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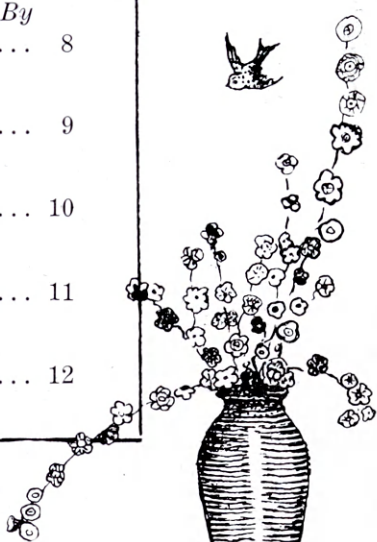
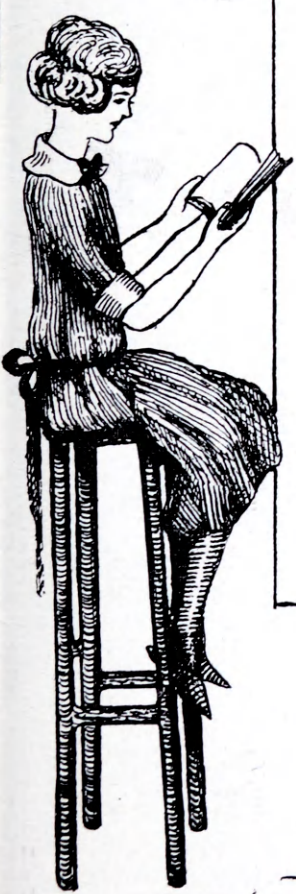
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THE COLBIANA

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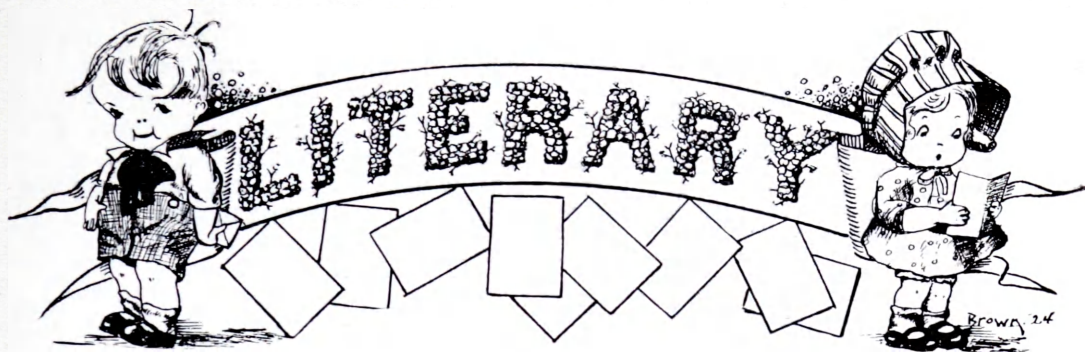
THE COLBIANA

Volume X

~~XI~~

JUNE, 1923

Number 3



THE TALE OF THE FISHER MAID

Down by the shore of Cape Cod lived fisher folk—simple but honest, laboring hard and sincerely, working to earn a living. In the colony dwelt a maiden fairer than all the others, lighter and gayer-hearted. Joyously racing the shore and leaping from cliff to cliff, the live-long day she danced and sang. The tasks of life were delightful. She worked and lived for the pleasure she found in action and giving to family and friends. She went on the boats with the men to fish. She mended the nets when torn. She went to the little shore town for supplies, and all whom she saw were her friends. Her smiles were generously given.

She needed no schools—the sea was her book. Lessons of patience and toil, of forbearance and trust and goodness—all these she read in the sand and the sounding waves. No other life she knew—no other surroundings craved. She was the queen of the village.

One youth there was, who was favored above them all. He alone might share with her the solitude of the sea. None other knew her secrets—none other could understand. Together they watched the gleaming path of the silver moon on the water; together exulted in glee when the wild waves tossed and the shore cliffs moaned—rejoiced in the strength and the force of the power which created, of the Nature they loved and revered.

All went well, till a traveller, lost on the winding sand path, came to the fisher's settlement and asked his way to the mainland. Only a question and answer, and a searching look of surprise

in the faces of man and maiden. He was a college-bred man, he said. He must return that evening. But the eyes of the beautiful girl would not leave his yearning and troubled soul. Back he went to his duties, the endless gay social round. Back, and he often wondered—wondered—what happiness meant.

As for the girl, she no longer cared to roam on the shore gathering sea-weed and pebbles, watching the moon with her lover. Her heart was gone from her people—she longed to be out in the world—with society's music and laughter—where men looked older and graver—dark-haired—and serious with knowledge. She hated the smell of the fish-nets—the boats were no longer appealing.

One day she decided to vanish—she accepted an old invitation to visit an aunt in New Hampshire, in a summer resort in the mountains. New clothes, new customs, new manners—her aunt furnished her, with instructions. New friends, of the sort she had wished for. Men who were caught by new faces and turned from their former companions—who rode and who walked and who murmured phrases strange and new, yet quite charming.

Then the crown of all joy to the maiden—the man she had seen at the seashore also was one of the party. He taught her to dance like the others. He rode with her, swam with her, read with her, till the heart of the radiant girl was almost bursting with gladness. She never thought of her people but to wonder at their contentment. She could

not tell how she existed in all her former simplicity.

At last at the end of the summer when the guests were all turning city-ward, the aunt begged her niece to go with her, to society's season of winter. Before she could answer a clear voice called her name and she hastened to go to the man of her dreams—her dark-haired and carefree attendant. "Good-bye, little sweetheart, and thank you, for the pleasant vacation you've given me. Congratulate me, for I'm going to meet my betrothed at the pier. She has been travelling since April—abroad for the health of her mother. In December we shall be married, so never another summer shall I spend as I've spent these few

months. Good-bye!" he said blithely, and left her.

Shocked and stunned and bewildered, she staggered away from the window—leaning against the mantel, she tried to believe it a dream. Her hand touched a hard, rough object. She lifted her eyes. 'Twas a seashell, a huge pink couch from the ocean. Sadly she picked it up and held it close to her ear. Sweet music she fancied of wavelets lapping the soft sands and beaches. Then as if she were hearing a voice sweeter than any mortal:

"Down by the sea we're waiting—
The surf and the sand and the foam,
And a youth who is sad with longing—
Waiting to welcome you home."

REFORMING THE FLAPPER

"I don't know what we'll ever do, John. If girls were only like they used to be in my day, it would be easy to bring them up, but they certainly are not. It seems only yesterday that Marie was a little girl with pigtailed down her back, but now she is a blasé woman of the world—a flapper! The very word makes me shudder. Lately, too, she is simply infatuated with Billy Brown—that empty headed, good-for-nothing. He has even left college now—too lazy to finish, I suppose, and his people are certainly not in our set. The young folks have taken him up though, as they take up every new fad—chiefly because 'he is the image of Rudolph Valentino and is a Heavenly dancer' as I heard Estelle Mayberry telling Marie." Mrs. Merrill paused for lack of breath, not of words, and waited for her husband to speak.

"I've been thinking it over too, dear, but I don't believe things are as bad as they seem. Marie is at the impressionable age and I believe can be influenced one way as well as another, although I admit that we have not succeeded as yet. At any rate, I have a scheme.

"When I was up to visit Al Mountford last week, I met his son. He is certainly different from Billy Brown in every way. I admit that he is not very good looking, but he has plenty of money, which will be a big factor in Marie's eyes. He is a quiet young man with excellent manners, more like the young person of your day and mine, my dear. In fact, his father says that he has never had occasion to find fault with him on any grounds whatsoever. I have invited him down for next week and I hope that we can get Marie interested in him. Sh-h, here she comes now."

"Hi there, Old Dears. How are they this morning? Oh, Mumsie Darling, is my rouge put on all right? Too much? Oh, gee, I know better than that. Just wondered if I had enough. This grapefruit is the snake's back bone. Don't use so much slang? Can't help it, Pops,—everybody does it!"

"Marie! If you would only talk sensibly. I do wish that you would at least drop such a horrible manner of speech next week for your father is to have a young man visit him for the week—a *very* nice young man who is also very rich."

"Uh-huh, doesn't sound so dusty. But, something must be wrong if you call him *very* nice. What's his handle?—Aw, I mean his name," in answer to her father's inquiring look.

"His name is Algernon Mountford, Marie, and I know you'll like——"

Marie's giggle interrupted her father. "Algernon—what a name! I can see him now." Marie again was overcome by uncontrollable laughter.

Her father and mother left her in disgust, but they lost no opportunity though, during the time that preceded Algernon's arrival to speak of his numerous good qualities.

Algernon finally arrived with his valet. He certainly seemed to be a model of perfection. Even his money failed to attract Marie. Her parents did not abandon hope, however. They urged Algernon to stay a week longer and planned to give a large party in his honor. Marie agreed readily to this on the condition that Billy Brown be invited with the rest of her "set". Consent was grudgingly given, by her mother, but Billy was finally on the list of the guests.

The night of the party found a gay

crowd of young people assembled. Male gether. Marie even gave Algernon together. Marie even gave Algernon the first dance—a fact which greatly encouraged her parents even though she gave Billy much of her attention after it.

Mrs. Merrill finally decided that he was getting too much of it, so she went in search of Algernon. She found him alone in the conservatory, but he seemed in a kind of stupor as if he were ill. Mrs. Merrill ran quickly for her husband who hastened to Algernon with her.

"What, what can it be—is he dying?" gasped Mrs. Merrill.

"Dying, a pig's necktie," said her angry husband, unconsciously using some of his daughter's slang. "He's drunk—just plain drunk." Saying this, he gave Algernon a none too gentle shake.

"L-l-eave me a-alone. I-I'm a-all-in—just a little f-failin', I have. Hic. Hope y-you don't m-mind." With this Algernon again succumbed.

After Mr. Merrill had helped him to his room he found his wife and they stepped out upon the piazza to discuss the downfall of their idol. He was certainly a fallen idol in Mr. Merrill's eyes for that good man was a worthy prohibitionist. They were about to begin their conversation when the earnest tones of a boy and girl sitting just inside an open window attracted their attention.

"I've had a great old time since that fool, Algernon, has been here. I've shocked poor mother and dad worse than ever, but he is a simp and I know that he's not the angel that he pretends to be because I know a girl who is well acquainted with him. He's a sneak and a cheat. He

even gets as drunk as a fish at times and that's something that no boy in our set does. The older folks think we are awful, Bill, so we have to live up to our reps, but we know where to draw the line and we do have to have our fun."

"We sure do, Marie. I know it all right. I'd die, if it weren't for the good times that I can have with you girls and the fellows. You know how I left college because I couldn't stand having dad 'work so hard to put me through. My father isn't a rich man like yours, Marie. He just works in the mill for a weekly wage. Now, I'm working with him and it's hard work too, but I'm earning enough for next year's college bills and I'll appreciate my education. You kids are great to me, I don't have the money to spend and you know it, but you're all mighty good."

"I think you're doing great Billy, to work so hard. I think older people are so silly now-a-days. They forget that they were young once themselves and they just get their minds made up that we're doing wrong anyway, although there's not a bad boy or girl in our set."

"Well, I guess we're to blame too, Marie. We forget to make allowances for the older folks. But after I get through school, we won't even have to pretend to shock people. We'll live our own lives then, Sweetheart, and they'll be good lives too, together. And we'll remember how to bring up our children so they won't have to be flappers."

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill moved softly away, but their ideas on the flapper were changed. Algernon left the next morning.

ON BORROWING

It is hard to cite a custom of college life which is more convenient and beneficial than that of borrowing. Think of the numerous students who could never reach their senior year if it were not for borrowing. Think of the great opportunity for the developing of a generous spirit which he who possesses desired articles would miss if he only made use of them himself and never shared them with those who are less fortunate. Think of the pleasure he would miss if he never could admire the effect which his coats, sweaters, hats, and shoes produce when worn by his friends. Think of the thrills he would lose if he could never see how gracefully another can run on his snowshoes which had been borrowed the month before. And with the boundless joy of these sensations there has been omitted the satisfaction which can only result from the writing of borrowed

ideas on a quiz or thesis paper and from the realization that a passing mark will be received. Such thoughts are as painful as those the seniors cherish when for the first time they realize that for them final examinations are only one instead of three hours in length.

Borrowing is not confined to either division of the college, but is, as is often said of entertainments, "enjoyed by all." It is reported that just recently one Colby man was heard to say to another, "Say, show up with that coat before this afternoon, will you? I want it myself." And an interesting tale is told to the effect that a certain college man noticed the same evening dress at ten different dances, each time becomingly worn by a different young lady.

At Foss Hall one of the chief courses of amusement is to wonder who will wear What's Her Name's sweater next

or to guess who So and So is when only her back is visible. And, when a visitor from Maine, Bates, or New Hampshire State is Colby's guest, Foss Hall is shocked if by any chance that visitor has brought with her any of her own belongings. Why! such a thing is really unbelievable, for, pray, what are sorority sisters for if not to fit one out with a respectable looking wardrobe when one goes as a representative to some other chapter?

Certainly the person who established the institution of borrowing should be sought for with the utmost diligence and congratulated. Washington is honored for his leadership of men, Lincoln for his understanding of men. But to the person who discovered the ability to borrow should be awarded even higher honors, for did he not give to men the wherewithal to get real enjoyment and benefit out of life?
ment and benefit out of life?

AN OLD TAVERN

Relic of the past you stand, empty, silent,
tumbling;
Windows shattered, doors unhinged,
chimney old and crumbling;
Sagging roof and blackened sides; grass
grown tall and slender;
Sad reminder of the past and your
former splendor.

Silent now the halls that knew laugh of
lord and lady;
Empty now the old inn-yard with tangled
growth grown shady.
Once the clinks of glasses rang, mixed
with joyous voices,
When the stage-coach clattered through,
stopping there for horses.

Once you looked on awesome sights—
soldiers, drums a-beating;
Once your walls were witnesses of many
a secret meeting.
In those stirring days of strife, how you
must have trembled
When you saw a red-coat band in your
halls assembled!

Now strange sounds awaken you who so
long have slumbered;
Railroads dash their noisy way where
the stage-coach lumbered.
Yet hallowed still by mem'ries of another
generation,
Alone, unchanged, you mark for us the
progress of a nation.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER

If the old man in the moon could only tell what sights he sees, what words he hears and how many heartaches he is witness to, he might have saved John Crawford and his family from many of those self-same heartaches. If this old moon could have told John Crawford how natural and fitting it was for his daughter to leave her southern home and marry that assuming young Yankee perhaps he would not have been as harsh with her. At the same time if Josephine Crawford could have read the anguish in her father's heart the night he bade her never to enter his house again I doubt if she would have left. But sad to say, that brilliant planet forever holds its aloofness and allows all earthly beings to drift where they will and whether it is into the high depths or into the low depths he continually smiles at their weakness.

John Crawford, a wealthy proud, Southern colonel had lived happily many years with his wife and only child Josephine, in his old colonial home, which was shaded by many locusts trees. He

was so used to having the management of the household run just as he wished it that he took Josephine's engagement to Clarence Boyer, a young Harvard graduate, with a bitter resentment. The girl, very much like her father in every way was as much aggrieved over her father's resentment as he was over the engagement and forthwith decided to marry at once. Nevertheless, when John Crawford told her that she should never enter his home again if she married a Yankee, the haughty southern girl, torn between two loves, for the first time in her life pleaded her father's mercy. It was of no avail, however, and when Mrs. Crawford tried to reason with him his wrath surpassed all bounds; so the daughter went out of her girlhood home forever.

That was two years ago and tonight Colonel Crawford was living over the bitterness and anguish of those two years; for tonight the family had received a telegram from the north saying that Josephine was on the verge of death. Mrs. Crawford had taken the first train

to New York but he could not go. Had one asked him why he could not have told him for he had wanted to go; his stubborn defiance which had plowed its deep furrows into his whole being these many years cried out "No," so he had remained. And now, the man was walking back and forth among the sweet-smelling locusts; his heart torn with an anguish he had never known before.

His daughter was dying tonight without his forgiveness; dying far away from the home which he had forbade her ever reentering again. Time and time again he tried to crush out the remembrance of that look on her face when she bade her mother good-bye for the last time. Again and again he threw out his arms in a hungry appeal to the heavens above and prayed with all the fervor of his starved heart to save his daughter for him; As he prayed a strange peace came over him and the calm sweetness of the southern night found its way into the man's tortured soul.

Presently he felt a soft light touch of a woman's hand upon his brow and looking up he saw Josephine smiling down upon him.

"Dear father," she said, why are you grieving so?"

Somehow it seemed so natural for her to be with him that he did not question her appearance there.

"Oh, Joe, girl, I thought you would never come back. Promise me that you will never leave me again. I've missed you so much. I've wanted you so." He made as if to clasp her to him but still smiling she drew back.

"Don't go away from me," the man pleaded. I didn't mean those angry words I spoke so long ago. If you only knew how I've suffered.

"Yes, I know," the girl answered. I've suffered too. That's why I came back."

"You are never going away again? You've come back to stay? Your poor mother—where is your mother, anyway? Did she come back with you?"

Still the girl wore that same strange smile. "No, she did not come with me but she is coming back soon with my year old baby. They are coming back to stay and take care of you. My baby will be such a comfort but you mustn't grieve any more for me. I did wrong to leave you as I did so you must not blame yourself. Instead I want you to forgive me for breaking your heart like this. Please tell me that you do before I go back."

"Forgive you? Forgive you? There is nothing in the world I wouldn't forgive you—"

"It's only a delirious dream," some one was saying. "It's nothing to be alarmed about. See, he's waking up now," and Colonel Crawford opened his eyes in the

land of the living and found himself in his own spacious bedroom.

"Josephine," he murmured, "where is she?"

"She is coming back, soon," his wife answered.

"Coming back?" Then as his brain cleared he asked, "When did you come back?"

"This morning."

"But Josephine—"

"She is gaining fast."

"Yes, she was here last night. Why did she go back?"

The woman smiled. "You have been very ill for the past two weeks. Delirious, you know. Joe wasn't here last night, husband, but she is coming soon."

"Yes, she was here. She said you were coming with the baby. Is the baby here?"

"Yes, I brought the baby. I'll bring her in later."

Later in the day when the old man was able to sit up he wanted to talk continually about Josephine.

"It's funny," he said, "about that dream. I thought I was in the garden when she came to me. I wonder how I happened to fall?"

"You were ill," his wife answered, "the butler found you and brought you in."

"Joe seemed so real. Do you really suppose she'll come back to me?" he asked with a sigh.

"Yes, I'm sure of it. You see she had the same experience as you for she too dreamed that you came to her and asked her forgiveness. The dream was so real that she immediately improved. It was a case of mental telepathy, that's all. Your heart was always linked so closely with her's."

Colonel Crawford could not guess with what an effort his wife told this lie to him. Had he known that she had laid to rest their one and only child two weeks before it would have killed him, and although the poor mother's heart was broken she kept her lips framed in a smile when she entered the sick room. The woman knew that she told him no untruth when she said that he would be with his daughter for as she looked at the haggard wan face before her she felt what the doctors only feared, that he would not be with her long. The longing for Josephine had been too much for him to bear and she knew as she looked down upon that broken spirited soul that the haughty and stubborn pride which she had borne patiently these last two years would be the death of him. As she stood there trying bravely to face her fate the man opened his eyes and smiled up at her.

"Josephine—" he murmured.

"Is coming," the woman repeated mechanically.

"Has come," the man contradicted with a smile.

Last night another life went out into the unknown sphere leaving behind it a woman broken-hearted and alone who prayed that it had met that other one which had escaped two weeks ago.

A PSALM TO THE NEAR AT HAND

Blessed is the man who longeth not for
far country,
Who remaineth in peaceful blessedness
at home.

He passeth the days of his life with his
family,
And seeketh not the acquaintance of
strangers.

He sits by the hearth which has warmed
his forefathers;
He readeth the Book which his father
has read.

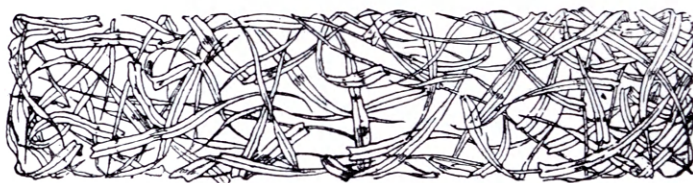
The days of his youth are spent in filial
obedience,
The nights of his age in thoughtful
reflection.

He complaineth not of the wideness of
the world,
Nor sorroweth for the unreachable dis-
tance;

He hath an heritage of everlasting con-
tentment,
He knoweth that distant lands are lonely.
He rests in the confidence of his neigh-
bors,
And seeketh to be glad among those who
are friendly.

Daily he prayeth to God for guidance,
And is thankful for the comforts of
comradeship:

So all his days are passed in gladness,
And he rejoiceth in his love for those
things which are near at hand.



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

EDITORIALS

Chained, chained, ay, chained for life, —yet not a criminal. The walls rise higher and higher each succeeding year, yet, there are always gates which are frail, but tenacious, as a spider's web and there is no escape. Try as we may, we shall never again be free from the chains and fetters that Colby is winding about and around us,—winding, slowly winding, but never locking. O, if she only could turn the key and make us secure how confidently we could live. But this she cannot do.

Yet, why? Has she a right to make prisoners of us?

Never again shall we be free—free to go back to think and dream, and live in our yesterdays. We can never again be so irresponsibly happy and so delightfully regardless of others. Colby has cut and crossed the wires and the lines of communication with our youth will not transmit clearly again. Every word, and thought, and action that we associate with our past selves is now modified by the ideals and teachings that she sanctions. Her standards bound us on every side, they chain us even while they strengthen us.

From the day that we said good-bye to our home town and boarded the train

for Waterville we have belonged to Colby. We are no longer free to be ourselves—now we must broaden and deepen, generously receive and freely give. Because we have come to Colby for assistance we must give ourselves to her. She will not ask for what of us in harmony with her ideals—she is here to serve and the service that she renders binds as it builds. She has given us a telescope with which to view the world and its society and she has given us a microscope with which to view ourselves. We have used them, some of us more, some of us less. We can never be free to choose our way because Education will intervene and claim its own.

We are held with chains of golden links—some of justice, some of truth, some of love—that will not let us go.

Prexy said one day in chapel
 And we think it no idle prattle
 "Fooling yourself and not playing fair
 Is like cheating in a game of solitaire."

Did you ever stop to think of the numerous ways which you can and do cheat yourself during your college career and how, every time this happens, your college loses too?

If you make no attempt to attend Literary society and Y. W. C. A. think of the help and influence you are withholding. These things are worth while. You can't afford to miss them.

If you don't fill the grand stand seats at the college game, if you don't exercise your lung-power to spur you teams *on to victory*, you are not doing your part to foster college spirit, and you will find that same spirit sadly lacking in yourself.

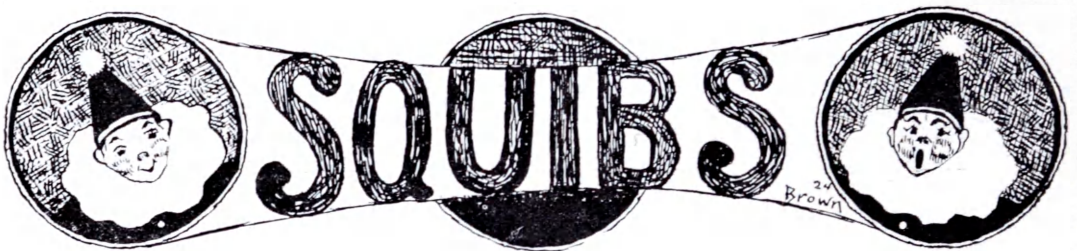
Don't cheat yourself. Contribute something to the COLBIANA—a short story, a poem, a joke. Better your college paper and in doing so increase your own efficiency and enthusiasm. It will be a task worth while the doing.

Crack your books! If you can fool the

professors into thinking that you know what you do not, if you can cram the last minute and get by, don't think that you are fooling yourself. Sooner or later the fact will dawn upon you that you are a—cheat. Don't wait tolerantly for your professors to patiently expound truths which you can easily find for yourselves.

Go out for athletics! Make your class teams! Don't cheat yourself from the benefits derived from them. Try hard for that championship cup and whether victorious or defeated you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you tried.

Come back to college in the Fall with the determination to play the game—to play fair—to be square to yourself and to Colby.



Diner: "I want some raw oysters. They must be neither too large nor too small; not too salty and not too soft. They must be cold and I'm in a hurry for them."

Waiter: "Yes, sir: Will you have them with or without pearls, sir?"—*Black and Blue Jay*.

Husband: "Name the kid anything but Bill."

Wife: "Why object to Bill?"

Husband: "Recalls unpleasant part of college!"—*Punch Bowl*.

Employer: "Did you have any difficulty with him?"

Assassin: "No; his heart was in the right place."—*Pelican*.

"I suppose she gave up her music when her husband died."

"No; she still plays, but only on the black keys."

The new "gob" was telling some of his experiences to his chum on his first leave of absence.

"Do you know, Bill," he said, "a ship is a funny place. The first day I enlisted, I was standing around doing nothing when the captain yelled, "All hands on deck.'"

"What then?"

"Oh, nothing, only some one stepped on mine."—*Jack-o Lantern*.

Toastmaster, at banquet of the faculty:

"Long live the teachers."

Thin young instructor—"on what?"—*Juggler*.

Don: "I'll examine you carefully for five dollars."

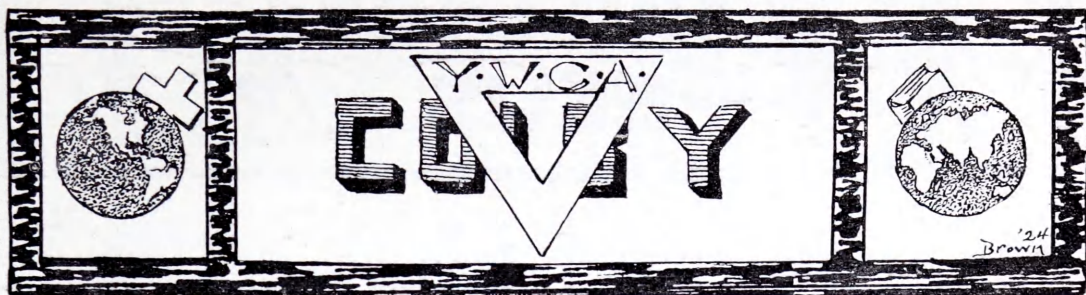
Customer: "All right, and if you find it I'll go fifty-fifty with you."—*Burr*.

I've often stopped to wonder
At fate's peculiar ways;
For nearly all our famous men
Were born on holidays.—*Tiger*.

"I wish I vas as religious as Sammy."

"And vy?"

"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer he can't get 'em open ven the collection box comes aroundt."—*Bison*.



PART OF A CERTAIN CONVERSATION

Alumna—"How about Y. W.?"

Foss Hall Girl—"Y. W. is just great. We have elected a most efficient staff of officers, headed by the all capable Anna Erickson, and we had the prettiest installation service you ever saw.

"The first great help that the new cabinet received was from the visit of Miss Young, field secretary of the National Y. W. C. A. She spent a few days with us, and we hated to see her go, so much good advice and benefit did we receive from her. At different times she talked to the whole association, the big and little cabinets, chairmen of committees, etc., and imparted to us many helpful ways of increasing and sustaining interest in our Y. W. As all the girls say: "She's a peach!"

Alumna—"And what kind of meetings have you had?"

Foss Hall Girl—"Oh, our meetings have been pleasingly varied and most interesting. The first Y. W. gathering under the new cabinet consisted of a very successful "sing" of the association hymns, led by Grace Fox.

"Then the seniors delightfully entertained at a Turkish coffee and this was followed at the next Association meeting by a Turkish play, "Under the Crescent." Not only was it very well given, but it convincingly depicted to us the crying need of American missions in heathen Turkey, whose condition is like many others and which shows that the lives of many more American men and women must be devoted to the service of bringing Christ's teachings to these foreign fields.

"The next meeting was in charge of the freshmen. Miriam Tyler read the Scripture and Irma Davis read "The Way" which was very impressive and inspiring.

"Our Y. W. C. A. was fortunate in se-

curing Miss Florence Norcross, director of religious education at the First Baptist Church, to talk to the girls at the meeting on May 15. The subject of her lecture was 'Preparation and Service.' Miss Norcross told about the school of religious education in Chicago, which she attended, and pointed out the good in the realm of service that is being done by graduates of this school. The talk was greatly appreciated by the girls.

"The short meeting on May 22, was featured by a discussion of "The Soul of Poetry" by Eleanor Howes. There were readings of short and beautiful poems given by several of the girls."

Alumna—"Those must have indeed been good and profitable meetings. What else is coming?"

Foss Hall Girl—"One of the next important Y. W. C. A. affairs will be the tea to be given on June 1, by the juniors under the auspices of the World Fellowship Committee. The junior class has chosen to portray the religious and moral situation in China and so the Chinese tea will be strengthened by the presentation of a short play, "Broken China," which is bound to arouse among the girls more enthusiasm and interest in foreign missions.

"Perhaps Y. W.'s greatest work for the rest of the college year will be in conducting rallies and urging Colby girls to do their utmost to attend Maqua. Those who have been to Camp Maqua have so aroused the rest of us with their stories of fun and inspiration found there that we are all eager to go, and can hardly wait to get there.

"I think it is the unanimous opinion of the association members that our Y. W. has had a most successful year, and the cabinet wishes to thank the girls for their strong support and interest."

So here's to our Y. W.! May it ever continue to flourish and prosper!



The Panhellenic association held a very pleasing and successful dinner dance in the college gymnasium on May 5. More than one hundred couples were present and enjoyed a dinner which was followed by a dance.

The committee in charge was Myrtle Swain, chairman, Helen Gray, Marion Drisko, Marion Johnson and Evelyn Rushton. The proceeds were used to pay the expenses of the Lyceum course given last winter under the auspices of the organization.

The annual Coburn Prize Speaking contest was held in the chapel on May 21. The addresses were well written and well delivered. The prizes were awarded to Melva Mann, first prize of \$50, Marion Brown, second prize of \$25 and Donnie Getchell and Mary Gordon, third and fourth prizes of \$15 and \$10.

This contest is held for the encouragement of public speaking among the women of Colby and the prizes are given by Louise Helen Coburn of the class of 1877. This year Miss Coburn has increased the prizes from fifty to one hundred dollars.

Ivy Day was observed by the women's division on Saturday, May 26. Doris Dickey was mistress of ceremonies and gave the address of welcome at the opening of the exercises at 2:30 P.M., Annie Brownstone, as chairman of Ivy Day, presented Dean Runnals, to whom the exercises were dedicated, with a gift of a pair of hammered silver candlesticks from the class of 1924. Following this a Japanese masque, "The Sun Goodess" by Constance D. MacKay was given under the supervision of Doris Wyman and Melva Mann. The setting was carried out by decorations of fir boughs and cherry blossoms. The dances were given in costume and were skilfully interpreted. The cast was as follows:

"THE SUN GODDESS.

The Sun Goodess.....Mary Warren
 Usume, the Celestial Dancer. Clara Ford
 Ito, a Lyric Philosopher.....
Elizabeth Larrabee
 Ha So, an Artisan..Marguerite Starbird
 KotoViola Jodry
 A Ku Re, a Poet.....Helen Pratt
 Akimo, a Young Man.....Lucy Osgood
 O Saña San.....Louise Cates
 HasuMarion Johnson

AsonoEdythe Porter
 ToyaMarcia Davis
 The Willow Maiden.....
Rosamond Cummings
 The Soul-of-all-the-Butterflies.....
Doris Wyman
 The Soul-of-the-Wisteria.....
Evelyn Rushton
 Rice Maidens, Souls of the Cherry Blossoms.
 Other Maidens, Souls of the Wisteria Villagers children.

After the masque there was a processional march led by the seniors in cap and gown. Edythe Porter, president of the senior class, conducted the planting of the ivy. She then presented the trowel to Ruth Allen, president of the junior class. After the acceptance the seniors sang the class ode.

Much of the credit for the success of the exercises is due to Annie Brownstone, who worked untiringly as chairman of Ivy Day.

In the evening an out door performance of "The Tempest" by William Shakespeare was given. The play was under the direction of Professor Carl J. Weber and the performance was highly successful. The cast is as follows:

"THE TEMPEST."

Miranda, the daughter of Prospero.....
Marion Cummings
 Prospero, rightful Duke of Milan.....
Anna Erickson
 Ariel, a spirit in Prospero's service....
Mary Ford
 Caliban, a savage, deformed monster...
Mary Gordon
 Ferdinand, the son of the King of Naples.....Celia Clary
 Gonzalo, an honest old counsellor at MilanEthel Reed
 Alonzo, the King of Naples.....
Donnie Getchell
 Sebastian, the brother of Alonzo.....
Mary Watson
 Antonio, the usurping Duke of Milan, brother of Prospero.....
Carolyn Hodgdon
 Trinculo, the jester of the King of Naples.....Ruth Allen
 Stephano, the drunken butler of the King
Marion Brown
 Supernatural Spirits under Ariel's command..Rachel Conant, Helen Gray, Esther Holt and Evangeline York.

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