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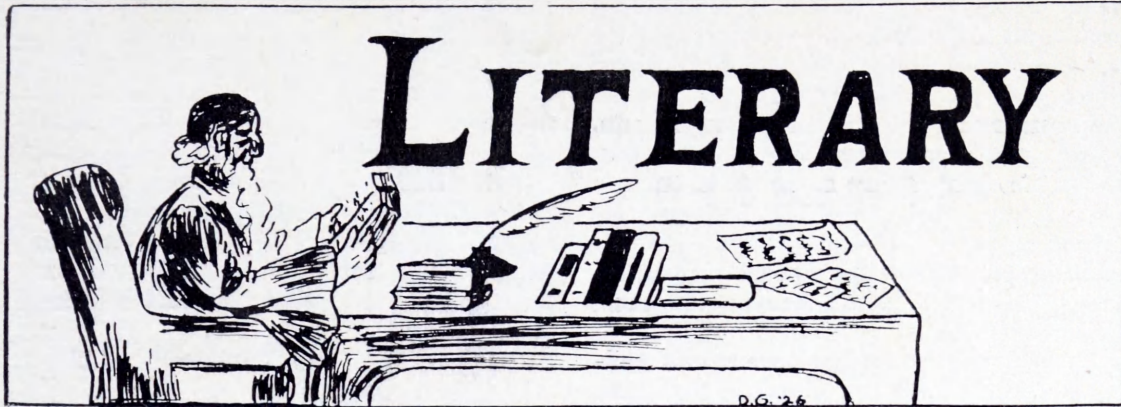
COLBIANA

THE COLBIANA

Volume XII

JUNE, 1925

Number 3



IN THE DARK OF NIGHT.

Bathed in moonlight the white road lay clear ahead. Even through the roar of the motor the serene stillness of the early morning was noticeable. The huge yellow roadster, speeding ahead at well over forty miles an hour was the only moving object. The dark woods, broken only by occasional gaps along the roadside, seemed darker still by comparison with the moonlight.

The girl beside the man at the wheel seemed in deep thought. Her fur-edged evening cloak was thrown back against the red upholstery of the car. Her slim white shoulders in the clinging fabric of her cream-colored evening gown were pearly in their loveliness.

Kay Lawrence was beginning to think that after she left Mr. Latham it was not going to be any fun going into her big house all alone. She couldn't ask him to go in with her. Not that she wouldn't if she knew him better but this was her first meeting and he had been too good as it was to take her home from Kitty Adams' late party. Kitty had been shy about letting him take her home but he had been respectable all right. He had barely spoken a word all the way. She must tell Kitty that he was a very nice man. She sighed as the car glided up the drive and stopped before

the great stone mansion. How gloomy and dark it was! Why hadn't she left some lights on? She wished he would offer to come in and turn the lights on; but no, he bade her goodnight at the door and she heard the roar of the yellow car grow fainter and fainter in the distance.

The catch on the massive door was out of order and she had to be satisfied with turning the key alone. She hastened to her room, turned on every light and proceeded to undress slowly. The silence was oppressive, but as it was not Kay's nature to be afraid of anything, she shook off her depression and started to hum a little tune. It was useless to think of sleeping so she curled up on the divan with a book. The stillness acted as a balm to her nerves and soon a delicious drowsiness stole over her and her eyes closed.

She must have slept lightly for perhaps ten minutes when she wakened suddenly with fear clutching at her heart. There was a noise outside her door. She cowered on the divan as she watched the knob slowly turn. Relaxing her body upon the cushions she half closed her eyes and watched the door. Wider and wider it was opened until finally a man's head appeared and Kay just stifled a scream of real terror as

she saw a knife between his teeth. She shut her eyes then and with a wild desire to sob she forced herself to breathe deeply and be quiet while he bent over her, ready to stab at her slightest move. For ages, it seemed, she lay there, feeling his fevered breath on her cheek and striving to keep her face from registering the sheer terror which she felt. Finally he moved toward the dresser and she opened her eyes again. There was something vaguely familiar about the man's figure as he stood back to her. It reminded her of Mr. Latham. He turned sidewise. It was Latham! At this startling revelation Kay's heart turned icy. A man like him! Good Heavens, he must be a maniac.

Latham had found her jewels and poisoning his knife again he glided to her side.

Another age of terror and he went out of the room.

Fearing to move yet unable to stay still another second, Kay dragged herself to the dresser and stared dazedly at her empty jewel box. The front door gave a little bang as it shut behind the thief and the noise brought Kay to her senses. Rushing to the phone she lifted the receiver with fingers that trembled so she could hardly hold it and sobbed her story to the police.

Peter Latham, it was afterward known, although the son of a very wealthy man, besides having a mania for stealing, also had a mania for killing and it was only through a miracle that his hand was kept from killing Kay that night.

Pauline Page, '27.

LOVE AT EIGHTEEN.

"He loves me, he loves me not!"

How much it means to the girl of eighteen whether the ditty ends in the negative or the affirmative! Thrills and love are synonymous terms at this age.

Yes, the modern bobbed-haired, bright-eyed, vivacious flapper in her startlingly vivid clothes craves excitement, adventure, romance, life. Plaintively insisting that she is so tired—she was up all night studying, she vainly endeavors to stifle her all-too audible yawns as she sits drooped over the arm of her chair almost bored to extinction waiting for the final bell to sound the welcome close of class. And then the poor, tired, overworked maiden rushes wildly and eagerly back to the dormitory to see if she has had a telephone call, a letter, a package, or anything—but most particularly the telephone call! If she has had one she begins to sing the Doxology but if the case is vice versa her song is, "It's All Over Now and You've Broken My Heart." Quite often, it seems, her heart is broken and she goes despondently and forlornly to her room, flops down on the couch, listlessly strums "Aloha" on her banjo, writes a letter home telling the folks what a marvellous, wonderful time she is having and how happy she is at college, and then decides to study hard all afternoon

and evening. With the "Introduction to the Elementary Functions" open on the desk, and at least two reams of paper and half a dozen pencils beside her she starts on her arduous self-inflicted task. True martyr that she is, she sits quietly with bent head and thoughtful brain for at least ten minutes. Then the parabolas and ellipses seem to fade from her mind and she decides to go tell Helen how horribly and cruelly she has been treated. Just think of it—no call all day and here it is two o'clock in the afternoon. When she has very confidentially told Helen, and incidentally half a dozen other sympathetic listeners all about it she stalks very majestically out of the room vowing with an impetuous shake of her pretty head and a disdainful wrinkle of her pert little pug nose never to write, or see, or even speak to the unfaithful, changeable creature again. B-r-r-r-r, the telephone interrupts her and stops quickly. Instantly her whole face lights up, she dances up and down excitedly until remembering her words she resumes her air of injured innocence and walks slowly toward the phone.

"Oh, that you?" she says. "Uh, huh, well, maybe. I don' know though, yes, yes I will, I'd love to. Half past seven? All right, g' bye." Outwardly serene and calm

enough and inwardly all a-tingle and flutter she thinks she'll do her Latin now so as to be ready for tonight early. Yes, she thinks she will study. Horace and Virgil are as far distant from her thoughts as if they were in Rome itself, however, and she can't help thinking how much like Adonis "her man" looks even if his hair isn't wavy. She decides that straight black hair and big, soulful, brown eyes are much nicer than golden hair and blue eyes anyhow. The long, painfully weary afternoon drags by at last and he comes—he of the soulful eyes!

Usually eighteen in love is very dreamy, pensive, and quiet when she returns from that long auto ride when the shadows and trees just fly by like pale ghosts and the golden crescent of the moon lends an eerie and unnatural air to the still blackness of it all. The quiet beauty of the night and the swift, smooth purring of the car seem to her like heaven itself. But if it is a dance that she comes home from she is talkative, gay, sparkling-youth exultant in life's joys. As she shows her dainty dance order to her chums she chatters rapidly

and excitedly about the wonderful dances she had, but most particularly about the one man she met that was different. Alas, black hair in all its much liked straightness and brown eyes can in no way compare with the formerly despised golden wave and blue eyes of the new man that is so different.

Oh, eighteen in love, you are a dear, funny, whimsical, lovable person, but life is splendid and happy for you. Every day is rich in reality and richer in dreams; every hour is important because of what it may bring forth. You have, as you express it, a "marvelous time" wherever you go, and one can tell by your (shall I say it?) never ending chatter that every party, every dance, every good time has been a success. Without seeking it you have found the bluebird of happiness for you are content to live and laugh. Yes, the shadows seem pretty dark to you at times but the morning never fails to come quickly. But then, the one man that is different has come for you and you must hurry down to him.

Elizabeth Gross, '28.

DO YOU?

Most people don't believe in ghosts and such creepy things. Do you? Even if you laugh at such "nonsense" when you pass a lonely cemetery at dusk your footsteps involuntarily hasten and you have a driving urge to look behind. Perhaps this human propensity evolved from the superstition of the Oriental, who saw in every bush or animal the possibility of a deceased forbear.

Back of the sagging iron gate to our hillside cemetery is a huge granite shaft, whose mossy surface is shaded by an old oak. At the foot blossom lilies-of-the-valley but the children never trespass there and only the most curious approach the shaft and its two lonely mounds. On the side of the stone is the imprint of a foot—a narrow jagged imprint, which looks more like the swift foot of a witch than a human appendage. Fact and fancy have woven a story about the strange mark and the frantic denial by some has confirmed it and

made the oak shaded grave a Mecca for the curious.

These are the facts and you may use your own fancy. Sixty years ago there lived here Judge Hinckley, the last of a long line of prosperous and pompous country judges, nor was he less pompous and prosperous than they. After his active years of judging and "hoss racing" the old white house seemed lonesome. With his usual precision he decided to take to himself a wife and before the little town could catch its breath he married Hannah Durkin. Now that her husband was dead and her children all gone, folks said she was lonesome for someone to manage and so married the judge.

She soon found that she did not have meek Herm Durkin to deal with and before her wedding flowers had withered they had their first quarrel—the first of a continual series, which lasted for twenty years. At the end of the first year Mrs. Hinckley

never used the front door because the judge had insisted on placing there a little brass image, which she declared "ungod-like and indecent." The judge never entered the east parlor because his wife had removed his mother's picture.

Year after year the contest of wills continued. Only when her daughter visited was the feud abolished. Then the house was merry with children's voices and the old people were happy with them. Their greatest pleasure was to take the children to walk Sunday afternoon. Walking through the shady streets with the children running and skipping beside them the old judge and his wife enjoyed the few happy hours of their married life.

The judge and Mrs. Hinckley became more estranged. Each year he grew a little more stooped and she a little more fractious and domineering. Her daughter died and the children were too busy with school and new friends to visit the old folks, whom they considered a trifle queer.

The judge had a great passion for neatly painted buildings and one Spring he decided to have his wife's old home painted. The buildings had always been yellow, partly because yellow paint was cheap but mostly because it was first painted yellow

and what Mrs. Hinckley did once she always did again. The judge preferred white paint and long the controversy waged. She was finally called to the bedside of her brother. When she returned she beheld her old home in its dazzling whiteness basking in the sun. Her rage was uncontrollable and she fairly jumped from the old stage and hurried through the garden, forgetting in her anger and using the front door. No one knows what she said to the judge for she died that night and he lingered only a few years, a tottering and feeble old man.

Her children came from their distant homes and saw the old judge buried. Soon the stately shaft was erected and within a year the foot appeared. Rumor said that Hannah was having her vengeance. Her children heard the talk and three times they had a new monument raised but on each in turn came the fatal imprint. Cleaners have rubbed with acid and polish but the mark remains neither increasing or dimming with each succeeding summer sun and winter storm.

Most people don't believe in ghosts and such creepy things. Do you?

Anon.

WHAT COLLEGE MEANS TO ME.

Tolled by the "College Bell."

My home for the past century has been in the tower of old South College on the Colby campus. It is for Colby that I keep my voice in tune; it is for her that I live. She is the only college that I know, and so, like some individuals whom the humans call "narrow-minded," I must judge all colleges by my own.

When I call out the hours for classes, I plainly realize that college students are essentially separated into three distinct groups: the punctual students, those who leisurely stroll to class, and the wide-awake, up-and-coming ones, who rush in at the last minute,—but get there.

After keen observation, I have concluded that the members of this latter group are the most efficient students. When I see

the mediocre grind solemnly stalking to class, with a stack of books under his arm, a distressed look on his face, and a deified vision of rank in his mind, I look despairingly across toward the college clock for sympathy, but she is always behind time,—does not realize the situation. But my pet student, that up-and-coming one, uses his brain to its fullest elasticity while in the classroom, then, when he gets out his mind reacts in various ways.

Once, back in the sixties or fifties, one of my friends climbed by night into my tower house, and mercilessly robbed me of my tongue! When I tried to call my students the next morning I was, of course, speechless. It was then that I nearly lost my traditional good temper, but a surgical-

ly inclined fellow replaced the stolen member, and I laughed more merrily than ever when I announced the resuming of classes.

When a disaster visits Colby,—a fire once snatched the lives of four of my best students,—with my mellow voice I toll a sad expression of my sorrow.

But nobody can expect a life of uninterrupted joy, so in thinking of others, I peal forth cheer to Colby's sons and daughters, that they may "carry on" in the future for the sons and daughters of the past.

Pauline Waugh, '27.

FOR THE WAYS OF FATE ARE STRANGE.

The large house standing by itself on the summit of the hill looked so grim and dark that it seemed etched against the lighter grey of the sky. All living things seemed to shun it for not even a bird was flying over it. Joyce Bayne, looking out of the train window saw all this, shuddered and turned to the woman beside her with a pitiful glance, one in which her very soul cried out for aid in this, the time of need, but the woman only pursed her thin lips tighter and grimly moved over a little in the seat, saying in a rasping voice, "It's full fifteen minutes before we reach it."

Then she lapsed back into silence—that deathly silence she had kept all that long day.

Joyce turned back to the window, but all was covered with a misty blur and all she could see was the last few events in her life, flitting before her.

There was the time after her father's death, when she had left school—such a joyous little thing, full of the love of living and so suited to her name which now seemed but a mockery. She had left in order to help her delicate mother to earn a living because (how well she remembered it!) three grim, pompous men had come after the funeral and had said that even the furniture was no longer theirs; but belonged to the creditors of whom there were so very many. Her mother, she remembered, had never quite rallied from the effects of the shock and so she, endeavoring to make things easier, had obtained a position in the large department store where she had formerly had a charge account. She had tried to make friends with the other girls but they, feeling the wide gap which separated them and envying and hat-

ing her at the same time for her breeding and advantages denied to them—had never helped her in the least and had done all they could to make her work harder for her. This tension at the store and then her mother's sudden death—poor mother, she was never meant for poverty—had turned her into this drab creature she was now—with the joy in her eyes supplanted by misery, the little laugh lines about her mouth turned into lines of dejection and growing bitterness. Of course all her "friends"—her lips curled scornfully in thinking of this—had dropped her long since and now she stood friendless with her back to the wall—fighting for bare existence.

Then had come the time when a pearl necklace had been missed from the jewelry department and all the girls were asked to submit to be searched before going from the store. They were all seemingly willing enough and one of the girls went over to Joyce's side, put her arms around her and told her not to fear. Joyce was the last to be searched and there in the pocket of her uniform, where she usually kept her scissors, was found the necklace!

The days of the trial which followed were one hazy memory in the back of her mind but the fact that the chief witness against her was the girl who had put her arms around her, that night of the search, stood out glaringly. The judge, feeling unusually merciful that day, had sentenced her to a term of two or was it three years in this Reformatory? No matter, one was as dreadful as the other.

She could hear the passengers whispering about her and now and then there came to her snatches of their conversation.

"So young—of a good family—a bad streak somewhere—always found out—unrepentant—too bad—lucky to get as little—yes, yes, no hope—"

She wondered how long she must endure this but just then the train stopped and she got off—the grim woman holding her arm in a grasp that hurt. She had prayed for death many, many times but somehow Divine Providence, as it often does, had

turned deaf ears and had been most careful to save her for this—oh, why couldn't she die and get away from it all?

As she reached the summit of the hill, the iron door clanged open and, as she went in, shut with a mournful, creaking sound. The wind whistled dolefully a moment about the wall, a faint despairing cry was heard and all was still.

M. Marguerite Albert, '26.

THE AFTER-GLOW.

If ever you've gazed at the radiant sky
When the sun was sinking low,
I'm sure you longed to sit and dream
In the light of the after-glow.

This picture which we behold
Was not painted by human hand;
Not meant for the chosen few,
Or for the galleries of the land.

The brilliant colors before our eyes
Are slowly changing their hue;
Shivering shadows steal along
As the picture is fading from view.

No artist could sketch with his brushes
This beautiful painting tonight
The poet could not do justice
To the scene that is passing from sight.

And, when all earthly toils are ended—
In a better world than this
I would help God paint the after-glow
And in that find perfect bliss.

Now, in life—as we journey along,
Our way takes us to and fro;
But the effects of every word and deed
Are seen in the after-glow.

J. L. N., '26.

"CY IN THE VILLAGE STORE."

1
My Sal? Where is she, you wanta know?
Why ter college down Waterville way.
Ma? She's ticked silly that th' gal kin go—
But I'm old-fashioned I guess.

2
Yes, she come hum Easter with some
friends o' hern
Right smart-looking lassies too,
Dolled out in bernana-peel skirts—and
money to burn—
But I'm still old fashioned I guess.

3
Work? Why arter a fashion I trow
Dozzled in dishwater some
Played the pianner when time would allow,
But I'm still old fashioned I guess.

4
Saturday night, and nuthing ter do
But to the movies we must go;
Dobbin did her best, but she isn't like
new—
But I'm still old fashioned I guess.

5
You'd think a menagerie the height of my
ambish
Or Noah with two of er kind,
Or some such-like freak as Jonah's old
fish—
But I'm still old fashioned I guess.

6
They rave 'on Evolution or some such line
The scripturs are plenty good nuff fer
me

Don't hanker fer ancestors th' hairy ape
kind—

But I'm still old fashioned I guess.

7

Gyms and labs they have by the score,
H2O's reel off by the yard.
"Sprecken sie doitch" they simple adore—

But I'm still old fashioned I guess.

8

No need of hikes when you hoe all day,
And the birds plenty music fer me,
The good Book my larning, I say—
But I'm still old fashioned I guess.

Mildred Briggs, '25.

AT SUNSET.

The sky was crimson and gold
With wealth of beauty untold.
It glowed a symbol of youth,
Of glory, honor, and truth.
A man both old and bent
Read the word it sent,
Pondered days when he was young,
And his work of life undone
Lived once more his dreams of old—
Mystic dreams which had grown cold,
Saw the man he might have been,
Strong, courageous, free from sin.
He felt once more the joy of life,
His eagerness to win in strife;
The power of youth to fight all odds
Indifferent to the will of gods,
Throbbled once more in sluggish veins.
Filled him with the hope of gains.
He looked above with shining eyes
That matched the brilliance in the skies.

The sunset slowly drained away
The sky was now a leaden grey.
Where once the light of youth, had burned
It now the hue of death had turned.
The man knew well the knowledge it told,
And shivered as from winter's cold.
He felt how poor had been the ways
That marked his uneventful days.
He thought of duties left undone
Of kindnesses he might have done,
Of friendships which were rudely broken,
By untrue words that he had spoken.
He felt that he was near his goal.
He heard the distant church bells toll.
With patient sigh he bore his pain,
No longer caring to complain,
And as he looked with vacant gaze,
Through the mist of gathering haze,
He saw the fall of blackening night
Which marked the ending of his sight.

Vera E. Fellows, '27.

THE EARTHQUAKE AT FOSS HALL.

The dresser began to shimmy,
As the wall began to quake,
The desk and the book case
Tried to play "Lady of the Lake."
The clock began to shake
As if by a monstrous laugh,
And we looked about at each other
To see if we'd gone daff.

The window started to come in
Without even a "by your leave"
We were thrown to the door
By a sudden gigantic heave,
Then we got mob hysteria
That you learned about it psych
And we jazzed madly out
Into the dark gloomy night.

"Maivette," '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.

In the brilliant sunlight of the afternoon, the sound of shouting voices, merry laughter, team-play excitement was heard from the athletic field as the girls played baseball, tennis, track. . . The quiet of the evening dusk brought the peacefulness of early evening hours, and the sweetness of ringing hymns, and murmuring reverend voices drifted out through the opened windows of the Assembly Room. . . Late evening, dark corridors, muffled laughter, whispers, questions, as radiant girls, lovely in their dainty dresses, tell of the wonderful time they had at the dance. . .

There are four sides of a college girl's life—physical, spiritual, social and mental. The Health League, the Y. W. C. A., and sororities and social life cover three of these sides. But what is there to nourish this fourth side, for which we have principally come to college? We have abandoned our Literary Society, our only attempt to achieve mental growth outside of the classroom. The cut-and-dryness of the classroom instruction does not provide the necessary stimulus. An intellectual at-

mosphere is almost totally missing from our college life.

The discontinuing of the Literary Society was due to lack of time and interest, and too many evening activities. Why not have a brief late afternoon meeting, as a literary tea? Mental activities must not be neglected and the college girl must foster this fourth side.

"Opportunity knocks but once," says an old adage, but here at Colby this is untrue in many things. There are four distinct opportunities offered to the women of Colby college but of which few women take advantage. This refers to the prizes offered by the college to those taking part in the Coburn Prize Speaking Contest, Junior Exhibition, Hamlin Prize Speaking and the Woodbury Small Economics Prize.

Many of the women excuse their delinquency in taking part by saying that they cannot speak well in public. It is surely a bad thing for a college to have its graduates not able to speak for six or ten minutes in public on any subject in which they

are interested. The fault does not lie with the college or the professors but it lies rather with the students who have not taken advantage of the chance of the expert coaching given gratis by Dr. Libby to all participants in the contests. It ought to be a simple matter for a college student to write for a short time on any subject in which she is interested. A college student should be ashamed to admit that she can not express her own ideas or opinions on any subject vital to her!

It is indeed too bad that the alumni, who have kept their interest in Colby even after graduation, should provide, as an incentive for better work in public speaking and in economic prizes aggregating approximately three hundred and fifty dollars a year solely for our benefit and yet meet with such indifference.

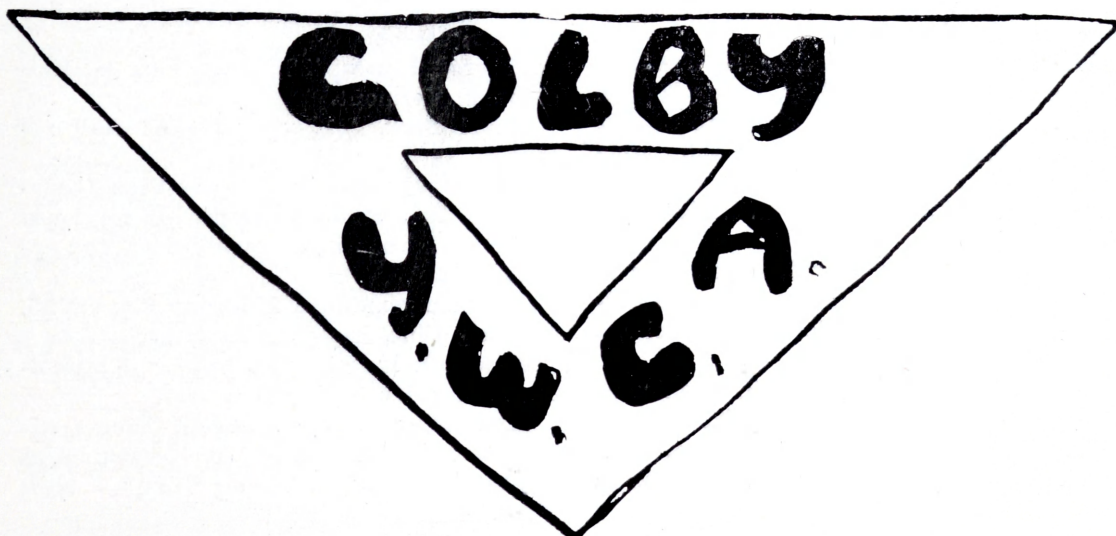
Let us this coming year show Colby's benefactors that we appreciate their interest in our welfare. Even if we fail to win a prize, we'll be able to say "we tried!"

Vacation—a mystic word which opens new worlds to us, a word which makes our faces light up and our eyes dance with joy and anticipation. We sometimes wish we could have vacation for ever and ever, but —wouldn't that word lose its meaning, its

significance then? We are looking forward to vacation now because we haven't had any for a long time and we are planning all sorts of wonderful things because we have been working for a time. Then if work is necessary to make us appreciate vacation and leisure why not make our leisure time a time of preparation for the working time to come? Let us this vacation resolve to get the "mental set" for better work in the fall and then our next vacation will be so much the more enjoyable. Vacation, a time of rest, but let us make it a time of thought as well as rest, let us make even our vacation time worth while in helping us through college.

May we all have a wonderful vacation and may we all take time to think!

Seniors—going? It is needless to say that this word brings us feelings of regret, even sorrow. We wish you all success, but we shall miss you—you whose ability awes us yet whose friendship has always been helpful, sincere and true. You have taught us so many things and one especially that the older we grow the more wonderful do personalities prove to be. But let us take all these things for granted now and let us rejoice in those friendships and enjoy together these commencement days.



Y. W. has had some most interesting meetings and is going to have some more that you can't afford to miss.

Mr. Buckner, pastor of the Unitarian church gave a dramatization of the book of Hosea. It was fine!

Miss Condon and Miss Greenough have both been here and had conferences with the girls. A tea was given in the parlor in honor of Miss Greenough. While Miss Condon was here, she with the cabinet members enjoyed a Sunday morning breakfast on the banks of the Messalonskee.

Our next meeting was a joint meeting with the Y. M. C. A. in the college chapel at which Mr. Legate, Executive Secretary of the Student Friendship Association of America spoke.

While Mr. Culver, a Y. M. C. A. secretary of New England, was here he held meetings with students from both divisions at which he spoke on personal evan-

galism. Sunday vespers were held at the chapel. The combined cabinets with Mr. Culver and Mr. Newman had a picnic supper.

One Tuesday evening Mr. Marriner spoke to the girls on Prayer.

Then the sing! Margaret Hardy, chairman of the music committee led and everyone just had a fine time singing.

Maqua! That was the next meeting. The Maqua girls gave a play entitled "One Exciting Day at Maqua." The bus ride, registration, meetings and Maqua songs—all these things just made us want to go to Maqua.

AMONG OUR ALUMNAE

Helen Williams, ex-'22, who was recently married to William Cushman, Colby '22, is teaching at Old Orchard, Me.

Marjorie Smiley, ex-'24, has been tutoring in a private family in Florida. On her way home recently she visited Foss Hall and gave an interesting account of her sojourn in Florida.

Word has been received of the death of Mrs. Beatrice Baker Hobby, Colby '22, on May 7. The news was a shock to all her friends. She was a member of the Sigma Kappa Sorority, of Kappa Alpha. She was active in Y. W. C. A. and enthusiastic in athletics.

Dorothy Giddings, ex-'26, is teaching in Augusta. She is planning to return to Colby next year to complete her college course.

Rosamond Cummings, ex-'25, a senior at Radcliffe, and Helen Libby, ex-'25, who is at Boston School of Physical Culture, visited Foss Hall with friends over Patriot's Day.

Announcements have been received of the marriage of Marcia Davis, '23, to Bernard Estes.

Hildegard Drummond, '18, was recently married to Neale Leonard.

Marian Bibber, '24, recently underwent an operation for appendicitis. She has recovered and is now teaching in Mexico, Me.

Thelma Powers, '23, who is teaching in Orleans, Mass., recently visited Foss Hall.

Elizabeth Griffin, '23, is teaching in Bar Harbor, Maine.

Mildred Hawes, '23, is teaching in Middlebury, Vermont.

Hazel Peck, '21, visited Foss Hall recently.

Caroline Hodgdon, '23, has been teaching in Elliot, Maine, substituting for Ruth Walker who has been operated on for appendicitis.

The engagement of Mildred Otto, ex-'25, to Craig Ellis, has been announced.

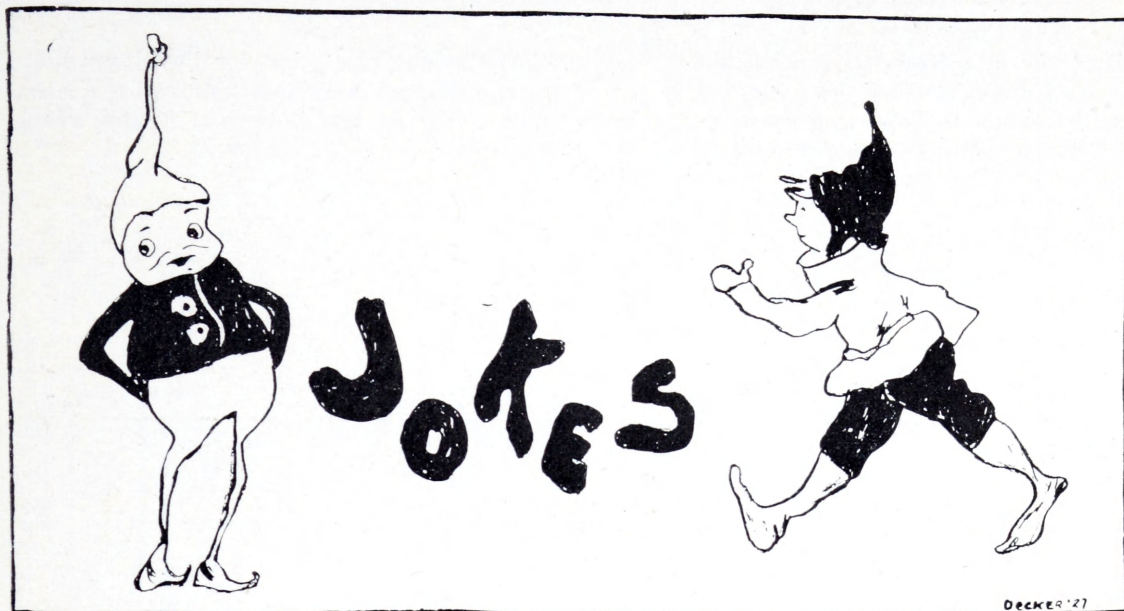
Elizabeth Kellett, '23, has been attending Boston University this year.

Mrs. Leonard Mayo (Lena Cooley, ex-'25) and her husband are teaching at Dobbs Ferry, Children's Village, New York.

Josephine Warburton, ex-'25, graduates in May from the Posse School of Physical Culture.

Hazel Drew, '22, is a governess in a private family in Philadelphia.

Marjorie Lebroke, ex-'25, is teaching at Chebeague Island, Maine.



"Have you read 'Finis?'"

"No, what is it?"

"Oh, it is the last word in books."

—Exchange.

If Patrick Henry had been a Cross-Word Puzzle Fan:

"Give me a word in seven letters meaning freedom from restraint or give me the surcease of life in five letters."—Chaparral.

Short-Sighted Lady (in grocery store):
"Is that the head cheese over there?"

Clerk: "No madam; that's one of his assistants."

Prof. Morrow: "Who establishes the law of diminishing returns?"

Student: "My laundryman."

Some people don't have to turn out the light to be in the dark.

"Margaret had a chance to get in the movies yesterday."

"Why didn't she take it?"

"They cost thirty cents and she only had a quarter."

Irritable Husband (to wife driving a nail): However do you expect to knock a nail in the wall with a clothes brush? For goodness' sake use your head, dear.

"Hugh, I love you because you're the sweetest man in all the world."

"And I love you, dear, because you're so frank and truthful."

Zebra: What killed the laughing hyena?

Ostrich: Some college students came in here the other day and he died from over-exertion.

He: "My mother is a wonderful dancer."

She: "How like your father you must be."

A dead letter is one you give your roommate to mail.

"Say, the jokes in that last issue were terrible."

"I don't know. I just threw a lot of the rejected ones in the stove and the fire just roared."

Time Will Tell.

The First Hop—
How the music seems to thrill me,
As I dance around the floor;
And I speak to boys who see me,
And to girls I've met before.

And After—

How the music seems to rile me,
As we dance on feet so sore;
And it never once occurs to him,
To put his on the floor.

We award the prize for bow-leggedness to the student who upon mounting a horse found that he had both feet in the wrong stirrups.—Jack O'Lantern.

SENIOR STATISTICS.

Name	Nickname	Favorite Occupation	Ambition
Elsie C. Adams	"Adams"	Smiling	To hear the "Bunnies" sing
Eva L. Alley	"Alley"	Playing tennis	To succeed Miss Van Norman
Dorothy L. Austin	"Dot"	Dancing	To be a Cook
Eleatha C. Beane	"Beany"	Writing letters	To spend her winters on the Maine coast
Hazel P. Berry	"Snap"	"Pet"-ting	To be a lover of Maine
Elsie I. Bishop	"El"	Walking	Not to be an Old Maid
Phyllis E. Bowman	"Phyl"	Attending gym	To be a good sport
Mildred E. Briggs	"Briggsie"	Poetizing	To make a rousing noise
Marie N. Buzzell	"Buzz"	Trolleying	To take a P. G. course at Tufts
Louise M. Gates	"Leeza"	Studying history and writing sonnets	To be a demi-goddess
Ethel A. Childs	"Bill"	Being president of everything	To beat Helen Wills
Martha Cooley	"Rita"	Smiling	To pull teeth
Clare A. Crosby	"Crosby"	Teasing	Interior decorator
Alta S. Doe	"Efficiency"	To "Star," noise and everything	Drummer in the Salvation Army band
Marjorie Everingham	"Baby"	Arguing (?)	To drive a steam roller
Ruth Fifield	"Rufus"	Studying (?)	To ride in an automobile
Edith A. Gray	"Jerry"	Keeping the trains supplied with mail	To have her dreams come true
Doris W. Hardy	"Doris"	Teaching school	Not to be rude
Flora M. Hartman	"Flora"	Working in the—jewelry store	To be a good cook
Clara M. Harthorn	"Cass"	Learning to keep house	To live in New York
Viola F. Jodrey	"Jo"	Using senior privileges	To make the track team
Marion Johnson	"Johnnie"	Writing poetry	To be a dental assistant
Elizabeth B. Kingsley	"Mel"	Going to dances	To be a minister's wife
Ethel L. Littlefield	"Lindy"	Talking	To become an actress
Ethel P. Mason	"Bus"	Lending money	To persuade people that her hair isn't red
Alice B. McDonald	"Pudge"	Working for health league	To be Miss Van Norman's successor
Grace F. McDonald	"Legie"	Making candy	To get rich quick
Marion A. Merriam	"Marion"	Week-ending	To grow tall
Nellie E. Pottle	"Pel"	Lecturing	To have a diamond ring
Amy V. Robinson	"Emet"	Playing cards	To get thin
Bernice C. Robinson	"Bunnie"	Cutting up cats	To always be thin
Leota E. Schoff	"Lee"	Talking about Spelman	Not to appear innocent abroad
Ellen A. Smith	"Smitty"	Tee-heeing	To milk the cows and chickens
Florence M. Smith	"Smithy"	Travelling salesman	To travel: West, South, or anywhere
Marjorie Sterling	"Marge"	Playing cards	To drive a Ford coupe
Charlie S. Towne	"Charisse"	Writing (?)	To be Mrs. Doctor
Doris J. Tozier	"Doris"	Working at the library	To be a doctor's wife
Avis E. Varnam	"Avis"	Riding around in her Ford	Big league pitcher
Margaret E. White	"Peg"	Tuning up	To live in the house that Jack built

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