COLBIANA
SO THIS IS FAME?

Fat was all alone in the frat house; all the brothers who were not at the Junior Prom were studying and therefore useless as company, or had gone to the movies downtown.

He sat in the deep arm-chair under the floor-lamp that made a bright splash of light behind him, but left his face in shadow. His hands were in his pockets, rattling among loose change and keys, his feet stretched out before him. Every line,—every curve, rather, for there were no lines about Fat, was relaxed, listless almost, and in his face and in the irrational jingling of the change in his pockets was expressed, "O well, what's the use. Nobody loves a fat man anyway."

A breath of damp, warm air, and with it a drift of jazz music came through the open window and Fat moved irritably. There was a moon like a bubble blown from molten gold, outside, that shone down on an almost deserted campus and darkened fraternity houses with only occasional lighted windows that were like small pools reflecting the bronzed gold of the moon.

A couple passed by and a twisted thread of girl's laughter reached his ears. It sounded like Flora's voice.

Flora had only that afternoon told him that she was going to Prom with a Dartmouth man. Then she had raved to Fat about her wonderful Dartmouth man.

"Y-e-s!" thought Fat bitterly, "The girls always fall for those he Shebas who had a fast reputation. Blah!"

Somewhere someone began to play "Gone is the romance that was so divine, 'tis broken and cannot be mended." Fat groaned and buried his head in his hands.

"All over now." That sounded particularly pathetic to Fat so he repeated it. "All over." He heaved a deep sigh, felt better, so he sighed again, the chair creaking in sympathy. This feeling about his heart was similar to that experienced in dreams of falling off skyscrapers, or when waiting for the questions in a final examination.

Then a significant sound, a rhythmic clicking drew him out of his orgy of self-pity and made him heave upright, ears "at attention."

The sounds drew nearer—paused outside his door. The knob rattled and the door opened. A young woman stepped in, shut the door, and crossed the room with as much ease and assurance as if it were her own. She paid no attention to Fat who was sitting on the very edge of his chair, hands on the chair arms, eyes like those of a child at his first circus.
She paused in front of the bureau, took off her hat and gloves, flung them down and then, leaning across the bureau top, stared intently and critically at her reflection in the mirror. She fluffed her hair and patted it down again, powdered her nose and then, posing with arms behind her head she laughed triumphantly to her reflection.

"I killed her, the cat! but she doesn't know it yet. Oh! It's going to be funny, Mary my dear, when she wakes up and finds herself dead! Ha! Ha! Funny, funny." And still laughing she crossed to Fat's couch and sat down.

Fat came slowly to life. He coughed to attract her attention, but she did not notice him. He shuffled his feet, smiled and finally dropped a book but still with no effect. She sat idly swinging one velvet shod foot, and running her fingers through her hair, staring dreamily before her all the while.

"I say, Miss—er—" But still paying no more attention then as if he were a fly on the wall or a display of men's footwear, she slowly drew off her short, grey squirrel coat, tossed it onto a chair and reaching down started to remove her shoes.

"Good Lord!" thought Fat wildly, "She's going to bed!" and bending over he seized her hands.

"Don't!" he said. She looked up at him impatiently.

"But you don't understand! I killed her, and she doesn't know it yet! I must hurry!"

As she continued to look at him, her expression changed.

"Such a pretty complexion," she cooed, and freeing one hand from his weak grasp reached up and patted his round cheeks.

They puffed out and grew red in warm embarrassment. He snatched his head away and dropped her other hand as though it had suddenly grown heavy. She looked past him and a fitful light played in her eyes.

"Oh, I must hurry! She doesn't know it yet!" and she stooped down again to unfasten her shoes. She succeeded this time as Fat was too utterly confused to prevent her, and then she padded over to the mirror.

As she stood there posing and dribbling meaningless words, a sound came to Fat's ears that snapped him out of his daze. It was the sound of men's voices singing, super-sentimentally. "Sweet Adeline, for thee, I pi-i-ne."

"Oh, gee," exclaimed Fat, clutching at his hair and walking futilely from desk to window and back again. "I can't put her out by force," he thought, "she'd rouse the whole campus."

He went up to her, making little ineffectual gestures with his chubby fingers.

"Shoo! Scat! Go home!" he said.

This wasn't having any effect. How did you talk to a lunatic that wouldn't listen anyway? he wondered.

There was the sound of an approaching car and a jumble of men's voices. Perspiration shone in little drops on Fat's face.

Then with a desperate and determined look he whipped out the sheet that served him as a handkerchief and flung it across her mouth, tied her hands with his necktie after receiving a scratch on one cheek and thrust her into the clothespress, locking the door just as the boys began thumping into the house.

Her hat! and gloves! quickly Fat pushed them under some pillows and flung her jacket behind the bureau. He then rushed to the desk, grabbed a book, and placed one finger in a supposedly studious manner to his temple. His eyes strayed to the closet. There was a subdued rustling inside, but it was too late to fix that now. The door of his room banged open and his room-mate and some others came in.

His room-mate was a tall, lanky, loose limbed fellow who was called Skipper. He was long-faced and sober looking but with a little quirk at one corner of his mouth.

He chose his usual place, the table and
the others sat, perched, leaned or lay in various parts of the room, and lighted cigarettes or pipes preparatory to a "Dissertation on the Dance."

As Skipper bent over to scratch a match on his shoe, his eye lighted on something lying on the floor. He then looked sidelong at Fat. As Fat caught that look he swallowed painfully. He tried to smile sweetly but a guilty feeling caught up with the smile and smothered it. He looked about. There in plain sight lay two small, velvet, spike-heeled slippers!

Still looking at the paralyzed Fat, Skipper slid slowly from the table and picked up the slippers deliberately and ostentatiously.

The others were silent for a fraction of a second and then—! a wild yell! Pandemonium. It was reminiscent to poor Fat of the war-whoops of blood-thirsty savages about the torture stake. He looked about; their attention seemed to be on the slippers so he began to slide toward the door.

When he had almost reached the door, the alarm was given. Fat dove for the corridor but before he had taken three steps he was vociferously overtaken and triumphantly forced back to his chair. By this time several others had come in and were ranged about the room in interested attitudes.

"Ahem!" said Skipper, clearing off the table by the simple method of knocking everything onto the floor. He sat on the table, long legs folded in sections under him and a pair of black socks over either shoulder to denote his rank as judge.

"Court come to order! Prisoner, here's the evidence, (holding up the slippers) now, the court wants to know where the owner of the booty is."

A pillow on Fat’s couch fell over as one of the spectators changed his position for one of greater advantage in seeing the trial. Exposed to view was a perky, black velvet hat. The trial was forgotten. Riot reigned. Pillows were upturned, couches stripped of blankets, chairs, table and desk over-turned and—a short fur coat and a pair of gloves added to the evidence.

Fat shrank perceptibly during the proceedings until at last he resembled a deflated balloon.

When some appearance of order was restored, Fat said desperately,

“You’ve got it all wrong. My sister was up tonight and—”

“E-e-e yow!” “His sister! O gee!” “Ha! Ha!” “Wah-hoo!” were a few of the remarks passed.

“I suppose,” said Skipper, when things had settled down a bit, looking judicially over the goggles donned for the occasion, "That your sister hung her coat behind the bureau, hid her hat, and removed her shoes to cool her perspirin’ feet?”

As Fat miserably struggled for a reply, a thump came from the clothespress. In the dead silence a woman’s voice, muffled and indistinct said,

“I killed her, but she doesn’t know it yet! Oh! It’s too funny!” and to their ears, ears almost wiggling in their desire to hear, came a wail of hysterical laughter with a flatness born of insanity.

“My God!” said one.

“A woman,” said another.

Two of the men unlocked the door, opened it and then jumped back as if expecting the attack of a wild animal. A woman stood there, a large handkerchief about her neck. She looked about, and then walked up to Fat who was standing on the fringe of the crowd.

“You have such a pretty complexion,” she cooed, reaching with one hand to stroke his cheek.

Fat woke up with a start, his own yell still issuing from his mouth. He had dreamed that that fool woman was admiring his complexion again.

As he looked around he realized that he was in a room in the Y. M. C. A. Then he must have escaped the night before, although he had no recollection of it. He remembered the rest of it well enough, however, and at the thought of meeting the fellows on the campus, he almost decided to go back to bed and stay there the rest of his life.

This was impossible, however, so he finally stepped out for the campus whistling, fists clenched in his pockets.
If one could have seen the campus from an aeroplane, one would have seen a peculiar and interesting sight. A little black figure enters upon the campus. Immediately other little black figures were attracted to it. This movement moved from group to group, as news of a dog fight will spread until the one little black figure was surrounded by a crowd of other little black figures.

The little black figure was Fat. At the edge of the campus he was met by one of his classmates, but a member of a different fraternity. Fat tried to slink by him but failed.

"Hey there, Fat! Heard you had a little excitement in your room last night," a knowing grin. "By the way, I'm having a little party tonight. Follies girls. Are you on?" whacking him between the shoulders. Then, as Fat goggled at him and sputtered incoherently, "All right! See you about seven," went off still grinning.

As Fat stared lazily after him, another whack and another almost upset him. He was surrounded by grinning fellows who were demanding to know "the inside dope.

"No kidding, what really happened? Come off, come off, no innocent stuff now!"

This was not what Fat had expected. There was not only curiosity but admiration in the grins he encountered. From encounter to encounter, Fat began to expand as a flower freshens when placed in water. But although he lost his worried, haggard expression, there remained still on his round, honest face, just a trace of confusion—a puzzled look.

Then he met Flora, and experienced again all the sensations of the "falling" dream.

"Why Fat! I've heard the most awful stories about you! Are they true?"

"Are what true?" said Fat in sincere perplexity. He didn't know what she had heard.

"Oh, don't be stupid, you know what I mean! I heard you had all the Follies girls in your room, and they all fell in love with your complexion and—why, Fat! you must be an awful sheik!"

"Oh, no," said Fat modestly. "I—honest—there was only one and she was crazy—"

"Oh! so she was crazy about you!" said Flora. "All men are just alike. They're so conceited they—"

"But she was really crazy—," trying to explain.

"Yes! You said that before," said Flora, nose tilted up but eyes injured.

"Now listen Flora—O well! what's the use?" realizing the absurdity of the true story.

"Listening," said Flora pertly.

"No, you wouldn't believe me anyway," said Fat, forlornly.

"Oh, please!" said Flora, forgetting her distant pose, but instantly reassuming it when he swung toward her.

"Well," he said, "when you wouldn't go to the Prom with me, I just decided to go to the devil."

"Oh."

"Yes, and," brutally, "unless you give up a certain person, I'll keep on going to the devil," a sidelong glance to gauge the effect, a barely suppressed grin, a stern profile.

"Fat," she said coaxingly, "you really have an awfully pretty complexion."

Madeline Merrill, '26.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY.

"The quality of mercy is not strained. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blesst: It blesseth him that gives and him that takes. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest."

"Dog! You shall hang for this! Did you think you could play with me forever that I would always take your insults as meekly? You wretch! You yellow dog! This time you have gone too far and you shall pay! Pay!! Do you understand? I can bear it no longer.

"Hypocrite! Hide your face in your hands and profess innocence! You should be ashamed to show that face in the light
of day and yet you can look up and beg me for mercy! You ask me for mercy! Ha! Ha! You shall have the same kind of mercy you have shown me all these years. Mercy for your wife and family? Ha! They will be well rid of you! Yes, crouch down to the floor in despair and seeming remorse. I am glad to see you so. At last I am able to collect my due of many years, and there shall be interest, too, good interest!

"Yes! There's the door! Go! It's an old trick of yours to turn your back on unpleasantness, but this time it shall avail you nothing. You must face it like a man or die like a dog!—which you are very like. No! Do not stop! Go! The very sight of you sickens me. But remember! We shall meet again, and soon! My one victory shall be supreme. . . Ah, God! What a farce is life!—Why not death, too?

"He ever my friend! My boyhood pal? Impossible! And yet, I knew him once as my ideal of everything a man should be. I will not think of it! I will not remember it! It shall not come between me and my revenge. He has wrecked every plan, destroyed every hope that I ever had, and this time I will have justice!

"It was not enough for him to take Margaret from me. But he must go out of his way at every turn to do me harm. How can I have mercy on him who has taught me nothing but cruelty and deceit? And Margaret—loved him. May be—she loves him now. Oh, cruel fate! To take from me the only thing that could have made my life worthwhile!

"I could have forgiven him the first for Margaret's sake; and so I did. But he heaped insult upon insult and now he has taken from me the only thing on earth I cared for. Oh how can I live without it? I cannot live without it! I will not live without it! But one action with this little weapon that I carry and I shall step from life into eternity in one short minute.

"Ah wait! My revenge! I have determined to have it! If I die, life will be the sweeter for him. Death, you shall not be cheated of your prey; you shall have him instead of me. This one world cannot hold us both.

"Strange, how I cannot forget what used to be. I must not think of it! It weakens my purpose. And yet,—the look on his face when he begged me to have mercy on his wife and children haunts me. Would you grieve very deeply, Margaret, if he should be no more? Can I take from you your means of life and comfort, and the father of your children? Oh my sweet revenge! I feel you slipping away from me. Gone again! Ah, Margaret, Margaret! the fairest dream a man ever had! For your sake, he shall live; And I—and I—"

Evelyn Estey, '27.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF A DREAM.

In these realistic days that we are living, or rather existing in, every doubtful or unfamiliar thing must be traced to its source. Dreams are one of those things in which the psychologists do not believe. They think a dream is caused by something one has eaten the night before or by some like stimulus and that every phase of a dream can be traced to some previous thought or experience. Hence I am going to endeavor to trace a real dream of mine to its psychological sources.

The night before, I ate a late dinner. I was in a hurried frame of mind so I bolted my food very unscientifically. To complete it I ate two big delicious pieces of apple pie. There is the original cause of my dream.

For some mysterious reason I was at my own home where we had a strange boarder who appeared to be a mere looker-on in my adventure. Who she was I can't find out.

It is not unusual to see an airplane from our sitting room window. Now it happened that I heard a buzzing like an airplane, so naturally enough I looked out to see it. And I saw! not an airplane, but a queer looking balloon. As it came closer it looked exactly like an immense fat sausage tied-up at both ends. Then more sausages appeared. After them came a num-
ber of queer looking airplanes with something trailing under each. Just as the airplanes flew over my house the trailing things began to descend. As I rushed from the house I was surprised to see that they were life-sized stuffed animals. The first was an immense cloth elephant which landed on its front feet. Then his hind legs came slowly down after him like a bounding lamb in a slow reel movie. Another of the animals was a leopard, and one just happened to be a live monkey.

The monkey landed at my feet but the elephant descended neatly into a herd of buffaloes which began to stampede. I was extremely desirous to get the elephant to play with but the wild buffaloes prevented me. They condescendingly started to move off with my elephant and then vanished into space. As a consolation to me the elephant very kindly left bunches of elephant’s hair (?) which looked like hay piled up in a neat row. I rushed out and gathered great armfuls of it.

As I turned to go into the house the monkey turned into a baby, and I was teaching it to walk when my dream came to an end.

Here is my explanation of this extraordinary adventure.

My window looks out on College avenue and of course during the day there is much traffic. Often the automobiles buzzing by sound like airplanes. Hence the airplane of the dream. Often, too, the old hot dog man stations himself in front of Foss Hall. His hot dogs became very realistic as balloons.

The stuffed elephant came from a story I read in a magazine about a dog who took one from a toy-shop. I imagine the leopard idea came from a leopard-spotted ribbon worn by a Foss Hall girl. I think, perhaps, the monkey might have originated from what I have heard or read of the recent evolution question. The elephant’s hair that looked like hay is the result of seeing a load of hay the previous day. The other items I was not able to trace. Neither could I find how any of the events of the dream were related to each other, but that is the way of dreams.

Although this dream is senseless and improbable, nevertheless it is true, and I didn’t regret the apple pie.

Marian Rowe, ’26.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

Dear Diary,

I have been telling you all about college and how wonderful it was to be here. All the girls were nice, but I felt strange and shy at first with everything so new. How I did want to be friends but today the world just seemed to stop going round. The sorority bids are out. I knew I couldn’t get one but it didn’t seem half as bad until I went and looked. My room-mate had one. She isn’t any smarter than I am, though I’m probably conceited, I don’t think she is better looking or better dressed.

The days drag by and I live on. Yes, I’m morbid about it. Honestly, college has become misery, I don’t love it any longer. Why, you wouldn’t think a little thing like not getting a piece of paper in an envelope could hurt so. No one is interested in what rank I get so I don’t half work.

Another Left-Out-One was talking with me tonight, Wednesday night (how we hate Wednesday night). I tried to comfort her but we ended by putting our arms around each other and just crying hopelessly. Then we revived and talked over our chances and agreed they did not exist but that we would hope because it made us feel better. My room-mate borrowed my dress to be initiated in. The irony of it, my dress was fit but I wasn’t.

A Sophomore at last. They talk of college loyalty but I do not love this college. How do they expect we Unwanted Ones to love and be loyal to a place which has cost us hours of pain and sleeplessness?

It is awful at home too. There they can’t understand why I am Non-Frat. The
town’s people all ask me about it and what sorority I belong to. I have to smile and tell them.

I know now why few Non-Sorority girls graduate. They haven’t the courage, so they give up or transfer after a year or two of fighting. That is what it is, just a miserable lonely fight. I think more girls would graduate every year from Colby if sororities did not exist here.

A Freshman or even a Sophomore may hope for a bid but after that it is hopeless. You don’t mind as much after the first two years. You feel just a dull hurt, a wound which will never heal. Always I shall bear my cross over my heart, always it will burn there in place of the pin I have wanted so.

I shall go from college but I shall never forget the stamp “Unwanted” which Colby has put upon me. I shall think of it when I apply for a job, for the world is small and it knows Colby. That is how we Non-Frat girls feel. We talked it over together and smile at the rest of you!

Oh, if only all the splendid sorority girls of Colby realized what they were doing to we others; if they realized our truly great suffering, which we are too proud to let them guess, the real, lasting harm which their joy causes us; I like to think if they knew they would be unselfish enough to give up their sororities but maybe I am wrong here too, for what is my opinion worth on any subject?

Anon.

WANTED: A MAN.

“How wonderful it must be to be married!”

Miss Priscilla sighed and gazed wistfully at two crows lovemaking in an old dead chestnut.

“Much sense in crying about it,” snapped Miss Pansy. “You know we’d both be married this instant if we had our way.”

Miss Priscilla refused to be reconciled.

“Just think, Pansy,” she said dreamily, her hands busy with the knitted lace that filled her lap, “how sweet it must be to have a loving husband and smiling children filling one’s home with sunshine.”

Miss Pansy sniffed. “Small credit to you we haven’t,” she remarked loftily, “with you always dragging in some squalling brat and begging to keep it.”

“Well, how could I tell it was only a joke when we found the baby on our doorstep?” Miss Priscilla was much disturbed.

“And that dear little cherub that said he hadn’t any mother, how could I know he was playing Indian and Indians don’t have mothers? I suppose you would have done better.”

“Certainly, it was I that advertised for an orphan in the ‘Courier.’ Of course, it was rather unlucky that the child happened to be foolish, but you must admit advertising was the better plan.”

“Oh, Pansy!” Priscilla was radiant, “Let’s advertise for a man, a husband I mean. We could get one on trial I should think.”

“Indeed, Priscilla, what are you thinking of? Why, he might never shave, and chew tobacco and do lots of perfectly terrible things. Still, it would be handy to have someone around to split wood and dig potatoes.”

They were sitting on their tiny front porch. The house behind them was equally small and looked lost in the immense door-yard. The yard itself had a strained air, much like that of a child who has had his ears scrubbed and his hair combed with a fine tooth comb. Two stiff rows of tulips lined the straight walk which led to the dusty country road rambling by. It was a poor road, rutted and grass grown, for few autos cared to venture so far from main thoroughfares.

Miss Priscilla sighed and gazed pensively down the road. She sighed again a romantic little sigh. Then sat up straight and opened her eyes wide. Down the old road walked a strange man.

“Look, Pansy,” she whispered, careful lest she should frighten such a rare object.
"It's a man."

"So it is," answered Pansy dryly. "I agree with you perfectly."

"But it's a strange man. Strangers never come up here."

"Well, he doesn't seem to be afraid, even though he is far from home."

Miss Pansy wouldn't have allowed her sister to see her interest for the world. She always told the ladies of the Sewing Circle that her sister thought far too much of the men as it was.

Priscilla's eyes glowed.

"Isn't he brave looking," she demanded. "He has such a martial swing."

"What I'd call a lazy slouch," answered Pansy as the stranger stopped at the path and leaned against the mailbox.

"Here you, what do you want?" she called boldly. No one should think she was afraid of a mere man.

The stranger straightened and came slowly up the path. He sat down on the little step as if the short journey from the mailbox to the house had been too much for him.

"Could you give a poor man a bite to eat?" he began in a weak voice. "I ain't had nothin' since yesterday noon."

"You poor man!" cried Miss Priscilla, rising, "You just wait a minute and I'll get you some cake and tea."

"You sit right down," commanded Miss Pansy. "There's no call for you to serve afternoon tea every time anybody stops. Now I'll go and get him some potato salad and ham. I guess I know what men like."

Both sisters rushed into the house intent upon making the stranger comfortable.

He sat still upon the step gazing about him, glanced over the neat lawn, then felt of his rough chin. Small resemblance was there. He stuck his feet out in front of him and gazed at their ragged covering, then pulled them under him as far as he could and glanced about furtively to see if anyone had seen them. No sound came from within. He waited five minutes sniffing the air frequently, but no pleasing aroma floated out to him. Finally, the strain becoming too great, he arose and began to tiptoe softly away.

From the house came a clamor.

"He's going. He's running away!" shouted Miss Priscilla.

"Come back, come back, please!" shrielled Miss Pansy, emerging from the doorway as quickly as her age would permit.

There was nothing to do but return, so back he marched with a sister on either arm. Determined not to lose him they bore him in the house and made him sit at a table spread with snowy cloth and silver. Then, while Miss Priscilla talked and Miss Pansy brought in food, he started to satisfy his two days hunger. At first he heard nothing Miss Pansy said. When you have all the food you can eat at your elbow for the first time in five years the babbling of an old maid makes little difference.

He ate everything in sight and began picking his teeth as he gazed about the room. He gazed at the china cabinet, the little old-fashioned sewing machine and the air-tight sheet iron stove which glistened from continued polishing. His glance at last fell upon Miss Priscilla. Why, he had forgotten all about her. She must have been talking to him, too.

"It's so cheerless about the house without a man around," she was saying. "Father's been dead ten years, but we haven't got used to not having a man here yet."

"Yes," added Miss Pansy, "I should think it would be awful living like you do, never knowing where you would be next."

"Uhuh," he agreed.

"We've often thought of getting a man to live here, but you know how it is. They're awfully hard to get." Miss Priscilla looked at him hopefully.

"Have you ever thought of settling down in a home of your own?" Miss Pansy asked, and frowned at her sister. Priscilla needn't think she wanted him, but she was always willing to put in a good word for anyone else.

He began to grow uneasy. This wasn't exactly what he had bargained for. It was a rather novel and not altogether pleasant situation, being proposed to by two old maids at once.

"At least you'll stay to supper?" asked Miss Priscilla. "We'd love to have you."

He arose, yawning.
"I guess I'll have to go. Got to meet a fellow tonight."
Theys followed him to the door, showering him with invitations and demands.
"At least, you'll come back and see us tomorrow, won't you?" asked Miss Priscilla.
He said he would. It was the only way to escape.
That night two sisters went to bed with light hearts and high hopes. He had promised to come back. Maybe he would like it well enough to stay.
About midnight they were aroused from sleep by cries of, "Fire!"
"Pansy, Pansy!" cried Miss Priscilla, rushing into her sister's room, "We're going to be burned up. I can smell the smoke."
"Well, get dressed and hurry!" commanded her sister sharply.
She ran to a window. "It's only the ice house," she said after a hasty glance out, "but get dressed anyway."
They went out into the cool night air. The fire was nearly over. The little ice house, unused for ten years had been tinder for the blaze. A score of men stood about. One came over to the sisters.
"I saw a man running down the road when I came up," he offered. "His coat sleeve was burning but he didn't seem to know it. Funny thing, too, because we haven't had any tramps around these parts for quite a while."
After a little the men began to leave. A few offered to remain and watch the fire lest the wind rise. There was nothing left of the little building but blackened beams and glowing coals.
The sisters went to the house. Miss Pansy made some tea to steady their nerves.
"Do you suppose that wretched man started it?" asked Priscilla, at last.
"Very likely. That's all you could expect of his kind," declared her sister.
"He never did seem honest to me," offered Miss Priscilla. "You can't trust that kind of man. I watched him every minute he was here for fear he'd steal the silver candlesticks or something."
There was a knock at the door. The sisters went to the door and opened it. There stood their guest of the afternoon. He was shaved and washed to a certain point, but his clothes were as ragged as ever. As he spoke he scratched his head, and they saw that the cuff had been burned.
"I got a horse and buggy out here," he said, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. "If you want to get married, I'm willing. Come along."
The sisters glared without answering. Then Miss Pansy slammed the door and locked it. They locked every door and window in the little house and barred the bedroom door.
"The very idea!" stormed Miss Pansy. "Whatever gave him that idea? I never was so mortified in all my life!"
And the two sisters sought their beds in resentful silence.

A RAINY SUNDAY AT COLLEGE.

I sat alone in my room. Both my windows were open and the fresh air came in—not in gusts, but borne in gently on the wings of Old Mother West Wind's merry little breezes. Sometimes they blew one curtain away from the window and drew the other in—and the windows were on the same side of the house. But they were damp breezes and rather chilly for it was raining out, and it was so dark that I had to have my lights on in order to see.

It was quiet there in the house, for it was Sunday. Out on Main street old papers blew back and forth across the street and the autos went swiftly up and down, all closed in and shining with the wet. Not a living being was in sight. The wind sighed and sometimes moaned softly around the corners. It all gave me a shivery feeling which I rather enjoyed. In fact, pleasure came up into my throat and almost choked me. Suddenly, two girls who had evidently been to the Red Store for something to eat came across the line of my
vision. Their words came to me distinctly through the windows and the magic spell was broken. My room-mate came in and a gust of wind caused by the open door swept papers from the table in confusion.

I felt a sort of resentment, for then the day had become just a common, ordinary, rainy day, and the wind howled with dismal sounds around the corners.

E. M. E., '27.

“THE LIGHT STREAK IN THE WEST.”

When I was little long ago;
And when it used to rain you know;
The wet wind rattled at the lock,
And puddles formed out on the walk.

We children peered out through the pane
And watched it rain, and rain, and rain,
And wished 'twould stop and got away
So we could go out doors and play.

But though we used to pout and fuss,
My mother never scolded us.

My mother used to leave her task
And come and hug us all, and ask,
What’s the matter we didn’t play
Even if 'twas a rainy day?

And if we didn’t like the rain,
A cookie—would that help the pain?
Oh well, 'twould clear up soon she guessed,
And see! “A light streak in the west!”

Years of worry, and toil, and care,
Have silvered now my mother's hair.

And now outgrowing childish fears
We children scatter with the years.

But still my mother in darkest hours,
Comforts us, as in the showers
She used to hug us “good 'nd tight,”
And give us cookies to make things right.

No matter how hard the task, the way,
“All things must have an end,” she'd say,
“For everything is for the best.”
She sought the “Light streak in the west.”

And so I pray to Him above
Who gives us faith and mother-love
To keep my mother safe for me,
To guard her well; and may it be
That I, when I must stand the test,
Shall see that “Light streak in the west.”

Annie Goodwin, '29.

NIGHT-FALL IN THE CITY.

The shadow of the passing day
Is all around and o’er me cast;
And as I wander on my way
The streams of human life go past.

An endless stream of living souls
Their voices mingled with the roar
Of traffic, and the rumbling rolls
Aloft among the clouds to soar.

And yet the portal of my mind
Is closed against the mortal song;
The glaring lights my sight may blind
But visions still to me belong.

My feet are by desire driven
And soon they tread a quiet street

When to the west the eye is given;
The place where earth and heaven meet.

Yon mountains rise in dark array
And strain to their majestic height
To choke the scene of dying day,
To snatch the lingering rays of light.

Now all the sky is flushed rich rose
With gold and amber blended thru,
While darkness ’neath the mountain grows
And night falls softly as the dew.

The last faint glow of day now fades
And there the evening star I see,
Guiding my feet thru deeper shades,
As memories of life come back to me.

Esther Parker, '28.
FIRST FLAKES.

Today, while I was standing
At my window
Something white
Sped by,
It wasn't long
Before
Another followed
And then
Another
It was odd—
I tried
To fancy
I was at the races,
And the white
Somethings

 Were momentary
Visions
Of fleeting
Speedsters.
I leaned out
To watch one
Around
A curve.
When
I drew back
There were bits
Of clouds
On
My hair.

D. W. F., '27.

Moonbeams and stardust;
Fairies and gnomes;
A silver path on the sea
Where wee sprites merrily
Dance far from home;
Shadows and deep dusk;

The stillness of the night;
Come forth, ye king of fairy land,
For 'tis Diana's own fair hand
That guides her shining, silver car
So near to us and yet so far,
Resplendent with soft light.

E. M. E., '27.

TREES AND MOODS.

Against the stormy sky you stand
Dark, desolate, alone.
Moaning and wringing your hands
Like a mother
Who has lost her children;
And I am sad
With an overwhelming grief,
A crushing, gnawing grief
That I never felt before.

Against the bright blue sky you stand
Swinging and swaying,
Softly crooning
Like a mother
Who holds her first born.
And I am glad,
Joyously, wonderously glad
That life is good,
That love rules the world.


A SONG.

I lie beneath an aged pine tree, its needles
a soft carpet making,
Sun in the blue summer sky sends forth
bright rays so warm and so golden,
Buzz of the tireless honeybee soothing the
calm, drowsy spirit;
Lure of the beauty of Nature bears day-
dreams with hues of the rainbow,

Balmy breeze plays on the pine quills in
soft notes of exquisite music,
Locust sings loud in the meadow a sibilant
song of midsummer.

I stand upon a sere ridge in the fast wan-
in glory of autumn:
Autumn—the time when all nature hoards
treasures so bountifully given;
King Oak spreads o'er me his branches all
gnarled and all knotted with old age;
Wind whirs the leaves painted gaudy by
Jack Frost, that marvelous artist;
Sad is the scene—brown and barren, lit up
by the western sun setting;
Still there's a glow in my heart as the
brook lilts its autumnal lyric.

Winter: I crouch on a bear rug in evening
before the old fireplace;
Without, the snow falls incessant; without,
howls and whistles the North Wind;
Within, 'tis cozy and cheery; within is the
spirit of past time;
Wood crackles, flames leap up, sparks
dance, supreme reign sweet peace
and contentment;
Candles of mem'ry burn brightly and gleam
on the paths trod of yore;
Here on the hearthstone a cricket is sing­
ing a song of the winter.

Down in the orchard I wander at dawn of
a morning of springtime;
Fresh is the air, pure and balmy, and laden
with exquisite fragrance;
Dewy the verdant grass dotted with violets
delicate, modest;
Over the hills peeps the gold sun, then dew­
drops just sparkle like jewels;
Pink and white petals fall silent from
clusters of sweet apple blossoms;
Look! 'mongst the blossoms a bluebird;
oh list to his warble of gladness:

I was breathed as a sigh by Our Father on
high
For Mother Nature to mold
With the blue of the skies of fair Paradise,
With the sunset's purple and gold.
In the morning bright, I shed silver light,
I diffuse a radiance afar;
In the twilight still I call whip-poor-will,
I gleam in the evening star.
My glimmering sheen by mortals unseen
Was woven by angels above;
Just a tender, lustrous tide flowing gently
world wide,
I am wonderful, wonderful Love.

THE MOON.

The moon is shining clear and cold
On yonder bank of fleecy gold;
The stars that flicker near its light
Can scarce be seen in full to-night.

Thou mistress of the starry realm
Whose moonbeam children overwhelm
The gentle flames of distant suns,
Yet these are not the only ones.

To-night thou art a perfect orb,
But ere another night they'll rob
A portion of the golden face,
And leave but blackness in its place.

From night to night thy sunken cheek
Will of thy waning glory speak,
And ever later wilt thou rise
'Till morn o'ertakes thee in her skies.

I dreamed that the world was enchanted
'Twas never gloomy nor dark.
THE COLBIANA

There were no hours of labor
'Twas all a dance and a song
But somehow, 'twas not perfection
For days grew weary and long.

'Twas fun to play in the sunshine
'Twas sweet to dream 'neath the blue
But there came a longing sometimes
For something special to do—
Just to feel the challenge of duty
And to know the thrill of success!
'Twas a beautiful world I imagined
But I like my real world best.

N. I. H., '29.

SUNSHINE.

Just a glimmer of sunshine
Filtering down through the trees,
But it disclosed a beauty spot
Where nature is ready to please.
There's a cool bubbling brook
With a border of grass and flowers,
And the slender white birch
O'erhangs this dainty bower.

So may a cheery smile
Along with a kindly word,
Spread sunshine round about
Where sorrow has just been heard.
So let's remember this
When days seem gloomy and grim,
That you'll spread the rays of sunshine
By wearing a cheery grin.

B. M. P., '29.

MEMORIES.

(Tune—"School Days")

Let's dream again, dear old room-mate,
(Ah, I can see that you sigh);
Dream of the time, old pal o' mine,
Dream of the days gone by.

Yes, there is Mary Lowe Hall
As in the days of yore,
And, can't you see, in there you and me,
Sophisticated Sophomores once more?

Chorus:
College days, college days,
Dear old Colby spirit days;
Pliny, Biology, German, and Greek,
And various quizzes we loved so to meet.
Long talks together of love, heaven and fate;
How welcome those feeds at surprise parties late;
Oh to be there once again, room-mate,
Olden days, golden days past.

COLLEGE FOLLIES.

'Tis the night of the Sophisticated Show,
(Sh-h! don't noise it abroad);
For the innocent Proctors are sleeping
Immersed in the joys of their dreams.
Not there is the realm of those black marks;
Stygian, infernal, plutorian banes!
Great is the love we bear for you, Proctors,
M-m-m, when you're asleep.

"Gentle" purrings from the floor below
Where the verdant Freshies are all tucked in
Fill the actors with grim satisfaction;
These are the signals to begin.
Out from the cavernous depths of those closets
(Nothing e'er has been found so quickly before)
Come hats, dresses, shoes, feathers, milk bottles,
All for the incandescent imbroglio.

What stalks out of the dimness there,
So tall, lean, threatening, with hand uplifted?
Divisioned into sections of five,
At whose sight the very walls shiver,
He is robed in long, black garments,
From his head project five horns.
THE COLBIANA

'Tis worse than the devil himself. I believe,—
This hated enemy, Five Black Marks.
Softly there floats down the corridor now
The spirit of Youth and Dance.
Amongst her mass of fiery red hair nestle
sweet purple roses,
Her lithe form is clothed in shimmering orange
That matches those beautiful eyes.
Fringed 'bout her dress are garlands of green,
(You know, a la mode Parisienne).
Her nether limbs are swathed in daring red
To blend with her winged amber shoes.
From her ruby Cupid lips spring scintillating songs of
"On with the Dance!"

Wan and pale she slumps down the hall
Love-sick and pallid is she,
True to the love codes expounded in Lit,
Thin as the icing that graces sponge cake.
She's expiring by millimeters! Oh Love,
That binds us by thy rusty chains
To Man.

What hilarious upstart is this I see
Upon whose head balances a bottle of G. Ale;
On whose shoulder a grill is propped
Connected up with the sparks in her eyes?
On the grill is toasting a loaf of bread
Which gives forth a delicious aroma.
On her hands are chocolate fingers,
Dangling from each lobe is a huge sugar doughnut,
Her feet are molded in Jello.
Enclosed is she in a coffee mist.
She may be hard to discern, I know,
But to college girls she's a true old friend,
'Tis Feeds, our jolly good fellow.

This Fantastic Folly is over now,
The lights have all been extinguished;
Herr Watchman tramps up those creaky stairs,
Down again, then out.
Oh, the Folly Fantastics are over now,
The girls are all asleep,
With angels and Romeos no longer they dwell;
The Penumbral Pageant is over.
"Sir Horn of Turkey."

DEJECTION.

He passed me by the other day,
When most I wanted him,
But there was nothing I could do
Save dry my tears and grin.

Yet, with each dawning day I hope,
And with a whistle hail
The man with sack, upon his back,
Who never brings me mail!
D. W. F., '27

Once a young lady to chapel did go
And the professor did preach a sermon—just so;
He said, "If true happiness we would see,
Service to others, our motto must be."
This motto our lady decided to take
And with it her way to true happiness make.
So in an exalted frame of mind,
She started out in a world unkind.
At lunch, the last muffin on the plate
She passed on to her table-mate;
Nothing rewarded her sacrifice,
Her neighbor seized the muffin nice,
Into her mouth it went ker-chum
As she shrilled, "Well, ain't you dumb?"
Her brother that night was Latin doing,
When she said in a voice most cooing,
"Brother dear, can I be of aid?"
Her skeptical brother raised his head,
"What do you want me to do now, sis?"
Was the only reward she got for this.
One more attempt she made that night,
Before she gave up the gallant fight;
Her mother was washing up the dishes,
When very much against her wishes,
"Mother, dearest dear," she said,
"Let me do the dishes in your stead."
Mother could hardly believe her ears,
Said she, "Are you feeling quite well, my dear?"
This remark was the proverbial last straw,
A maiden's favor once was deemed
A prize beyond compare;
But now alas it isn't so
Since girls have bobbed their hair.

Once lovesick youths to maidens meek
Their burning hearts would bare,
Now girls do some proposing too
Since girls have bobbed their hair.

A man could once his sweetheart grasp
And drag her to his lair,
But this we're glad can't now be done
Since girls have bobbed their hair.

Man was called a tyrant once
My how he'd rave and tear,
But now he runs away and hides
Since girls have bobbed their hair.

For no young lady is made without flaw,
With a slat and a snarl she started to bed,
"Care for A No. 1" is my motto, she said.

Now maids are seldom calm and meek
They smoke and chew and swear,
And all of this—can it be true?
Since girls have bobbed their hair.

Now girls have made their dresses short
Their knees they are quite bare,
And this has also come about
Since girls have bobbed their hair.

The old folks—what a shock they get
And how they do declare
The world is going to the dogs
Since girls have bobbed their hair.

As girls are really pretty fine
It doesn't seem quite fair
To say that all is wickedness
Since girls have bobbed their hair.

GEMS.

"You cannot open blossoms with a north­east storm."—Horace Mann.
"Words fitly spoken are a golden picture in a silver frame."—Horace Mann.
"Mr. Micawber trusts that something will turn up but wise men make their future."—Christopher Morley.
"Oh, be slow to mock the plain, simplest things: good-byes, anger, fidelities, renunciations."—Christopher Morley.
"For life is all one piece of endless pattern. No stitch in the vast fabric can be unravelled without risking the whole tapestry. It is the garment woven without seams."—Christopher Morley.
"In the long run the secret of study re­dies in our ability to bathe our thought, our task, our lesson in the stream of in­terest."—Dean Lockwood.
"The work of the world is being carried on by men and women in the dust and heat, and they know that life is neither a tragedy nor a comedy, but an opportunity."—Wil­liam Lyon Phelps.
"It's a little bit sad, when you seem very near
To adventure and things of that sort,
Which nearly begin, and then don't, and you know
It is only because you are short."
—Amy Lowell.
A silvery mist over the hill side—a dash of pale green against the brown of last year’s grass and against the grey of the trees—a joyous song—a flash of gay color—a vague unnamed desire stirring in our hearts and lo! Spring is really here. Spring, the joyous time of the year, the time when nature shows herself as the greatest of creative artists. Everything about us is growing, pushing eager tender shoots toward the light, energy, vitality everywhere about us. Shall we, the masterpieces of nature’s art sit by in a lethargy, in a stupor and do nothing? Shall we be the only ones lacking in energy, shall we be the only ones who will not grow? Oh, let us get into the spirit of the springtime—let us work and work hard and then we shall be able not only to appreciate the beauties of spring but also to commune with the very spirit of spring itself.

Some thoughts from Jameson: “Getting Adjusted to the Campus,” may be timely for us to note.

“Social life may well be called an adjunct to a college education; when we make it more, we are prostituting our heritage.”

“Our education cannot be measured by books or lecture notes, but is rather the result of our efforts to acquire a love of truth and a sympathy with and understanding of the manifold aspects of life.”

“It is well to study a subject which has little interest for the sake of coming under the influence of a great personality.”

“College years are not years of building; they are years of digging. Let the foundations in college be well laid and the edifice will rise of itself during the years of maturity.”

“There’s an old meeting of the board this afternoon and I’m supposed to go, but I don’t care, I shall go to the movies anyhow, they don’t need me.” She goes to the movies, the other members of the board wait and wait and finally have to have a hurried meeting or postpone it until some other day.

“There’s a class meeting but I can’t be...
bothered, I'll find out about it later." The meeting is held—a vote is taken on some important business—she doesn't like the decision but who is to blame? And so it goes from one thing to another indefinitely. So much trouble could be done away with, so much unpleasantness could be eliminated if we only tried to attend to these meetings faithfully no matter how trivial we may think them. We dream of doing big things yet we fail to meet the little things as we should. As Phillips Brooks says, "You picture to yourself the beauty of bravery and steadfastness and then some wretched little disagreeable duty comes which is your martyrdom, the lamp for your oil; and if you do not do it, your oil is spilled."

The present Colbiana Board wishes to thank the girls for their cooperation throughout the year and to extend to the new Board its sincerest wishes for a successful year.

"Luck, luck, What luck? Good enough for me, I'm alive, you see! Sun shining, No repining; Never borrow Idle sorrow; Drop it! Cover it up! Hold your cup! Joy will fill it, Don't spill it, Steady, be ready, Good luck!"

—Henry Van Dyke.

Soon after we returned from Christmas vacation Miss Beatrice Kitchen, secretary of the National Council of Y. W. C. A., was here and spoke at a Tuesday evening meeting. She said there are two questions which girls ask here when they are most in earnest. The first, "What does it mean to be a Christian in this present day?" and the second, "What am I to be after I leave college?" In answer to the first Mrs. Kitchen read portions of the New Testament in which Jesus has told what His way of life is. She then considered many of the various aspects of the association work and said the students of Y. W. have taken as their purpose to live unreservedly Jesus' law of love in all relationship and so to know God.

Our next meeting was led by girls from Coburn under the leadership of Miss Rice. Eighteen girls from the Institute came to the meeting and many of these took part
in the program which consisted of the interpretation of religious music, solos, readings and stories of how various hymns were written.

Rev. Arthur Buckner spoke one evening on the subject, "Achievement and Its Disappointment." He gave the five following reasons why achievements are sometimes disappointing: 1, The achievement may be imperfect; 2, The object for which we strive is not a worthy one; 3, It may have been pursued in too selfish a way; 4, Price or cost of achievement may be so great that it robs one of peace; 5, It presents a commission and command to go higher.

The girls of the freshman class led two "Y" meetings. One night the blue-eyed girls, in charge of Florence Young, gave accounts of several women leaders in the world today. The next week Natalie Downs and the brown-eyed girls led the meeting.

Then one Tuesday night the Maqua Club came to dinner dressed in middies and skirts and later held an interesting meeting in the Assembly room. Louise Bauer gave a brief talk on Maqua. Lantern slides of Maqua scenes were shown and the meeting closed with the singing of camp songs around the camp fire.

At the last meeting before Easter vacation Professor Haynes spoke on southern customs and read some of the poems of Ruth McEnery Stuart—poems in Negro dialect and everyone surely enjoyed them.

The Y. W. cabinet for the coming year have been elected and is composed of:

President, Julia Mayo.
Vice President, Elisabeth Gross.
Secretary, Marjorie Dunstan.
Treasurer, Frances Nason.
Ass't. U. R., Grace Stone.
Religious Meetings, Ardelle Chase.
Conference, Gladys Bunker.
Community Service, Evelyn Estey.
World Fellowship, Louise Bauer.
Social, Edna Cohen.
Bible Study, Ruth Dow.
Town Girls, Dorothy Daggett.
Publicity, Doris Grosbeck.
Student Volunteer Representative, Florence Young.

AMONG OUR ALUMNAE

Harriett Fossett called at Foss Hall, March 14. She is teaching at Lincoln Academy, Newcastle.

Katherine Poland, ex-'26, attended the Alpha Delta Pi banquet on March 13.

Others who were here for the banquet were Mrs. Elsie Lawrence Fentiman, '11, Daisy Murray Wilson, '18, Ruth H. Tobey, ex-'26, Mrs. Velma Briggs Moores, '23, Melvina M. Robbins, '21, and Ruth Viles, ex-'27.

Ida Jones, '23, is engaged to Arthur Paul Smith of Chicago.

The following alumnae attended the Phi Mu banquet on February 20: Mrs. Dorothy Chaplin Nichols, '23, Miriam Tyler, ex-'26, Margaret Abbot, '23, Pauline Abbot, '21, Alice Manter, '24, Mildred Otto, ex-'25, Marion Sawyer, ex-'27.

Josephine Warburton, ex-'25, is Physical Director in the Methuen, Mass., high and grade schools.

Edith Gray, '25, visited Foss Hall the last of February.

Susan McGraw, ex-'26, has gone into training at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital in Boston.

Caroline Hodgdon, '23, and Dorothy Webb, '15, attended the Chi Omega banquet on February 26.

Helen Pierce, '23, and Helen Dresser, '23, were here at the Tri-Delt banquet and initiation on February 27.

The alumnae who were at the Sigma
Kappa initiation and banquet on February 13, are Ethel Childs, '25, Ethel Littlefield, '25, and Dorothy Mitchell, '21.
Sipprelle Daye, '24, is House Manager and Dietitian at the Portland Country Club.
Genevieve Clark, '24, is teaching French in the Junior High school of Brockton, Mass.

"I wish I was twins," said Willie.
"Why?"
"I'd send the other half of me to school and this half would go fishing."

Small Johnny: "How much am I worth?"
Papa: "You are worth a million dollars to me, my son."
Small Johnny: "Well, would you mind advancing me a quarter on account?"

"Say, Pat, can you tell me where the Rockefeller building is?"
"And how did you know me name wor Pat?"
"Guessed it."
"Ye're good at guessin', sor?"
"Fine."
"Thin guess where th' Rockefeller buildin' is."

Eva: "Mother, Tillie gets a dime every time she takes cod liver oil."
Mother: "And what does she do with the money?"
Eva: "Well, she puts it in a box until she gets fifty cents; then her mother buys more cod liver oil."

Mrs. Givern: "Will you remove the snow for a dollar?"
Weary Willie: "Yes'm. Me method is to pray for rain."

Two little girls were talking about getting married.
One said, "I am going to marry a doctor when I grow up for when I am sick, I can be well for nothing."
The other said, "I am going to marry a minister, for when I am bad I can be good for nothing."

Breathlessly the spiritualistically inclined lady bent over the ouija spelling out the communications from her departed spouse.
"John, are you happy there?" she asked.
"Yes, d-e-a-r."
"Are you happier there than you were on earth?"
"Yes, d-e-a-r."
"Ah," she breathed. "Heaven must a wonderful place."
"I g-u-e-s-s s-o, b-u-t I-m n-o-t t-h-e-r-e y-e-t."

An Irish evangelist always addressed his hearers as "dear souls," but he came to grief, when, addressing an audience in Ireland, he called them "dear Cork souls."

"The human anatomy is a wonderful bit of mechanism."
"Yes, pat one kind of a girl on her back, and you'll make her head swell."

Visitor: "Don't you think five years is rather young to start your daughter on the piano?"
Wise Father: "Oh, no. You see, she uses only the minor keys."

"Oh, mamma, does the pretty lady sleep in the barn?"
"Why no, dear."
"Well, I heard her say that she kept her mules under her bed."

Prof: "Miss Smith, in your theme you rise to majestic heights."
Miss Smith: "How come?"
Prof: "Quite a tall bluff."

"Hey, Mark, c'mere a second."
"You c'mere, you're as near as I am."

Phiz: "Don't you just adore Kipling?"
Icks: "I don't know, how do you kipple?"

'Er: "What are you doing for a living?"
'Im: "Breathing."

A: I've got white lipstick on.
M: Kissproof?
A: No, it's for the chaps.

X: Cold?
Y: Not as cold as usual.
X: How cold is usual?
Y: Not as cold as it is now.

A: Tired?
M: Tired? Say, I feel like a half cent stamp that's been cancelled.

**Biology Class.**
Thus little bugs have smaller bugs
Upon their backs to bite 'em,
While little bugs eat smaller bugs,
And so ad infinitum.
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