

6-1922

The Colbiana vol. 10 no. 3 (June, 1922)

Colby College

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

 Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

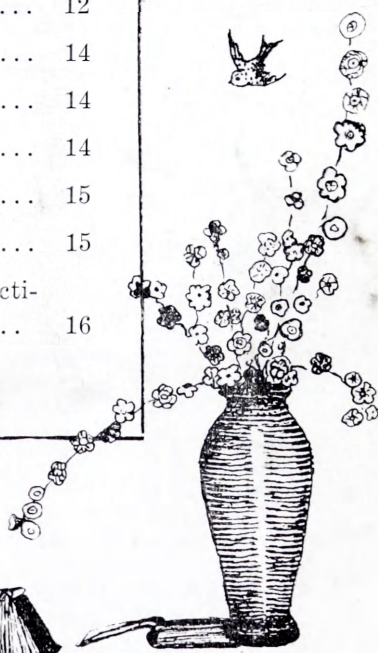
Colby College, "The Colbiana vol. 10 no. 3 (June, 1922)" (1922). *The Colbiana*. 28.
<https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/thecolbiana/28>

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

THE COLBIANA

CONTENTS

"The Need of Trained Teachers in Rural Schools," <i>By Beatrice Baker</i>	3
"Her Decision," <i>By Edna Briggs</i>	4
"The Chaperon," <i>By Edythe Porter</i>	6
"A Prayer," (A Poem) <i>By Helen Freeman</i>	8
"Monty's Idea," <i>By Edythe Porter</i>	8
"Fairy Gold," <i>By Melva Mann</i>	10
Editorials	11
Y. W. C. A.	12
Squibs	12
College News	14
Ivy Day.....	14
Carnival of Flowers	14
Gymnastic Meet	15
Coburn Prize Speaking.....	15
Colby Alumnae Association in Connecticut Valley	16

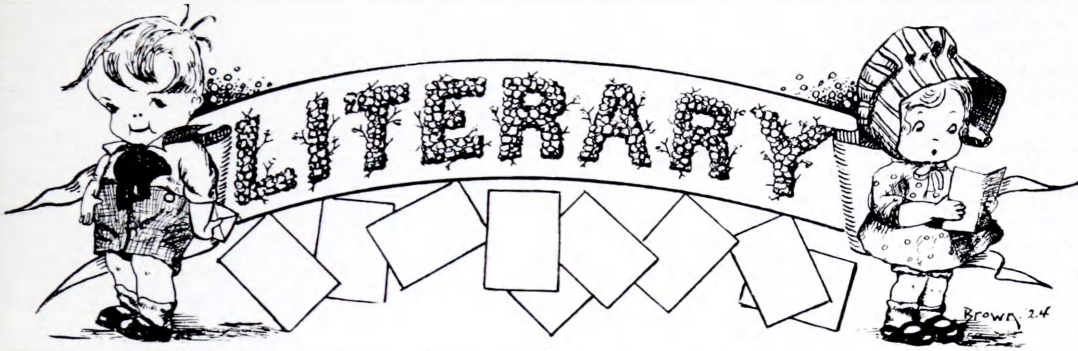


THE COLBIANA

Volume IX ~~X~~

JUNE, 1922

Number 3



THE NEED OF TRAINED TEACHERS IN RURAL SCHOOLS

Many things make their most definite appeal thru contrasts. In nature, in art, in literature, and in life, we are constantly being forced into the position of judging a thing by means of its dissimilarity to something else. Thus, when we attempt to evaluate our present rural school system at its real worth, we find an admirable foil in the highly advanced educational methods which obtain in the large cities, and which prevail to only a slighter degree in the more progressive towns.

If a boy who had just been graduated from High School should inform his associates that it was his intention to practice medicine, or to enter the ministry, without going to college, he would be looked upon with derision. Yet no one remonstrates when a young girl, just out of High School, announces her desire to teach in a rural school. Are the minds of American school boys and girls in these districts of less importance than the body, for the care of which an expert physician is consulted, or of less worth than the soul which expands by contact with trained intellects?

Statistics bring us to the appalling realization that fully thirty thousand of the teachers in our rural schools have never advanced beyond the eighth grade in their own education. How can such a teacher as this be expected to bring out the natural endowments of the children in her care? She may experience a fair degree of success in a merely superficial way, but the value of this success will be far outweighed by the real injury

done to the rapidly unfolding minds of her pupils.

Picture in your mind the new teacher as she enters upon her first day of work. In all likelihood, she has never in her life been in a rural school before she accepted this position. With a manner outwardly calm and serene, she approaches the schoolhouse, determined to uphold the dignity of her new profession in spite of a strange sense of helplessness that is gradually taking possession of her.

As she opens the door her glance falls first upon the rows of empty desks. There arises a vivid picture of herself, incompetent as she knows she is, facing those rows of seats full of restless wriggling children, and something almost like fear descends upon her. She wanders around the room, gazes up at the dusty portraits of Lincoln and Washington which adorn the walls, and examines the well-worn devices for amusing the younger children, a bit dismayed at the lack of variety.

In the desk at the end of the room it is probable that she will find a course of study already mapped out by the superintendent. Examination of this plan, because she is entirely ignorant of the usual contents of such a paper, does not throw any great light upon the line of work to be followed. The problem of making out a schedule of recitations is the first one to confront her, and she faces the almost insuperable difficulty of crowding about thirty-five recitation periods into a short school day. She

wonders desperately if there will be sufficient time to call classes out and dismiss them, to say nothing of hearing recitations!

And so it goes on. With every day new problems arise which tax to the utmost the ingenuity of the teacher; and all the time many of these questions would not be problems at all to a girl who had trained for teaching.

Her methods must of necessity be, in the main, reflections of the methods of her former instructors, and thus they are not always the most modern. She knows nothing of the need for individual development of her pupils, and because she has never been taught to devise new ways to hold interest, very few will occur to her spontaneously. The result is that lessons become a mere routine, and the lack of attention and interest, instead of being blamed on the teacher, is thought to be the fault of the pupils.

The situation of a school of six or eight grades is vastly different from that in larger schools where the pupils are of an approximate age. Discipline becomes the most difficult part of the teacher's existence. Rules have to be made with exceptional caution, for what may be applied to some grades is not possible of application to all. And how can a high school girl be expected to work out correct methods of discipline when it is a question with which experienced teachers find it difficult to cope? In most cases her resources are soon exhausted and the school is allowed to continue with a very evident lack of control, or corporal punishment becomes the order of the day, and an unsuccessful attempt is made to enforce discipline.

If at the close of the year some at-

tempt were made to tabulate the amount of knowledge acquired by the pupils the results would probably amaze even the most pessimistic. Undoubtedly there would be some noticeable increase in ability to perform certain mental feats in the subjects which had been studied. But consider for a moment a few of the imperfections which will appear. The wrong habits of study; the knowledge of books without any conception of the way in which this knowledge may be applied; lack of initiative; utter disregard of the needs of the problem pupil; these are a few of the many glaring deficiencies which we shall find.

Much capital has been made of the fact that many great men had their preliminary education in a rural school. Not much is said, however, of the many other men who might have been great powers in the world if, at the right time, they had come in contact with such educational methods as would have given them the needed incentive for learning. So long as the rural school system remains what it is, we shall have pupils with exceptional minds and abilities stunted in development, and finally leaving school at the earliest age possible, merely from lack of interest. Or if a limited number do keep on and enter high school, they are always handicapped by their early educational disadvantages.

We may point with pride to our large schools and to their modern methods, but we can in no way approach the ideal of an American educational system with its doctrine of equal opportunity for all, until we give the boys and girls in rural schools a chance to compete on equal terms with those more fortunate children who attend our village and city schools.

HER DECISION

Madame Del Four leaned back in her chair with a sigh of satisfaction. One would say that she was a woman who had won distinction and now gloried in the winning of it. She was an actress, an idol of the stage, and in her career was her whole soul. She lived to act the lives of others, perhaps none more tragic, in a sense, than her own and yet none more happy. She had sacrificed her whole life to attaining success and now the world was making returns to her for her achievements. She was acknowledged among the most famous of dramatic stars.

Tonight, however, she had laid aside

her usual poise and self-possession and if we could be permitted to see into her thoughts, we might see that she was a bit worried and for once had found it hard to decide upon a plan of action. She was going to do what she considered an act of altruism. She had a mission to perform.

A young girl had lately come before the public eye as an actress of some ability and Madame for some reason had been attracted to her. That a career lay before her Madame was assured; for she seemed a creature born to the stage and in her the older woman seemed to see her own former days when success

had not yet placed its mark of distinction upon her.

Madame rose and went to the window and looked out into the darkness of the night, illumined by thousands of sparkling lights. Yet she saw nothing. Thru her mind passed the thoughts of indecision. She was disturbed; yet she believed she was doing right and she would remain true to her convictions in spite of the memories that haunted her.

Madame turned as the door of the apartment opened and a young girl came in. Marion Merton stood for a moment on the threshold as if awed in the presence of one so far above her in the realm of success. Her slim figure was enveloped in a rich evening wrap, which in the shaded light of the room seemed to accentuate her dark hair and the deep seriousness of her eyes. The older woman went over to the girl, took both the slender hands in hers and looked into her eyes. In that glance, memories of her own vanished youth came rushing back like a flood, and for a minute she forgot her purpose. Then she suddenly recovered herself.

"I'm glad you came, Marion, do sit down," she said, as she drew her down beside her on the divan.

Silently Marion slipped off her wrap. She had somehow caught the feeling that enveloped the great actress and her heart gave a leap at the thought that she was to have her confidence.

Then Madame spoke. "No doubt you have wondered why I have asked you here."

Marion nodded.

"It's because I've taken an interest in you. I have been watching you and in a great many ways you remind me of my younger days when I was beginning my career."

"You flatter me, Madame!" Marion exclaimed. "To be like you would be my highest ambition."

Madame smiled, the old smile of self-approbation, but it quickly faded as she continued.

"You may think so now but that is because you do not know me as I am."

The girl looked up quickly, but Madame's face was again calm and impassive. Not one look betrayed her emotion; she would not for an instant have Marion guess that perhaps down deep in her heart she was arguing against those very words she was about to say.

"Marion, I am interested in your career. In the short time that you have been on the stage you have shown extraordinary ability. The public is just beginning to recognize your worth. I

am sure you will be successful if only you will keep on with it."

This time it was the girl who took command of the situation.

"You mean ——"

"I mean, Marion, that you have every opportunity for making a success on the stage; but that because you are in love with a certain young man, you are going to give up your career and marry him."

The girl's eyes flashed, and she started to speak, but Madame silenced her with a gesture.

"Please don't misunderstand me," she said. "I am going to tell you the story of my own life because I want you to try and see things differently. I know now that you think you are acting wisely. Perhaps you are. One never knows."

Madame took up a book at her side and began turning the pages, absent-mindedly, it seemed. In reality, she was wondering what she should say next. It was a new experience to her. She had always been sure of herself before. Now she was not.

"I know that I have been a success," she continued, "and I am happy. My profession means more to me than one would think; yet—memory is a never-failing companion to those who do not wish it." And now Madame Del Four had forgotten her audience and was talking as from her heart. Her words were spoken with deep feeling. Marion leaned forward expectantly; she had caught the atmosphere of the speaker.

"When I was but a child, I think I must have shown great aptitude for my profession, for I cannot remember ever wanting to do anything else except my chosen life work." Marion nodded in understanding. "I worshipped the great actresses of the day and the theatre was my one source of inspiration. Then as I began to enter upon my work I met everywhere with success. Then I became acquainted with a young man. He was not an actor but a rich young fellow just out of college. We fell in love, but his parents refused to allow our marriage. As is always the case we would not listen. We eloped. For a while we were happy but the old longing for the stage came back and I could not resist. My work kept calling me until finally I ran away from my home and all things I held dear.

"I have never regretted that I came back; only the pain that I have caused another. I have never heard from him since and I cannot tell how deeply he may have suffered."

The rich, full voice, for a minute began to quiver, and Marion knew that the

experience had meant more to Madame than her words had said.

"Marion, you are the only one to whom I have ever told my story. The reporters would give a good deal to write up this little tragedy of Madame Del Four, but so far I have not revealed my past to anyone."

Marion stretched out her hand impulsively.

"You wonderful woman! You have told me this because you think our cases are alike. If I thought I could be like you, I would be willing to give up anything."

"No, my dear, I should not want you to be like me. I only want to warn you from a like experience. Don't you see that if you have any feeling toward your career at all, it will not let you give it up? There is a lure, a fascination about the stage that will call you, no matter how happy you may be in your home."

Marion remained silent and thoughtful. The words of the great actress had affected her deeply. She had never faced the situation this way before. She only knew that she loved this man in her impulsive way and she was going to give up her life work to marry him. She had not considered how much her profession meant to her and how hard it would be to give it up. He was rich; he could give her anything she wished; there would be no need for her ever to come back. Did she love her work so much that it would mean more to her than husband, home and happiness?"

As Marion sat there absorbed in her thoughts, Madame felt how much her simple story must have meant to the girl.

"My dear, I have no right to decide your problem for you. I only want you

to be sure, quite sure before you act. I don't want you to face regret as I have done. It is cruel for me to say this to you, but now that I am older I have learned the value of reasoning as over against impulsive actions."

As Marion rose to go, the tears were glistening on her eyelashes. Madame, as before, took both the girl's hands in hers and looked into her eyes. One might have said that she was looking for her own lost happiness if she had not now renounced all things but a life work and career. Perhaps Marion, too, felt this and the feeling may have made more impression upon her than all the confessions of the last hour.

"I just can't thank you enough," Marion said brokenly, "and I value your advice above everything; for I know you understand. I don't know what I shall do but—I am sure of this! Whatever shall be my course I will not go back on my purpose."

Madame watched her as she went out. Then she flung herself down on the divan, buried her face in her hands and gave way to her emotions. Not even Marion knew what the experience had cost her. "A career isn't everything in the world," she cried bitterly.

* * * * *

The next morning Madame received a note.

Dear Madame:

Your confidence has meant more to me than you can ever know and I have thought it out as you wished me to do. We were married this morning and I am giving up the stage forever.

Marion.

Madame smiled. "I think I am glad," she said thoughtfully, "Marion is right."

THE CHAPERON

Where is the chaperon of ye olden days? She with her cockscrew curls and pointed nose, who haunted the sweet young maiden in her teens? She who accompanied her on walks and somehow spoiled the romance of the day? She who attended the parties and jealously guarded her prodigy from the admiring glances? She who rather took the joy out of life? Where has she gone?

This is the mooted question. Oh no! Not among the flappers. They scarcely recognise the name "chaperon", they cry, "Oh, yes, there used to be some such

creature, didn't there?" It is the middle-aged, those who have lived through the chaperon era, some as young ladies attended by the hated pests, and others, the hated pests themselves. So universal is the subject that even the Atlantic Monthly is considering it. I read in a recent number of the magazine an article, "The Passing of the Chaperon", written by Thomas Arkh Clark. In this Clark reviews the rise and fall of the prestige of the conventional escort.

He recalls that not many years ago when he and his wife, Nancy, were asked to chaperon a dance, they were wel-

came as honored guests. A cab conveyed them to the hall. Their dance orders were quickly filled and refreshments were served them first. In short, they were the social lions of the evening. Not so, two years later. The cab failed to appear and consequently they were late at the dance. But nobody seemed to mind. On the contrary, the dancers appeared annoyed that they had arrived so soon. Their dance orders were filled out, but mostly with Freshmen, and it was apparent that the Freshmen danced with the chaperons not from choice but by direction. The college crowd seemed to regard them as necessary evils, to be endured but not enjoyed. Their next attempt at chaperoning was about the same.

It was the next day's experience which made them resolve it would be their last. They were on the car. A young girl with bobbed hair and cheeks rather too pink to be natural sat directly in front. Her profile and the carriage of her shoulders looked familiar. Sure enough, it was Professor Greeley's daughter, the only child of their most intimate friend. Greetings followed, and confidences were exchanged. "Oh yes," she said, "I've been in town just over the weekend—for the dance, you know. Had a wonderful time." Nancy exclaimed, "Why we were there, too. Isn't it strange we didn't see you during the reception. We were the chaperons." Did they imagine it, or did there really appear on her face a look of condescension, of pity, as if to say, "You poor dears, are you really so far behind the times as that?" Certainly she made no apology for not greeting them the previous evening, and her attitude was changed. She was no longer the charming little friend, but the slightly bored flapper. A carefully studied turn of her head and a nonchalant dab of her powder puff ended the conversation. It is not strange that when next invited to act as chaperons, the Clarks said "Never again."

We return to our question. "Where has the chaperon gone?" What has caused this change in conventions? Perhaps the very roots of this old social custom were abruptly pulled up during the war. What place had conventions at the battle line where the Red Cross nurses administered to our patriotic

Toms, Dicks and Harrys. Where were conventions in the Y. M. camps when the girls passed out the cigarettes? Can't we see Miss Convention shrinking back and taking a rear seat when the Salvation Army lassies distributed their famous doughnuts? Who thought of social escorts then? The world crisis showed emphatically that in vital times social customs are of the superfluous. The same was true over here. No one in her haste and eagerness to do her share had time to think of chaperons.

This uprooting was aided and continued by the political privileges of the country. Who pray can act as chaperon when the men and women assemble in those famous New England town meetings? Hark! A rumble of the earth. Be not alarmed. It is but the stir of our forefathers turning in their graves. They are probably saying, "What is the world coming to?"

Another less serious cause for the chaperon's disappearance is the modern institution of the moving pictures. Honestly, can you imagine going to the movies with a chaperon tagging on behind? Unless she were a most aggressive sort and forced her way into the middle seat, her presence would be entirely unnecessary. The modern couples seem to have a faculty of isolating themselves from the world—they would be quite oblivious to any escort beside them.

Thomas Arkh Clark remarks, "I am not one who thinks that the passing of the chaperon marks a distinct moral decline." That's a rather modest, unassuming statement and reveals to us what the writer confessed earlier. He is middle-aged. He lacks the buoyancy and stir of youth. I believe that the modern girl, unchaperoned, has more confidence and more resources to draw on than did the old-fashioned maiden hovering under a chaperon's wing. She is more honest with herself—she reveals what she is and isn't afraid to. She has strength, self-reliance, independence. Yes, I grant you, she may be less refined, on the surface, but beneath that is a strong character and a full knowledge of life which equips her to fight her battles. She is not the maiden, reserved, and a bit afraid to live. She is the modern girl, the flapper, if you will, who knows her world, and is ready for it.

A PRAYER

Perhaps in some far distant day, the why
Of all these mysteries shall be explained;
Perhaps the reasons for our foolish
faults
And blunders, weaknesses and failures to
Attain the highest goal. And when that
time
Draws nigh, I pray, O God, forgive all
thoughts

And acts done in moments of thought-
lessness
And wrath, and grant thy pardon to one
who knows
His worthlessness, yet strives to do his
best
As one small cog in Thy great wheel of
life.

Helen Freeman.

MONTY'S IDEA

"Hang it all, Montie! Of course I love Irene! Haven't I hung around that house for days just for a glimpse of her, attended every social function for the last three months and even haunted the lunch rooms with the hope she'd drop in? But, good Lord, that precious mother of hers! Irene might as well be in cold storage as in her clutches. Ever since the night Mrs. Barton heard that I took that movie dame out, it's been all off. And I'd give my soul to see Irene again. I wish her mother were in Jericho!"

"Jack, I've got an idea."

"Oh, you're always having one of those things."

"No, but really this is an idea."

Jack Saunders and Monty Grey were pals, had been pals for years. Jack was especially noted for his faculty of falling in love with the girl he had just met. For the present, his affections were centered upon Irene Barton. Unfortunately, however, Mrs. Percival M. G. Barton, Irene's worthy mother, did not at all approve of her daughter's choice, and thereby hangs the tale.

Monty was a good sort to have around. Oh, no, he never fell in love, too sensible for that. It was his lot to help Jack, both in and out of his affairs. The peculiar thing about Monty was that he was forever saying, "I've got an idea!" And ideas they were! So it was not extraordinary that Monty should now be exclaiming:

"Here's an idea", and snatching up the newspaper from the table he added, "just listen to this, Jack. Just listen to this. 'Wanted—A man to act as Santa Claus in Xmas eve entertainment. Must have good credentials. Apply at 101 Middleton Ave.'"

"101 Middleton Ave," exclaimed Jack, "Why, that's Irene's!"

"Of course, you Mutt! Now, isn't that an idea?"

"What are you talking about, Monty! Of all the fool people. What has got into you?"

"Don't you see? You get the job, act as Santa Claus, and there you are, see Irene and everything."

"But—but—"

"No buts about it. Go to it."

"By Jove. That is a clever idea after all. But credentials! Say, you fix those while I'm getting ready. Lucky Mrs. Barton doesn't know me very well."

A few minutes later, a tall, good-looking young man with a wee bit of a dark mustache rang the bell at 101 Middleton Ave., was admitted, answered a few questions, produced credentials, and got a job.

"Now, I trust you understand exactly what you are to do. When Miss Barton, who is to be the Spirit of Xmas, comes in, you may begin at once on the rehearsal. And remember your part of the pageant must go off successfully, or twenty-five per cent comes off your pay." Mrs. Percival M. G. Barton whirled about and sailed out of the room with an air of relief that another unpleasant task was over. The man seemed rather stupid and somewhat ill at ease, but perhaps he'd do.

The closing of the door, however, produced an instant effect upon the hired man. The shuffling of the feet and the twirling of the cap was discarded, and with a big sigh of relief, Jack stretched, yawned, and then burst out, "Gee, that was easy. The old lady doesn't even suspect. Lucky she's only seen me once. Now, if I can keep up my disguise. But where's Irene?"

Then he heard the faint tap of little heels upon the polished floor and caught the whiff of violet which clearly told him

Irene had entered the room. Keeping his back to the door, he waited eagerly, scarcely breathing until she was almost beside him. Then he whirled round, and the faint gasp, "Why, Jack, where did you come from?" was smothered against his broad shoulder. It was almost three minutes later—it seemed to them but a second, that Mrs. Barton's call, "Irene, it is time for you to come on," brought them back to reality. Then hurried explanations followed, how Monty and he had seen the advertisement and fixed up the credentials, how he had hurried to cut out other applicants, how he had bought off the few that had already arrived, how he got the job, and—well, here he was and they had three whole days of rehearsals before the entertainment. Three days to be together. They'd make the most of them to be sure. Then, "Irene, are you coming?" "Yes, Mama", and the rehearsal began.

It was delightful to be so near Irene. She was a darling. Gee, if only that darned mother of hers wasn't always around. It was a good one, though, putting something over on her like this. If he didn't spoil it one of those times Irene winked at him or slipped her hand in his when Mrs. Barton's back was turned. He must be careful.

So the three days slipped by full of delightful comradeship, with a bit of excitement of deceiving Mama and stealing a kiss now and then. Once "Mama" almost caught them, but Irene's ingenuity saved the day. It was great to be together again. And if they loved each other before, it was a case of adoration now. Each evening Jack bored Monty to death telling what a peach Irene was, and what she said, and what she had done that day. Monty almost wished he'd never heard tell of Irene or Jack either. But on the evening of the last rehearsal, Jack was different. His exuberant boyishness had disappeared. He was gloomy, serious, and looked as though he were thinking hard.

"What's the matter, old top?" Monty asked, "You and Irene had a quarrel?" "N—No."

"Well, what is it, then? Aren't you satisfied? Or are you tired of her already? Well, never mind, it ends tomorrow night."

"Good land, Monty, don't I know it, without you harping about it? That's just where the trouble comes in. How am I going to see her after that?"

"Why—why—let me see. That is a problem." And Monty began walking back and forth, keeping in step with Jack's strides. Then after a couple of

turns—"I have it, Jack, I've got an idea!" And pushing Jack down into a chair, he poured out his big plan. They spent the rest of the evening discussing, elaborating, changing. Finally it suited.

With the plan well in mind and with a strong determination to carry it out, Jack came for the last rehearsal. But darn it all! He was later than usual, too late to have that early chat with Irene and tell her about it. She was waiting for him—already masked and dressed as the Spirit of Christmas. Her soft white gown and flowing hair made her seem dearer than ever. But there was no time for compliments—with a little squeeze of the hand, he escorted her out to the stage before the small audience assembled. She trembled as they started on their winding ascent to the top of the tree—Santa Claus and his Spirit of Christmas—but the reassuring strength of his hand steadied her. Slowly they walked. Soon the first bit of stage fright was over, and Jack's plan again pushed its way to the fore. In tones too low for others to hear, he murmured,

"Irene dear, Monty is waiting for us outside in the car, has the license and everything. When we reach the little door where we disappear from the audience, we can leave the balcony from the outside instead of returning to the house. Dear, I love you, will you come?" Her soft, "Yes" almost ruined the play; for nothing but a strong will prevented Jack from letting out a war-whoop and rushing off with Irene immediately.

The pageant was going smoothly. Slowly and clamly Santa Claus and the Spirit of Xmas made their ascent—up, up to the top of the Xmas tree, and then in some miraculous way, disappeared from sight. The audience gasped, then burst into delighted applause. On the other side of the hidden door there was quick action. A hurried hug, a hasty glance about, then a swinging of two figures over the balcony, a descent down a short rope to the ground, a run to the car, Monty's voice, "All right?" and then the whizz and purr of the motor and they were off.

It was not until then that Jack relaxed, and with a little excited laugh exclaimed, "Now let's get out of these darned rigs of ours. Take off your mask, honey, so I can see the real you." And he began pulling off his Santa Claus hat and cloak. Then arranging his hair, pulling his suit coat in place, and settling down with a happy sigh, he added, "What, haven't you taken that mask off yet? Here, let me do it." And gently untying the string he unmasked—no,

not Irene, but Mrs. Percival M. G. Barton, the honorable "Mama".

"Why—why—"

"I suspected as much, Jack Saunders. So you would elope with my daughter, would you?"

"Good Lord!" and Jack collapsed.

* * * * *

Monty and Jack are still pals, but Monty can't understand why, ever since a "certain night", Jack scoffs at his "ideas" and why when a fellow even mentions Irene or her "Mama", he mutters "Never—never again!"

FAIRY GOLD

Wandering through a wood one day,
Caring not where led my way,
Chanced I on a pixie elf
Burying a sack of pelf
Twice as large as he himself.

"Fairy, grant what I demand
Else you shall not leave my hand!"
Roguishly he glanced at me.
"Only let me go," croaked he,
"You shall have that gold you see."

Greedily my eye-balls rolled
Toward the bulging sack of gold.
Swift the elf flew o'er the hills.
"How much gold my full sack fills?"
'Twas a bag of daffodils.

THE COLBIANA

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

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

ETHEL M. ALLEY, 1923	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Editor-in-Chief
THERESE HALL, 1924	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	First Assistant Editor
HILDA WORTHING, 1924	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Assistant Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

THELMA H. POWERS, 1923,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	} Literary Editors
ANNA ERICKSON, 1924	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
ELIZABETH KINGSLEY, 1925	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
MARION D. BROWN, 1924,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Art Editor
HELEN F. LIBBY, 1924,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	} News Editors
MARION L. DRISKO, 1923,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	
LUCY OSGOOD, 1923	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Y. W. C. A. Editor
MARY C. FORD, 1924	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Joke Editor
EDYTHE D. PORTER, 1923	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Business Manager
CAROLYN HODGDON, 1924	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	First Assistant Business Manager
MILDRED OTTO, 1925	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Second Assistant Business Manager

TERMS: Subscriptions, \$1.00 per year in advance. Single copies, 40 cents. All remittances by mail should be made to Annie G. Burgess, Foss Hall.

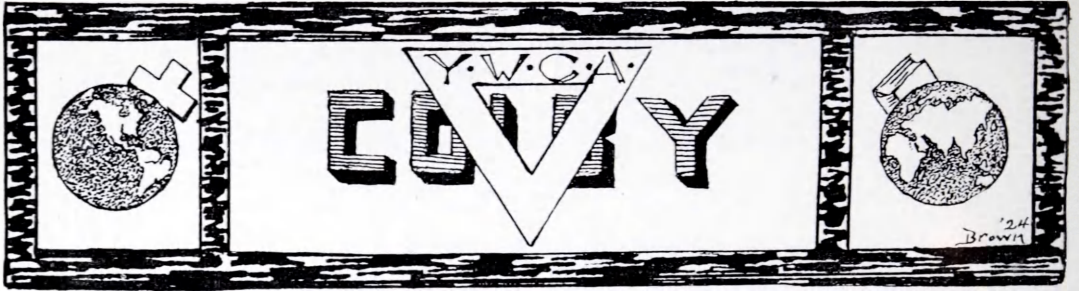
All Alumnae news and other items of interest to the Women's Division will be gladly received by the Editors.

EDITORIALS

We seldom lose one thing but we gain another in its place. At the end of this academic year you who are seniors are apt to be thinking of what you are losing through graduation—school-days, classmates, and all the dear associations of college life. If you but stop to consider, however, the loss is not so great after all. You are giving up college, but you are gaining the world. Commencement throws open the door of life, where you will be given an opportunity to show your worth. You have been blessed with many advantages. What are you offering to the world in return

for these blessings? Are you going to do credit to your educational privileges, and honor your Alma Mater? Or will you be just another plodding nonentity, soon to settle in the confines of mediocrity? It is up to you as educated women to prove yourselves worthy of the world which awaits you. You have gained it. Will you hold your own?

You who are not finishing this year, come back with renewed vigor, fired with the determination to make next year the best ever. Get behind your student organizations. Support your college activities, and next year cannot fail to be a banner year for Colby.



"The Chaperon" presented by the Dramatic Club for the benefit of Y. W. C. A. was a big success, as was the Hawthorn Pageant given by the Juniors and Freshmen at the chapel.

April 10, the new officers were installed after the annual banquet. Miss Runnals, Mrs. Lois Hoxie Smith, our retiring president, Hazel G. Dyer and the incoming one, Louise Tilley, spoke at the banquet. The new officers are: President, Louise Tilley; Vice-President, Anna Erickson; Secretary, Mary Watson; Treasurer, Arlene Ringrose.

Melva Mann, Marion Cummings, Marion Brown, Avis Varnam, Ethel Alley, Helen Pratt, Lucy Osgood, Leonette Warburton, Mildred Todd, Louise Steele, Edythe Porter, Nellie Pottle, Louise Tilley, Anna Erickson, Arlene Ringrose and Mary Watson are the cabinet members of this year.

Easter Sunday we were all glad to hear John Brush speak at vespers. His subject was "Doubting Thomas".

Under the direction of Mildred Todd, Chairman of World Fellowship Committee, two interesting sets of individual conferences have been held this spring. Miss Greenough of the Home Missions Bureau was in Waterville and spoke at one of our Tuesday night meetings.

She also talked individually with girls interested in Home Missionary Work.

Dr. Priscilla Towle of Newton Theological Seminary gave us a new idea of opportunities open to college graduates, speaking particularly of the new course at Newton by which women may obtain the B. D. degree.

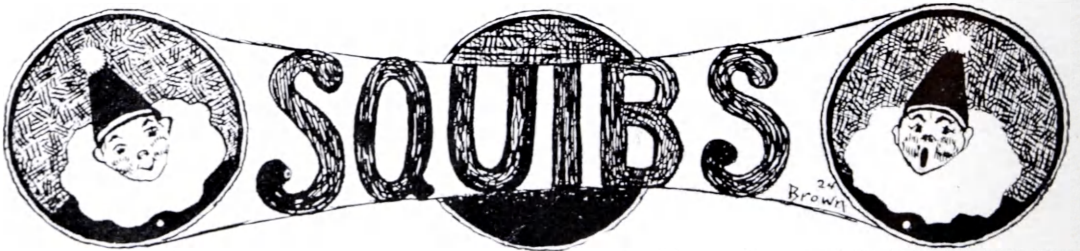
Mother's Day, May 14, at vesper service, Dr. Padelford, a Colby graduate, gave a very interesting address on China. Special music was rendered by a mixed double quartet.

We observed Sunday, May 21, Grace Dodge Day, by having a short prayer service in the morning led by Miss Runnals, and by each of us trying to do some bit of service during the day.

We have continued the Maqua drive, and we, who are going, are waiting impatiently for June 20, when we start for camp.

Oh, blue and white triangle
Symbol of truth so clear!
Emblem of love and service
To me thou'rt ever dear!

Helpful, inspiring, cheering,
Whether at work or play,
Memory e'er to be cherished,
Y. W. C. A.!



Lu—"I dread to think of my thirtieth birthday."

Mu—"Why, what happened?"

—Widow.

Customer (in book store)—"I want the last word in dictionaries."

Clerk—"Yes, sir, Zythum."

—Record.

Prof.—“Name a stable commodity.”
Farmer lad—“Hay.”

—Malteaser.

In the midst of his speech, realizing he had no supporter, he sat down.

“Does the boy show any evidence of breeding?”

“Yes, he scratches his head continually.”

—Punch Bowl.

Barber—“Your hair is getting gray, sir.”

Customer—“Well, I’m not surprised. Hurry up!”

—Virginia Reel.

Alice—“Can a girl live on love?”

Virginia—“Yes, if she stays single!”

—Shourne.

“My father weighed only four pounds when he was born.”

“Great heavens, did he live?”

—Lampoon.

“I haven’t seen you for a month, what have you been doing?”

“Thirty days.”

—Octopus.

He—“Why didn’t you answer my letter?”

She—“I never received it.”

He—“You didn’t?”

She—“No, and besides I didn’t like some of the things you said in it.”

—Burr.

She—“It must be wonderful to be a freshman in a great college like Colby.”

He—“Yes, I realize it more and more every year.”

Jack—“Did you know I was an electrician?”

Jim—“No, how’s that?”

Jack—“The lights went out at Betty’s house the other night and I fixed ’em.”

Jim—“Electrician nothing!—you’re a fool.”

“He has one short leg.”

“Yes, but the other is longer.”

—Puppet.

“Any ice today, lady?”

“No, the baker just left a cake.”

—The Purple Cow.

“Do you do as the Bible says—“love your neighbor?”

“I try, she she won’t let me.”

—The Purple Cow.

“A man shadowed me all the way home.”

“Did you scream?”

“Of course not, he carried my parasol.”

—The Purple Cow.

Man—“Young man, aren’t you running amuck?”

Young man—“No sir, a Stutz.”

—The Purple Cow.

Dum—“Are you going to see the swimming meet?”

Bell—“I didn’t know meat swam.”

—The Purple Cow.

“I’ll be through in a minute,” cried the ice cutter as he stepped onto the thin ice.

—The Purple Cow.

“Have you lived here all your life, Old Timer?”

Old ’un—“Not yet.”

—Sun Dodger.

Traffic Cop—“Say, you! Didn’t you see me wave at you?”

Mirandy—“Yes, you fresh thing, and if Henry were here he’d paste you one for it.”

—Sun Dodger.

“Pardon me, are you one of the English instructors?”

“Gosh, no! I got this tie for Xmas.”

—Voo Doo.

Hint for chapel speakers: the longer spoke, the greater tire.

Servant—“There’s a man to see you, sir.”

Master—“Tell him to take a chair.”

Servant—He has, sir. He’s taken them all, and they’re moving out the piano now. He’s from the furniture store.

—Jack-o’-Lantern.

Co-ed—“How lovely these roses are. There is still some dew on them.”

Ed—“I know it, but how the deuce did you know?”

—Voo Doo.



IVY DAY

The annual Ivy Day exercises were held in the afternoon and evening of May 27. In the afternoon a pageant, "The Forest Princess", was presented by all of the classes, with Edna Chamberlain, '22, as the Princess, and Bertha Cobb, '22, as the Prince. Other characters were:

The King,	Annie Burgess
The Queen,	Hazel Dyer
Prince Ulric,	Celia Clary
First Lady-in-Waiting,	Sibyl Williams
Second Lady-in-Waiting,	Clara Wightman
First Lord in Court	Vina Parent
Second Lord of the Court,	Catherine Larrabee
Dame Mora,	Hazel Pratt
Little Ynol,	Clara Harthorn
A Traveller,	Marion Cummings
A Herald,	Edna Briggs
First Maiden,	Emily Barrows
Second Maiden,	Ethel Alley
Swamp Oak, a witch,	Elizabeth Dyer
Spirit of the Trees, Vine-dressers,	
Peasants, Shepherdesses, Heralds, Pages,	
Lords and Ladies.	

In the evening the Junior Class, under the direction of Miss Exerene Flood, gave a presentation of "A Midsummer Night's Dream".

The cast of characters is as follows:

Theseus, Duke of Athens,	Helen Freeman
Lysander, in love with Hermia,	Lucy Osgood
Demetrius, his rival, Elizabeth Larrabee	
Egeus, an Athenian Noble, father of	
Hermia,	Helen Dresser
Philostrate, Master of Revels,	Arline Ringrose
Nick Bottom, the Weaver,	Melva Mann
Quince, the Carpenter,	Marguerite Starbird
Sung, the Joiner,	Ethel Alley
Flute, the Bellows-Mender,	Myrtice Swain
Snout, the Tinker,	Doris Wyman
Starveling, the Tailor,	Helen Pierce
Officers, Soldiers, Attendants	
Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons,	Velma Briggs
Hermia, Daughter of Egeus, in love	
with Lysander, Leonette Warburton	
Helena, in love with Demetrius,	Eleanor Hawes
Fairies	
Oberon, King of Fairyland,	Edythe Porter
Titania, His Queen,	Gertrude Fletcher
Puck, or Robin Goodfellow,	Marcia Davis
Peas-Blossom	Mary Warren
Cobweb,	Doris Dickey
Moth,	Mildred Collins
Mustard-Seed,	Louisa Tilley

THE CARNIVAL OF FLOWERS

The Carnival of Flowers given by the Colby Alumnae Association was held June 5. in the vestry of the First Baptist Church. In spite of the weather the carnival proved a great success.

The Colby girls had charge of the apron table and a novelty table. The apron table was presided over by Eva Alley, Grace McDonald, Donnie Getchell, Edith Harvey, Louise Tilley and Mar-

jorie Everingham, and was attractively decorated in pale blue. Ruby Dyer, Hazel Dyer, Ruth Allen, Julia Hoyt, and Hazel Pratt had charge of the novelty table, which was decorated in yellow. Other tables were decorated in pink, orange and orchid, with gaily colored butterflies perched on the flower branches, the whole giving a charming effect.

Supper was served from five until seven under the direction of Mrs. S. E. Whitcomb.

The proceeds of the Carnival is to go toward the building of the new physical

education department of the women's division, with ten per cent of the money taken in at the novelty and apron tables going toward the Foss Hall piano fund.

THE GYMNAS TIC MEET

The second annual gymnastic meet of the women's division was held Wednesday, May 3. The judges for the meet were Miss Nellie Jordan, head of the state department of physical education; Mrs. Edward R. Risley, Miss Evelyn Manchester and Professor Harry Edwards. The activities for the afternoon were floor drill, apparatus work and aesthetic dancing.

Last year Mrs. William Gardiner presented a silver loving cup to be awarded the class winning the greatest number of points at the gymnastic meets. This was won by the senior class this year, but only by a small margin, as the freshmen were merely two hundredths of a point behind.

Those who received honorable mention at the meet were: Eleanor Bailey, Beatrice Baker, Mary Brier, Ruth Goodwin, Catherine Larrabee, Laura Stanley, Dorothy White, Clara Wightman, Bertha Gilliat, Doris Dickey, Helen Libby, Elizabeth Griffin, Melva Mann, Helen Springfield, Myrtice Swain, Doris Wyman, Ruth Fifield, Doris Ackley, Ruth

Fairbanks, Ervina Goodale, Ethel Harmon, Hazel Berry, Rosamond Cummings, Josephine Waburton, Helen Pratt, Hazel Dyer, Leonette Waburton, Carrie Baker, Ruth Allen, Bernice Robinson and Clara Harthorn.

The health league monogram was presented Helen Pratt, Ruth Allen and Helen Libby for earning a certain number of points in hygienic and athletic activities.

The installation of the new officers was held while the judges were in consultation. Those installed were: Doris Wyman, President; Helen Libby, Vice President, and Leonette Waburton, Secretary and Treasurer.

The gymnastic meet terminated the indoor classes and their place was taken by baseball and tennis. The large field in back of Foss Hall and the two new tennis courts by Dutton House afford a splendid opportunity for these two sports. Class teams are being formed and tournaments will be played off to decide the champions.

COBURN PRIZE SPEAKING

The annual Coburn prize speaking contest, which was held at the chapel, May 15, was won by Miss Anna Erickson, '24. The second prize was awarded Miss Melva Mann, '23, while the third prize was divided between the Misses Lucy Osgood, '23 and Louise Cates, '25. These prizes are offered in order to encourage public speaking in the women's division and are presented by Miss Helen Louise Coburn of Skowhegan. The program for the contest was as follows:

Lucy Osgood, "Teaching as a Form of Social Service."

Mildred Bickmore, "The Importance of Public Speaking."

Alta Doe, "The Importance of Public Speaking."

Melva Mann, "The Maine Seacoast Mission."

Louise Cates, "Modern Drama."

Annie Burgess, "Women and Social Welfare Work."

Anna Erickson, "Society's Relation to the Industrial Girl."

Marguerite Starbird, "Modern Poetry."

COLBY ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION IN CONNECTICUT VALLEY

Through the efforts of Rose Adelle Gilpatrick, '92, and Alice Cole Kleene, '98, an invitation was extended to all the Colby women in the Connecticut Valley whose addresses were known, for an informal luncheon at the Hotel Bond in Hartford, Conn., on May 27. The purpose of this gathering was to organize a Connecticut Valley Colby Alumnae Association.

Alice Cole Kleene acted as temporary chairman of the meeting, at which Colby affairs were discussed with much enthusiasm. The principal topic of discussion was the Alumnae Building Fund, for which there was a 100% subscription from those present.

Rose Adelle Gilpatrick, the guest of honor, gave an appreciative account of the campaign for the Fund as carried on by various groups of Colby women and of the good fortune of the Women's Division in having the co-operation of three such leaders as Dean Nettie Run-

nals, '08, Mrs. Bertha Andrews and Miss Mildred Wright.

The charter members of the Connecticut Valley Colby Alumnae Association are: Linda Graves, '95; Alice Cole Kleene, '98; Helene Bowman Thompson, '99; Grace Bicknell Eisenwinter, '02; Mildred Bedford, '15; Mildred Greeley Arnold, '17; Leonora Knight, '17; Lucy Taylor Pratt, '17, Selma Koehler, '17; Winifred Greeley, '18; Katharine Hatch, '19; Lillian Dyer, '20; Adelle McLoon, '21; Elizabeth Carey, '21.

The officers for the ensuing year are as follows: President, Selma Koehler, '17; Vice President, Winifred Greeley, '18; Secretary-Treasurer, Lucy Taylor Pratt, '17.

The group leaders of the various sections are: Linda Graves, '95, Springfield, Mass.; Mildred Greeley Arnold, '17, Hartford, Conn.; Leonora Knight, '17, Waterbury, Conn.; Elizabeth Carey, '21, New Haven, Conn.

LOOK FOR THE ELECTRIC SIGN
Freeman
 the Jeweler
 88 MAIN STREET

J. E. HERSOM H. P. BONSTALL

Hersom & Bonsall

CASH GROCERS

The Place to Trade.

We sell for cash only. Order of \$1.50
 delivered.

Waterville, Me
 170 Main St.
 Tel. 188

Augusta, Me.
 174 Water St.
 Tel. 670

Herbert A. McLellan

63 Temple Street

Always carries a full line of reliable
 Groceries, Fresh Meat, and
 Provisions

Tel. 338-R

Karekin's Studio

EVERYTHING

PHOTOGRAPHIC

Corner Main and Temple Sts.

The Elmwood, Waterville, Maine

Sole Agents for the famous
 CANTILEVER SHOE

Simpson & LaChance

Clothing and Men's Furnishings
 Boots and Shoes

Corner Main and Temple Streets

WATERVILLE, MAINE

TRY

Hager's

FOR CANDIES, ICE CREAM AND
 SODA

113 Main Street

S. E. Whitcomb Co.

FINE GROCERIES

MEATS, FISH

Provisions of all kinds

Service and Quality unexcelled

Tel. 261 and 262

81 Main St.

Dress Goods

Underwear

L. H. Soper Co.

DRY GOODS,

GARMENTS,

MILLINERY

Victrolas and Victor Records

1820

1922

Coburn Classical Institute

Waterville, Maine

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

It prepares thoroughly for Colby and for other colleges.

The faculty is composed of well trained and experienced teachers.

The courses are thorough and well arranged.

The Household Arts department is complete. Coburn musical courses are unexcelled. The Library and Laboratory facilities are excellent.

Coburn Cottage is the home of the Girls.

Thayer Hall is the splendid new dormitory for Boys.

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

Coburn is a thorough, progressive Christian School.

For Catalogue write the Principal,

DREW T. HARTHORN.

COLBY COLLEGE

Waterville, Maine

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

For Catalogue, address

A. J. ROBERTS, President

Waterville, Maine

YOU CAN ALWAYS GET THE
 VERY LATEST STYLES
 IN
 LADIES' GARMENTS

at

Markson Brothers



43-47 Main Street

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Compliments of

LARKIN DRUG COMPANY

Main St., Waterville

THE LITTLE GIFT SHOP

The shop where things are different

56 Temple Street

NELLIE K. CLARK

BUY YOUR FOOTWEAR
 AT THE

Gallert Shoe Store

51 Main Street

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

Chas. A. Rubbins, Prop.

New York Millinery Company

Exclusive Styles

WATERVILLE, MAINE

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

M. M. SMALL, M. D.

84 Main Street, Waterville

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

SUPERB GIFTS FOR ALL
 SEASONS

The Store of Quality

F. A. Harriman

98 Main Street

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

COMPLIMENTS OF

Waterville Steam Laundry

We cater to parties large or small

EAT AT THE

ELM CITY CAFE

E. E. Clair Company

All kinds of Shoe Repairing done promptly

33 Temple St. Waterville, Maine

Dr. Frank P. Higgins

DENTIST

58 Main Street

Tel. 329-W Waterville, Maine

B. F. STEELE'S

CHOICE GROCERIES

136 Main Street

TEA

COFFEE

We make a specialty of catering to customers who appreciate strictly high grade goods at Economy Prices. Our line of Fancy Cookies are always fresh, clean, tasty, and at the right price.

GRAND UNION TEA CO.

117 Main St., Waterville, Me.

GROCERIES

CANDY

LADIES' WEARING APPAREL

Ida Taylor Herson

SPECIALTY SHOP

72 Main Street

W. L. CORSON

FILMS DEVELOPED AND

PRINTED



Photographic Views Fine Work

T. A. GILMAN

OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

Broken Lenses Replaced

116 Main Street, Waterville, Me

REDINGTON & CO.

HOUSE FURNISHERS

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Crockery,
Stoves, Mirrors, Mattresses,
Etc., Etc.

11 SILVER ST., WATERVILLE

Sororities, Attention!

MITCHELL'S FLOWER SHOP

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

144 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

PATRONIZE MERCHANTS WHO ADVERTISE IN THE COLBIANA

Foot Specialist

NORBERT KRUTZKY

CHIROPODIST

Tel. 319-W 100 Main St., Waterville

KENNISON & WARREN

Dealers in Paper Hangings, Room
Mouldings, Paints, Oils, Var-
nishes and Glass

76 Temple St., Waterville

LEARN TO WRITE SHORTHAND
Special Courses at

Thomas Business College

Red Cross Pharmacy

25 Main Street

Telephone 290

DARVIAU & CUNION, Props.

Waterville's Leading Theatre

The HAINES

Latest and Best Screen and Stage
Productions

Assisted by the Haines Symphony Six

ELMER L. CRAIG

Dealer in

GROCERIES

REAL ESTATE AND

LIVE POULTRY

58 Temple Street, Waterville, Maine

Hours, 8 to 12, 1 to 5 Telephone

DR. GORDON B. HATFIELD

DENTIST

Gold Work a Specialty

173 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

Savings Bank Building

Cut Flowers Funeral Designs

CHAS. E. CARTER, Florist

TEMPLE STREET

Potted Plants Tel. 454-R

THE LOVERING HAIR STORE

129 MAIN STREET

Hair Goods, Theatrical Wigs, Hair
Pins, Jewelry, Crochet Cotton

Royal Society Package Outfits

Shampooing, Manicuring, Chiropody,
Facial Massage, Waving, Scalp
Treatment

PEARL E. WHITE

Savings Bank Bldg., Waterville, Me.
Telephone Connection

EAT AT

HARMON'S ELECTRIC CAFE

83 Main St., Cor. Common and Main

The Fashion

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

The Fashion

Main Street
 THE NEW STORE

FOR DRUGS, KODAKS, PHOTO
 SUPPLIES AND TOILET
 ARTICLES

Go to

DeOrsay's Drug Store

70 Main St., Waterville

HOT DRINKS AND LIGHT
 LUNCHES at

SPEAR'S

FRESH HOME-MADE
 CHOCOLATES AND
 CANDIES our specialty

Loud's

Shoe Store



52 MAIN ST., WATERVILLE

Allen's Drug Store

THE STORE THAT DOES A
 STRICTLY DRUG BUSINESS

118 Main Street, Waterville Maine

THE COLLEGE STORE

The H. R. Dunham Co.

64 MAIN ST., WATERVILLE

The Colby Echo

Published weekly during the College year by the students of Colby College.

Clyde E. Russell, Editor-in-Chief
Leonard W. Mayo, Manager

H. L. KELLEY & CO.

BOOKS, STATIONERY
AND FINE ART
GOODS

130 Main Street



Betty Wales Dresses

FOR

STREET, AFTERNOON, AND
EVENING WEAR

Sold in Waterville exclusively by

WARDWELL

Dry Goods Co.



CENTRAL FRUIT MARKET

Choice Fruits and Confectionery

E. MARCHETTI
Opposite Postoffice

Verzoni Bros.

Choice Fruit, Pure Ice Cream

140 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

K. M. RACKLIFF

Watches and Fine Jewelry, Cut Glass
and Silverware

56 TEMPLE STREET

S. L. BERRY

NEWS DEALER

Ticonic Bank Building

DR. COBB

DENTIST

74 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

L. G. BUNKER, M. D.

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Tel. Office, 49

Practice limited to the treatment of
the eye, ear, nose and throat

S. L. PREBLE

THE ARTIST



**COLLEGE
PHOTOGRAPHER**



68 MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE

WHEELER'S

HOME-MADE CANDY, ICE CREAM
AND SODA

7 Silver Street, Waterville, Maine

Everything of the Best

ELM CITY CREAMERY

MILK, CREAM, BUTTER AND
EGGS

52 Temple Street

William Levine

Clothing and Gent's Furnishings,
Boots and Shoes

LADIES' READY TO WEAR

17 and 19 Main St., Waterville, Me.

Emery-Brown Co.

**DEPARTMENT
STORE**

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE
NEEDS OF COLLEGE
STUDENTS

The Store of Dependable Quality

WATERVILLE, MAINE

HARDWARE HEATING
PLUMBING

W. B. Arnold & Co.

107-109 Main Street, 23 Temple Street

WATERVILLE, MAINE

O. A. MEADER

Wholesale dealer in

FRUIT AND PRODUCE
CONFECTIONERY

Butter, Eggs, Paper, Paper Bags

9 Chaplin Street, Waterville, Maine

Telephone: 50 and 51-2

d l