





**THE COLLEGE BELL.**  
(Continued from page 2)

bell would freeze during the night in its upright position and therefore be unable to send forth its unwelcome message in the gray dawn.

Some say the old bell had a humorous streak. Others contend it was the work of evil spirits, while still others, who were in college at the time and ought to know, say that one of the group, a bit more careless than the rest, hit the rope.

Anyhow, whatever the cause, the old bell waited until all were beneath the screen-like floor of the balcony, then calmly but suddenly took a flip into its natural position. The dirty ice water drenched the meddlesome prowlers below, while a "Clang, Clang, Clang," rang out across the campus, which is bell talk for, "Haw, Haw, Haw."

As far as the records show nobody attempted to drown the bell into silence again.

**A Fair Exchange.**

Many of the details of the next particular anecdote may possibly be omitted, as research work for facts regarding it, was almost fruitless. It is evident that older jokers were very close-mouthed and could come very near to keeping the best part of a story to themselves, in spite of the pulling of Time.

However the story, as it has been learned, bit by bit, and added together, is something as follows:

A few of the students desiring to do the "unusual" to the old bell got in touch with Bowdoin students. It was decided to exchange bells!

The plans were carefully drawn up by the plotters of both colleges and the time arrived for the rare stunt to take place.

As usual, it was on a winter night! Whether or not the air was chilly has not been learned, but the sleighing evidently was first class.

Early in the evening Colby men made their way up to the balcony of the Colby bell. In the meantime Bowdoin men were making their way up to the balcony of the Bowdoin bell.

In due time the respective bells were removed from their fastenings and lowered to the earth. Perhaps Bowdoin's had its first sleigh ride on that red letter night, on the road to Waterville, but to Colby's bell the occasion was but an evening's pastime!

The collegians of both institutions evidently arrived at their respective destinations at an early hour in the morning for when the bell-ringer at Colby pulled the rope, it was Bowdoin's bell which dinged out a new but effective chime to Colby men.

And, it was Colby's bell which yawningly (no doubt) told Bowdoin's sons to "hit the deck like the boys back home have to."

**Showing Its Loyalty.**

On January 27, 1922, the old bell was unjustly accused for awhile of not being loyal to Colby. It was soon found however that the charge was unwarranted, the story running as follows:

The above date marked conflagration and hardship at the college for awhile, as late in the morning that day fire was discovered in the Alpha Tau Omega house. The usual fire-excitement, bravado, and such were all in evidence. The flames had got a good start, and in spite of determined work by the Colby volunteers and the Waterville Fire Department, steadily made destructive progress.

"Look out for the bell, she's comin' down through," suddenly shouted a voice from outside of the smoke filled fraternity house.

Men jumped to get from under that part of the ceiling which was in line with the balcony, gazing upward into the dense smoke as though momentarily expecting the dangerous relic to crash through.

But, in spite of its perilous position, the old bell trusted those beneath to save it from the flames—and stuck fast to its post in the belfry.

Whether out of appreciation or necessity, the balcony was afterwards repaired and put in A-1 condition that its lone occupant might have a seat of respect, in recognition of its loyalty to Colby sons beneath, during a telling hour.

**Stealing the Clappers.**

Many are the tales which might be related relative to the various clappers of the old bell. Various, because so many clappers have been stolen that hardly a one has been able to "live" through more than a single joke which centered upon it.

In 1875, during either an occasion of inspection or reconstruction, a clapper was discovered, built into the walls of South College! How many years it had been so effectively concealed therein will probably never be known unless by chance one of the jokers be alive and makes a confession.

Gen. "Ben" Butler, of Civil War fame, is supposed to have been connected with one of the mysterious disappearances of the clapper.

F. C. Weymouth, supervisor of the campus buildings at the present time and better known perhaps, as "Chef," at least to Colby men, passes down an interesting little incident as regards the clapper stories.

While "Chef" was serving on the Waterville police force, some years ago, he chanced to open a conversation with an elderly looking man who was waiting for a train at the Waterville station.

The stranger proved to be a Colby graduate and during the talk told how

he, with several others, removed the original clapper from the bell, once while in college, and hid it.

"Had I twenty minutes more," ventured the gray-haired alumnus, "I would go to the bank of the river and get the original clapper of Colby's old bell from its hiding."

Just at this time however the train came and the elderly gentleman boarded and was whisked away, his name unknown to this day, as is the hiding place of the original clapper.

**Doing Its Duty.**

The old bell still remains, doing its duty daily by sending Colby students to and from their classes. When victories come to the college it tolls the good news as in those years now gone. When tragedy came to the college it was the old bell that rang the alarm of fire.

May the tongues of Colby men do their duty as thoroughly as the tongue of the ancient bell, that on their one hundredth birthday each can say:

"I have commanded hundreds of eminent men with consistent dignity, force and love."—B. M. H., '27.

**CORRESPONDENCE**

**ON THE STUDENT COUNCIL.**

To the Editor:

Of what use is the Student Council to Colby College? In the first place, it is not organized as it should be. Now there is one representative from each fraternity and from the non-fraternity men. Also the four class presidents are automatically on the council, and the president of the senior class serves as president of the council.

It would seem more fitting to have the council consist simply of fraternity and non-fraternity representatives and let them elect their own president. The senior class president may have obtained his position by fraternity politics and be incapable of performing the duties he should.

Outside of having their picture taken and placed in the Oracle, and passing a verdict against the establishment of any new fraternities in the college, what has the Student Council accomplished? Nothing! What power might they possess if they were a live organization as they should be. Think with me for a few minutes on some of the important problems they might help to solve: compulsory chapel, election of team managers, honorary societies, cut system, advisory system, college sings, fraternity politics, pledging system, and freshman athletics.

The Council lacks the ability to act on the minor difficulties of the college, so how could they be expected to work out the problems I have enumerated? They perform the duty of selecting a dance date, after it has passed through the president's hands. What a tremendous task for a group of college men! Can such a group expect the faculty and student body to have confidence in them when they accomplish so little? It is about time that this organization started doing something. It must be terribly difficult for the officers to perform their strenuous duties of the year because they cover so much work and solve so many difficult problems. Yes, it must be!

—W. A. J.

**LIBRARY NOTES**

**LIBRARY NOTES.**  
Since March first 208 new books have been added to the college library. From this number the librarian has selected the following books as having an especially strong appeal to students of the respective subjects:

American History—Adams: Revolutionary New England.  
Ancient History—Almstead: Assyria.  
Biology—Wiggam: Now Decalogue of Science.  
Business—Advertising Handbook.  
Chemistry—Slosson: Chats on Science.  
Classics—Greene: Achievement of Greece.  
Domestic Chemistry—Mendol: Nutrition.  
Economics—Le Rossignol: Economics for Everyman.  
Education—Snodden: Sociological Determination of Objectives in Education.  
English Composition—Cross: Little Grammar.  
English Literature—Bradford: Soul of Samuel Pepys.  
French—Stuehney: Landmarks of French Literature.  
Geology and Archeology—Masters: Romance of Excavation.  
Journalism—Villard: Newspapers and Newspaper Men.  
Mathematics—Smith: Mathematics.  
Philosophy—Ellis: Dance of Life.  
Physics—Steinmetz: Relativity in Space.  
Political Science—Norton: Consti-

tution of U. S.

Psychology—Pierce: Mobilizing the Mid-brain.

Public Speaking—Borah: American Problem.

Religion—Royden: Beauty in Religion.

Sociology—Fuller: Child Labor and the Constitution.

**A CAREER FOR COLBY WOMEN.**  
Position as Children's Librarian Offers Many Inducements.

There exists in America—and in few other countries—a profession young in years but of such lusty growth that its demand for workers far exceeds the supply; a profession peculiarly adapted to young women who love children and books and who care more about helping to make the world a happier place than about acquiring a large bank account. Those who, by gift of the gods, professional training and tested experience have earned the right to the title Children's Librarian are so sure that theirs is the happiest work possible that nothing but necessity or matrimony can make them leave it.

A children's librarian, having been a child whose books were vivid realities to her, takes keen delight in opening windows into Fairy Land and Poetry and Storybook Land, in pointing the way to roads of adventure, in introducing the heroic souls of the ages to the boys and girls who flock to the children's rooms of the public libraries. She enjoys the friendships with the children, the daily fun of listening to the questions asked by these unconscious humorists. She loves to watch the growth in taste which she has stimulated, perhaps by means of the Story Hour or the Reading Club, more often by knowing exactly the right book to suggest at a given moment. She likes the contact with parents, teachers, social workers, the talks which she is invited to give at mothers' clubs, schools and other organizations in her community. She finds pleasure in the companionship of delightful fellow workers and in the regional conferences of progressive librarians.

Courses of training offered by libraries and library schools for this special branch of library work are few in number. If there are readers of this column who would like to know about opportunities for training I should be glad to have them write me for information.

CLARA W. HUNT,

Superintendent of the Children's Department Brooklyn Public Library.

First Fresh (putting up pictures): "I can't find a single pin. Where do they all go to, anyway?"

Second Fresh: "It's hard to tell, because they're pointed in one direction and headed in another."—Congregationalist.

He (with great dignity): "Then this is absolutely final?"

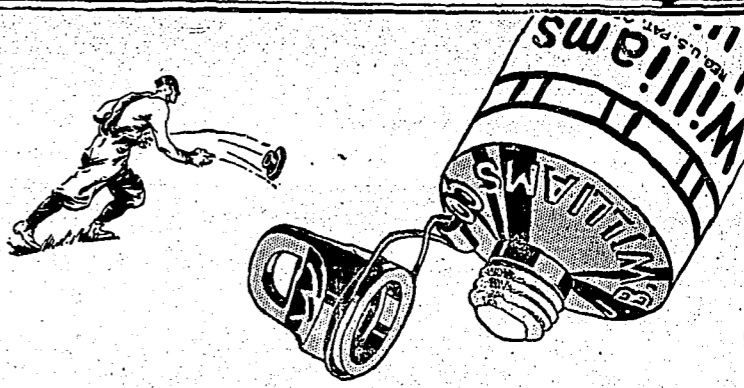
Co-ed: "Absolutely. Shall I return your letters?"

He: "Yes, please. I think they're good enough to use again."—Parakeet.

Boy: "A man called while you were out, sir. He said he wanted to thrash you."

Editor: "And what did you say to him?"

Boy: "I said I was sorry you were out, sir."—The Lookout.



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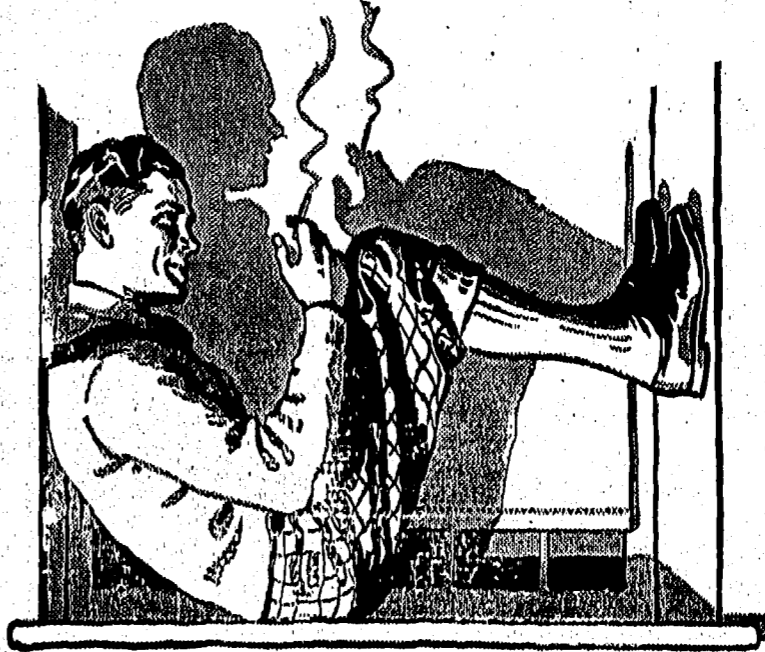
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