

# The Colby Echo.

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## The Colby Echo.

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### CONTENTS.

VOL. XIII., No. 2.—June 1, 1888.

#### THE SANCTUM:

Field Day.....	14
A Suggestion.....	14
College Singing.....	15
Ivy Day.....	15
Base-Ball.....	16

#### LITERARY:

Observation.....	16
Acquaintance with Poets.....	17
Flagstaff.....	18

#### THE CAMPUS.....

#### EXCHANGES.....

#### COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.....

#### WASTE-BASKET.....

#### PERSONALS.....

#### LITERARY NOTES.....

As sunbeams stream through liberal space,  
And nothing jostle or displace,  
So waved the pine-tree through my thought,  
And fanned the dreams it never brought.

—Emerson.



IN another column will be found a list of the contests for our coming field day. The officers have acted wisely in omitting several contests which have always been accompanied by more or less controversy and ill feeling. The number of contests has been slightly increased, and from present indications we should judge that the day will pass off even more successfully than in any previous year.

WE take advantage of the recent small-pox scare to emphasize the necessity of overhauling the basement of North College and of putting things in such a condition as to tend to prevent the spread of this dread disease, in case it should ever gain a footing in the city of Waterville. Not that the condition of the lower part of the building referred to is absolutely dangerous, but it contains a mass of accumulated trash which is of no use and which may, at any time, become a menace to the safety of the students rooming in its vicinity. No one in particular is to be blamed for this state of affairs, since such matter accumulates so slowly and gradually from year to year as to pass almost unnoticed. But the time has arrived when such a state of things should be looked after, and all possible precaution should be taken to guard against danger from contagious diseases in the future. Improvements of every sort seem to be the order of the day at Colby, and among the many questions worthy of the careful consideration of the college authorities, we consider this to be one of the most important. Our common welfare demands that this condition of things should be investigated and

all cause for apprehension removed before the beginning of another term.

THERE is one custom, hitherto ably supported at Colby, which seems to be gradually dying out, from a lack of support. We refer to the good old custom of singing college songs. One or two years ago and it was almost impossible for a number of students to come together without indulging in a song, which might have words conveying little or no meaning, and yet might be well suited to arouse that hearty good feeling and cheer which is always welcome. When the inclination and desire to sing are present it matters little what nonsense the words may convey, as long as they have the genuine ring to them, and college songs generally do have this quality quite extensively, even though they may occasionally lack that harmony which is generally considered indispensable to good music.

The number of good singers in college is certainly as large as at any time during the last three years, and consequently we must give as a reason for this gradual decline of out-door singing either a lack of interest on the part of those who would naturally be the leaders, or a general indisposition on the part of the students. We do not mean that college singing has entirely died out, but we do mean that a knowledge of the popular college songs is much less extensive than formerly, and that campus-singing is gradually declining.

We doubt if there are more than six men in college who know all the words of that ever-popular and inspiring tune which is generally considered by outsiders as delightfully suggestive of college customs. Yet songs of this sort are just what is needed to stir up an interest in singing, and to pave the way for something better.

College singing is one of the most agreeable of all the customs peculiar to college life, and while it may be disagreeable to a very few of those with whom we come in contact, yet when properly conducted we can see no good reason or reasons for objection, even by the most fastidious.

ONE of the customs which has been handed down to us from year to year is that which each successive Junior class is expected

to perpetuate in its ceremonies at Commencement. We refer to the custom of placing a tablet upon the walls of Memorial Hall and of planting an ivy, both of which are intended to remain as memorials of the class which left them. Now we do not intend to make any unfavorable comments upon this honored custom, which, in want of something better, is surely commendable, and from which Ivy Day takes its name. But we do wish to attract attention to this question, which will be decided either one way or the other, as far as the coming Commencement is concerned, in a very few days.

Ivy Day has been an established feature of Commencement at Colby for a number of years with but two exceptions. And with these two exceptions each year has seen the advent of a new tablet and a new ivy, which certainly serve the purpose of reminding undergraduates that certain classes have preceded them at Colby, but which do not by any means either beautify or enrich their Alma Mater.

As a memorial, then, the tablet and ivy are a success, and if this is all that the members of a class desire—something to transmit their memory to future classes—Ivy Day is all that it is claimed to be. But why not leave something behind them which shall not only be a memorial of their presence here as a class, but which shall also be an object of interest, as well as curiosity, to those who come after them?

The class of '84, ever distinguished for their originality and love of innovations, successfully answered this question in the affirmative by voting to have Presentation Day in place of Ivy Day. Their generous gift to the University, of a beautiful work of art, stands to-day a pleasing memento of their presence within these halls and of the part which they successfully played as a class and as individuals during the four years of their stay at Colby.

Four years later the present Senior class decided to have Presentation Day, and any person who witnessed the Presentation ceremonies must acknowledge their superiority over those of Ivy Day of the previous year, while the addition which the college received to its art collection was very acceptable.

The chief reason in favor of Ivy Day is the cost, a matter of no little importance to a majority of the students, and one which will influ-

ence, to a considerable extent, the decisions of the present and future classes in regard to this question. And of course in deciding this matter, the members of a class can best determine individually the expense which they can conveniently undergo.

THE base-ball season is well under way, and the prospects for an interesting series of games in the Maine Intercollegiate League are very promising. Over one-third of the scheduled games have already been played, and the interest which the public has taken in these games has surpassed that displayed in any previous year.

It is too early to make any prophecies in regard to the final outcome of the season's work, but, as was expected at the beginning of the season, the struggle for the championship is practically between Bowdoin, Orono and Colby. The Bates' have a fine battery, but hampered as it is by the weak support of a majority of the remainder of the nine, their chances for anything better than fourth place are very small. The Bowdoin have a fine team, and unlike Bates and Orono their hopes of the championship are not based entirely upon their battery. Their nine is composed of men who are all good players, and as a nine they are a great improvement over the Bowdoin team of one year ago, while the gentlemanly appearance of the team as a whole is manifestly in advance of the last two years.

The great strength of the Maine State College nine lies in their battery. They have some fine players outside of the battery, but we doubt if the members of their nine individually would average as high as either Colby or Bowdoin.

Of our own nine we have very little to say,—their actions speak louder than our words. They have never failed to fully repay us for the generous support given to them in the past, and consequently we can rest assured that, whoever may get the championship at the end of the season, the home nine will keep right on working, and do the best they can. We had some bad luck at the beginning of the season, to be sure, and the hopes of many a weak-hearted student dropped lower than the level of his trembling knees; but the courage of our nine was as good as ever, and when, in the first game with Bowdoin, our battery showed up in

a manner never before equaled in this part of the state, and was supported in such magnificent style by the remainder of the nine, we could not help thinking how appropriate that twenty-five dollar pennant would look waving over our own diamond.



#### OBSERVATION.

On the ground o'er which we tread,  
In the landscape that we view,  
'Midst the starry hosts o'erhead,  
And the broad expanse of blue,

What grand purposes are wrought!  
What activity displayed!  
Thence what impulse may be brought  
To the human being's aid!

Yet from man is oft concealed  
This grand universe of thought:  
Unto him 'tis not revealed  
While therein he searches not.

Birds their cheerful notes may sing,  
Cataracts leap in merry glee,  
Nature one grand chime may ring  
With the sweetest melody;

Yet the soul lies dormant still,  
Moved to no activity,  
Since it heeds not bird, nor rill,  
And no meaning seeks to see.

Mountains may before us rise,  
Lifting high their azure peaks,  
While the sea with plaintive sighs  
On their bases wildly breaks;

Yet no impulse we may gain  
From the grandeur of the view;  
No sublimity attain  
In what things so'er we do.

When behind the western heights  
Are the solar rays concealed,  
And a host of glittering lights  
In the cloudless sky revealed,

We a careless glance may cast,  
Looking up we know not why,  
Yet in all that region vast  
No grand purposes descry.

Yet the soul that seeks to learn  
From the universe around  
Worthy lessons may discern,  
For in them it doth abound.

Not a blade shoots from the sod,  
Not a flower its bloom displays  
But reveals a living God  
Marvellous in all His ways.

Beauty, majesty and worth  
 In the realm of nature blend,  
 To the toiling sons of earth  
 Noble impulses they lend;  
 Yet, no blind and causeless force  
 Is presented to the mind,  
 But in nature's constant course  
 All the wisdom is designed.

### ACQUAINTANCE WITH POETS.

IN every age, in every department of literature, the people have desired to become acquainted with the great living writers.

In England, the desire of the people to become acquainted with their poets has been marked. In the theatre, when the plays of Shakspeare were acted, the audience often shouted for the author. The friends and enemies of John Milton strove, usually in vain, to catch a glimpse of that majestic face "nestled beneath the wing of darkness." The acquaintance of Pope was eagerly courted, and the praises of his acquaintances deformed his verse. To become acquainted with John Dryden was a passport to notice, if not to superiority. The circle of Goldsmith's acquaintances was great and brilliant. Wits, artists, statesmen and poets courted his society. No one questions the fact that Cowper, Burns, Scott and Byron were personally known to the majority of their countrymen, and we have not been satisfied until we have seen the faces and heard the voices of our own living American poets.

This desire of the people to see the living writers arises from two motives—from pure curiosity and from future benefit. The first motive is like that motive which causes us to especially notice some athlete or race-horse. We give little thought to their performances and none to the character or emotions of the performers. They secure our attention simply from the fact that they excel.

The second motive is more directly personal than the first. It is broader. We have in mind not only the fact that the writer excels, but also the character of the excellence. We observe him with the purpose of fathoming his thoughts and character. We desire that he should make a lasting impression upon our minds. We notice every expression of his face, every change in his voice, every sentiment that he utters, with a view of applying our acquired knowledge to our favorite passages in his works.

And when again we read, we associate his feelings with those which his written words were intended to express. We profit thereby, for it is much easier and better to catch the spirit of the writer's words through the medium of an acquaintance with the author's feelings, than through the medium of an acquaintance with the feelings common to men.

We can understand and appreciate *Morituri Salutamur*, but how inferior must be our knowledge and appreciation of the poem, compared with that of those who were intimately acquainted with the author. Our feelings may be moved by those written lines, but how differently moved were the feelings of those who years ago in those college halls

"In whose seclusion and repose  
 Phantoms of fame, like exhalations, rose  
 And vanished,"

had often seen the writer's face and listened to his voice.

Personal acquaintance with authors is of course limited to those who live in our age. But there is another acquaintance, the importance of which is second only to personal acquaintance, namely, the acquaintance which we form through the medium of another's acquaintance and the description of the same. For example, we are not *personally* acquainted with Samuel Johnson, yet we are acquainted with him if we have read Boswell's writings. In like manner we are acquainted with the poets. We know the stern features of Milton, the sour aspect of Dryden, the diminutive size of Pope, the fatness of Addison and Swift, the rough manner and tender heart of Johnson, the ugly scars of Goldsmith, the retiring disposition of Cowper, the simplicity of Burns, the peerless character of Scott, the scorn and misanthropy of Byron, the personal charms of Moore and the pathetic nature of Hood.

Here we should notice that this acquaintance with poets is more due to the motive of future benefit than to pure curiosity, for curiosity weakens as labor increases. But the student is bound to acquire this acquaintance at any cost, for he knows that he will be repaid. Would anyone who has become acquainted with Milton and read his works say that any one of them is devoid of pleasure? Yet, Ben Jonson said of Milton's grand work, *Lycidas*, "No man could have fancied that he read *Lycidas* with pleasure had he not known the author." Let a student

read *Paradise Lost* without knowing its author. There will be pleasure and profit. Let him first read the story of Milton's life, let him become acquainted with his disposition and character, let him see the blind, persecuted author sitting in a darkened room, dictating the wonderful epic while his daughter writes, and then let him read the work and his pleasure and profit will be increased by associating the writer and his emotions with the character and purity of the poem.

We read the story of *Evangeline* and between the lines we read the story of Longfellow's life. We read *Childe Harold*, and as we go from place to place and view the beauties of art and nature, we are conscious of the presence of Byron. He seems to be standing in the door of the ball room at Brussels; he goes upon the field of Waterloo. We read the *Lady of the Lake*, and as we follow Ellen and the hunter over the lake we look back and see Scott standing on the shore. When we reach the island, Scott seems to be invisibly present. When the bard or boatmen sing we fancy we can detect Scott's voice. In all his works when events seem about to go wrong we console ourselves by thinking that Scott, the man of perfect character, is near and all will be well. We read the Roman epic and feel the presence of the long-dead author. He stands before us a tall, swarthy, living man. To the rhythm of his verse his melodious voice adds force and melody. Each passage is more charming under the magnetism of his presence. Even that superb verse,

*"Formosam resonan doces Amarillida silvas"*

would lose some of its charms were the features and personality of the writer veiled in mystery, and Octavia's swooning would show a weakness in her nature could we not see the features of Virgil's face and hear the solemn majesty and pathos of his voice as he stands before her repeating his wonderful verse:

*"Manibus date lilia plenis"*

*Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis  
His saltem adcumulem donis, et fungas inani  
Munere."*

In fine, read any poem that we please and we will find that an acquaintance with the writer lends profit and pleasure.

No exceptions can be taken. The works of George Eliot, since the public became acquainted with the writer, give more pleasure than

before. Had not the authorship of the Shaksperian plays been questioned, there would not be present in the reader's mind that peculiar, indescribable notion which now exists. The same is true of the Homeric poems. We never read the Greek epic without a feeling of disappointment, not caused by defects in the poem, but arising from the fact that a mist envelops the author. And this feeling mars the perfect pleasure that would otherwise be experienced.

So then, taking into consideration what has been said, and observing that the aim of poetry is to please, we conclude that an acquaintance with poets is necessary for the student who desires to obtain all the pleasure and profit that a poem contains.

#### FLAGSTAFF.

IN the small but fertile valley of the Dead River, there is a little village known as Flagstaff. If you look for it on the map, you will find that it is in the northwestern part of Somerset County, on the northern side of Mt. Bigelow.

More than a hundred years ago, when Benedict Arnold made his well-known expedition to Canada, following up the Kennebec as far as Carrying Place, and then striking across to Dead River, he encamped here three days. A small space was cleared near the river and a flagstaff was erected. From this the Continental flag, which had recently been adopted, was displayed. Some years afterwards, when the first settlement was made, the flagstaff was still standing, and from it the plantation took its name.

Among its early settlers were the descendants of Miles Standish, the general of the Pilgrim Fathers. The greater part of the present inhabitants are connected with that family.

I said it was a village, but it is hardly more than a settlement. The adjoining places are thinly inhabited. It is a day's ride by stage to the nearest village, and a great part of the way is through forests and uncultivated country. The most of its support comes from the lumber industry, for it is surrounded by large forests of timber.

Its general appearance does not differ much from the common country village. There is the old tavern by the wayside, with its dingy bar-room, where the villagers gather to smoke



their evening pipe. Add to this the store, the grist mill, the shabby old saw mill and eight or ten houses, and you have included all.

There is but little in the village itself worth seeing. You would notice the little row of houses, neat and well kept, some white, but more that are not painted at all, and never think of them again were it not for the peculiar contrast which they present with their surroundings.

Nature's most beautiful gardens are not always to be seen near great cities where thousands may admire them, but the traveller often stumbles upon them in the wildest and least frequented spot. In nearly every direction the village is surrounded by high hills and mountains, beautiful and picturesque.

• If you climb the hill near the foot of which the village lies, you can view the whole of the valley and its surroundings. You will see that it is a level plain which the mountains encircle. They rise on the southern side abruptly from it. Its width is not more than half a mile and it is divided by the Dead River, which, with many a winding, flows through its heart. Rows of tall elms line both banks of the river.

The southern side is bounded by the rugged, woody slopes of Mt. Bigelow. The eye follows them up higher and higher, till it rests upon their gray, barren summits, clearly outlined in the blue sky. Unbroken forests stretch around its base and form, with a slight inclination, great level plains of tree tops. Farther up the trees are fewer and smaller, and seem to be clinging to the steep mountain sides. Near the summit they cease and the granite-topped peaks add to its grandeur and solemnity. You look again and again at the great mountain rising so far above you and extending away to the east and west.

On each side a long array of hills and smaller peaks come down to meet the mountain, so that the whole picture seems like a vast amphitheatre. Standing in the level plain below its arena and looking about, all view is shut out by the surrounding elevations. Towards the east you catch a glimpse of the outside world through the little valley which follows the course of the river along the base of Mt. Bigelow.

It is a beautiful sight to see the first rays of the morning sun as they shine upon the western

hill-tops and the granite spires of Mt. Bigelow long before the sun has risen in the east. They touch and play about them until the whole west is flooded with gold. When, at length, the sun rises above the eastern summits, the day is well begun.

It is the reverse at night. First comes the shadow, which slowly climbs the eastern hills until it reaches the topmost point. About this the last rays cluster, crowning it with their golden light. They soon disappear, and the shadow envelops everything around. The west reddens and glows, then fades to the pale of evening.

A strange phenomenon appears when a storm or a shower comes from the south. The summits of Bigelow are so high that storm clouds will not float over it, but are kept back on its southern side. When there is a strong wind from that direction the clouds are blown up over the mountain and through a narrow gorge to the southeast. They roll wildly down from the summit and spread over the little plain. A storm almost immediately follows, for the vapor coming in contact with the cold mountain air becomes condensed.

It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful scene. Situated in the midst of a very broken and mountainous district, its beauty bursts full upon the traveller as he emerges from the narrow valley through which the road leads. Just before him is spread out the blooming plain, decked with trees and cultivated fields, which teem with every product that rewards the husbandman's labor. All around this are the mountains, clothed at their base with green forests, and their summits often capped with snow.

Towards evening the lazy river takes on a silvery hue, and reflects in its waters the tall elms which overhang both banks. As night settles over the place, everything is hushed into stillness, broken only by the shrill cry of the night-hawk or the hooting of the owl, re-echoing from mountain to mountain.

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The Prismet held under the auspices of the Young Ladies' society of the Congregational church, Friday, May 25, was well attended by the students. Fancy articles and refreshments were on sale, and a well chosen entertainment caused the evening to pass off pleasantly.



Small-pox.

"*Te Deum*."

Fumigation.

On the Stream again.

Sic semper hen-coopibus.

"I love thee, Desdemona."

"Les' sing another hymn."

Where are the B. B. K.'s now?

And they came on a special.

"Smell of his breath and see if he has it."

"I see my love at the window, look! look!"

The Freshmen took a half term examination in Memorabilia, Wednesday, May 16.

"Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" A titter, a rustle, and the victim subsides.

Robby is nimble,

Robby is quick,

But Robby fell off the end of the slip.

Prof. Bayley furnishes the American mineralogical news for the German Year Book of Mineralogy.

The late Rev. E. Nugent, of Norridgewock, left quite a number of books to the library, which have been received recently.

Lately the Sophomores have been receiving very interesting and instructive lectures from Prof. Rogers on "Frictional Electricity."

"On some peculiarly spotted rocks from Pigeon Point Mines" is the title of an article by Prof. Bayley in the *Journal of Science* for May.

An innocent Soph, falteringly to co-ed.—"Would the young ladies mind if we used the gymnasium in the evening?"—and he still lives.

Let all doubts in regard to the loyalty of the town girls be quieted. A number of special Bowdoin were kept quiet throughout the game by one little pin.

The new classification of massive rocks by the German mineralogist Rosenbush, is given in synopsis by Prof. Bayley, in the *American Naturalist* for March and April.

Freshman translating in Horace—"Ever fresh—would that be a good translation?"

Professor, with a slight contraction of the facial muscles—Yes, ever fresh, that's good."

Mr. Swan, of the Norway View Co., has been taking views on the campus during the last week. The Seniors had a class group made, happily choosing the willows as a background.

At a recent athletic meeting, J. A. Pulsifer resigned the chair and C. E. Holbrook was elected to fill the vacancy. Stewart, Senior director, also resigned, and J. F. Tilton was chosen by acclamation.

Bowdoin special just arrived—"Where's the college?" "Is there a college here?" "Why, yes; this Waterville, ain't it?" "Yes." "Well, there's a college in Waterville; let's go find it."

After the game—"——"

At the ominous appearance of a large hawk circling over the diamond during the Bowdoin-Colby game, our favorite coacher cried out: "There's Forrest Goodwin's ghost," and Bung muttered, "*In hoc signo vinces*."

The Sophomores have taken their half term examinations in Logic and Demosthenes, and are now reading "*Tableaux de la Revolution Francaise*" under Prof. Hall, and discussing political economy with Prof. Small.

Vandalism is again abroad. A small building constructed on the west side of Coburn Hall, to be used by Prof. Rogers for special investigations into the radiation of heat from the Hall, lost its equilibrium a few nights ago. This building was *intended* to be so constructed as to receive the radiated heat from the side of the Hall, the changes, variations, etc., being noted night and day by instruments.

Prof. William Mathews, L.L. D., of Boston, lectured in the Chapel, Monday evening, May 14. The day being the two hundredth anniversary of Alexander Pope's birth, he took for his subject the poet Pope. His lecture marked the scholar and critic. The small-pox scare prevented many from coming, but those present enjoyed a rare treat. The following Thursday morning Prof. Mathews again favored us, this time having for his subject "The Uses of Wit and Humor," which was enjoyed even more than the Monday evening lecture.

The directors have agreed upon June 8 for Field Day. Each contestant is limited to four

entries. The contests will be somewhat as follows: 1, hurdle race (120 yds., 6 hurdles); 2, putting shot; 3, bar vault; 4, one-half mile run; 5, hitch and kick; 6, pole vault; 7, throwing hammer; 8, standing high jump; 9, bar shoot; 10, potato race; 11, running broad jump; 12, one hundred yards dash; 13, throwing base ball; 14, standing broad jump; 15, obstacle race; 16, horizontal bar contest; 17, tumbling; 18, tug o' war; 19, running high jump.

The Colbys met the M. S. C's for the first time this season at Bangor, May 30, and suffered a severe defeat. The grounds were in a wretched condition, especially the in field, where a ground ball was good for a base. Parsons, although sick, took the box and pitched three strong innings, but in the fourth was compelled to change positions with Wagg. The Colbys fielded poorly and batted weakly. Small and Rogers were a perfect battery, but their support, when needed, was weak. The features of the game were the three bagger of Pulsifer and the home run of Small.

The Freshman Prize Reading, Tuesday evening, May 29, drew out a large and enthusiastic audience. Prof. Mathews' training was noticeable in all the participants, and the individual parts were carried off with such life and ease as to cause it to be pronounced one of the best Readings seen here for some years. The innovation at the close was very interesting. Our quartette, assisted by Miss Belanger, violinist, furnished choice music. The program follows:

The Discourager of Hesitancy,—*F. R. Stockton.*  
Arthur Tilley Watson.  
Extract from Chita: a Memory of Last Island,—*Hearn.*  
Emeline Marble Fletcher.  
The Convict's Christmas Eve,—*Stockton.*  
Charles Frederic Leadbetter.  
Parson Turell's Legacy,—*O. W. Holmes.*  
Normon Leslie Bassett.  
Extract from "De Valley n' de Shadder,"—*Edwards.*  
Arthur Kenyon Rogers.  
Sam Weller Writes a Valentine,—*Dickens.*  
Franklin Winslow Johnson.  
Tom Pinch's Ride,—*Dickens.*  
Alvah Hovey Chipman.  
Extract from "Fishin' Jimmy,"—*Slosson.*  
Adelbert Farrington Caldwell.  
The Feast of Belshazzar,—*Edwin Arnold.*  
George Albert Gorham, Jr.

Mr. Charles Ramsay, formerly superintendent of the Evergreen cemetery of Portland, has been looking over the campus, preparatory to thinning out the half-dead trees and possibly planting trees of foreign growth, grading the

campus, laying out flower beds, and otherwise beautifying our grounds. The earth for the grading of the front campus will be taken from the large rise between the gymnasium and grand stand. The back campus, after drains are laid for carrying off all surface water, will be graded with a gentle slope to the river, so that this part of the college grounds, which has been a continual eye-sore, will be the most beautiful part of our campus. Work will not begin until after commencement, and in the meantime Mr. Ramsay will do odd jobs about the city; at present he is tastily arranging the grounds in front of Ladies' Hall.

The members of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity received about sixty of their friends on Wednesday evening, May 23. Their hall was elegantly furnished and presented the appearance of a large drawing-room. Among the guests were President and Mrs. Pepper, and other members of the faculty, with their wives, Dr. William Mathews and wife, the ladies of the college, the alumni residing in the city, and other friends from Waterville's best society. After a short programme, which was both literary and musical, a bountiful collation was served. The manner, however, in which the members entertained their guests demonstrated that theirs is a social, as well as a literary fraternity. At an early hour the company broke up, with many congratulations and good wishes to Delta Upsilon. The boys will look back upon the occasion as one of the most enjoyable of their college course.

We have been entertained with music several times this term, but not on so large a scale as on the evening of the day of the Democratic convention at Augusta. Alderman Alden, a delegate from this city, brought to Waterville the Augusta band to celebrate the result of the convention. A music-loving Senior extended an invitation to the band to visit the college, where the reading room was thrown open for their reception. Here sweet music was discoursed to a large audience. Cheer after cheer, song after song, tune after tune made the walls ring, and the genial alderman proved his musical ability by several drum solos. To enliven the event a huge bon-fire was kindled outside, around which the band and boys gathered until the arrival of the Pullman. The band was escorted to the depot and three rousing cheers



were given for the Augusta boys and their music. After the departure of the train, Mr. Alden generously furnished refreshments for all. The entire stock of Mr. Murray was left at the disposal of the boys, who, it is needless to say, did it ample justice.

On the evening of May 16th, the young ladies of '88 gave a soiree to the young gentlemen of the class, at Ladies' Hall. After a social chat, in which every one was made to feel that he was the chief guest of the evening, an exceedingly interesting programme of music, reading, and speaking was rendered by members of the class. Then followed a beautifully served repast, each member of the class being assigned a place at one of the tastily arranged tables. At each plate was a souvenir, tied with a bit of class ribbon and bearing a photograph of "Diana and the Stag," and on the inside, a very carefully selected and apt quotation from some prominent author. Besides this, each gentleman found by the side of his plate, a bouquet of geranium and ivy leaves, one of the latter bearing his name inscribed in gilt. The young ladies of the under classes acted as waitresses. Instead of the usual tiresome toasts, each rose in his turn, read and gave a guess at the author of his quotation. This caused considerable merriment, for more than one read as if from a mirror. Returning to the parlors, the company were entertained by amusing selections on the humaniphone. After singing college songs and other music good mornings were said, but not until the air resounded with the hearty responsive cheers of the young gentlemen. At every point the '88 young ladies were beautifully seconded by the young ladies of the under classes.

### BASE-BALL.

The fifth league game played with the Bowdoin, Wednesday, May 23, was pronounced the best championship game ever seen on Colby's diamond. The previous success of the Bowdoin with Small, the supposed demoralized condition of the Colby's and the little encouragement offered by those who should be foremost among her supporters, caused "the nine" to enter the contest with the grim determination of winning, and she won, and won handsomely. A special train from Brunswick brought about a hundred students, with a few ladies, to wit-

ness the game, but their presence was not noticeable after the first few innings. The Bowdoin went to bat first. Williamson hit by a pitched ball took first, stole second and third and came home on an error, thus saving a whitewash; three men fanned out, and for the next eight innings the nine followed their example as often as possible. The Colbys batted Cary freely through the game, but Parsons' "pitching" fairly paralyzed the Bowdoin, who, quoting the *Sentinel*, "cut the air into segments" in one, two, three order. The support of both pitchers was excellent, each man doing his part and doing it well. Wagg, just up from a sick bed, cut off a sharp base hit with his customary quickness and dispatch. Megquier and Roberts also deserve special mention for their fielding. The score follows:

#### COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pulsifer, c.,	4	1	1	1	0	11	1	1
Parsons, p.,	4	1	0	0	1	3	8	0
Wagg, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	0
Gilmore, 1b.,	4	1	2	2	1	4	1	0
Gibbs, l. f.,	4	1	2	2	1	0	0	0
King, s. s.,	4	0	2	2	0	0	0	0
Roberts, c. f.,	3	0	1	1	2	3	0	0
Megquier, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	4	0	0
Bangs, 3b.,	4	1	2	2	2	2	2	1
Total,	35	5	10	10	8	27	13	2

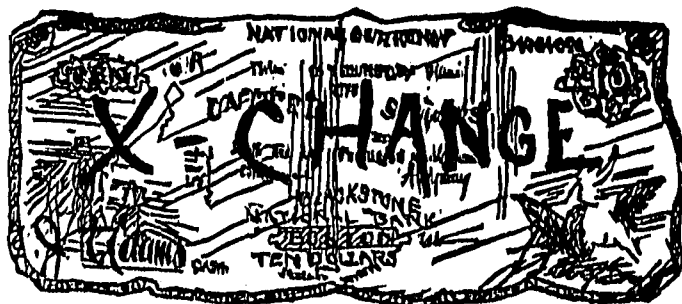
#### BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Williamson, r. f. & c. f.,	3	1	0	0	2	2	1	0
Larrabee, l. f. & 2b.,	4	0	0	0	0	3	1	1
F. Freeman, 2b. & c.,	3	0	0	0	0	5	3	1
Fogg, c. f. & l. f.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Packard, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	0	8	0	0
Fish, c. & r. f.,	2	0	0	0	0	3	1	0
Geo. Freeman, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	0	1	1	0
Pendleton, s. s.,	3	0	0	0	1	1	2	1
Cary, p.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	8	1
Total,	27	1	1	1	3	24	17	5

#### SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colbys,	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	0	0
Bowdoin,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Earned runs—Colby (3). Double plays—Gilmore and Bangs. Base on balls—Pulsifer and Roberts. Hit by Pitched ball—Williamson and Fish. Struck out—Wagg, Gilmore, King, (2) Roberts, Meguire, (2) Bangs, Larrabee, (2) F. Freeman, Fogg, (2) Geo. Freeman, Pendleton. Passed balls—Freeman, (3). Time of game—2 hours and 10 minutes. Umpire, Phil Lindsey. Scorer, E. T. Wyman.



Our exchange table this week is crowded with matter of every sort, from the *Atlantic Monthly* to the *High School Reporter*. We have received no less than fifty college publications, and we regret our inability to review more of them.

Volume VIII, No. 1, of the *Swathmore Phoenix* is at hand. The issue is fully up to those that have preceded it. The article on Scott is specially interesting.

*Lippincott's Magazine* comes to us with its usual interesting table of contents. The issue opens with the powerful story of "Beautiful Mrs. Thorndyke," by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow.

This number of the *Tech* is made interesting by the short stories it contains. The more such we have and the less of dry class-room articles, the brighter and more readable will our college papers become.

The *Brunonian*, No. 1 of Vol. XXII, comes to us as interesting and welcome as ever. We like the manly, straightforward tone of its editorials and the fearless way in which it discusses matters of college interest.

The *De Pauw Monthly* has a ringing article on "Prohibition," to every sentiment of which we heartily respond, "Amen." De Pauw is elated over the victory of her champion, Mr. Johnson, in the recent Inter-State Oratorical contest. We congratulate De Pauw and her champion. We most heartily wish such a contest could be instituted among the Maine colleges.

The *College Rambler* contains the article of Mr. Johnson, of De Pauw, who took the prize in the Inter-State Oratorical contest. In the exchange column of the *Rambler* we notice a favorable comment upon "The Shakspeare-Bacon Controversy," recently published in the ECHO. The *Wooster Collegian* comments highly and quotes at some length the article on the national university question contained in a recent number of the ECHO.

The *Dartmouth* feels elated over her success in the Intercollegiate base ball contest. We notice the following in its editorial:

"By defeating our strongest rival, Williams, Amherst has once again made it seem nearly certain that the pennant will not go away from Dartmouth this year. The most that remains now, is to see if it shall be twelve straight games to our credit, a record by no means impossible to make at the time this is written."

Don't be too sure, Brother Dartmouth. Ball playing takes lots of work and perseverance, and you know it is one of the most uncertain things in the world. However, we most cordially wish you success.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for June begins with the story of "Miser Farrell's Bequest," by J. P. Quincy. If called upon to criticise, we should say that the story is somewhat disconnected, though the writer is evidently a scholar and possesses fine command of language. "A Visit to Cawdor Castle and Culloden Moor," by Julia C. R. Door, is written in a clear and vivid manner, and is highly interesting. Theodore Child writes upon the "Literary Career in France." The article on the "Discovery of the Rocky Mountains" is an account of the toils and deprivations of the elder La Verendrye and his two sons, in their search for a route to the Pacific. "The Queen Behind the Throne" is the story of the life and policy of the Princess des Ursins, by Ellen Terry Johnson. The review of recent American fiction is of interest. With this number, the story of "Yone Santo" concludes.

We cannot leave our exchanges this week without commenting upon the *Vassar Miscellany*. Among all our exchanges very few can compare with it in neatness of style, and in the interest and value of the reading matter it contains. In the May number are some fine articles on the recent authors. A sketch of Matthew Arnold's life concludes as follows:

"Whatever place among the poets and critics may finally be assigned to Matthew Arnold, the debt of the whole thinking world to him is not small. He has made our thought clearer, our perceptions finer and surer. Much of the praise that he bestowed upon others may justly be applied to himself. Like Keats, 'he recognized the necessary connection between beauty and truth.' Like Goethe, he had 'a wide and luminous view' of the world of thought. Like Emerson, he is 'the friend and helper of those who wish to live in the spirit.'"

Among other sensible things in the editorials of the *Beacon*, we notice the following, which we venture to clip, as bearing upon the matter of plugging at the expense of everything else:

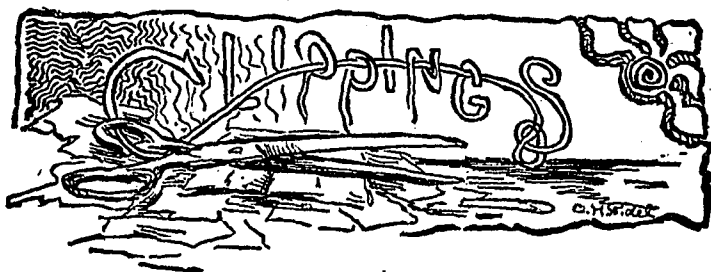
"With all due respect to good scholarship, those students among us who always make the conning of prescribed lessons of the first importance, and neglect other things to do this, do not receive that liberal training which it is the purpose of the college to give; we recognize the fact that we come here to be educated, but education is a broad term, and mere book-learning is but a small part of it. Bacon has said that friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, and we shall never have a better opportunity than the present in which to

form lasting friendships. Time passed in social chats, in which thoughts and ideas are exchanged, college methods criticised, or even good-humored gossip indulged in, is not wasted, even if the next day we may be obliged to express our ignorance upon some of our Latin constructions or Greek verbs. Bacon, in the same essay which we before quoted, says of him who converses: 'He waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse, than by a day's meditation.' Then, the mere student of books receives but a one-sided development; he becomes less sympathetic; his social powers are blunted; his imagination is dwarfed, and he takes but a narrow view of the world. Indeed, as such students are generally the most ambitious in college, it is truly pitiable that through a blind desire for high marks, they should neglect so many opportunities around them."

Cassell & Company's *Magazine of Art* for June is at hand and fully up to its usual standard of excellence. The frontispiece, "Betrayed," an etching by Walter Langley, is especially fine. It pictures a young woman, with her babe in her arms, taking her way out of her native village, while the good housewives stare after her with pitiless faces. This issue contains the biography of the painter Jean Jacques Henner. Stephen Thompson writes the "History of Art Unions and Art Lotteries." From the part of the magazine set apart as "The Chronicle of Art" we copy the following under the heading, "Woman and her chance as an artist:"

"The particulars of the last candidates' examination for admission to the Royal Academy schools shed some light on the capacity, or otherwise, of women to become artists of real eminence. Of the eighty-seven candidates who presented themselves, only a round dozen succeeded in forcing their way into the fold of the "probationers," while of these twelve, no fewer than ten were women, and women for the most part—in all gallantry be it said—no longer in the first hot flush of ambitious youth and inspiration. Thus, indeed, it must always be under the present Royal Academy rules, whereby is demanded in the probationary drawings a high degree of patient imitateness—a simple and touching devotion to stipple and shadow—rather than true artistic power and breadth of any kind. In this sort of work, indeed—that of patient, dexterous manipulation—woman may always be depended on to assert her power of execution; but it is in *invention* and *originality*, or the realization of them, that the failure of the sex in art becomes apparent. Hence it is that the artists of first-class ability produced by the country are furnished by the small minority

of male passed candidates; the women usually relapse into obscurity, after achieving a partial success—they win the minor scholarships, and then lose themselves into the Nirvana of artistic mediocrity. The generally accepted principle that imaginative creation is out of the range of feminine capacity is nowhere more apparent than in art, and the sooner the truth of this is recognized by the sex, the better it will be for those who, thirsting for fame and fortune, adopt the light and ladylike profession of art. History proves that, though the artistic perception is strong in woman, her successful power of realization is, in the vast majority of cases, non-existent; for not one female name can be found worthy to be placed on a level even with the masters of the second rank."



Brown University has \$80,000 raised for a new gymnasium.

The *Yale News* pays each Senior editor from \$250 to \$275 a year.

There are thirty college graduates on the staff of the *New York Sun*.

Since 1881 Cornell has realized seven million dollars from the sale of land.

Amherst is the only college that has a billiard room attached to its gymnasium.

There is some talk of Harvard buying the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Johns Hopkins requires a man to pass an examination in gymnastics before graduating.

At Dartmouth, \$1,600 was raised for the support of the ball nine in less than three hours.

Cornell supports nineteen Greek Letter societies, three of which are composed entirely of ladies.

The University of Pennsylvania has raised thirty thousand dollars for "The Babylonian Exploration Fund."

The Senior class of Cornell leaves as the class memorial a finely arranged cinder track suitable for athletics.

Columbia has recently admitted women to all her higher courses, and henceforth women will be entitled to all the privileges the institution affords.

Yale is to have a new library building to cost \$100,000 and also a new recitation and lecture hall to cost \$125,000.

A father of fifty-three and a son of twenty-two graduate at Hillsdale in June, and are rivals for class honors.

The Indiana Supreme Court has decided that college students of legal age have the right of voting in college towns.

The trustees of Amherst have recommended that the number of students there should be limited to three hundred.

Prof. Peabody, of Harvard, says that the growth of athletics has tended to improve the general tone of the college.

A university to cost two million dollars is to be established in Wichita, Kansas, in honor of the late President Garfield.

Johns Hopkins will probably be removed to Clifton, just outside of Baltimore, in accordance with the will of its founder.

The New York league club has offered to Stagg, of Yale, \$5,000 for the season's work. It is probable that he will not accept.

Fifty Yale theological students are reported to be attempting the foolish and impracticable feat of committing the entire Bible to memory.

At Madison, Wis., a few days ago, a student of the State University was elected alderman in a certain ward. The votes of students boarding in that ward were sufficient to control the election.

At Oxford, England, there are 12 American students in attendance; at the University of Berlin, 600; at Leipzig, over 200. Other German universities are well attended by Americans.

The Harvard Observatory will send an astronomical party in the early summer to Peru to make high altitude observation, and to investigate the advisability of establishing a station in the Andes.

By the will of the late J. Sumner Wheeler, the Harvard endowment fund will receive a large addition. The amount will be \$25,000 if the whole estate amounts to \$250,000, and \$50,000 if the estate is \$300,000.

At the contest for the Mott Haren Cup, held at the Manhattan Athletic Club grounds, May 26th, Harvard won seven first and six second

prizes; Yale five first and two second; University of Penn. two first and two second; Columbia one first and two second; Amherst one second.

At the annual meeting of the Harvard Club, May 12th, the New York Alumni discussed the restrictions made by the overseers of Harvard. About one hundred members were present, and the unanimous sentiment was in favor not only of retaining the old system of sports, but also of allowing contests with professionals.



"Non paratus," dixit scholar,  
Cum a sad, a doleful look;  
"Omne rectu," prof. respondit,  
Et "Nihil" scripsit in his book.

—En.

#### THE BALLS.

[SUNG ON THE SPECIAL.]

See the hammering at the balls,  
Alluring balls!

What a sense of confidence their approaching installs!

But the crowd is in delight  
While the batter with his might  
Endeavors to forestall

Such a ball—

Inviting ball,

Deluding ball.

See the fanning at the balls,

Twirling balls!

How their bosoms do heave as the air they do cleave,

In trying to maul

Such a ball—

Swerving ball

Twirling ball,

See the slugging at the balls

Deceptive balls!

Now with what a sense of doubt, whether curving in or out,

They hit at the balls,

Fatal balls

And retire very meek at the umpire's shriek

Of "strike three!"

At the curving and the swerving of the ball.

—En.

Some one has asked what will be the last language spoken on earth. The Finnish, of course.

Teacher (to pupil)—"To what color does flogging change a boy's complexion?"

Pupil—"It makes him yell—'O!'"

## DISLOCATED.

As he sat on the sofa beside her,  
 A bit closer than plainly might seem  
 Was required to allow conversation,  
 On the strictly conventional scheme,  
 In a moment of careless abstraction  
 His arm had slipped slightly astray—  
 And encircled her waist—and he somehow  
 Had forgotten to take it away.  
 With an arch little smile, and an effort  
 To act real severe, she inquired,—  
 “Does your arm pain you badly this evening?  
 If it does you’ve my pity inspired.”  
 Quite undone with amazement, he queried  
 What the drift of her question might be,  
 She replied, “Oh! I thought it might pain you  
 It’s so much *out of place*, don’t you see?”

—Yale Record.

## USEFUL COLLEGE RECEIPTS.

To make a Senior—Take five pounds of knowledge, ten pounds of experience, twenty-five pounds of wind and one hundred pounds of conceit. At night carefully mix and in the morning place the mixture upon a five dollar cane, and you will thus have the average Senior.

To make a Junior—Take one ounce of brains, fifteen ounces of starch, fourteen yards of linen, one pound of boot blacking, three feet of tongue, and place them under a tall hat and get some one to call the result pretty and you have a genuine Junior.

To make a Sophomore—Take forty quarts of blood, two tin horns, one squirt gun, four pipes, two pounds of tobacco, six packs of cards, two bowie knives, fourteen scalps; let some one say Fresh and Presto! change; the ingredients become a living, breathing Sophomore.

To make a Freshman—Take seventeen pails of water, six pounds of cheese, two pecks of apples, four quarts of oil, three horses, one calf, ten pounds of inquisitiveness, fifteen pounds of mental agony, and seventy-five pounds of greenness. Place the combination in a room and let ten Sophs enter and sprinkle it with salt. Immediately deep groans tell you that a Freshman has been created.

To make a Co-ed.—Take twenty-five pounds of sugar, four quarts of fresh cream, five nutmegs, one ounce of cloves, two ounces of cinnamon and ten quarts of honey. Place these ingredients in a carriage, or a boat, or upon an easy chair, and sit near by and watch them. If your glances do not cause a transformation, softly speak, and lo! a “thing of beauty” sighs, speaks, moves.



'35.

William Mathews, L.L. D., is about to publish another volume on “Wit and Humor.” This will make the ninth of his widely-popular published works.

'53.

S. S. Brown is nominated as Representative to Congress.

'77.

W. H. Looney goes on the Portland delegation to the Republican Gubernatorial Convention.

John M. Foster, since his arrival at his missionary field in China, has written for the public journals in this country several extremely able and interesting letters.

'78.

Rev. W. G. Mann, of Monson, and Mrs. Mann, '80, are visiting relatives in this city.

'81.

George N. Merrill has been engaged in surveying since graduation, and is now at Colby, Thomas Co., Kan.

'82.

Col. R. C. Shannon, of New York, is now in Paris with his family, and has been requested to represent Colby at the 200th anniversary of the University of Bologna, Italy, to occur in June.

'83.

George Smith, now practicing law at Duluth, Minn., will visit Waterville in July.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Dr. Horace G. Cates, formerly of Vassalboro, and Ella Van Every, of Santa Monica, Cal. Dr. Cates is the son of the late Dr. Cates, of Vassalboro, and is now a prosperous young physician at Santa Monica.

'84.

E. P. Burt graduated from Newton Theological Seminary last May, also F. A. Snow, '85.

'85.

H. L. Jewett has gone to Colorado.

W. H. Snyder has been elected a member of the Boston Society of Natural History.



'86.

R. A. Metcalf, who since graduation has been teaching in Ogden, Utah Territory, will soon return to Maine.

'87.

M. H. Small has been elected President of the Oxford County Educational Association.

W. F. Watson, Prof. in Freeman University, is delivering a course of lectures in the city of Greenville.

'89.

D. F. Smith recently spent a few days at the bricks. He was a delegate to the Democratic Convention at Augusta.

'90.

J. E. Burke was a delegate to the Democratic Convention at Augusta.

L. H. Drake has gone to Boston. He will rejoin his class in the fall.

M. A. Whitney has been engaged to take charge of the Waterville evening schools.

'91.

A. H. Pease has been elected by the Y. M. C. A. to represent it at Moody's school at Northfield.

#### THE WOMAN'S WORLD FOR JUNE.

The opening article in the *Woman's World* for June is on "The Uses of a Drawing Room," which uses are interpreted not to be for the entertainment of the rich and great, but for the occasional entertainment of the working people, who are unfamiliar with tasteful homes, and to whom a compliment of this sort is a never to be forgotten pleasure. "The Records of a Fallen Dynasty," by Violet Fane, follows this, and gives some interesting anecdotes in connection with Prince Charles Edward Stuart. This paper is fully illustrated from old paintings, and a portrait of Prince Charles disguised as Betty Burke, forms the frontispiece of the number. Cassell & Company, 35 cents a number, or \$3.50 a year, in advance.

#### THE MAGAZINE OF ART FOR JUNE.

The June number of the *Magazine of Art* has for its frontispiece an etching by James Dobie, after Walter Langley's painting, "Betrayed," which attracted wide attention at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1887. The opening article by Frederick Wedmore, is devoted to the popular French painter, Jean Jacques Henner, and is illustrated with excellent engravings from his best known works. George Clausen replies to M. Chesneau's paper on "The English School in Peril." The editor of the magazine writes of "Christie's," the famous art auction rooms of London, and J. Walter Wilson furnishes the illustrations. A. H. Church writes on "Light and Water Colors." There is a full-page portrait of Sir Frederick Leighton, from the painting by the veteran painter, Geo. Frederick Watts, which is accompanied by a few complimentary lines by the editor of the magazine, who also has a paper on the current Royal Academy Exhibition. A bright paper on "An Academy Critic of a Hundred Years Ago," gives an interesting account of Dr. John Wolcott, better known as "Peter Pindar." "Art Unions and Art Lotteries" is an article that can be read with profit, as is also "A Dethroned Masterpiece of the Revival." The department of art notes is particularly well filled, and the engravings are carefully selected and well printed. The *Magazine of Art* is indeed indispensable to all lovers of art. Cassell & Company, 35 cents a number, \$3.50 a year in advance.

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