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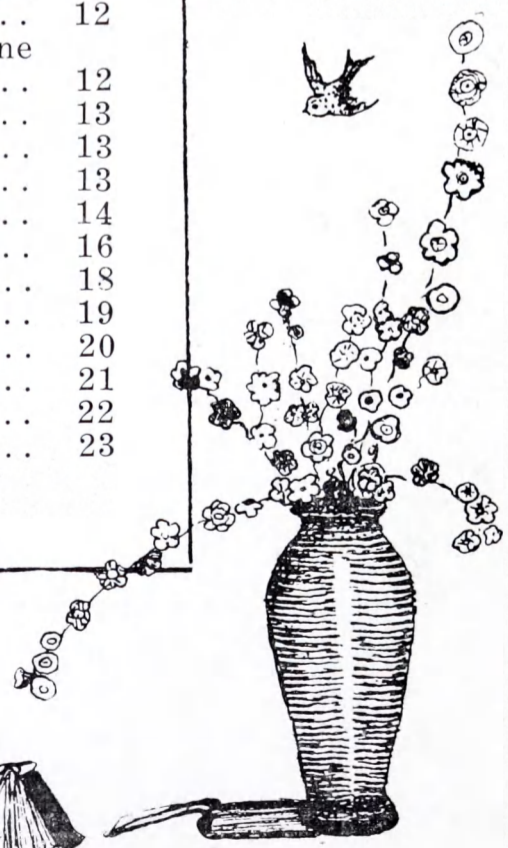
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THE COLBIANA

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Brown '24

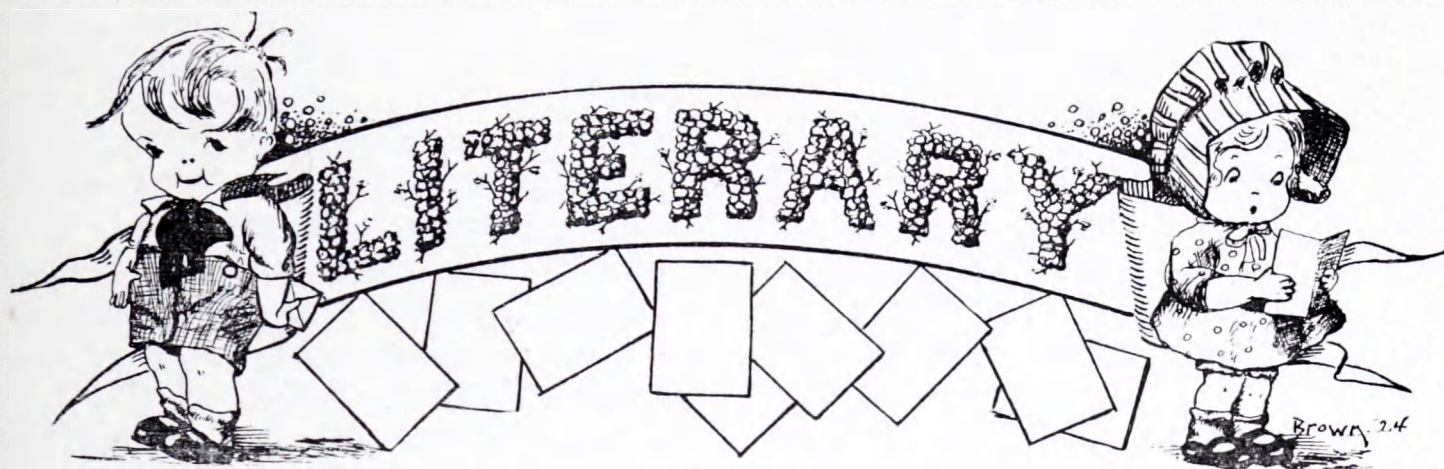


THE COLBIANA

Volume XII

APRIL, 1924

Number 2



IF ALL THE SKIES

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long

For one sweet strain of silence,
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

Henry Van Dyke.

I TALK WITH MOLLY

By Carl J. Weber
Associate Professor of English.

After dinner I had donned my janitor-garments, had paid my afternoon visit to Furness Abbey and had removed the accumulated ashes, and was just cleaning up the crumbs left by the cat, when the door-bell rang! I was alone in the house; so, with a film of ashes on my hair and asparagus shreds on my fingers, I answered the ring. It was Molly Peterson of the Senior class.

"I wanted to see you about making up the work I missed the past two days," she said.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "Come inside, and we'll talk it over."

I left her before the fire-place long

enough for me to get rid of traces of cellar and cat, and to pay the laundry-man who had to put in his appearance at the back door just at that time.

"Now, Miss Peterson," I said on returning, "how can I help your situation? I noticed in the paper that you had gone away in order to attend a fraternity dance at Exeter; and since you failed to turn in the work assigned, I gave you an "E."

"Yes," Molly spoke up quickly, "but I have an excuse from the Dean, and I don't go away very often. I thought perhaps I could make up the work in some way."

"And what is going to happen to the work you ought to be doing while you're

making up what you have missed?"

"I don't know!" she smiled; "I guess I'll have to work harder."

"You're not the only one who can say that!" I remarked.

"Yes, I know," Molly continued. "A lot of us Gamma Thetas seem to have run into difficulties in more ways than one this year. Mid-years are over, but the results are not!"

"Well, Miss Peterson," I asked, "what are you going to do about it? You know, you're a bright girl, you have a great deal of ability; and your influence ought to count for something with the others."

"Well, I've been telling them we must blame ourselves. Just last Wednesday I suggested that we try to make next semester a bit different. 'We can if we will,' I told them, 'and surely it's worth it.' But some of our socially inclined sisters hate to give up their dances, movies, evenings, for books. 'Well, don't,' I said to them, 'but instead of talking or playing bridge, let's study between times and make the spare minutes count.' Anyone who is a success socially, can be a success otherwise, it seems to me." And Molly leaned back in her chair, rather proud of the speech she had just made.

But I pursued her! "Do you really think that 'studying between times' will make you a success, Miss Peterson?"

"Well, I've been getting A's and B's!"

"Have you had to work hard for them?"

"No, not very," she admitted; "but—"

"Yes, I know," I interrupted; "I know you have a keener mind than some; I know you get your assignments more rapidly, that you remember with less effort, and that you express yourself more easily. But don't you think that **that** places a greater responsibility upon you?"

Molly didn't understand me. I tried to explain.

"You are the sort of young woman, Miss Peterson, whom a teacher would like most to attract and enlist in some enterprise of the mind. You are the very sort whom it would most reward a teacher to instruct and train, and whose training would count for most in leadership in your community, your city, your country. But just **because** you find you can do your 'study between

times,' you reach the conclusion that success here in college results for 'making the spare minutes count.' How about the other minutes?"

I could see that Molly was wondering what on earth I was talking about. I tried to be more specific.

"Have you anything claiming your attention this afternoon?" I asked.

"Yes, there is a meeting of the **Colbiana** board in half an hour. And after that there is a Musical Club rehearsal."

"Well, how about tonight?"

"Right after supper I have to write up an article for the Press Club; and then there is a meeting of a committee of the Aroostook Club to discuss plans for the dance week after next. Yes, and after that I have to make out my report for the Pan-Hellenic Association meeting which comes tomorrow."

"Is that all you have tomorrow?" I asked.

"No," Molly said deliberately; "there is a Y. W. C. A. cabinet meeting just before the class Volley Ball Championship game; and right after supper the Outing Club is going to meet to discuss plans and elect officers. I don't suppose that will last long, however, for I know some of the girls are counting, as I am, on going to the Dramatic Club meeting right afterwards."

"And you are in all these?" I asked breathlessly.

"Yes," Molly answered with a laugh, "and there is the Health League and the Student Government and the **Oracle** Board and the sorority news for the **Echo**; and if I can find time I'm supposed to be coaching one of the Freshmen who is down in English!"

"Well," I remarked, "and you came to see me, wondering how you could make up back work? Don't you see how all these undergraduate activities have been enslaving you? Don't you see that I in the classroom and others in the laboratory or the library get only the dregs of your attention,—what you call 'between times?' You are giving me only what you can spare of your energy. Your courses are secondary matters where they ought to come first."

Molly shook her bobbed hair, but I kept right on!

"Oh, I know that it's not your fault," I said. "It's the organization; it's the way you found things when you came here. But if you and other bright, intelligent, young women realized what you are doing, you'd let some of these activities die the death they deserve."

"Don't you think there is some value in busying oneself in student activities?" Molly asked, still unconvinced.

"Why, of course there is," I replied. "But there is a greater value in something else that as yet you are quite a stranger to. There are various ways of busying oneself."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Let me give you an illustration." I got down from the book-shelf an old number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and turned to the advertisement of an ocean steamship company.

"See that ship?" I asked, as I handed the magazine over to Molly. "That's the one that President and Mrs. Roberts sailed on last month. That picture was taken while the 'Tuscania' was docked in New York. Now what I want you to notice is the great number of little tugs and barges and lighters that are buzzing around on three sides of the giant liner, like bugs on the surface of a July river. As you look at that picture, you might think that activity was confined solely to the little tugs and barges. But if you had been at the pier on the day of sailing for Europe, you would have seen a difference. Then the tugs would have puffed and snorted for a while, as if they were terribly important; but once the liner got straightened out in the Hudson river, off she would start for Europe, and leave all the tugs exhausted behind. Not a one of them could start out after the liner and keep up the chase even one day. All their activity was just petty busyness. Do you see the point?"

Molly said she did, but I doubted her! So I explained: "Just as the day came for the sailing of the 'Tuscania' for Europe, so Commencement will come to send you and the other Seniors out upon the high seas. Some of you will find that, although you have been as busy as the tugs, you haven't the capacity or the fuel for crossing the ocean. While you are lying here in port, Miss Peterson, apparent inactivity may be

only an indication of eager preparation going on within. Don't be so busy that you haven't time to get ready for the voyage."

"Well," Molly interrupted, "how is one to do that?"

"Merely by learning to use your will power," I said; "That's all! You choose how you spend your time. Choose wisely, then. Learn how to say 'No.'"

"No to what?" Molly queried.

"No to anything that interferes with that which is of greatest importance to you,—the development of your own intellectual powers. Presumably that's what you're here for, yet you say you urged your friends to study between times! Why not dance and play bridge and edit papers and sing songs and all that between times?"

"Well, you can't work all the time," said Molly.

"No," I replied, "neither can you play all the time; and when your life is crowded as full of the diversions and amusements and recreations and activities as your life is, you are not only failing to store up fuel for your ocean voyage, but you are even killing the fun in your recreation. Have you ever noticed the wearied look on the faces of the students as they come out of the movies, where they have gone with the intent of resting their minds? What their minds need is a change in activity, not a rest. Have you ever looked at the faces of the men and women at our college dances? How many alert, happy, vivacious ones have you seen? Aren't most of them, really now, bored and stupid and putty-like? Why, the minute the music stops, the boys are so bored with you that nine times out of ten they go off by themselves until the next dance. You are awfully light on your feet, and I wouldn't mind having the pleasure of dancing with you myself; but you don't want feathery toes at the expense of being dead from the neck up."

"It isn't our fault," Molly said in defense of her sex, "that the boys go off. We **might** be able to talk, but **they** don't want to."

"Oh, they'll talk," I reassured her, "if you let them talk about the things they know something about. But they have been doing the same things that you have been doing,—only more of them. All their

powers of initiating and organizing and developing and investigating are expended on outside activities, and the real intellectual problems that would challenge their best powers and develop their abilities, these remain largely untouched. And the only remedy for them is the one I have given you: When the best students have their eyes opened to the fact that they've become the slaves of these pleasant but costly activities, then they will set their time at a higher price, and say 'no' to all low bidders."

Molly glanced at her wrist-watch. I realized what I was doing. "Yes, I know," I said, "I've been preaching to you long enough! Let's get back to business! If you want to make up the work covered during your absence, suppose you write me a four or five page essay on Hamlet's Attitude Toward Ophelia, and turn it in Friday."

"All right!" Molly agreed, as she arose.

"I'll do that; and—and I wonder if I can turn it in Saturday instead of Friday. You see—a—I'm—a—counting on going to the Theta Rho dance Thursday evening, and I have—"

"All right," I assented. "Turn it in Saturday; but that's the limit. You haven't missed many dances this year, have you?" I asked, as I opened the door.

"Only one!" Molly smiled at this evidence of her popularity.

"I suppose you've never said 'no' to an invitation?"

"No!" and off she went! As I watched her striding blithely up the street, I thought of Byron's

"Oh, talk not to me of a name great
in story;

The days of our youth are the days
of our glory."

What a subtle way Nature has of protecting people like Molly from persons like me!

"THE EAST A-CALLIN'"

Narrow, crooked streets, packed with
quaint, curious shops;
Two-wheeled bullock carts with shouting,
excited drivers;
Rajahs in long, white robes and gold-
fringed turbans;
Hindu widows with shaved heads and hope-
less faces;
Red-bearded Moslems pausing at the call
to prayer;
Mystic shrines with the spicy, floating odor
Of burning incense,
And everywhere fat gods with ugly, brazen
faces;
Holy men lying on beds of spikes

Midst slimy tanks of holy water;
Sleek Brahman priests greedily watching
The offerings of the worshippers;
Men, barefoot, one with a mysterious,
curved sword
Stuck in his belt;
And in the distance
The low sweet tones of temple bells;
Oh India!
Misery, dirt and superstition,
Beauty, art and fascination
Mingle thy call of romance, charm, and
need.

Leota E. Schoff, '25.

RECENT BOOKS IN BRIEF REVIEW

From the many authors and many poems of today Alice Cecilia Cooper, of Oakland, California, has chosen what seems to me, one of poetry. It is published by Ginn & Company, 1924, under the title, "Poems of Today." Such authors as Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, Henry Van Dyke,

Amy Lowell, Sara Teasdale, G. K. Chesterton, Katharine Lee Bates, Edna St. Vincent Millay, are represented, and dozens of others with whom all lovers of poetry must be familiar.

She has chosen poems of life in the open, examples of which are "Tewkesbury

Road" by John Masefield, and "The Best Road of All," by Charles Hanson Towne, which goes:

"I like a road that leads away to prospects white and fair,
A road that is an ordered road, like a nun's evening prayer;
But, best of all, I love a road that leads to God knows where."

From the selections on nature and her moods, "Gypsy Heart," by Katharine Lee Bates, "Monotone," by Carl Sanburg, "Symbol," by David Morton, are fitting representatives. Listen—this is from "Symbol,"

"My faith is all a doubtful thing,
Wove on a doubtful loom,—
Until there comes, each showery Spring,
A cherry-tree in bloom."

It would be impossible to pass through the poems on hope and high endeavor without noticing especially, "Blind," by Harry Kemp. "A Song of Living," by A. J. Burr, "Because I have loved life, I shall have no sorrow to die," this from "A Song of Living," is but an echo of the words of an older poet, our dear Browning. Another from this group which is worthy of special attention is "A Prayer," by Frank D. Sherman, which ends:

"My only prayer is, while I live,
God make me worthy of my friends."

I could continue naming a hundred more; indeed it is worth while to read and to become familiar with every poem in the book.

There is a new book in the college library which I am sure everyone will wish to read: "An Intimate Portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson," written by his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne. It has a fitting title for it is, indeed, an intimate portrait. You see Robert Louis Stevenson in his home, with his family, traveling, and writing under such difficulties as only an invalid can fully appreciate. Because of his own love for his step-father, Lloyd Osbourne can inspire in you a greater appreciation and love for Stevenson than you ever have had before.

It would be gratifying to know that not a student has left Colby College next June without having read "The Americanization of Edward Bok." The book could not properly be classed as one of the most recent books, because it has been in print for several years; but it is one which every young American, either of foreign or native birth should read. There is inspiration from one cover to the other, a challenge to youth. If one boy, struggling against such difficulties, overcame them and made himself famous, why could not you? This book is classed by critics as the best autobiography of recent years. Read it!

A WEEK WITH THE AGNOSTIC

Morning

"The truth shall make you free?"
Oh, glorious truth, I'll seek for thee.

Evening

I found thee, Truth, but thou didst prove
An enemy to those I love.

Morning

Love my neighbor more than me?
I'll e'en do this if need there be.

Evening

I loved my neighbor all day long,
Just now he beat me with a thong!

Morning

Gain wisdom, she alone is right.
I'll seek thee, erudition bright.

Evening

A mass of facts I've learned today,
But of what use I can not say.

Morning

Court Justice, she will useful be.
Blind goddess, I will follow thee.

Evening

Oh, Justice, how deceived I've been—
All day I've watched thee hurting men.

Morning

Be of service, work for all mankind,
And joy supreme you'll surely find.

Evening

I've toiled from morn till later eve;
No joy—except my work to leave.

Morning

Love Nature and she'll give to thee
More beauty than thine eyes can see.

Evening

I've watched the birds, I've known the
trees,
But can not end my quest in these.

The Decision

The days are gone, I can not tell

What I shall do, but know full well
That all of these but bring me woe.
What is there left to give me joy?
The world is but a bubbly toy—
I can not tell—I do not know—.

**The evening of the day
after the Decision**

This day I've done my daily tasks,
And done for each what each one asks,
Nor striven to find nor joy, nor rest;
And now at night I've come to see
That God, this week, was teaching me
That only **to obey is best.**

Today I've found true happiness!

Donnie C. Getchell, '24.

HAYDOCK'S PHILOSOPHY

"Somehow I can't help thinking a lot about Haydock tonight," Jack murmured. "You know Bob," he continued, "Dick and I lived two years together here at Harvard and we got to know each other pretty well. I often wondered how Dick got along with me—I'm such a rotter in some ways. Perhaps you wouldn't care to hear about Dick tho? You never knew him?"

"Go ahead Jack," Bob replied as he stretched himself out on one of the cots. "I'd like to hear about him."

"Good old Dick," Jack sighed, "I've missed him so this year and yet I think he's doing the right thing. He's the sort of person who would do the right thing. I remember the first time I saw him. He was hanging some pictures on the wall of our room—some sort of queer art things. He stopped his work when I came in and we sat down and started getting acquainted.

"I got an awfully queer impression of him at first. He enthused so about everything and even talked philosophy to me. I remember his saying to me—'Harvard gets a man, doesn't she? There's something about the place that makes you feel small and inferior and if you ever feel the urge to know more, you feel it in a spot like this, don't you think?'

"I must confess that at the time, I didn't quite sense what he meant. Since then I've

thought of it, however. Oh, he said so many things like that. He was a great person to think things out and sympathetic as the deuce. He often used to mention his mother. He had a picture of her on his dresser. It seems that his father died when he was a kid and his mother had been about everything to him.

"To be frank Bob, he was my one great prop that first year. I remember what a little pup I was. If I could get real drunk I thought that I had reached the summit of manly perfection. I don't think I'll ever forget one morning when I woke up with a fearful headache. I'd been making myself happy the night before and as a result I was in a pretty condition that day. How well I remember the expression of Haydock's eyes that morning when he looked at me. He had grey eyes—a cold grey when he was disgusted—at other times they were a blue—much warmer. That morning they were distinctly grey. He got me some ice-packs, Lord knows where he got them from. He must have bribed the cook and he advised me to stay in bed. As it happened we had the same class that morning and he said he'd take good notes. When he left he told me not to make any engagement for that evening and that he wanted to see me for awhile after dinner.

"Somehow when he said a thing I never

thought of doing anything but obey.

"Well, that night I was lectured good and proper. Dick lit right into me. I remember what he said. He was always quiet but he knew how to drive things home. He had an intense personality.

"He said, 'Jack you know I think a lot of you and that's why I'm talking to you now. If you don't see things as I do, why never mind, but I shall be disappointed. Do you know,' he said, 'I think I'm luckier than lots of boys, for I have such a wonderful mother and she's given me so much that I can't express. It's because you've lost your mother that I feel somehow as though I ought to share mine with you.

"'Mother always used to say to me, 'It's all right Dick, for you to want to do things. You grow through your experience but you must experience things with an alert mind. You must go into a thing with all your sight and not try to fool yourself. It is then that experience cannot hurt you.'" She said. "I've always thought that a person's mind in some way represents God. If we cultivate our minds and use them, we will more readily lead inspiring lives."

"'It's hard to talk about such things, Jack,' he said. 'Somehow one feels such things so much stronger than one can express them, but I've remembered mother's advice—We've got to use our minds. Somehow I know that there is a great plan behind this world of our's and we weren't meant to make happy fools of ourselves with soul-deadening liquors.'

"Well, he just drummed that philosophy of his into me until I was nutty about it myself. We used to lie awake nights for hours at a time, just talking about things. We've been mighty fine pals since the day he talked to me. Since then I met his mother and I understood why he idolized her so. She was uncommonly intelligent and yet so very feminine I often wondered if Dick would ever be able to find a girl who would reach the pedestal.

"That was how our first difference arose—over a girl. Last year, Dick met Nellie Pritchard and fell for her hard. He had never noticed girls before particularly and he didn't know as much about women's wiles as I. It often struck me funny how his philosophy fell down when it came to the

fair sex. They would hoodwink him completely. I think it was because he had such an elevated opinion of the sex. He fairly worshipped women and considered them about perfect. When a man's in that condition, it's pretty dangerous stepping for him you know.

"Nellie Pritchard happened to be the first one to play 'the soft light in the eye' game very hard so he bit. I knew that she was about one of the most insincere and hardest flirts in Cambridge but I couldn't mention the fact to Dick. I do think that he didn't quite trust me when it came to women. He thought I liked Nelly myself.

"Dick was studying hard that year. He expected to finish his law course this year and take his bar examinations and I guess Nellie decided she had quite a catch. He came home one night without his pin and I didn't have to hear talk to know that he was booked. He had a picture of Nellie in his pocket that he placed on the dresser near his mother. Nellie had chosen the attitude well. She almost did look sweet and innocent.

"Well that summer Dick went home to find his mother slowly succumbing to a disease for which there was no cure. The doctor told Dick she might possibly live a year but he doubted it.

"That about broke Dick's heart. He forgot his law and wrote Nellie all about his mother and his plans to stay at home and make his mother's time as happy as possible.

"Dick was a thoughtful cuss. He used to say to me 'Do you know Jack, we men don't give our mothers half thought enough. They bring us up—idolize us and we gradually drift away from them. Women depend so much on love.'

"He probably wrote about the same thing to Nellie. She wasn't big enough to see his side of it, and I guess she called him all kinds of a philosophizing fool for letting his law go to smash. She sent back his pin and well—Dick felt pretty sick about it all.

"His mother died last week. Dick wrote me about her death. He was with her when the time came. He always has that to remember anyway.

"He's coming back next term to finish up his law course. I've been studying Haeckal

and Kant pretty intensely this year and I have quite a few points to argue with him. Gosh, but it will be great to see him, and do you know, I read something in the paper today that pleased me. It was the announcement of Nellie's marriage to an old admirer of her's here at college. I'm glad that she is out of Dick's way for he deserves someone better. I'll be darned if I don't think he still feels that Nellie is quite nice.

"He told me when she threw him over that

he could understand her attitude in a way. It made me sick to see how she had put it over him. He said in that open way of his 'You know Jack, it's just that she likes me so much and she can't understand my letting anything interfere so with my work. She just needs experience, the little girl.'

"Little girl! indeed! I thought to myself. Guess I will have to lecture Dick a bit when he gets back and inform him that it requires brains and an alert mind to handle women intelligently."

A PSALM OF BIOLOGY LAB

(With all due apologies to H. W. Longfellow.)

Tell me not with sad misgiving
Lab is but a frightful dream;
Specimens preserved we mangle,—
Not as cruel as 'twould seem.

Pluerococcus and amoeba
Are most harmless little things;
And the honey bee,—Angelic,
He has bona fide wings.

Ciliated paramecia
In refracted rays do gleam,
So, the graceful vorticella
With contractile myoneme.

Hydra is a form eccentric,
Ever he gesticulates;
Tentacles he waves insanely,
As for artless prey he waits.

Would-be poets (?) may praise the earth-
worm,
Martyr in the Lab of Fame,
But upon a waven tablet
We impale the crayfish's frame.

"Aes triplex" renowned by Horace,
Did the strength of Romans brace,
Still more adequate protection
Is our crayfish's carapace.

Sad indeed is his dissection;
Some, his body scorn to touch.
Others, bold in desperation,
Deign his cheliped to clutch.

And when all his gills are severed,
Placed with care in numbered file,
Likewise, brain, and strong maxillae,
Fashioned in biramous style,

There 'twere fitting to inter him,
And, my friends, let no one laugh,
Listen well, while I promulgate
Poor, dead crayfish's epitaph.

Here, in grave of wax and water,
Not beneath the dewy clod,
In a sepulcher aquatic,
We inhumed thee, arthropod.

THE LURE OF THE STARS

"Sweet dreams," said Nana as she softly closed the door and left the room to darkness and to Warren. Warren lay still as an obedient child until he heard the last trace of Nana's footsteps fade away into nothing at all. Then boldly he pushed the covers back and pattered across the bare floor to his favorite seat by the window.

It was a deep inlaid window seat with soft upholstery in blue—that celestial shade of blue in daylight that artists dream about and at night a hazy mist color. Here he sat and looked and looked. It was his castle, his fortress, his watch-tower, and he was living. He could see them again tonight—these shining stars. How he longed

to know something about them. It was just the dazzle and splendor of them that fascinated him. He would watch them communicate with the moon by little secret twinkles. He just knew they must have a code—one long twinkle and two bright flashes might mean it is getting colder. He could see these celestial beings, because really they must be the works of angels, move when clouds came along. Nana told him once that they didn't move but she didn't know. She hadn't seen them move,

but he had. When a star jumped like Fourth of July celebration then was his delight supreme.

Every night he crept out here and gazed and gazed. Sometimes he crept back joyfully because they were all dancing and twinkling but when they were covered by huge black clouds he knew that God must be punishing the people on earth and he slowly found his way back into bed and only his good memory comforted him until the sandman came.

PUSSY-WILLOWS

Thou modest fuzzy little catkin
Thou early harbinger of spring—
Why dost thou come in such array
All dressed in modest, silv'ry gray?

Dids't think because thou wert the first
On whom the sun of spring should burst
In glowing colors, couldst not be
But come in Quaker modesty?

Ah, pussy willows have no fear,

The secret tell, that all may hear!
What called thee from thy slumber deep?
What made thee from thy brown husks
creep?

Ah, was it faintly that thou heard
The distant song of mating bird?
Or was it rain from leaden skies?
Or God's soft whisper, "Come, arise?"

Marion Louise Cunningham.

LET'S CRIB

Does not everyone who attends college do so in order to become proficient in the modern phases of athletics, card playing, petting parties, and such? While striving to earn a diploma in these arts one does not have time to waste in the perusal of such unnecessary books as those that deal with languages, literature, and sciences. Instead one must spend all his time in practice that will make him proficient in the modern arts.

Such an excellent way of spending one's time naturally leads to a bad case of "empty-head" at examination time. Still it is necessary to keep one's goal in sight. What could be better than to organize a cribbing team? What offers a greater opportunity for team work? Let us make out a schedule for a cribbing team for a freshman English class. The examination

is to be divided into three sections: (1) Woolley's; (2) **The New World**; and (3) themes. To organize the team: each row should number in threes; ones should crib every important rule and example in Woolley's on their handkerchiefs; twos should have a list with meanings of all extraordinary names and words seen in the **New World**; threes should provide theme outlines. Much practice can be had in daily quizzes.

Because of loyalty to their teams, as emphasized in athletics, each member will do his best. Since the cruel college authorities will allow no one to remain at college unless he obtains the very high passing grade of 60%, it is necessary to obtain at least 59.9% if one is to be able to continue his study of the modern arts.

Miss Barbara M. Fife.

REFLECTIONS

"Clara Ford,
 I see
 A funny-looking freckle
 On thy nose. . ."
 Surely this is
 Not the soul
 Of me.
 Brown eyes that
 Turn to green in light,
 Straight nose, a
 Non-inspiring
 Sight. So
 Animal those features,
 Skin, that hair—
 I doubt if anyone
 Could see a
 Soul there,
 Anywhere.

I sigh
 When by a dimmer

Light a fairer
 Sight echoes
 Itself back
 And registers
 A lie.
 What if this
 Atmosphere were
 My perpetual
 Habitat would
 Always this soul
 Of me be kept
 Concealed like
 That? I almost
 Find a soul, but
 Then, it
 Goes—to leave
 That funny freckle
 On my
 Nose!

Miss Clara Ford.

MOTHER'S SUNDAY

I would not pass with haughty mein
 The wearer of carnation pure,
 For I can sense the pangs so keen
 That aching heart can scarce endure.

I would not criticize the pink,
 An op'ning bud of dainty hue,
 So faint a shade, that serves a link,

To bind the wearer's love anew.

But now e're waning life forbid
 I'll wear on thankful, throbbing breast
 A full blown flow'r of richest red,
 A living symbol at its best.

M. Cummings.

WHEN I LOOK IN MY LOOKING-GLASS

I look into my looking-glass
 But nothingness I see,
 A vast expanse of emptiness,
 Of void, of vacancy.
 Ambition waxes not so strong,
 I cannot live down this disgrace;
 For what most people know for me

Is in reality, my face.

How sad may revelations be;
 How oft illusions fond, destroyed;
 I might have thought myself a wit
 Had mirror not reflected—void!

Helene H. Hall.

WHY?

Why need the Freshman study,
 When he's so exceptionally bright,
 And knows as much as the professor
 Who, of course, is never quite right?

Why doesn't he see it is better
 To tell the cause at first call
 Instead of living in terror
 For a good, kind neighbor to tell all?

Why is the rank so terrible
 And why can't the Freshman explain
 When the report is sent home to father
 And he wants an answer that's sane?

Why need the Freshman worry
 For the very next day he'll begin
 To get the best rank in the college
 If he'll only get down and dig it?

Why does the Freshman ponder,
 When he knows he should say what's
 right,
 To think up some educational answer
 Which will surely start a good fight?

Why doesn't he start in right now?
 The next day never appears
 And the poor, little, green, dumb, Fresh-
 man
 We find will dissolve into tears.

KNOW THYSELF

"Know thyself," the Delphian sage
 In tones so dire imparts.
 "Just mere words!" cries a cynic grand
 From out his calloused heart.

Comfort, help, for the lonesome soul
 A smile for all we meet;
 Ample praise of the little things
 Is what will make life sweet.

So we too as we pass along
 May cast advice aside,
 Each a judge of another's deeds
 Content our own to hide.

Have an aim in your inmost heart
 A lofty goal to gain;
 Do unselfishly all that you can
 Thus—life is not in vain.

Briggs, '25.

WILL YOU TELL US?

What are you reading? Are you reading
 anything? Why do you read? What is the
 best short story ever written?

What does the spring time mean to you?

Ralph Waldo Emerson writes:

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust
 So near is God to man

When Duty whispers low, 'thou must,'
 The youth replies, 'I can.'"

Is American youth measuring up to this
 standard?

If you do in this world, only that for
 which you are paid, how much real work
 will you do?

How do you conduct yourself when you
 go home? Do you try to let everyone see
 that you are a college student? What at-
 titude should you adopt?

Do you consider sororities a benefit or a
 detriment to American colleges?

Can you vote? If so do you know who
 you are going to vote for and why? How
 much do you know about the government
 of your country?

Whom do you consider the best Ameri-
 can poet? Why?

What does the newspaper mean to the

American public? What does it mean to you?

—————
If some one were to question you concerning Colby college, what could you tell them? How much Colby history do you know?

—————
What foreign country would you like most to visit? Why? Have you seen America?

—————
Where can you find the most beautiful scenery in America?

—————
What would you like to see in the Col-

biana? How would you make it interesting?

—————
Wesley's Rule:

“Do all the good you can,
By all the means you can,
In all the ways you can,
In all the places you can,
At all the times you can,
To all the people you can,
As long as ever you can.”

How could you follow this rule at Colby?

—————
Won't you answer these questions and give the answers to some member of the Colbiana staff?

“THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

It has long been a custom at Colby to have at least one Shakespearian play presented sometime during the college year. Usually the Senior play has been Shakespearian but this year the Alumnae, in their effort to raise money for the gymnasium fund, decided that a play written by Shakespear and presented by the talent of the women's division, would be a feasible plan. The idea grew and bore fruit. “The Merchant of Venice” was selected, the cast of characters chosen and rehearsals were held every afternoon in the Assembly room at Foss Hall, under the direction of Professor Carl J. Weber, associate professor of English at Colby.

The rehearsals were most successful and the work was progressing very well, indeed, when an epidemic of measles nearly ruined all the plans, but with characteristic courage and determination, Professor Weber substituted new actresses and the work continued.

The result was one of the finest productions of Shakespeare ever presented by Colby students. The Opera House was filled with interested spectators and at the close of the play every one applauded vigorously and many expressions of satisfaction were voiced.

No little credit is due the girls who so ably filled the parts of Bassanio and Jessica, as well as those who filled the minor parts.

These girls were rehearsing only three days before the final performance. Professor Weber deserves unbounded praise for his patience and perseverance in coaching the actresses. Without his encouragement, the play could not have been a success.

The Alumnae were well pleased with the financial result as well as the dramatic success. A sum of five hundred dollars was cleared.

The participants in the play enjoyed the week after the performance really more than the actual staging, we believe, as Professor Weber entertained the cast at his house on Burleigh street at a delightful afternoon party. The Alumnae entertained the cast at a banquet and program in the Methodist vestry. The entire play was an immense success and a Shakespearian production will undoubtedly be strongly favored for next year.

The Characters.

Antonio, a merchant of Venice.....
..... Anna Erickson
Salarino, a friend of Antonio..Celia Clary
Salanio, another friend....Marion Johnson
Bassanio, Antonio's closest friend.....
..... Alta Doe, Leota Schoff
Gratiano, a friend of Bassanio.....
..... Amy Robinson
Lorenzo, another friend of Bassanio....
..... Doris Tozier
Launcelot, the servant of Shylock.....

..... Marion Brown
 Gobbo, Launcelot's father..... Ruth Allen
 Jessica, Shylock's daughter.....
 Louise Cates, Lena Drisko
 Shylock, a Jewish money-lender.....
 Mary Gordon
 Tubal, a Jewish friend of Shylock.....
 Martha Davis
 Portia, a rich Italian heiress.....
 Barbara Whitney
 Nerissa, Portia's maid..Marion Cummings

Balthazar, Portia's servant....Mary Ford
 Prince of Morocco, one of Portia's suitors
 Viola Jodrey
 Prince of Arragon, another suitor.....
 Dorothy Farnsworth
 Duke of Venice.....Donnie Getchell
 Pedro, one of the Duke's guards.....
 Evelyn Gilmore
 Julia, Celia, Sylvia, Venetian girls.....
 Ethel Reed, Ervena Goodale, Lena Drisko



CAST OF "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

THE COLBIANA

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

EDITORIALS

If man is a social product then a college girl is a dormitory product. We seem to lose all desire for individuality and to become imbued with the aim of acquiring "college ways" as soon as we registered as freshmen.

It is a deplorable fact that Colby college offers an advanced course in Affecting and gives a degree in Borrowing. Every girl borrows from every other girl her words as well as her gowns. She "takes the words right out of another's mouth." Three weeks after registration there is hardly a girl to be seen who is herself.

Now pet phrases fit their original owners like a tailored suit. Who else can use the term "Petering" with such effective applicability as Dean Runnals? Who else can use **your** expression with the same grace as you? Sometimes it is "absolutely" necessary to borrow gowns, slippers, nickels and what not but never is it essential to one's success to borrow a neighbor's slang phrase

or mannerism. Because your chum extends and curls her little finger delicately aloof from her tea cup it does not signify that you must do the same—you may appear affected.

We cannot afford to ignore Dame Custom and we must not grow different but we can remain individuals. Why pool our personal and harmless idiosyncracies and draw out one not at all suited to us?

This may seem like a very little point to dwell at length on but we are building our future selves while at Colby. Can we afford to keep on imbibing the speech and ways of others without thought to their appropriateness? Our habits are fixing themselves now.

Affectations are too superficial to be indulged in by college women. The foundation of true culture lies imbedded in genuineness. Refracted imitation leads to progress but mimicry leads only to deterioration.

"Mens sana in corpore sano." Our health is our most valuable possession. With these warm pleasant Spring days at hand it is not going to be a hard task to keep our bodies in good physical condition with brisk walks, outdoor gymnasium classes and games of baseball and tennis.

But what about our mental health? We must get our studies prepared as usual because that is primarily the reason for our being here. Why waste time dawdling over a lesson, or reading one thing and thinking of another, or listening with one ear or doing things at the wrong time so they have to be done twice or forgetting what has been said? Let us use our heads and accomplish in twenty minutes what under these circumstances will take an hour.

An old man had a fine clock with chimes says the "Twentieth Century Farmer." When a guest was with him, he once said, "For thirty-five years I have never missed a night winding this clock at half past ten."

The guest who happened to be a jeweler examined the clock closely, and a quizzical smile overspread his face.

"What's funny?" inquired the householder.

"Why," said the visitor, "I was trying to figure out how much time you have wasted. This is an eight-day clock."

If asked the time right after looking at your watch, do you look again?

There is a problem in our minds, which demands greater knowledge than we possess, to solve, so we trustingly turn to you, the women's division of Colby college and ask you to present us with a solution of the difficulty.

We can tell you very briefly what the issue is. How can the Colbiana be made a real paper and be supported on the mere desire of the women's division of Colby col-

lege to have said paper? We can not solve the problem. Can you?

The Colbiana has been in existence for a number of years and each year has been the same old struggle for that existence. Distracted business managers have begged, beseeched, threatened and driven students to subscribe for the Colbiana. If a subscription was secured, then it required three weeks longer to collect the dollar due on the contract.

Yet, whenever a proposal to discontinue the publication of the paper is advanced, a mighty dissention arises and the women students flatly refuse to give up their Colbiana. They argue that the men's division has its Echo and why should not the women have a paper? Certainly! We agree that they should have such a paper but—the Echo does not grow but is made and paid for by the men and women of Colby. Every man subscribes to the Echo. It is understood that he shall and the fee is placed upon his term bill.

There are approximately two hundred women in Colby college and only one hundred and forty subscriptions have been taken this year for the Colbiana. When approached upon the subject the answer the business manager receives is "Do I want the Colbiana? No! What do I want that thing for? There isn't anything in it."

If it is only a "thing" and not a college paper worthy of the name Colbiana, it is your own fault. You can not expect something for nothing. If you want support the project it must fail. If you want a college paper, representative of Colby women's literary ability then you must show some sign of possessing that ability. Again if you want the Colbiana you must be willing to finance the enterprise. At present you are not doing so. What are you going to do?



WHEN WE OF THE BLUE TRIANGLE MET IN RECENT TIMES

(From the diary of one who goes.)

Jan. 5. The town girls told us tonight a very interesting story. They selected a number of beautiful and well known hymns and told us all about their authors and what inspired the writers to pen such words. It was instructive as well as beautiful. Ethel Littlefield was leader.

Jan. 22. Y. W. tonight was a simple, peaceful prayer service. It does one good just to sit quietly with God.

Jan. 29. We couldn't have any blue triangle meeting tonight. You see it's mid-year time and we have to forget everything in study. We miss the meeting though.

Feb. 5. Tonight was inspiring and made us all think. Elsie Bishop read us parts of the poem "The Toiling of Felix." It is a beautiful poem and made us all realize that to succeed we must work, work, work and that in the end we shall be rewarded, in eternal peace.

Feb. 12. We have been merry as well as thoughtful tonight. The program was an open forum meeting to discuss the borrowing question. It is a serious question here at Colby. Everyone seemed to agree that borrowing some things was perfectly all right but there is a line to be drawn and we should really draw it, now.

Feb. 19. Vesper service. Just the word, vesper, somehow connotes peace and happiness of a reverent nature. The vesper was inspiring and we felt as though we could be better Christians after the service.

March 11. The girls are home from the Maine State Conference. They gave us a

very clear report. We are much interested in the foreign students which they tell us about who were at the conference. The problems of race and creed seem to be uppermost in most religious circles. It is such a big question yet only Christians can solve it.

March 18. The World Fellowship Committee met today. This is going to mean a lot to Colby. I hope more take an interest. Joint meeting of Y. M. and Y. W.

Jan. 15. The group who went to Indianapolis to the World Student Volunteer convention told us all about their experiences and the inspiration they received. There is the same great problem of Christianizing the world and we begin to realize the burden which college students must bear in the work.

Feb. 26. I wish there could be as many out to Y. W. and Y. M. every time as there were tonight. Doctor William Black gave us a wonderful address of tribute to Woodrow Wilson. We could see the life of Wilson as never before and we realize more the wonderful character which he had.

March 4. Doctor Foster is with us again. He was most inspiring tonight. He tried to make us see our duty in life and asked us to remember the missionary field as a life work.

March 14. Sherwood Eddy has arrived. We have been waiting for him so eagerly and he is all that we expected. He is telling us of the world as it is and makes us feel the call to action.



Dear Sisters:—

I suppose you are anxious to hear what Mr. Colby's College, especially the female section, has been doing to keep busy these winter months. It has been a most successful and happy time except that the Weather Bureau disappointed us by sending warm weather too early. The winter carnival, which we were planning, had to be given up for lack of snow and ice.

You certainly missed a lot by not being here at our first Undergraduate Banquet. It was one of the most enjoyable college functions that I have ever attended. The dining room was prettily decorated with blue and gray crepe paper. The speeches were excellent. Mrs. Mary Hall, the widow of one of Colby's former professors, was a

Follies of the Women's Division; and Elsie Bishop, '25, The Undergraduate Banquet.

The Dean's speech which she developed according to mathematical analogy, was very interesting. Nellie Pottle gave a very clever talk in which she spoke of the many desirable and undesirable words to be found in Colby Spirit. An extremely humorous speech was given by Miss Dunn who kept the audience shaking with laughter as only Miss Dunn can.

President and Mrs. Roberts have gone to spend three months in Europe. Before they left we gave them a farewell dinner here at Foss Hall. Prex said he would like to take us all with him and I guess we all wish he could. Mrs. Small, our latest dietitian, gave us a good feed as she always does.



THE OUTING CLUB.

competent toastmistress. Grace Fox was the leader in the singing. The speakers were Nellie Pottle, '25, Colby Spirit; Pauline Waugh, '27, Next Three Years; Idora Beatty, '27, Colby's Call; Professor Florence Dunn, '96, Colby's Matches; Ruth Field, '25, Colby Friends; Dean Runnals, '08, Lux Mentis Scientia; Emily Heath, '26, The

I went to the Deke Ball, too. It was a grand affair. Grand was the word for it. They say it cost them each about twenty-five dollars just for one house party. I'm glad I'm not a boy. Clothes cost a lot but dances and movies take a lot of money, too, especially when you have a girl.

Some of the girls have had to leave col-

lege because of illness. We all feel mighty sorry about it. Jennie Nutter, who lives in Monson, has been operated on for appendicitis and can not come back this year. Marguerite Albert of Houlton hurt her leg skiing and she isn't coming back until after Easter. Marion Bibber completed her course at mid-years, Grace Morrison, a freshman, was ill and had to leave college at Christmas.

I think it must be that we don't behave very well because we are having a series of talks on etiquette. The sororities postpone their meetings on Wednesday nights and we all go to the etiquette talks. The first one was on Wall Decoration by Mrs. Clara C. Weber. She told us lots of useful things. You really ought to hang the pictures over in the parlor, but don't start until I get home to show you how. Mrs. Lois H. Smith told us what the townspeople thought about us and we are going to improve in some ways which you may have noticed before and don't need to have me tell you about. Mrs. Muzzy is going to speak to us on General Etiquette and a lady from Springfield, Mass., is coming to speak on Dress. Please don't let mother buy me any new clothes. I want to wait until after I get some ideas.

Hilda Worthen, who is president of the Literary Society, has been having some interesting programs. Professor Carl J. We-

ber spoke at the first meeting about the greatest hindrance to a literary society. He said the college had no literary atmosphere and his arguments were very convincing. The last meeting was about present day English authors.

We have been having a Health Week, the aim of which is to promote better health and the points go toward winning the Health League Cup. Each girl may get three points a day by sleeping eight hours, keeping correct posture and not eating between meals. There is great competition for each class is trying its hardest to get the best record.

We are still trying to add to the Building Fund. The girls put on "The Merchant of Venice" in January under the auspices of the alumnae. The play was a wonderful success. Everyone agreed that it was the best production of college skill which they had seen for a long time and a great deal of credit is due Professor Carl Weber who coached the play.

We are also selling Happiness candy, which is most delicious. We get a large profit on it due to the kindness of Clio Chilcott, an alumna. It would surprise you to watch that fund grow.

In my next letter after vacation I'll tell you all about our spring activities.

With love,

Your Colby Sister.

OUTING CLUB

"If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" No, not this year, much to the chagrin of the Outing Club. For Spring stole a march on us, who were totally unprepared for its sudden arrival and thus, our extensive plans for out-door activities were only partially fulfilled.

The unexpected thaw made it impossible to carry out the program for the Winter Carnival scheduled for February 25. Keen was the disappointment on the part of the girls who had especially planned to show their prowess in various lines of sports, skating, snow shoeing and skiing, not to mention the snow ball fight, in which all classes were to join.

However, the object of the Outing Club

has not been in vain. For much has been accomplished in arousing an interest in out-door sports for health purposes. The Outing Club was organized this Winter as a result of the belief by many that a great interest in health would be manifested by the members of the women's division, if such an organization existed, and this proved to be the fact as was manifested by the numbers who joined and actively took part in out-door sports. The club emphasized out-door sports as a means to health, recreation and good sportsmanship in which competition plays a very minor part.

In an attempt to realize this purpose, an activity committee was chosen and plans made for various outings. These outings

often took the form of skating parties on the College rink where cheery bon fires were built to make the parties more gay, at other times, as the weather permitted, snowshoes, toboggans and skiis were in evi-

dence.

The club will undoubtedly be stronger than ever next year and prove a beneficial factor in the general health tone of the women's division.

ALUMNAE

1921

Linna Weidlick, teaching at Warehouse Point, Long Island.

Pauline Abbott, teaching.

Marion Conant, teaching at Mars Hill.

Elizabeth Carey, teaching science in Connecticut. She has completed a post-graduate course at Yale.

Marjorie Hornung, teaching English in Palermo, N. J.

Ruth Mosher, teaching Chemistry in Portsmouth, N. H.

Katherine Tuttle, teaching Latin in Keene, N. H.

Grace Wilder, doing graduate work at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, Md.

Geraldine Baker, Mrs. Neilson Hannay, at home, Boston, Mass.

Laura Baker, teaching at Sangerville.

Frances Bradbury, Mrs. Joseph Burke, at home, Kennebunk.

Bernice Butler, Mrs. Virgil McGorrill, at home, Kennebunk.

Alice Clark, teaching at Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston.

Grace Foster, social service work, Buffalo, N. Y.

Kathleen Goodhue, teaching at Houlton.

Dorothy Mitchell, at home, Houlton.

Florence Preble, teaching at Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston.

Doris Fernald, married, Waterville.

Clara Gamage, lawyer's office, Boston, Mass.

Bertha Norton, married, Houlton.

1922

Naomi Maher, reporter Lewiston Journal, Augusta.

Anne Sweeney, teaching, Waterville High School, Waterville.

Dorothy Crawford, teaching.

Bertha Cobb, Mrs. John Choate, Waterville.

Beatrice Baker, Mrs. Irving Hobby, at home, Arlington, Mass.

Ruth Banghart, teaching at Berne, N. Y.

Mary Carl, Mrs. Hebert Taylor, at home, Addison.

Edna Chamberlain, teaching at Cony High School, Augusta.

Bertha Gilliat, Mrs. Merrill Moore, at home, Hartland.

Julia Hoyt, teaching at Winchester, Mass.

Catherine Larrabee, teaching at Winchester, Mass.

Doris Purrington, teaching at Presque Isle.

Mary Whitcomb, in Library of College of Liberal Arts of Boston University, Boston.

Dorothy White, teaching at Lewiston.

Mary Brier, teaching in Oakland.

Marion Hardy, teaching English in Taunton, Mass.

Eleanor Bailey, teaching Latin at Bradford Academy, Bradford, Vt.

Hazel Drew, teaching at Hampton Academy.

Emma Moulton, at home North Hampton, N. H.

Louise Jacobs, teaching.

Lorena Scott, Stoneham, Mass.
Virginia Bean, teaching.

Mildred Smiley, Mrs. Daniel Wing, Winslow.

1923

Margaret Abbott, teaching, Vanceboro.
Elizabeth Kellett, teaching Whittier School, Merrimac, Mass.

Marjorie Kemp, teaching, Smyrna Mills.

Ida Jones, teaching, Conway, N. H.

Dorothy Chaplin, Livingston.

Louise Steele, teaching, Easthampton, Mass.

Louise Tilley, teaching, Presque Isle.

Arlene Ringrose, teaching, Presque Isle.

Helen Davis, teaching, Rangeley.

Leonette Warburton, in charge of Junior Chautauqua work of one of southern divisions of the Swarthmore Chautauqua.

Velma Briggs, teaching Mathematics in Carmel.

Vera Collins, teaching French and English in Pelham, N. H.

Arlene Harris, teaching Chemistry and Physics in Phillips.

Elizabeth Griffin, at home, Camden.

Avis Cox, teaching French and Latin in Meredith, N. H.

Mildred Hawes, teaching English in Middlebury High School, Middlebury, Vt.

Edith Porter, state lecturer for W. C. T. U.

Thelma Powers, teaching French and

Latin, East Orleans, Mass.

Thelma Ryder, teaching French, English and Latin at Littleton, N. H.

Marion Bibber, is at home, Richmond.

Marion L. Drisko, teacher in Wilton Academy, Wilton.

Beulah Adams, teaching Bingham.

Marcia Davis, teaching Littleton, N. H.

Helen Dresser, teaching South Portland.

Helen Pierce, teaching, Wells.

Elizabeth Larrabee, teaching, Winthrop.

Melva Mann, teaching, Keene, N. H.

Lucy Osgood, teaching, Marion, N. Y.

Reta Wheaton, teaching, Caribou.

Doris Wyman, teaching, Revere, Mass.

Ethel Alley, teaching, Pavillon, N. Y.

Mildred Collins, teaching, New Hampshire.

Myrtice Swain, teaching, Essex, Mass.

Marjorie Starbird, Simmons Library School.

Eleanor Hawes, Mt. Desert, teaching.

Gertrude Fletcher, teaching, Bridgewater.

Helen Freeman, teaching, North Berwick.

Doris Dickey, teaching, Fairfield.

Mary Warren, teaching, Fairfield.



“What’s a dead letter?”

“One that you give your roommate to mail.”

—Brown Jug.

“And what, Doc, is the last thing you know for insomnia—I have a bad attack?”

“Go to bed at once, my man, and sleep it off.”

—Brown Jug.

Lady Beverly: “What happened to your Rolls Royce?”

Lord Manchester: “I sold it. My driving license expired and I couldn’t afford to get a new one.”

—Brown Jug.

Alice: “I’m glad it’s leap year. It means either a man or a gown.”

Bernice: “Better get the gown dear—

you can alter that to suit yourself."

—Brown Jug.

Willie: "I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, Mama, and he asked me if I ever shot craps on Sunday."

Mother: "And like a good boy, what did you say?"

Willie: "I said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' and walked right away and left him."

—Siger.

Pat: "Say, Mike, we can't go down that path!"

Mike: "An' why not?"

Pat: "Sure, that sign over there says, 'For pedestrians only' and we both be Oirishmen."

—Siger.

The Natty one: "I was present at every one of the dog shows last season."

The Catty one: "How many ribbons did you take?"

—Siger.

"She promised to marry me."

"Serves you right for asking foolish questions."

—Pitt Panther.

Co-eds: "Say, do you know that at gym today they had touch the floor with their feet and not bend their knees?"

From the suite: "Sh, don't make a noise,

my foot's gone to sleep."

The Professor: "When I get close to nature it always makes me feel like a little grub."

The other: "Same here—let's go and have a bit at the village pub."

—London Opinion.

Little Boy: "Look, Ma, the circus has come to town; there's one of the clowns."

Ma: "Hush, darling. That's not a clown. That's just a college man."

—Beaupot.

Two boys were puzzling their brains to invent a new game. At last one of them said, eagerly: "I know, Billy, let's see who can make the ugliest face."

"Aw, go on!" was the reply. "Look what a start you've got!"

—Pathfinder.

Mrs. Nouveau-Riche: "He's getting on so well at school; he learns French and Algebra. Now Ronnie, say 'How d'ye do' to the lady in Algebra."

—Goblin.

Uncle Jack asked little Celia if she didn't want him to play with her.

"Oh, no," she said, "we're playing Indian, and you're no use, 'cause you're scalped already."

—United Presbyterian.

DICTIONARY OF UNDERGRADUATES

Marion Brown—Marathon prospect—trains each morning from 7.55 to 8.00. Course, Boutelle avenue, through Main to Recitation Hall.

Waneta Blake—Foss Hall disciplinarian.

Annie Brownstone—Future congress woman. Preparing in Public Speaking 6 and 8.

Celia Clary—Hoyle's understudy. Auction Bridge a specialty.

Rachel Conant—Lover of Berries.

Beulah Cook—Oh! How she can swim!

Marion Cummings—Fond of baseball and blondes.

- Sippelle Daye—Would that we all had brains.
 Gene Clark—German shark.
 Marion Drisko—Slow in utterance.
 Mary Drisko—And a tall prince came out of the Deke House. . . and they lived happy ever after.
 Grace Fox—Studies history—King Phillip favorite hero.
 Margaret Gilmore—Phi Beta Kappa forever!
 Mary Gordon—Public speaking judge and stump speaker.
 Dorothy Gordon—She's taken every hard course in college.
 Helen Gray—Colby spirit and a Maine heart.
 Esther Holt—And Ever-ett shall be the same.
 Vivian Hubbard—Mac-Al-is-ter-her.
 Alice Manter—Pastry devotee—Brownie's preferred.
 Grace Martin—She is quiet and her philosophy of life is fairness.
 Ethel Harmon—as a freshman, fond of Snow sports.
 Katrina Hedman—Moses! She likes Bowdoin.
 Helen Pratt—The next number on the program is "Danny Boy." (The Wearing of the Green, was the encore).
 Ethel Reed—To her there is one Day which will never end.
 Marjorie Rollins—What do you know about Shakespeare?
 Margaret Turner—Ask her about her views on marriage.
 Hazel Berry—A Merri-man never lets the world worry him and so is always happy, Hazel believes.
 Phyllis Bowman—Has Wiley ways.
 Leota Schoff—A poetress there is and she makes her verse not as you and I, but better by far.
 Flora Harriman—Lest-(h)er looks belie the truth we judge Revere is a favored city.
 Marjorie Everingham—The "Chapman" concert consisting of the Boys Glee Club of Colby College was held in Oakland not long ago.
 Marion Johnson—Music soothes the savage beast, why not try it on a dentist's patient.
 Marjorie Sterling—Sigma Nu and Bowdoin too.
 Doris Tozier—Once we were fearful lest the Seaman would port the ship of love in a D. U. harbor, but the motor still Put Put's.
 Dorothy Austin—Jimmy Marsh-aled his forces in vain we fear.
 Elsie Adams—How do you always get to a place on time?
 Doris Dewar—Her interest is centered upon the Hunt.
 Irma Davis—The girl who smiles and means it.
 Margaret Hardy—The silent speaker in Public Speaking 6 and 8.
 Hilda Fife—Has a well developed sense of humor and often bursts into a giggle.
 Emily Heath—A Sheik came out of India—but he went back alone they say.
 Marguerite O'Roak—Admirably suited for a Bishop's wife.
 Winona Pollard—Who will the next victim be?
 Mollie Seltzer—Philadelphia is a great place to fall in love.
 Margaret Smith—Sherman marched, not to the sea, but into her heart.
 Elizabeth Lewis—There are so many things we might say, we can't choose any one.
 Barbara Whitney—Prefers to dance with tall men.
 Louise Chapman—Clog dancer.
 Esther Knudsen—The war is over but still she believes a "Buddy" is just great.
 Conclusion: If you know any wise sayings please present them.

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