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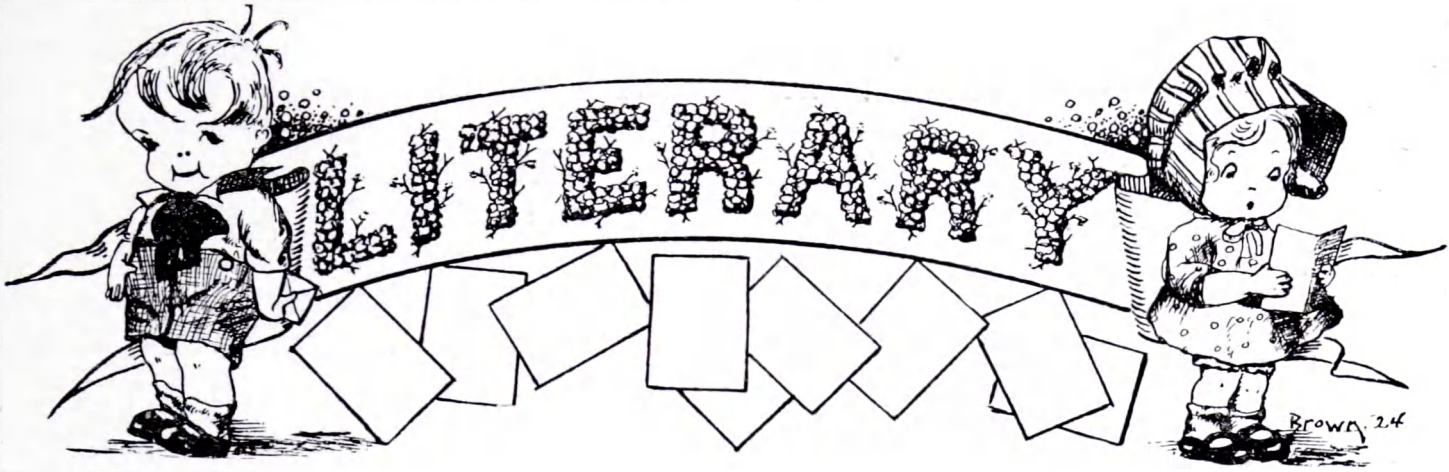
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THE COLBIANA

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Number 3



MARRIED FOR HER MONEY

Shirley Gordon swept through the French doors that led into the richly appointed living room of her home. With her came the faint fragrance of the exotic flower with which her personality had become identified to all who knew her.

"Shirley—"

"Well?"

The tone conveyed the impression that everything was anything but well.

"I've just heard from the Harborne Heaths at Grand Point. They want us to come up next week. Edith writes that they will love to have us—provided our honeymoon is over enough to make it possible for us to inhabit the same earth with other married couples. You may read what she has to say if you like."

There was a faint curl of Shirley's pretty lips, as Dick quoted from the letter in his hand. She flashed a challenging glance at him.

"And what did you reply?"

"Nothing yet, of course. I just started my letter and then came in to see what you wanted to do about it."

"Then please tell them that you and I are far too sensible to go mooning around alone, and that we shall be overjoyed to accept, or make it more formal. Just as you like," she added in an uninterested tone.

He looked at her pleadingly.

"Shirley," he said, "I don't have to be reminded all the time that our marriage has been a failure even before we could consider it begun, but I don't think it is necessary to tell the world about it."

He was looking away angrily, or he would have seen the way in which the slender girl wife before him shrank, as if from a blow. He did not see the tears start, for when he turned to look at her again, she had wiped the tears from her eyes and they now gleamed hard and brilliant.

"What does it matter?" she asked recklessly. "Our set can see for themselves that we are the most sensible couple in the bunch; that we have no nonsense, or romance, or sentiment about us. We know what we married for and I suppose we are both satisfied."

And Shirley, because she was intently studying the toe of her tiny blue slipper, failed also to notice the look of pain that crept into her husband's face at her words.

He came a step nearer and very gently but firmly put his hand upon her shoulder. He gave no sign that he felt her shrink from his touch, but every fiber of his being was aware of it.

"Many times you have hinted that something came between us, Shirley. Now I must know what it is."

Her color deepened, but she lifted her

brows disdainfully, and there was a mocking light in her eyes.

"It is not necessary to take time for that. We know why we married, and you'll admit that we both have our desire."

There was a stifled sob in the girl's voice, but to the man it sounded only like an attempt to control an overmastering anger.

"And what was it you married for?" he asked evenly.

"I? That I might belong to someone; that I might not be utterly alone as I had been all my life."

Dick would have stopped her, but she went on, and her voice was choked with the emotion which had been checked for so long.

"Oh, I know, you'll say that I was never anyone; that my guardian sent me governesses when I was a child, and companions when I grew older. But I never belonged to them—they belonged to me. They let me see it in a hundred ways. It was the same with the men who wanted to marry me. I knew it was because I was an heiress; because they wanted my money, but when you came—"

"Well—when I came?" he repeated, for she had stopped abruptly.

"When you came," she said very quietly, "I knew it was different. I knew it was not you who would belong to me, but I who would belong to you. And I thought it would be the most wonderful thing in the world. I, who had always been my own mistress was to be—"

A deep flush rose to Dick Gordon's brow.

"Have I ever been harsh or inconsiderate with you, Shirley?"

"No," she answered, still quietly. "You are kind to all who belong to you. I guess it was my mistake in thinking I could ever belong to any one. I have no right to complain; I got what I bargained for. And you—"

"Have I made a mistake, too?" he asked bitterly.

"How can I be expected to know? But you have no right to complain, either, because you got what you wished, even though you may be finding it unsatisfactory now."

No one listening to this conversation

could have guessed the agony of pain and loneliness through which Shirley Gordon had passed before she arrived at the conclusion she was now voicing so clearly and apparently unemotionally. What she had just said was true. Her life, in spite of all the luxury and beautiful things that great wealth and an indulgent guardian could shower upon her, had been devoid of the companionship and understanding that every girl needs,—until Dick appeared. She loved him now so much that every word seemed to pierce her heart, but he was like all the rest—faithless. For two months now they had been exchanging hideous courtesies.

There was a brief silence while Shirley was mourning over her regrets and her shattered dreams, and Dick was wondering how to unravel his wife's meaning from the vague "you have what you married for!"

Suddenly he turned to her.

"Shirley, just what do you mean?"

The girl hesitated an instant; then she hastened from the room. Dick was about to go after her when she returned and handed him a crumpled piece of paper.

"Perhaps this will remind you," she said flippantly.

Dick glanced over the paper. There were only a few short lines, written one day on their wedding tour, when he had been called away suddenly to look for a trunk of her's, and had sent this little note to Shirley explaining the delay. He remembered writing it in the smoking room, on a torn leaf of his memorandum book, and sending it up by a boy.

He was turning the paper around in a puzzled way, when something on the reverse side caught his eye. In one glance he took in the whole mistake.

The evidence was there, in three short lines, with the end of each torn off in taking the paper out of the memorandum book.

"You ask me why I marry her. Simply cause she is rich."

It was Dick's own writing; he could not have denied it if he would. However, he showed no inclination to do so. For one

minute he kept his eyes on the paper. When he raised his head and looked at his wife, his face was as pale as her own, but there was no humiliation in it.

"So this is what you have had against me ever since the beginning of our wedding trip?" Now his voice was cold and relentless. "You knew me as little as that, and yet you married me. Why, if your own hand bore witness to something shameful against you, Shirley, do you think that I would believe it, rather than think that there was some mistake? And would I not let you give some explanation? That is what love means to me—trust."

As he spoke he drew out his memorandum book, and turned to the place from which he had hastily torn his note to her. It had not been taken off close to the binding so there was a narrow strip of paper left in the book. It contained the ending of those three lines which had caused so much trouble. It was their ending which Dick was offering her now.

"Read," he commanded coldly.

"I will not," she answered with a sob in her voice. "You can never forgive me. I can never forgive myself. But I will not read—just to prove that I have trust in you, too, although it comes too late."

Then, with a sudden cry, she stretched out her arms to him.

"Oh, you must forgive me," she cried piteously. "You can't condemn me to the misery of the past long weeks always."

"And you think it's fair for you to escape, unpunished for the bitter pain you've been giving me?"

"Wasn't my suffering, punishment enough, Dick?"

"No." He drew her to a window, and made her sit down on its broad, cushioned seat and then sat down beside her.

"You must pay the penalty I exact; you

must read this and listen while I tell you all about it."

He laid the torn leaf in the book so that it matched the lines. Shirley read them aloud, with a quivering voice:

"You ask me why I'll not marry her. Simply because she is rich."

"I was writing to my sister about you," he explained. "It's the way I always do—scribble things to her, just as they come into my head. Her last letter had accused me of faint-heartedness. I felt badly over the thoughts of giving you up and this is all I could write in reply. I wanted her to know that your money stood between us, your money and only that.

"Oh, Dick," was all that Shirley could say, as she buried her head on his shoulder.

"And then," he continued, "Doris came back at me with the unanswerable question—'but what about Shirley—what if she loves you?' That settled it, and so—" he made a helpless, defeated gesture, "and so, well—here I am."

When Shirley spoke again her voice was soft and the love light shone once more in her pretty blue eyes.

"Let's write the Harborne Heaths that our honeymoon is indefinitely prolonged, Dickey Boy." It was the old love name for which Dick had hungered so long.

Dick went to the writing table in the next room, and returned, in a moment, with a hastily written note.

"Sorry to turn up our respected noses at your hospitality, but we can only stop over a day on the second lap of our wedding trip. Love is a chronic disease with us.

"Shirley and Dick."

"And as soon as you're ready, we'll take a trip to the Great Lakes, Little-Girl-Who-Is-Always-Going-To-Trust-Her-Husband—where we can have a little peace."

Muriel Thomas, '27.

THE HERMIT

The song of the hermit is eager,
Smiting the strings of the heart,
Too sweet for the hour of sorrow:
Youth only may suffer the smart.

The song is beauty striving—
Beauty may not be bound—
Beating the doors of music,
Breaking the bars of sound.

Sombre and dark is the forest;
 The sudden yearning note,
 Carol of light and rapture,
 Will rend the singing throat.

Thou bird, thou song, thou spirit,
 Unfading be thy tree,
 But I walk no more in the forest—
 The roads of the world for me.

Florence E. Dunn.

TROY IN AN ORCHARD

O long ago in an orchard bower
 We made the shadowy past our play:
 We haunted the hollow ships for an hour,
 And lived in Troy a summer's day.
 I, proud Achilles, scorned thy power,
 Thou Hector, prince of the ancient lay.
 We stole the poet's gold for our dower,
 But rainbow treasure is soon away.

Fair Helen looked from her lofty tower—
 She peeped from under a blooming
 spray—
 The Trojans blanched at her beauty's
 flower—
 Fie, Rosy-red! would'st a world betray?
 The petals fell in a drifting shower:
 Beware, beware the blossomy way!
 We stole the poet's gold for our dower,

But rainbow treasure is soon away.
 Beneath the branches warriors glower;
 Freckled Andromache may pray,
 By the orchard wall she is fain to cower;
 For heroes leap to the bloody fray.
 Ladies might weep, and prophets might
 lower,
 But hector was dauntless, the old stories
 say.
 We stole the poet's gold for our dower,
 But rainbow treasure is soon away.

O long ago in an orchard bower
 We made the shadowy past our play:
 We stole the poet's gold for our dower,
 But rainbow treasure is soon away.
 Florence E. Dunn.

"CHASTELARD"—SWINBOURNE

An Appreciation.

Since the story is one of Mary Stuart, the background must of course be either the French or Scottish court. For his purposes the author has wanted a heroine who has absolute power, so he has placed her on her own throne in Scotland. The setting of the play is in no way responsible for any of Mary's motives, but does provide the queen with excuses for her actions. She even excuses her loveless marriage to her cousin Darnley, on the ground that, unprotected in a disapproving land, she needed some strong support. Disapproving land, I say, because quite evidently the Scottish people looked with little favor on the French court which their queen maintained.

Through the fabric of the play are interwoven two threads: the one, of somber unrequited love, the other, of flaming, crimson passion. The first, is the hopeless devotion of Mary Beaton for her queen's

lover, Chastelard—the other, the consuming passion Chastelard bears for Mary Stuart, a passion so strong that he remains in Scotland while his kinsmen are struggling and dying without his assistance.

The somber thread of Mary Beaton's story begins to unravel in the first scene, as she sings a melancholy love song, and continues through to the very end. At Chastelard's execution, when the crowd cries, "So perish all traitors of the Queen,"—Mary Beaton in all her bitterness and remorse, cries out, "So perish the queen some day."

Although the play bears the name of Chastelard, (and truly it is his fate we are concerned with) yet the queen seems to be the central figure most of the time. Perhaps it is fitting that it should be thus, however, for certainly the queen was all of life for Chastelard, and sadly enough,

death too.

Chastelard represented the flower of French chivalry, and loved with a love he knew to be dangerous. But our admiration for him is most aroused by his chivalric treatment of Mary Beaton after she had impetuously caught him in a trap that might as well have been the hangman's noose. Besides the knight, there was much of the poet and philosopher in Chastelard's nature. His bitter-sweet philosophy of love is shown in these lines referring to the queen:

"I know her ways of loving, all of them;
A sweet, soft way the first is; afterward
It burns and bites like fire; the end of that
Charred dust, and eyelids bitten through
with smoke."

To analyze Chastelard's character and devotion is comparatively easy, but to attempt to fathom the depth of Mary Stuart's

heart, or even to pierce its superficialities is difficult. For in her we are dealing with a woman practiced in the art of deceit, learned in two courts, and a woman considered one of the most fascinating in history. It is not because she was a creature of impulses that she is hard to understand, but rather it is difficult to conceive how greatly her life was ruled by selfishness—a selfishness so great that she could not bear that any man should love another than herself. She said:

"I would sometimes that all things were dead asleep that I have loved—"

And what she willed she did, and so we have Chastelard laying his head upon the block, because Mary in her arrogance had said,

"It were convenient one of us should die."

Betty E. Alden, '27.

GLIMPSES

Fragrance of drenched magnolia—
Green of lawns a-glint with springtime
rains—
A winding, drifting, cherry-bordered path
—kindly Lincoln—

White-crossed, peaceful resting place of
soldier dead,
Where North and South meet equally to
tribute **pay**;
A friendly city—Washington.

Marian Johnson, '25.

YOUR AVENUE

The future lies before you like an endless
avenue.
Its turns and twists and hillocks are made
of the things you'll do.
You can see its heights of glory, and its
low-land filled with tears,
As your highway ever lengthens by the
swiftly passing years.
Oh, your dreams are strange and many
while your hopes are unsurpassed;
And you must not think that failure may
be waiting at the last,
For your faith upon the victory is what
makes the game worth while;
'Tis what fills the heart with pleasure
down the rocky, stretching mile.

You may read, and talk, and ponder, but I
think you'll say with me
That it's mostly up to you what your
avenue shall be.

Now if you get dissatisfied or fret at your
position
You're going to make your future a less
cheerful proposition.

But if you just keep smiling, while you do
your very best,

I think that Fate will willingly take care of
all the rest,

'Till your highway goes a-climbing up its
last stupendous hill,

And you look off in the distance to a future
brighter still.

Vera E. Fellows, '27.

THE FATEFUL LOCKET

The passage thus far had been a stormy one. The passengers on the liner "King George" because of the cold, drizzling rain and the rocking-horse motion of the boat, were bored with themselves and with their fellow sufferers and consequently were irritable and unhappy.

One young man who appeared on deck, with a pale, worried face, looked especially miserable. And no wonder, for in his cabin were a sick wife and two whimpering babies. He was experiencing his first ocean passage, and he was going to some "inconvenient hole" to try to uplift the "ungrateful heathen." Of course he didn't usually regard the matter in such an un-Christian-like attitude, but today he was unhappy and bitter.

The day passed, as had the others preceding it, in flurried squalls of stinging rain, and with the approach of darkness the wind increased in fury, driving even the most courageous passengers from the decks to the warmth and light of the salon below. The gale outside roared and shrieked with renewed force, and the mountainous rollers, breaking against the ship's side, drenched the decks and flung salt spray high over the smokestacks.

The passengers—at least all who were not too sick to care what happened—clung together in frightened groups and began to whisper of life-belts and life-boats. By midnight however, the gale had died away leaving in its place, what was still more to be dreaded, an impenetrable blanket of thick, white fog. The ship, tossed out of its course by the storm, was now like a blind animal uncertainly feeling its way towards the blank wall which enclosed it, shutting out all sights and sounds of the usual world in which it moved.

The passengers, however, aware only that the terrible pitching and rolling had subsided, felt more secure and many began to recover miraculously from their attacks of mal de mer. Comparative peace reigned in cabin and stateroom for several hours, while the officers on the bridge peered anxiously ahead into the fog, which lifted tantalizingly now and then to reveal glimpses of gray water, and then shut down again thicker and whiter than before.

Then in the stillness came the crash, the sudden shock of steam propelled wood and steel on hidden rocks, the screams of women and the wild confusion of panic-stricken passengers.

The young missionary with his wife and babies clasped closely to him, pushed his way resolutely through the mob of struggling men and women to the ship's side, where boats were being loaded with women and children and lowered as swiftly as safety permitted.

He reached the first one just as it swung slowly over the side of the ship. His wife with one of the boys had struggled frantically to an already laden boat and had thrust her child into the arms of a woman who had obtained a place in it. The father, seeing her action and realizing that the only hope that remained was to save the children, hesitated only for one despairing moment, then tossed his son to outstretched arms in the boat below. For an agonized instant he watched until the white bundle was safely caught and held, then he turned back to his wife.

As the lifeboats drew away, the stricken vessel plunged suddenly, nose downward, and slipped quickly out of sight, while the survivors watched in tragic silence with a horrified fascination which remained unbroken until all signs of the ship had entirely disappeared.

* * * * *

It was a glorious morning in early June, and from the tennis courts at the rear of the Cranston home came the sounds of clear, young voices engaged, apparently in a rather spirited yet half-laughing argument as to whether the last ball had been "on the tape or out."

Mrs. Cranston, going over her list of engagements for the day, smiled complacently to herself as the sounds floated in through the open windows of the sunny living-room, in which she sat. After another consideration of her note-book, she rose and going out to the porch, called in the direction of the voices which, by this time, had settled their disagreement and were peacefully calling off the scores. In a moment the players, flushed and happy, appeared through the shrubbery.

What a pair they were! These two young creatures, radiant with health and activity, overflowing with the love of life and of each other. The girl, slim and quick, her dusky hair framing an adorably piquant face and forming a suitable background for a pair of unusually expressive eyes; the boy, tall and lithe, with well-cut features and an irresistible smile.

"Will you take this note to Mrs. Carter for me, Dick?" she asked. At their eager assent she smiled, then added sternly, "You simply must be back by half-past two, you both have to go to the Bailey's lawn party this afternoon you know."

She realized from experience that a five mile run into the country might very well lengthen itself into a half day's trip, if these irresponsible youngsters followed their own impulses in the matter.

Little deceived by her sternness, they dashed gayly off to the garage and soon swept out of the driveway in the boy's low racer, waving laughing farewells to the woman who stood watching their departure with loving pride shining in her eyes.

And well she might be proud, though to-day her happy thoughts were mingled with sad memories, for this was the anniversary of one of the most momentous and tragic days of her life. Twenty-three years ago today she had lost her husband and received the baby boy who had now come to mean life itself to her.

The events of that night and of the weeks that followed were imprinted, with photographic clarity, on her brain and aroused by memory, now passed in rapid procession before her. The terrible knowledge that the ship was wrecked and sinking; the mad struggle for life-boats; she herself, half unconscious, placed in an already laden boat; her struggle to rejoin her husband for whom there was no room; restraining hands and the downward motion of the boat; then a frantic face at the rail just above her; a soft white bundle thrust wildly into her unresisting arms, and a voice which implored—"Only take my baby;" then the cold, heart-breaking hours of drifting; a rescuing ship; warmth, food, and blissful oblivion. Oh! how well she remembered what a comfort the child had been to her in the days that followed;

how its tiny hands had seemed to entwine themselves in her very heart strings; then the home-coming to a desolate house; the investigations as to any claims for the child, the only clue to its identity being a tiny locket with the pictures of two babies marvelously alike; the adoption; and finally the settling back into the old routine which had been so disrupted. Her husband's fortune, well invested, had given very comfortable returns and she had lavished on the boy all the advantages and love of which she was capable. And now, his college education completed, this fine, manly son of her's had recently added the final drop of happiness to her cup, by announcing his engagement to this charming girl, eminently fitted to be his wife. During the past year, he had entered political circles under the guidance of his future father-in-law and, successful in this as in everything, was fast becoming a well known and popular figure. Yes, he was indeed a son to glory in, and as the mother turned to re-enter the house, her eyes filled suddenly with happy tears and she breathed a silent prayer of thankfulness that she should be so blessed.

On this same beautiful day in June, excitement was running very high in the city of Westfield.

Heavy, black newspaper type proclaimed loudly that the robbery was the "most daring and mystifying of any pulled off within the year. The police of course, had several valuable clues which were not to be disclosed as yet but which would undoubtedly lead to the speedy apprehension of the thief."

Robert Falmouth upon reading these words flung the paper from him with a disgusted toss and smiled disagreeably. "Of course they always have valuable clues," he muttered amusedly to himself, and turned his thoughts to more important things.

Falmouth was considered a very handsome man, and indeed he was. If his well-formed mouth curved cynically now and then, or his eyes gleamed with sudden malignity, what of that? There were few who noticed and less who cared.

As he stood in his rather luxurious hotel room, he certainly seemed nothing more

sinister than a rather sardonic young man of the world, but if the truth were known he was one of the cleverest and most audacious thieves in the country, as the police of various cities, which he had visited with disastrous results, could testify.

Under his mask of smiling imperturbability, Robert Falmouth hated the world and everybody in it—hated them with an intense hatred bred of long years of abuse and neglect at the hands of humanity in general. He had determined to wring from the world restitution for his miserable childhood and destroyed youth, and he could find no swifter or more effective way than that which he had taken up.

Indeed his attitude was not to be wondered at. Placed in a particularly poor orphan asylum as a baby, he had grown up in the cheerless, institutional atmosphere. Suppressed and ignored, he had suffered as only such a brilliant, responsive child could suffer. From here, he had run away when only a lad. Unexperienced and at the mercy of older companions he had soon become a member of a "gang." Memory of these years was too painful to recall, but from the squalor, cruelty and fear of that existence, he had risen slowly but surely, by reason of his active brain and fine personality to a position far above his former associates. He looked and acted like a gentleman; his jobs were done with speed and efficiency and he left no clues.

His next job was out of the usual nature of events. It would net him no profit, although there were several good hauls in the neighborhood. He was obtaining a paper, whose contents he did not know, but which he judged was important from the repeated commands for care which he had received. They had told him it was a ticklish job and he was doing it more to demonstrate his skill than for any material gain. Well, he must begin to pack—the train left at 10.45 and if he missed it, he wouldn't have any time to look over his territory.

The night was perfect for his project—no moon and windy. He had gone skillfully through two neighboring houses collecting all the loose money, a few trinkets, lockets, brooches, and rings, and now the real task of the evening lay before him. He

had no difficulty in entering and with the aid of his tiny light, showing him the arrangement of the rooms he had soon located the wall safe.

He had secured the desired paper and was about to close the safe when a sudden, queer sensation, a sixth sense perhaps, warned him and he wheeled quickly to confront a girl with wide stupifying eyes, staring at him with such horrified amazement that he was held motionless for a moment. They must have made some sound however for he heard the pad-pad of slippers on the stairs and saw a portly old gentleman, his face a picture of surprise and consternation, descending the stairs as fast as his voluminous bathrobe would permit.

Falmouth, not waiting to see more, made a hasty exit and was surprised that no alarm was raised in the house behind him.

There was a good reason for that, however. The girl, seeming powerless to move, only stared at her father in silence as he hastily ascertained what was missing, then:

"Father did you see him?" she asked whisperingly.

"Of course I saw him," exploded the old gentleman. "I'm sure I don't know what the young scoundrel's doing, but he's got away with the last paper on earth I'd want to lose. If it's a joke it's a mighty poor one, and if it isn't—" the rest of his sentence trailed off into silence.

The girl laughed, rather hysterically it is true, but she said confidently enough, "It must have been Dick. You saw him and I saw him and of course it's some kind of a joke or a wager. We'll know all about it in the morning."

Meanwhile Robert Falmouth was making his way nonchalantly to his hotel where, once in his room, he began to examine his collection; several hundred dollars in bills, some good rings, a diamond bar pin, then—slowly his eyes focused on a little old-fashioned locket, quaintly carved. He reached for it wonderingly, then half laughing at himself murmured, "There's probably a thousand like it anyway." He opened it with a quick snap but his laugh soon faded and he gazed spellbound at the contents of the locket—two innocent baby faces exactly alike, feature for feature. Deftly he

reached inside his shirt and pulled from around his neck, the one remaining token of his babyhood, the good luck talisman which he always wore. It was the counterpart of the locket which lay on the table before him. From each the same baby faces looked up into his.

Far into the night, Falmouth sat silently before the two lockets, imagining, pondering. When he finally rose his face had softened, and in his eyes lay an expression of tenderness which had never been there before.

During the next two days he reconnoitred carefully in the neighborhood of the houses which he had robbed, but although there seemed a pervading air of excitement he discovered nothing to enlighten him further.

On the morning of the third day, however, the newspapers came out with the entire story and a picture of the "suspected party." Falmouth saw his own face staring out at him—the same nose, the same chin—exactly alike. He knew then what he had half feared, half hoped for some time.

His companion of the miniature was undoubtedly his twin brother. He was alive, and being held for the crime which he himself had committed.

The whole story was there in lurid print; the valuable secret paper entrusted to Mr. Mansfield for safe keeping; the robbery; recognition of his daughter's fiance; his refusal to believe the boy guilty; and finally prosecution by the owners of the document and the preliminary trial to be held the following day.

Robert Falmouth could well visualize the events transpiring in the two homes between the night of the robbery and the final exposure; the accusations, denials, tears, and entreaties. He saw again the beautiful, startled face of the girl his brother was to marry.

"Well, he expected it was up to him to right things." He smiled his old cynical

smile. "It was just his luck. But then he might as well end up by cashing in for somebody else's good as his own." Then too, the man was his brother and even if he had never known him, he felt a strange, yet not so strange, deep love for him, though he realized the impossibility of future association between them.

"Well, he guessed he could give them one surprise and hand the stupid police the greatest jolt of their lives."

He made a few simple preparations and then, "Let's go!" he said aloud and slamming the door of his apartment behind him he went jauntily down the stairs, whistling a gay, half-wistful, little tune.

Again the newspapers, on the following morning, fairly shouted their news, in bold, black type, to the passers-by. It was a sensational story. All the events leading up to it had been sensational and the final chapter was the most unusual of all.

Breaking his way through the guards at the courtroom, there had come, apparently, the ghost of the prisoner in the witness box. There had been a sudden, tense silence—then disclosure. The ghost had begun to speak in a very human voice.

As Falmouth listed his crimes and always his escapes, the faces of the magistrates and officers grew gradually intelligent, then darkened with anger. The final sentence, "I am the man you want," was a signal for pandemonium to be let loose—such an uproar and disturbance as that staid old court room had never before witnessed.

Suddenly there was a shot and as the crowd fell apart, Falmouth made one final dash for freedom. Instantly there were several answering shots, and when the smoke had cleared away and the crowd been forced back, there he lay, face upward, a half smile on his lips, and the tiny locket clutched in his hand matching the one which lay over his heart—mute testimony of why he had made the sacrifice.

Caroline Heald, '27.

JUST VIOLETS

A regal tree—the elm,
From monstrous gnarled roots
And time-scarred trunk,

To green and crested top;
Fantastic dancing limbs
So supple in the breeze,

And always reaching up
To search the secrets of the clouds.

Far 'neath this monarch tall—
A patch of violets,
All Quaker-like in mien;
In dainty purple bonnets decked,
Drink in the evening dew;
Not haunts for songsters gay
But to all insects—friends;

The lowly comforters of man.

The world admires the great.
Rich bounties are in store
For those who wait their turn;
And all must pay the price.
Yet common folks there are
Who do the homely tasks,
Though they reach not the skies,
In self-appointed goal lies fame.

Mildred E. Briggs, '25.

ACHIEVEMENT

I stand upon the summit of the hill,
Defying every storm and gale,
What matter if beyond there lies
The deep, vague mystery of a vale?

It is enough that for today I stand
Undaunted, armed with Youth's great
shield;
Health is my scabbard, Right and Truth my
sword,
Before which every foe must yield.

To right earth's wrongs; to bring the dark
to light!
The old world laughs; they, too, have

thought to tread
This path, but left the field. They saw
The vale, but not the hill ahead.

The hill ahead! the hard, high hill—
And every summit shows below
Another vale, dim, shadowy. Through this
The strong and weak alike must go.

I stand upon the summit of the hill,
Strong in the strength of Youth and
gaze,
Wondering how, in the fray ahead, I can
leave
This great world better for my days?
Mollie R. Seltzer, '26.

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

Another college year is fast drawing to a close and soon we must bid farewell to those friends and co-workers whom the past one, two and three years have brought us—the class of '24. It is not without feelings of sadness and regret that we see broken those ties which have bound us together with ever increasing strength each year. But we cannot say that we would wish you to remain within the narrow limits of these college walls knowing as we do of the broad fields beyond, waiting with tasks that challenge your greatest skill and noblest endeavors. Your college days are almost over but rejoice that your education is only commencing. May each year add a richer store of knowledge and experience to that which you have begun at Colby. Seniors, we wish you success, and may you ever feel the joy and satisfaction that comes only with the knowledge of a chosen task well done! Bon Voyage!

Do you believe that we have too many accessory functions at Colby? Or haven't

you had time to think about it at all?

The great cry of we Americans is for efficiency—the present organization of our industrial life makes that the very prerequisite of all activity. But the essence of efficiency is not gained by scattered effort and divided energy. To “make a go” of a thing demands the whole strength of body, of heart, of soul. In how many affairs are we obtaining the results we wish for? To how many affairs are we giving all that is in us?

It is deplorable to have the energies of a girl shackled down in some unnecessary office, as president or vice president, or subsidiary officer of an organization that merely exists because it has not life enough to disorganize.

Women of Colby, are you thinking of any function or society that is not adding to the growth of our lives? We are too busy to afford to fritter way our time with accessories that are benefiting nobody. In this age of specialization we must not attempt to branch out in all directions. A

“general education” is quite different from a “general vocation composed of avocations.”

Why not think about our organizations at Colby—are they worth our efforts? Are they able to survive? Why not?

“And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever come perfect days.”

So say we all!

Now that the end of the college year is so near, let us stop a moment and consider just what we have made it. Have we always tried to show genuine Colby spirit? Have we supported the Y. W. C. A. meetings and those of the Literary Society? At

the games and athletic meets, have we supported our class teams to the best of our ability? Have we tried to obey the house rules or have we tried to evade them in every way possible? Let us ask ourselves these questions and others which may suggest themselves. The way in which we answer them will be indicative of our success or failure as a true Colby girl. If we have made the year a success, let us continue in the same way; if we find ourselves to have failed let us remember that there is another year coming and with it a chance to do better.

The COLBIANA wishes all of its readers a pleasant vacation.



CROSS SECTIONS OF Y. W. LIFE

Sherwood Eddy's visit March 14-16 was followed by a series of discussion groups carried on by the individual classes. Problems treated were based on Mr. Eddy's book "Facing The Crisis," which included social, international, and religious questions.

April 8. At this time Leota Schoff gave an enlightening talk on missionary work in the Eastern Field, showing the territory covered by Colby missionaries by means of a map with streamers and tags. Incidents were cited from the life of George Dana Boardman, one of Colby's first graduates and her pioneer missionary. At the present time Burma has the largest number of Colby missionaries.

April 15. An election of student government officers took the place of the regular weekly meeting.

April 22. Members of the old cabinet gave reports on the events of the past year.

April 29. The Y. W. Banquet was held

in the dining room. Both old and new cabinets sat in a body at the Senior tables. Speeches were made by Anna Erickson, the retiring president, Marjorie Everingham, her successor, Ervena Goodale, Mrs. N. E. Wheeler, and Dean Runnals. Miss Dunn proved a witty and interesting toastmistress. Immediately after dinner the new cabinet members were installed in the assembly room.

May 6. Julia Mayo presided at a meeting in charge of the Freshmen. The topic was "Working Girls." It was illustrated by readings from the personal experiences of a woman who voluntarily became a working girl in order to get sympathetic understanding of their problems and desires.

May 13. A Maqua rally was held in the dining room. Sports and incidents of camp life were related by Nellie Pottle, Marjorie Everingham, Anna Erickson, Ethel Harmon, and Ruth Allen.

The officers for the ensuing year are:

President, Irma Davis; Secretary and Treasurer, Marian Rowe.

This evening Nellie Pottle gave a report of the convention in New York, April 28-May 6. Girls represented there were from the student, industrial and business classes. There were separate assemblies in which the common aim was a friendly understanding among the groups. Two significant expressions were "Break down the barriers to

deep thinking" and "Widen the reach of your love."

May 20. This was Senior night. A musical selection was given by Grace Fox accompanied by Marion Brown and Helen Pratt. Marion Cummings gave poetic excerpts from Browning's "Saul," afterwards asking other members for favorite poems and songs.



Dear Frances:—

My part of the Round Robin letter I am afraid will seem more like a newspaper clipping than a letter for it has been three months since I last wrote you. These are the items which I think will be of most interest to you:

Dean Runnals went to the American Association of University Women Convention which was held April 21-25 at Washington, D. C.

The Literary Society has had five meetings since Easter.

1. Miss Dunn spoke concerning Robert Frost.

2. Prof. Hunt told about "The Psychological Effect of Modern Fiction on the Reading Public."

3. John Masefield was the subject of a general discussion at the next meeting.

4. Only Seniors attended the fourth meeting which was held in Foss Hall library. Each one present brought the titles of three important books and then ensued a two hours discussion after which coffee and mints were served.

5. At the last meeting the following officers were installed: Louise Cates, President; Evelyn Gilmore, vice president; Agnes Osgood, secretary; Ruth Fifield, treasurer, and Doris Sanborn, sergeant-at-arms.

The annual Coburn Prize Speaking con-

test was held at the Chapel, May 15. The first and second prizes were divided between Anna Erickson and Mary Gordon while the third and fourth prizes were divided between Ervena Goodale and Barbara Whitney. The speeches were interspersed by fine musical selections rendered by the College Women's Orchestra.

The Hamlin Prize Speaking contest was held at the Chapel, Friday evening, May 23. The first prize of ten dollars was won by Barbara Whitney and the second prize of five dollars was won by Idora Beatty.

The Junior members of Kappa Alpha are as follows: Eva Alley, Elsie Bishop, Louise Cates, Claire Crosby, Alta Doe, Marjorie Everingham, Viola Jodrey, Marion Johnson, Marion Merriam, Leota Schoff, Ellen Smith and Marjorie Sterling.

The Senior women chosen to give Class parts on Senior Day are: Mary Gordon, "Address to Undergraduates" and Anna Erickson, "Awarding of Honors." The Ode committee consists of Hilda Worthen, Celia Clary and Katrina Hedman.

The following are the new members of Chi Gamma Theta: Jean Cadwallader, Louise Chapman, Marguerite Chase, Barbara Fife, Harriet Fletcher, Lee Hall, Phyllis Ham, Mary Holland, Esther Knudson, Mildred McCann, Alice Rogers, Helen Stone, Ruth Viles and Erna Wolfe.

The annual Ivy Day of the Women's di-

vision was held Saturday, May 24 at Foss Hall. The afternoon program was opened by an "Address of Welcome" given by Mary Gordon after which a pageant, "A Masque of the Woodlands" was presented. Immediately following the pageant the Ivy Day exercises were held consisting of: Processional March by all the classes, planting of the Ivy by the Senior class, presentation of the trowel by Marion Drisko, '24, and the acceptance by Amy Robinson, '25. In the evening the Junior class presented the Shakespearean play "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

The women's division gave its annual Glee club concert at the Junior High school on May 9, under the able direction of Miss Grace Fox, '24. The concert was one of the best that has been given. A new feature was the orchestra which Miss Fox has been directing.

The annual gymnasium meet was held April 12, in the men's gymnasium. Num-

erals and arm-bands were awarded at this time to those who had earned them.

Elsie Bishop represented the Colby women at a Student Government convention, consisting of delegates from the smaller New England colleges, and held at Rhode Island State college the last of April. Colby has voted to become a member of a league including these smaller colleges.

The Aroostook club has initiated the following new members: Elizabeth Watson of Houlton; Frances Bragdon of Ashland; Vina McGary of Houlton; Helen Harmon of Caribou; Ardelle Chase of Houlton; Helen Mitchell of Houlton; and Betsy Ringdall of New Sweden.

Wishing you a pleasant vacation,

Your Sister in Colby.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have heard that the Beta Chi Theta, a local sorority, has been granted formal recognition by the Panhellenic Council.

ALUMNAE

Grace Wells Thompson, ex-'15, has been elected a member of the school board of Waterville.

Mrs. Eva Macomber Keyes, '13, of Jay has a son born the last of April.

Many friends mourn the passing away of Mary Tourtilotte, '19.

Mrs. Mildred Smiley Wing, ex-'22 has a little daughter, Muriel.

Mrs. Bertha Gilliat Moore, '22, of Hartland has a little girl, Margaret Ellen.

Mrs. Clara Wightman Goodwin, '22, of Wells has a little daughter, Virginia.

Leonette Warburton, '23, will again take

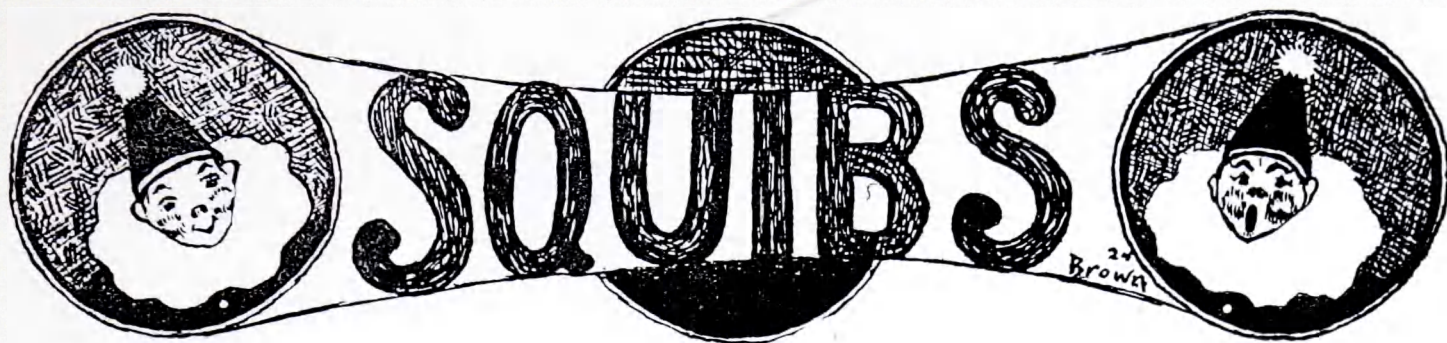
up her work with the Swarthmore Chautauqua this summer.

Mary Warren, '23, has been elected secretary of the local branch of the American Association of University Women.

The marriage of Lena G. Cooley, ex-'25, and Leonard W. Mayo, '22, will take place sometime during the summer.

The marriage of Margaret E. Turner, '24, and Malcolm Howe will take place June 24, at Stonington, Me.

Mary Eastman, ex-'24, has returned from California.



Dutchy: What case is that?

Dumbell: Accusative gender.

Prof.: Never use a preposition to end a sentence with.

Miss S., reading from "Hamlet:" "The king shall drink to Hamlet's better health, and in the cup an **onion** (union) shall he throw."

Dr. Libby, imitating Miss H.: "Who is this, Miss Smith?"

Miss Smith: "You."

Prof. Perkins, pointing to a phosphorescent fish: "Now these two little fish are considerably 'lit up.'"

Soph.: "Why does a stork stand on one foot?"

Fresh: "I'll bite, why does he?"

Soph.: "If he'd lift the other foot, he'd fall down."

—Chaparral.

Judge: "This lady says you tried to speak to her at the station."

Student: "It was a mistake. I was looking for my roommate's girl, whom I had never seen before, but who'd been described to me as a handsome blond with classic features, fine complexion, perfect

figure, beautifully dressed, and—"

Witness: "I don't care to prosecute the gentleman. Anyone might have made the same mistake."

—Punch Bowl.

MODERNISM.

Two little girls, coming from Sunday school, where reference had been made to his Satanic majesty, were discussing the lesson.

"Do you believe there is a devil?" asked one.

"No," said the other, "it's just like Santa Claus; it's your father."

—Epworth Herald.

In the motion picture "Robin Hood," Lady Marian desires to send a message to the Earl of Huntington and chooses Little John to act as her messenger. She presents John with a scroll which is protected by what seems to be a black case or tube.

As she handed it over, a small boy in the audience asked his mother what it was.

"That's a flashlight," she answered in a loud whisper.

"Don't show your ignorance, Mary," said her husband. "They didn't have flashlights in those days. That's a thermos bottle."

—American Legion Weekly.

SENIOR GIRLS' STATISTICS

Name	Nickname	Favorite Saying	Favorite Pastime	Greatest Displeasure	Highest Ambition
Ruth Allen	Rufus	Jimminy, bychowdie	Camping at Snow Pond	Wearing her own clothes	To suit Jimmy
Waneta Blake	Nita	Goshi!	Visiting Center street	Going to Gym.	To teach Latin
Marion Brown	Marion	Well, for goodness sake!	Keeping Chixie straight	Sordidness	To be great in everything
Annie Brownstone	Annie	You can do anything you want to if you try	Giving others good advice	Speaking extemporaneously	To be chairman of refreshment committee of Pub. Speak. 5, 6
Celia Clary	Celo	Bye Baby Bunting	Getting ready	Speeding	To always look beautiful
Genevieve Clark	Gene	What did you get in Shakespeare?	Keeping busy and helping others	Laziness	To be a stage manager
Rachel Conant	Rah-chel	Do you think so?	Berrying	Cross-grains	To be a fine teacher
Beulah Cook	Boo-loo	Well, Bow says—	Playing cards	Not to win	To swim
Marion Cummings	Mayun	Oh, Mann!	Singing	Writing Sentinel notes	To be a "Mann"
Sippelle Daye	Sippe	Well, I know—	Doing nice things for others	Walking up College Avenue	To be a second Miss Partrick
Marion Drisko	Twin	Just a minute	Telling funny stories	Blueberries	Can't you guess
Mary Drisko	Twin	Well, John says	Writing letters	Distance from Boston	To grow tall
Anna Erickson	Anna	Dear, dear, dear!	Visiting and treating public	Procrastination	To be on time
Mary Ford	Bun	Abso-lootely!	speaking 5, 6	Not to get out to camp	To wear an A. T. O. pin
Grace Fox	Grass	Get that?	Shimmying	Not to get her Phil	Grand Opera
Donnie Getchell	Donnie	Oh dear	You'd be surprised	Locking doors	To have a peaceful flock at 10 P. M.
Margaret Gilmour	Mag	The meeting will please	Just working	Creamed codfish	To live economically
Ervena Goodale	Ervena	Even so, I have an urge	Writing letters	Speaking on "Humor"	To be an assistant to Editor of the Echo
Dorothy Gordon	Dot	Oh dear	Writing editorials	Answering telephone	To be a real "bug"
Mary Gordon	Mamie	I'll be jarred	Thirty days!	Tardiness (in others)	To be a lawyer
Helen Gray	Helen	Oh Heck!	Practising chosen profession	Roses and lilies	To model Clay (ton)
Ethel Harmon	Harmon	Oh, I don't know	Spending the week-end	Lester	To be like "Parmie"
Katrina Hedman	Kat	We had just the best time	Getting up feeds	Not to be prepared	To manage a perfect tea-house
Carolyn Hodgdon	Cal	My man goes to Bowdoin	Week-ending	Telling Jake not to whistle	To cook for Jake
Esther Holt	Esther	Dear, dear	Answering the 'phone	Writing eecy theses	To go home more than once a week
Vivian Hubbard	Viv	Gee!	Movies and fiction	House parties	To teach in the Philippines
Alice Manter	Manter	Gosh!	Deciding whether to do her	Doing calculus	To sing lullabies to the little picaninnies in Georgia
Grace Martin	Grace	Brownie	up or wear it bobbed	Doing Math.	To "dye"
Helen Pratt	Chix	I suppose so	Chem. Lab.	A little exercise	To be a perfect wife
Ethel Reed	Et	Not really!	Collecting frat. pins	Keeping still	To be the end of a perfect day
Marjorie Rollins	Marij	I'll be tee-tolie cow-kicked!	Writing to "Brown"	Not to go to a dance	To have a rest
Cecilia Simpson	Cele	Gee, I'm so tired	Telling what should be done	History	To earn a lot of money
Helen Springfield	Johnnie	Can I show you something in hats?	Going to Winthrop	Selling hats	To teach school (?)
Mildred Todd	Milly	It's a brick	Driving an Essex	Cutting classes	Poetry
Margaret Turner	Targy	It's 66 Annie	Getchell Street Church	Running Foss Hall	To be Mrs. Mac.
Mary Watson	Merry	It was so funny	Entertaining over the week-end	Writing letters	To fall in love
Mary Whitten	Molly	I know, but—	Giggling the scale	Not to get higher marks!	A Hat for two
Hilda Worthen	Hilda	O, Gee!	Dancing	Going to classes	To get big game
Evangeline York	Van	Hush-sh-sh	Hunting	Unsophisticated people	Inst. Scotty
		Great Scott!	Being nice to people	Not having her lessons	

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