morning and played golf in the afternoon.

We went to an informal dance in the evening at the Club House.

IN DEFENCE

Up in the city and down in the town,
 How often you see that troubled frown,
 When down the dusty, friendly street
 There trips the busy, useful feet
 Of jolly, cheery Miss Present-day;
 She wasn't made for silly play,
 But for joy and fun, for worry and work,
 The worthwhile things she doesn't shirk,
 This modern Miss with step so quick
 That sounds with a snappy

click!
 clack!
 click!

Yet the city men and the farmers say:
 "Give me the girl of yesterday,
 She was always bashful, modest, and shy,
 She moved with grace when *she* passed
 by;
 For Miss Long-ago they sigh and fret,
 Her charms they say they'll never forget;
 The delightful way she poured their tea,

The quilts she made were a joy to see,
 She was virtue itself they all admit
 When she swept along with that
 pit—
 pat—
 pit.

We'd like to put up a bit of a plea
 In behalf of Miss Present-day. Oh! she
 May not possess all the charm and grace,
 That ever appeared in the human race;
 Yet Miss Present-day is right in the sun
 When there's a difficult task to be done;
 She may not sew patchwork all the day
 long,
 Or knit by the fire and hum a song
 But she works with a will and her step
 so quick
 Rings out with a cheery
 click!
 clack!
 click!

THE DIARY OF AN OLD FASHIONED GIRL

Monday:—

I arose at 9 a. m. and had my breakfast in bed. I got downstairs about twelve and rested in the hammock until lunch.

After lunch Mother and I went for a ride in the new buggy. It was very warm but I was well protected by a large hat and a thick veil.

There was a dance at the Colonel's in the evening, which was rather boring.

Tuesday:—

I was obliged to get up at seven o'clock to see Dad before he went to town. I went for a short walk in the morning but was so tired afterward that I had a splitting headache and had to remain on the couch all afternoon.

In the evening we all went for a ride in the carry-all out to the lake. It was a beautiful night and very cool near the water. We sat for a while on the shore watching the boats.

Wednesday:—

Rain all day so I had to stay at home. Some of the girls came over in the afternoon and we sewed and talked.

Spent a quiet evening at home.

Thursday:—

We went for a picnic out to the lake and went in swimming. In the afternoon we all went out rowing and when I got home I was dreadfully sunburned. I dosed myself up with cold cream in hopes to get rid of the burn. It will be a terrible sight for the Charity Bazaar tomorrow night.

Friday:—

Horrors! The burn did not go away. Instead, it produced a lot of freckles. I stayed at home all day treating my skin but of no avail. I had to go to the dance with a face as red as a lobster. Never again will I go out in the sun without a veil.

Saturday:—

Arose at nine and played a game of croquet with Marie. Rather strenuous exercise so we were tired out by noon.

We went to a tea in the afternoon and served, and in the evening we went to a concert which was very good.

YESTERDAY AND TODAY

How different are the Health Standards of today from those of yesterday.

The old-fashioned girl was of a very retiring nature. She did not go in for athletics but used most of her time in trying to look beautiful. Her most strenuous exercise was playing croquet while for minor sports she entered half heartedly into tiddle-winks and ping-pong. A favorite pastime was bicycle riding at the moderate pace of three miles an hour while today, nothing will do for the modern girl but fifty miles an hour or more in a racer. A few braver ones also attempted horseback-riding, seated sedately on a proper side-saddle her spacious skirts concealing her dainty ankles. The modern girl is not hampered by skirts. Garbed in a chic riding costume she is an adept horsewoman and can hold her own with the best of them.

The complexion of the old-fashioned girl was a source of great worry. She guarded it with as much care and anxiety as a mother with a new born babe. If the day was at all sunny she donned a large hat and a thick veil, so thick that it is doubtful if the most powerful violet rays could penetrate it. Each

night she carefully rubbed her face with cold cream and perhaps added a lemon solution after that.

Do you see the modern girl doing this? No indeed? She is not bothered with hats or veils. She enjoys going about in the sunshine and air, letting the sweet zepthers blow upon her rosy cheeks. Soap and water are the only appliances she needs. Nor do her skirts drag around in the dust scaring up germs of all sorts.

In the Colby girl you find a true exponent of the modern girl. She goes in for all sorts of sports such as hockey, basketball, volley-ball, baseball, tennis and the like.

The Physical Training Department of the Women's Division has advanced rapidly within the last two years. It has proved such an invaluable addition that without it the Women's Division would cease to be.

Since Christmas the girls have been practising basketball in view of the tournament which is to come off shortly after the Easter Vacation and plans are also being made for the gymnastic meet which is to be held the last of April.

WANDERLUST

I' faith the world is calling me,
And tho' I fain would stay,
My very soul is yearning, yearning for
the free.

The open roads of life to tread
To tread on and on—
Until that longing-feeling, of my soul
is fed.

The beauty of the sky at dawn
The sweet still hush of dusk—
The call of Pan ablowin'—'blowing on
his horn.

The lure of Nature fills me through
And bids me travel on—
And follow on I must, I have not else
to do.

And tho' your love is dear to me.
And tho' I fain would stay—
The wide, wide world is calling;—I
would be free!—

THE COLBIANA

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

EDITORIALS

COMMENCEMENT AND YOU

The dedication of a new stadium to the memory of Colby men who died in the World War; speakers of National repute; the commemoration of the one hundredth anniversary of the graduation from the college of George Dana Boardman of the class of 1822, the first American Missionary—these are some of the Commencement features which the College is planning. What are your plans? How are you going to honor these men who by their lives have immortalized the name of Colby, who have crystallized its ideals in noble actions? By your absence? When under the swaying willows which bear his name George Dana Boardman is eulogized by his college, are you going to be there or are you going to be listening to the indolent murmur of the Messalonskee? It will be hot and unshaded on Seaverns' Field when the

stadium is dedicated but to what have Colby students of today deteriorated if you cannot stand a few short hours of discomfort in which to remember and revere the Colby men of yesterday who through infinitely more intense discomfort made your present serenity possible?

There is ample opportunity to indulge in the undergraduate Commencement pleasures without taking the time which is set apart for other things. We do not suggest you give up your sweet, romantic hours but we do suggest that you ought not to give all else worth while—we merely advocate keeping the right perspective.

"The world forgot, by the world forgotten" is a sentence worthy of your meditation. Shall you be one who forgets or one who remembers? Your absence or your presence shall be your answer.



Sunday:

My! what a busy day! No time to be lonesome on Sunday. I went to church this morning and the sermon was great.

This afternoon we went to Bible discussion groups. There are two of these groups, one led by Rev. E. A. Pollard Jones on "Fundamentals for Daily Living", and the other by Dr. Hannay on "The Untried Door". We had a chance to ask any question we wanted and we certainly got some good ideas. Today was our fourth meeting. I'm glad we still have two more.

Last winter we had mission study groups that were interesting, too. I never realized before that the girls of China and Japan are so interesting, that they like the same things that I do, and would be just like me if they only had half a chance. I wish I could do something to help them. C. asked me for a dollar for Y. W. C. A. yesterday to go for missions. Guess I'll sell sandwiches and earn it. It would be a lot of fun and a little bit of money will go a long way in China.

After discussion group, T. and I went for a walk out to the Power House. We got an armful of pussy-willows. They will be pretty to put on the table in the Y. W. C. A. room Tuesday night when we have our regular meeting.

Our assembly or Y. W. C. A. room looks some different from what it did last fall. The ceiling looks clean after its coat of whitewash and the new wall paper looks so much better than the old dark paper that was on it. The new window seat makes it look like a different room. This cushion is blue—just matches the over-curtains at the windows and book-case. The new cretonne-covered pillows make the corner look very homey and comfortable.

Friday:

Where has this week gone to. I have been somewhere every night. The first important event was the Bazaar given by the Senior-Sophomore classes in the boys' gym. It was in the form of a Dinner-Dance. The gym was prettily decorated in the Y. W. C. A. colors. They made quite a lot of money which will go to the Maqua Fund. I do hope I can go to Camp Maqua this year. The girls who went last year have formed a club called the Maqua Club. The other night was Guest Night and they invited twelve of us to come. We had a big "feed" and they sang Maqua songs. I hope Colby sends a large delegation this year. Last year only ten went, but this year they want to send thirty or forty. This money goes to the fund that helps girls to go to the Summer Y. W. C. A. Conferences.

This year Colby is going to send a delegate to the National Convention of the Y. W. C. A. to be held in Hot Springs, Arkansas. Oh, if I were only rich, I'd go, too.

I had more fun at a Washington's Birthday Party this afternoon. The town girls' committee planned it. We have had several teas and parties this year just to get acquainted with our sixty town girls and it has been heaps of fun for us all.

Tuesday night I went to our regular Y. W. C. A. meeting. Anyone who wasn't there certainly missed something worth-while. Our meetings are always so interesting and helpful that I feel it is an hour well spent. The girls lead most of the time, but we have had several outside speakers this year.

I must go to a play rehearsal now. The Dramatic Club is going to give "The Chaperone" for the benefit of the association. I hope everyone will come to see us perform. Good-bye, diary.

BABS COMES THROUGH

Scene.—College room. Couch at right corner back; bureau at left corner back; windows and window seat, center back; large morris chair, left center; rocker, right center; desk, left front; door, right front; top-coat, hat, gloves and cane on couch.

Curtain rises.—Bob Shaw busy putting on collar, whistling and eyeing fondly a large photo of a girl that is on bureau. Enters, Joe Small, room-mate fully attired in evening clothes.

Small. Say old man, arn't you ready? My girl and the chaperone, Mrs.

Shaw. (Turning hastily.) What! Where's

Small. Keep cool. She's (jerking his thumb toward photo) there. Pretty good looking, too, old chap.

Shaw. *Pretty* good looking! Why she'd make

Small. Oh, all right, sure. Rustle with that collar and stop raving. She wants to see your room. I'll show them around down stairs and then bring them up. You ought to be dolled up by that time.

Shaw. Sure, that's fine. Gee, just think. Gosh, Babs is a peach. Honestly, don't you think

Small shaking his head as if it were hopeless goes out.

Shaw. (Going back to struggle with collar talks to the photo). Say Babs, every other dance, and a little spin at intermission. You know there's no one like you Babs, I . . . D— why can't they make decent collar buttons. (Looks frantically in bureau then rushes out).

Enter Mrs. Black, Barbara Johnson and Winifred Cummings, escorted by Small.

W. Oh isn't this great! Ohee what a peach of a banner.

B. (seeing her photo so conspicuous looks pleased). You certainly have it arranged awfully nice. Oh, is this the cup Bob won at the tournament? (Picking a silver cup from the desk).

S. (Who is showing some snaps to Mrs. B. and W.). What? Oh, yes, I guess so.

Mrs. B. Where is Mr. Shaw?

Small. Why, I don't know. He . .

Babs. Isn't that his hat and coat?

Small. Probably that old geezer of a Prof. called him. He's always butting in. He only got in from there half an hour ago. That's why he couldn't meet you, you know.

Babs. What Prof. is that?

W. Oh, I know, that Chemistry one. His daughter is a dear, though.

Small. If you'll excuse me I'll look Bob up.

Babs. Why I didn't know Bob was working.

Enter Joe, rather embarrassed. He'll, he's, he'll be right back. Won't you step across the hall and see where our football lion lives.

(They go out. Joe, still talking.)

Enter Bob. Whew that was fierce! Gee, *she's* been here. I hope she'll . .

Heavens it's ten of nine. Come on Bob-boy, sprint. (Fusses with collar.)

Hang!—button drops and rolls under couch—Gosh, did you ever see such luck.

(Takes out handkerchief and lays it on floor, then kneels and peers under the couch. Sits up very red in face.)

Of all the luck, way under and not a blamed thing to fish it out with. Oh, well here goes. (Gets down and slowly he disappears. All under but legs when footsteps and voices heard.)

Shaw, Oh Lord! (and draws in feet just as door opens.)

Mrs. B. Why how strange. Mr. Shaw isn't here *yet*.

Small. Oh, he'll be right in. Sit down. Here's some things you might like to see.

Babs walks over and sits on couch.

Small. There's Bob's mem. book. if you'd like to look at it.

(Some minutes pass while they all look at various things.)

Small. (Looking at watch.) Great Scott! It's nine-thirty. Where on earth is Bob!

Babs. I think it awfully strange.

W. (laughingly). I'll bet he's over to that Prof's. Just what does he do there, Joe?

Small. I don't know exactly. He said something about he and Marge fixing up or going over some notes of the old man's. (sits near foot of couch)

Babs. Marge?

Small. She's the Prof's daughter.

W. Don't you remember that girl I showed you last summer at the Drakes? She's awfully clever, but sort of reserved.

Babs. H'm. (and looks as tho she had doubts.)

Mrs. Black. Really, Mr. Small you don't think Shaw has forgotten do you?

A stifled groan is heard.

Babs. (jumps.) Why. . .

Small (who has at last discovered Bob's predicament, almost chokes, then.) Why Mrs. Black, I don't think so, but if he has gone to the Prof., he's not responsible for *he* says it's a most *absorbing* work.

Babs. (who has eyed Joe rather closely gets up and walks to the bureau, appears to fool with a pencil and paper there and then walks back.)

W. I'll bet it's absorbing work with Marge to help.

Babs. (in cool, loud tone) Isn't that the music? I think Mr. Shaw has probably forgotten everything in his fascinating duties as a Prof's assistant.

W. Oh, say Babs.

Small. Really he'll.

Babs. (rising, and as she does a slip of paper falls to the floor.) I don't see any

sense of staying here any longer for it's evident Mr. Shaw wouldn't make his appearance if we stayed all night.

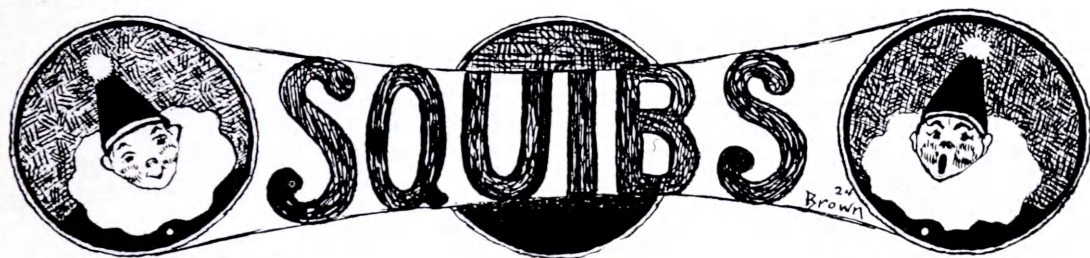
Mrs. Black. It's most strange. Some accident.

Small (grabbing hat and gloves.) Oh, I guess he's safe enough, and can take care of himself. (Giving a backward glance at the couch.)

Shaw. (Red, perspiring, dirty and dusty crawls out, looks at the closed door and empty room.) Well of . . . (Notices slip of paper, reads it aloud.) I'll wait twenty minutes in the reading-room—Babs.

Whoopee! Babs, you're sure a trump. If I don't make it, then I'm not Bob Shaw.

(Quick Curtain)



AIMLESS.

"So that's Mrs. Smith! What was her maiden name?"

"To get married, naturally."

—Orange Peel

NOBLE LINE.

Her Father—"My daughter, Sir, sprang from a line of Peers."

The Lover—"Well, I jumped off a dock once myself."—*Tar Baby* (N. Carolina.)

The cats on the back fence have gone. So endeth the promptings of the news. —*Bean Pot.*

"Did you notice her father's braque?" "Notice! I felt it!"—*Phoenix.*

HOT STUFF.

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.*

Sunday School Teacher: "And Nebuchadnezzar was in the midst of his riotous orgy, when, looking up, he saw the

handwriting on the wall. Now can any of you little girls and boys tell me what words he saw?"

Bright One: "Watch your hat and coat."—*Phoenix.*

THE ORDER OF THE BAWTH.

Highbrow: "I go forth to bathe."

Lowbrow: "Alright then, I'll go fifth." —*Juggler.*

BULLY.

"How is the milk-made,"

He asked with a bow.

"It isn't made, sir

It comes from the cow."

—*Phoenix.*

Gov't School Inspector: "Is there any playground here?"

Rural Teacher: "Nothing except a few cases of smallpox."

Inquisitive Old Lady: "Now do tell me about your first success."

Wearied Young Author: "Well you see madam, I was crossing the ocean last summer and was a contributor to the Atlantic."—*Lampoon.*

He: "I'm a little stiff from polo."

She: "You don't say. Why, I've some friends living there."

Prof.—"Are there any questions about the examination before I send it to the printer?"

Student—"What's the name of the printer?"—*Widow*.

Senior—"This cold weather chills me to the bone."

Soph.—"You should wear a hat."—*Octopus*.

Cyrus Drake—"My dear fellow, it is so dry in this town that we have fish here, fish, mind you—four years old—that have never learned to swim."—*Sirene*.

She—"What did you say?"

He—"Nothing."

She—"I know it, but how did you express it this time?"

Prof.—"What do you know about Fielding?"

Student—"Not very much. I was always pitcher on the team."—*Marietta Orphan*.

She—"I suppose you had a pleasant sea voyage?"

He—"Oh yes, everything came out nicely."—*Jack-O'-Lantern*.

"Speaking of bathing in famous springs," said the tramp, "I bathed in the spring of '86."—*Orange Peel*.

Rastus (at the dance)—"Mandy, is your program full?"

Mandy—"Lawdy, no; it take mo' dan two sandwiches an' a cup of tea to fill my program."—*Owl*.

Kid—"How old is that lamp, Ma?"

Ma—"Oh, about three years. Why?"

Kid—"Turn it down. It's too young to smoke."—*Philadelphia Watchman*.

He (with much enthusiasm)—"I could go on dancing like this forever."

She—Oh, no, you couldn't, possibly. You're bound to improve."—*Tiger*.

Good morning, have you used Pear's soap?"

"No, I'm not rooming with him this year."

Lady—"Is that a camel's hair brush?"

Clerk—"Au, get out. Camels don't brush their hair."—*Purple Cow*.

Probably She—"What makes the leaves turn red in the fall?"

He—"They are blushing to think how green they've been all summer."—*Burr*.

Senior—"Waiter, put some chocolate marshmallow on this ice cream."

Waiter—"Sorry, the Blue Laws forbid our serving anything on sundaes."—*Widow*.

She knew a hog.—A New Orleans lady was waiting to buy a ticket at the picture show, when a stranger bumped her shoulder. She glared at him, feeling it was done intentionally.

"Well," he growled, "don't eat me up."

"You are in no danger, sir" she said, "I am a Jewess."—*The Lawyer and Banker*.

The Main Point—"Miss Tiddles, will you marry me? I would gladly die for you," offered the wealthy but aged suitor.

"How soon?" queried that practical twentieth-century maid.—*Gerkley Gazette*.

A Way to Stop Him—"You sit down on every joke I write."

Editor—"Well, I wouldn't if there was any point to them."—*The Christian Advocate*.

Wrong Wire — Wrecked Motorist (phoning): "Send assistance at once. I've turned turtle."

Voice (from the other end)—"My dear sir, this is a garage not an aquarium."—*Burr*.

Satisfied Counsel—"I'm sorry I couldn't do more for you."

C conceited Client—"Don't mention it guv'nor. Ain't five years enough?"—*The Bullock Way*.

Handicapped—Jonny: "The camel can go eight days without water."

Freddy: "So could I if ma would let me."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Cause and Effect—"Didn't the bride look stunning?"

"And didn't the groom look stunned?"—*Judge*.

Record Bad Luck—"What is sadder than a man who loses his last friend?"

"A man who works for his board and loses his appetite."—*Starford Chaparral*.

We Hope So—Teacher: "And what was Nelson's farewell address?"

Bright Boy—"Heaven, ma'am."—*London Mail*.

Poor Orphan—"Say, waiter is this an incubator chicken? It tastes like it."

"I don't know, sir."

"It must be. Any chicken that has had a mother could never get as tough as this one."—*Wampus*.

Case Proved—He: "And why do you think I am a poor judge of human nature?"

She: "Because you have such a good idea of yourself."—*New York Globe*.

Might Apply Here—"Has Bobbie been eating between meals?"

"Bobbie has no between meals."—*Life*.

Hard Job—"Father is glad he has finished working his son's way thru college"—*Reno Gazette*.

OLD JOKES.

Jones—"Let's have some marshmallows, along with the rest of those things, for our next spread."

Fogg—"They come pretty high this time of year, don't they?"

PHILOSOPHY.

First Senior—"Man is the epitome of the macrosm."

Second Senior—"Woman is a degenerate of man."

Soph—"Heaven pity the woman!"

Prof—"Could a man commit suicide if he held his breath?"

Student—"Ye-es, if he held it long enough."

The First Immunity Bath—Achilles explained his vulnerability. "Just like a woman!" he cried. "Ma was so dead set on washing my ears that she overlooked my heel."

Thus the first immunity bath proved a fizzle.

A Scandal—First Lady: "Did you notice Mrs. Awkes 'ad a black eye?"

Second Lady: "Did I not?" And 'er 'usband not out of prison for another month. I don't call it respectable."

Speaking of Insurance—"What is alimony ma?"

Ma—"It's a man's cash surrender value."

"When a woman marries then divorces her husband inside of a week, what would you call that?"

"Taking his name in vain."

A Soft Answer—Mrs. Stevens: "How do you like the chicken soup, Mr. Newbord?"

Mr. Newbord—"O-er, is this chicken soup?"

Mrs. Stevens—"Certainly. How do you like it?"

Mr. Newbord—"Well-er, it's certainly very tender."

FACTS AND FANCIES

Recreation is the tell-tale of character. "Mim" Dresser was seen enjoying "The Youth's Companion" Tuesday afternoon.

B. Baker's Hobby is Irving.

Nan Burgess and Mary Carl are an ideal couple; while Nan is a "silent partner," Mary prattles like a babbling brook.

April 20th, Freeman and G. Briggs arose at 3:00 a. m. watching for the sunrise.

Virginia Bean didn't exactly steal Marion Merriam's thunder one night, but she did take her gale.

Emma Moulton and Edith Harvey performed at a ballet at the Haines last week.

April 17th. Scottie opened the season by appearing on the campus in white shoes and stockings.

"B. M. B." had an attack of "vacationitis."

Foss Hall's dietician and the Associate Professor of the Philosophy, Psychology and Education Department attended the Chapman Concert—together.

J. Bill's ventilating system has been patented, and proceeds from the sales will be sunk in the boys' swimming pool.

Among those in attendance at the Colby-Maine game, was Bevo, A. T. O., '22.

The art of defining is a philosophical study.

April 14th, "Lib" Kellett bought a new dress.

Buggy Chester is flattering; he assumes that we understand—so much, so often.

April 15th, first baseballly scrimmage at Foss Hall.

Edith Harvey, Jay Hoyt, Dot White, B. Baker, Dot Chaplin, Viora Grasse, Helen Raymond, Ruth Allen,—wanted, by the above, a correspondent.

Standing before a mirror, Tony Plato works an 8-hour day, putting his person in personality.

Two heads with but a single thought—Thelma Ryder's and Betty May's.

It is worse to be innocently gloomy than indefensibly happy.

Trifles make perfection but perfection is no trifle.

April 7th, Nome Maher appeared at Political Science class, having studied her lesson only an hour.

The Echo comes out on Wednesdays and the Colby Oracle will be released June 1st.

Pa Brown recently lectured before a large and enthusiastic audience, and on the way home converted two young rascals.

April 20th, Sophomores won a hard fought basketball game from the Seniors. Decided by flipping a penny. (Score 42-2).

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