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The Colbiana vol. 11 no. 1 (December, 1922)

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THE COLBIANA

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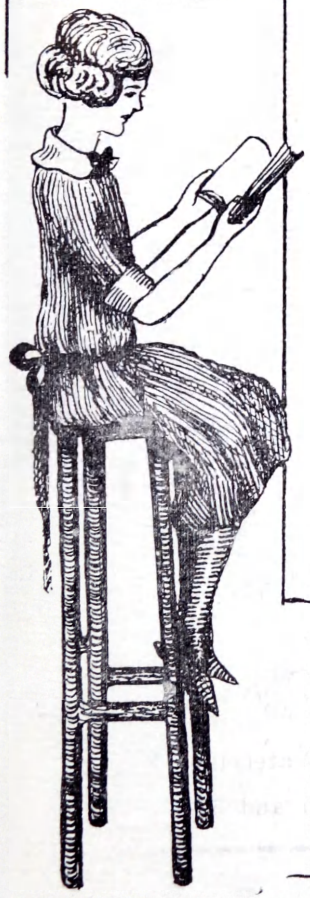

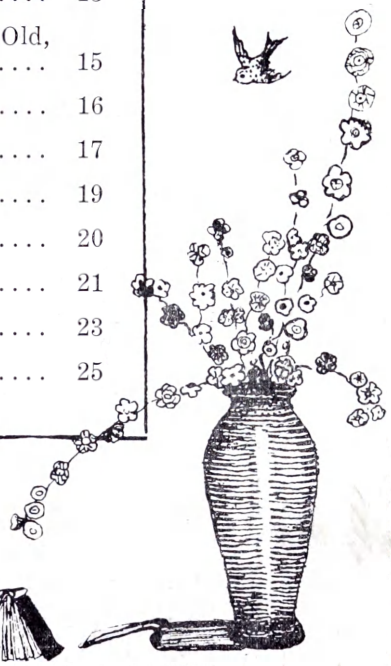

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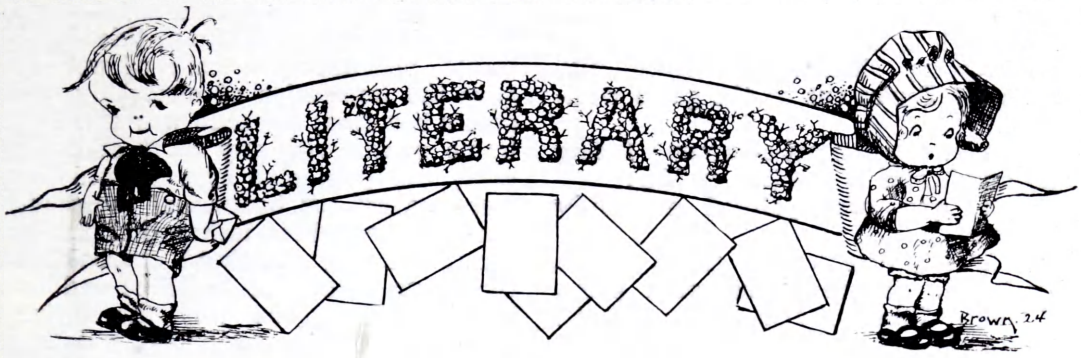
THE COLBIANA

Volume XI DECEMBER, 1922 Number 1



THE MIRAGE

John Farrel's art had brought him wealth and fame. Yet, he was an idealist: yes, as pure an idealist as any artist of his time. Long before he had learned the first tedious rules of color harmony, long before his vocation, even, had taken a definite form, he had recognized his ideal beauty. Anything ugly had always irritated him, even when its very ugliness had been striking or picturesque. He lived for beauty alone and to beauty alone he devoted his great talent. Faithful to his ideal he loathed the filthy hovels on Washington Street and allowed none of that Greenwich Village atmosphere to taint the exquisite perfection of his studio, which he had chosen in an exclusive apartment house on Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson River and a charming bit of the New Jersey banks.

Without even considering success as a goal, John Farrel had been successful. His work was chiefly portraits for the most part of wealthy society women—but always of beautiful women. The greatest tribute a woman could get to her beauty was John Farrel's signature under her portrait.

* * * * *

"Have you gone mad, Farrell?" were the angry words with which Edmund Lane, famous art criterion, announced his presence within the studio.

The artist rose from his stool and walked toward his visitor, then abruptly turned his back.

"I rather expected you, Lane. I feel like a cad about it, but the girl won't do."

"Dela Forret won't do! then you *have* gone mad? Good Lord, man, there isn't another artist in the city who would be fool enough to throw away the opportunity to enter Mlle. Forret's portrait in the fall exhibition!"

"She is beautiful."

"Beautiful!" exploded Lane. "Beautiful! Have you ever seen a woman more beautiful? And you send her—Lord!" the exasperated old critic gave an irritable jerk to the glove he was removing and hurled it over to the table .

"No," answered Farrel, slowly. "Her profile is perfect—the delicate curve of her nostrils is exquisite. But her left hand was twisted at the wrist. Oh, I know it would be easy enough to arrange a pose to cover that slight deformity. But I would know it! that's the deuce of it, Lane. It would ruin the portrait."

Had Edmund Lane been an ordinary man he would probably have left the room in exasperation and severed the intimacy of a rare friendship between two famous men; but because he had that keen insight that had placed his opinions on art among the most authoritive in the city he suddenly grasped the situation. He walked over to his friend

and laid a gnarled but still firm hand on the young man's shoulder.

"John, old boy, you're trying to go beyond human limits and it can't be done. You want perfection and the only way we mortals can get perfection is by contrast. You are an artist. Look at your portrait over there of Mrs. Van Orth! How else could you have brought those subtle high lights on her face except by uninteresting shadows. Contrast, boy, that's it! You're out of the game without it."

Lane swung the artist around facing him and hurled a question at him:

"Have you *ever* painted a homely woman?"

"A homely woman," the artist gave a dry laugh. "I guess I see your point, all right. I'll try it Lane—but, gad, it's going to be a bitter dose."

The severe old critic was not, as I have mentioned before, an ordinary man. He knew when a victory was won and he knew enough to withdraw from the field of battle. He walked over to the table for his glove and cane and went to the door. Before leaving, he turned and called back, "Take your medicine, lad, then come back in a mood to appreciate the wonderful offer Dela Farret has made to you You've got first prize in that exhibition, if you'll only come to your senses."

* * * * *

Farrel stood at the top of the mound and looked around him at the hilly district of West Caldwell. He smiled cynically as he thought of his afternoon's wanderings through this uninteresting mountain section, of the desolate looking farmhouses he had stopped at on the pretense of hunger or thirst. Funny! It's being so hard to find a homely woman even among these coarse-grained farming people! Only yesterday he had thought the world full of them! Well, he wouldn't give up yet. What about that odd little brown house over there, with no windows on the side toward him.

He walked down from the mound and out in the direction of the house. He was rather tired now, so he walked slowly across the field with his head lowered and his hands folded behind him. With a start he suddenly realized that he was almost bumping into the house. He looked up. About six yards from him stood a woman leaning on a churn and watching his approach with evident interest. He stared at her aghast, and muttered:

"Gad, what a homely woman!"

She was homely. Gaunt, large-boned, with hard muscular arms that were bared to the elbows with the usual swollen red hands of farm women; but the face was what caused the artist a sudden exclamation. The large thick-lipped mouth, widened in a smile of welcome, gave the impression of stretching clear across her face; the nose was small but by no means with any effect of daintiness; the pale blue eyes seemed even more washed-out because of the scantiness of the yellow lashes that fringed them; the high forehead overbalanced the lower portion of her face and was accentuated by the way the stringy yellow-brown hair was pulled back from it. But she stood smiling at Farrel with all the confidence of milady in her blue-and gold drawing-room.

Perhaps it was this that brought the artist out of his rude staring, and made him, after taking off his cap, excuse his presence by a stammered plea for a glass of water. Quickly removing the churn from the bench the girl offered him a seat and disappeared into the kitchen. She returned with a glass of milk. The bracing effect of the cold milk gave Farrel the courage to request what he felt sure would be indignantly refused.

"I—I'm illustrating a farm story," he lied. "I'd like—that is—would you mind if I took a little sketch of you standing by your churn?"

The girl threw back her head and laughed. It was a strangely soft laugh, Farrel thought, to be coming from that large mouth.

"Surely, you may. When?"

The artist was a bit surprised.

"Why tomorrow if that'll be all right. I'll come as early in the afternoon as I can."

The girl invited him to stay and join her father and her at supper but he refused, and after inquiring the direction to the nearest car-line, he set out for it.

That night he called up Lane.

"I've found my contrast, Lane," he said, soberly, "and I don't need to paint it to realize what a fool I was about Mlle. Farret."

There was a long silence before the old critic answered. "I'm sorry for you, boy,

but you've lost your chance. Dela Farret left for France this morning."

"Lane!" the young man almost yelled in the phone, "you can get her! You've got to get her! You will!"

"By chance I'm leaving for France Saturday, myself. I'll do what I can," Lane said gruffly and hung up the receiver.

Irritated and worried, and thoroughly disgusted with himself, with Dela Forret, and the world in general Farrel would have gladly cancelled his ridiculous engagement if he had known any way of getting in connection with the girl who had promised to pose for him.

As it was, he came out to the farm, the following day, equipped with only a light sketching case. The girl was there waiting for him, dressed just as she had been the day before.

He sat down with the intention of doing a light sketch. As he worked he found something in the girl's face that challenged him; something that seemed on the tip of his pencil, then vanished before he could catch it. A sketch was impossible.

Farrel went home bewildered and piqued. The next day he came back with his oils and brushes and canvass and began an earnest portrait study.

For three months he worked on the portrait. With an intensity that he had never needed before he struggled to catch that strange something that would lurk for a moment in the corners of the broad mouth, then disappear and tantalize him anew from among the wisps of her stringy yellow hair; or suddenly wind itself like a spider's web about her whole being. Some nights he would return to his studio worn out and discouraged and resolved never to go back. But he always went.

Finally he had conquered; the picture was finished. He sat toying with his brushes, adding an important daub here and there in the back-ground, or staring at his model. Before he realized it he was in a reverie. Strange how little he knew of the girl after all this time. Her name was Rene; that he knew. A queer name, nickname for Irene, perhaps. Funny they hadn't spoken more to each other; of course while he was working—but then, there were the frequent lunches together. After all though, what did they have in common except the trite intercourse of every day life. How calmly she had laid aside her work each day to pose for him. And her father, surly old man that he was, whose only conversation with Farrel had been gruff interjections, did he ever complain to the girl for giving up so much of her time?

A sudden movement from the girl startled him from his day-dreaming.

"The picture is finished, isn't it?" she said. "May I see it?"

Farrel hesitated. This was the first time that she had ever asked to see his work and he had never offered to show it to her. He looked at the portrait; the large muscular arms, the stringy yellow-brown hair, the small flat nose, the washedout eyes—must it all be reflected back at her in cold lifeless paint.

"If you want to," he said dully.

She came over and looked down at the canvass. For a few moments she stood there silent, then she turned to John who had left his stool and was standing behind her.

"If you loved me, John" she said softly "why didn't you say so?"

"Rene!" marvelled the artist.

* * * * *

Several weeks later, Edmund Lane, who had just returned from Europe, again burst into Farrel's studio.

"Mlle. Forret wouldn't come back to America. But you still have a chance! Have you tried Myrtice Brawl or—"

"I have my portrait ready to enter," interrupted the artist, quietly. "Here."

He walked over to the easle that held Rene's portrait and threw back the cover. Edmund Lane went over in front of the canvass. He stood in the attitude that caricaturists always sketched him, with his legs apart, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes narrowed to a squint, balancing back and forth ready to bellow out his criticisms. Instead he drew back and muttered hoarsely:

"I never knew that a woman could be so beautiful. I take it back, boy, you've found perfection."

ON VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE

"I haven't got a single bent
For music, teaching, art;
I don't know what I want to be
Yet I want to do my part.

I couldn't bear to idly loaf,
To seem a parasite,
I must find a vocation,
If it's scrubbing floors at night.

A college education's
S'posed to make one fit to earn;
But somehow I don't see the way
To apply the things I learn."

That's a pretty good definition of a vocation, now isn't it? The application of the things we've learned. But that's just what we don't know how to go about doing here at Colby. We've heard some friends of ours say, "I don't want to teach, but I suppose I'll have to until some other opening comes my way."

In many cases we are very definite as to what we desire to do, but we don't know just how to get into that line of work. Perhaps our knowledge of the numerous opportunities is broad enough, but our idea of the training needed to take advantage of said opportunities and where and how to get that training is rather vague to say the least.

We have heard that at Vassar College they follow the practice of having a vocational conference each year. The affair is conducted entirely by the students with the purpose of giving the girls a clear idea of the various fields of work and information as to how to train for them. Early in the year the students meet to decide what subjects they desire to have discussed and a student chairman for the conference is chosen. The conference itself comes later in the year. It begins at eight-thirty in the morning and is conducted on class schedule until late afternoon. There are ten or twelve speakers, each discussing with interested students a certain type of work about which they are well informed. These include such occupations as banking, psychology, advertising, teaching, music, secretarial work, medicine, interior decoration, social service, journalism, industrial mathematics, and physical education. Each speaker has an hour in which to present his specialty. Usually there are two or more "classes" going on at a time and the members of the student body attend the lecture of their preference. An important part of the program is the additional hours for individual conferences which give the students a chance to get down to the rock bottom of their difficulties and problems.

To quote, however, from an article in "School and Society" by J. M. Brewer, an able authority on subjects of this kind, "College vocational conferences are too easy to be much worth while unless compulsory."

Mr. Brewer goes on to say that in one college where such a conference was held, only half of the student body attended it. We doubt very much if that would occur here at Colby. Probably in the college Mr. Brewer has in mind those students who really desired what the conference had to offer were benefited, and certainly if half of the student body was reached the conference was worth while. The value or inspiration of a meeting is very seldom dependent on the fact that there is one hundred percent of the membership present. Numbers aren't everything.

To remedy this fault of the vocational conference, the latest idea is to have required courses in schools and colleges which will accomplish practically the same results. Mr. Brewer says: "The class, 'Occupations open to College graduates,' will doubtless in the near future become an important study in the curriculum. It will aim not so much to help each college student to find himself as to help him to appreciate and understand the difficult problems of the world of work—problems which sadly need the intelligent thinking of college students."

Mr. Brewer continues by stating that if vocational guidance were made a part of the college curriculum, the problems of vocational life would seem more important to students and their interest and enthusiasm would be aroused.

"No work which the college offers would more effectively bind together the various courses of the curriculum, develop the ideal of service, make culture deeper, richer, and more valuable to humanity and equip the college student for his plain responsibility in the forma-

tion of economic and social ideals than more effective vocational guidance."

A vocational conference at Colby does seem far removed, we agree, but there must be something we can do to give ourselves this kind of training which according to all authorities is so necessary and beneficial.

Vocational guidance is not a fad, it is a practicality. It is becoming more and more common in communities and preparatory schools all over the United States. And up here in Maine some of us have scarcely heard of it. It might be possible to introduce vocational guidance in Colby's summer school which may not be an institution of the distant future.

In some schools, a vocational counselor is maintained all the year round to give or obtain all kinds of information. He would take the place of the student chairman of the Vassar conference. He carries on a voluminous correspondence with various business headquarters and procures from time to time speakers who represent certain special and valuable lines of industry.

Now it is true that Colby needs many things more, yea vastly more, than she does a vocational counselor. But might it not be a possible thing for a capable student under faculty guidance to assume that position? We are greatly inspired by the many persons of sterling character who visit Colby in the interests of the various religious movements, and we are proud that so many members of our student body find their life work in this way. If in the course of the college year Colby might entertain representatives of other kinds of work, more students might discover from what corner they wish to have their "light shine."

TO POPLAR LEAVES

Little poplar leaves,
Why do you cling so tenaciously
To your branches?
Your weaker brothers fled—
Fluttering, sideling downward—
Whirling madly upward—
Long ago.
The fierce north wind, gray clad in steely armor,
Battles with you,
Until you shrink back, shivering,
Pierced by his icy breath.
The rain sweeps in long diagonals past you.
The murky smoke of a cloud hovers low
And hangs, far back, in dusky fringes
Around the coppery horizon.

Little poplar leaves,
Do you remember the time
When you swung like golden pennies
In the sunshine,
And the gay breeze of August—
Arrant spendthrift—
Let you slip lightly between his fingers?
Little poplar leaves,
You are tattered, as if
Shot through by tiny bullets.
Think you that the soft-fingered south wind
Will once more play with you—
Or that the sun again will gleam
Upon your glinting surfaces?

Ah, little poplar leaves,
Your day is done!
The rough wind tears at you
To bear you to the ground.
And yet, your short life, I know, has not been all in vain;
For, lo, beneath you on the twig,
Little poplar leaves,
Protected from the storms
By your sorry tatters,—
Firmly, warmly wrapped in varnished cradles,—
Sleep the tiny, elfin buds,
The promise of another summer.

A WINTER IN NEW YORK

"New York gets you." This is the by-word of those who cherish the memories of a brief—all to brief, alas!—period spent in the big metropolis. And now, convinced of the inevitableness of it, I have taken up the cry myself. Who that has followed the drama for one brilliant season, attended the opera in

all its glory, shopped, (which does not necessarily imply buying) in the fascinating stores, and eaten in the interesting restaurants, did not find upon his arrival in his little home town everything dull, colorless, and uninspiring? Who that has madly packed into a few months all the advantages that New York alone has to offer, did not look with scorn upon any city but "the" city? Oh, all of you that have memories of bright lights and motley crowds, sympathize with me in my recent bereavement; for I, who have tasted the joys of one winter spent in New York, am now far away from the seething subways, in a country surrounded by mountains, so high that I can not even catch a glimpse of my beloved city.

Yet it is really impossible to get away from the salutary influence of New York. Every where are to be found people upon whom the big city has left its everlasting impressions. What more divine nectar can two people sip than that from the discussion of some play which both have seen?

There is one agent in particular that keeps my memories of last winter from growing dim or cold, and that is *The New York Times* which is so completely permeated with the atmosphere of New York that by reading the paper one can easily keep up with New York, and hence the world. Long live *The New York Times!* There seems to be, by the way, no need of reading new books and attending plays with the complete review sections in current periodicals.

By following up what *The New York Times* has to say about the drama,—what, for instance, the critics says of Ethel Barrymore in *Rosa Bernd*, of Galsworthy's new play *Loyalties* and of O'Neil's coming production, I have a confident feeling that I could talk intelligently with this season's theatregoers.

My recollection is also enlivened by seeing in print names of literary people or other persons of note whom I have met informally. My thrills in reading of them have been greatly aggravated since the occasion in which I met them. Why do we find it difficult to reconcile a famous man with an informal meeting? We conceive him as being different from ordinary people and are, consequently, somewhat disappointed when he speaks, acts and talks like other people.

When I picked up the November number of *The American* the other day and saw a story by Sophie Kerr, I reclaled immediately a lovely appearing, attractive, young woman who sat opposite me at the Theta Sigma Phi banquet at one of the hotels in New York. Of all the celebrities there, and there were many, including Blanche Colton Williams, I thought Sophie Kerr Underwood the most gracious. I remember that the quality of beauty in her face particularly fascinated me. I was amused when she smoked her cigarette after some of the older women in the field of Journalism at our end of the table had been loudly condemning the practice.

I am interested to see that John Faraar, the youthful editor of *The Bookman* is putting out a *Bookman Anthology of Verse, 1922.* I remember with keen amusement his embarassment when we, a group of members of the Women's English Club at Columbia University, did not unbend sufficiently to laugh at his jokes. He was accustomed to being laughed at. He was, consequently, ill at ease. Mr. Faraar has an interesting personality. It is said that he is one of the most feted young authors in New York. I marvelled that a boy in his twenties could occupy such a responsible position as editor of a leading magazine, especially when there was nothing ostentatiously remarkable about him. This youthful prodigy is interested in other young intellectuals and prides himself in having discovered some of our successful authors, such as Scott Fitzgerald and Milton Raison, the new, very young poet who depicts the sea in an unusual and strange fashion. This reminds me of a question. In this age which is partial to youth, is not the rising young author in great danger of being too much petted and thereby spoiled? To proceed with Mr. Faraar; I rather think he was slightly disgusted because we did not display more intelligence about contemporary literature. As students of English, we were obliged to spend most of our time in reading literature before 1850. I learned that one mustn't question the editor of a magazine too closely concerning the details of any recent novel. Quantity and not quality, seems to be the characteristic of their manner of reading.

Mr. Faraar read some of his poetry, which may be divided in two classes, children's poetry and free verse or rhythmic prose. The children's verses are really delightful. They portray clearly the mind of a real boy and express his personality better, according to my opinion, than his other poems. A native of Vermont, he knows how to picture the delights of a country boy. Like many an artist he does not appreciate the field in which he excels, but aims to perfect himself in a temporarily popular form. He appears to scorn his children's verses but rather occupies himself in experimenting with modern verse forms.

After he had enlightened us upon the activities in the literary world, we sat in a circle and sipped chocolate; while he endeavored to respond to our eager inquiries, albeit in a bored manner, I thought. I suppose it was because we were not "young intellectuals."

I remember other free verse writers whom I have heard read their poetry. I wonder if they do so in the mistaken belief that it helps to popularize their works. I thought Margaret Wilkinson hardly improved on her verse by her reading of it. However, as to the subject of free verse, I am prejudiced.

I see advertised a new book by Christopher Morley, "Where the Blue Begins." "Old Chris" incurred the enmity of the Men's Graduate Club at Columbia by accepting an invitation to talk to us after he had turned the men down. Mr. Morley is a natural born humorist and kept us in spontaneous laughter. I believe I enjoyed his humor more than his poetry. His poems deal with New York and suburban life. We became acquainted with the members of his family through his verses.

I have seen many photographs lately of "Ted" Shawn of the Denishawn school of dancing in New York City. I recall the splendid illuminating lecture he gave at the Three Arts Club on the history and development of the art of dancing. He is endowed with a free, easy manner, virile grace and a magnetic personality. Three of his pupils danced for us after they returned from their evening engagements at the theatres.

I could recount endlessly the associations I meet with every day that link my memory with some celebrity I met in New York. I read in *The Boston Herald* this summer a few poems written by a Columbia boy I knew; I was surprised to see one day on the screen a certain actress I knew in New York. I can always reckon on reminiscences of class room lectures, for I will perhaps always see mentioned the names of former professors of mine: Brander Mathews, John Erskine, the idol of the girls, because of his poetical qualities, I suppose, and Carl Van Doren, the eminent critic in American Literature.

ONE MORE CHANCE

"Oh! Fredris, why will you always leave everything until the last minute? If you had only told me a week ago that you would want a new dress for this party, I could have had it all finished. I'll do my best to get it done, but—"

"I know mother, you'll have to hurry, and I'm sorry, but I've got to have it."

Fredris McNeal leaned nearer the mirror, gave her jaunty little Scotch cap a saucy tilt, snatched up gloves and books and darted out into the keen, chill air of a frosty morning. She did not hear the weary sigh, or see the slight droop of the shoulders, or the care-worn lines in the sweet-faced mother, standing at the doorway behind her. Fredris was young, and the overflowing joy of youth had no thought for shadows and care.

Mrs. McNeal turned with a slow step into the cozy little dining room and began removing the remains of breakfast. Fredris always got up late and the breakfast had to be kept warm for her. Of course the work dragged into the morning hours a little longer, but Fredris didn't like to arise early.

The dishes were hastily washed, the sweeping and dusting dispatched, luncheon planned, and then the rest of the household duties were left to do themselves, while Mrs. McNeal unfolded yard after yard of shimmering, navy blue satin upon her cutting table, carefully

studied the pattern which Fredris had selected, laid it upon the rich folds of silk and cut out the wonderful party dress, designed for informal affairs.

All the long morning the busy fingers basted, hemmed and seamed, until out of the mass of fragments grew a modish skirt, ready for panels and blouse. The clock chimed twelve, and with a start Mrs. McNeal dropped her sewing and hurried out to the kitchen to prepare luncheon. Fredris was always cross if luncheon was late.

Presently a decidedly vivacious and energetic young lady burst into the kitchen.

"Mother, I've decided that I don't want that skirt plain. It ought to be gored under the panels and,—"

"But Fredris, I have your skirt all done. How can I gore it now? I've cut the pieces and it can't be changed unless I undo all that I have done."

"Oh! Well, if you can't, you can't; but I don't like it and it never will look any how. I wish to goodness I could have a dress once made as I want it!"

There was a minute of strained silence, then softly the mother slipped from the room and the daughter had rather an uncomfortable feeling that she had said something unfair to the best friend she had on earth. The impulse to make amends was strong, but pride and heedlessness caused a defiant spirit to enter the young heart. After a time Fredris's mother came out of the sewing room and held up for measurement two lengths of navy blue satin evidently once sewed together, but now taken carefully apart.

All through the afternoon, evening, and until midnight, the patient hands worked over backs, fronts, sleeves and other parts of the gown until at last it lay completed, a beautiful creation, which ought to gladden the heart of any girl. However, the next day, Fredris was too much excited and in too great a flutter over the coming party to realize that she had not told her mother that the dress was lovely.

A wan thin little figure waited into the wee small hours of the morning to close and lock the door behind a tired but happy girl.

"Mother, I've had such a wonderful time; but I'm awfully tired."

"I know you must be tired, dear. Your room is all warm and ready for you though."

Peacefully Fredris sank into the soft bed, her mother tucked the covers snugly about the childish form, turned out the light, and crept away to her own room.

When the morning came, Fredris awoke with the sense that something was radically wrong. The room was cold, no pungent odor of coffee greeted her nostrils, and a sort of uncanny stillness pervaded the house, broken now and then by soft, hurrying footsteps. Almost stifled by a great gripping sensation at her heart, the gay butterfly of the night before slipped out of bed, hurried across the room and opened the door into the outside corridor. The first sight to greet her eyes was a neat, trim white-clad nurse, hurrying toward the stairway. Uttering a wild cry, Fredris precipitated herself toward this efficient looking personage, bombarding her with a volley of questions.

"What's the matter? Who's hurt?" Where's mother? Why are you here? Why don't you answer me?"

"One moment, Miss McNeal. You must be quiet. Your mother is very, very ill, and the doctor says she can not live more than two days. Go and dress yourself, child!"

Stunned, crushed, blinded, Fredris stumbled back to her room. She did not feel the cold. She did not feel or see anything around her. All she knew were those horrible words—"Mother—can not live more than two days.' Her mother not going to live; not be here, not—not—; and she, Fredris, Oh! Merciful heaven, she had made her mother cry the day before over, yes it was true, over a mere foolish, paltry, petty thing,—a dress. It had always been thus. It was not the first time mother had cried; and mother had always had to hurry for her. Had there ever been a word of praise or gratitude for the innumerable deeds of loving kindness? Never! Now that little mother was ill, dying and she, Fredris McNeal, was all to blame.

Mechanically the grief-stricken girl dressed herself and crept down the stairs. Her father met her at the living room door and told her of the mother's sudden collapse. The doctor had pronounced it brain fever, caused by over work and worry. It was very serious and there was only a fighting

chance of recovery.

"Little daughter, it is up to you and me to fight for this one chance."

Fredris glided quietly into the little sewing room, closed the door noiselessly behind her and knelt beside her mother's sewing chair, whispering,

"Please, dear God, give me one more chance!"

The day wore away into the next and the two days multiplied to four, but still the battle between life and death continued. A week slipped by, followed by another, and so on, until three long anxious weeks had elapsed. Then, one night, the doctor announced that a crisis was at hand. All the night they waited for the play of Fate's hand. Just as dawn was crowding back the dark clouds of night, the pale, emaciated form of the sufferer moved convulsively. The doctor's fingers tightened upon the frail wrist. The pulse wavered, sank slowly for an instant, then came back a trifle stronger, increasing with each beat. The eyelids quivered and opened, the tender, mother eyes gazed wonderingly about for an instant, then the lips murmured:

"Where is my little girl?"

Fredris uttered a cry of mingled joy and relief, and, bending down, caressed the thin cheek with her burning lips. Then she slipped unobtrusively from the room. Straight to the sewing room door she went, opened it and once more dropped upon her knees beside her mother's sewing chair. A strange light shone over her whole face, and with tender penitent lips she murmured softly:

"Thank you, dear God, for this one more chance!"

PIG-WOMAN AND KNIGHT AS COMIC ACHIEVEMENTS

A special interest attaches to Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* because the play seems to be a direct transcript from seventeenth century life. In this drama Jonson applies his idea of "humours" in comedy to characters found at an English fair such as he himself must have visited more than once. The mood may resemble that of Plautus, but the material is English and of the soil.

Jonson reproduced the setting of his country fair with realistic accuracy. In fact, when one has once read the play, the impression that it leaves on the mind is as definite as a clever cartoon. For that reason the stage picture must have pleased audiences of that day, to whom horse coursers and pig-women, penny dogs and hobbyhorses were as familiar as Coney Island specialties would be to New Yorkers now.

In delineating the characters of this rural drama Jonson showed the same exact observation that he devoted to the setting. The persons who enact the humors of the four are lifelike to the point of mannerism. John Littlewit's speech betrays him for a conceited scatter-brain, Bartholomew Cokes is the perfection of a lout. In zeal-of-the-land Busy Jonson hits off the Puritans.

I have emphasized the realistic scheme of the play before discussing Ursula, the doughty pig-woman, because we cannot understand how Jonson made her, unless we have some notion of his technique. That Urse *is* a creation no one can deny who has once entered her piggish bower. Her flesh, her pigs, her unsavory talk, and her downright greasiness produce a Hogarthian effect that captures the memory. One has probably never seen her like unless he has been in Edinburgh on a Saturday evening.

When one tries to analyze Urse, he finds that not much goes to her making beside her unwieldly bulk and her talent for the repartee of low life, but Jonson makes the creature real. We can savor her and her "passionate pigs." Her "humour"—in the Jonsonian sense—so fits her pudding bag of a body that the mind can hardly separate the two. That Urse is laughable, however, besides being natural, does depend largely on outward things. It is again Jonson's cleverness in detail that produces dramatic absurdity. The pigs, the pig-pen, and the blundering Mooncalf are properties for Ursula's comic spleen. Hers is flat comedy, objective and conscious.

It seems hardly fair to set Urse beside Falstaff for purposes of comparison. Yet both are mirth-provoking beings and

belong to the low life of the older drama. Falstaff, though, had a sort of Puck in his mind that gave him an elfish quality, in spite of his mountain of flesh. If Shakespeare sometimes uses him instead of a clown in *Henry Fourth*, and makes his roguish escapades relieve the seriousness of history, the emphasis remains, nevertheless, on character. In saying this I do not mean to idealize Falstaff or to intimate that his "too, too solid flesh" melted and dissolved in spiritual dew. "Plump Jack" in some ways was as earthly as any pig-woman. He was a soldier of the King, but he loved sack better than trumpets, and was very much at ease in the Boar's Head tavern.

Still the fact remains that Shakespeare's method is that of the imaginative genius. He uses detail, but he informs it with his own fancy and fashions a humorous hero from the stuff of realism. Falstaff's scenes are essentially amusing because of the quality of his nature—the bent of his mind. The old rogue makes us see the world through the medium of his own personality and when he lifts the dead Percy on his back, he turns tragedy to comedy in a breath.

THE BIRD IN THE GILDED CAGE

I stood on the arched balcony
Of the villa. The night wind,
Drifting through the colonades,
Softly swayed the velvet curtains,
And gently lifted the palm leaves.
From below came the voices of the
Dancers, now and then audible
As they drifted near a window
And then lost again in the
Groaning of the violins.
As I watched, a pale moon floated
Momentarily from behind a cloud,
Lighting as it did so acres
Of luxurious grounds and
Grey masonry of the house.
From somewhere through the darkness
The mellow chimes of a clock
Sounded once, twice, and then was still.
At the last stroke of the clock
There was the sound of sliding doors,
And someone moved out onto
The balcony below me.
As I leaned over the balustrade,
Their voices drifted up to me
Plainly audible through the night air.
Vaguely I listened to their voices
Mingling strangely with the music,
And then, still conversing, they moved
Again to join the dancers.
"—only a bird in a gilded
Cage" were the words that trailed up
To me through the darkness and
Then all was lost again in
The weird strains of "La Paloma"
"Only a bird in a gilded
Cage." Yes, our hostess was only that.
Wearily I turned toward the window.
The moon had nearly set. Its pale
White beams flooded the vast estate:—
"The cage," I thought.
In the house the sound of the
Violins had ceased. The noise
And laughter of departing
Guests filled the air and blended
With that of Madam Jardin:—
"The bird," I thought again.

I stood on the arched balcony
Of the villa. The first grey streaks
Of dawn were creeping slowly
Up over the colonades.
The gay lights and laughter were gone.
Cold, silent, forbidding, the
Villa stood like a grey phantom,
Mocking at its former self.
Gradually the sun lifted
Itself above the horizon.
No sign of life showed in the grey house.
The bars of the cage had closed.
The bird was a captive.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE WOMEN'S DIVISION

About fifty years after Colby College was founded the trustees granted the privilege of its higher education to women.

Young women were first admitted to Colby in 1871 on the same terms as young men but in 1890 there was organized a division for young men and a

co-ordinate division for young women. The conditions for entrance remained identical. In class organization, rank, prize contests, appointments, and honors, the members of the two divisions were treated as independently as though the institutions were distinct.

Mary Caffrey Low was the first and only woman, in 1875, to receive a diploma from Colby University. For the next fifteen years the classes did not exceed five members. As years went on there was a gradual increase from ten or fifteen to twenty-six women in the graduating classes, until last year (June, 1922) forty-one diplomas were given.

The first house to be occupied by women was Ladies' Hall, the present Phi Delta Theta house, in the fall of 1885.

Palmer House or what is now Mary Low Hall, so-called in honor of the first woman graduate, was in 1891 a double tenant—one half occupied by Dr. Marquardt and the other half by college women. In the same year Dutton House formerly used as the president's house, then standing on the Foss Hall site, was opened to women.

In 1904 Mrs. William H. Dexter, realizing the necessity for a woman's dormitory, donated money for Foss Hall which was opened for use, September, 1905.

At present the women's division of Colby occupy as residents halls: Dutton House, Mary Low Hall, Foster House, and Foss Hall.

If organizations denote advancement the women's division of Colby has progressed rapidly in its half century of existance.

At the present date the organizations which are prominent are: Y. W. C. A., Literary and Dramatic societies, Student Government and Health leagues, Glee and Mandolin clubs, Aroostook club and International Relations club, besides publication of the COLBIANA and assisting with the *Colby Oracle* and *Colby Echo*.

As a result of the decision of the trustees of Colby College in 1871, many women have lived nobler and died happier and many others are now living with a broadened aspect on the meaning of life.

A TRIP TO THE WHITE HOUSE

As we mounted the stone steps of the White House, pride in my country, the country of my forefathers, thrilled me through. With a mingled feeling of reverence and curiosity I entered the open doors and crossed the wide corridor to the Blue Room.

Mrs. Harding's guard, whom she called "Major" drew up the chairs to form a smaller circle. He then left us saying that he would bring Mrs. Harding down and that she would receive us in the Red Room. While he was gone I had time to examine the room. Oval in shape, it is situated in the center, back of the building, opposite the main entrance. The windows look out upon a park which slopes to the river bank of the Potomac.

The walls of the Blue Room are hung with a ribbed silk of delicate blue, which matches the blue of the draperies and upholstery. The chairs vary in size, but all are ivory in color, adorned with gilt.

In the midst of my contemplation of the room a door on the right opened. We entered the Red Room in single file and gave our names to the major who then presented us to Mrs. Harding. She was dressed in a pale peach-colored georgette, with white vestee fastened at the throat by a small black velvet bow. A band of velvet, held by a silver clasp around her throat brought out the silver of her hair which was arranged simply. As she welcomed us the deep red tones of the room accentuated her grace and dignity.

We shook hands with her and were about to return to the Blue Room when she said, "Don't go girls. I should like to talk with you."

Delighted we lingered in the cosy room. As I leaned against a broad divan facing the fire place over which hangs a full length picture of Lincoln, she questioned us concerning our visit in the city. After a few minutes she

said that she must leave us for although she was the First Lady of the Land she had her work to do as other women. She told us that just then she was busy writing letters to her soldier boy friends. Her wide correspondence occupies much of her time.

We asked her if she would be willing to have her picture taken with us and she graciously assented. Anxious to have the best posible background for the picture she suggested that we go down to the south portico. We accompanied her down a flight of stairs at the left of the vestibule and crossed a broad corridor into which the guests enter at formal receptions.

When we went out onto the portico, we discovered that it was raining. Mrs. Harding said that there were two things that she did not like: rain and thunder. Consequently, we returned to the house, and were about to go out to the main entrance when Laddie, President Harding's Airedale, followed by a grinning colored boy rushed among us, almost knocking us over in his excitement. I managed to pat him severel times as he frisked about.

After our picture had been taken by newspaper photographers who had placed themselves in every conceivable position upon the balustrade facing the steps, Mrs. Harding asked us if we would not like to see more of the White House. She then left us and I was fortunate to catch another glimpse of her in the elevator, seated in a broad low chair.

I was dancing up and down for joy, figuratively speaking, because of the wonderful privilege she had given us. Evidently the major thought we did not appreciate it enough, for he said, "I hope you realize what an opportunity this is. I have been with Mrs. Harding for a year and a half and never before has she allowed any one, except her own friends, in her private rooms."

We first went down to the lower floor, where we had met Laddie, and we strolled along the wide corridor where large portraits of the presidents made the only spots of dark against the cream tinted walls. Potted palms relieved the barenness of the hall.

In the room corresponding to the Blue Room above, were kept the sets of dishes belonging to former presidents. I wanted to linger longer and examine the old china, but our guide was already leaving, and I did not care to miss any of the information that he might give. I followed the others to the State Dining Room at the right of the Red Room. The striking feature of the room was the wonderful hand-carved oak, brought from England, from which the table, chairs, wall supports, and even the floor were made.

On the four walls of the room were hung former President Roosevelt's trophies of the hunt, many large animal heads, which Mr. Harding soon intends to remove.

Adjoining the State Dining Room, and situated in the front corner of the White House is a smaller room, the private dining room of the family. It is simply furnished, similar to the dining room of a private citizen.

We passed into the corridor again, and from the Green Room at the left of the Blue Room, we entered the famous East Room. When the White House was first built this immense room was intended for a banquet hall; for it was supposed that the presidents, like English kings, would give feasts for their people. While in the process of construction the room was used by Mrs. John Adams, the first president's wife to live in the Executive Mansion, as a place in which to hang out her clothes to dry on wash-day.

The room is decorated in Grecian style. The ceiling is composed of three large panels and in the center of each hangs a massive crystal chandelier whose myriad lights are reflected in eight long mirrors hung upon the walls. The only adornment of the room, aside from the chairs which are placed along the walls, is a gilded, square piano. The floor in itself is beautiful, inlaid with various kinds of wood. Evidently the major was good at mind-reading for he said, "How would you like to dance on that floor, girls?"

Eagerly following our guide we ascended the thickly carpeted stairs to the second floor. We found ourselves in a broad hall which runs from end to end of the building, terminating with semi-circular windows. In that part of the hall to the left of the stairs is the desk of Mrs. Harding's private secretary. A

few feet away stands the old table formerly used by the Cabinet.

We went through several guest chambers situated on the front of the house. Lincoln's bedroom was furnished in the style of his time; that is, massive black walnut and marble. I have never before seen such a huge bed as his. It had a high, heavily carved head board. In the center of the room stood a small, round, marble-topped table, while against the wall was placed a bureau, with a long mirror in the center and odd triangular drawers at the sides.

In the oval room above the Blue Room, called the library, I believe, is found an odd collection of gifts and curios sent to President and Mrs. Harding from citizens of the United States, manufacturing firms, and officials of other nations. Curiously carved fans lay beside pipes carved even more strangely. Gold medals rested on huge chests of choice cigars, charming pictures of little children covered the book cases and cabinets filled with wonderful trinkets of all kinds.

In one corner of the room was fixed the president's private radio. Two men, presumably servants, adjusted it for us, but the only thing that we could hear was stock and market reports which are uninteresting enough to the average college girl.

In following the major to the left front corner room, we passed an open door at the left and were surprised to see Mrs. Harding writing at a desk facing the window. To our surprise and delight she said, "Come in, girls," and as if in a dream I walked into the bedroom of President and Mrs. Harding.

At the right were twin beds of wood. In the center of the room placed perpendicular to the windows was a huge, cushioned divan, and at one end stood a table on which was a large chest labeled "nut-meats." The room was furnished in a very ordinary manner, which rather surprised me at first. The furnishings, however, were chosen with an eye for comfort and cosiness.

Mrs. Harding talked with us for several minutes and when we were about to leave she asked the major to give us some roses, and she indicated those that were in vases in the room. I chose a beautiful deep pink one which I have carefully pressed.

After bidding goodbye to Mrs. Harding and thanking her for her hospitality, we were ushered out by the major.

It was too late for the sightseeing trip planned for the afternoon. But what of that? We had seen the White House!

DIARY OF A COUNTRY GIRL, TWELVE YEARS OLD

Feb. 9.

Last night I read in a book where the herorine wrote a diary and her mother nor anybody didn't know not one thing about it and she wrote just about the man that loved her and she loved him and the girls that were jealous and she wrote to the diary just as if it was a real person so I am going to write like her. I'm awfully tired so I won't write to you any more tonight. Diary.

Feb. 11.

Oh, Diary, I am so sorry but I just forgot to write to you last night and anyaway I couldn't cause nothing happened and Pris stayed all night with me. But, listen, don't you tell a soul, Diary, Charles gave me a great big And even the paper wasn't all crinkled like it would have been if he'd looked at it first to see if he liked it. All the girls that are jealous call him Charlie but I call him Charles cause he's older'n me and I like him. I didn't know before his hair was curly where it grows down long on his neck.

Feb. 12.

Pris says my brother is lots better than her brother. But I guess she don't know what I do, like the lolly-pop and everything. Her brother is Charles, Diary.

Feb. 13.

O, Diary I almost cried today right in school cause he wrote a note and passed

it to Sam and then Sam passed it to lolly-pop all whole right in school today. Jane and then they laughed. Sam won't tell me what it is either. He's the hatefulest thing. But my book says the course of true love never goes straight so I spose I am just suffering what everyone does.

Feb. 15.

Diary yesterday my heart was so grieved I couldn't write even to you or eat, or any thing 'cause Charles played "chase the squirrel" more with Jane than anyone else. Jane is using arts to win him from me 'cause that's just the way Therese does to Howard in my book. Jane is awfully clumsy, if she has got black curls. They are too crinkly to suit me any way. My book says all black people are bad so I'm glad I have got freckles. Diary, I must warn Charles of that black beauty just like Corinne did in my book. Gosh, that's a dandy book, Diary, and I hope mama won't find it.

Feb. 20.

Diary, Diary, Diary. I am so happy cause Charles walked way home with me from the school sociable. It was so thrilling 'cause the night was dark and my hero held my hand so I wouldn't fall in the mud puddles. Charles is the handsomest boy in this town and the most gentlemanly too.

Feb. 21.

Charlie played with Tilly when he didn't chase squirrels today. Some days I don't like him so well as when he plays with me all the time.

Feb. 22.

I wish Charles would clean his teeth because heroes should have pearly white teeth. O Diary, I wrote and warned Charles but mother found it and told me it was silly and Jane was a nice girl and I felt mad and then I ran away and cried. Now Diary, is my mother right, or is she cruel like Corinne's mother? I wish you could talk Diary.

Feb. 24.

I just took Jane down from her high horse today. She used artful and foul means to get Charles to play with her just like Therease but I just gave Charles some chocolate candy and then he played with me. We played Indian 'cause he likes that best and then he asked me what I wanted to play, so we played London Bridges and made everyone else play it too. Now wasn't he a hero?

Feb. 25.

Last night I finished my book. It was beautiful and sad just before the end where Corinne almost died and then Therease was sorry and saved her. It was wonderful how Howard took Corinne in his strong young arms and they lived happily ever after. My eyes are red with weeping.

Feb. 26.

Diary somehow I feel you shouldn't be a secret from my mama. I just feel I was doing something wrong everytime she does something nice for me. I wonder if mothers ever are in that book any way. Mama isn't cruel. And, Diary today I saw that Charlie's neck was dirty just like Sam's.

Feb. 27.

Today I saw Charlie tease Jane and I just know my brother wouldn't tease Pris and I told him so too and he only laughed and made fun of my grammy. O, Diary, I just hate that nasty boy. Sam is lots better, if he is my brother. I don't want to be like Jane and play only with boys' but I want to help mama and be an old maid.

MEMORIES OF PASSAMAQUADDY BAY

O, I love that quiet hour
When the mists come a-rollin' in;
When all the earth seems jest a-restin'
From her daily strife and din:
When the west is faintly gleamin'
With the sun's last lingerin' ray
And the mists come in a-rollin';
A-rollin' up the bay.
You kin hear the happy voices
Of the children at their play:
The songs of the birds a-singin'
There evenin' roundelay:

And the stars begin ter shine
And with the mists a-rollin' in
My—but it's mighty fine.
You kin have yer snow-capped mountains
A-towerin' to the sky,
An' yer prairies, lakes, an' rivers
That are pleasin' to the eye.
But give me the good old sea-coast
At the closin' of a day
Where the mists come in a-rollin'
A-rollin' up the bay.

HILDA

Hilda could hardly keep back the tears which came swelling up in her throat. Between the cabman's "get up ther' Nancy" and her companion's "Are you sure you are comfortable?" which words were uttered rather frequently, the poor homesick girl thought that her nerves would give way. Only once did she venture a question to the kindly old man at her side and that was to inquire how much farther that they had to go? Being told that there were only two miles more the girl settled back in her seat and tried to crowd back the thoughts that came rushing up to haunt her.

Hilda Welland, bereft of father and mother who had been killed in a railroad accident was on her way to live with her grandparents, the only relatives whom she had left.

The sight of the small town with its one dirty main street, its weather beaten houses and shabby lawns, which they had just passed filled the city girl with an unconquerable loathing.

For the hundredth time she asked herself why she had come. "Surely there must have been something I could have done in New York," she kept saying to herself. "I can't live here—it is impossible, but yet I can't go back."

"Well Hilda," the old man said, "We're pretty nigh ther. Ye'll like the ol' place after oncet you git use to it. Kin' o' hard for city gals to live in the country at first, but ye won't change the aurora borealis that the poets write about, for the great white way after ye're seen it oncet. No sirree bob! Then ther's that bicycle that your mother used to ride. Ben saving it all these years jest for May's girl when she should come all the way from New Yark to visit us. Many a time I've seen her coasting down that old hill" he continued dreamily, "till I thought to land she'd break her neck. I paid ten dollars for that machine and money came hard. Hope ye'll enjoy it," he questioned hopefully.

"I'm sure I will," she smiled bravely. "Anything of mother's will please me greatly."

When they arrived at the neat little farmhouse she was taken into the arms of the grandmother whom she had never seen and was laughed over, cried over, and made much of. This demonstration entirely changed her heart and all of the love which she had bestowed upon her lost ones she knew that she was going to give to these dear old people.

She had been there a month before she ventured to ride the wheel but finally —after several coaxings on her grandfather's part she tried it. Hilda smiled as she thought of what her friends might say if they could see her now riding along on a desert road on an old rickety bicycle. Peddling along as fast as she could, her mind utterly oblivious to all that was going on around her she did not see the automobile approaching at full speed. It rounded the corner just as she was about to turn. Then suddenly seeing the danger, she lost control of her wheel, everything grew black before her; she had the sinking sensation that something awful had happened and felt herself going down—down.

"You aren't hurt," someone was saying. "Get up quick and help me out."

Hilda looked up dazingly into the eyes of a dark complexioned young man. "What"?

"Never mind. I need your help. Do you see that?" he asked sharply pointing behind him.

Hilda turned bewilderingly and the sight which she beheld made her sick. A young man lay prone upon the road, apparently dead. The overturned car, a few feet from him told the whole story. Scarcely knowing what she did

she ran toward the scene and leaning over the prostrate one made sure that he was living.

Her benefactor was quietly giving orders and she nervously obeyed. Between the two they succeeded in bringing him to the former's home and there administered first aid. There was not a doctor within ten miles and not a telephone within two miles—but a doctor had to be called.

Suddenly the man said, "Look here. Can you take care of this fellow while I go for the doctor? I'll be back within twenty minutes."

During those minutes Hilda knew what it was to see somebody struggling in agony. The minutes seemed like hours but at last, with a sigh of relief she heard a car drive in.

The consternation and agony which passed over the old doctor's face when he beheld the patient, Hilda, never in her life, forgot. His exclamation "my son" told volumes to the two who were watching. With remarkable grit and determination the father went through the ordeal of bringing his son back to life. It was many hours before the crisis passed and then from sheer lack of nerves the doctor broke down utterly.

The days that followed were busy ones for Hilda for she spent a good part of her time with the injured man, going back and forth with her benefactor, Jack Livingstone.

Jack Livingstone, who was a young city artist, was spending his summer vacation on this New England farm within three miles of Hilda's home. He was medium height with dark hair and eyes and a clear olive complexion. He was a very likeable chap and during these mid-summer days while he was driving Hilda to and fro from the latter's home they became great friends. In fact he fancied himself in love with this blonde haired New York girl but she gave him no encouragement to tell her so.

The day came, when the patient, Laurence Beverly, was able to be moved to his home. Hilda received the news both with gladness and with disappointment, for, although she was happy to think that he had improved so fast yet she was reluctant to have him go. Waiting on him in the last few days had been a pleasure and she admired this young man more than she wanted to admit to herself.

When she entered his room on this particular day she found him sitting in a big arm chair by the window.

"Bravo!" she cried. "I've heard the great news and I'm so glad."

"I was hoping that you would be sorry," he smiled at her.

"Sorry? What do you think I—we have been working for?"

"Didn't you enjoy it?" he asked teasingly.

In spite of herself Hilda blushed, much to the amusement of young Beverly.

"You didn't answer my question," she said.

"You did not answer mine either" he retorted.

A few moments silence ensued then he said very softly, "Hilda, will you come over here a minute?"

Hesitatingly she went over to him and settled her self at his feet. "Why so serious?" she quired.

"Hilda, did I rave very much when I was delirious?"

"A little", Hilda confessed.

"Did I say anything about a golden haired girl?"

"Once, I think".

"What did I say?"

"You said," she said falteringly, "that you didn't want to kill your golden haired girl."

"I didn't kill her, did I?" he asked gently.

"Who?"

"My golden haired girl who sits so contentedly at my feet trying to make me believe she does not know whom I mean."

Hilda sprang up angrily, but he gently pushed her back. "Wait till I finish," he commanded.

"Back there in my delirious dreams," he continued, "I was always seeing a girl with golden hair coming pell mell toward me on a wheel. I was driving the car at full speed around a turn but somehow I never got there. The girl got mixed up in it somehow and I thought I had killed her. She always seemed to be screaming and I couldn't make her stop. The doctors said she must die so I prayed to die too, for I had killed my dream-girl the very first time I saw her. Then things got a little clearer and I realized it was I that was screaming,

but I couldn't get it out of my head but that you were dead. To tell the truth, Hilda, I didn't want to get well until I woke up and found you in the land of the living. Now I can't get well soon enough."

Hilda was deeply touched but she did not say a word. Beverly watched her closely but she did not raise her head.

"Doesn't that mean anything to you, Hilda?"

Slowly she arose and held out both her hands to him. "Yes, Laurence, it does, but please don't say any more now," and with that she left him, a little disappointed, perhaps, but nevertheless happy.

A month went by during which both the artist and the doctor's son made frequent calls on Hilda. One night in early autumn Livingston came to make his farewell visit for the sole purpose of proposing to her. Hilda sent him away with the promise that if he still cared at the end of a year he might come back, but she knew he never would come back.

Within that year both her grandmother and grandfather died and again she was left alone in the world. Did I say alone? No, not by any means, alone, for someone was watching over her and patiently waiting for her to say, "Come, tell me everything now."

A TRIBUTE

If I could do for others
One part of what was done for me—
If I could make some other woman
Look ever higher, for the good—
If I could give her confidence
To do the thing that must be done—
If I could teach her to believe in self
As strength untold, when trials come—
If I could help her to her best,
No matter what the pain might be—
If I could take her to the heights,
And keep her there, to truly live—
If mine could be a guiding hand
To make another's life more blest—
In short, if I could pass along
The inspirations given me—
This were a tribute well worthwhile.

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.

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

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

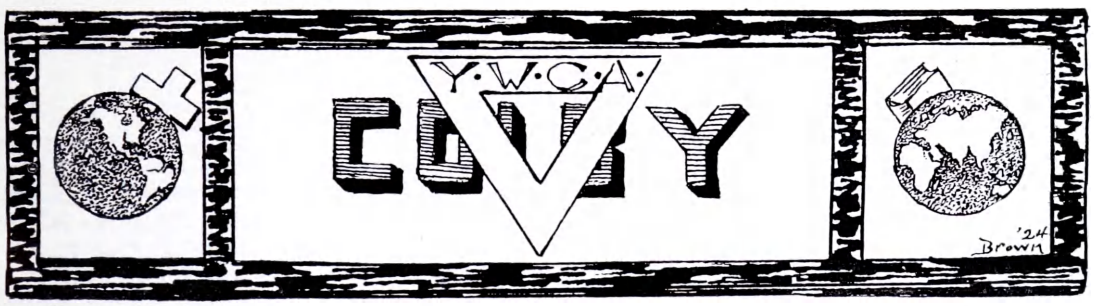
EDITORIALS

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you, one and all.

Christmas is upon us, and close behind it the end of the old year. The old year! What did you do with it? Were the past twelve months entirely satisfactory? Or do a few ghosts come back occasionally to haunt you of unkind words and thoughtless deeds, of harmful pastimes, and duties still undone? We are all bothered, more or less, by these unwelcome guests, troublesome reminders of our mistakes, and that is one very good reason why we should begin the new year right. The old year is dead. The past is gone forever, but the present is here, the present that is going to be to-morrow's past. Let's bury our ghosts and begin a clean slate. Let's make the new year such a success that a thousand backward glances, however searching, can't make us flinch. Let us resolve now that there will be no vain regrets when we check up accounts next December.

A stranger asked me the other day, "Do the girls of Colby have good college spirit?" I laughed and said, "Why, that's an unnecessary question." But just the same now, between ourselves, *have we?* College spirit does not necessarily imply "dabbling" in every college activity, because often in such cases we don't give anything much to any one of them. The question is—how much really constructive help do you give the activities with which you are affiliated? Because you can give constructive help if you will, and in your endeavor to do this lies the test of your college spirit. There must be something which you like

to do better than other things. Very well. Do that thing, and do it so well and so whole-heartedly that its department, whatever it may be, cannot fail to be greatly benefited by your interest and assistance. Cultivate leadership in the line of your favorite activity, devise innovations, introduce improvements. Get your whole heart and soul into your work and you will soon find that the effort expended is more than compensated by the benefits derived.



Dear Mildred:—I was delighted to get your letter and glad to see from the many questions you asked that you're still interested in Y. W. C. A. So I'm going to make this letter every bit Y. W., and tell you all the exciting and inspiring things we've done this fall.

To begin with, at the very first Cabinet meeting we chose Donnie Getchell to take your place as chairman of World Fellowship Committee. We're so sorry not to have you back with us, but Donnie's a good chairman.

Of course the first Friday we had the freshmen reception—as usual—only I think it was even more successful than usual. I enjoyed it more anyway. We had the nicest program; Marcia Davis sang, and Emily Barrows and Marion Cummings read, and Marion Johnson gave us a violin solo. Some of the new faculty ladies were here and we were glad to welcome our loyal friends again in the faculty ladies and advisers whom you know.

By the way, did you get a "Follow the Gleam" and a Y. W. Symphony last year? Chix had a campaign this fall and about all the girls bought them. I guess you could get one from her now if you haven't any.

Oh, Mil, Miss Hess was here! You know Miss Fjeril Hess who was song leader at Maqua. Well, she's on the board of the Woman's Press now, but she took time off and came to New England to talk to the colleges about the Student Friendship Drive. We were *crazy* to see her! We had a Cabinet meeting with the advisers and she spoke to us then, and in the evening at Y. W. She wore the embroidered blouse the "children" in Czecho-Slovacia had given her, and she was just as dear and convincing as she was at Maqua. She went to Maine from here and came back for Colby Day. You should have been at the "special session" that evening. Most of the Maqua girls gathered in Tilley's room and we and Miss Hess entertained each other with songs and stories until finally, when the "wee, sma' hours" were coming Miss Hess said, "Well, *children*, don't you think it's time you were a-slumbering?"

While she was here—we were dreadfully rushed for time—J. Stitt Wilson, the "Wandering Prophet from Berkley", was in Waterville. He came under the C. C. A., and they were very urgent that we should attend his lectures, and we were glad we did. He was one of the most interesting, wide-awake, practical speakers I ever heard. He spoke on "History", "Science", and "Revelation", and he proved by straight facts of history and scientific principles that the creatures that were bound to succeed and to endure were those with the most nearly Christ-like spirit. The chapel was packed every time he spoke, and it started everybody to doing some real, serious thinking.

I suppose you're wondering about the

new members. We had a pageant one evening to explain the purpose and the ideals of the Association. It was very pretty and impressive, and that night the membership campaign began. It has been a success—I think Anna said that all except six girls had joined or were going to.

The next meeting was the initiation service. I think it's lovely, don't you? The Assembly Room was decorated with a filmy triangle of blue and white streamers between the lights, and with boughs and flowers. Anna led the freshmen in and they lighted their candles while we sang, after they had taken the pledge.

I almost forgot—Miss Bryson, Br'er Rabbit, you know,—called at the hall about two minutes one evening. She was visiting Coburn, she's working with prep schools this year, so she came to the hall to see the Maqua girls, and to tell a Br'er Rabbit story, which we were overjoyed to hear. We were sorry everyone couldn't see her.

Another interesting speaker was Miss Grace Scott, whose work during the war was interesting the soldiers in the cantons in France. She has since given up her singing to tell young men and women in America some of the things that count in life, and that they must be true and pure and sincere. She is an unusual woman, and she spoke very sincerely.

One night we had a Maqua meeting, planned by "Warby". I wish you might have been here. It was in the form of a diary, and I almost thot I was back at camp. Ruth Allen spoke about Dr. Scott, and the Basket Ball game. Marion Cummings reminded us of the strange animal heard every night which finally proved to be Elsie Roberts of Bates blowing out her lantern. Thelma Powers and Louise Steele drew vivid pictures of the rain—you remember the rain, I trust—and Tilley made me feel all over again the quiet strength and beauty of the place, as we saw it in the meetings. I shall never forget Dr. Archibald's words, which she repeated: "Don't look at the lamp-post. Seek the inner light". We sang the Wheaton prize song and the Simmons song and ended the meeting with the beautiful musical benediction we learned at Maqua, "Peace I leave with you".

It was Y. W.'s 50th birthday November 12, and we had a birthday party at supper. A conspiracy had been formed beforehand. The lights went out suddenly, and the next minute, in marched all the waitresses—each bearing a cake with lighted candles arranged in a triangle. Then Melva told us about how Y. W. started, and when she had finished we all agreed with her that to its founders the world owes more than we can ever realize.

You must be wondering whether or not we did anything about Student Friendship Drive. We surely did! There was a campus-wide campaign. Mr. Whalen spoke to C. C. A. and at girls' chapel about the drive. We wanted to share Miss Hess with them but there was so many meetings while Mr. Wilson was here that we couldn't arrange for her to speak to them. There was the dandiest spirit during the whole drive! The Women's Division had "sacrifice week" and gave up movies, candy, shoe shines and such. Altogether we saved $46.13 by sacrifice. We combined the drive with "Week of Prayer" and at the prayer service each evening we had the leader read the amount of pledge money for the day by classes. The girls pledged nearly $150.00. The faculty contributed $53.50 and I think the men gave $200.00. So from the whole college that makes about $450.00. Isn't that wonderful?

Another thing which was planned at Maqua and which took place this fall was the Boston Conference. You remember how proud we Colby delegates were and how pleased everyone was to have the Maqua group decide to send our own dean as representative. She went to Boston over one week-end, and brought back a report as lucid and interesting as only Miss Runnals could make it, especially since it was a business meeting, and there were several complex groups of figures. They decided to have a separate organization for the Student division of Y. W. C. A., with its own officers and its own conference and everything.

Last but not least of our visitors and speakers was Miss Edith Sanderson, Student Volunteer Secretary, who came the last of November. It's too bad you couldn't have heard her,—you would have been particularly interested.

An innovation at Y. W. meetings is a special choir to lead the singing and to

sing at chapel once in a while. That was Chrix's idea, and a good one too.

Gracious, Mil, I've taken so much time! I'll just mention the lengthy business meeting with discussion of the budget (many pros and cons); a meeting of the Cabinet with the Advisory Board, for business; vesper services for Thanksgiving and Christmas with special music and speakers; and the Christmas carols—don't you love them?"

Well, old dear, you must admit that we've had a term cram-jam full of work and business and enthusiasm.

Hastily,
Your last year's roomie.

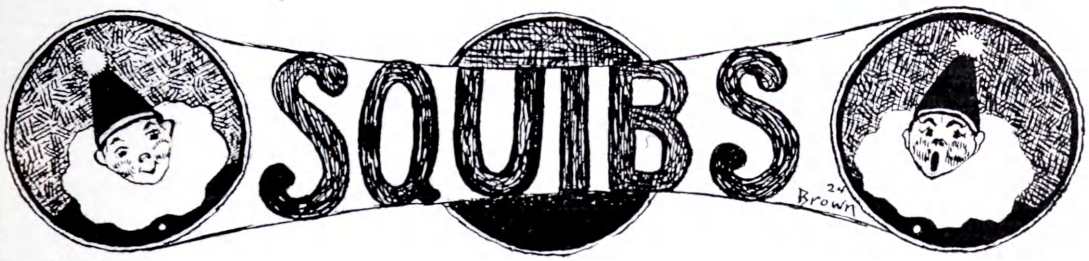
P. S. In case you've forgotten them, I'll just add a list of the officers for you to peruse at your leisure.

President, Louise K. Tilley; Vice-President, Anna Erickson; Secretary, Mary E. Watson; Treasurer, Arlene E. Ringrose:

Other Cabinet members:

Chairman Religious meetings committee, Melva M. Mann; chairman Publicity committee, Marion D. Brown; chairman Social committee, Thelma A. Powers; chairman Town Girls committee, Ethel M. Alley; chairman World Fellowship committee, Donnie C. Getchell; chairman Social Service committee, Lucy M. Osgood; chairman Music committee, Helen H. Pratt; chairman Bible Study committee, Louise L. Steele; President Maqua Club, Leonette M. Warburton! Student Volunteers, Avis Varnum, Leonette M. Warburton; undergraduate representative, Marion L. Cummings; assistant undergraduate representative, Nellie E. Pottle.

Advisory board: Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Bessey, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Chester, Mrs. Trefethen, Mrs. Carter, Mrs. White.



THEN THE TROUBLE BEGAN.

Maid—"A young man just called, Miss Doris, but I have forgotten his name. I can show him to you, though, for you have his picture in the bureau drawer.

—Widow.

She—"O Algy, you English are so slow."

He—"Er, I'm afraid I don't grasp you."

She—"Yes, that's just it."

—Brown Jug.

First Junior—"Did you get the second question in Calculus?"

Second Junior—"No."

First Junior—"How far were you from the right answer?"

Second Junior—"Five seats."

—Froth.

Lives of great men oft remind us
We can make our own sublime
And by asking many questions,
Use up recitation time.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

Barney Google—"Is your wife a club woman?"

Jiggs—"No, she uses a flat iron."

—Froth.

Old Lady—"I see that tips are forbidden here."

Attendant:—"Lor, Mum, so was apples in the Garden of Eden."

—Goblin.

"How did you manage to get home so early last night?"

"Oh I had tough luck. I leaned against her doorbell."

—Puppet.

A dance—A girl—a jealous friend
A stolen car—a plan to end
The Love affair—A kidnapped girl
The hero's head is in a whirl.
A gun—a cab—a frenzied chase
A shot—a scream—a low-down place
A cop—a fight—the villian dead
The boy—the girl—now go to—another movie.

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

He who laughs last is usually last to to get the joke.

—Tiger.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMEN.

Safety pins.
Whip-pins.
Hair pins.
Fraternitiy pins.
Diamond pins.
Clothes pins.
Rolling pins.

—Banter.

Here is some real food for thought,
I heard it at a recent ball,
'Tis better to be kissed and caught
Than never to be kissed at all.

—Whirlwind.

Room: "What was that noise I heard last night?"
Mate: "Must have been my cold breaking up."

—Lord Jeff.

Orchestra Drummer—I'm the fastest man in the world."
Violinist—"How's that?"
O. D.—"Time flies, doesn't it?"
V.—"So they say."
O. D.—"Well, I beat time."

—Chaparral.

Eco. (to class):—"Who establishes the law of diminishing returns?"
Echo (from the rear rank):—"My laundryman."

—Jack-o'-Lantern.

"My good man, you should begin at the bottom and work up."
"It can't be done in my line. I'm a grave-digger.

—Princeton Tiger.

American (pointing out the animals at a zoo to a Scotchman) "Now that is an American moose."
Scotchman: "Hout mon! What must American rats be likes?"

—Widow.

"What is infinity?"
"The place where all Math Profs go."

—Puppet.

"Do you know, our new minister is just wonderful. He brings home to you things that you never saw before."
"That's nothing; we have a laundryman that does the same thing."

—Pelican.

Embryo—"What was Hobson's Choice, Professor?"
Prof.—"Ah-er, why, Mrs. Hobson, of course."

—Octopus.

"You can't name one great man that your school has turned out."
"No, we always allow them to stay and graduate."

—Gargoyle.

Unsolicited letter to the Edwardsburg Corn Syrup Company:
"Dear Sir: Though I have taken six cans of your syrup my feet are no better than when I started."

—Goblin.

He (as canoe rocks)—"Don't be afraid; we're only ten feet from land."
She (looking around)—"Where is it?"
He—"Underneath us!"

—Chaparral.

Prof.—"Why should we read all of the best of the present day literature?"
B. S.—"So we can appreciate the parvelies."

—Punch Bowl.

"I see that your rich cousin who married Lord Lincoln was cut off from her inheritance."
"Yes, she took the name of the Lord in Vain."

—Gargoyle.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

The Health League this year is under the supervision of Miss Corinne B. Van Norman, the new instructor of physical education, taking the place of Mrs. Bertha M. B. Andrews, who is working in behalf of the alumnæ building. Miss Van Norman is enthusiastic about the work and has introduced many innovations.

The year was opened by a Health League picnic at the Quarry. An outline of the work was given so that the new girls might become acquainted with the work. Speeches were given by Miss Van Norman and by the health leaders of each class, Doris Dickey, '23, Helen Pratt, '24, Josephine Warburton, '25, and Edith Grearson, '26.

During the fall, outdoor sports have been in order. The particular ones are hockey, tennis and archery. Archery is new at Colby, being introduced by Miss Van Norman. Under the direction of Reta Wheaton, '23, the new sport has been enthusiastically received.

Hockey was an interclass sport and the games were played off November 11 and 14. The preliminary games were between the seniors and sophomores, freshmen and juniors. The seniors won 2-0 and the freshmen, 2-1. The final game played between seniors and freshmen was a victory for the seniors, making them hockey champions.

Tennis is also a favorite sport. A new tennis court has been added to the equipment making three courts.

Miss Van Norman has also introduced the plan of Saturday hikes with lunch out of doors. The object of this is to help in the winning of health league points. The committee in charge is Annie Brownstone, '24, chairman, Genevieve Clark, '24, Mary Gordon, '24, and Esther Holt, '24.

One of the most successful Colby Days ever given was that given on October 20 under the management of Lucy M. Osgood, '23.

The idea was different from that of other years. Each faculty lady and alumna in Waterville was personally invited by a member of the upper classes to be present. From five to six open house was held and the rooms of Foss Hall were visited by between seventy five and a hundred guests.

At six o'clock the doors were opened into the dining room, which was artistically decorated. The four class banners and a large Colby banner were in evidence on the walls of the room. The Hallowe'en idea was the scheme of the decorations and black and orange crepe paper were used in carrying it out. As each guest entered she was handed a number determining the group with which she should sit during the dinner. The tables had been removed and the chairs were placed in circles around a grinning jack-o'-lantern perched on a high tripod. The hostesses of each group were a faculty lady and a senior girl.

The dinner was served in picnic style. Between courses class songs were sung and speeches were given by some of the senior girls and the alumnæ. The main theme of the speeches was the alumnæ building for which everyone is working heartily. After these speeches, a farce "The Crowd" was given by the dramatic club. This, their first effort of the year, was very successful. A humorous stunt by the alumnæ followed. In closing the active girls sang an original song to the alumnæ. After this farewells were said, everyone agreeing that Colby Day, 1922, was one of the most successful ever held.

Plans are enthusiastically going forward for raising money for the new athletic building. The members of the Waterville Alumnæ Association are very active in their endeavors. They are now selling pencils and soap, with the assistance of some of the students. Everyone on the campus uses Colby pencils, and it is hoped that soon Colby soap will be as popular.

The Portland Alumnæ Association is to give a bazaar on December 15, and they hope to realize a large sum of money for the building. A new association has also been formed, the Connecticut Valley Colby Alumnæ Association, which plans to start immediately some new money making schemes.

The senior class of the women's division, with the assistance of several members of the other classes, is to present a Shakesperian play, "Twelfth Night," at the Opera House, Thursday evening, January 7, for the benefit of the alumnæ building fund. The cast of characters is as follows:

Duke Orsino.....Alberta Olson
Valentine .....Edythe D. Porter
Sebastian.....Leonette Warburton
Curio .....Lucy Osgood.
Antonio .....Mary Gordon
Sea Captain .....Anna Ericson
Sir Tobey Belch.....Helen Freeman
Sir Andrew Aquecherch..Myrtice Swain
Malvolis .....Helen Pratt
Fabian.....Doris Wyman
Feste, a Clown.....Marcia Davis
Viola.....Melva Mann
Olivia .....Mary Warren
Maria.....Josephine Warburton
Ladies-in-Waiting .....
.....Doris Dickey, Gertrude Fletcher
Officers ...Helen Dresser, Velma Briggs

The annual dance of the senior class of the women's division was held at Foss Hall, Saturday evening, November 25. The dining-room, where the dance was given, was attractively decorated in black and white, the class colors. The patrons and patronesses were: President and Mrs. A. J. Roberts, Professor and Mrs. Parmenter, Professor and Mrs. Burgum, Miss Nettie Runnals, Miss Corinne Van Norman, and Miss Mildred Wright. The representatives from the other classes were: Helen Pratt, '24, Elsie Bishop, '25, and Elvira Royle, '26. The dance was voted a great success.

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Literary	Myrtice Swain	Celia Clary	Genevieve Clark	Marguerite Starbird
1923	Edythe Porter	Thelma Powers	Elizabeth Griffin	Elizabeth Griffin
1924	Ruth Allen	Helen Gray	Dorothy Gorden	Dorothy Gorden
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1926	Elvira Royle	Eleanor Taylor	Ruth Jagger	Agnes Osgood
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Maqua Club	Louise Tilley	Leonette Warburton	Elizabeth Kellett	Elizabeth Kellett
Aroostook	Avis Cox	Ethel Harmon	Hazel Berry	Hazel Berry
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ATHLETICS	1923	1924	1925	1926
Hockey leader	Helen Dresser	Hilda Worthen	Nellie Pottle	Doris Dewar
Basket Ball	Doris Dickey	Ruth Allen	Marjorie Sterling	Dorothy Giddings
Volley Ball	Mildred Collins	Anna Erickson	Bernice Robinson	Christine Booth

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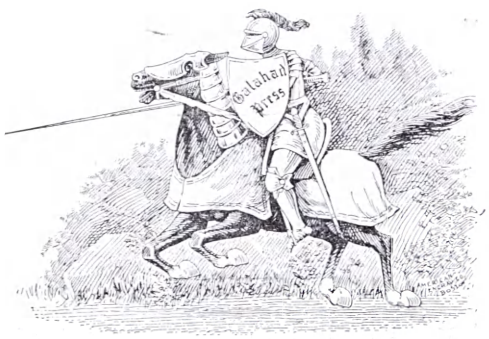

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