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COLBIANA

THE COLBIANA

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Number 1



ILLUSION—AN ALLEGORY.

Once upon a time it came about by the will of the All-Wise that a child lay warm in soft blankets by the side of a woman, and that upon her new gift the mother smiled, thinking in her heart, "Some day this child of mine shall be great, a great painter of the Beauty of Life. All her youth I shall teach her beauty. She shall see in life nothing but beauty. Then, when she is older, she shall paint wisely, with a vision unshadowed by the ugliness I have seen."

Like a violet in its sheltered, secluded nook, the child grew. They called her Violet and planned that her life should be like that of the flower. And, truly, as she grew, she was as fair as ever any violet was. For long hours she would play contentedly with her flaxen-haired doll, humming to it fragments of hymns, while she dressed it in dainty shades of azure and apricot and lavender. Every day she would walk in the meadows around their cottage, and on these walks her mother would teach her to love the sunshine and flowers, to listen to the music of the woodland brook, to watch the small birds courting in the spring. All about her Violet was allowed to know nothing but peace and pleasantness and beauty.

But when snow and frost and icy winds

came to kill the flowers, drive away the birds, and still the brook's chatter, then Violet was kept deep within doors. Only once in a while was she allowed to look out upon the blanketed world, once in a while when the sun shone upon a snowy world, making it a thing of rare beauty. Meanwhile, through all the long winters, great masters came to teach her the science of painting. And because the child had real talent and was eager for instruction, many winters had not passed before she could paint delicate pastels full of soft glow and rich of fancy.

So passed a quiet girlhood, sheltered by a love that sang always of Joy and Life Abundant, and never taught that Sorrow and Death are a bit of life and joy.

One day, however, there happened, in the beautiful spring of a year when the girl was becoming the maiden, a circumstance against which her mother had not guarded. On this day Violet chanced to meet a hunter on one of her solitary walks. She heard the sharp noise of his shot and saw the squirrel whose chatter she had been mocking fall to the ground. The hunter told her that the animal was dead. Dead? The word meant more to her when she had his poor limp body. Dead? It

meant more when she heard the pitiful cries of the starving family of little ones next day. She said nothing to her mother about her discovery, but pondered many things in her own heart.

When, a short time later, the mother surprised Violet painting a picture of sorrow, painting the nest of a squirrel with a family of young starving within it, she was grieved. But the child told her, "It is right that I should know. A bitter truth is better than beautiful lie."

A year later Violet came to her mother asking for permission to leave her sheltered home, to go to the city and study there. The mother longed to say "No," but she could not. She told the girl again the story of Jesus the Beautiful and kissed her goodbye.

Now the world had many things to teach Violet. She wrote long letters to her mother, telling of the things she was seeing and hearing, the things she was learning, both about art and about life. The letters made the mother's heart ache, but still she thought that the child should have been protected from this knowledge. Paintings by the girl came to her, far different from the scenes of quiet Nature which she had painted at home. Drawings of sordid homes and drunken brawls; lurid, awful pictures of war; foul scenes of disease. And color! No longer the baby blue and peaceful green the young child had loved. Now the flare of orange, the flash of red, flaring juxtaposition of yellow-green and vermillion. Now the grays and browns of life without hope. Now the crazy, tipping nightmare of the impressionist, now the sneaking suggestions of

the sensualist. All this the mother saw set forth in smiting power. She began to wonder if perhaps she were not at fault when long ago she had not taught the little child to see beauty in ugliness and strength in weakness. She began to wonder—and wonder.

Then came a picture which tore at her very heart-strings. It was a painting of dirt and poverty and a disease-wrecked child. Oh, Violet, is beauty indeed dead for you? But no! she looked closer at the face of the painted child. In the eyes of the pitiful warped and hardened countenance shone—not a smile, it is true—just the gleam of some happiness, the vision of some love.

This she saw in her child's work, and she knew both that the work was great, and that God had wrought well, had repaired her mistake.

That day a letter came from the city for her. From it fell a packet of sketches, just pencil sketches, but such true bits of life—the whole of life in its symphony of what is called good and what is called evil. Martyrs and heroes and lovers there were, and poverty and wealth and beauty and death. And in all shone a message—the message of love and service. And last of the set was a painting—a tiny vivid portrait of Christ. On its back was written:

"Mother!—I have found Him. He is not as your love tried to show Him to me. He is the man and the God, the rich and the poor, the mighty and the humble, the powerful and the lowly, the vivid and the calm, the Lord of happiness and the Prince of pain."
M. R., '27.

LA ROSE BLANCHE.

Next door to my home in the little town of Dover, there used to be a low, rambling cottage and a picturesque, vine-tangled garden, which seemed to be waiting for someone to come and care for it once more. Finally such a person did come, an aged but industrious little Frenchman, named Jean Rideau. I soon guessed, by the joyous look he wore as he walked over his domain, that the old garden with its possibil-

ities was what had drawn him to the place. Since my favorite hobby was flowers, we soon became pleasantly acquainted.

He told me his story one day. Rejoicing, as he did so, in his present happiness, but mindful of the obstacles that he had been obliged to overcome, and the sacrifices he had made.

"Even a year ago," he said, "I hardly dared to hope that I would be living in a

pleasant home like this. I can remember how, as a child, I used to plan what I would do when I had a little piece of ground of my own. When I came to this country, I brought with me my wife and baby boy—not a cent of worldly wealth. I wanted to be a gardener, but by living away from the city I could not have given my boy, as he grew older, the advantage of fine schools. As I wanted to give him every opportunity within my power, I went to work in a factory. There I toiled for twenty years. My boy grew up and went to college. He is a prosperous business man today. He made it possible for me to have this wonderful place. Do you know, I hope to make this whole yard into a garden of the most exquisite roses that can be found. A rose, especially a white rose, I think, is the most beautiful flower in the world.”

“Roses are very beautiful,” I said.

“To me, they are not merely beautiful, they recall to my mind the pleasant gardens and sunny fields of the little French town where I lived. There was an old man there who had the finest rose garden in our district. He had in it rare varieties, whose blossoms were well worth their weight in gold. One kind, in particular, I remember especially well. Its petals were velvety white, with the merest blush of pink, like the sky just before dawn. I want a garden as nearly like his as I can make it; not simply a garden but a thing of beauty and worth, one that people may well admire.

“Not for a few years yet however. First I must have assurance that my dear wife will never again feel the need of anything. A young man has his own way to make. His business may fail. Anyway our son will have a wife, before long, and a family, which will probably require the greater part of his earnings. To provide for my wife’s comfort is my own special duty. It may take a long time, perhaps five or six years, but I should not be content to do otherwise.”

Four long years it took him to complete this task he had set for himself, and then came the time of which he had dreamed. He no longer worked as he had done before, but spent every day in his garden, spading it, shaking out the weeds, raking

over the ground, until it was almost as smooth as a floor. This work took so long that another spring came before he started to plant the seeds he had bought.

Three little rows they made, waiting to match their frail strength and that of their loving owner, against the hoards of insects that are always ready to attack young plants.

The patient gardener was sorely tried by children who persisted in running thoughtlessly through his garden, destroying the loving work of days. Jean Rideau’s only weapon was kindness; this he used many times, but still he was bothered. Poor Jean did not realize that kindness is as precious as gold, and, like gold, must be mixed with some sternness if it is to be of any value.

That spring he spent every pleasant day in his garden, adding new bushes where there were vacant spaces, and anxiously watching each tiny bud that appeared, hoping for one that would reach maturity. He seemed so well and happy that we were surprised and grieved to learn that he had from some unknown cause, been stricken with a wasting fever. His wife never lacked for visitors, who came to offer dainties for Jean, and words of sympathy for her. She it was who realized sooner than he, that it was to be his last spring on earth. He was never so wretched, however, that he could not take interest and pleasure in his garden, and a day never passed on which he did not ask her to look, to look carefully, to see if she couldn’t find a blossom.

One morning a few weeks later, on my way through the garden, I saw a full blown rose. It was the most beautiful one I had ever seen. I ran with it joyfully into the cottage, hoping to gladden his heart with the joy of seeing it, but when his wife came to let me in, there were tears in her eyes. No words were necessary. Seeing the rose in my hand, she led me into his little room, and lovingly placed the rose in his hands.

“The trials, the sorrows, the disappointments, are ended now,” she said, “but the dream has come true, and the beauty he has created will remain a joy and pleasure for all who see it.”

Helen Wyman, '28.

JUST THOUGHTS.

I was sitting on the veranda reading, but my thoughts wandered from my book, and for a few moments I read from my own mind. It was circus day, and evidently the show was just over, for cars passed all going in the same direction and in quick succession. I wondered about the people. Who were they? Did they look upon life as I did? What was my relation to them? I know none of them personally—they were my fellow creatures, that was all. As car after car passed I realized how few people in comparison with the entire population I knew even as speaking acquaintances. I felt a little isolated—a little shut out from the rest of civilization.

My next thought of these strangers passing was about their rank and station in life. But what difference did that make? We live—we struggle—we die. All of us do that. Our youth is an eager struggle for knowledge. When we have attained

the rudiments of an education, we struggle for money, for distinction, for recognition, for fame; and then we die. Even death is a struggle. Few people die peaceably. It is no wonder we sometimes have wars. We are born fighting. We grow up fighting. We die fighting. What's the object? Well—you say.

This thought, however, breeds discontent. There's love. We all possess that—a God-given birthright. There is no man living who does not love somebody or something. There's our pleasure, there's the cause of our eternal struggle. Love. We're all human, possessing the same basic instincts. The primary instinct is fighting—fighting because of love. I'm not isolated. I don't have to know everybody personally. I'm just human, like every person in those cars speeding past, and we're all bound together by common ties.

Bernice V. Green, '27.

THE PET OF THE CAMP.

"Eat her up," shouted the cookee; immediately, there was a rush, and the long tables were surrounded by hungry lumberjacks. The food was wholesome and fresh, but the style of serving was what one would expect in a lumber camp. The dishes were made of tin; and salt-cellars were spice boxes with holes punched in the top; the sugar bowls were milk cans from which the covers had been completely removed and the paper label washed off. Bread, cake and cookies were piled high on tin plates in the middle of the table; basins of meat and vegetables were placed here and there within the reach of the men. One plate had to suffice for bread and butter, meat and vegetables, and dessert for each man. These hungry woodsmen, however, enjoyed their meal. They sat stooped low over the table with knife in one hand and fork in the other, so that they might miss no time in getting all the food that belonged to them.

John Dawes, the boss, sat at one end of the table. He was a big, husky, bearded man with a gentle look in his eyes.

John's friend, Henry Jones, sat opposite him. He was much like his friend in appearance, but one could see that he had had some great disappointment in his life.

"Say, I can't seem to get much to eat down here," said John. "They're got the light up at the other end of the table anyhow. Them kerosene lamps don't give much light. When I'm in the city, I always have electric lights in my room. How 'bout you, Henry?"

"Well, I always plan to have a good room if I have money enough left to pay for it. Somehow money don't last me long when I'm in the city." As he said this he rose, bent as far over the table as possible, and "speared" a piece of bread with his fork.

"Henry, do you remember that story you was telling me a while ago 'bout your seeing a little fawn out in the woods? Well, do you suppose they would fine us if we brought one in to camp for a pet? It's kind o' lonesome around here Sundays, without nothing to do."

"The snow is pretty deep in the woods

now; it must be hard for the little things to get around. We've got to go to town Sunday for the mail, and if we have some time, coming back, we can scour the woods a bit," said Henry.

This conversation took place on Tuesday night. The men were busy with their work for the following days, consequently they had no time to think of pets.

Saturday morning, Henry awoke with a start. His alarm was ringing as loudly as it could, much to the disgust of the other men in the room. From every side of the room came voices saying, "Shut that thing off. It's only four o'clock." This was a very early hour we must admit, but woodsmen work early and late. Teamsters must get up to feed their horses at four o'clock since the crew starts for the woods at six o'clock.

Henry arose sleepily; put on the remainder of his clothing—he had slept in most of it; took his lantern; and went to the hovel. It was a bitter cold morning; the stars were shining coldly from the bleak winter sky. He entered the hovel, and went to where his horses were standing.

"Well, hungry and cold this morning, old boys? What's the trouble, Dan? You seem terrible glad to see me this morning. Why, the special greeting for this morning and not on others?"

It was time to feed the horses, so Henry went into the other part of the hovel where the grain and hay were kept. Just as he was about to throw a fork full of hay to old Dan, something in the dim light caught his eye. He snatched his lantern, and ran to where a pile of blankets was placed. There, all wrapped in blankets, was a little child and on one corner of the blanket was a little puppy sleeping as soundly as his master.

Poor Henry was dumbfounded; he could not move. As he stood there the child seemed to feel the presence of some one near him; he stirred. This seemed to give

some life to the watching man. Timidly, fearfully, Henry picked up the bundle and started for the camp. The puppy, disgusted at being thrown from his nice, warm bed, yelped, and on little, warbling legs, he followed his master.

"Hey there! open the door for me," shouted Henry as he reached the camp door.

"Qu' avez-vous?" asked one of the sleepy Frenchmen, as he neared the door.

"Open the door, and you'll see," yelled Henry.

He entered the men's camp; the puppy followed at his heels. Henry sank down on a bench and began to unwrap his prize.

"Humph, where'd you find him?" asked one of the choppers.

"Well, that makes no difference now. I found him and he's mine. I guess this ain't much of a place for boys his age, but we'll find a bed for him somewheres."

During all this conversation, the little boy had watched the crowd with his big brown eyes. He did not say a word until John, whom Henry had summoned, approached. The child seemed to have no fear whatever for the big, bearded man; he must have seen the gentle look in John's eyes for he reached out his arms to John, saying in a "cooing" voice, "I like 'oo."

At once John's heart, as well as his friends', was filled with love for this little newcomer. No one knew where he had come from—no one cared—they had him and that was the thing that counted.

One of the watchers saw the little puppy gazing wistfully at his master; he picked the little animal up, and gave him to the boy who held him lovingly to his heart, saying, "I like my doggie, too."

John gazed at Henry; Henry gazed at John. At last John said,

"Well, Henry, I guess we've got our pets right here; we won't have to hunt for a fawn next Sunday."

Irma Sawyer, '28.

FATE OR THE WAR.

They were back, back in the same room which twenty-eight years ago they had oc-

cupied as roommates. It was in a college frat house, quite up-to-date, which did not

show very obviously the numerous renovations it had undergone. Here Bob and Chick had spent four happy years together as classmates and very close chums. Now, nearly thirty years later they gazed at each other, and because their spirits were young they bridged the years of separation and saw each other, not as two tall, dignified, gray-haired men, but as two tall, gangly youths about to confide in each other, and talk over the day's adventures. Well, when one's heart is young, years count only as so many minutes.

The summer of their graduation they had both enlisted for the World War, Bob in the United States Infantry, Chick in the Aviation Branch. That rather characterized the youths; Chick loved the daring, venturesome, reckless life; Bob was the sturdy, slow plodding kind that never gave up, and was a source of constant aid to his more tempestuous, temperamental chum.

Chick didn't exactly like the war, but he did love the adventure, the soaring of his machine high above the clouds towards the unknown. He never thought of personal glory in his dreams of recklessness. That was the lovable part of Chick. He wanted all his life to be a physical battle against the elements. Alas for Chick! Soon after he reached the front his plane was brought down in a skirmish with the enemy and Chick was maimed for life—his right arm and leg were gone.

Thereafter life was a battle for Chick, but 'twas mostly a battle of the soul, a war against the bitterness that surged and swelled within him. At last he conquered this feeling that was poisoning his heart; but he could never conquer his passion for adventure. The light came one day as he scribbled aimlessly, and tried to accustom his left hand to using a pen. He found himself writing, and when he had finished, he had completed the first chapter of a real story of adventure—and so his soul found relief. How differently life had turned out for him, different from his boyish dreams of thirty years ago! Here he was an author when he had anticipated flying into the jungles of Africa, or leading a band of explorers to the North Pole.

Chick had finished his reminiscences and glanced up just in time to receive the sympathetic, loving glance of his friend. Then Bob began.

Bob had never been able to talk freely with anyone but Chick. Even college could not free him of his shy, painfully shy habits of speech. Why he had found facing the German guns much easier than reciting in Speaking class. It had been difficult for him to part with Chick. It is always so with people who can take to themselves but one close friend.

Many weary months passed while he plodded through the muck and mire of the trenches. Finally he became a sergeant. One of his duties was to warn his men of the approach of a gas attack. In an effort to assure the safety of all his men he was just a little late in getting into his mask during one such attack and was badly gassed, so much so that he had to leave the trenches. When he had sufficiently recovered to return home, he found himself commissioned to enlist the interest, money, and lives of other men into a final effort to end the war. How much greater task he found it to face the eyes of hundreds and to force himself to paint word pictures so vividly that his efforts would be of some avail. Like many another man he found himself during this period—perhaps he would never have found himself if there had been no such crisis. He talked to his countrymen, and because he had a message worthy of the skill of a great orator, he became an orator to fill his country's need.

Thirty years had passed. Bob had just arrived at his Alma Mater from his post as missionary in Africa. How different from the office position he had once expected to occupy.

And because these two loved each other they each felt that in his heart each knew what his chum was to have become, and that his heart's prophecy had been fulfilled. Perhaps the eyes of friendship delve down deep into the future; but because we are not they, and we look at their lives impersonally, we say it was Fate or the War.

Katharine Greaney, '28.

THE RESULT OF CURIOSITY.

Slowly a thick, gray cloud was lifting itself above the Kennebec river as the morning sun sent its beams through the mist. The trees on the campus were covered with frost, which made them look like branching coral. Students were walking briskly to their early morning classes under these fairy-like trees. Golden beams of sunshine crept through the branches, through the window panes and into the room in which I stood. Before me, much to my surprise, I perceived a distinguished looking gentleman, toiling incessantly. At first I stood in awe, and then suddenly I realized that here was the eminent Mr. Garland B. Laddy, a renowned student of ancient languages. Only on the previous day I had read in the Morning Sentinel that this scholar was a visitor in Waterville.

He had come to Colby campus on a very urgent matter. Through some accident, Mr. Laddy had discovered that thirty years ago a graduate of Colby, a Mr. Lang, had been intensely interested in ancient books. This graduate, after extensive search in Italy, had found a collection of works by Virgil hitherto unknown. So pleased with his discovery was this Colby alumnus that he planned to return home with the great books secretly, read them thoroughly, render an English translation, and then give his discovery to the world of literature.

But alas! When he had nearly finished his translation, he was taken suddenly ill and death followed before his great secret was disclosed. For thirty long years these works had been hidden from the world; for thirty long years students had followed all clues in vain. It had been discovered, however, that Mr. Lang had left Italy with Virgil's books in his possession and that he had brought them into New England. There, all clues stopped. Some said that these works had been destroyed, burned by their discoverer; others believed that

they had only been misplaced and that extensive search would reveal them. Among those who thought this, was Mr. Laddy.

He strongly believed that Colby campus shielded this priceless treasure, unknown to the faculty and students. For weeks he had searched all buildings and now his only hope lay in Memorial Hall. He had spent two days searching every corner of the chapel and the library on the second floor. At last he had come to the stack room and here I found him.

One by one he was taking the books down, looking over their covers and examining the shelves. Book after book was taken from its position, reviewed, and then replaced. On and on he worked with untiring energy. His eager eyes would linger on some books he loved; but not for long, for his one aim was to find the lost treasure. Ah, if I could only help him, but I knew that, with my limited knowledge, I could be of no aid. Slowly and quietly I left the room in order that I might not disturb the searcher.

At four that afternoon I resisted the temptation no longer but returned to the library. Discouragement and despair were creeping into the eyes of Mr. Laddy. He had almost reached the end of his last clue with no success. His shoulders were drooping and his head bent. I walked softly to the window, intending only to watch this man. Suddenly I stubbed my toe, reached for an old shield hanging near the window and fell. Down came the shield, and oh—what could I have done? For slowly a shelf was moving from the wall as though some magic hand had touched it. A scream from Mr. Laddy brought me to my feet. There was the lost treasure complete and unharmed!

For days after this occurrence I received undeserved praise. Curiosity, once at least, brought me great rewards.

Claire Richardson, '28.

NEWANHE.

The lithe canoe bounding forward over the quiet lake left only a faint ripple to betray its passing. The paddle came down

swiftly and noiselessly and at each stroke the canoe leaped forward as a sprinter on the home stretch. This was Newanhe re-

turning from his winter's trapping in the Northlands. Looking over the great waste of white, blinding snow he had felt a passionate longing surge within him to see his own country once more where the trees would be green with foliage, where the birds would be singing sweetly, and where, oh yes, this had at last decided him, where Tiani lived, fair as a cherry blossom, with eyes as blue as a summer sky, a rare gift from the gods to a dusky maid. To her he had promised to come back when he should have done his trapping, and now like a homing dove, he was wending his way homeward. He allowed himself to dwell a little upon the home coming that would be his and as the canoe shot over the path of moonlight the joyousness in his heart burst forth into a smile.

For three days and nights now he had traveled and on the morrow he would keep his tryst and he smiled again as he thought of the joy that would be Tiani's.

Soon the moon disappeared, dipping below the horizon and the stars winked out one by one as though driven away by the coming dawn. Just as the fiery sun peeped over the hills, Newanhe reached the encampment of his people and joyously leaped to the ground. But where were the voices to greet him, where were his people, where was Tiani? Gone, gone were they all—nothing was left save the very stillness of dawn.

For his people he had not to search long for he found them asleep, among the remains of a feast, near the camp fire. Angry at being thus forgotten and seeing no reason for a feast he roughly shook a brave who sat up and shouted, awaking the others. These were not like his people, these red-eyed, tremulous and befuddled—these were shouting like mad creatures and there was no sense to their shouting.

He raised his hand and his face had become so grim and stern that a sudden hush fell over the crowd and a tremor of fear ran through them. This was not like their Newanhe, who always was laughing and joyful. Only once before had they seen him thus and then he had killed a brave who

had sought to molest Tiani. Now they could stand this no longer and they pushed Nekeag, the medicine man, forward to speak for them.

He in a trembling voice told how the white man had come, he who could talk the new language and could keep them supplied with the fire water, he who was good to look upon and who had made him a hut in the clearing, he who had seen Tiani and had asked her people for her. They had at first refused but Tiani herself had begged to go with him. She had said she loved him and would die if she could not go. They, her people, had taken pity on her and influenced by the gift of more fire water had let her go last even—that was the cause of the feasting. To the look in Newanhe's eyes Nekeag responded slowly that no, not as a bride had she gone. She had said that the white man did not wish it and she wished to do only as he willed.

Newanhe, with the eyes of a deer wounded by a swiftly winged arrow, looked at his people with scorn that thus they should have been cheated by a white seducer. He demanded to know where this white man was so that he could avenge them but Nekeag whispered softly—

“Tiani, she love him, she love him.”

Then did Newanhe realize that Tiani had been unfaithful, had been unworthy of his love and could not be called one of his people longer. He had no need to avenge her for she was no true Indian maid and a brave has no right to avenge any other than those of his own race. Thus reasoned clear eyed Newanhe and his face grew darker and darker like the sky when the rain god is sending thunder to his people.

The people moaned and shivered as Newanhe spat on the dust and with a gesture disowned them. They had fear for their lives but he scorned to touch them.

Grimly he stalked to the canoe and as grimly he pushed it into the water. He looked not back but paddled down the lake, slower now than before but still true and steady.

M. Marguerite Albert, '26.

NOVEMBER WOODS.

November's mood now glooms the tinted
 year,
 The bare, gray woods a dreary quiet hold.
 A quiet born of poverty and cold;
 Save for the wistful, melancholy sigh,
 Of sleeping, golden-colored leaves swept
 high,

And whirled leagues away.
 Where all once flourished, now is stark and
 bare.
 Dimmed by the sullen, wintry laden air;
 For day and leaf have come November
 days,
 To paint them in its bleak, forbidden ways.
 Mollie Seltzer, '26.

EXAMINOPSIS.

(Apologizing if need be)
 So toil, that when more quizzes come to
 join
 The irrevocable ones which now have
 passed,
 To that unhappy sphere where each takes
 up
 Its station in the deadly ranks of "flunks,"

Thou go not, as in former days distressed,
 Knowing thy doom; but with the knowledge
 that
 Will bring results, attend the mournful
 class,
 Like one who takes exams but for pure joy
 Of writing and recounting all he knows.
 D. W. F., '27.

Practice the joy of living, seek it again and
 again;
 Look for the thing that is lacking, so oft
 in this world of men,
 Give for the joy of giving,
 Live for the love of living,
 Peace will come to you then.
 Happiness ever is hiding, challenging us to
 a chase;
 Up then, "ut prosim," the motto, let us
 away in the race.

Inward there's nothing to bar
 Happiness beckons afar,
 On then the battle to face.
 Life should be spent in serving; some little
 kindness done;
 Life should be spent in loving; half of the
 battle is won.
 Away flies care and sorrow
 Joy comes today, not tomorrow,
 God murmurs, "My servant, well done."
 Annie Goodwin, '29.

MILL TOWERS ACROSS KENNEBEC,

As a magic city on the heights,
 Revealed to knight of old upon a quest,
 Shines forth in glory through the silver
 veil,
 And fascinating beckons him aloft;

So do the towers there in yonder mist
 Enthral me, charm me, urge me on and on
 To peer beyond the pearly haze and see
 What ancient city there enchanted lies.
 M. M. A., '26.

THE JOURNEY.

O'er the silvery highway
 That leads to the land of dreams,
 We travel boldly forward
 For each hopes to catch the gleams

Of a future bright before him
 Where happiness is found,
 Where sorrows never harm one
 And joys always abound.

So through life we journey onward,
 Striving toward the best,
 Hoping each step forward
 Will stand the Master's test.

There's many a weary mile
 Before the journey's done,
 But may the goal bring happiness
 With the gleams of the setting sun.
 Beatrice M. Palmer, '29.

POSSESSION.

Upon the hill there stood a wide-spread oak
 Marking the boundary line for centuries
 Between the farmlands of two greedy men
 Whose god was avarice, whose idol self.
 For years a bitter feud about the tree
 Had kept these two stern neighbors far
 apart;

But when the great tornado from the west
 Had come and torn from its long used bed
 The oak. The dying wind seemed then to
 say,
 "Be still and argue not, thou canst not own
 That which belongs to Nature and to God."
 Anon.

HUNTING DREAM.

When the days are still and dreamy,
 When the haze is on the hills,
 When the fog hangs low of mornings,
 Autumn's tang the whole air fills.
 When the hunting moons rise redly,
 When the stars more brightly glow,
 Then it is the Red Gods call me,
 Then I feel that I must go.

Then I ache for the feel of a rifle,
 Then I long for the drag of a pack,
 Then I dream of the long weary marches,
 And the rests for my aching back,
 Then I sigh for the touch of a paddle,
 My canoe—and the virgin spruce—
 The wild things—the wood things—the free
 things
 The harsh rolling call of the moose.

I know on the side of the mountain
 In a slashing the spotted deer feed,
 And there sleeps the bear on the ledges,
 There it is that the wild cats breed.
 I remember the logs where the partridges
 drum,
 Near the tree where the raccoons play,
 And the mountain itself lifts its lordly
 crown,
 Through the mist cloud at break of day.

I can 'most see the lake's rugged shore line,
 I can 'most hear the ducks quack at
 dawn,
 Feel the canoe gliding over the shallows,

Hear the wail of the birch supper horn.
 The deer will mince down through the
 marsh-land,
 They will stamp at the foamy lake's edge,
 Above them the geese winging southward,
 A discordant flying wedge.

I want to be weary from tramping,
 Wet moccasins torturing my feet,
 To crawl into blankets so weary,
 Too tired almost to eat.
 Eat! The wood's goal all asteaming,
 I just want to sniff it again,
 Rest my feet on the rusty old stove hearth
 And jeer at the wind and the rain.

Let me read by the flickering lantern,
 Old magazines tattered and torn,
 Away with your bright lights and dances!
 I want my old Kipling so worn.
 Tramping from dawn until starlight,
 Sleeping from starlight till dawn,
 How I long for that wonderful camp life,
 Tomorrow—I think I'll be gone.

Yes! I'll sure pack my bag in the morning,
 I've fought and resisted in vain,
 When dawn breaks tomorrow you'll see me
 Scurrying straight for the train.
 Every fall I just feel it a-coming,
 I suppose it would haunt till I died,
 The Red God's call isn't fruitless,
 They are going to be satisfield.
 Annie Goodwin, '29.

THE COLBIANA

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EDITORIALS.

"Summer, Fall, Winter, Spring
Back and forth the seasons swing."

September—June, and the first lap of one of life's great adventures was passed. As Freshmen did you realize your shortcomings and formulate plans for the betterment of those failures which depended upon your ideal directions? Of course you did!

September—June, and the second lap of the journey was over and you found your stride and kept it thru thick and thin. Did you live up to your hopes, did you improve and better your opportunities? Did you say to yourself, "I've done well, but I've got to do better because I know I can?" Of course you did—you wouldn't be a true Colby girl if you didn't.

September—June, the third lap gone and you are a bit breathless at the thought of the end of the race. You're trying to better your stride, to catch up with others in the race who have somehow gotten ahead of you. Did you say to yourself, "The finish depends on myself alone, and I know I can do it well because I've gone thus far

in a fairly good condition. I did not break training but worked faithfully at every task presented to me, therefore I can not fail!" Of course you did, and straightway paid more attention to your pace so as to "make good" with yourself.

September—December—almost there! Yet aren't you thankful that June isn't here because there are so many things you've still got to do!! The tape is seen in the distance and a sheepskin is waiting for you as reward of the race you've run. What are you going to do with it? Of course you've entered this race as training for the greater race of Life, and you are supposed to be fully prepared for that inevitable ordeal. Look yourself squarely in the face and decide whether you have played square with yourself, your family and your friends. Of course you have—but—there's still time, better that stride and come out in full power with a "sprint" that is staggering to the onlookers, hurdle those obstacles and finish in a place satisfactory to yourself.

The world is waiting like Missouri and wants to be shown. Remember, "He can

who thinks he can, but we know you can, so let's go—onward toward June!

“Well begun is half done.” This old motto may well be quoted and aptly applied to college life. How many freshmen enter college with the idea that they are going to have the time of their lives for the first year or so, and then are going to turn over a new leaf and study for all that is in them and come off with flying colors with their diplomas grasped securely in their hands? But as many times as this plan is tried, so many times does the student struggle through the last years of the college course, and if the examinations were even passed, then does the student leave college only half equipped, and no doubt will pursue the same course in after life.

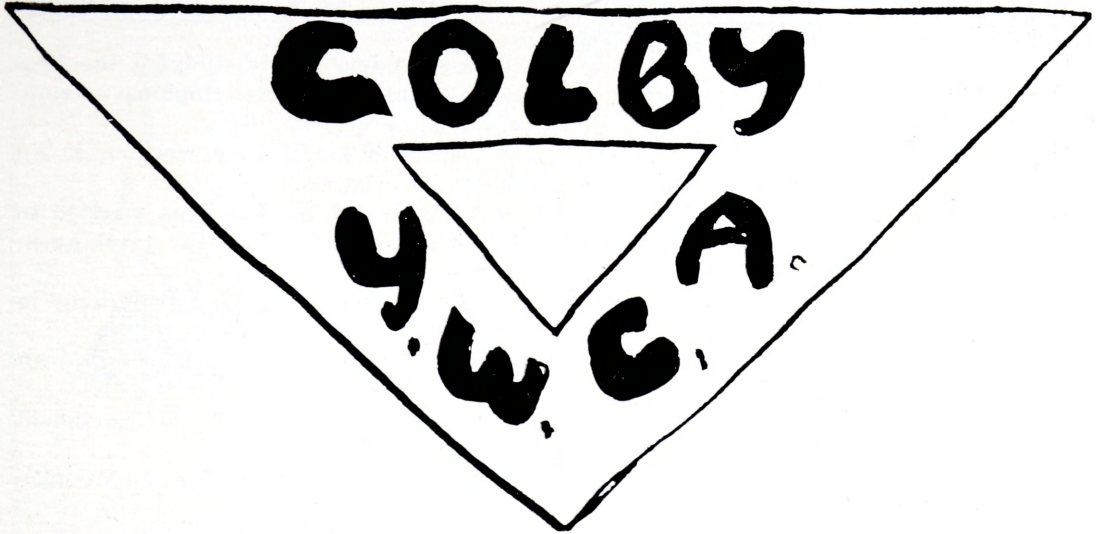
It is well known that we are creatures of habit, and that our lives are shaped by habits of earlier days. For instance the course of a stream is shaped. Even so does habit run its course. So, you students who have been going under the delusion that you can have a good time now shirking studies and responsibilities, train the course of your stream in the right direction.

Just because you weren't lucky enough to be born a genius, are you going to get discouraged and give up? Just because you aren't a “wonder” have you any reason for shirking your work day by day? Have you yet stopped to consider that the

work of the world must be done day by day endlessly and that it those of average native endowment who are doing this? Our geniuses are our leaders. It is very evident that we can't all be leaders, so let us try and cultivate our intelligent fellowship and fall in step with the march of events. Let us all cooperate and let us begin this very day.

In all the glad bustle of Christmas vacation; in all our rush to see everyone and everything and to be “in” on everything; let us try to bring back rested bodies and minds so that our encounters with the annual mid-year exams will not prove to be our Waterloo. Exams aren't really grim spectres stalking our every step but they are simply markers on the way where we are to stop and take inventory of our stock of knowledge. If we have a successful inventory, great credit to our efficient, businesslike way of doing things. If our inventory shows deficit, why not “buck” up and do things in the only one real way—the right way?

Are you a knocker or are you a booster? Do you contribute material to Colbiana to make this a real representative paper of the Women's Division or do you let the other girl do it? What if everyone should do like you? Somehow one can't publish a good paper when everyone lets the other girl do it. Why not do your bit?



Y. W. C. A. has just been booming at Colby this fall so if I merely make out a topical outline of the activities it will be sufficient to bring back a host of happy memories.

A Freshman Reception.

B Cabinet Notes.

- 1 Camping trip at Mrs. Brown's cottage.
 - a Eating.
 - b Sleeping.
 - c Swimming and boating.
 - d Last and most important, planned the work for the coming year.
- 2 Lots of enthusiastic committees.
- 3 Cabinet meetings every Monday evening.
 - a Two joint meetings with the Y. M. cabinet.

C What Colby girls have done.

1 Membership drive.

- a 248 girls in college.
- b 239 members of Y. W. C. A.

2 Finance Drive.

- a All members pledge toward the support of Y. W. C. A.

D Regular weekly meetings.

- 1 Sept. 22, Candle light service.
- 2 Sept. 29, Introduction of cabinet members and a pageant.
- 3 Oct. 6, Maqua meeting.
- 4 Oct. 15, Miss Clark, rural life.
- 5 Oct. 20, Pageant by Finance Committee.
- 6 Oct. 27, Student volunteers.
- 7 Nov. 3, World Court meeting, at chapel.
- 8 Nov. 12, Mr. Snyder at chapel.
- 9 Nov. 17, Mr. Paul R. Braisted.
- 10 Nov. 24, Dr. Wilkinson.

AMONG OUR ALUMNAE

Margaret White, '25, is teaching in Lynn, Mass.

Bernice Robinson, '25, is teaching in Simsbury, Conn.

Marjorie Sterling, '25, is teaching in Scarborough, Me.

Helen Hight, ex-'27, is assistant to the principal in Skowhegan High School.

Idora Beatty, ex-'27, was married Thanksgiving Day to Bert Merrill, Colby '24.

Betty Alden, ex-'27, has transferred to Bates College.

Ethel Childs, '25, is teaching at Old Orchard, Me.

Marion Brown, '24, travelled last summer in Europe. She spent most of the time in England but visited other countries.

Ervena Goodale, '24, was married in September to Joseph Smith, Colby '24.

Mrs. Evan Shearman (Margaret Smith, ex-'26) is living in Brooklyn, N. Y., where her husband is the assistant pastor in the Brooklyn Baptist church.

Leota Schoff, '25, is teaching in Spellman College, Ga.

Ruth Fifield, '25, is teaching in Warren, Me.

Marjorie Everingham, '25, is teaching in Spellman College, Atlanta, Ga.

Eleatha Beane, '25, is married to Mr. Walter Littlefield. They live in Ogunquit, Maine.

Louise Butler, ex-'27, is married to Mr. Ralph Bowden. They are living in Orono, Maine.

Dorothy Austin, '25, is attending a Secretarial School in New York.

Hazel Berry, '25, is teaching in Island Falls, Me.

Grace Heffron, ex-'27, has transferred to Jackson College.

Marjorie Pierce, ex-'27, is teaching at Freedom Academy.

Nellie Pottle, '25, is teaching in Spellman College, Georgia.

Elsie Bishop, '25, is teaching in Eastport.

Doris Hardy, '25, is teaching at Coburn Classical Institute.

Marion Merriam, '25, is teaching in Union, Me.

Amy Robinson, '25, is teaching in Houlton, Me.

Carrie Baker, ex-'26, is teaching in Unity.

Winona Knowlton, ex-'26, is teaching in Boothbay Harbor.

Eva Cilley, '25, is preceptress at Higgins Classical Institute.

Edith Gray, '25, is teaching in Winthrop, Mass.

Grace Wilder, '22, is studying the Pre-Medical course at Johns Hopkins university.

Vivian Hubbard, '24, is working in an office in Skowhegan.

Doris Keay, ex-'26, has been married to Clair Wood, ex-'26. They are teaching in Lagrange, Me.

Kathleen Poland, ex-'26, is working in Livermore Falls.

Muriel Thomas, ex-'27, is working in an office in Augusta.

Miriam Scott, ex-'28, is at Northfield Seminary.

Ruth Viles, ex-'27, is working in an office in Skowhegan.

Inez Stevens, ex-'27, has transferred to the University of Maine.

Grace Martin, '24, is working in the chemistry department in the State House at Augusta, Me.

Genevieve Clarke, '23, is living at her home in Portland.

Pauline Waugh, ex-'27, is teaching in Strong, Me.

Olive Robinson, ex-'27, has transferred to Bates College.

Claire Crosby, '25, is teaching in Beals, Me.

Jennie Nutter, ex-'26, is teaching in Monson High School. Substituting.

Mildred Briggs, '25, is teaching in Abbott Village, Me.

Elsie Adams, '25, is teaching in Ashland, Me.

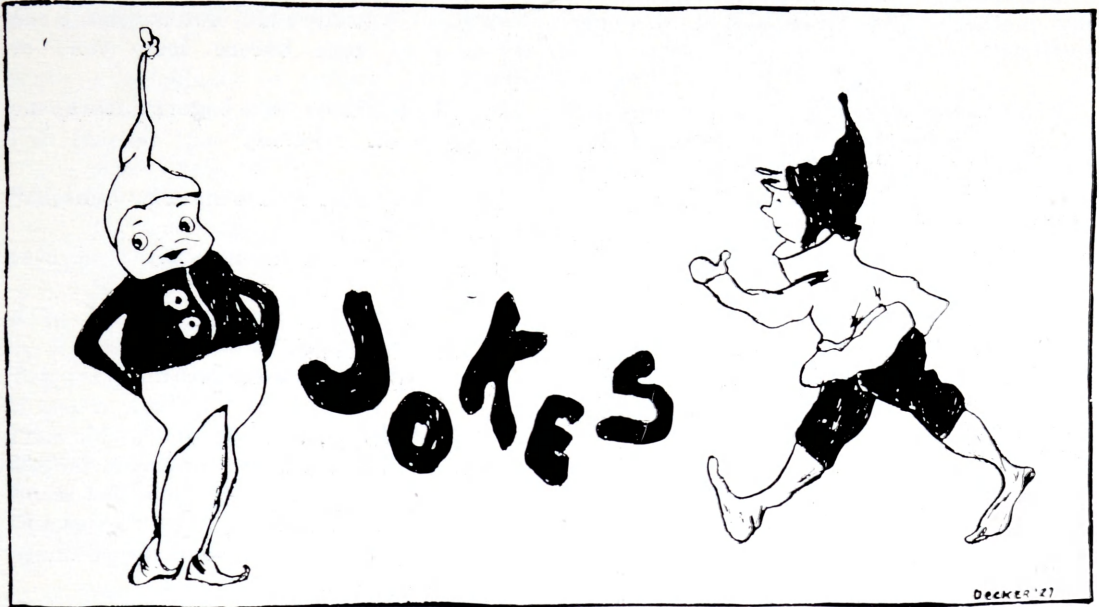
Waneta Blake, '24, is living at home on account of recent illness. Her home is in Gardiner, Me.

Rose Seltzer, ex-'27, is studying at the Boston Conservatory of Music.

Frances Bragdon, ex-'27, is teaching American History in Northampton, Mass. She is also taking a course in scientific German at Smith College.

Eleanor King, ex-'27, is teaching in Athens, Me.

Viola Jodrey, '25, is doing graduate work in economics at Clark University.



Professor Perkins: "Miss Towle, name the four seasons."

Miss Towle: "Salt, mustard, vinegar and pepper."

Prof. Colgan: "Now, suppose that I am leaving the school and a man comes up to me, gives me a blow which knocks me down and my head strikes the pavement with great force and I am killed. What is the consequence?"

Fair Co-ord: "We should have a holiday."

Some people grow old gracefully; others attempt the new dances.

Whate'er my forebears may have been,
Ape, insect, bird, flesh, fowl, or fin,
I am myself; and rain or shine,
Intend to fill the place that's mine.
Say what you will, prove what you can
About the origin of man—
No line of monkey ancestry
Can make a monkey out of me.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Servant: "Professor, your little son has broke his leg."

Professor: "How many times must I tell you that it is not 'broke,' it's 'broken.'"

Chase: "So you can't understand why your girl in college flunked in all the foreign languages?"

Smith: "No, it's a mystery to me. She picked up all the college yells in no time."

Coco: "Do you like Hamburger balls?"

Cola: "I don't think I ever attended one."

Krazy: "I just hate to read this Shakespeare."

Kat: "Why?"

Krazy: "Oh, all his works are so full of stale quotations."

"There is not another boy in this town as clever as my Charles."

"Go on; how is that?"

"Well, look at those two chairs. My Charles made them all out of his own head, and he has enough wood left to make an arm chair."

Kid: "Let's play Cinderella."

Sam: "Naw, your feet are to big."

Coach (to prospective candidate): "Are you related to Mike O'Reilly, the famous all-American quarter of several years back?"

Candidate: "Very distantly, sir; he was my mother's first child and I was her twelfth."

"Tomorrow afternoon," said a minister to his congregation, "the funeral of Mr. Smith will be held in this church. I shall make a funeral address on the occasion, and the man himself will be here, the first time in twenty years."

Mrs. Smith (after ten minutes conversation): "Well, Mrs. Brown, I must be getting along to the plumber. My husband is home with his thumb on the burst pipe, waiting till he comes."

"Soap must be good for the eyes."

"How come?"

"It makes them smart."

Dumb: "When I left college I didn't owe anybody a cent."

Belle: "What an awful time to leave."

Betty: "I hear that letter postage is going up to three cents."

Bobbin: "Yes?"

Betty: "I'm going to lay in a goodly supply of two-cent stamps."

Tillie: "Why don't you play your banjo or mandolin?"

Millie: "There is no choice."

Tillie: "What do you mean, there is no choice?"

Millie: "I haven't any pick."

"What curious sound is that?" said he.

"O, that's only an owl, my lord," said she.

"An 'owl, of course, I jolly well know, But what animal is it that's 'owling so?"

Prof: "You made 99 in that last exam, why did you not get a hundred?"

Tweed: "There must have been a misprint in the books, sir."

"Wifie, it says in the paper here that a man turned over in his sleep and it killed him."

"Impossible, George!"

"No—he was driving at night, went to sleep and his machine turned turtle."

Autoist (who has just driven over a pedestrian): "Pardon me, but haven't I run across your face before some time or other?"

Irish Pedestrian: "No, begorra, it was me left leg ye hit last time."

Lux: "The prof is in a class by himself."

Shux: "Yeah?"

Lux: "He's ten minutes late."

Dot: "I've been trying to think of a word for two weeks."

Kit: "Well, will fortnight do?"

CRUMBLNGS BY M. M. A. '26.

Dear to the heart of Confucius is this college. Do you doubt it? Then just stand outside any recitation hall after classes and see how well is exemplified the Chinese motto, "Men First."

It's all in the viewpoint, you know. A co-ord college is a women's college with a men's division attached.

How not to get along with your roommate: When you come in late close the door gently behind you. Turn on the light that does not shine in her eyes. Walk on your tiptoes and make no noise. Wind the clock beneath a pillow so as to deaden the noise—do not try the alarm to see if it will work. Put the window up by degrees to avoid that squeaking noise, turn the light out gently so as to not get that clicking sound and then—fall over the chair on which you put the alarm clock.

Trying to bluff some profs is about as effective in passing the course as the Indian was in stopping the thunder storm by offering his chewing tobacco to the thunder god.

Snap, click, click, snap! snap!! snap!!!

Are you wondering whence that can come? No, you're wrong, it isn't a "movie" machine,

It's just a co-ord chewing her gum.

Arrows here, arrows there,
Arrows, arrows everywhere,
Indians? Massacres? Not at all,
Just the expert archers back of Foss Hall.

Just a paltry fourteen dollars per day,
Is all the bricklayers get, so they say,

Of course the teachers get a mere vestige
But oh just think! "Their Social Prestige."

While a bricklayer is cutting up all his
capers,
The teacher sits at home and corrects
school papers,
But when the bricklayer goes to Europe
for a holiday
Just think! It's the teacher who can show
him the way!

So if you're teaching for mere money
You may as well get out.
If you're teaching for the fun
Then you'll soon be put to rout;
But—if you're serving an ideal,
Then I have a confession
Teach and teach well, you've an honored
profession.

Style has no appeal to us,
No matter what you say.
For what we want, is style plus
Each and every day.

PLEA OF A POOR ASSISTANT
LIBRARIAN.

I do my best to please you,
You co-ords of this place
But you most unkindly treat me
And insult me to my face.
'Twas just the other evening,
As I was reading, "Tales of a Hut,"
That a fair young lady student
Came and shouted at me "Nutt!"
I looked at her most severely
For her conduct was most erratic
As I murmured, "What can I do for you?"
She answered quickly, "Kilpatrick."
Now I'm sure I don't look murderous
For such feelings I scarcely harbor
But someone must have misread my
thoughts
For there came a loud whisper, "Carver!"
Oh, many are the tales I could list
Of the insults thrust on me each day,
And I'm sure you would also—but hist—
Someone is yelling, "Hay!"

M. M. A., '26

TO THE WATERVILLE FIRE ALARM.

Oh loud and piercing fire bell
Thy voice was meant a tale to tell.
But when thy hoarse shrieks sound each
morn
Before the cock has crowed at dawn
My soul doth seeth with burning wrath.
To think that thee, the power hath
To drag me from the arms of he
Who brings the balm of sleep to me.

I rise in haste to view the fire

And why should not it raise my ire
To find no sign of one in sight
Without the calm and peaceful night,
To ease my mind I cry oh, well!
I know where soon will be that bell.
Some day when hung in nether halls
While throughout time it calls and calls
Then in truth 'twill be no liar
For there I know there'll be a fire!

Elinor Butler, '29.

1820

1925

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