



12-1923

The Colbiana vol. 12 no. 1 (December, 1923)

Colby College

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

 Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

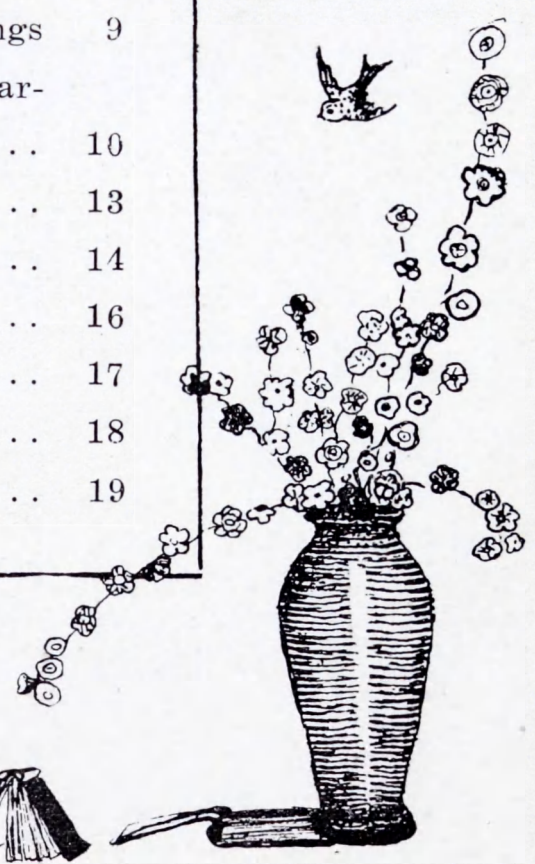
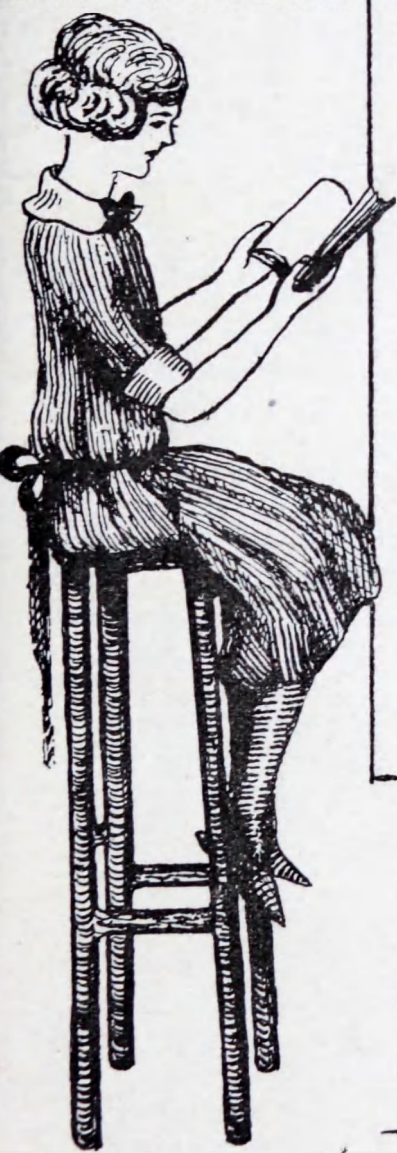
Colby College, "The Colbiana vol. 12 no. 1 (December, 1923)" (1923). *The Colbiana*. 49.
<https://digitalcommons.colby.edu/thecolbiana/49>

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

THE COLBIANA

CONTENTS

| | |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| Colby and the American Association of University Women, Dean Nettie M. Runnals | 3 |
| Serenity, Marion Johnson | 4 |
| Lavender, Agnes Brouder | 4 |
| Today or Tomorrow, Doris Dewar | 5 |
| Way Down in Maine, Vera Ellen Fellows | 6 |
| Mareta Trent, Dorothy Austin..... | 6 |
| How I Felt the Day I Went Crazy—by a Tomcat, Evelyn Gilmore | 8 |
| Hiking Song, Marion D. Brown | 8 |
| Loyalty or Disloyalty, Marion Cummings | 9 |
| A Year's Reading, Ernest Cummings Mar- riner, Librarian of Colby College..... | 10 |
| Aircastles, Olive Lee | 13 |
| Editorials | 14 |
| Y. W. C. A. | 16 |
| College News | 17 |
| Squibs | 18 |
| Directory of Undergraduates | 19 |

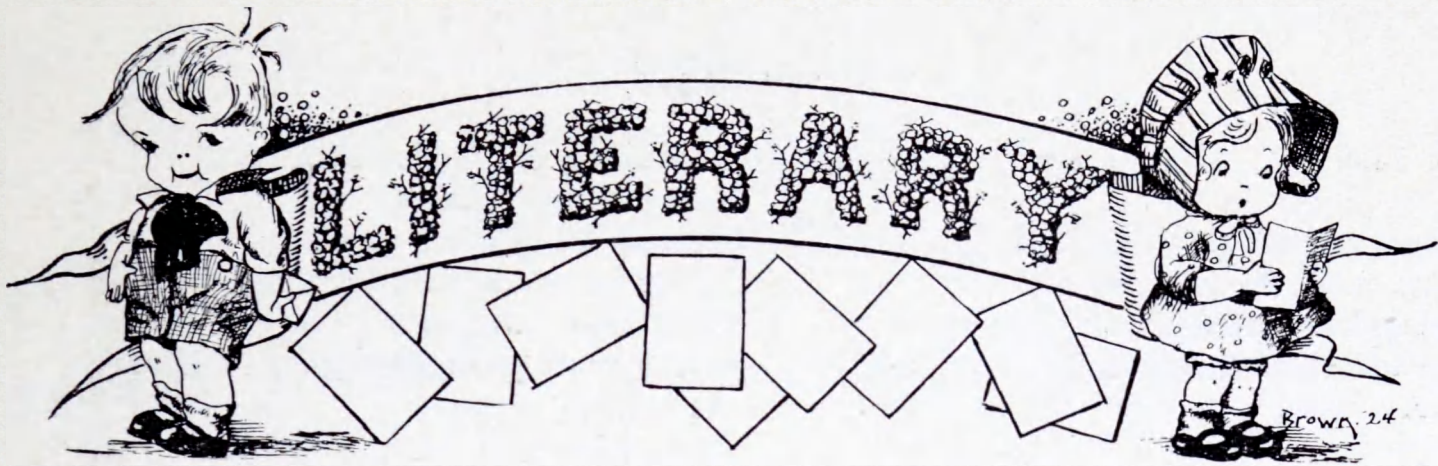


THE COLBIANA

Volume XII

DECEMBER, 1923

Number 1



COLBY AND THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY WOMEN

If there is one Colby woman who does not yet know what happened last July at Portland, Oregon, it is a pleasure to be her informant.

At the annual convention last July the American Association of University Women admitted Colby College to full corporate membership! This means that Colby graduates in any land or clime are eligible to become members of the various local branches of the Association. Colby women in other lands will not, to be sure, join the American Association, but they will join some organization which is a part of the International Federation of University Women.

The American Association of University Women is one of the largest and most influential organizations of women in the country—in this day of many organizations. College and university graduates are supposed to have received training which makes them capable of greater service to society than can be given in the main by women who have not had such training. Upon leaving college, each Colby graduate will, it is to be hoped, find a place that she can fill better than any one else. Her individual efforts will help a bit in making this old world better. But in the present state of society individual efforts are

not enough; each Colby graduate must ally herself with those forces which are definitely pledged to strive to accomplish those results in which she believes. She must give to those forces her faith and her "works."

The American Association of University Women has selected for its distinct task certain rather definite achievements in Education, feeling that more can be done by limiting its energy to one field. A program is being developed by a paid Educational Secretary, and results are sure to be attained if college women rally to the support of the project. Only within a few years has the Association been able to afford salaried officers to devote full time to projects in the field of Education, and only by the sustained interest of an increasingly large and loyal membership will the continuance of such work be possible.

As Colby women your first duty the minute you become an alumnae is to become members of the American Association of University Women. Since this is an alumnae organization (it was originally called the Association of Collegiate Alumnae) undergraduates are, of course, not eligible. Local branches cooperate with the national organization, attempt to keep themselves informed on current topics in Education and interest themselves in local educational

problems. These branches often raise scholarship loans for worthy students in their vicinity. All members of local branches must first be members of the national association. If you are in the vicin-

ity of a local branch attach yourself to it. If you carry on there with even half the energy and loyalty you show as undergraduates, your branch will be a guaranteed success.

SERENITY

Quick dusk. All the day leaden-hearted,
Wearily along the street
I trudge, seeing only darkness,
Feeling only discouragement.
Glancing heavenward
I see vapors swirling about
A star.

Obscuring the day's realities,
Softening harshness,
Making of discord harmony,
Bringing peace to a troubled soul—
Gray thickening mists
Are a gleam with the lights of home
At last.

LAVENDER

In the garden reigned a great stillness, such a stillness and silence as seems a perfect tribute to beauty. It was that holy hush that is a part of the moonlight night in June.

Suddenly a merry little breeze flitted lightly through the garden. It was a caressing little breeze that stirred and woke all the life of the garden and whispered of the coming of the fairy queen. Each year she visited the garden and from each plant genie received an account of the work it had done since her last coming.

There was a flutter of fairy wings. The queen and her band stood poised before the roses. They lifted their bright heads proudly as the genie spoke.

"My blossom is the queen of all flowers. She is admired by rich and poor. She is the favorite of many."

"And thou, my pansy?" questioned the queen. The genie of the pansy plant cried gayly, while each little pansy raised its pretty, saucy little face.

"Everyone likes us. The children especially love us. They think we look so much like people."

"You, also, are favorites, I suppose," said the fairy, addressing the genies of the lily-of-the-valley and the sweet pea.

"Yes, the bride desires our blossoms for

her bouquet," they said with modest pride.

So the queen went from one plant to another and from each received the story of its popularity. Even the hollyhocks drew themselves up against the old brick wall with more dignity as their genie primly stated that its flowers gave great distinction to the garden.

Last of all the queen questioned the delicate lavender genie which hung its head as it replied.

"My queen, I am not like these others. I am not popular. People regard my flowers as old fashioned. In times gone by I was a favorite but now, alas, I am neglected, forgotten."

The poor little fairy wept to think it had so failed its queen.

"From only one have I received attention this long year. One day the master of the house was walking in this secluded part of the garden. He seemed very troubled and sad. Suddenly he looked down at me and exclaimed.

"'Lavender, mother's favorite.'

"Then he picked one of my blossoms and pressed it to his lips. As he walked away I heard him murmur:

"'No, mother, no. I'll never do it now. I knew it was wrong, but I tried to deceive myself. This flower—'"

The little genie stopped and looked sadly at the queen.

"That is all I have to tell you, my queen."

The queen tenderly regarded the sweet lavender.

"My little fairy, you have pleased me most. These others had nothing but words of praise for their own beauty. Not one told me of a good act it had performed.

You alone have in your humility done a great deed. You alone receive the praise of your queen."

There was a flutter of wings. A great stillness reigned in the garden. The flower fairies slumbered except one little lavender genie away off in a secluded, forgotten corner of the garden.

TODAY OR TOMORROW ?

In a graveyard on the outskirts of a large city stands a small, insignificant stone bearing these words:

"Take the Cash and let the Credit go."

No name, no date, nothing mars the surface of the rough granite save this short quotation. It is a warning to all those who chance to read and can understand. Yet countless people, young and old, hopeful and discouraged, pass it by, granting it only a casual, curious, reading. Those who, sensing something deeper than the mere carved words, stop to look more closely and to think, soon go on their way shaking their heads in perplexity. And the stone stands on, a silent incomprehensible warning.

The sod around its base is soft and green. A tiny bed of wild flowers blooms courageously in its strange surroundings. Yesterday as I was walking meditatively just before sunset I discovered why. Kneeling before the small spot of color was a woman. She bent low now and then to smell the sweet blossoms or to uproot some vagabond weed. She had thrown aside her hat and her hair was neither gray nor black but a mixture of the two. Her skin was a deep cream color. The black she wore was not particularly becoming.

As I passed by very close to her, I hesitated. "That is a very beautiful collection of wild flowers you have there," I ventured.

Her eyes were blue. I had ample time to see that while she contemplated me silently.

I felt that an apology was due.

"I am very sorry if I have intruded, but I am so very interested in all kinds of flowers that I couldn't help but stop to admire

yours and ask you how you have succeeded in making them grow so wonderfully here." With this I started to walk on.

"Forgive me if I have seemed rude," she said and her voice won instant forgiveness, "but I thought you were just another prying busybody come to ask me foolish, trying questions about the stone and its unusual inscription. It doesn't seem as if I could stand any more of that." The gray-black head was lowered for a moment and then—"Of course you may ask about my flowers and I will tell you all I can, although I really have no secret formula for making them grow. I just come every night about this time to water them and pull out the weeds, and they do the rest."

"Was it much work to transplant them all from their various haunts?"

"Oh, John always did that. You see I've always had a wildflower garden at home. He knew how I loved them and one day when he came to see me he brought me some yellow daisies he had dug up and we set them out in the yard. After that he was always hunting for something new to bring me. But all that seems so long ago."

She broke off abruptly. I broke the silence.

"You loved him greatly, didn't you?" It was a mere supposition on my part.

"Of course," she answered simply.

"And it goes without saying that he loved you immeasurably."

"Oh, can't you see? That's the torturing pity of it." It was an anguished cry. "You see I wanted to be married long before he would consent to it. It was only because he loved me that he refused. Of course I can understand that. He wanted to give

me the things I had been accustomed to, and more. But I, I loved him and cared nothing for the material gains he made so much of. And now all the waiting and longing has been in vain. Oh, I tell you it doesn't pay to live only for tomorrow, neglecting today. Today is; tomorrow may never be. Plan for tomorrow, but live for today. It is a lesson worth learning.

"The stone? It is merely a reminder to those who can understand.

"The flowers? I will gladly give you some any time you care to come after them."

I thanked her and walked slowly away. I knew not her name nor her dwelling place. I carried away with me only her new found philosophy of life.

As for the stone, to those who understand it, it says, "Which will you choose: tomorrow or today?"

'WAY DOWN IN MAINE

I've traveled 'round a tiny bit upon this
world of mine,
Yet always I am glad to cross the good old
border line.
There're grander states and richer farms,
But nowhere are there half the charms
Of Maine.

The hills rise sharply to the sky, now green,
now brown, now white
While sun and moon and stars smile down
and gladly share their light.
Wee bubbling brooks race to the sea
In happiness that they can be
In Maine.

A mighty ocean spends its force on ragged
crag or bluff,
And picturesquely falling back roars angrily,
"Enough!"
While forests high their branches lift
For just to live they find a gift
In Maine.

Still best I love the people in this Pine
Tree State of mine,
For nowhere do they grow so kind, so true,
so sweet or fine.
And so I ask to spend my days
Among the hilly, wooded, ways
Of Maine.

MARETA TRENT

Things had reached a danger point in the Trent household and Mareta and Donald were saying things to each other which hurt and for which they would be sorry later. For Donald and Mareta were still very much in love with each other. Donald was beginning to find out, however, that Mareta had some very disturbing opinions about matters that were of fundamental importance to him.

Their quarrel really was over Donald, Jr., who, at the time, was sleeping peacefully in his crib upstairs. Donald claimed that Mareta neglected Donald, Jr., and Mareta was equally firm in declaring that she did not.

Mareta was sitting before her mirror combing her soft auburn hair and arrang-

ing it in alluring ringlets about her forehead when Donald came home from his office. He burst into the room ready to tell Mario—as he called her—just what he thought about accepting so many week-end invitations. But Mario's cheery, "So glad to see you dear," made it hard for him to start in.

"Confound it all, Mareta!"—he only called her that when he was troubled, "don't you think we might stay at home over one week-end for a change?"

"Why dear, what's the matter?" Mareta exclaimed, "you don't want to miss the Mathison's invitation. You know Mr. Mathison is up in his line of business and he might be of great help to you sometime."

"Do you ever think, Mario dear, of how we neglect Donald?" her husband asked. "Women have changed I guess. My mother would scarcely dare to be away all the evening when her children were small; and now women go away on visits of three and four days, even weeks, leaving their children in the hands of a trained nurse, it is true, but a person who surely would not feel the same responsibility, the same care. Oh Mario, I can't just explain how I feel about it, but I want our son to realize as he grows up that he has a mother and a dad who are interested in him."

"Why, Donald, how perfectly absurd you are today! You're just all tired out I know with wearisome old business. Of course I love Donald, but I am young, dear. I don't want to stick at home and hate myself when it isn't necessary. Women have changed I think. They have grown to feel the real importance of the individual. After all, how much are parents repaid in the end for all their worries and cares?"

As Mareta spoke she powdered her nose and began to fasten on her long jade earrings, stopping long enough to throw a kiss at Donald who was standing in worried perplexity behind her. "Don't worry any more old dear," she said, "I'm just as true a mother to Donald as your mother was to you, only this is a new era and the whole idea of the responsibility of a mother has changed."

"I'm afraid it has," Donald muttered, "but darn it all, it's unnatural, Mario. Don't you ever wonder when you are away how Donald is and what might happen if he should be taken ill? I'm not a prude; perhaps it is that I want more of the society of my wife and son that makes me look at the matter so seriously. Why Mario, we haven't had an evening together this week!"

Donald stood near the dressing table as he spoke and half playfully, half seriously tilted his wife's face so that he might look straight into the blue of her pretty eyes.

"Donald, don't say such funny things," Mareta exclaimed. "Why, we have all the rest of our lives to live together. That surely ought to be enough."

"Things sometimes happen, dear, you

know," Donald answered rather shortly—for he was hurt.

Mareta, however, was intent on making her jade earrings hang just as she wished them and her husband's offended air escaped her.

So in spite of Donald's protestations, they had accepted the Mathison's invitation. All day Saturday, however, the thought of Donald, Jr., worried Mareta. It was silly to think about him she knew, and it was selfish of Donald to make her worry in this way. If he had kept his thoughts to himself she would have been all right and not be making so many bad plays in the card game. "I believe in having a good time when you can take it," she comforted herself.

Somehow Donald had seemed awfully aloof to her that day, and it hurt Mareta, for she loved him. In fact his fine ideas were what she adored in him. She admitted herself hopelessly carefree. The present was what counted with her and she would have to let the future rest on Donald's broad shoulders.

The next morning she awoke to find that Donald had gone home. Word had come late the evening before that the baby was ill, and Donald had asked that his wife be not disturbed about it. Immediately Mareta was frantic. What if Donald, Jr. should die?

When she reached home, the house was dreadfully silent and the maid who answered the door looked very serious.

"Oh tell me, Jane," Mareta cried, "How is he, my Donald, how is he?"

"The doctor and your husband have been with him all night," Jane answered. "We almost feared the little one might die." As Jane spoke two tears formed in her eyes. "But the doctor says there is some chance that he may live."

"Oh let me see my baby," Mareta cried. "He can't die."

"The doctor has given strict orders that none, not even the baby's mother should be allowed to go upstairs."

Mareta flung herself onto the divan in the front room, her mind in a wild daze. The world seemed unreal, black. Soon she felt two arms thrown comfortingly about her.

"It's all right Mario, it's all right," Donald told her.

Mario pressed her tear-stained cheeks against his cool face. God had been too

good to her, she felt. "Oh, Donald," she murmured, "I understand now what you meant about a true mother. I understand."

HOW I FELT THE DAY I WENT CRAZY

By a Tomcat.

Whow! I awoke with a start to the tune of a noisy buzzing inside my ears. Then I realized that all is not gold that glitters, because the tiny streaks of gold on the kitchen floor, toward which I stretched my paws proved to be only the sunlight. I licked my paws, shook myself and lazily came to a standing position, but that golden spot began to move and dance in weird fantastic figures across the floor. Queer doings. My eyes, always considered bright enough before, now refused to focus correctly and seemed to be confusing several inanimate objects of yellow all at once. Queer tingling sensations kept vibrating through my body, and my legs moved in a grotesque fashion. When I shifted my weight onto my front paws they kind of collapsed and in a few minutes my hind paws reversed.

My mind was connected with my body to the extent that when I thought "walk," my legs began to move and before I could realize what was happening, I was flying out of doors into the open air.

Away I raced as if inspired by some evil spirit which called me toward the Hiel's

garbage pail. I actually laughed because I sensed just what I was going to do without really getting the sting out of thinking it all out. Revenge! Always since Mr. Hiel threw a stone at me, was I going to tip over his garbage pail and mess up his back veranda. After I viewed that unholy wreckage, the lust for battle increased, from my head even to the tip of my tail. On my way from the veranda I meet a common, yellow bob-tail. But with awful hissing and spitting I kept her at a distance, keenly enjoying the battle.

I decided to wander homeward, but my legs began funny maneuvers so that my front left paw was limp and sidekicked while the other three worked on the bias! I can't explain the frightful agony which clutched my heart when after a short skip and yowl, my pedal action ceased and I just lay down to die.

My last thought before I lost all consciousness was, that never again would I help the master fool the madam by lapping up the dregs of liquor which he spilled when he opened his favorite brand of home brew!

HIKING SONG

Oh let us up, and on our way!
All blue and golden is the day;
The clouds with dancing breezes play.
The road's before us!

The way leads shadow-flecked ahead;
The dust lies warm beneath our tread;
The maple leaves are flaming red.
The road's before us!

Gay asters smile up to the sky;
The goldenrod its wealth holds high
To share it with the passer-by.

The road's before us!

The road leads up and up—away;
There, far below, a farmhouse gray,
A lake, green meadows, hedgerows gay.
The road's before us!

And what awaits around the bend?
Adventure? Joy? Heigh ho—a friend!
Or up or down—No end—no end!
The world's before us!

Marion D. Brown, '24.

LOYALTY OR DISLOYALTY?

"As long as our governors are helping foot the bills, Ray, of course we should not oppose too strenuously."

"We can hardly blame them. It's only natural for each to send his son to his own Alma Mater. But, Merle, hang it, why couldn't they both have had the same one?"

"That's what gets me; but another thing that gets me too is—"

"Melicent?"

"You've hit it right, Ray,—that Melicent should be down at your college instead of at mine."

"Maybe it's a good thing. You say Mell's invited you down for Sophomore Hop, already? She may be the means of keeping us from enstrangement."

And so the conversation drifted between the two boyhood pals that last night before Merle went to Marlow and Ray to Rowell.

It drifted as such conversations do from reminiscences of the past to dreams for the future until some reality in the present called the dreamers back to earth.

The clock struck one; Ray dug for a match to re-light his cigar before leaving for his own home—across the street. The lads parted as pals do with a hearty grip and a gruff "So long, ol' man," which conveys from man to man the wealth of meaning that kisses and tears convey from woman to woman.

Five weeks of college life finds the boys still pals in spite of contrasting pursuits; in spite of rival college spirit.

Ray, financially unable to live in the dormitory, roomed in town alone, and washed dishes at the Student Commons for his meals.

Not being of particularly attractive countenance, he had not in that short time been singled out by the "co-eds." As there were no fraternities at Rowell and because he was a town freshman, not out for athletics or any of the sports, he had not impressed the fellows as worthy of more than speaking acquaintance.

Over the soap suds and steaming dishes Ray often mentioned his prep school days and pal, now the star fullback on the Marlow team. And the singing of Marlow's

praise to loyal Rowell undergrads by a Rowell freshman ruffled their tempers not a little and aroused even a feeling of suspicion and enmity toward Ray. Their attitude, concealed in his presence, was entirely unperceived by Ray as he kept on working and studying. He knew he would never make good in athletics, so he strove to win honors in the classroom, at the expense of social life.

It was now the sixth week of college, the week before the rival teams clashed at Rowell. It was early morning on Friday of that sixth week that Ray and Merle again settled down for a talk—to reminisce on the past—yes, somewhat—but chiefly to dream of the future. The Sophomore Hop was over. Merle had just seen Melicent home and now he needed some one to confide in. He instinctively came to Ray.

Merle had been planning for this night for six weeks. It had been a glorious occasion. He had danced with Melicent, and to dance with Melicent was the desire of more than one. But he had spoken to Melicent on a subject many would fain have spoken. And now would his dreams come true?

"Ray—her answer, in a low, clear voice; I can hear it still,—'I—I—don't know yet, Merle. I have promised to give an answer to Arthur next Friday afternoon. He's coming up for the game, Saturday.'

"'When can I know your decision, Melicent?' I asked and again in a half soliloquy she said: 'If I accept I'll wear his pin to dinner.' Then directly to me: 'Anyway, Merle, come for my answer after the game, Saturday.'"

Merle hesitated and sat musing.

Ray, able to anticipate the perplexity, was ready with a solution.

"What you want, if I read it correctly, ol' man, is to know the decision soon after our friend Arthur knows? Will you trust me to find out for you?"

Friday night found Ray arranging to exchange work with one of the waiters at the Commons that he might get through early to meet an engagement.

"But, Ray, do you realize what you, a mere freshman, are asking for? I, James

Loud, wait on the football table? However, as an accommodation you shall have your desire."

Ray did not hear the conversation of the players concerning the plays on foot for the morrow's game. His one thought was to look for Melicent and that pin. When she came down with no pin, his one thought was to reach the telephone booth.

At the booth Ray glanced around to make sure neither Mell nor any of her friends were near.

At the other end of the line Merle heard: "Steady your nerves for the morrow. You've won already."

But Merle was not alone in receiving that message. James Loud and his gang were desirous to know what kind of an engagement the "little Ray" might be obliged to meet.

By the tone of the message they laughingly agreed that he was sending a word of encouragement to some one about to have his tonsils removed.

The next day is the day of the game. Marlow wins from Rowell with a score of 21 to 0. The victory was due to the surprising ability of the Marlow team to anticipate and block the plays. Spectacular was the endurance with which the plucky little fullback smashed through Rowell's lines.

"But, Ray, it was your message last night that did it—no credit to me," was the modest defense made by the hero of the game

—and overheard by this same James Loud.

Presto! All is clear to Jim. Ray's desire to wait on the training table in order to get dope on the plays; the hurried message to the Marlow fullback; the perfect understanding of Rowell's every play; and now Merle's confession that it was all due to the message—these facts make this quiet, unassuming Ray Houghton a traitor to his college.

Rumor spreads. Statements regarding Ray's many peculiarities are accumulated as evidence against him. He is openly accused of disloyalty. He admits sending the message but refuses to explain its meaning. He denies the accusation. But soon, realizing the seriousness of the situation, he tells his story.

They will not believe. They dub him, "Ray, the Traitor."

"We admit you were bright to pull that stunt. But always remember: 'Murder will out.'"

"Oh, yes, we heard the explanation of 'your friend, Merle, the famous fullback at Marlow.' We'd advise him to go out for dramatics as well, for he's played well his part in: 'When a Fella Needs a Friend.'"

"All we can say for Melicent is that she has been unduly prejudiced. We all must live and learn."

Against these sneers, and unable to make any conviction, Ray could stand it no longer. His character tainted, his career stunted, he left college never to return.

A YEAR'S READING

By Ernest Cummings Marriner, Librarian of Colby College.

The sheer quantity of printed matter spewed forth from the printing presses of the English-speaking world is amazingly prodigious. It often seems as if we are floundering in a vergeless sea of printer's ink. One of those statisticians of oddities, with nothing better to occupy his mind, has discovered that the year's production of books in England and America in 1922 would make a pile, placed one on another, each a different book, fifty feet higher than the Woolworth Building.

"Reading maketh a full man," but purposeless, aimless reading maketh a dull, an erratic, or a dangerous man. Care, infinite care must be made in our choice of books. It is just as dangerous to pick up and read the first book we chance upon as it is to make friends with the first person we meet. If we would profit by reading, we must select books carefully and systematically.

Most of us read those books which our friends recommend. "Have you read 'Winter,' asks Mary. "Isn't 'If Main Street

Comes' just wonderful?" insists Alice. Emily puts in a word for "That Liberty" and Dorothy goes into ecstasies about "A Daughter at the Back." To be abreast of the times we must read all the slush and pandered art of modern novelists, all the episodes and pictures of a warped and worsted humanity. And what doth it profit us? A few moments of would-be-wise conversation, a sense of being "there"—nothing more.

Some of us do good reading by proxy. We have heard our college professors and other well-read adults talk so frequently and so glowingly about certain books that we really know quite a bit about them ourselves. We have really come to delude ourselves into believing we have actually read books inside whose covers we have never looked. By way of confession, the writer had heard so much about the plot and the characters of "The Mill on the Floss" that he talked glibly and convincingly about it, but not until a very few years ago did he really open the book for the first time.

Then there is that abhorrence of the classics instilled into most of us in the adolescent years. So thoroughly did the writer come to detest Dickens that only Leland Powers's marvelous impersonation of the book induced him to read "David Copperfield." A college sophomore, who read with relish "Treasure Island," exclaimed, "Why, that book is mighty interesting. I thought it was just a school book."

Whether we select our reading upon our friends' recommendations, whether we do it by proxy, or whether we do it by persistent avoidance of the classical authors, we do it with very little purpose. We carve out no pathway to guide our steps. We make no blue-print for our structure of the "full man" which reading maketh.

Everyone has time for some reading. Even college students, who are doing a vast amount of compulsory reading, do have time for voluntary and self-directed reading. One book a month, twelve books a year, is no unreasonable task for anyone to set for himself. Such a year's systematic reading, chosen with purpose and with deliberation, will bring profit, enjoyment, culture to the reader.

For one person to select such a list of

books for another person is to be a party of the second part in that matter of reading on our friend's recommendations. But it is perhaps better to be specific than to be vaguely pedantic. The suggestion given here is doubtless not so good as many others might offer, certainly not so good as many a reader might suggest for himself, but it is at least a definite suggestion, and given for what it is worth.

The suggestion is this: Spend a year reading the story of man's development: his struggles, his achievements, his thoughts, his aspirations—read systematically the thrilling narrative of the onward march of man.

Begin with man's habitat, this Mother Earth that has at once nurtured him and covered his remains. Nearly fifty years ago James Geike wrote a book that tells the wonderful story of the Earth. In his "The Great Ice Age" he tells us by what fires the granite was melted, by what sweep of glaciers and what pounding of waves the earth's surface was prepared for the plow and harrow, how this "whirling orb" became the home of man.

Spend the second month with the animal world. Let Maeterlinck tell us the mystic story of the bees. His "Life of the Bee" is one of the really great books of the past quarter century. Patience, industry, ingenuity are not the only qualities of these tiny creatures. They govern their communities by laws at once as complex and as just as those of Plato's Republic. They build their comb-dwellings with minute architectural perfection; and through all their doings runs that mysterious and immutable "law of the hive."

The third month acquaints us with the early days of mankind. Elliot's "Prehistoric Man" tell us of Neanderthal and Cromagnon humans of a by-gone day; of pygmies and Australian Bushmen of our own era. It tells us the story of the domestication of animals, the origin of fire, the first harvest, the early migrations, the crude beginnings of art, the invention of letters, numbers and weights—in a word, a great moving picture of the world when man was young.

The fourth month we shall devote to the rise of man through the ages. Let H. G.

Wells tell the story. His "Short History of the World" is even better than his longer two-volume edition for our present purpose. We want a running glimpse of man's tedious ascent from savagery to civilization—the progress of customs and institutions, laws and governments, ideas and ideals.

Let us spend the fifth month with individual man—Biography. More interesting than fanciful fiction is impelling fact. The Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin is not only a more valuable, but actually a more popular book than any in the Dick Merriwell series. Library shelves are loaded with excellent biographies; but remaining true to his plan of naming but a single book under each head, the writer suggests "George Washington," by William Roscoe Thayer. Our thoughts of the Father of His Country are such a confusion of fact and fancy, such a jumble of history and myth that we need a new presentation of the real Washington. Even if the cherry tree episode has long since vanished from our conception of the first President, we have placed a halo of unreality about his fame. In the pages of Thayer the real George Washington looms at once human and divinely inspired, a true man for the ages, who accomplished his task of a man's job in a man's world.

Our sixth month is for man's scientific achievement. Here a new book strikes our attention. In "Science Remarkable the World" Caldwell and Slosson have told the story of the almost unbelievable advance in natural science during the past half century. Marvel treads on the heels of marvel in rapid succession as we are led into the secrets of the laboratory and shown their effects on our daily living.

The seventh month may be devoted to man's methods of getting a living and the principles that are thus involved—the field of economics. An expert in the field could perhaps recommend a better book, but the writer got much of his working knowledge of the subject from Carver's Principles of Economics.

The eighth month brings us to the subject of man's relation to his fellows—sociology. Cooley's "Social Organization" is one of the new books in this field and one of the most interesting. It has been re-

ferred to as a source by at least three writers of articles in the November magazines. The science of getting along with each other, the most exacting science in the world, is the theme of Prof. Cooley's book.

During the ninth month we shall investigate man's ability to rule, the power of folks to lift themselves by their own bootstraps, the idea and permanency of democracy. Here the writer ventures to be absolutely dogmatic and states his unqualified opinion that the best book which has been written during the past twenty-five years is James Bryce's "Modern Democracies." With the story of the virtues and vices of democratic government, as revealed by this keenest of observers, our ninth month of systematic reading will be a lasting pleasure.

We are ready, in the tenth month, for man's thinking powers—psychology. Here one book outranks all the rest: John Dewey's "How We Think." Written by that profound and practical thinker whom James Harvey Robinson has chosen as one of the seven greatest Americans, this book takes us into the secret of thought processes and teaches us to be creative thinkers ourselves.

Man's aesthetic achievements claim our attention in the eleventh month. Here let the reader follow his inclination into literature or music or art. In one of those fields select some standard, comprehensive book—such, for instance, as Dickinson's "Education of a Music-Lover," and see how, in man's upward struggle he has learned not only to love the true, but to appreciate the beautiful as well.

Finally, as our year draws to a close, let us read of man's worship—religion. Let us learn not only of our own religion, but of all religions in the light of our own. Soper's "The Faith of Mankind," gives us the great truths of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taism, Brahminism, Mohammedanism, and Judaism, and then shows us how all the best of these are summed up in the gospel of Him who came not to destroy, but to fulfill—the Christian gospel of love.

Our year is complete. We have journeyed from earth to heaven, from geology to Christianity. But all the way we have followed the struggling accomplishments of

our fellow men through the ages and per- that "a man's reach should exceed his
haps have learned the lesson of Browning, grasp, or what's a heaven for?"

AIRCASTLES

Yesterday, sunset made a glorious song;
Eager leaves exulting the story bore along.
Today, the searching sunset no herald
found;
The leaves' precipitate devotion built pyres
upon the ground.

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

| | | |
|-----------------|-----------|-------------------------|
| ERVENA GOODALE, | - - - - - | Editor-in-Chief |
| EDITH GRAY, | - - - - - | First Assistant Editor |
| VIOLA JODREY, | - - - - - | Second Assistant Editor |

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

| | | |
|---------------------|-----------|--------------------------|
| ANNA ERICKSON, | - - - - - | } Literary Editors |
| ELIZABETH KINGSLEY, | - - - - - | |
| MARION CUMMINGS, | - - - - - | |
| MARGARET GILMOUR, | - - - - - | } News Editors |
| CLARA CROSBY, | - - - - - | |
| DORIS TOZIER, | - - - - - | |
| MARION BROWN, | - - - - - | Art Editor |
| GENEVIEVE CLARK, | - - - - - | Y. W. C. A. Editor |
| MARY FORD, | - - - - - | Joke Editor |
| CAROLYN HODGDON, | - - - - - | Business Manager |
| CLARA HARTHORN, | - - - - - | First Assistant Manager |
| ELVIRA ROYAL, | - - - - - | Second Assistant Manager |

Terms: Subscriptions, \$1.00 per year in advance. Single copies, 40 cents. All remittances by mail should be made to Carolyn Hodgdon, Foss Hall.

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

EDITORIALS

There is a well known maxim which states that from small beginnings come great endings. The principle is admittedly true but are there not several kinds of small beginnings? And does not the kind of small beginning have everything to do with the great ending, or will any old sort of beginning do?

Let us consider the beginnings about which Colby students are immediately concerned. Perhaps the beginning of the college year is of first importance. How did you start? Did you arrive on the date specified for registration by the college authorities? Did you register at two o'clock in the afternoon? Did you begin to arrange your room the first you came back and did you go to your first eight o'clock with the knowledge that you would certainly be on time?

Well, suppose you did all of these things, wouldn't it have been just as well to have come back a day or so late, to register when

you could have, and got your courses endorsed by professors while they rushed to and from classes? Couldn't your room have been arranged during the first month or two and an eight o'clock might just as well be four or five minutes in progress without your presence. Assignments are usually the first things given at the beginning of a class.

If you made the latter beginning how do you feel about it? Are you satisfied with your courses, do you feel perfectly at home and never in the least hurry? Have you anything to worry over? Perhaps you can better judge your attitude by consulting the girl who followed the former course.

Again, some new society may have been proposed for Colby girls. Perhaps an earnest professor with the good of his students at heart may have had the idea and presented it for your consideration. You thought about it and decided it would be a great benefit and help, and you certainly

were in favor of the adoption of the plan. Maybe you signified your intention to support the plan in a public vote.

Let us suppose that the proposed organization was an educational society. A first meeting may have been held and a committee appointed to draw up a slate of nominations for officers. Perhaps the officers were elected and they may have been appointed as the Executive Committee to draw up a Constitution and By-Laws for the new organization. It is possible that this Executive Committee fulfilled its duty and then the president may have called a meeting, notice of said meeting being posted upon the bulletin board, as is the custom at Colby college among the women's division.

Did you attend that meeting? Did you follow up your good intentions and continue the enthusiasm manifested when the plan was proposed and accepted, by co-operating with the officers, which you helped to elect.

Perhaps you did but maybe you attended the movies or just didn't go. Of course the society could be formed without you. The first night would not matter much. Even though fifty others decided that the first night wasn't important and that the meeting could be held without them, said meeting for the purpose of systematic organization.

Yes, perhaps it is possible but a general theory isn't of much use unless it can be reduced to a workable basis. Small beginnings may make great endings but surely the beginning can not be so small as hardly to exist nor can any beginning grow unless supported.

Would you say that the kind of beginning had any thing to do with the ending? What kind are you going to choose? Will not some one remodel the old maxim and give the approved beginning.

When you are summing up your achieve-

ments and failures of the past year and determining on your schedule for the New Year don't neglect to give due consideration to Chapel attendance.

The Chapel hour at Colby isn't old-fashioned or stale.

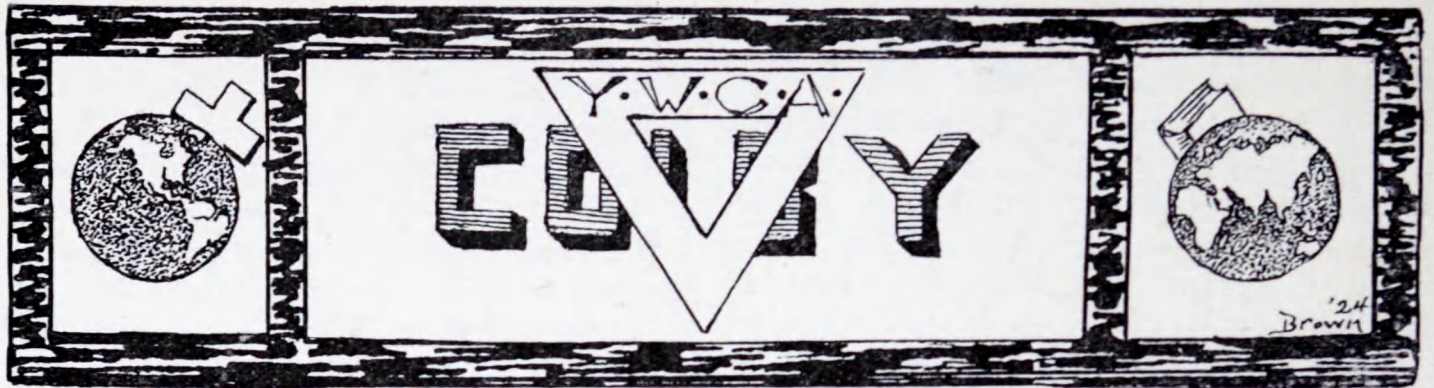
The Chapel talk takes us away from our immediate selves, from our individual trials and rejoicings and puts us into other worlds. We Colby women are too local. We live in Foss Hall,—that is our world; we know and care nothing about things outside it. We lack the attitude of college women.

The Chapel-habit can help us acquire a world-interest filling and acquaint us with things spiritual. This is about the only time during the day that we have to think about and to ponder upon our "best" selves that are pushed back out of sight by the material affairs of our collegiate life.

Let's surprise the professors and ourselves after the holidays by attending Chapel regularly.

There are very few of us Colby girls who are not interested in current events. But we are so busy learning past events that we devote little time to the present and future. We live in an age of papers and periodicals and we can offer no excuse for ignorance of something of the life around us. In this age of activity and advancement we must be alert to the meaning of every circumstance.

The current events of today become history tomorrow. If we would understand that history we must grasp the present. If we are to be successful women of today we must be wide-awake. We read history which will throw light on present problems but in order to understand them we must read newspapers, magazines and all current news.



Greetings to you all! The Colby Y. W. C. A. extends a hearty welcome to all its friends, alumnae, and members. It is well started on a successful year, under the leadership of our capable Anna Erickson, who cannot be surpassed.

Colby's freshmen women were made acquainted with this important organization of Colby life at a reception tendered them by the Y. W. on the second evening of the college year.

At the next meeting of the association, a formal welcome was extended to both old and new members by the cabinet members, each of whom briefly told of the work of her committee.

Maqua is a name familiar to all. The Maqua meeting was very cleverly worked out to tell about all the fun and inspiration derived from a conference at Camp Maqua. All the Colby girls who have been there are anxious to go again and those who have never been can hardly wait to go for the first time.

The musical vesper service meeting was very beautiful and appreciated by all the members.

Much inspiration was gained from the meeting conducted by Marion Cummings, when she read from Fleming's "Marks of the World Christian."

The pageant "Galatea and Pygmalion," showing the influence of the Y. W. C. A. in creating the all-round girl, was very impressive. The importance of being a good all round girl was emphasized by Elizabeth Kingsley at the meeting she conducted.

The Colby Y. W. C. A. budget for the present year has been adopted. It totals \$600, of which \$100 will go to the Student Friendship Drive. The money to cover the budget is being raised by subscription.

Colby women are showing that they are

heartily in sympathy with the cause for which the Student Friendship Drive is being conducted. They have been observing Sacrifice Week, loyally depriving themselves of their usual small comforts and luxuries in order that they may aid the starving students of foreign lands. To arouse interest in this drive, Mr. Francis Miller gave an address at a joint meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., vividly describing the horrible conditions under which millions of students in foreign lands exist.

There have been several such joint meetings held this year. At one of these gatherings, Mr. George Otis Smith, '93, very interestingly discussed whether or not the doctrines and teachings of Jesus Christ are sufficient for this generation.

At another joint meeting, Miss Katherine E. Condon, traveling secretary for the Y. W. C. A. was the speaker. Miss Condon was the guest of the Y. W. for several days and gave much helpful advice to the members of the large and small cabinets. She spoke briefly to all the girls at a meeting on the Sunday afternoon of her visit. Miss Condon also held conferences with the chairmen and members of the various Y. W. C. A. committees.

Two speakers have visited Colby in the interests of the National Student Volunteer Convention to be held in Indianapolis, Ind., from December 28 to January 2. Miss Beatrice Segsworth, a traveling secretary for the Student Volunteer Movement spoke at one joint meeting, on the topic of "Service." The other speaker was S. Kingfield Birge, who has but recently returned from five years of missionary work in Turkey, and who will be one of the speakers at the National Convention of Student Volunteers.

Colby will send five delegates to this convention. The Women's Division will be represented by Virginia Baldwin and Marjorie Everingham, who will bring back many worth-while ideas helpful to our association.

In accordance with the National Week for Prayer for the Foreign Missionaries,

sponsored by the National Y. W. C. A., the Colby women held a series of short prayer services during the week of November 11-17.

Have we not had a profitable year thus far? And there are many more good things coming. So don't forget to attend every meeting.



Dear Girls:

There have been so many doings this fall that it would take too long to tell them all. But you will be interested perhaps to hear about the most important ones.

First of all comes Colby Day. It was the biggest and best ever. The guests were invited for five o'clock and the time before dinner was spent in visiting the different rooms which were all dressed up for company. The dining room was decorated in blue and gray paper streamers and the groups were arranged around tripods bearing grinning Jack-O-Lanterns.

After dinner Marion Brown, the chairman of Colby Day, as toastmistress, introduced the speakers very cleverly. Several undergraduates spoke on subjects pertinent to Colby and then there were alumnae speakers, including Miss Florence Dunn, Dean Runnals, Miss Louise Helen Coburn, who read from her poems, and Mrs. Woodman Bradbury who came from Newton Centre to talk to us. She was a delightful speaker and took as her topic the comparison of the modern girl with her sisters of yesterday and of tomorrow.

After the speeches the Dramatic Club presented a two act farce, "The Limb O' the Law." There were two vocal selections by a trio and a cornet solo by Doris Sanborn.

The hockey games were played on the fourteenth and seventeenth of November. In the preliminaries the Juniors won from

the Freshmen and the Seniors and Sophomores played to a tie. All four teams played well and the games were exciting from start to finish. The tie game was played off, the Seniors winning 3 - 2. Before the finals were played the girls held a rally in the Assembly Room to create interest in the games. As a result of this there was a record attendance at the finish. The Juniors won with a score of 2 - 1 in the best field hockey that has ever been played here.

The girls have formed a new educational society to correspond to Kappa Phi Kappa, the boys' organization. They are planning a series of meetings with discussions, outside speakers and question boxes. The officers are Ervena Goodale, president; Genevieve Clark, vice president; Sippelle Daye, secretary and Dorothy Gordon, treasurer.

Mildred Wright, our dietitian, had to leave us in November on account of ill health. We were all very sorry to see her go but her place is being ably filled by Miss Sarah D. Partrick, who was a classmate of Miss Wright's at Simmons. We are glad to hear that Miss Wright is regaining her health and will soon be well again.

The alumnae are to produce another play on January twenty-second given by the members of the women's division in the City Opera House. The play is "The Merchant of Venice" and is to be coached by Professor Carl J. Weber.

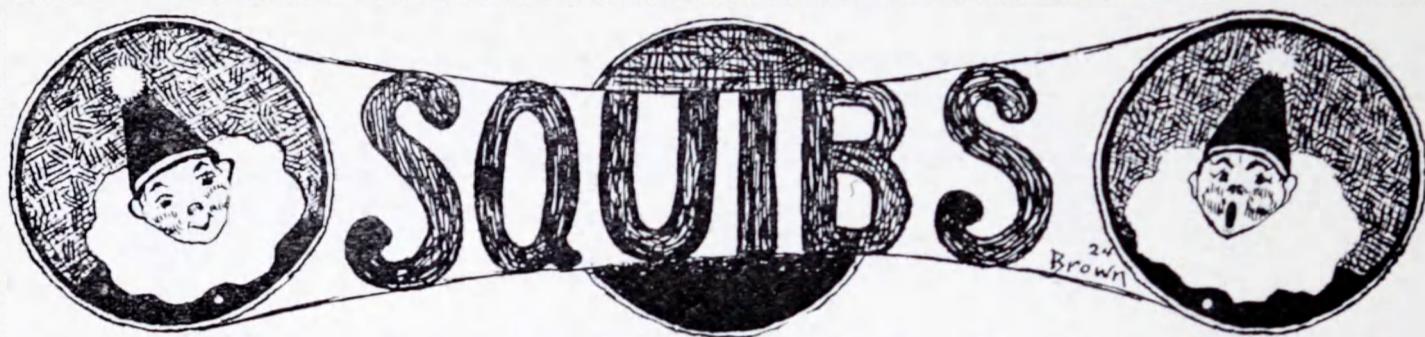
Seumas MacManus, the well known Irish

poet, gave a lecture-recital in the First Baptist Church on Thursday, December 6. Mr. MacManus came under the auspices of the department of public speaking. This is the first of a series of lectures to be given under these auspices. The lectures are in-

cluded in the required work of the members of the classes in public speaking.

There are many other bits of news that we would like to tell you but we really have to ask you to wait until next time.

Sincerely,
"The News Gatherers."



He—"There are an awful lot of girls who don't want to get married."

She—"How do you know?"

He—"I've asked them!"

—Sondag's Nisse.

There was a young man named Teedle,
Who wouldn't accept his degree;
He said, "It's enough to be Teedle,
Without being Teedle D. D."

—Dirge.

"Thish match won't light."
"Washa madda with it?"
"I dunno,—it lit alright a minute ago."
—Jack-o'-Lantern.

"How is your husband getting on with his golf?"

"Oh, very well indeed. The children are allowed to watch him now."

—Goblin.

M. C. at a party—"My man goes to Colby, does everyone know that?"

Thanks! We'll look him up.

To My Modern Girl.

I would that my fingers had petted
Her beautiful, soft golden hair;
But she'd just had it marcelled and netted,

So I, to be frank, didn't dare.

I yearned for a kiss when we parted,
To remember for ever and aye;
But she failed me—I left broken-hearted,
Her make-up was on for the day.

She's so perfect no man can deserve her,
And I prayed, as I left the girl there,
That the druggist would always preserve her,

So young—and so neat—and so fair.

—Brown Jug.

"What time am it, Sam?"
"My time-piece says two o'clock."
"What? Ah reads a quatah ob eight!"
"Well, niggah, aint that two?"

—Eroth.

A.—"What's wrong, sir?"

R.—"Heavens, who ever saw an angel with black wings?"

T.—"Pardon, sir, who ever saw an angel?"

She—"What are you going to be when you get out of college?"

He—"A very old man!"

Dinner Guest—"Just a very small portion, please, I am a very light eater."

Little Peggy—"There, mom—that's the kind of guest to have!"

Surgeon: "Your minister is here. Do

you want to see him before we begin the operation?"

Patient: "No, sir; I don't care to be opened with prayers."

—Juggler.

Reformer: "Young man, didn't your conscience tell you that you were doing wrong?"

Prisoner: "Yes, but you can't believe everything you hear."

—Yellow Jacket.

"Mama, I swallowed my needle."

"Never mind, dear, I'll give you another."

—Le Journal Amusant 'Paris.

"Class," said the new teacher, "I want you all to be as quiet as you can, so quiet that you can hear a pin drop."

Silence was golden.

Small bass voice in the rear of room—
"Let 'er drop."

—Chaparral - Pelican.

DICTIONARY OF UNDERGRADUATES

Anna Erickson—Duty fulfiller and everybody's friend.

Mary Drisko—Panhellenic Association promoter and student in Boston Correspondence.

"Cal" Hodgdon—Lover of Music, especially of song entitled, "On the Back Porch I Loved Her Best of All."

"Bun" Ford—Promoter of modern dancing.

Hilda Worthen—Rule and Order in Foss Hall.

Mary Gordon—Shakespeare artist and education student.

"Bob" Walker—Highest ranking student in psychology.

Ruth Fifield—Champion hockey player.

Alice Manter—One of Colby's songsters.

Marion Drisko—Chief agent for Drisko giggle.

Mary Watson—Second "Babe" Ruth.

"Ducky" Grearson—Hard to tell which one she favors most, Sherry or Journalism.

Francis Tweedie—Enterprising young jeweler—many "Big Ben's" Souled.

Inez Stevens—Henry Ford's chief demonstrator.

Evelyn Gilmore—Has very expressive eyes—and uses them.

Ruth Allen—"Deke" pledge.

Clara Ford—Destroyer of old adages—she has a sweet disposition.

Clara Harthorn—Phi Delta Theta forever!

Donnie Getchell—The busiest woman on the campus.

"Van" York—Great Scott—what a student!

Eletha Bean—Peaceful ever, crabbing never.

Nellie Pottle—An example of Colby women.

Katrina Hedman—Tea garden proprietor.

"Micky" Mitchell—Heartsmasher.

"Brim" Stone—Best friend you ever had.

"Chix" Pratt—Defender of woman's rights. Watch the next issue.

Tel. 338-R

Karekin's Studio

FILMS DEVELOPED
and PRINTED

Corner Main and Temple Sts.

SPECIALTY SHOE STORE

Cantilever Shoe

J. E. Hersom

H. P. Bonsall

Hersom & Bonsall

CASH GROCERS

The Place to Trade

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

Waterville, Me.

Augusta Me.

170 Main St.

174 Water St

Tel. 188

Tel. 670

Home Dairy Company

DAIRY PRODUCTS our specialty

Service our Motto

52 Temple Street

The Elmwood, Waterville Maine

TRY

Hager's

NEXT TIME

113 Main Street

S. E. Whitcomb Co.

FINE GROCERIES

MEATS, FISH

Provisions of all kinds

Service and Quality unexcelled

Tel. 261 and 262

81 Main St.

The Ticonic

National Bank

OFFERS

A COMPLETE BANKING

SERVICE

conducted under the direct

supervision of the

UNITED STATES

GOVERNMENT

109 Years Continuous Business

Waterville, Maine

1820

1923

Coburn Classical Institute

Waterville, Maine

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

It prepares thoroughly for Colby and for other colleges.

The faculty is composed of well trained and experienced teachers.

The courses are thorough and well arranged.

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

Coburn Cottage is the home of the Girls.

Thayer Hall is the splendid new dormitory for Boys.

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

Coburn is a thorough, progressive Christian School.

For Catalogue write the Principal.

DREW T. HARTHORN.

COLBY COLLEGE

Waterville, Maine

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

For Catalogue, address

A. J. ROBERTS, President

Waterville, Maine

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

Markson Brothers



43-47 Main Street

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Compliments of

Larkin Drug Company

Main St., Waterville

The Little Gift Shop

The Place Where Things are
 Different

56 Temple Street

NELLIE K. CLARK

CANTILEVERS

AT THE

Gallert Shoe Store

51 Main Street

Agents for Dorothy Dodd Shoes
 Gold Seal and Shawmut Rubbers

TEA

COFFEE

GRAND UNION TEA COMPANY

117 Main St., Waterville, Me.

GROCERIES

CANDY

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

M. M. Small, M. D.

Professional Building
 Practice limited to diseases of the Eye

SUPERB GIFTS FOR ALL

SEASONS

The Store of Quality

FINE STATIONERY

F. A. Harriman

98 Main Street

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN

E. L. SMITH

SHOE AND RUBBER REPAIRING

TEL. 305-M.

57 Temple St., Waterville, Me.

Miss Carrie C. Stemetz

MILLINERY, CORSETS AND
 WAISTS

Underwear, Hosiery, Sweaters and
 Neckwear

86 Main St., Waterville, Me.

Freeman
 the Jeweler
 Corner Main & Temple Sts.

Compliments of

Daviau's Pharmacy

Professional Building

177 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

Compliments of

A FRIEND

B. F. STEELE'S

CHOICE GROCERIES

136 Main Street

WATERVILLE STEAM LAUNDRY

145 Main Street

WATERVILLE, ME.

Prompt Service

Satisfaction Guaranteed

LADIES' WEARING APPAREL

Ida Taylor Hersom

SPECIALTY SHOP

72 Main Street

W. L. CORSON

FILMS DEVELOPED AND

PRINTED

Photographic Views Fine Work

T. A. GILMAN

OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

Broken Lenses Replaced

124 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

REDINGTON & CO.

HOUSE FURNISHERS

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

11 SILVER ST., WATERVILLE

Sororities, Attention!

Mitchell's Flower Shop

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

144 Main Street, Waterville, Me.

PATRONIZE MERCHANTS WHO ADVERTISE IN THE COLBIANA

MARY I. NASH

Formerly Krutzky's
LADIES' HAIR DRESSING

Tel. 319-W

100 Main Street, Waterville

Kennison & Warren

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

76 Temple St., Waterville

LEARN TO WRITE SHORTHAND
Special Courses at

Thomas Business College**City Job Print**

Savings Bank Building

PRINTING and ENGRAVING

Waterville's Leading Theatre

The Haines

Home of Paramount Pictures

Elmer L. Craig

Dealer in

GROCERIES

REAL ESTATE AND

LIVE POULTRY

58 Temple Street, Waterville, Maine

Telephone

Dr. Gordon B. Hatfield

DENTIST

173 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

Savings Bank Building

Cut Flowers

Funeral Designs

Charles E. Carter, Florist

Temple Street

Potted Plants

Tel. 1061

The Lovering Hair Store

129 MAIN STREET

Hair Goods, Theatrical Wigs, Hair
Pins, Jewelry, Crochet Cotton
Royal Society Package Outfits

Colby College Store

RECITATION HALL

Libby

Mills

L. H. Soper Co.

Department Store

DRY GOODS

GARMENTS

MILLINERY

VICTROLAS

and

VICTOR RECORDS

L. H. Soper Co.

MAIN STREET

FOR DRUGS, KODAKS, PHOTO
SUPPLIES AND TOILET
ARTICLES

Go to

DeOrsay's Drug Store

70 Main St., Waterville

Spears's
CANDY

Loud's Shoe Store



52 MAIN ST., WATERVILLE

Allen's Drug Store

THE STORE THAT DOES A
STRICTLY DRUG BUSINESS

118 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

THE COLLEGE STORE

The H. R. Dunham Co.

64 MAIN ST., WATERVILLE

The Colby Echo

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

Joseph C. Smith, Editor-in-Chief

Ralph U. Libby, Manager

Carleton P. Cook

BOOKS, STATIONERY and
FINE ARTS GOODS

139 Main Street

Betty Wales Dresses

AND COATS

FOR

STREET, AFTERNOON AND

EVENING WEAR

Sold in Waterville exclusively by

WARDWELL

Dry Goods Co.

CENTRAL FRUIT MARKET

Choice Fruits and Confectionery

E. MARCHETTI

Opposite Postoffice

Verzoni Bros.

Choice Fruit, Pure Ice Cream

140 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

WATERVILLE SAVINGS BANK

WATERVILLE, MAINE



President, Edward W. Heath

Treasurer, Albert F. Drummond

DR. COBB

DENTIST

74 Main Street, Waterville, Maine

L. G. BUNKER, M. D.

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Tel. Office, 49

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

S. L. PREBLE

THE ARTIST



**COLLEGE
PHOTOGRAPHER**

68 MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE

**CHOATE MUSIC
COMPANY**

VICTROLAS

SHEET MUSIC

VICTOR RECORDS

PIANOS

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS



Savings Bank Building

WATERVILLE, MAINE

Emery-Brown Co.

**DEPARTMENT
STORE**

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE
NEEDS OF COLLEGE
STUDENTS

The Store of Dependable Quality

WATERVILLE, MAINE

HARDWARE

HEATING

PLUMBING

W. B. Arnold Co.

107-9 Main Street, 23 Temple Street

WATERVILLE, MAINE

O. A. MEADER

Wholesale dealer in

FRUIT AND PRODUCE

CONFECTIONERY

Butter, Eggs, Paper, Paper Bags
9 Chaplin Street, Waterville, Maine

Telephone: 50 and 51-2