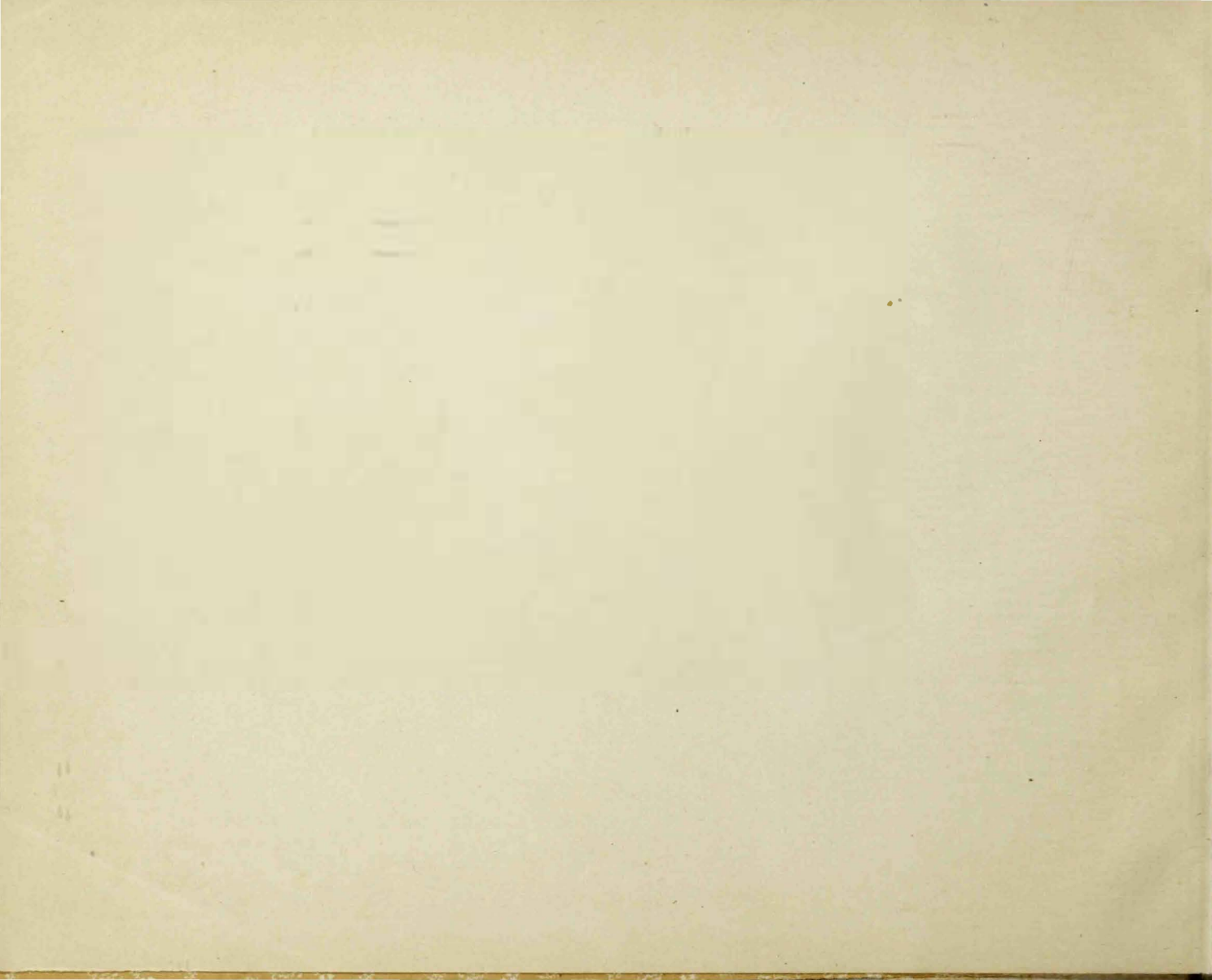


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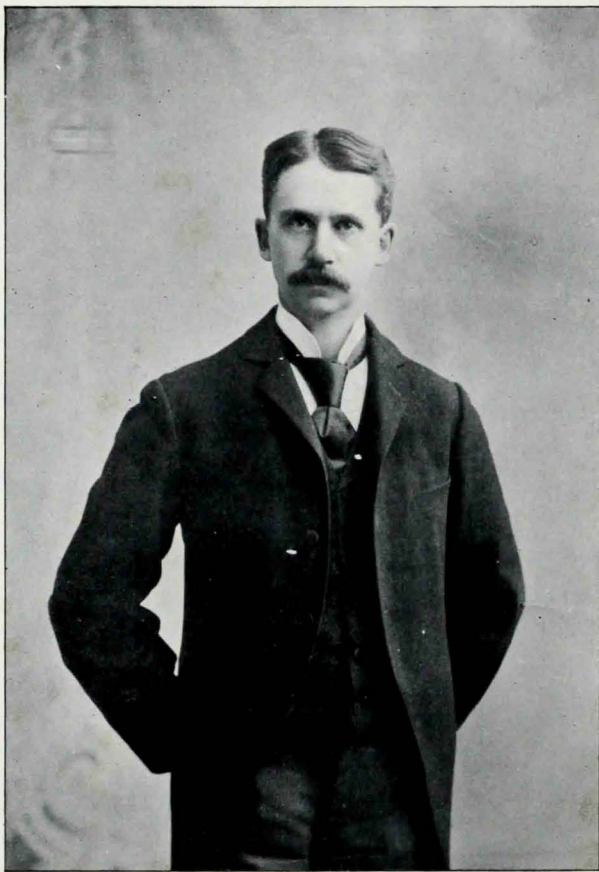
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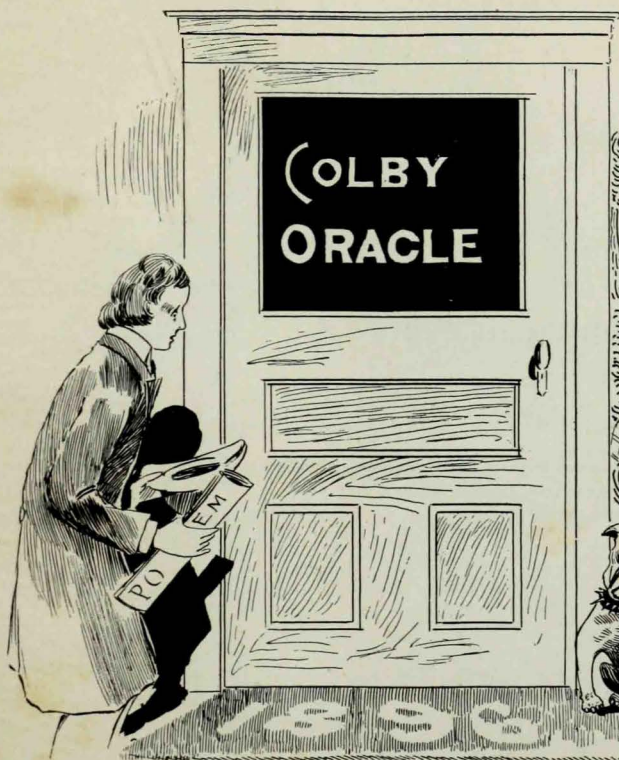
Journal of Research



Edith Anna Picknell



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Vol. 30.



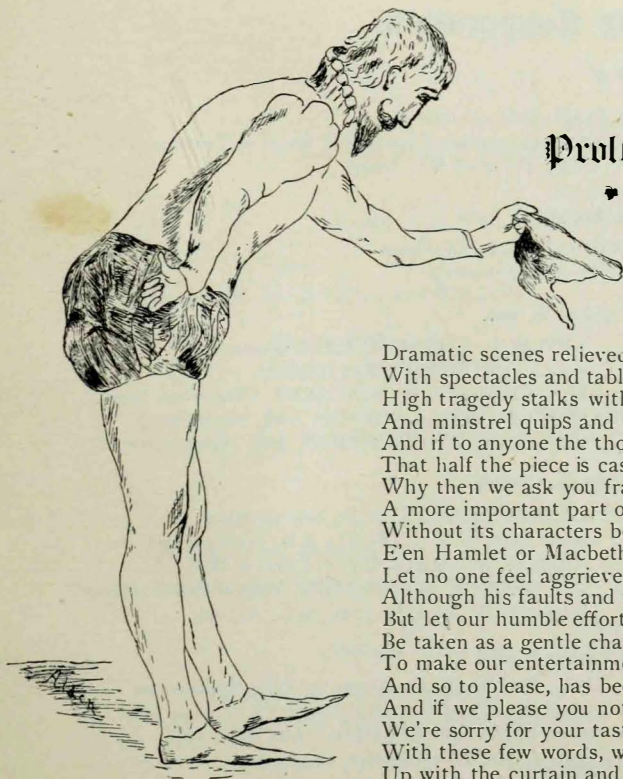
JOHN STURGIS

To
President Nathaniel Butler

this book is

Dedicated

as a slight expression of the cordial welcome which the college extends
to him, and of the genuine affection which
he has already won.



Prologue.

♦ ♦

Ye careless college youths or critics sage,
Whose eyes may chance to fall upon this page,
We'll speak you first our prologue, if we may,
Before you hasten on to see the play.
The piece we now present to public view
Combines in one, attractions not a few.

Dramatic scenes relieved by comic song,
With spectacles and tableaux all along ;
High tragedy stalks with stately stride,
And minstrel quips and cranks dance by its side.
And if to anyone the thought occurs
That half the piece is cast of characters,
Why then we ask you frankly, " Is there, pray,
A more important part of any play ?"
Without its characters behind its back,
E'en Hamlet or Macbeth would feel a lack.
Let no one feel aggrieved at aught we say,
Although his faults and failings we display ;
But let our humble efforts for his good,
Be taken as a gentle chastening should.
To make our entertainment rich and rare,
And so to please, has been our constant care ;
And if we please you not, 'tis all the same,
We're sorry for your taste ; you're not to blame.
With these few words, we've said our little say,
Up with the curtain and begin the play.

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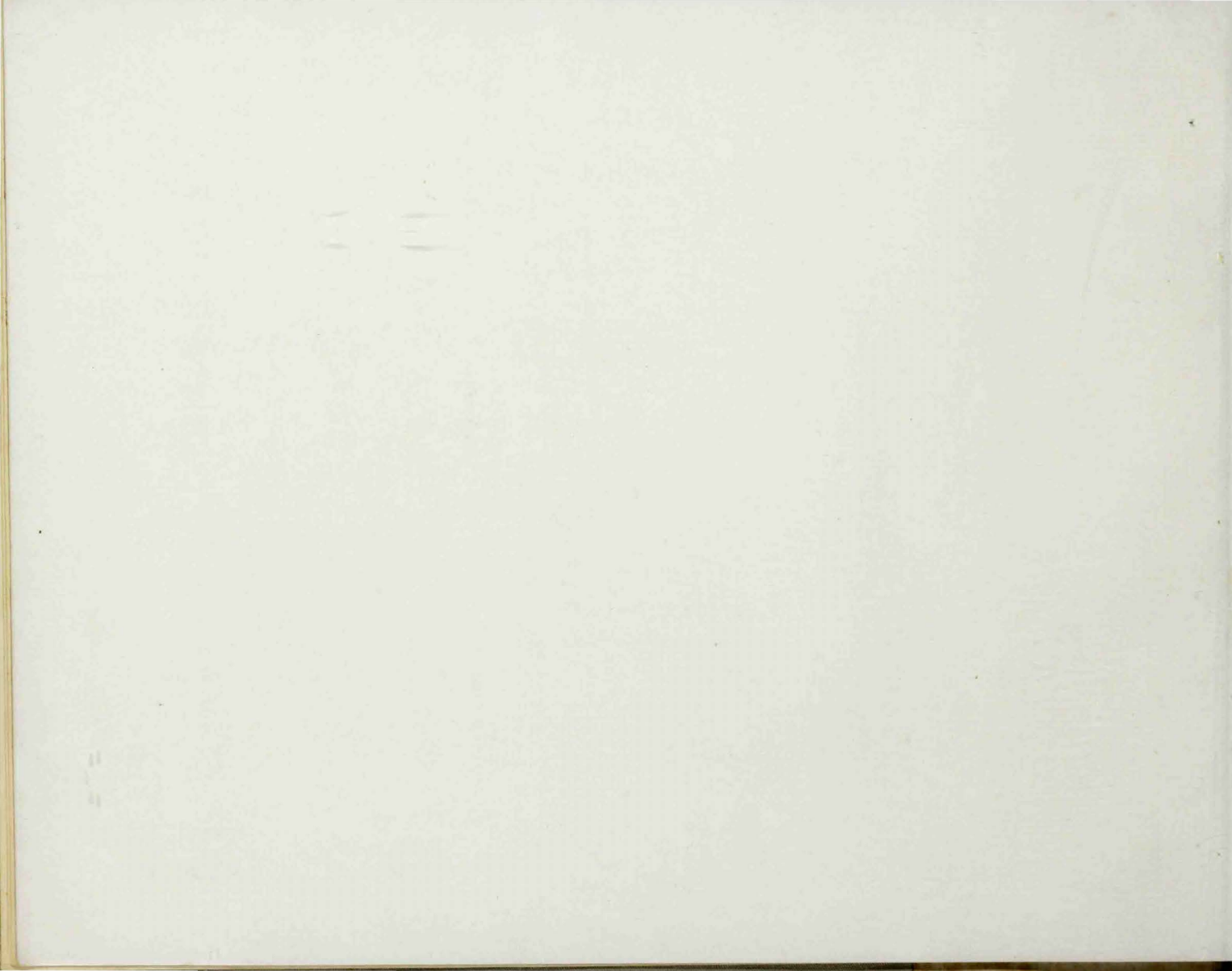
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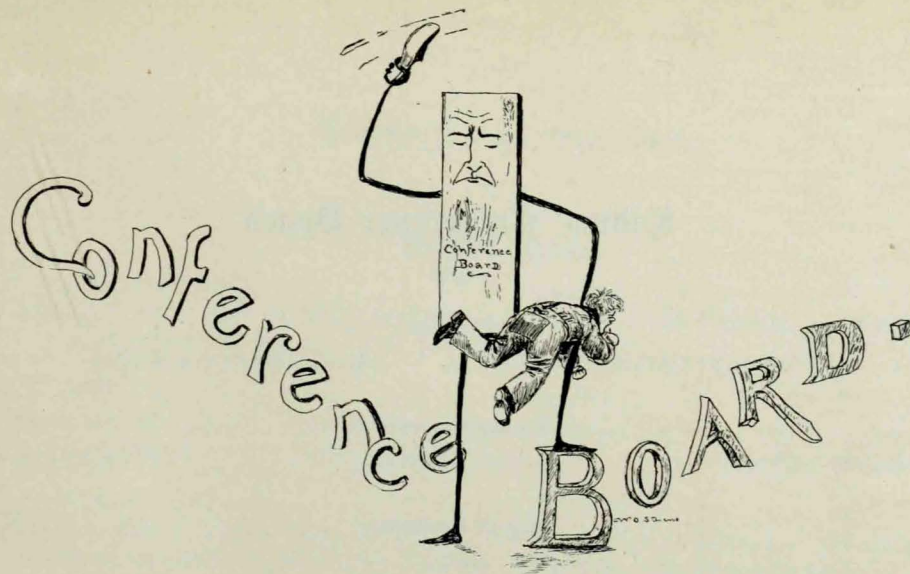
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- BURTON, IRVING FRANCIS, A T Ω, *Corinna, Me.*, 7 C. H.
 Dexter, H. S.; *Echo* Editor, 3; 'Varsity Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Executive Committee, 1, 2; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Football, 1, 2, 3, 4.
- COFFIN, BENJAMIN, Δ Y, *Freeport, Me.*, 12 C. H.
 'Varsity Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain same, 3, 4; Substitute 'Varsity Football, 3; Conference Committee, 4; Captain Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Football, 1, 2, 3, 4.
- COLE, ALBERT SAWYER, Δ Y, *Cambridge, Me.*, 15 C. H.
 Y. M. C. A.; Director Baseball Association, 4; Class Treasurer, 2; Class Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President Amalgamated Association, 2; Junior Debate, Prize; Senior Exhibition; Intercollegiate Debate, 4.
- COLLINS, RICHARD, Δ K E, *Calais, Me.*, 18 S. C.
 Calais High School; Athletic Exhibition, 2, 3, 4; Class Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Class Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; "Rivals;" Sophomore Declamation, First Prize; Junior Debate, Prize; Third Junior Part; Intercollegiate Debate, 4.
- DUNN, HARRY WESLEY, Z Ψ, *Waterville, Me.*, 40 College Avenue.
 Coburn Classical Institute; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary and Treasurer Football Association, 3; Secretary Athletic Association, 3; Assistant Manager *Echo*, 3; *Oracle* Editor, 3; *Oracle* Editor-in-Chief, 4; Substitute 'Varsity Football, 4; Athletic Exhibition, 2, 3, 4; Class Historian, 1; Class Orator, 4; Class Football, 4; Class Baseball, 3, 4; President Republican Club, 3; Sixth Strong Man, 3, 4; First Entrance Prize; Sophomore Declamation; First Junior Part; Junior Debate, Prize; Junior Exhibition, Second Prize; Senior Exhibition; Intercollegiate Debate, 4.

- DURGAN, ELFORD LINDSAY, Z Ψ, *Harpswell, Me.*, 10 C. H.
 Coburn Classical Institute; Y. M. C. A.; Secretary and Treasurer Athletic Association, 2; Secretary Echo Association, 2; Conference Committee, 1, 2; Chapel Organist, 2; Class Prophet, 1; Toastmaster, 3; Treasurer, 4; Class Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President Y. M. C. A., 3.
- FOSS, HENRY WARREN, Δ K E, *Mount Vernon, Me.*, 18 S. C.
 Kent's Hill; Y. M. C. A.; President Tennis Association, 3; Executive Committee Athletic Association, 4; Tennis Champion, 2, 3; *Oracle* Editor, 3; Class Treasurer, 1; Vice-President Class, 2; Class Nine, 3; Treasurer Republican Club, 3; Treasurer Amalgamated Association, 3; President Reading-Room Association, 2; Junior Exhibition; Senior Exhibition.
- FULLER, CHARLES BENJAMIN, Δ Y, *Hallowell, Me.*, 9 C. H.
 Hallowell High School; Manager Football Association, 4; Treasurer Athletic Association, 3; Executive Committee Chess Club, 4; *Echo* Editor, 3; Treasurer *Oracle*, 3; Athletic Exhibition, 2, 3, 4; Conference Committee, 3; Class Executive Committee, 2; Class Secretary, 4; Executive Committee Republican Club, 3; Secretary and Treasurer Reading-Room Association, 2; Fourth Junior Part.
- GETCHELL, EVERETT LAMONT, Δ Y, *Shawmut*, 28 C. H.
 Coburn Classical Institute; Y. M. C. A.; Class Committee on Odes, 3; Class Prophet, 4; Executive Committee Chess Club, 4; *Echo* Editor, 3; Editor-in-Chief, 4; Freshman Reading; Junior Exhibition; Minstrels, 4.
- HALL, EDWARD LINDSEY *Waterville, Me.*, 8 Ash Street.
 Coburn Classical Institute; Conference Committee, 3; Class Committee on Odes, 3; Class Baseball, 3, 4.
- HALL, HASCALL SHALLER, Δ K E, *Waterville, Me.*, 229 Main Street.
 Waterville High School; Athletic Exhibition, 2; Class Executive Committee, 4; Senior Exhibition.

- HAMILTON, HARRY EDWARD, Δ Y, *Brooklin, Me.*, 26 C. H.
 Hebron Academy; Y. M. C. A.; Collector, 3; President and Manager Baseball Association, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2; Substitute Football, 1, 2; Guard, 3; Centre, 4; Athletic Team, 1, 3; Tug of War, 1; Choir, 3, 4; Class Toastmaster, 2; Chairman Executive Committee, 3; Marshal, 4; Class Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Executive Committee Republican Club, 3; Freshman Reading, First Prize.
- HANSCOM, HOWARD CHAPLIN, Δ K E, *Auburn.* 3 C. H.
 Edward Little High School; Banjo Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2; Minstrels, 4; Assistant Manager *Oracle*, 3; President and Manager, 4; Football End, 1, 2; Bicycle Record, 2; Conference Committee, 3; Choir, 1, 2, 3; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4.
- HUBBARD, WALTER LESLIE, Δ K E, *Bangor, Me.*, 13 C. H.
 Bangor High School; Y. M. C. A.; Captain Track Athletic Team, 4; Treasurer *Echo*, 4; Substitute End Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain Second Eleven, 4; Athletic Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; College Record Quarter-Mile Run, 3; Half-Mile Run, 2; Second Prize, Half-Mile Run, Intercollegiate Field Day, 3; Athletic Exhibition, 2, 3, 4; Class Statistician, 4; Class Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Seventh Strong Man, 4.
- HUTCHINSON, CARLETON EVERETT, Φ Δ ●, *Skowhegan, Me.* 19 C. H.
 Skowhegan High School; Y. M. C. A.; Class Club, 3, 4; President and Manager *Echo*, 4; Conference Committee, 4; Junior Debate; Class Historian, 4.
- KIMBALL, CHARLES BENJAMIN, Z Ψ, *North New Portland, Me.*, 9 C. H.
 Coburn Classical Institute; Association Manager Baseball, 3; Treasurer *Echo*; Substitute Baseball, 2; President Conference Committee, 4; Class Historian, 3; Poet, 4; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Republican Club; Junior Debate.
- LORIMER, ALBERT WILLIAM, *Beebe Plain, P. Q.*, 92 College Avenue.
 Coburn Classical Institute; Y. M. C. A.; Editor *Echo*, 4; *Oracle* Board, 4; Class Vice-President, 4.

- MERRILL, JOHN BRADBURY, ΔΥ, *South Dover, Me.*, 15 C. H.
 Foxcroft Academy; Y. M. C. A.; Conference Committee, 4; Choir, 3, 4; Class Secretary, 2; Poet, 3; Chairman
 Committee on Odes; Second Junior Part; Tenth Strong Man, 3; Second Strong Man, 4.
- PADELFORD, FRED MORGAN, ΔΚΕ, *Calais, Me.*, 5 S. C.
 Calais High School; Y. M. C. A.; Treasurer, 3; President Y. M. C. A., 4; Director Football Association, 1; *Echo*
 Editor, 3; Athletic Exhibition, 2, 3, 4; College Record, Mile Walk, 3; Conference Committee, 2; Class Presi-
 dent, 4; Freshman Reading, Second Prize; Sophomore Declamation, Second Prize; Junior Exhibition, First
 Prize; Senior Exhibition.
- PEAKES, FRED WILLIAM, ΦΔΘ, *Waltham, Mass.*, 22 C. H.
 Hebron Academy; Y. M. C. A.; Second Director Baseball, 3; *Echo* Editor, 3; Editor-in-chief, part of 4; Class Secre-
 tary, 1; Chairman Executive Committee, 2; Chaplain, 3, 4; Sophomore Declamation; Junior Exhibition; Junior
 Debate; Senior Exhibition.
- PIKE, JAMES MADISON, ΑΤΩ, *Waterville, Me.*, 236 Main Street
 Hebron Academy: *Echo* Editor, 3; *Oracle* Editor, 4; Class Vice-President, 3; Address to Under Graduates, 4.
- PRATT, HERBERT NOAH, ΦΔΘ, *Skowhegan, Me.*, 24 C. H.
 Coburn Classical Institute; Second Director Baseball, 3; First Director Football, 4; Vice-President Athletic Associa-
 tion, 2; President, 3; Third Prize, Bicycle Race, Intercollegiate Field-day, 3; College Record, Five-Mile Bicycle
 3; Class Executive Committee, 1; Class President, 3; Toastmaster, 4; One First, Two Second Prizes, Bicycle
 Meet, 4; First Strong Man, 3, 4.
- SAWTELLE, CHARLES EDWARD, ΔΚΕ, *Waterville, Me.*, 7 Lawrence Street.
 Coburn Classical Institute; Class Toastmaster, 1; Parting Address, 4; College Marshal, 3; First Vice-President
 Republican Club; "Rivals;" Sophomore Declamation.

- THOMPSON, JAMES LEONARD, JR., Δ K E, *Calais, Me.*, 14 C. H.
Calais High School; Substitute, Baseball, 2; Regular, 3; Substitute, Regular Tackle, 2, 3; Guard, 4; Tug of War, 1;
Class Awarder of Prizes, 3; Class Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President Dramatic Club, 2.
- TOOKER, THOMAS COX, *Caribou, Me.*, 17 Brook Street.
Caribou High School; Director Baseball, 2; Director Football, 3; Director Athletic Association, 1; Substitute Foot-
ball, 3, 4; Tug of War, 1; Class Vice-President, 1; Executive Committee, 2; Secretary, 3; Class Baseball, 1,
2, 3, 4; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4.
- TURNER, CHARLES WINSLOW, Z Ψ, *North Haven, Me.*, 10 C. H.
Coburn Classical Institute; Y. M. C. A.; *Echo* Editor, 4; Substitute Football, 1, 2; Class Chairman Executive Com-
mittee, 1; President, 2; Football, 1; Republican Club; Fifth Strong Man, 3; Fourth Strong Man, 4; Fresh-
man Reading.
- WYMAN, LEVI PARKER, Φ Δ Θ, *Skowhegan, Me.*, 24 C. H.
Skowhegan High School; Director Tennis Association, 1; Athletic Exhibition, 2, 3; Class Treasurer, 3; Class
Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Tenth Strong Man, 4; Freshman Reading.
- WATKINS, HARRY THORNTON, Δ K E, *Roslindale, Mass.*, 14 C. H.
Coburn Classical Institute; Manager Athletic Association, 4; Treasurer Chess Club, 3; President, 4; Glee Club, 2;
Substitute Baseball Team, 1, 2, 3; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Athletic Exhibition, 3; Class Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Base-
ball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Eighth Strong Man, 3; Freshman Reading.

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- CHENEY, MYRTICE DEERING, Σ K, *Waterville, Me.*, 74 Elm Street.
Waterville High School; Y. W. C. A.; Class Ode Committee, 1; Class Executive Committee, 2; Class Orator, 4;
Freshman Reading.
- CROSWELL, MARY SIBYLLA, Σ K, *Farmington Falls, Me.*, 3 P. H.
Milton Academy; Y. W. C. A.; Class Executive Committee, 4; Prophet, 2; Toastmistress, 4; Vice-President Tennis
Association, 3; President Tennis Association, 4; *Echo* Editor, 3; Assistant Editor-in-chief *Echo*, 4; Freshman
Reading.
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Coburn Classical Institute; Y. W. C. A.; Class Poet, 1, 3, 4; Orator and Vice-President, 2; Executive Committee
Tennis Association, 3; Associate Editor *Oracle*, 3, 4; Sophomore Prize Declamation; First Honorary Junior
Part; Senior Exhibition.
- EDGECOMB, ADA EVELYN, Σ K, *Hallowell, Me.*, 7 College Avenue.
Hallowell High School; Y. W. C. A.; Class Ode Committee, 2; Secretary and Treasurer, 4; Parting Address, 4;
Member of Conference Committee, 4.
- FARR, ETHEL ELIZABETH, Σ K, *Waterville, Me.*, 10 School Street.
Coburn Classical Institute; Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President Class, 1; Poet, 2; Executive Committee, 3, 4; Ode
Committee, 3; Secretary and Treasurer Tennis Association, 1; Freshman Reading, Second Prize; Sopho-
more Declamation; Third Junior Part; Junior Exhibition; Senior Exhibition.
- FRENCH, LUTIE MAE, Σ K, *Norway, Me.*, 22 College Avenue.
Norway High School; Y. W. C. A.; Class Executive Committee, 3.
- HOXIE, CARO LEAH, Σ K, *Skowhegan, Me.*, 2 Centre Place
Skowhegan High School; Y. W. C. A.; Class Orator, 1; President, 3; Executive Committee and Statistician, 4;
Sophomore Declamation; Fourth Junior Part.

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Bangor High School; Y. W. C. A.; Class Historian, 2; Vice-President, 4; '95 until 3.
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Waterville High School; Y. W. C. A.; Bible Class Committee, 4; Treasurer of Class, 1; Ode Committee, 4; Conference Committee; Sophomore Declamation, Second Prize; Second Junior Part; Junior Exhibition.
- MESERVE, MARTHA CLARA, Σ K, *Vassalboro*, 1 L. H.
Oak Grove Seminary; Y. W. C. A.; Assistant Treasurer of *Echo* Board, 4; Entered in Class of '94, dropped into '96 in third year; Freshman Reading; Sophomore Declamation; Junior Exhibition, Second Prize.
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Washington Academy; Y. W. C. A.; Class Toastmistress, 1; Historian, 2; Conference Committee, 3, 4.
- PEPPER, JESSIE ELIZABETH, Σ K, *Waterville, Me.*, 1 Appleton Street.
Thornton Academy; Y. W. C. A.; Corresponding Secretary, 3; President, 4; Class President, 1; Historian, 3; Address to Undergraduates, 4; Senior Exhibition.
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KEITH, ALBERT RUSSELL, Δ K E,	Waterville,	9 North St.
NOBLE, ERNEST EUGENE, Δ Y,	Blaine,	26 C. H.
PHILBRICK, HERBERT SHAW, Δ K E,	Waterville,	20 College Ave.
*PUTNAM, HENRY HARRISON, JR., Δ K E,	Danforth,	8 S. C.
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WATSON, HARRY BATES, Δ Y,	Oakland,	29 C. H.
WHITMAN, CHAS. HUNTINGTON, Δ K E,	Bangor,	13 C. H.
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WRIGHT, ARTHUR GOODWIN, A T Ω,	Readfield,	41 Morrill Ave.

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HANSON, HELEN MCGREGOR,	Machias,	4 L. H.
HANSON, EDITH BRAGG, Σ K,	Skowhegan,	14 Union St.
*HOLMES, HARRIET FLORENCE,	Eastport,	14 Union St.
KNIGHT, ANNIE LEE, Σ K,	Portland,	2 L. H.
LAMB, HELEN FRANCE,	Livermore Falls,	4 P. H.

LARABEE, EDITH MAUDE,	<i>Gardiner,</i>	5 L. H.
MATHEWS, OCTAVIA WHITING, Σ K,	<i>Shawmut,</i>	15 College Ave.
MCCALLUM, TENA PATTERSON,	<i>Warren,</i>	1 D. H.
NELSON, ELMIRA STARR,	<i>Deering,</i>	7 Thayer Court.
NYE, ALICE LOUISE, Σ K,	<i>Auburn,</i>	2 L. H.
TRACY, MARTHA DUNLAP, Σ K,	<i>Bethel,</i>	1 L. H.
VOSE, NINA GERTRUDE, Σ K,	<i>Waterville,</i>	1 Leighton Road.
VIGUE, HATTIE BEATTY,	<i>Waterville,</i>	9 Morrill Ave.

Sophomore Class.

ADAMS, LYNNE FLETCHER, Z Ψ,	<i>Wilton,</i>	27 S. C.
ALDEN, FRANK WENTWORTH, Z Ψ,	<i>Waterville,</i>	15 College Ave.
ALLEN, HARRISON SANBORN, A T Ω,	<i>Vassalboro,</i>	92 College Ave.
AUSTIN, ROBERT BETTS, Z Ψ,	<i>Farmington,</i>	27 S. C.
AVERILL, ALBERT GUY,	<i>Milltown,</i>	21 C. H.
BATES, WILLARD ASA, Φ Δ Θ,	<i>Waterville,</i>	16 Park St.
BROOKS, CLAYTON KINGMAN, Z Ψ,	<i>Muscatine, Iowa,</i>	23 S. C.
BROWN, WILLIAM WIRT, Z Ψ,	<i>Waterville,</i>	12 Centre St.
BROWNE, HERBERT MAURICE, Φ Δ Θ,	<i>Waterboro,</i>	20 C. H.
CLEAVES ARTHUR WORDSWORTH, Δ Y,	<i>Dorchester, Mass.,</i>	26 S. C.
COOK, RAYMOND HAROLD, Φ Δ Θ,	<i>Friendship,</i>	19 C. H.
CORSON, HENRY LYSANDER,	<i>Canaan,</i>	19 S. C.
CUSHING, HARRY HOWARD, Δ K E,	<i>Skowhegan,</i>	10 S. C.
DALRYMPLE, HENRY RAYMOND, Δ K E,	<i>Worcester, Mass.,</i>	4 S. C.
DESMOND, WILLIAM BACON,	<i>Portland,</i>	17 C. H.
DRUMMOND, CHARLES MILLETT, Δ K E,	<i>Portland,</i>	10 S. C.
DYER, JONATHAN LYFORD, A T Ω,	<i>Charleston,</i>	19 C. H.
ELY, GEORGE ASHLEY, A T Ω,	<i>West Springfield, Mass.,</i>	31 C. H.
FOYE, OTIS WILLIAMS, Φ Δ Θ,	<i>Waterville,</i>	15 Ash St.
FULLER, NORMAN KEITH, Φ Δ Θ,	<i>Winslow,</i>	197 Main St.
GERRY, HARRY MELLIN, Δ Y,	<i>South Paris,</i>	32 C. H.
GETCHELL, FRED GARDNER, Δ Y,	<i>Baring,</i>	28 C. H.

GURNEY, CHARLES EDWIN, Δ Y,	Portland,	30 C. H.
HALL, ELMER ELLSWORTH, A T Ω,	Baring,	27 C. H.
HERRICK, EVERETT CARLETON, Δ Y,	Greene,	16 S. C.
*HOLMES, ARTHUR LLOYD, Δ K E,	Eastport,	6 S. C.
HOUSE, RALPH HOYT, Φ Δ Θ,	Augusta,	197 Main St.
INGRAHAM, IRA FRANK, Δ Y,	Houlton,	11 S. C.
KING, FREDERIC ALONZO, Δ K E,	Portland,	4 S. C.
LINSCOTT, ARAD ERASTUS, Φ Δ Θ,	Jefferson,	25 C. H.
MANSON, FRANK WALDO,	Fairfield,	Fairfield.
McFADDEN, WILLIAM LOWELL, Z Ψ,	Waterville,	71 Pleasant St.
NASH, EDWARD HENRY,	Portland,	8 C. H.
NELSON, JOHN EDWARD, Z Ψ,	Waterville,	5 Belmont St.
NELSON, JOHN RICHARD,	New Sweden,	18 C. H.
*NUTT, ERNEST FREDERICK, A T Ω,	Eastport,	9 S. C.
PAGE, ARTHUR HARTSTEIN,	Fitchburg, Mass.,	17 C. H.
*PATTERSON, LEVI THOMAS, Δ Y,	Freeport,	12 C. H.
*PHILBROOK, EUGENE SUMNER,	Brewer,	36 Oak St.
PIERCE, THOMAS RAYMOND, Z Ψ,	Rockland,	19 S. C.
PIKE, FRED PARKER HAMILTON, Δ Y,	Boston, Mass.,	30 C. H.
PRATT, HENRY HOWARD,	West Springfield, Mass.,	31 C. H.
RICHARDSON, BERTRAM CARVER, Δ K E,	Brockton, Mass.,	30 S. C.
ROBINSON, FRANK ARTHUR,	Bangor,	8 C. H.
STEPHENSON, JOHN ERVIN, Δ Y,	Houlton,	6 S. C.
TREWORGY, EVERETT SOMES, Δ Y,	Surry,	11 S. C.
WALDEN, HEZEKIAH,	Waterville,	76 Elm St.
WELLMAN, JUSTIN OWEN, Δ Y,	Augusta,	32 C. H.
WILSON, GEORGE ADAM, JR., Z Ψ,	South Paris,	23 S. C.
WOODMAN, CHARLES MELLEEN, Δ K E,	Waterville,	33 College Ave.

Sophomore Class.—Women.

BESSEY, LENORA, Σ K,	Waterville,	72 Elm St.
COLE, ALICE LENA, Σ K,	Hope,	10 Getchell St.
COOK, EDITH MORRIS,	Vassalboro,	3 L. H.
DASCOMBE, EDNA FLORENCE, Σ K,	Willon,	9 North St.
DOW, MARY HOPE,	Waterville,	11 Union St.
EVANS, MARY CAROLINE, Σ K,	Fairfield,	Fairfield.
HUMPHREY, MABEL ANNE, Σ K,	Charleston,	3 P. H.
MARVELL, MYRA CASE,	Auburn,	5 P. H.
REID, ELSIE GORDON,	Gloucester, Mass.,	Pleasant Place.
SEARLES, ELIZABETH,	Southbridge, Mass.,	7 L. H.
SMITH, LAURA HATTIE,	Dover, N. H.,	2 D. H.
*SNOWDEAL, ADA MAY,	Augusta,	2 D. H.
STEPHENS, EDNA HARRIET, Σ K,	Norway,	7 College Ave.
STEPHENS, JANET CHRISTINE, Σ K,	Norway,	7 College Ave.
SULLIVAN, HELEN GERTRUDE,	Bridgton,	3 L. H.
TAYLOR, INA SUSAN, Σ K,	Winslow,	4 L. H.
WALKER, CAROLINE BLANCHE,	Mechanic Falls,	5 P. H.

Freshman Class.

BISHOP, HARVEY HARWOOD, A T Ω,	Westbrook,	11 C. H.
BROWN, HARRY SANFORD, Φ Δ Θ,	Fairfield,	7 S. C.
CHASE, WILLIAM BRYANT, Φ Δ Θ,	Buckfield,	22 C. H.
CORNFORTH, GEORGE ERASTUS, A T Ω,	Waterville,	67 ½ Western Ave.
DASCOMBE, COLIN HENRY, Δ K E,	Wilton,	21 College Ave.
EELS, JOSEPH OLIVER, Δ Y,	Rockport,	29 S. C.
GLIDDEN, FOREST EUGENE, Φ Δ Θ,	Foxcroft,	26 S. C.
GOODY, ALFRED SPRAGUE, Z Ψ,	Winslow,	
GUILDE, EARLON KENT,	Fort Fairfield,	6 C. H.
GURNEY, LAWRENCE EMERY, Φ Δ Θ,	Buckfield,	25 C. H.
HANSON, HAROLD LIBBY, Δ K E,	Skowhegan,	16 C. H.

HOYT, HENRY AMBROSE, Z Ψ ,	Dorchester, Mass.,	17 Winter St.
*LAMB, HENRY ALLEN, Z Ψ ,	Portland,	28 S. C.
MALING, ERNEST HENRY, Δ K E,	Portland,	16 C. H.
MARTIN, GEORGE ATWOOD, Δ Y,	Guilford,	16 S. C.
PEARSON, PARKER TUFTS,	Farmington,	7 S. C.
PILLSBURY, MYRON ALBERT, Φ Δ Θ ,	Fairfield,	7 S. C.
PUTNAM, VARNEY ARTHUR, Δ K E,	Danforth,	14 S. C.
RICHARDSON, RALPH HORNER, Δ K E,	Brockton, Mass.,	30 S. C.
ROBBINS, ALBERT CYRUS, Z Ψ ,	Winthrop,	11 C. H.
SHANNON, CHARLES EMERY GOULD, Δ K E,	Saco,	21 College Ave.
SHANNON, RICHARD CUTTS, Δ K E,	Saco,	21 College Ave.
SPEAR, CHARLES INGALLS, A T Ω ,	Westbrook,	11 C. H.
SPENCER, HENRY RUSSEL, Δ K E,	Waterville,	38 Pleasant St.
STEVENS, WILLIAM OLIVER, Δ K E,	Waterville,	16 Nudd St.
STUART, ARTHUR IRVING, A T Ω ,	Waterville,	Main St.
WALDRON, WILLIAM LINSKOTT, Φ Δ Θ ,	Waterville,	Silver St.
WARREN, AMBROSE BENTON, Δ Y,	Norway,	23 C. H.
VOSE, HARRY SEBASTIAN, A T Ω ,	Waterville,	107 Western Ave.

Freshman Class.—Women.

BOWMAN, HELENE HORTENSE, Σ K,	Sidney,	10 Getchell St.
BUCK, JENNIE MAUDE, Σ K,	Waterville,	104 Front St.
CHASE, ALICE WHITE, Σ K,	Waterville,	10 Getchell St.
CORSON, EDITH NELLIE,	Waterville,	18 Temple Place.
*CURTIS, JESSIE GERTRUDE,	South Bridge, Mass.,	7 L. H.
FOSTER, RACHEL JONES, Σ K,	Woodfords,	11 Centre St.
HARRIMAN, ELEVIA BELLE,	Westboro, Mass.,	7 College Ave.
HOXIE, MAUD LOUISE, Σ K,	Waterville,	2 Centre Place.
HULL, ANNIE HANSCOME, Σ K,	Deering Center,	6 L. H.
LEMONT, MARY GERTRUDE,	Richmond,	3 D. H.
LOWE, ALICE FREEMAN,	Waterville,	7 Boutelle Ave.
MATTHEWS, MARGARET ETHEL,	Westbrook,	257 Main St.

McINTIRE, PEARL CLAYTON,	<i>Solon,</i>	22 School St.
*PARKER, DORA LUCINDA,	<i>Danversport, Mass.,</i>	1 D. H.
PURINGTON, ALICE MAY, Σ K,	<i>Waterville,</i>	40 Pleasant St.
PURINGTON, ETTA FRANCES,	<i>North Jay,</i>	3 D. H.
RUSSELL, GRACE LILIAN,	<i>Skowhegan,</i>	10 Union St.
SMALL, MOLLIE SEWALL, Σ K,	<i>Westbrook,</i>	9 Park St.
STETSON, AGNES CORINNA,	<i>North Vassalboro',</i>	6 L. H.
TOWARD, JOSIE ANNIE,	<i>Waterville,</i>	269 Main St.
WARD, JOSEPHINE THOMAS, Σ K,	<i>Augusta,</i>	10 Getchell St.
*WESTON, BERTHA ADELINE,	<i>Rockingham, Vt.,</i>	11 College Ave.
WILBUR, MARY LOUISA,	<i>Saxton's River, Vt.,</i>	11 College Ave.

* Partial Course.

Abbreviations.

S. C., South College ; C. H., Chaplin Hall ; L. H., Ladies' Hall ; D. H., Dr. Dunn's ; P. H., Palmer House.



Summary of Students.

	Men.	Women.	Total.
SENIORS	28	15	43
JUNIORS	21	15	36
SOPHOMORES	50	17	67
FRESHMEN	29	23	52
Total	128	70	198

Former Members of '96.

ELMER LINWOOD ABBOTT, Δ K E, <i>Berlin, N. H.</i>	ORVILLE JEWETT GUPTILL, Δ Y, <i>Waterville, Me.</i>
FRANK ROSWELL AVERILL, Δ K E, <i>Waterville, Me.</i>	BENJAMIN DONALD METCALF, Φ Δ Θ, <i>Damariscotta, Me.</i>
*BENJAMIN RALPH CRAM, Z Ψ, <i>Mount Vernon, Me.</i>	HAVEN METCALF, Δ Y, <i>Brown University.</i>
*CHARLES LAWRENCE CURTIS, A T Ω, <i>Royalton, Vt.</i>	FRANK H. L. PURINGTON, Φ Δ Θ, <i>Bates College.</i>
CHARLES EDWARD DOW, Δ Y, <i>Waterville, Me.</i>	LOWELL GRINDALL SALISBURY, Z Ψ, <i>Skowhegan, Me.</i>
HERBERT ERNEST FOSTER, Δ K E, <i>Winthrop, Me.</i>	HARRY LESLIE TRUWORTHY, <i>Newport.</i>
GEORGE HENRY WOODWARD.	

Ladies.

AUGUSTA COTTLE, Σ K, <i>Hodgdon, Me.</i>	LILLA AUGUSTA PRAY, Σ K, <i>Pawtucket, R. I.</i>
EDNA FLORENCE DASCOMBE, Σ K, <i>Colby, '98.</i>	INEZ MABEL TUBBS, <i>Norway, Me.</i>
ETHEL GOLDWAITE, Σ K, <i>Goshen, N. Y.</i>	NINA GERTRUDE VOSE, Σ K, <i>Colby, '97.</i>
FLORA MAY HOLT, Σ K, <i>Brown, '96.</i>	CHRISTINE FAYE TOOKER, Σ K, <i>Waterville.</i>
NELLIE MILDRED PATTEN, <i>Greene, Me.</i>	FRANCES HENRY BEARCE, Σ K, Deceased.

Statistics of '96.

NAME.	BORN IN.	DATE OF BIRTH.	HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.	RELIGIOUS PREFERENCE.	POLITICS.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.	ENGAGED.	FAVORITE STUDY.
Burton . . .	Me.	Aug. 13, '76	5 ft. 11 1/2	165	Episcopal	Republican	Teaching	No	Latin.
Coffin . . .	Ala.	June 31, '72	6 ft. 2	168	Baptist	Populist	Politician	No	None.
Cole . . .	Me.	March 24, '72	5 ft. 7	149	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	Married	Physics.
Collins . . .	Me.	Dec. 6, '74	5 ft. 10	145	None	Republican	Medicine	No	Chemistry.
Dunn . . .	Me.	Jan. 27, '77	5 ft. 5 1/2	143	Methodist	Republican	Undecided	No	Literature.
Durgan . . .	Me.	July 9, '70	5 ft. 6	150	Baptist	Republican	Electricity	No	Physics.
Foss . . .	Me.	June 14, '70	5 ft. 9 1/2	145	Baptist	Republican	Law	No ⁴	How to kill time.
Fuller . . .	Me.	Feb. 13, '75	5 ft. 7	135	Baptist	Republican	Undecided	No	Literature.
Getchell . . .	Me.	May 31, '71	5 ft. 10 1/2	162	Congregation'st	Republican	Chemist	No	Chemistry.
Hall, E. L. . .	Me.	Oct. 23, '73	6 ft.	165	None	Democrat	Business	No	Hebrew.
Hall, H. S. . .	Me.	April 16, '76	5 ft. 9 1/2	140	Baptist	Republican	Business	No ³	Never had any.
Hamilton . . .	Me.	July 18, '70	5 ft. 11	185	Baptist	Republican	Business	Yes	Political Economy.
Hanscom . . .	Me.	June 12, '75	5 ft. 10 1/2	160	Baptist	Republicn	Medicine	Yes	Chemistry.
Hubbard . . .	Me.	Aug. 8, '73	5 ft. 7	149	Baptist	Republican	Business	No	Mathematics.
Hutchinson . .	Me.	July 31, '71	5 ft. 9	155	Baptist	Republican	Work	No	Psychology.
Kimball . . .	Me.	May 14, '72	6 ft.	165	Unitarian	Republican	Undecided	No	Mathematics.
Lorimer . . .	P. Q.	May 2, '71	5 ft. 9	145	Baptist	Republican	Ministry	No	Literature.
Merrill . . .	Me.	July 30, '72	5 ft. 10 1/2	160	Baptist	Republican	Uncertain	No	His voice.
Padelford . . .	Mass.	Feb. 27, '75	6 ft. 2 1/2	160	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	Yes	Literature.
Peakes . . .	Mass.	May 30, '68	5 ft. 10 1/2	138	Baptist	Independent	Ministry	Yes	English.
Pratt . . .	Me.	Nov. 29, '72	5 ft. 10	170	Congregation'st	Republican	Medicine	No	Greek.
Pike . . .	Me.	Nov. 2, '66	5 ft. 9 1/2	140	Universalist	Republican	Teaching	Married	Physics.
Sawtelle . . .	Cal.	Feb. 12, '68	6 ft.	150	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	No ²	Hist. and Pol. Econ. ⁵
Thompson . . .	Me.	April 28, '73	5 ft. 10	215	None	Republican	Business	No	None.
Tooker . . .	N. S.	Nov. 25, '69	5 ft. 10	160	None	Prohibition	Teaching	Married	Geology.
Turner . . .	Me.	June 7, '66	5 ft. 7 1/2	158	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	No ⁴	Mathematics.
Watkins . . .	Md.	Oct. 28, '71	5 ft. 7	164	None	Republican	Undecided	No	Co-eds.
Wyman . . .	Me.	July 12, '73	5 ft. 8	145	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	Yes	Human Nature.
Miss Cheney . .	Mass.	Aug. 29, '74	5 ft. 6	138	Unitarian	Republican	Teaching	No	Greek.
Miss Crosswell .	Me.	April 17, '73	5 ft. 2 1/2	117	Congregation'st	Republican	Medicine	Conditionally	Chemistry.
Miss Dunn . . .	Me.	Jan. 5, '76	5 ft. 2	130	Methodist	Republican	Undecided	No	Literature.
Miss Edgecomb .	N. Y.	Feb. 14, '74	5 ft. 1 1/2	118	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	In all probability	Literature.
Miss Farr . . .	Me.	Sept. 22, '74	5 ft. 4	125	Baptist	Democrat	Teaching	Almost	Literature.
Miss French . . .	Me.	Dec. 27, '74	5 ft. 1	98	Congregation'st	Democrat	Medicine	Not just now	German.
Miss Hoxie . . .	Me.	Sept. 25, '73	5 ft. 4	125	Methodist	Republican	Teaching	No	Latin.
Miss Ilsley . . .	Me.	June 13, '73	5 ft. 3 1/2	125	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	Didn't accept	Literature.
Miss Mathews . .	Me.	Dec. 19, '71	5 ft. 5 1/2	135	Congregation'st	Republican	Teaching	No	Literature.
Miss Meserve . .	Me.	March 18, '73	5 ft. 4	120	Congregation'st	Republican	Teaching	No	Chemistry.
Miss Moffatt . .	Me.	Sept. 27, '73	5 ft. 3 1/2	130	Congregation'st	Democrat	Teaching	Ought to be	Literature.
Miss Pepper . . .	Pa.	March 20, '74	5 ft. 7	125	Baptist	Republican	Housekeeping	Yes	Literature.
Miss Pratt . . .	Me.	Nov. 1, '73	5 ft. 5 1/2	126	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	Yes	Literature.
Miss Robbins . . .	Me.	July 11, '71	5 ft. 4 1/2	135	Friend	Republican	Teaching	Yes, for next year	Literature.
Miss Whitman . .	Me.	Jan. 5, '73	5 ft. 6	125	Congregation'st	Republican	Undecided	Yes	History.

¹ Having a vacation at present. ² He says, "Tell the girls to come early and avoid the rush." ³ Will be soon. ⁴ 10 per cent. discount for cash. ⁵ Also French.

Statistics of '96.

	NICKNAME.	FAVORITE PASTIME.	HIGHEST AMBITION.	FIT FOR.	HONORABLE MENTION.	WILL DIE OF.
Burton.	Professor.	Chewing old Honesty (?)	Has none.	Swinging <i>dumb</i> bells.	Attended Church, Freshman Fall.	General decay.
Coffin.	Coff.	Stuffing Guilds.	To beat Bates.	A sexton.	Never missed a Baptist sociable.	Consumption.
Cole.	Al.	Eating.	To please Santa.	Fuel. ⁴	Got a wife.	Overdose of Physic(s).
Collins.	Dick.	Calling.	To be admired.	Utilizing darkness.	Stayed in Monday evening, Oct. 23.	Swollen brain.
Dunn.	Harry.	Chinning co-ords.	To be a flirt.	De-Bates.	Had his hair cut twice a year.	Brain fever.
Durgan.	Durg.	Minding his own business.	To be good.	Taking care of Turner.	Reading 3 lines of Santa's Writing.	Seeing the evil in the world.
Foss.	Fossil.	Lecturing.	To get a girl.	Divorce Lawyer.	Never lost his temper.	Disappointment in love.
Fuller.	Ben.	Arguing with Kim.	To reconstruct the Universe.	Tax collector.	Never was in haste.	Beaten to death in argument.
Getchell.	Getch.	Taking life easy.	To beat Pillsbury.	To occupy space.	Born in Shawmut.	Accidental haste.
Hall, H.	Hack.	Crimping his hair.	To have a snap.	Heaven.	Communes with mortals.	Not death, but transition.
Hall, E.	Ed.	Assisting Burton.	To get through.	Horse jockey.	Attended Chapel, November 7, 1894.	On the scaffold.
Hamilton.	Hammy.	Selling shoes.	To make a dollar.	Bunco steerer.	Never told a lie.	Fall off a high bluff.
Hanscom.	Hanse.	Working nights.	To be Prof. in Keely Inst.	Illing collars.	Kept awake through recitations, May 10, 1895.	Loss of sleep.
Hubbard.	Hubby.	Learning to talk. ¹	To do as he has done in the future.	Elocution teacher.	Had his picture in Lewiston Journal.	Cholera infantum.
Hutchinson.	Hutch.	Keeping quiet.	To run a shoe-factory.	Existence.	Raised a moustache.	Gradually petrified.
Kimball.	Kim.	Plugging.	To take an X.	Messenger boy.	Shunning evil companions.	Old age.
Lorimer.	Billy.	Listening to Hammy's stories.	To be a sport.	Flavor for Missionary stews.	Doesn't deserve any.	Suicide.
Merrill.	John.	Making music.	To equal Sandow.	Ash carrier.	Four years in chapel choir.	Cramp.
Padelford.	Paddle.	Punning. ²	It has been realized.	Ramrod.	Bums all his coal.	Immortal.
Peakes.	Fred.	Collecting shirts.	To preach at Good Will.	Prize fighter.	Sanctimonious expression.	From want of "pity."
Pike.	Jim.	Criticising. ³	To get a sheep-skin.	Coxey's army.	Always keeps an eye out.	Sudden surprise.
Pratt.	Herby.	Riding his wheel.	To beat Nelson.	Washing dishes.	Entertained Levi's girl.	Pneumatic fever.
Sawtelle.	Charles.	Talking bimetalism.	To go to Congress.	Stump speaker.	Grants that the Prof's know something.	(Jaw)indice.
Thompson.	Jimmy.	Sleeping.	To be popular with co-ords.	Alderman.	Wakes up for meals.	Fail to wake up.
Tooker.	Tom.	Rocking the cradle.	To shoot partridges.	Sawing wood.	For his promising family.	Lockjaw from tack in foot.
Turner.	Charlie.	Getting ready.	Same as Foss.	Almost nothing.	Wason time, date forgotten.	Never overtake death.
Watkins.	Wat.	Philosophizing.	Unknown.	Paradise lost.	Attended recitations occasionally.	Broken heart.
Wyman.	Levi.	Going home.	To play tennis.	Dime Museum.	He nose everything.	Heart failure.
Miss Cheney.	Cheney.	Teaching in Maine Woods.	Good standing as M.D.	A reader.	For solo work in choir.	Caught by goblins.
" Croswell.	Molly.	Chinning Teddy.	To reform the Profs.	A diplomat.	For cultivating Whiskers.	Fighting.
" Dunn	Flo.	Plugging.	To speak Aryan.	Φ B K.	For a frivolous character.	Translation.
" Edgecomb.	Little Come.	Skating.	To tell the latest.	Die Braut eines Journalisten.	For using good slang.	Like a rocket.
" Farr.	Eppie.	Going up stream.	To sing Grand Opera.	A companion.	For a good memory.	Forget to breathe.
" French.	Leute.	Bringing up Freshmen.	Has none.	Sugar and spice.	For founding M. D.'s	Of a broken heart.
" Hoxie.	Caro.	Dressmaking.	To awe the beholders.	A schoolma'am.	For singing in choir.	Like a swan.
" Ilsley.	Trudy.	Skating.	To go to Chicago.	Heaven.	For fainting gracefully	Early.
" Mathews.	Sara.	Gunning.	A stag of ten.	To warn, to comfort, to command.	For being good.	At her post.
" Meserve.	Preserves.	Reciting German.	President of M. D.'s	Mrs. L's place.	For calming the sick.	Inhaling chlorine gas.
" Moffatt.	Muff.	Receiving.	?	To make him happy.	For not curling her hair.	Of secret joy.
" Pepper.	Betty.	Walking.	To be a good cook.	Fred.	For outside work.	At the last moment.
" Pratt.	Ask Peakes.	Making up work.	To live to graduate.	Fred.	For using library.	Hard.
" Robbins.	Rebekah.	Tending the door.	To grind the poor.*	A tragedy queen.	For looking prim.	To the manner born.
" Whitman.	Evie.	Writing to Yale.	To be a joy forever.	A decorator.	For being a sister.	Gracefully.

* College book store. ¹ Pebbles in his mouth, à la Demosthenes. ² Learned it on Appleton St. ³ Destroying the reputation of the best authors. ⁴ In the next world.

Summary.



Men.

Whole number at the beginning of course, 41. Present membership, 28. The age of the oldest man is thirty years; of the youngest, nineteen. The average is twenty-four.

The heaviest weighs 215 pounds; the lightest, 135. The average is 150.

The tallest man stands 6 feet $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in his stockings; the shortest, 5 feet $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The average height is 5 feet 9 inches.

Seventeen of the Class are Baptists; two Congregationalists; one Methodist; one Universalist; one Unitarian; one Episcopalian.

There are twenty-four Republicans; one Democrat; one Populist; one Independent; and one Prohibitionist.

Seven will teach, five will enter business, and Law, Ministry, Medicine, Electricity and *work* will claim the attention of the others. Three are married, five engaged and more in hopes to be.

Women.

Whole number at the beginning of course, 25. Present number, 15. The age of the oldest is twenty-five; of the youngest, twenty. The average is twenty-three.

The heaviest weighs 138 pounds; the lightest, 98. The average is 125 pounds.

The tallest is 5 feet 7 inches; the shortest, 5 feet 1 inch. The average is 5 feet 4 inches.

Six are Congregationalists; five Baptists; two Methodists; Unitarian and Friend, one each.

There are thirteen Republicans and two Democrats.

Ten will teach, two will study medicine, two are undecided, and one will keep house.

Class of '96.



Men.

CLASS YELL:—'Rah ! 'Rah !

'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !

Colby ! Colby !

'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !

Hiyi ! Hiyi ! Hiyi ! Hix !

'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !

Ninety-Six.

CLASS COLORS: GOLDEN BROWN AND LIGHT BLUE.

Officers.

FRED M. PADEFORD, *President.*

CARLETON E. HUTCHINSON, *Historian.*

ALBERT W. LORIMER, *Vice-President.*

EVERETT L. GETCHELL, *Prophet.*

CHARLES B. FULLER, *Secretary.*

HARRY E. HAMILTON, *Marshall.*

ELFORD L. DURGAN, *Treasurer.*

HERBERT N. PRATT, *Toast-Master.*

HARRY W. DUNN, *Orator.*

WALTER L. HUBBARD, *Statistician.*

CHARLES B. KIMBALL, *Poet.*

JAMES M. PIKE, *Address to Undergraduates.*

FRED W. PEAKES, *Chaplain.*

CHARLES E. SAWTELLE, *Parting Address.*

Executive Committee.

CHARLES W. TURNER.

THOMAS C. TOOKER.

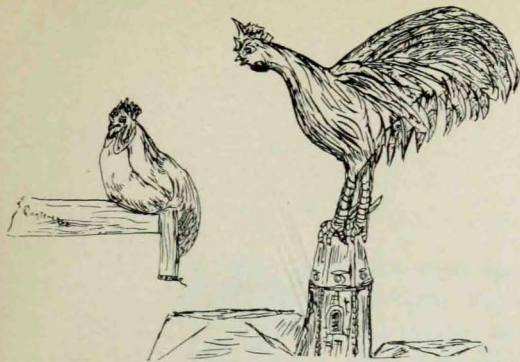
HASCALL S. HALL.

Committee on Odes.

JOHN B. MERRILL.

HOWARD C. HANSCOM.

ALBERT S. COLE.



History.



The class of '96 bases its claim to renown on the genuine services it has rendered to the college. While naturally modest, like all class historians, the present writer feels it a duty not only to the class, but to posterity, to record a few achievements as an example to coming classes.

In the first place, we brought to the college among our number an article of considerable value, which Colby happened to be out of just then,—a President. Under our guidance, the gentleman in question advanced the interests of the college in a marked degree. His own progress was so remarkable that he was allowed to take his senior work to us in his third year, at the end of which he graduated with high honors and went to the University. We had some feeling that the rest of us might justly have been allowed to do the same, but the trustees pointed out that we were not all as good scholars as Dr. Whitman, and thought it best for us to linger around another year. We realized ourselves that the Faculty would need our help. Assisted by Dr. Pepper, who entered with us, but had dropped back into the Faculty, we managed the affairs of the college very smoothly, until the arrival of Dr. Butler, who has since relieved us a good deal by attending to all the minor matters himself.

The college had been troubled for some time previous to our arrival, by a ferocious and unmannerly dragon called Phi Chi. With rare courage we attacked this creature. We did not kill it, but, rejecting the barbarous and inhuman policy of capital punishment, we reformed it and reduced it to a very harmless and commendable beast, which is now a credit to the college.

Nor have we neglected our social duties. In the words of the famous Sawtelle, we have "cared for the beautiful" with sedulous attention. We have been guided in this work by the classic motto, "Whole hog or none," in accordance with which we have allowed no flirtation to continue over three months unless the parties would sign a matrimonial agreement. By this policy we have husbanded (and wifed) our resources to a remarkable extent, and still there is more to follow.

We have altered the curriculum at the expense of great labor and personal discomfort, of which succeeding classes reap the benefit. We have also made sweeping and needed changes in the management of athletics. Having thus established all departments of the college on a new and sound basis, and broken in four or five new professors and two presidents, we feel that we can safely leave the college in the hands of the Faculty, assuring them that whenever they are in trouble in the future, we shall be glad to give them the benefit of our advice. Meanwhile we feel that we are needed elsewhere. Sawtelle has already refused two invitations to the Cabinet, and Congress is anxiously awaiting the publication of the "Settlement of the Silver Question" by Cole, Collins and Dunn. With a clear conscience, then, we leave for "fresh fields and pastures new."

Class of '96.



Women.

CLASS YELL:—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
Colby! Colby! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!
Hiyi! Hiyi! Hiyi! Hix!
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Ninety-Six.

CLASS COLORS: GOLDEN BROWN AND LIGHT BLUE.

Officers.

EVELYN M. WHITMAN, *President.*

EDNA S. MOFFATT, *Historian.*

GERTRUDE L. ILSLEY, *Vice-President.*

OLIVE L. ROBBINS, *Prophet.*

ADA E. EDGECOMB, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

FLORENCE E. DUNN, *Poet.*

CARO L. HOXIE, *Statistician.*

JESSIE E. PEPPER, *Address to Undergraduates.*

MARY S. CROSWELL, *Toast-Mistress.*

ADA E. EDGECOMB, *Parting Address.*

Executive Committee.

MARY S. CROSWELL.

OLIVE L. ROBBINS.

CARO L. HOXIE.

Committee on Odes.

FLORENCE E. DUNN.

ETHEL E. FARR.

SARA B. MATHEWS.

History.



WE ARE taught that the ultimate sources of historical knowledge are of two kinds, relics and traditions. Of these there are many varieties: calendars, biographies, memoirs and all such things. If this is true, *The History of the Girls of '96* is entirely orthodox, for it is found in the form of "relics" and "traditions." Our relics are in our *Memorabilias*. As for the traditions, just ask the other classes.

Then consult our calendars—any '96 calendar—they're full of blue-and-brown-letter days; go to our chronicles and annals, you'll find such items as this: "At the Dean's house, fifteen girls dressed a doll and ate Welsh Rarebit till midnight." This is the only record ever known of Senior girls who played with dolls, yet their dignity remains unimpeached.

Then investigate our biographies, just far enough to learn that we have wise, witty and winsome girls, pretty, practical and musical girls; girls who like to study, and girls who don't; girls who can write poetry, and girls who can't; girls who wear diamond rings on certain fingers, and girls who don't.

If you want any further light on our past, look into the memoirs. Here is the booty carefully preserved from our intellectual adventures. Here the groaning Senior article lies side by side with the sigh-covered German story; while the mournful Greek notes plaintively rise over the spires and turrets of Johns Hopkins University.

Last of all you must refer to the most reliable source of information for college girls' history—Ladies' Hall. Ask her if the times when her old floors trembled the hardest weren't the times when '96 girls were celebrating? Ask her if in her old walls there aren't stored up the merriest laughs that came from '96 girls? Ask her, too, if somewhere she hasn't traces of secret tears shed by these same girls? No, '96 girls have nothing extraordinary to record. There are no book-worms, no blue-stockings, among us: we are only fifteen girls who have had our share of work and honors as college-life goes, but who lay claim to little else except the fact that we have lived happily and loved each other.

Class of '97.



Men.

CLASS YELL :—Ninety-Seven, 'Rah, 'Rah ! Ninety-Seven, 'Rah, 'Rah !

Hobble, Gobble ! Razzle Dazzle ! Sis ! Boom ! Bah !

Colby, Ninety-Seven ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !! 'Rah !!!

CLASS COLORS: ORANGE AND BLACK.

Officers.

H. B. WATSON, *President.*

L. E. WALDRON, *Vice-President.*

A. G. WRIGHT, *Secretary.*

W. F. TITCOMB, *Treasurer.*

H. S. CROSS, *Orator.*

C. H. WHITMAN, *Poet.*

WM. HARTHORN, *Historian.*

H. S. PHILBRICK, *Awarder of Prizes.*

H. H. CHAPMAN, *Toast-Master.*

E. E. NOBLE, *Marshal.*

C. L. SNOW, *Chaplain.*

Executive Committee.

F. A. ROBERTS.

A. R. KEITH.

P. F. WILLIAMS.

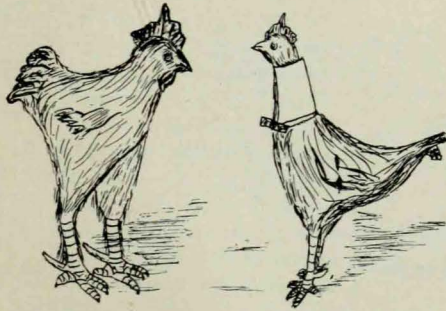
Committee on Odes.

W. H. HOLMES, JR.

G. K. BASSETT.

C. L. CLEMENT.

History.



To '97 the Junior year will soon be only a memory, but, before we step to the highest rung in the college ladder, and as Seniors, complacently or sadly, look back on the almost completed course, let us cast a preliminary glance downward from the height we have already attained. We have not on the whole been a brilliant aggregation. From the first we were few in numbers and our ranks have constantly grown thinner. Yet, in the face of these concessions, we, the members, have never been ashamed of the class of '97. Never through our Freshman year did we need the pity of others. We celebrated the Peanut Drunk and carried canes as fear-

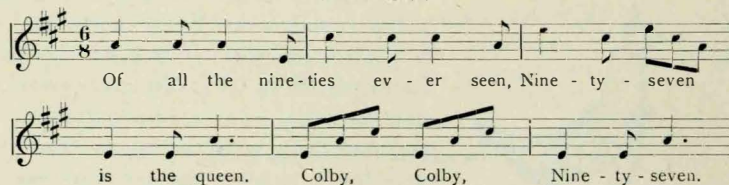
lessly as though the Sophomores did not outnumber us 3 to 2. In the class-room we took our X's and deficiencies with equal imperturbability. As Sophomores we undertook the thankless task of disciplining a fresh and furious mob, three times our number. Moreover, throughout the year, we respected every tradition and legend that ever haunted the Campus. We have long ago said good-bye to class-scrap. We now give our attention to the Professors rather than to their rooms. We as Juniors, have intended to bear ourselves as Juniors should, let the result seem as it may. There is little more to say. As a band of savages tread a forest and leave but a single path behind, so successive classes follow each other through the maze of a college course. '97 is no exception to the rule thus far, and so, content in the knowledge that her story has been told many a time better than she has told it, with a sigh of relief, she lays down the pen.

Class of '97.



Women.

CLASS YELL:



CLASS COLORS: LEMON AND LAVENDER.

Officers.

ELMIRA S. NELSON, *President.*

ANNIE L. KNIGHT, *Treasurer.*

TENA P. McCALLUM, *Vice-President.*

ALICE L. NYE, *Historian.*

HARRIET F. HOLMES, *Secretary.*

MERCY A. BRANN, *Poet.*

Executive Committee.

ANNIE L. KNIGHT.

NINA G. VOSE.

HELEN F. LAMB.

Editorial Committee.

MERCY A. BRANN.

MATTIE D. TRACY.

EDITH B. HANSON.

History.



ASHFUL maids with new-edged books,
Modest glances, downward looks,
Take the seats unkindly set
Just before the male quartette;
Take from prof's with timid awe
Copies of the college law,
Virtuously resolved to try
With each section to comply.
'Neath the gods in lighted hall,
Told by Seniors grave and tall:
Here's the place where, when term's done,
Prof's will send them just for fun,
On probation several weeks.
How suspense pales their fresh cheeks!
Fear—when after bell belated!
Oh, the joy!—matriculated!
On they go, reciting, plugging,
Thoughts of rank and duty hugging;
Close the year with banquet swell,
At an Exit say farewell.

Jolly maids return to bear
Duties of the Sophomore year.
With an Init they begin,
Lily-like, nor toil, nor spin.
Fresh plants given to their charge,
Water oft with pitchers large;

Articles reel off, in piles,
Face Genung with mocking smiles;
Botany's mazes lightly tread;
Physics take without a dread;
German poets by thousands learn,
Later cast on fire to burn.
Thus our maids, with mirth and fun,
Laugh at trials every one.
Second year is gone at last,
Exit leaves it to the past.

Fifteen maids in fall come back,
Naught in dignity they lack;
Calmly smile on Sophomore glee,
Gravely talk in library
Of the serious things of life,
Rome's downfall or Carlyle's wife,
Dalton's theory and such;
Converse hold at tea in Dutch;
Give the Freshmen good advice,
Even study once or twice;
Look back on their youthful days
With much pity, little praise,
With allowance, just a grain,—
Sophomore days were not in vain.
Out of these, they humbly trow,
There have come what they are *now*!

Class of '98.



Men.

CLASS YELL:—'Αλαλά! ἀλαλά! ἀλαλά!

νίκη ἐστὶ τὸ σύνθημα!

Colby, Ninety-Eight! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Boomerate! Boomerate!

Chi! Xi! Gamma! Alpha!

Colby, Ninety-Eight.

CLASS COLORS: PINK AND GRAY.

Officers.

A. E. LINSOTT, *President.*

H. R. DALRYMPLE, *Poet.*

B. C. RICHARDSON, *Vice-President.*

E. E. HALL, *Historian.*

H. S. ALLEN, *Secretary.*

W. L. MCFADDEN, *Orator.*

H. L. CORSON, *Treasurer.*

F. A. ROBINSON, *Prophet.*

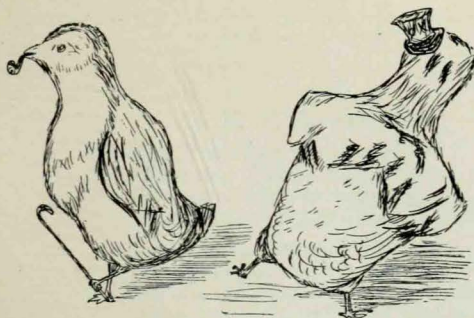
C. E. GURNEY, *Toast-Master.*

Executive Committee.

J. O. WELLMAN.

W. A. BATES.

J. E. NELSON.



I sit in this room of mine
Where I have been two years,
And view upon the walls around
My cherished souvenirs.
That yellow horn with its battered sides
Was scarred in our Freshman Fall,
When we taught the haughty Sophomores
The science of baseball.

That disk of wood on the mantel there
Is a piece of the famous cane
That Ninety-eight stood the college off
And fought their best to gain.
To think how Alden got it though,
And ran a quarter mile
With all the Sophomores at his heels,
Will always make me smile,

History.



That old tall hat with its red ΦΧ
Was worn on our exit night,
When Jerry stopped a brickbat
And stumped the town to fight ;
When Tolman worked the shell game,
And the cops all lingered near,
When Ninety-eight with song and jest
Ended their Freshman year.

This rope I used last Fall to bind
A too impatient guest,
Upon his way to Freshman joys,—
Ask Hall and John the rest.
Here's a ribbon and glove, and a faded flower
That speak to me, soft and low,
Of the loyal maidens of Ninety-eight,
Their receptions and—well, you know.

Horns, ribbons, hats and signs
Those by-gone scenes recall
Of rush and scrap and banquet,
Flirtations and football.
So here's to glorious Ninety-eight,
Who've never known defeat,
And with Captain Nash to lead us on,
We never can retreat.

Class of '98.



Women.

CLASS YELL :—'Α λυλά! ἀλαλά! ἀλαλά!

νίκη ἐστὶ τὸ σύνθημα!

Colby, Ninety-Eight. 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Boomerate! Boomerate!

Chi! Xi! Gamma! Alpha!

Colby, Ninety-Eight.

CLASS COLORS: PINK AND GRAY.

Officers.

C. BLANCHE WALKER, *President.*

MABEL A. HUMPHREY, *Vice-President.*

LAURA H. SMITH, *Secretary.*

INA S. TAYLOR, *Treasurer.*

JANET C. STEVENS, *Orator.*

MARY C. EVANS, *Poet.*

HELEN G. SULLIVAN, *Prophet.*

ELIZABETH SEARLES, *Historian.*

EDNA F. DASCOMBE, *Toast-Mistress.*

Executive Committee.

ALICE L. COLE.

EDITH M. COOK.

MARY H. DOW.

Committee on Odes.

ADA M. SNOWDEAL.

EDNA H. STEPHENS.

LENORA BESSEY.

History.

♦ ♦

Four Stranded Varns.

Y. W. C. A. RECEPTION.

Bear! Thou hast trod on my foot!
But pass! There's a room full of men,
And even a Sophomore astute
Must do such things now and then.
Thou only hast stepped unaware—
Malice not one can impute.
And why should a foot have been there
In the way of a twelve by nine boot?

SOPHS. AS AUTHORS.

Genesis and Psalms and Proverbs they ransacked,
Deuteronomy and Numbers their brains packed.
Shakespeare and the Bible, are they Parallel?
In a book of small dimensions they can tell.

David, Paul and Job and Moses
Flew into an eyeless rage.
Cherubim all blew their noses;
Weeping did their thoughts engage.
Bill looked down from fields Elysian,
Grinning broad in horrid glee,
"They are making me out better
Than I really ought to be."

IN JEBB.

Before.

Plato, thou reasonest well, I plainly see;
And what I have considered but a tree
Is but the form of heavenly things to be.

After.

Plato, thou art a sell! Thy sophistry
And all its branches *leave* out now for me;
For Prof. remarked, "I guess you're up a tree."

THE '98 DANCE.

The sands of time are sinking
In the carpet on the floor,
When a footstep softly slinking
Opes the parlor door.
Dust to dust! And dust the audience!
There avails no ruse,
If you've conscientiously been dancing
Kooche-kooche, loose.
Restless souls of little wand'ers
From the fold of sweet "my dears!"
And their owners scan the matron
Through their penitential tears.
"Poor little country maids!"

L'ENVOI.

Grey were the skies when "The Peace and Phillip"
we fought with
A space.
Pink grew the cheeks when we said "Requiescat
In *pace*,"
Sunshine and storm we have shared together—
Sophomores gay.
Níck the "word and the deed" forever
For the Pink and the Grey!

Class of '99.



Men.

CLASS YELL:—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Up to date,

Sure as fate,

That is what we are.

Ὑπὸ τῶν θεῶν, everything's our own,

ὠφελεία φίλοισι καὶ δαίμνι πολέμῳ.

In the college push,

We are in the line,

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Colby, Ninety-Nine.

CLASS COLORS: VIOLET AND WHITE.

Officers.

C. E. G. SHANNON, *President.*

F. E. GLIDDEN, *Vice-President.*

G. E. CORNFORTH, *Treasurer.*

W. L. WALDRON, *Secretary.*

A. C. ROBBINS, *Toast-Master.*

J. O. EELS, *Prophet.*

C. I. SPEAR, *Historian.*

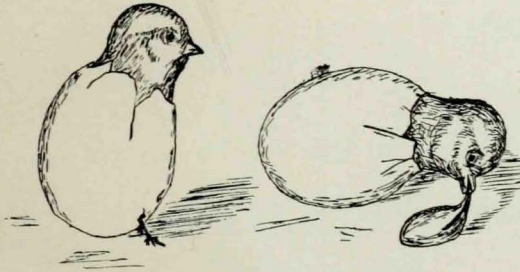
Executive Committee.

H. R. SPENCER.

H. A. HOYT.

H. S. BROWN.

History.



[There is no Freshman class, it is simply a collection of Freshmen. They have no history, but eminent authorities have made statements regarding them which we are glad to publish.]

The Freshman class is, so far as I am able to judge, the ablest, the most efficient, and the most intelligent class now pursuing studies in our institution ; and I esteem it not only a duty but a pleasure to speak of the ability, the integrity, and the dignity of the aggregation of which I am a member.

—FORREST EUGENE GLIDDEN.

The magnitude of the Freshman class surpasses all understanding.—WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS.

The Freshman class is composed of odds [co-ords] and ends.—HAROLD LIBBY HANSON.

An exceeding exemplary class.—MRS. LEAVENWORTH.

The Freshman class is a great class for rank. I can truly say that it is the rankest class in college.

—LABAN E. WARREN.

It is the — — class in this — — college.—JOSEPH OLIVER EELS.

It is tame here. They are all tenderfeet. Have fired my pistol but once, and then it was loaded with blank cartridges. I fired at nothing but a Sophomore.—DEADWOOD DICK.

(In his correspondence with Buffalo Bill.)

Small potatoes and few in a hill.—VARNEY ARTHUR PUTNAM.

(From Aroostook.)

We had nothing like it at Chicago.—NATHANIEL BUTLER, JR.

There is a chance for the college to do great things for the incoming class.—WATERVILLE MAIL.

Class of '99.



Women.

CLASS YELL:—'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Up to date,

Sure as fate,

That is what we are.

'Υπὸ τῶν θεῶν, everything's our own,

ὠφελεία φίλοισι καὶ δαίνα πολέμων.

In the college push,

We are in the line,

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

Colby, Ninety-Nine.

CLASS COLORS: VIOLET AND WHITE.

Officers.

HELENE H. BOWMAN, *President.*

BERTHA A. WESTON, *Orator.*

JOSEPHINE T. WARD, *Vice-President.*

ANNIE H. HULL, *Poet.*

ALICE W. CHASE, *Secretary.*

JENNIE M. BUCK, *Historian.*

MARY G. LEMONT, *Treasurer.*

JESSIE G. CURTIS, *Prophet.*

DORA L. PARKER, *Toast-Mistress.*

Executive Committee.

ALICE M. PURINTON.

ELEVIA B. HARRIMAN.

MARY L. WILBUR.

Committee on Odes.

ANNIE H. HULL.

DORA L. PARKER.

MAUD L. HOXIE.

History.



"Little maid, little maid,
Where have you been?"
I've been up to college
My fate for to spin.

"Little maid, little maid,
What did you there?"
I let down my dresses
And put up my hair.

"Little maid, little maid,
What did you then?"
I gave a reception
To some queer men.

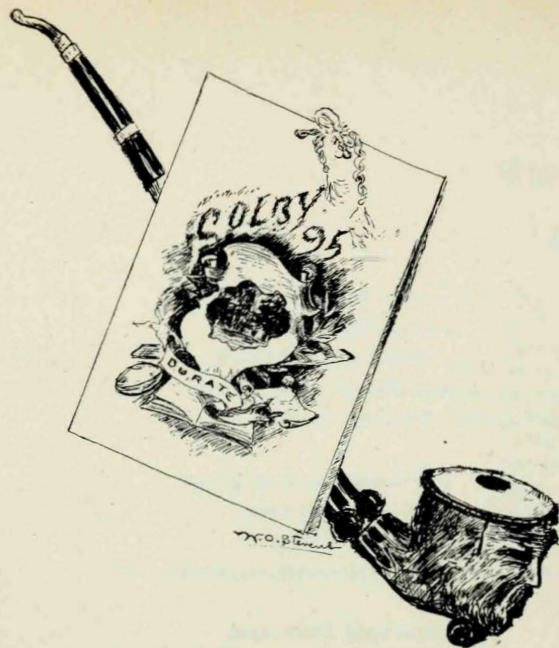
I frizzled my ringlets,
So fluffy and fine,
But nobody came
Till the clock struck nine.

I've studied my lessons,
Both Latin and Greek,
And French without limit
I fluently speak.

I've bought me some glasses
To put on my nose,
And frighten away
Those presumptuous beaux.

"Little maid, little maid,
Do as you're told,
And you shall talk Sanskrit
When you are old.

"Speak when you're spoken to,
Come when you're bid,
Be a good child
And you will not be chid."



Senior Class Day.

July 2, 1895.



Order of Exercises.

At the Church.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Histories—Gentlemen, HENRY WYMAN NICHOLS.

—Ladies, MARY BLANCHE LANE.

SINGING OF CLASS ODE.

Address to Undergraduates, LILA PENDLETON HARDEN.

MUSIC.

Oration, J. COLBY BASSETT.

MUSIC.

On the Campus.

MUSIC.

Prophecies—Gentlemen

—Ladies

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

HOMER TARBOX WATERHOUSE.

EMMA FOUNTAIN.

PIPE ODE.

SMOKING PIPE OF PEACE.

MUSIC.

Address to Undergraduates

Parting Address

MELVIN ERASTUS SAWTELLE.

ALBERT L. BLANCHARD.

MUSIC.

CHEERING THE HALLS.

Class Ode.

AIR—*In Happy Moments.*

Upon Time's busy whirling loom
Fate wove a thread of gold,
At times, unseen through dust and gloom,
And yet, of strength untold.
Through years of sunshine, years of shade,
The golden thread has run;
Its glint of brightness shall not fade;
It binds our class in one.

The morning's benediction sweet
Breathes on us ere we turn,
The untried field of life to greet,
Where each may honors earn.
All that we hitherto have won
No longer ours we call:
The work before us to be done,
Is grander than them all.

Yet, "standing with reluctant feet,"
Our thoughts turn once again,
To college fellowship so sweet,
With blending joy and pain.
Now answering Duty's whisper low,
With hope and courage high,
We gladly face the future's glow
Slow reddening all the sky.

Seventy-Fourth Annual Commencement.

(Seventy-Fifth Anniversary)

Wednesday, July 3, 1895.



Appointments.

"The New South"	JOSIAH COLBY BASSETT.
*"Christianity and Buddhism"	ALICE MABEL BRAY.
*"Individuality"	CLIO MELISSA CHILCOTT.
"Atrocities in Armenia"	LINDA GRAVES.
"The Destiny of the Saxon"	FRED BRYANT.
*"Norse Mythology"	JOHN HEDMAN.
"An Era of Democracy"	ALBERT TURNER LANE.
*"The Question of Strikes"	HENRY WYMAN NICHOLS.
"Alexander Hamilton"	FREDERICK EDWIN NORRIS.
*"The Grecian Drama"	JOHN FOSTER PHILBROOK.
"The Three Selves"	CLARA BELLE TOZIER.
*"English Letters"	CARRIE MAY TRUE.
"Silver and Gold"	WILLIAM LEE WATERS.

* Excused.

Degrees Conferred.



Bachelor of Arts.

To the members of the graduating class.

Master of Arts.

In Course.

To George A. Andrews, William B. Andrews, Charles P. Barnes, Charles C. Cohen, Winifred N. Donovan, Albert G. Hurd, Charles A. Merrill, Daniel G. Munson, Harry L. Pierce, all of the class of '92.

Out of Course.

To Caleb B. Frye, '80; John Freeman Tilton, '88; Horatio B. Knox, '81; George R. Campbell, '92.

Honorary Degrees.

Master of Arts.

To Rev. Charles Clarence Spear, of Sanford.

Doctor of Divinity.

To Professor Nathaniel Butler, '73. Chicago University; Rev. George E. Merrill, Newton, Mass.; Pres. George E. Chase of Bates College, Lewiston.

Doctor of Laws.

To Hon. William P. Whitehouse, '63, of Augusta; Hon. Percival Bonney, '63, Portland.

Presentation Day.

July 1, 1895.



Order of Exercises.

MUSIC.

Oration C. E. DOW.
Poem FLORENCE E. DUNN.

PRAYER.

CLASS ODE.

MUSIC.

History of Gentlemen C. B. KIMBALL.
History of Ladies JESSIE E. PEPPER.

MUSIC.

AWARDING OF PRIZES J. L. THOMPSON.

R. J.—Reformed Jockey—Whip E. L. HALL.
M. B.—Monumental Bluffer—Brass Filings H. E. HAMILTON.
B. B. C.—Baseball Crank—Bat and Ball C. E. SAWTELLE.
O. S. M.—Our Society Man—Dancing Pumps I. F. BURTON.
O. H. E.—Our Harmless Egotist—Pedestal F. W. PEAKES.
O. F. C.—Our Fair Canoeist—Paddle J. E. PEPPER.
'96's A. O.—Affluent Orators { Box of Ideas W. L. HUBBARD.
 Book of Diagrams C. W. TURNER.
Ninety-Eight.—Squirt Gun F. A. KING.

Presentation of Picture—Raphael's Transfiguration.



Presentation Ode.

AIR—Oh! Give me a Home by the Sea.

O strong to uplift and inspire,
O mother of wisdom and might,
Who teachest us still to aspire
And armest our souls for the fight :
In return for the heaven-born fire
With which thou hast lighted our night,
To-day we would show our desire
To praise thee and thank thee aright.

The painter has striven to show
The heavenly glory to man,
And has captured a hint of the glow
That shone ere the ages began.
The light of that face we would throw
On the walls of thy hall, if we can,
That men may behold it and know
How the tide of our gratitude ran.

Seventy-Fifth Anniversary.

July 3, 1895.



Address.

"The College Ideal and American Life" PROF. NATHANIEL BUTLER, A.M., CLASS '73.

Anniversary Ode.

By REV. S. F. SMITH, D.D., Author of the National Hymn, "*America*."

Blest be the men, the ancient men,
Who once these sacred pathways trod,
Nobly fulfilled their course, and then
Retired to rest with fame and God.

High priests of knowledge, brave and true,
They lived, the distant years to bless;
Born for the times, a faithful few,
Their zeal achieved sublime success.

The plans they formed, the ends they sought,
Have all the wrecks of time defied;
The works their hands with wisdom wrought,
A holy influence, still abide.

Fair seat of learning! onward still
Grandly pursue thy high career,
While thousands shall their course fulfil,
Proud that their youth was nurtured here.

Delta Kappa Epsilon.

1845 Fiftieth Anniversary of Xi Chapter. 1895

July 2, 1895.



Programme.

MUSIC.

Invocation, PROF. NATHANIEL BUTLER, XI '73.

MUSIC.

History, FRANK W. JOHNSON, XI '91.

MUSIC—Δ K E WALTZ.

Oration, HON. WM. P. WHITEHOUSE, XI '63.

MUSIC—Δ K E MARCH.

Poem, LESLIE C. CORNISH, ESQ., XI '75.

SONG :—We Hail thee, Holy Goddess.

Presiding Officer of the Evening :—HON. JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND.

Junior Exhibition.

Baptist Church, July 1, 1895.



Programme.

MUSIC.

Oliver Cromwell,	CHAS. EDWARD DOW.
The Uses of Poetry,	ETHEL ELIZABETH FARR.
Webster's Great Mistake,	HARRY WESLEY DUNN.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

MUSIC.

*Our Hero Martyr,	HENRY WARREN FOSS.
A Death in the Desert,	SARA BLANCHE MATHEWS.
A Friend of the Poor,	MARTHA CLARA MESERVE.
The Fall of Jerusalem,	EVERETT LAMONT GETCHELL.

MUSIC.

English Sonnets,	FRED MORGAN PADELFORD.
Letter-Writing,	OLIVE LOUISE ROBBINS.
The Puritan Idea: the Corner-stone of the Nation,	FRED WILLIAM PEAKES.

MUSIC.

• Excused.

Senior Exhibition with Junior Parts.

Baptist Church, December 13, 1895.



MUSIC.

*† Greek Version from the Latin of Cicero	FRED ELMER TAYLOR.
* Greek Version from the Latin of Terence	ALICE LOUISE NYE.
The New Uncle Tom's Cabin	HASCALL SHAILER HALL.
The English Opium-Eater	FLORENCE ELIZABETH DUNN.
Tennyson's Place in Literature	FRED WILLIAM PEAKES.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

MUSIC.

*† Latin Version from the Greek of Plato	GEORGE KEMBLE BASSETT.
*† Latin Version from the Greek of Æschylus	EDITH BRAGG HANSON.
*† French Version from the German of Lessing	HARRY BATES WATSON.
* German Version from the French of Jacques Avril	OCTAVIA WHITING MATHEWS.
The Venezuelan Question	ALBERT SAWYER COLE.
Scotch Songs	JESSIE ELIZABETH PEPPER.
"My Country, 'Tis of Thee"	HENRY WARREN FOSS.

MUSIC.

* English Version from the German of Tzschirner	CHARLES HUNTINGTON WHITMAN.
*† English Version from the French of Voltaire	HELEN MACGREGOR HANSOM.
Fra Lippo Lippi	ETHEL ELIZABETH FARR.
The World's Oldest Poem	FRED MORGAN PADELFORD.
A Boy Genius	OLIVE LOUISE ROBBINS.
The Jew of Tarsus	HARRY WESLEY DUNN.

MUSIC.

* Junior Part. † Excused.

New England Intercollegiate Debating League.

Colby vs Bates.

City Hall, Lewiston, Thursday, February 27, 1896.



MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

DISCUSSION.

Resolved.—That the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of 16 to 1 should be the financial policy of our government.

Affirmative.

ALBERT SAWYER COLE,
RICHARD COLLINS,
HARRY WESLEY DUNN,
of Colby.

Negative.

C. E. MILLIKEN,
J. STANLEY DURKEE,
A. B. HOWARD,
of Bates.

MUSIC.

PRIZE AWARDED TO THE NEGATIVE.

Judges.:—PRESIDENT WILLIAM DEWITT HYDE, COL. F. N. DOW, HON. M. P. FRANK.

Presiding Officer.:—MAYOR F. L. NOBLE.

The New England Intercollegiate Debating League.



The formation of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League is but a part of the movement that has been spreading through the colleges of the country for some years past,—a movement looking to the establishment of some other means of testing the relative powers of rival colleges beside an appeal to muscle. College spirit and college rivalry are good things, and especially so, when they are developed along the lines of work for which pre-eminently the college is intended.

For some time the colleges of the West have been giving a good deal of attention to intercollegiate debating contests, and though the movement has progressed more slowly in the East, it has nevertheless been felt. The New England League owes its existence largely to the enthusiasm and energy of Clifford Thorn, of Boston University, now the president of the League. It includes at present only four colleges: Boston University, Wesleyan, Bates and Colby. It is hoped, however, that another year will see a large number of the smaller New England colleges added to its membership.

Meanwhile the beneficial effects upon our own college can already be seen. The interest in debating has been greatly increased, and has shown itself in the establishment of a Sophomore Prize Debate in addition to the customary Junior Debate. There has also been more or less talk about the formation of a public debating society, to afford a better opportunity for developing the talent of the college along this line. The plan is a good one and it is to be hoped that its realization is not far off.

Junior Prize Debate.

Baptist Church, March 6, 1896.



MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

DEBATE.

QUESTION: *Resolved*,—That the Greenbacks should be retired from circulation.

Affirmative.

ERNEST EUGENE NOBLE,

HARMON STEVENS CROSS,

WILLIAM HARTHORN.

Negative.

ARTHUR GOODWIN WRIGHT,

CHARLES HUNTINGTON WHITMAN,

FRED ELMER TAYLOR.

MUSIC.

Prize Awarded to the Affirmative.

MUSIC.

Judges:—PROF. JULIAN D. TAYLOR. HON. W. C. PHILBROOK. REV. W. F. BERRY.

Sophomore Declamation.

Baptist Church, Friday Evening, May 17, 1895.



Programme.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Mr. Cleveland's Foreign Policy, HERBERT SHAW PHILBRICK.
The Fore-Room Rug, EDITH BRAGG HANSON.
A Plea for the Continuance of Fast Day, CHARLES HUNTINGTON WHITMAN.
Sunshine, ELMIRA STARR NELSON.

MUSIC.

The Statue Scene from "Winter's Tale," *DE LAFAYETTE FLINT.
Botany Bay, MATTIE DUNLAP TRACY.
The Home in the Government, CHARLES LAFAYETTE SNOW.
The Last Ride Together, HELEN MACGREGOR HANSCOM.

MUSIC.

An Appeal for a Higher American Manhood, FRED ELMER TAYLOR.
Scene from "Ingomar," GRACE GATCHELL.
Remarks on the Eighty-fifth Birthday of Samuel Francis Smith, GEORGE KEMBLE BASSETT.
The Race Problem, HARRY BATES WATSON.

MUSIC.

• Excused.

Freshman Reading.

Baptist Church, Friday Evening, May 3, 1895.



MUSIC.

Selection from "Cape Cod Folks,"	LENORA BESSEY.
Taking the Census,	ARTHUR WORDSWORTH CLEAVES.
The New Lochinvar,	OTIS WILLIAMS FOYE.
Malibran and the Young Musician,	NORMAN KEITH FULLER.

PRAYER.

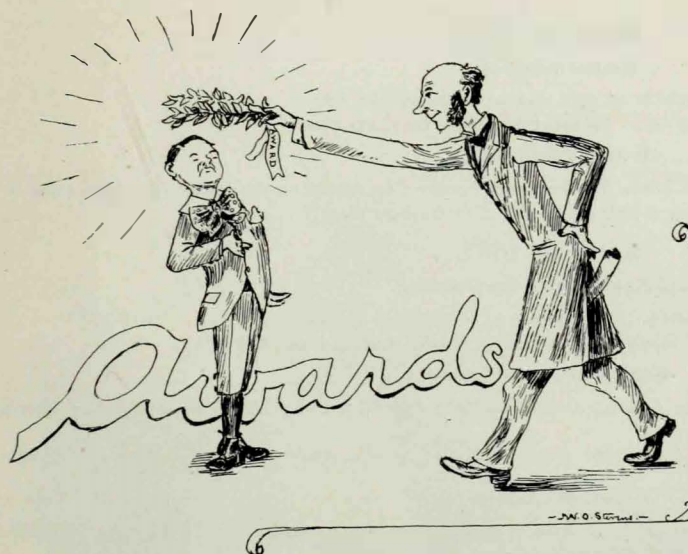
MUSIC.

MUSIC.

Selection from "Captain January,"	MARY CAROLINE EVANS.
As Warriors Die,	EVERETT CARLETON HERRICK.
Governor Endicott and the Red Flag,	FREDERIC ALONZO KING.
Marse Chan,	BERTRAM CARVER RICHARDSON.

MUSIC.

The Duchess May,	HELEN GERTRUDE SULLIVAN.
Shadow—A Parable,	EVERETT SOMES TREWORGY.
The Pilot's Story,	JUSTIN OWEN WELLMAN.
Selection from "Melody,"	CHARLES MELLEN WOODMAN.



For the Year
1895—1896.

Class of 1895.

Senior Exhibition.

MEN : Prize for excellence in composition to Josiah Colby Bassett.

WOMEN : Divided between Alice Mabel Bray and Abbie Emma Fountain.

German Prizes.

MEN : First Prize to John Hedman ; Second Prize to Josiah Colby Bassett.

WOMEN : First Prize to Abbie Emma Fountain ; Second Prize to Linda Graves.

Class of 1896.

Junior Exhibition.

MEN : First Prize to Fred Morgan Padelford ; Second Prize to Harry Wesley Dunn.

WOMEN : First Prize to Olive Louise Robbins ; Second Prize to Martha Clara Meserve.

Junior Prize Debate.

To Albert Sawyer Cole, Richard Collins, Harry Wesley Dunn, speakers appointed on the affirmative of the question :
" Resolved, that the English form of government is better than that of the United States."

Class of 1897.

Sophomore Prize Declamation.

MEN : First Prize to George Kemble Bassett ; Second Prize to Fred Elmer Taylor.

WOMEN : (Hamlin Prizes) First Prize to Mattie Dunlap Tracy ; Second Prize to Grace Gatchell.

Honorary Junior Parts.

MEN : *Greek*, Fred Elmer Taylor ; *Latin*, George Kemble Bassett ; *French*, Harry Bates Watson ; *English*, Charles Huntington Whitman.

WOMEN : *Greek*, Alice Louise Nye ; *Latin*, Edith Bragg Hanson ; *German*, Octavia Whiting Mathews ; *English*, Helen MacGregor Hanscom.

Junior Prize Debate.

To Ernest Eugene Noble, Harmon Stevens Cross, William Abram Harthorn, speakers appointed on the affirmative of the question : " Resolved, that the Greenbacks should be withdrawn from circulation."

Class of 1898.

Hamlin Prizes in Reading.

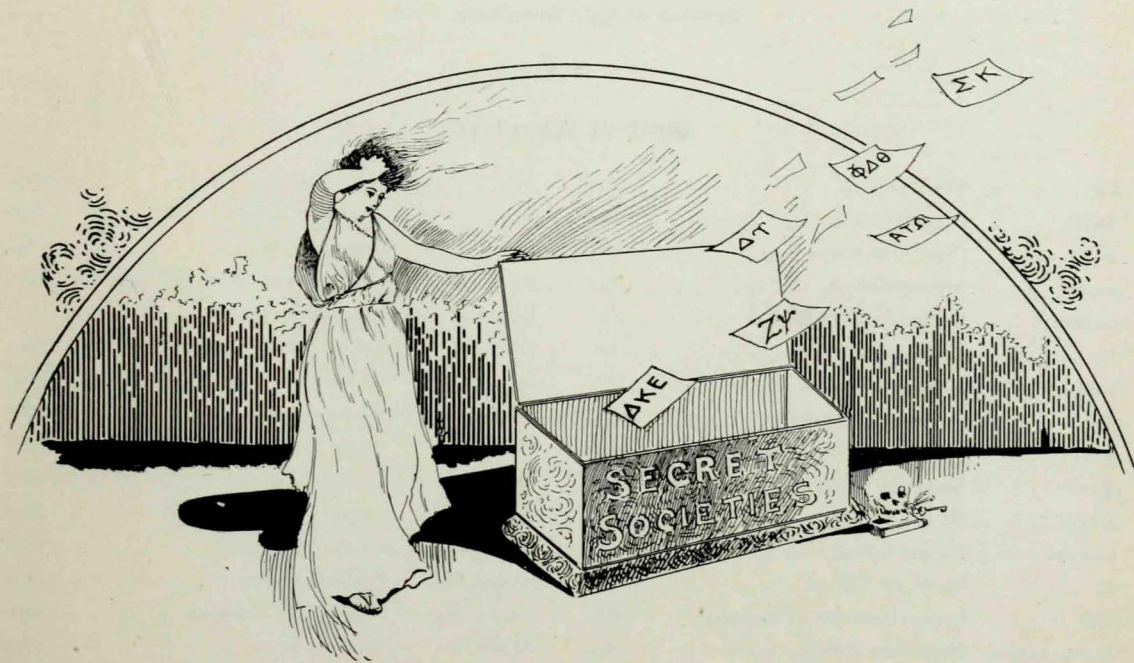
MEN : First Prize to Everett Carleton Herrick ; Second Prize to Frederic Alonzo King.

WOMEN : First Prize to Helen Gertrude Sullivan ; Second Prize to Lenora Bessey.

Class of 1899.

Entrance Prize.

Prize for superior excellence in preparation for college to Henry Russell Spencer, from Coburn Classical Institute, Waterville.



Delta Kappa Epsilon.

Founded at Yale University, 1844.



Roll of Chapters.

PHI	Yale University	1844	RHO	Lafayette College	1855
THETA	Bowdoin College	1844	TAU	Hamilton College	1856
XI	Colby University	1845	MU	Colgate University	1856
SIGMA	Amherst College	1846	NU	College of the City of New York	1856
GAMMA	Vanderbilt University	1847	BETA PHI	University of Rochester	1856
PSI	University of Alabama	1847	PHI CHI	Rutgers College	1861
UPSILON	Brown University	1850	PSI PHI	De Pauw University	1866
CHI	University of Mississippi	1850	GAMMA PHI	Wesleyan University	1867
BETA	University of North Carolina	1851	PSI OMEGA	Rensselaer Polytechnic	1867
ETA	University of Virginia	1852	BETA CHI	Adelbert College	1868
KAPPA	Miami University	1852	DELTA CHI	Cornell University	1870
LAMBDA	Kenyon College	1852	PHI GAMMA	Syracuse University	1871
PI	Dartmouth College	1853	GAMMA BETA	Columbia College	1874
IOTA	Central University of Kentucky	1854	THETA ZETA	University of California	1876
ALPHA ALPHA	Middlebury College	1854	ALPHA CHI	Trinity College	1879
OMICRON	University of Michigan	1855	PHI EPSILON	University of Minnesota	1889
EPSILON	Williams College	1855	SIGMA TAU	Massachusetts Institute of Technology	1890



XI Chapter.

Established in 1845.



Frates in Urbe.

APPLETON A. PLAISTED, '51.
Hon. REUBEN FOSTER, '55.
Prof. EDWARD W. HALL, '62.
Rev. ASA L. LANE, '62.
Hon. FRED A. WALDRON, '68.
Pres. NATHANIEL BUTLER, '73.

DANA P. FOSTER, '91.
Rev. W. H. SPENCER, D.D., Upsilon, '66.
Prof. FRANK W. JOHNSON, '91.
Rev. T. J. VOLENTINE, Upsilon, '67.
Prof. HENRY C. JACKSON, Theta, '89.
Prof. CARLTON B. STETSON, '81.

FRANK K. SHAW, '81.
WILLIAM PULSIFER, M.D., '86.
HARVEY D. EATON, '87.
ALBERT F. DRUMMOND, '88.
ELWOOD T. WYMAN, '90.
JOHN HEDMAN, '95.

Frates in Universitate.

1896.

RICHARD COLLINS.
H. WARREN FOSS.
HASCALL S. HALL.

HOWARD C. HANSCOM.
WALTER L. HUBBARD.
FRED M. PADELFOED.

CHARLES E. SAWTELLE.
JAMES L. THOMPSON, JR.
HARRY T. WATKINS.

1897.

GEORGE K. BASSETT.
HANNIBAL H. CHAPMAN.

ALBERT R. KEITH.
HERBERT S. PHILBRICK.
HENRY H. PUTNAM, JR.

CHARLES H. WHITMAN.
FRED E. TAYLOR.

1898.

HENRY H. CUSHING.
HENRY R. DALRYMPLE.

CHARLES M. DRUMMOND.
FRED A. KING.
BERTRAM C. RICHARDSON.

CHARLES M. WOODMAN.
ARTHUR L. HOLMES.

1899.

COLIN HENRY DASCOMBE.
HAROLD LIBBY HANSON.
ERNEST HENRY MALING.

VARNEY ARTHUR PUTNAM.
RALPH HORNER RICHARDSON.
CHARLES EMERY GOULD SHANNON.

RICHARD CUTTS SHANNON.
HENRY RUSSELL SPENCER.
WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS.

Beta Psi.

Founded at University of City of New York, 1846.



Roll of Chapters.

PHI	University of City of New York	1846
ZETA	Williams College	1848
DELTA	Rutgers College	1848
SIGMA	University of Pennsylvania	1850
CHI	Colby University	1850
EPSILON	Brown University	1852
KAPPA	Tufts College	1855
TAU	Lafayette College	1857
UPSILON	University of North Carolina	1858
XI	University of Michigan	1858
PI	Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute	1865
LAMBDA	Bowdoin College	1868
PSI	Cornell University	1869
IOTA	University of California	1870
THETA XI	University of Toronto	1879
ALPHA	Columbia College	1879
ALPHA PSI	McGill University	1883
NU	Case School of Applied Sciences	1885
ETA	Yale University	1889
MU	Leland Stanford, Jr. University	1891
BETA	University of Virginia	1892



Chi Chapter.

Established 1850.



Frates in Urbe.

HON. SIMON S. BROWN, '58.
COL. FRANCIS E. HEATH, '58.
HON. NATHANIEL MEADER, '63.
FRANK A. SMITH, '64.
FREDRICK C. THAYER, M.D., '64.
R. WESLEY DUNN, '68.

EVERETT M. STACY, '76.
THOMAS W. KIMBALL, Δ '81.
HON. W. C. PHILBROOK, '82.
FRANK B. HUBBARD, '84.
SHERIDAN PLAISTED, '86.
WILLIAM W. MERRILL, '88.
J. FRED HILL, M.D.

STEPHEN STARK, '92.
DENNIS E. BOWMAN, '93.
AUSTIN H. EVANS, '94.
CLARENCE E. TUPPER.
ALTON F. TUPPER, '95.
WILLIAM L. WATERS, '95.

Frates in Universitate.

1896.

ELFORD LINDSEY DURGAN.
CHARLES BENJAMIN KIMBALL.

CHARLES WINSLOW TURNER.
HARRY WESLEY DUNN.

1898.

CLAYTON KINGMAN BROOKS,
ROBERT BETTS AUSTIN.
LYNNE FRANCIS ADAMS.

GEORGE ADAM WILSON, JR.
FRANK WENTWORTH ALDEN.
WILLIAM WIRT BROWN.

JOHN EDWARD NELSON.
WILLARD LOWELL MACFADDEN.
THEODORE RAYMOND PIERCE.

1899.

ALFRED SPRAGUE GOODY.
HENRY AMBROSE HOYT.

FRANK HOWARD STEWART.
HENRY ALLEN LAMB.

ALBERT CYRUS ROBBINS.
JOHN MUSSEY PLUMMER.

Delta Upsilon.

Founded at Williams College, 1834.



Roll of Chapters.

Williams College	1834	Syracuse University	1863
Union College	1838	University of Michigan	1877
Amherst College	1847	Northwestern University	1880
Hamilton College	1847	Harvard University	1880
Adelbert College	1847	University of Wisconsin	1885
Colby University	1850	Lafayette College	1885
University of Rochester	1852	Columbia College	1885
Middlebury College	1856	Lehigh College	1885
Bowdoin College	1857	Tufts College	1886
Rutgers College	1858	DePauw University	1887
Brown University	1860	University of Pennsylvania	1888
University of the City of New York	1865	University of Minnesota	1890
Colgate University	1865	Massachusetts Institute of Technology	1891
Cornell University	1869	Swarthmore College	1893
Marietta College	1870		



Colby Chapter.

Established 1852.

Re-established 1878.



Fratres in Arte.

Hon. EDMUND F. WEBB, '60.

Rev. G. Y. WASHBURN, Amherst.

HORATIO R. DUNHAM, '86.

JOEL F. LARRABEE, '87.

CHARLES E. DOW.

Fratres in Universitate.

1896.

BENJAMIN COFFIN.

ALBERT S. COLE.

CHARLES B. FULLER.

EVERETT L. GETCHELL.

HARRY E. HAMILTON.

JOHN B. MERRILL.

1897.

CHARLES L. CHAMBERLAIN.

WILLIAM H. HOLMES, JR.

ERNEST E. NOBLE.

CHARLES L. SNOW.

HARRY B. WATSON.

1898.

ARTHUR W. CLEAVES.

HARRY M. GERRY.

FRED G. GETCHELL.

CHARLES E. GURNEY.

EVERETT C. HERRICK.

IRA F. INGRAHAM.

LEVI T. PATTERSON.

FRED P. H. PIKE.

JOHN E. STEVENSON.

EVERETT S. TREWORGY.

JUSTIN O. WELLMAN.

1899.

JOSEPH O. EELS.

GEORGE A. MARTIN.

AMBROSE B. WARREN.

Phi Delta Theta.

Founded at Miami University, 1848.



Roll of Chapters.

OHIO ALPHA	Miami University	1848	IOWA ALPHA	Iowa Wesleyan University	1871
INDIANA ALPHA	Indiana University	1849	GEORGIA GAMMA	Mercer University	1872
KENTUCKY ALPHA	Center College	1850	OHIO DELTA	University of Wooster	1872
INDIANA BETA	Wabash College	1851	NEW YORK ALPHA	Cornell University	1872
WISCONSIN ALPHA	University of Wisconsin	1857	PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA	Lafayette College	1873
ILLINOIS ALPHA	Northwestern University	1859	CALIFORNIA ALPHA	University of California	1873
INDIANA GAMMA	Butler University	1859	MICHIGAN BETA	Michigan Agric't'l College	1873
OHIO BETA	Ohio Wesleyan University	1860	VIRGINIA BETA	University of Virginia	1873
INDIANA DELTA	Franklin College	1860	VIRGINIA GAMMA	Randolph Macon College	1874
INDIANA EPSILON	Hanover College	1860	OHIO EPSILON	Buchtel College	1875
MICHIGAN ALPHA	University of Michigan	1864	NEBRASKA ALPHA	University of Nebraska	1875
INDIANA ZETA	De Pauw University	1868	VIRGINIA DELTA	Richmond College	1875
OHIO GAMMA	Ohio University	1868	PENNSYLVANIA BETA	Pennsylvania College	1875
VIRGINIA ALPHA	Roanoke University	1869	PENNSYLVANIA GAMMA	Wash'gton & Jefferson Coll.	1875
MISSOURI ALPHA	Missouri University	1870	NORTH CAROLINA BETA	University of N. Carolina	1875
ILLINOIS DELTA	Knox College	1871	TENNESSEE ALPHA	Vanderbilt University	1876
GEORGIA ALPHA	University of Georgia	1871	MISSISSIPPI ALPHA	University of Mississippi	1877
GEORGIA BETA	Emory College	1871	ALABAMA ALPHA	University of Alabama	1877

ILLINOIS EPSILON	Illinois Wesleyan University	1878	NEW YORK GAMMA	Coll. of the City of New York	1884
ILLINOIS ZETA	Lombard University	1878	MAINE ALPHA	Colby University	1884
ALABAMA BETA	Ala. Polytechnic Institute.	1879	NEW HAMPSHIRE ALPHA	Dartmouth College	1884
PENNSYLVANIA DELTA	Alleghany College	1879	KENTUCKY DELTA	Central University	1885
VERMONT ALPHA	University of Vermont	1879	MASSACHUSETTS ALPHA	Williams College	1886
PENNSYLVANIA EPSILON	Dickinson College	1880	TEXAS GAMMA	Southwestern University	1886
MISSOURI BETA	Westminster College	1880	NEW YORK EPSILON	Syracuse University	1887
IOWA BETA	State University of Iowa	1882	VIRGINIA ZETA	Wash'gt'n & Lee University	1887
SOUTH CAROLINA BETA	University of S. Carolina	1882	ALABAMA GAMMA	Southern University	1887
KANSAS ALPHA	University of Kansas	1882	PENNSYLVANIA ETA	Lehigh University	1887
MICHIGAN GAMMA	Hillsdale College	1882	MASSACHUSETTS BETA	Amherst College	1888
TENNESSEE BETA	University of the South	1883	RHODE ISLAND ALPHA	Brown University	1888
TEXAS BETA	University of Texas	1883	LOUISIANA ALPHA	Tulane University of La.	1889
OHIO ZETA	Ohio State University	1883	MISSOURI GAMMA	Washington University	1891
PENNSYLVANIA ZETA	University of Pennsylvania	1883	CALIFORNIA BETA	Leland Stanford Jr. Univ'y	1891
NEW YORK BETA	Union College	1883			



Maine Alpha.

Established 1884.



Frates in Urbe.

H. C. PRINCE, '88.

Prof. A. J. ROBERTS, '90.

GEORGE R. CAMPBELL, M.D., '91.

CHARLES W. DODGE, '92.

D. J. GALLERT, '93.

CHARLES W. VIGUE.

Frates in Universitate.

1896.

FRED W. PEAKES.

CARLETON E. HUTCHINSON.

LEVI P. WYMAN.

HERBERT N. PRATT.

1897.

FRED A. ROBERTS.

WILLIAM HARTHORN.

WALTER F. TITCOMB.

1898.

WILLARD A. BATES.

HERBERT M. BROWNE.

RAYMOND H. COOK.

OTIS W. FOYE.

NORMAN K. FULLER.

RALPH H. HOUSE.

ARAD E. LINSKOTT.

1899.

HARRY S. BROWN.

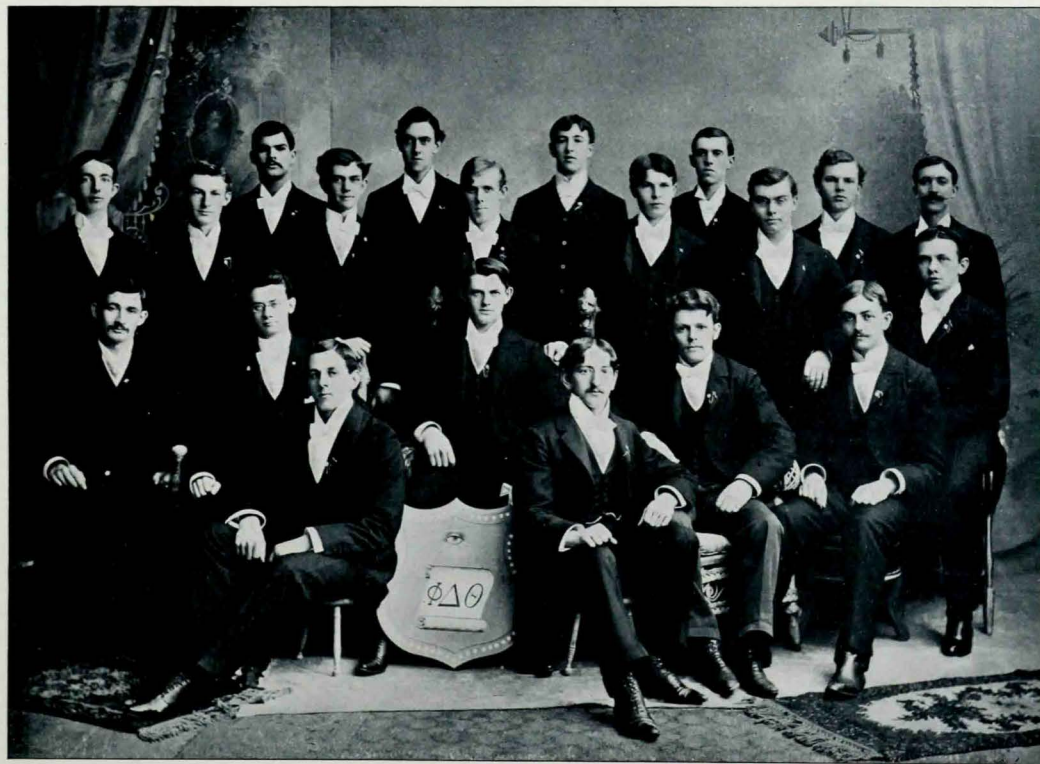
WILLIAM B. CHASE.

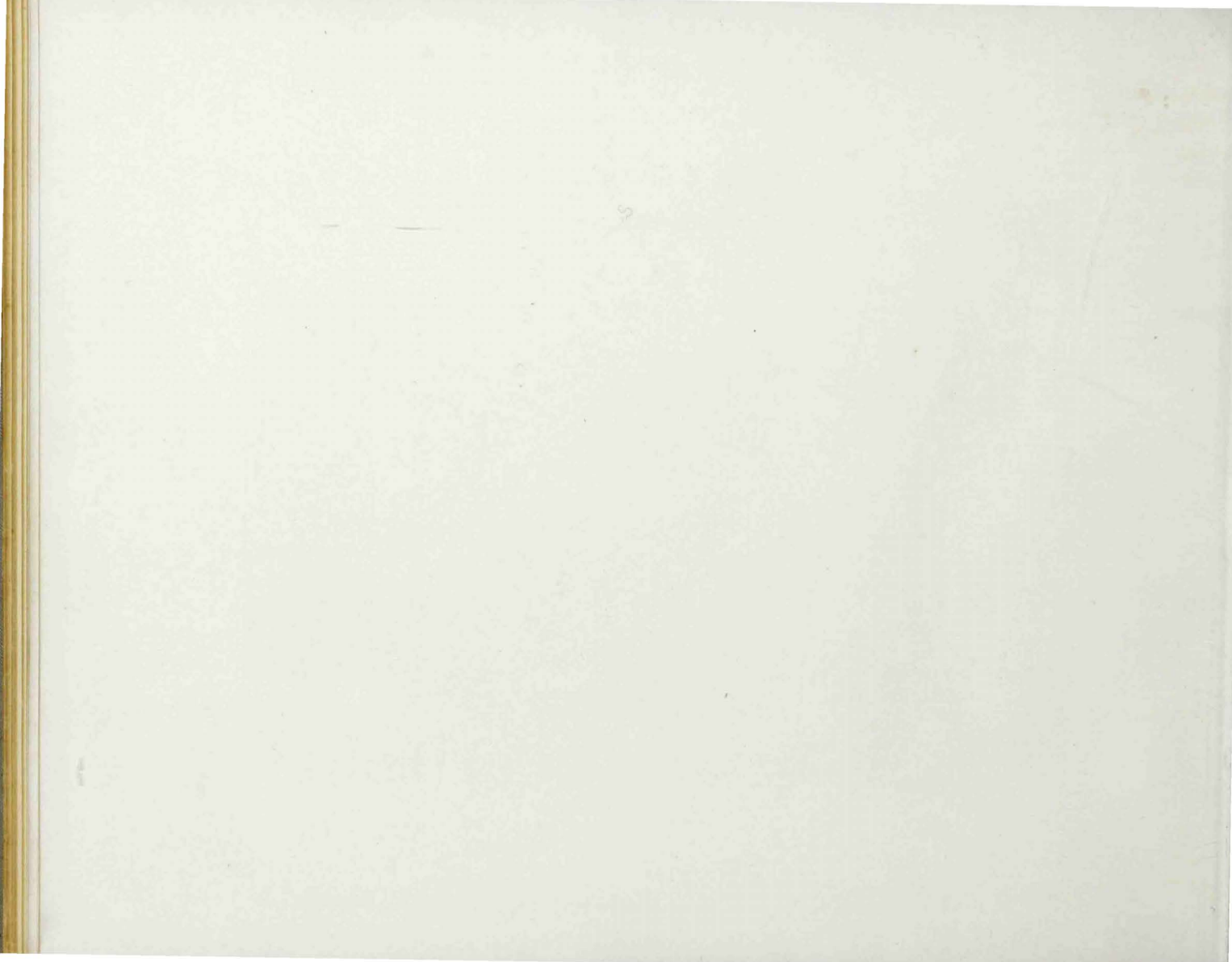
FORREST E. GLIDDEN.

LAURENCE E. GURNEY.

MYRON A. PILLSBURY.

WILLIAM L. WALDRON.





Alpha Tau Omega.

Founded at the Virginia Military Institute, 1865.



ALPHA EPSILON,	A. & M. College	Alabama.	ALPHA PSI,	Wittenberg College	Ohio.
BETA BETA,	Southern University	Alabama.	BETA ETA,	Wesleyan University	Ohio.
BETA DELTA,	University of Alabama	Alabama.	BETA MU,	Wooster University	Ohio.
BETA PSI,	Leland Stanford Jr. Univ.,	California.	BETA RHO,	Marietta College	Ohio.
ALPHA ZETA,	Mercer University	Georgia.	BETA OMEGA,	State University	Ohio.
BETA IOTA,	Georgia State School of Tech.,	Georgia.	ALPHA IOTA,	Muhlenberg College	Pennsylvania.
ALPHA THETA,	Emory College	Georgia.	ALPHA RHO,	Lehigh University	Pennsylvania.
ALPHA BETA,	University of Georgia	Georgia.	TAU UPSILON,	University of Pennsylvania	Pennsylvania.
GAMMA ZETA,	University of Illinois	Illinois.	ALPHA UPSILON,	Pennsylvania College	Pennsylvania.
GAMMA GAMMA,	Rose Polytechnic Institute	Indiana.	GAMMA DELTA,	Brown University	Rhode Island.
BETA EPSILON,	Tulane University	Louisiana.	ALPHA PHI,	South Carolina College	S. Carolina.
GAMMA BETA,	Tufts College	Massachusetts.	BETA PHI,	Wofford College	S. Carolina.
BETA UPSILON,	Maine State College	Maine.	ALPHA TAU,	S. W. Pres. University	Tennessee.
GAMMA ALPHA,	Colby University	Maine.	BETA PI,	Vanderbilt University	Tennessee.
ALPHA MU,	Adrian College	Michigan.	BETA TAU,	S. W. B. University	Tennessee.
BETA KAPPA,	Hillsdale College	Michigan.	LAMBDA,	Cumberland College	Tennessee.
BETA OMICRON,	Albion College	Michigan.	OMEGA,	University of the South	Tennessee.
ALPHA DELTA,	University of North Carolina, N. Carolina.		GAMMA EPSILON,	Austin College	Texas.
ALPHA CHI,	Trinity College	N. Carolina.	BETA ZETA,	University of Vermont	Vermont.
ALPHA OMICRON,	St. Lawrence University	New York.	BETA,	Washington and Lee Univ.,	Virginia.
BETA THETA,	Cornell University	New York.	DELTA,	University of Virginia	Virginia.
ALPHA NU,	Mt. Union College	Ohio.			

Gamma Alpha Chapter.

Established 1892.



Fratres in Urbe.

F. S. LATLIP, '94.

G. W. HOXIE, '94.

W. E. NOBLE, '95.

Fratres in Universitate.

1896.

IRVING F. BURTON.

JAMES M. PIKE.

1897.

PERCY F. WILLIAMS.

HARMON S. CROSS.
ARTHUR G. WRIGHT.

CHARLES L. CLEMENT.

1898.

HARRISON S. ALLEN.

GEORGE A. ELY.

ELMER E. HALL.

JONATHAN L. DYER.

ERNEST F. NUTT.

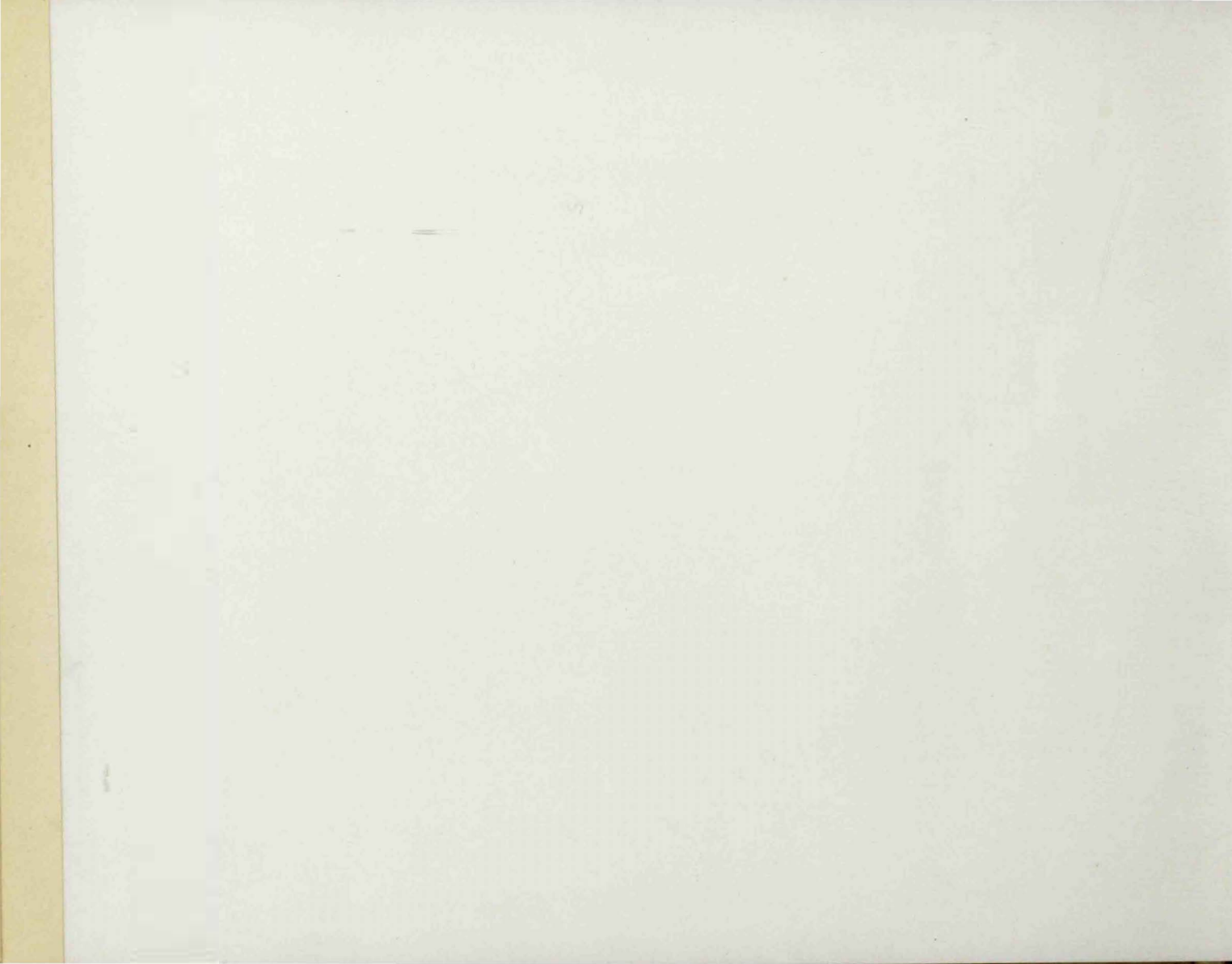
1899.

CHARLES I. SPEAR.
GEORGE E. CORNFORTH.

HARRY S. VOSE.
HARVEY H. BISHOP.

CHARLES A. HATFIELD.
ARTHUR I. STUART.





Non-Fraternity.



1896.

A. W. LORIMER.

T. C. TOOKER.

E. L. HALL.

1897.

L. E. WALDRON.

1898.

A. C. AVERILL.

E. H. NASH.

H. H. PRATT.

H. L. CORSON.

J. R. NELSON.

F. A. ROBINSON.

W. B. DESMOND.

A. H. PAGE.

H. WALDEN.

F. W. MANSON.

E. S. PHILBROOK.

1899.

E. K. GUILDE.

P. T. PEARSON.

Fraternity Conventions.



Delta Kappa Epsilon.

SYRACUSE, N. Y. Nov. 13 and 14, 1895.

Delegate : HASCALL S. HALL, '96.

Beta Psi.

NEW YORK, N. Y. April 24 and 25, 1896.

Delegate : ELFORD L. DURGAN, '96.

Delta Upsilon.

GREENCASTLE, IND. Oct. 24 and 25, 1895.

Delegate : C. BENJAMIN FULLER, '96.

Phi Delta Theta.

Alpha Province Convention.

SCHENECTADY, N. Y. Oct. 31 and Nov. 1, 1895.

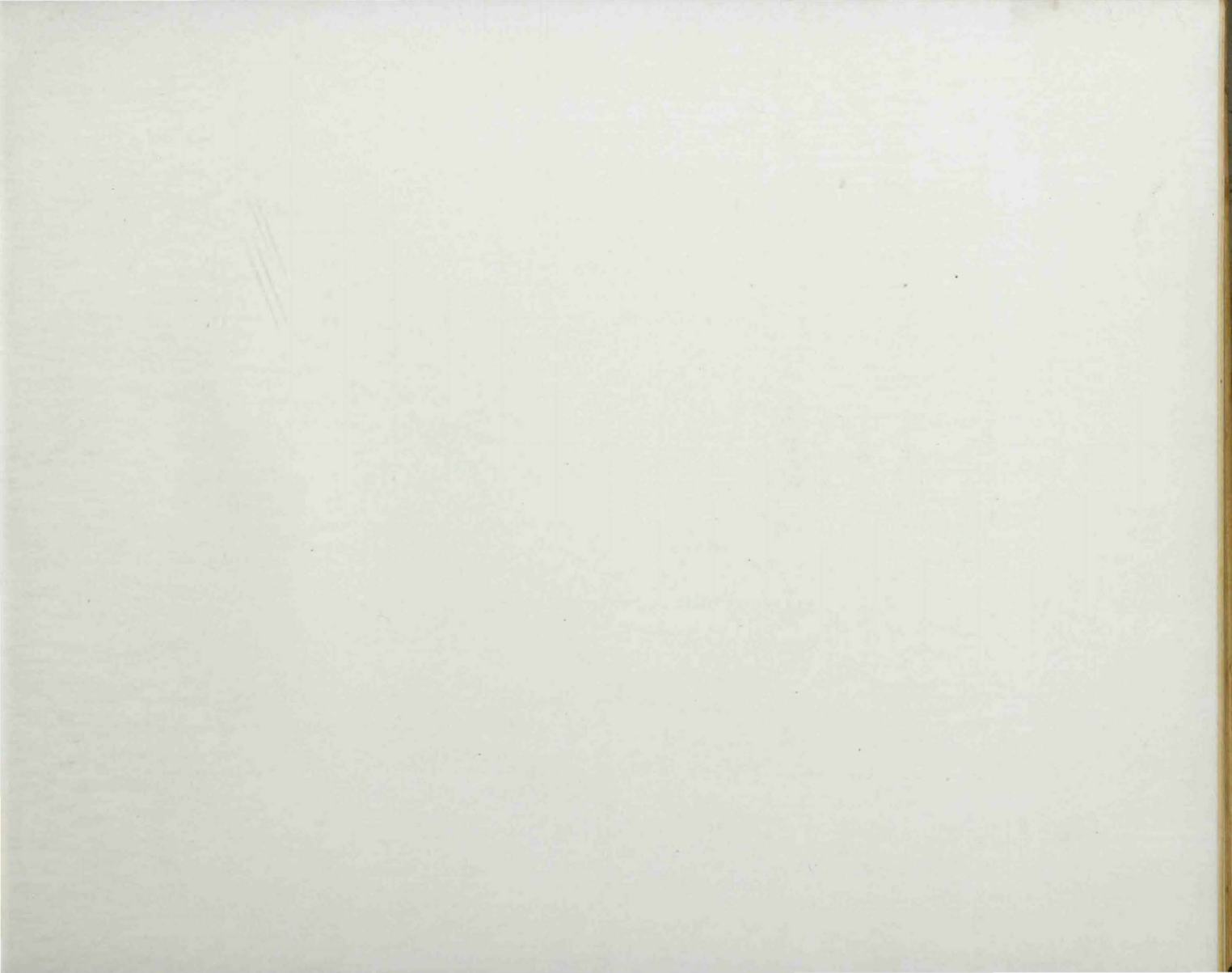
Delegate : WILLIAM A. HARTHORN, '97.

Alpha Tau Omega.

New England Convention.

BOSTON, MASS. March 12, 1896.

Delegate : H. S. CROSS, '97.





Sigma Kappa.

Founded at Colby, 1874.



Sorores in Urbe.

EMILY P. MEADER, '78.
SOPHIA M. PIERCE, '81.
JENNIE M. SMITH, '81.

ROSE A. GILPATRICK.

JESSIE E. BUNKER, '94.
FRANCES H. CHUTTER, '94.
FRANK H. MORRILL, '94.

EMMA KNAUFF.

MARY B. LANE, '95.
LILY S. PRAY, '95.
CHRISTINE F. TOOKER.

Sorores in Universitate.

1896.

MYRTICE D. CHENEY.
MARY S. CROSWELL.
FLORENCE E. DUNN.
ADA E. EDGECOMB.
ETHEL E. FARR.

LUTIE M. FRENCH.
CARO L. HONIE.
GERTRUDE L. ILSLEY.
SARA B. MATHEWS.
MARTHA C. MESERVE.

EDNA S. MOFFATT.
JESSIE E. PEPPER.
ETHEL M. PRATT.
OLIVE L. ROBBINS.
EVELYN M. WHITMAN.

1897.

MERCY A. BRANN.
EDITH B. HANSON.

ANNIE L. KNIGHT.
OCTAVIA W. MATHEWS.
MARTHA D. TRACY.

NINA G. VOSE.
ALICE L. NYE.

1898.

LEONORA BESSEY.
ALICE L. COLE.

EDNA F. DASCOMBE.

MARY C. EVANS.
MABEL A. HUMPHREV.

EDNA H. STEPHENS.

JANET C. STEPHENS.
INA S. TAYLOR.

1899.

HELENE H. BOWMAN.
JENNIE M. BUCK.
ALICE M. CHASE.

RACHEL J. FOSTER.
MAUDE L. HONIE.
ANNIE H. HULL.

ALICE M. PURINTON.
MOLLIE S. SMALL.
JOSEPHINE T. WARD.

Beta Club.



1897.

GRACE GATCHELL.
HELEN M. HANSCOM.
HELEN F. LAMB.

EDITH M. LARRABEE.
TENA P. MCCALLUM.
HARRIET F. HOLMES.

ELMIRA S. NELSON.
MARTHA D. TRACY.
HATTIE B. VIGUE.

1898.

EDITH M. COOK.
MARY H. DOW.
MYRA C. MARVELL.

ELSIE G. REID.
ELIZABETH SEARLES.
LAURA H. SMITH.

HELEN G. SULLIVAN.
CAROLINE B. WALKER.
ADA M. SNOWDEAL.

1899.

EDITH N. CORSON.
ELEVIA B. HARRIMAN.
MARY G. LEMONT.
ALICE F. LOWE.

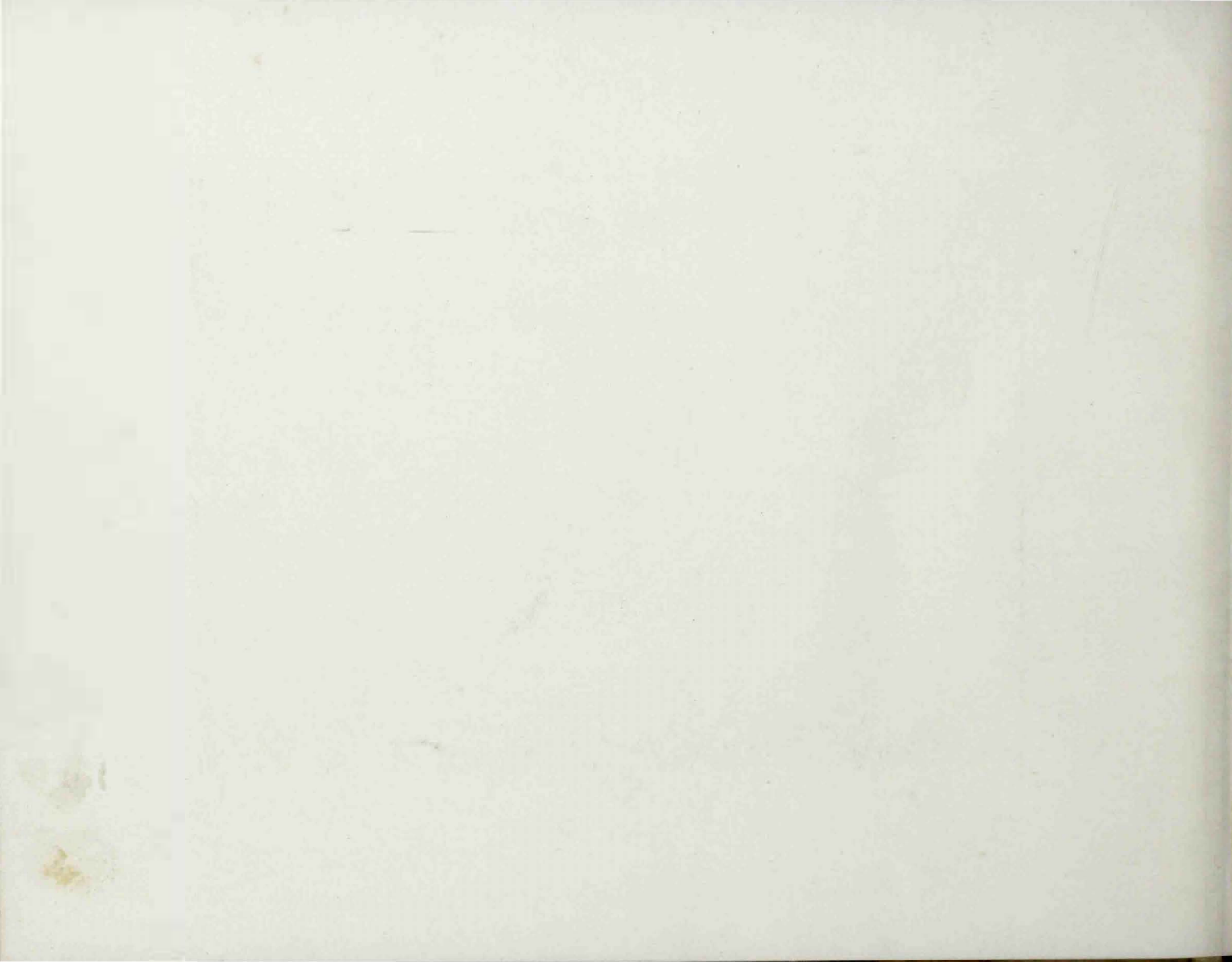
PEARL C. MCINTIRE.
ETTA F. PURINGTON.
GRACE L. RUSSELL.
AGNES C. STETSON.

MARY L. WILBUR.
JESSIE G. CURTIS.
DORA L. PARKER.
BERTHA A. WESTON.

MARGARET E. MATTHEWS.

JOSIE A. TOWARD.





Phi Beta Kappa.



Beta Chapter of Maine, Colby University.

Established January 3, 1896.

Charter Members.

GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN PEPPER, Amherst, Φ B K.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS ROGERS, Brown, Φ B K.

LABAN EDWARDS WARREN, Brown, Φ B K.

HENRY SWEETSER BURRAGE, Brown, Φ B K.

BENAI AH LONGLEY WHITMAN, Brown, Φ B K.

Officers.

NATHANIEL BUTLER, *President*.

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS ROGERS, *Secretary*.

JAMES WILLIAM BLACK, *Treasurer*.

Executive Committee.

NATHANIEL BUTLER,

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS ROGERS,

JAMES WILLIAM BLACK,

PERCIVAL BONNEY,

FRANK WINSLOW JOHNSON.

List of Members.

1832.
Albert Ware Paine.
1833.
William Howe.
1835.
William Mathews.
1837.
Eldridge Lawrence Getchell.
1839.
Joseph Ricker.
1841.
John Wiggin Colcord.
Calvin Smith Pennell.
1843.
John Barton Foster.
Albert Bowman Wiggin.
1844.
Sidney Keith.
1845.
Samuel King Smith.
1846.
Josiah Hayden Drummond.
George Rogers Starkey.
1847.
Hiram Cushman Estes.
Alexander Gamble.
Walter Macomber Hatch.*
Abner Oakes.
James Monroe Palmer.

* Deceased.

1848.
Junius Artemas Bartlett.
Joseph Harriden Seaver.
1849.
Augustus Reuben Brainerd.
Stephen Rollins Dennen.
Mark Hill Dunnell.
Edward Cushing Mitchell.
James Sullivan Newell.
Albion Keith Parris Small.
1850.
Joseph Blackwell.
Ephraim Hunt.
James Harvey Parmelee.
1851.
James Stanley Emery.
John Gamble.
Aaron Appleton Plaisted.
1852.
George Washington Dow.
Daniel Webster Wilcox.
1853.
Jotham Francis Baldwin.
John Atkinson Lowell.
Harris Merrill Plaisted.
Joshua Woodman Weston.
1854.
Samuel Worcester Matthews.
1855.
Larkin Dunton.
Charles Freeman Foster.
Reuben Foster.
John Warren Lamb.

Samuel Kelley Leavitt.
Charles Jenkins Prescott.
1856.
Abijah Robinson Crane.
Charles Henry Smith.
1857.
Jonathan Quincy Barton.
William Johnson Corthell.
George Mellen Prentiss King.
Russell Benjamin Shepherd.
Gowen Coombs Wilson.
1858.
Charles Pierce Baldwin.
Simon Stratton Brown.
Amos Lunt Hinds.
Everett Wilson Pattison.
1859.
Alfred Eliab Buck.
Stephen Copeland Fletcher.
1860.
Joseph Freeman Elder.
John Henry Jackson.
Ransom Norton.
1861.
Frederic Dana Blake.
Albert Prescott Marble.
1862.
Augustus Champlin.
George Gifford.
Asa Lyman Lane.
John Francis Liscomb.
Richard Cutts Shannon.
Ozias Whitman.

George Adam Wilson.
Edward Winslow Hall.

1863.

Francis Snow Hesseltine.
Nathaniel Meader.
Charles Dana Thomas.
William Penn Whitehouse.
Percival Bonney.

1864.

Henry Joseph Cushing.
Ira Waldron.
Henry Clay Merriam.

1865.

Grenville Mellen Donham.
Charles Veranus Hanson.

1866.

Francis Wales Bakeman.

1867.

Lemuel Howard Cobb.
Charles Ransom Coffin.
Dudley Perkins Bailey.

1868.

William Oliver Ayer.
Henry Carlton Hallowell.
Edwin Sumner Small.
Julian Daniel Taylor.

1869.

Nicholas Noyes Atkinson.
Ephraim Wood Norwood.
Justin Kent Richardson.

1870.

Charles Henry Cumston.
Frederic Howard Eveleth.

1871.

Albanus Kimball Gurney.

George Stratton Paine.
Charles Howard Sturgis.

1872.

Howard Rogers Mitchell.
Alfred Sweetser Stowell.
Horace Wayland Tilden.

1873.

Nathaniel Butler, Jr.
Jefferson Taylor.
Clarence Percival Weston.

1874.

Horace Wilson Stewart.
Charles Emery Williams.

1875.

Leslie Colby Cornish.
Edward Hawes Smiley.
Herbert Tilden.
Mary Caffrey (Low) Carver.

1876.

Fred Virgil Chase.
Albion Woodbury Small.

1877.

John Marshall Foster.
Harry Neil Haynes.
Edwin Francis Lyford.
Louise Helen Coburn.

1878.

Fred Eli Dewhurst.
Albert Colby Getchell.
Henry Marcus Thompson.
Howard Benjamin Tilden.

1879.

James Geddes.
Will Hartwell Lyford.
William Withington Mayo.
Charles Edson Owen.
Elizabeth Mathews.

1880.

Hugh Ross Chaplin.
James Edward Cochrane.
Carl Clinton King.
Harry Lyman Koopman.
Minnie Hartford (Mathews)
Mann.

1881.

Frank Dearborn Bullard.
John Francis Davies.
Alfred Henry Evans.
Charles Edwin Meservey.
Fred Craig Mortimer.
John Howard Parshley.
Fred Myron Preble.
Charles Branch Wilson.
Jennie Merilees Smith.
Carlton Beecher Stetson.

1882.

George Lora Dunham.
Henry Dunning.
Robbie Gale Frye.
Manuel Casaus Marin.
Levi Herbert Owen.
Edward Francis Tompson.
Charles Augustus True.
Minerva Eliza Leland.

1883.

Wilford Gore Chapman.
Charles Henry Hanson.
Asher Crosby Hinds.
George William Hanson.
David Waldo Knowlton.
Alfred Ira Noble.
George William Smith.
Henry Trowbridge.

1884.

Edwin Palmer Burt.

Willard Kimball Clement.
Charles Sumner Estes.
John Conant Keith.
Henry Kingman.
Shailer Mathews.

1885.

Burleigh Smart Annis.
George Ricker Berry.
Arthur Montgomery Foss.
Fred Albertis Snow.

1886.

Randall Judson Condon.
George Perley Phenix.
Sheridan Plaisted.
Thomas Jefferson Ramsdell.
Albert Marshall Richardson.
Bessie Randall White.
Julia Ella Winslow.

1887.

Woodman Bradbury.
Charles Edwin Cook.
Walter Bates Farr.
E. Forrest Goodwin.
Charles Carroll Richardson.
Appleton White Smith.
Winifred Helen Brooks.
Bessie Adams Mortimer.
Mary Ellis Pray.

1888.

Henry Fletcher.

Bertha Louise Brown.
Mary Edith Farr.
Lillian Fletcher.
Hattie Edith Merrill.
Alice Elizabeth Sawtelle.

1889.

Lincoln Owen.
Charles Hovey Pepper.
Abram Wyman.
Hattie May Parmenter.

1890.

Dana Warren Hall.
Merton Leland Miller.
Arthur Jeremiah Roberts.
Melvin Monroe Smith.
William Lamson Soule.
Elwood Taylor Wyman.
Addie Florence True.

1891.

Norman Leslie Bassett.
George Albert Gorham, Jr.
Franklin Winslow Johnson.
Charles Frederic Leadbetter.
Edward Bennett Mathews.
Arthur Kenyon Rogers.
Edwin Conrad Teague.
Emeline Marble Fletcher.

1892.

Winfred Nichols Donovan.
Harry Lincoln Pierce.

Stephen Stark.
Nellie Stuart (Bakeman) Donovan.

Grace Maria Cummings.
Dora Fay Knight.
Gertrude Lynde Randall.
Dora May Sibley.

1893.

Albert Henry Bickmore.
Dennis Evarts Bowman.
Leon Otis Glover.
Robert Noyes Millett.
Charles Norman Perkins.
George Otis Smith.
Helen Reed Beede.
Lucia Haskell Morrill.
Eva Marion Taylor.

1894.

Austin Hall Evans.
Walter Francis Kenrick.
Daniel Webster Kimball.
Jacob Kleinhans, Jr.
Sadie Loantha Brown.
Clara Gordon Jones.
Frank Horton Morrill.

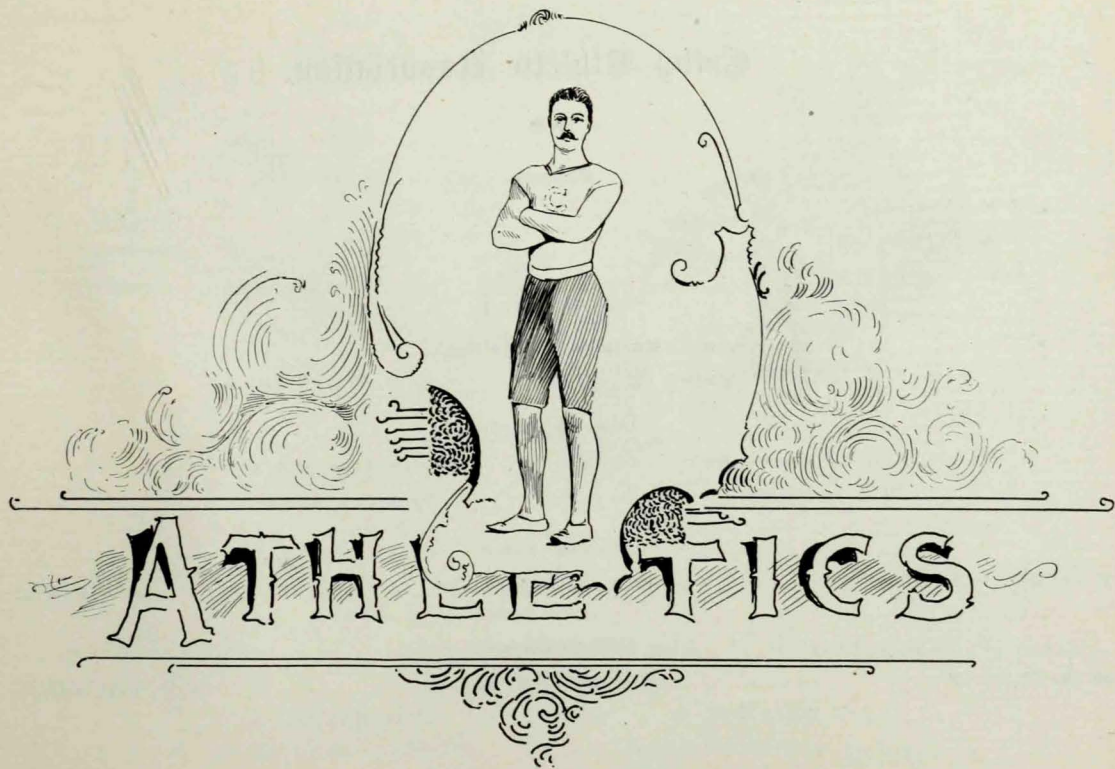
1895.

Josiah Colby Bassett.
John Hedman.
Albert Turner Lane.
Abbie Emma Fountain.
Linda Graves.
Carrie May True.

Graduates from Other Colleges.

William Shirley Bayley, Johns Hopkins University.
James William Black, Johns Hopkins University.
Henry Sweetser Burrage, Brown University.
William Elder, Acadia College.
Anton Marquardt, University of Kiel, Germany.

George Dana Boardman Pepper, Amherst College.
William Augustus Rogers, Brown University.
William Henry Spencer, Brown University.
Laban Edwards Warren, Brown University.
Benaiah Longley Whitman, Brown University.



Colby Athletic Association.



Officers.

F. E. TAYLOR, '97	<i>President.</i>
F. W. ALDEN, '98	<i>Secretary.</i>
PROF. W. S. BAYLEY	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Executive Committee.

F. E. TAYLOR, <i>Chairman.</i>	F. W. ALDEN, <i>Secretary.</i>
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From the Faculty.

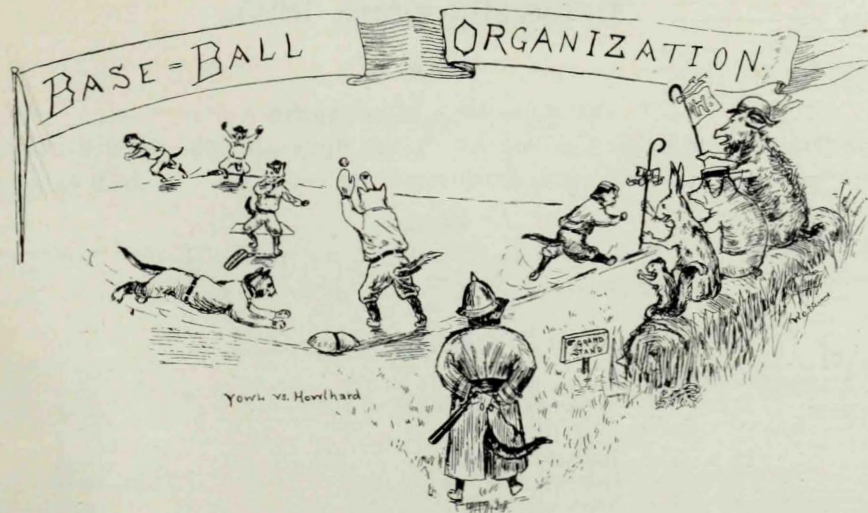
PROF. W. S. BAYLEY.	PROF. J. W. BLACK.
[H. C. JACKSON.]	PROF. C. B. STETSON.

From the Alumni.

E. FORREST GOODWIN, '87.	F. W. JOHNSON, '91.	DR. J. F. HILL.
--------------------------	---------------------	-----------------

From the Students.

H. W. DUNN, '96.	H. W. FOSS, '96.	W. F. TITCOMB, '97.
J. O. WELLMAN, '98.	E. H. MALING, '99.	



Officers.

Sub-Committee.

J. F. HILL, M.D., *Chairman.*

W. F. TITCOMB, '97, *Secretary.*

H. WARREN FOSS, '96, *Treasurer.*

PROF. J. WILLIAM BLACK.

H. E. HAMILTON, '96, *Manager.*

BENJAMIN COFFIN, '96, *Captain.*

F. A. ROBERTS, '97, *Scorer.*

University Team, 1895.

B. COFFIN, '96, Captain and c.

C. K. BROOKS, '98, 1b.

R. B. AUSTIN, '98, 3b.

LEVI T. PATTERSON, '98, p.

I. F. BURTON, '96, c.f.

H. T. WATKINS, '96, 2b.

H. W. JACKSON, '95, s. s.

S. H. HANSON, '95, 1.f.

W. B. DESMOND, '98, r.f.

Substitutes.

J. L. THOMPSON, '96.

T. C. TOOKER, '96.

H. D. McLELLAN, '95.

F. A. ROBERTS, '97.

Games.

April 25.	Colby vs.	M. C. I., Waterville	17- 3
" 27.	" "	Kents Hill, Waterville	18- 8
May 7.	" "	Kents Hill, Readfield	10- 8
" 11.	" "	M. C. I., Pittsfield	12-13
" 16.	" "	Hebrons, Waterville	26-10
" 18.	" "	Bates, Lewiston	5-12
" 22.	" "	Bowdoin, Waterville	8- 7
" 23.	" "	R. C. I., Houlton	26-11
" 24.	" "	Franklins, St. Johns	5-12
" 24.	" "	" "	12- 6
" 25.	" "	M. S. C., Orono	9-17
" 29.	" "	Bates, Waterville	19-10
June 1.	" "	M. S. C., Waterville	3-10
" 4.	" "	Bowdoin, Brunswick	5- 8
" 5.	" "	M. S. C., Brunswick	7-10
" 11.	" "	Bowdoin, Augusta	8- 6
" 12.	" "	Bates, Waterville	8-17

Class Teams.



Championship Series, 1895.

'96 vs. '98—14-11.

H. W. NICHOLS, Captain and p.
JOHN HEDMAN, c.
W. L. GRAY, 1b.

B. COFFIN, Captain and 2b.
H. T. WATKINS, c.
J. L. THOMPSON, 1b.

F. A. ROBERTS, Captain and 3b.
GEORGE K. BASSETT, p.
W. F. TITCOMB, c.

L. T. PATTERSON, p.
W. B. DESMOND, 1b.
C. K. BROOKS, c.

V. A. PUTNAM, Captain and 1b.
A. C. ROBBINS, p.
R. C. SHANNON, c.

'95 forfeited to '97.

Championship won by '96.

'95.

ARCHER JORDAN, 2b.
J. C. BASSETT, s.s.
FRED. BRYANT, c.f.

'96.

T. C. TOOKER, 3b.
C. B. KIMBALL, s.s.
I. F. BURTON, p.

'97.

H. H. PUTNAM, 1b.
A. R. KEITH, 2b.
C. H. WHITMAN, s.s.

'98.

F. P. H. PIKE, r.f.
R. B. AUSTIN, Captain and s.s.
A. W. CLEAVES, 3b.

'99.

R. H. RICHARDSON, 2b.
H. A. HOYT, 3b.
C. E. G. SHANNON, s.s.

'96 vs. '97—10-5.

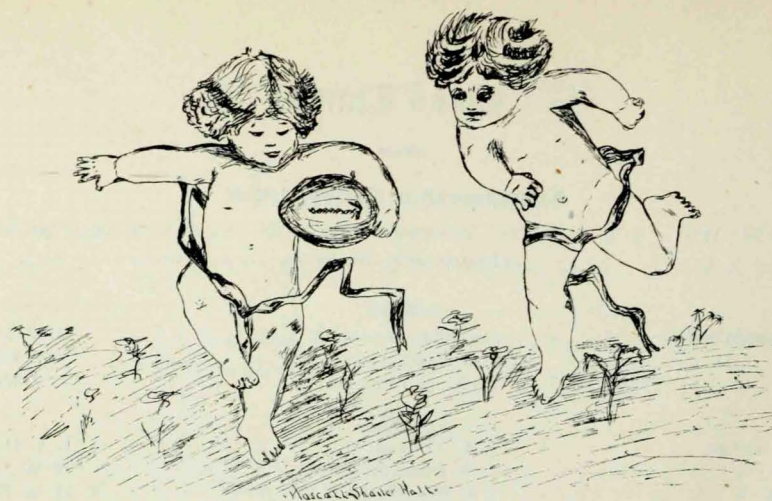
H. D. McLELLAN, 3b.
S. H. HANSON, l.f.
R. V. HOPKINS, r.f.

E. L. HALL, r.f.
H. W. DUNN, c.f.
H. W. FOSS, l.f.

R. M. BARKER, l.f.
H. B. WATSON, c.f.
P. F. WILLIAMS, r.f.

J. L. DYER, 2b.
W. L. McFADDEN, l.f.
GEORGE A. WILSON, c.f.

H. A. LAMB, r.f.
H. L. HANSON, l.f.
J. O. EELS, c.f.



Football.



Officers—Season of '96.

Sub-Committee.

PROF. J. W. BLACK, *Chairman.*

J. O. WELLMAN, '98, *Secretary.*

W. F. TITCOMB, '97, *Treasurer.*

FRANK W. JOHNSON, '91.

Manager, F. G. GETCHELL, '98.

Captain, C. K. BROOKS, '98.

Officers—Season of '95.

C. B. FULLER, '96, *President and Manager.*

W. A. HARTHORN, '97, *Vice-President.*

F. G. GETCHELL, '98, *Secretary and Treasurer.*

Directors.

H. N. PRATT, '96.

J. O. WELLMAN, '98.

H. A. HOYT, '99.





University Team for 1895.

Left.

C. K. BROOKS, '98, *Captain*
V. A. PUTNAM, '99
R. C. SHANNON, '99

H. E. HAMILTON, '96, *Centre*.

Guards
Tackles
Ends

Right.

J. L. THOMPSON, '96.
H. H. CHAPMAN, '97.
F. P. H. PIKE, '98.

H. T. WATKINS, '96, *Quarter Back*.

F. W. ALDEN, '98

Half Backs

L. T. PATTERSON, '98.

A. L. HOLMES, '98, *Full Back*.

Substitutes.

T. C. TOOKER, '96.

H. W. DUNN, '96.

W. L. HUBBARD, '96.

H. A. LAMB, '99.

J. E. NELSON, '98.

Games Played.

Oct. 5, Colby vs. Bangor High School, at Bangor, 28-0
" 9, " " Hebron Academy, " Waterville, 32-0
" 12, " " M. S. C., " Orono, 18-6
" 19, " " M. S. C., " Waterville, 56-0

Oct. 26, Colby vs. Bowdoin,
Nov. 9, " " Bates,
" 14, " " Bowdoin,

at Brunswick, 0-5
" Lewiston, 0-6
" Waterville, 6-6

Gymnastics.



Officers.

Sub-Committee.

H. C. JACKSON, *Chairman.* J. O. WELLMAN, '98, *Secretary.* E. H. MALING, '99. FRANK W. JOHNSON.
H. T. WATKINS, *Manager of Athletic Exhibition.*

Annual Athletic Exhibition.

City Hall, March 3, 1896.



Programme.

MUSIC.

1. Horizontal Bar DUNN, FULLER, FOYE, INGRAHAM COLLINS, Leader.
2. Junior Class Drill, Single Sticks TITCOMB, Leader.
3. Parallel Bars HUBBARD, DUNN, PRATT, INGRAHAM PIKE, Leader.
4. Class Tumbling DUNN, FOYE, INGRAHAM, PIKE, SPENCER, WILSON, STEVENS . . HUBBARD, Leader.
5. Freshman Class Drill, Dumb-bells C. SHANNON, Leader.
6. Special Club Swinging FRED M. PADELFOORD.

MUSIC.



SOPHOMORE PRIZE SQUAD.

7. Boxing and Single Sticks, CHAPMAN AND WHITMAN, COFFIN AND KING, Boxers; HARTHORN AND TITCOMB, Single Sticks.
8. Sophomore Class Drill, Indian Clubs INGRAHAM, Leader.
9. Flying Rings KEITH, PIKE INGRAHAM, Leader.
10. Special Tumbling HUBBARD, DUNN, WHEELER, BLANCHARD, INGRAHAM.

MUSIC.

11. Senior Class Drill, Broadswords DUNN, Leader.
12. Broadswords DUNN AND HUBBARD.
13. Wrestling PIERSON AND STEVENS. PILLSBURY AND RICHARDSON, SPENCER AND HANSON.

MUSIC.

14. Roman Ladders DUNN, Leader.
15. Pyramids DUNN, Leader.

SALUTE TO COLBY.

MUSIC.

Points awarded.

For Class Drill	Class of '98	13¾ points.
For Other Work	'96, 23 points. '97, 10 points. '98, 15 points. '99, 7 points.	
Class Cup won by '98		28¾ points.

Judges.

E. T. WYMAN.

A. F. DRUMMOND.

F. J. GOODRIDGE.

Table Showing the Relative Strength and Development of the First Ten.

According to Tests Made at the Gymnasium of Colby University During the Year 1895-96.

This table is made up on the basis of total absolute strength, which is indicated by the figures in the next to the last column. The last column indicates the excess of strength over development.

[The Metric System is used in taking the measurements.]

NAMES.		Age.	Weight.	Height.	Head.	Natural chest.	Inflated chest.	Waist.	Right thigh.	Left thigh.	Right biceps.	Left biceps.	Right forearm.	Left forearm.	Development.	STRENGTH.						Condition.	
																Chest.	Back.	Legs.	Upper arms.	Forearm.	Total strength.		
Herbert N. Pratt,	'96	23.3	71.4	173.6	55.5	92	98	79.5	56	56	32.6	33	28.5	28	530.8	82	200	685	292.7	29-12	48.5	1308.2	777.4
John B. Merrill,	'96	23.7	66	179.8	57	98	105	71.5	48	49.5	30.5	29.5	27	26.5	505.7	70	196	710	158.4	15-9	54	1188.4	682.7
Lawrence E. Gurney,	'99	17.5	61.7	174.5	57.6	89	95	72	49.5	49.5	30.5	30.5	27	26.5	500.3	43	175	705	172.7	12-16	55	1150.7	650.4
Charles W. Turner,	'96	29.8	63	168.6	56.5	90.5	95.5	75	50	50	31	30	27.5	26.3	505.4	62	210	700	119.7	9-10	43.5	1135.2	629.8
Fred P. H. Pike,	'98	20.9	68.1	174.7	56.5	92	97	75	54.5	53.5	34.5	32	28.5	27.5	523	67	220	560	211.1	16-15	54.5	1112.6	589.6
Harry W. Dunn,	'96	19.1	60.3	164.9	56.7	91	96.5	74.5	51	51	31.5	30.5	26.5	26	508.9	46	220	610	180.9	16-14	45.5	1102.4	593.5
Walter L. Hubbard,	'96	22.7	62	168	57.2	89	91.5	75	50	50	32.5	31	28.5	27	503.9	48	195	545	272.8	26-18	40.	1100.8	596.9
Varney A. Putnam,	'99	20.4	80.2	178.5	58	100.1	108	87.5	60	61	34	33	28.5	29	570.3	55	250	550	184.4	12-11	60.5	1099.9	529.6
Ernest E. Noble,	'97	26.2	66	175	56.5	93	98	72.5	53.5	54.5	34.5	31.5	28	26	521	37	194	655	158.4	11-13	45.5	1089.9	568.9
Levi P. Wyman,	'96	22.8	58.9	169	57	91	95	71.5	48	48	30.5	29.5	26.5	26	496.7	45	210	585	176.7	13-17	55	1071.7	575

⁸³ The tests are made according to the system of Anthropometrics adopted in 1895 by the American Association for the advancement of Physical Education, now used in Harvard University, Yale, Amherst, Adelphi Academy, and other Colleges and Preparatory Schools.

Track and Field Athletics.



Officers—Season of 1896.

Sub-Committee.

H. W. DUNN, *Chairman.* F. W. ALDEN, *Secretary.*
 E. FORREST GOODWIN.
 PROF. C. B. STETSON.
 W. L. HUBBARD, *Captain of Track Squad.*
 H. L. CORSON, *Manager of Track Squad.*
 WILLIAM HARTHORN, *Captain of Bicycle Squad.*
 H. N. PRATT, *Captain of Fixed Events Squad.*

Officers—Season of 1895.

H. W. DUNN, *Manager.* ARCHER JORDAN, *Captain.*



Seventeenth Annual Field Day.

May 29, 1895.



Officers of the Day.

H. C. JACKSON, *Referee.* PROF. C. B. STETSON, *Starter.* R. V. HOPKINS, '95, *Clerk of Course.*
 PROF. H. C. JACKSON, *Judge of Walking.*

Judges of Finish.

J. F. LARRABEE. G. H. HOXIE.

Judges of Fixed Events.

E. T. WYMAN. D. P. FOSTER.

Timers.

F. J. GOODRIDGE. PROF. W. S. BAYLEY. J. P. GIROUX.

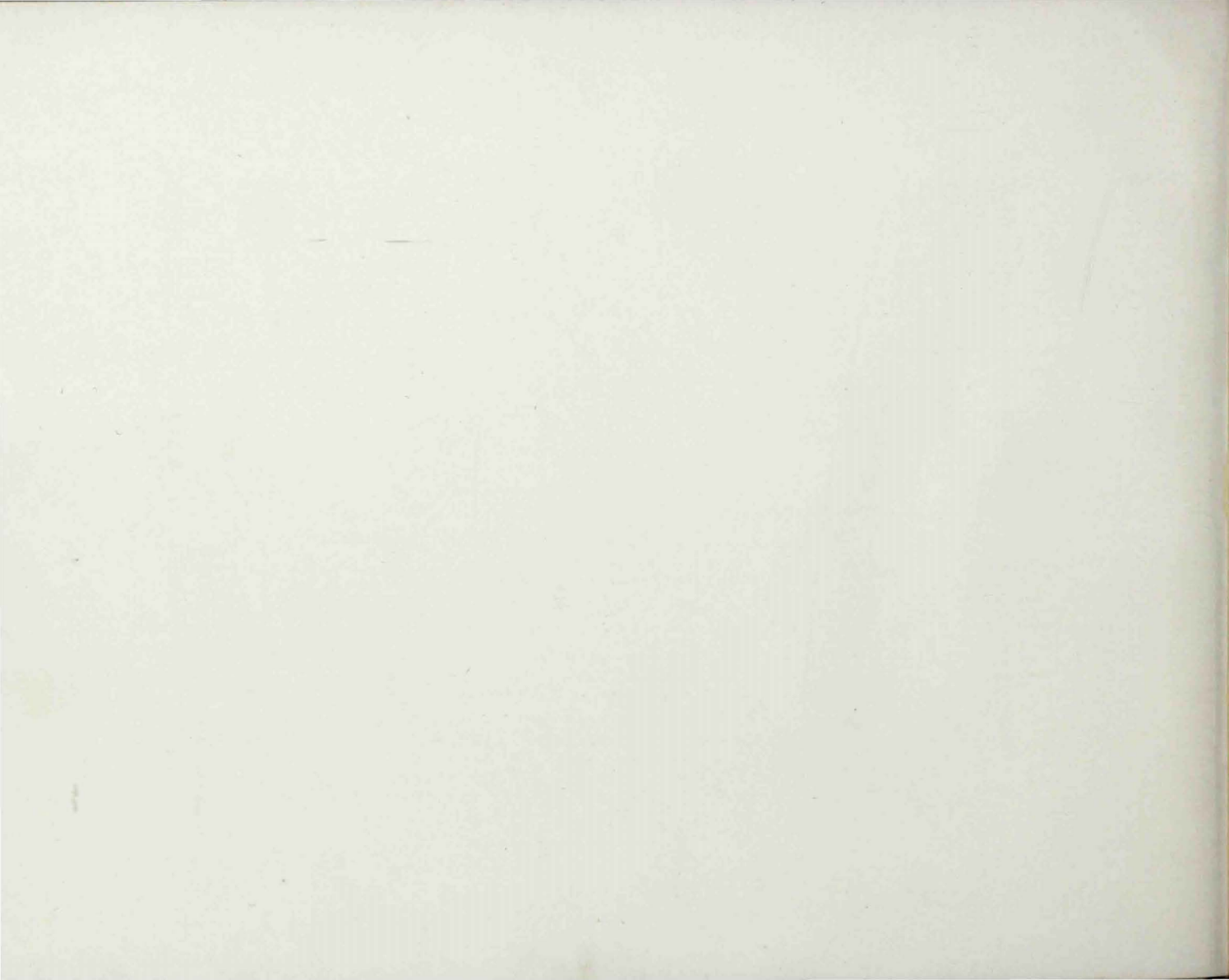
Events.

100 Yards Dash	{ 1. WHITMAN	11 sec.
	{ 2. BARKER.	
Two Mile Run	{ 1. CLEMENT	11 min. 33 sec.
	{ 2. HALL, '98.	
220 Yards Dash	{ 1. WHITMAN	25 sec.
	{ 2. BARKER.	
Mile Walk	{ 1. PADEFORD	8 min. 25 sec.
	{ 2. WELLMAN.	
Mile Run	{ 1. *NOBLE	5 min. 42 sec.
	{ 2. NUTT.	
Quarter Mile Run	{ 1. *HUBBARD	59 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
	{ 2. STEPHENSON.	
Mile Bicycle	{ 1. HARTHORNE	
	{ 2. GERRY.	
220 Yards Hurdle	{ 1. ROBINSON	31 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.
	{ 2. BARKER.	
Half Mile Run	{ 1. HUBBARD	2 min. 27 sec.
	{ 2. JORDAN.	
120 Yards Hurdle	{ 1. ROBINSON	
	{ 2. HOLMES, '98.	
Putting Shot	{ 1. MCLELLAN	29 ft. 3 in.
	{ 2. MCFADDEN.	
Pole Vault	{ 1. WELLMAN	8 ft. 2 in.
	{ 2. TREWORGY.	
Running Broad Jump	{ 1. WHITMAN	18 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
	{ 2. PATTERSON.	
Throwing Hammer	{ 1. HAMILTON	66 ft.
	{ 2. WELLMAN.	
Running High Jump	{ 1. ROBINSON	5 ft.
	{ 2. BATES.	

* College record broken.

Class Cup won by '98.





Tennis.



Officers for 1896.

SUB-COMMITTEE ON OUT-DOOR ATHLETICS.

Manager, W. F. TITCOMB.

Winners in '95 Tournament.

Singles.

FRED. A. KING, First.

W. L. McFADDEN, Second.

Doubles.

W. L. McFADDEN, '98 and F. W. ALDEN, '98, First.

H. W. FOSS, '96 and C. H. WHITMAN, '97, Second.

Representatives at the Intercollegiate Tournament.

Singles.

FRED. A. KING.

W. L. McFADDEN.

Doubles.

KING and McFADDEN.

FOSS and ALDEN.

Winner of Ladies' Tournament, 1895.

ELMIRA S. NELSON, '97.



First Annual Bicycle Meet.

Colby Athletic Association and Waterville Bicycle Club.

Colby Cinder Track, October 26, 1895.



Officers.

Executive Committee.

WM. HARTHORN.

H. C. HANSCOM.

F. W. ALDEN.

E. E. McNEELY, Skowhegan, *Referee.*

Judges.

A. F. DRUMMOND.

A. A. PLAISTED.

R.-E. ATWOOD.

Timers.

C. H. WHEELER.

F. J. GOODRIDGE.

E. T. WYMAN.

Clerk of Course.

Starter.

Umpire.

Scorer.

J. COLBY BASSETT.

J. F. LARRABEE.

E. L. DURGAN.

E. H. MALING.

One Mile Novice.

H. H. CUSHING, Colby, First 3 min. 9 sec. L. E. WALDRON, Colby, Second.

One Mile (Open to State).

C. B. PIKE, First 2 min. 43 sec. J. H. MORSE, Second.

One Mile (Open to Maine Colleges.)

HARTHORN, Colby, First 2 min. 44 1/2 sec. H. N. PRATT, Colby, Second.

(College Record)

One-half Mile (Open to Waterville and Fairfield).

H. W. HAYES, First 1 min. 21 sec. C. W. VIGUE, Second.

Two Miles (Open to State).

C. B. PIKE, First 5 min. 32 sec. H. N. PRATT, Colby, Second.

One Mile (Kennebec Co. Championship).

HARTHORN, Colby, First 2 min. 50 sec. J. H. MORSE, Second.

One-half Mile (Open to State).

C. B. PIKE, First 1 min. 27 1/2 sec. J. R. NASON, Second.

(No race)

Five Miles (Open to Maine Colleges).

H. N. PRATT, Colby, First 15 min. 3 sec. HARTHORN, Colby, Second.





F. E. TAYLOR	<i>President.</i>
E. C. HERRICK	<i>Vice-President.</i>
G. A. MARTIN	<i>Secretary.</i>
T. R. PIERCE	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Committees.

Northfield Committee.

E. E. NOBLE.	C. M. WOODMAN.	W. B. CHASE.
--------------	----------------	--------------

Work for New Students.

B. C. RICHARDSON.	I. F. INGRAHAM.	E. H. MALING.
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Membership.

J. O. WELLMAN.	F. A. KING.	R. H. HOUSE.
----------------	-------------	--------------

Religious Meetings.

C. L. SNOW.	F. A. ROBINSON.	C. I. SPEAR.
-------------	-----------------	--------------

Missionary.

C. H. WHITMAN.	H. M. GERRY.	H. R. SPENCER.
----------------	--------------	----------------

Bible Study.

E. S. PHILBROOK.	A. H. PAGE.	H. L. HANSON.
------------------	-------------	---------------

Young Women's Christian Association.



ALICE L. NYE *President.*
C. BLANCHE WALKER *Vice-President.*
EDNA F. DASCOMBE *Corresponding Secretary.*
ALICE W. CHASE *Recording Secretary.*
MARY L. WILBUR *Treasurer.*

Committees.

Reception.

HATTIE B. VIGUE. LENORA BESSEY. MARY G. LEMONT. JOSEPHINE T. WARD.

Hand-Book.

HARRIET F. HOLMES. EDNA M. STEPHENS. HELENE H. BOWMAN.

Nominating.

HELEN F. LAMB. MARY H. DOW. MARGARET E. MATTHEWS.

Prayer-Meeting.

MARTHA D. TRACY. MABEL A. HUMPHREY. ALICE M. PURINTON. EDITH M. CORSON.

Sewing School.

GRACE GATCHELL.

MYRA C. MARVEL.

ANNIE H. HULL.

BERTHA A. WESTON.

Intercollegiate.

EDNA F. DASCOMBE.

EDITH M. LARRABEE.

JANET C. STEPHENS.

Temperance.

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ELSIE G. REID.

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Missionary.

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RACHEL J. FOSTER.

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MERCY A. BRANN.

LAURA H. SMITH.

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MARY L. WILBUR.

ELMIRA S. NELSON.

AGNES C. STETSON.

Membership.

C. BLANCHE WALKER.

ANNIE L. KNIGHT.

HELEN M. HANSCOM.

JENNIE M. BUCK.

Rooms and Library.

INA S. TAYLOR.

EDITH B. COOK.

ETTA F. PURINGTON.

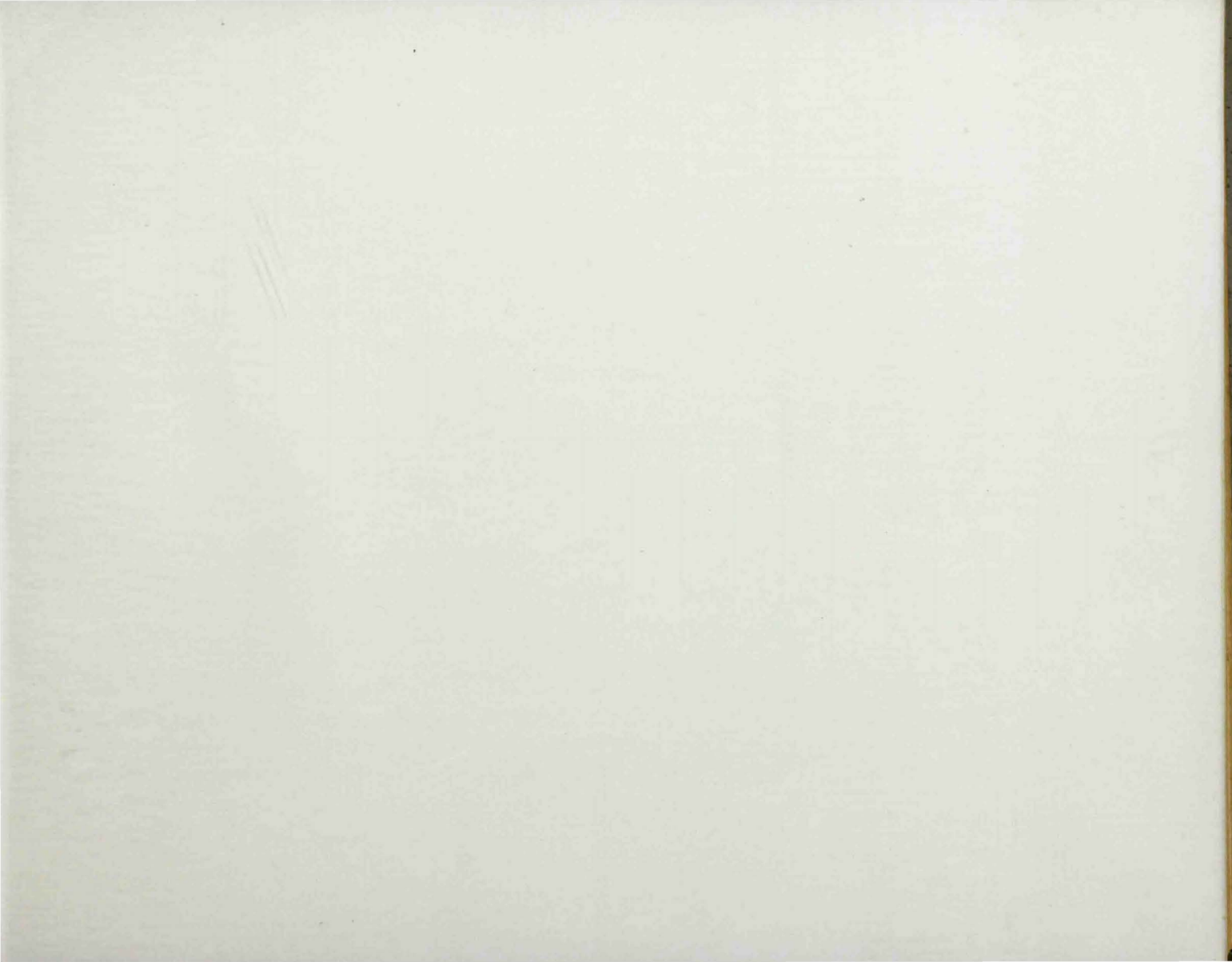
Northfield.

ELMIRA S. NELSON.

HELEN G. SULLIVAN.

MAUDE L. HOXIE.

JOSIE A. TOWARD.





The Oracle Association.



Officers.

H. C. HANSCOM, '96	President.
H. S. CROSS, '97	Vice-President.
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W. F. TITCOMB, '97	Treasurer.

The Colby Oracle.

Published Annually by the Students.



Board of Editors.

H. W. DUNN, '96	Editor-in-Chief.
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Associate Editors.

W. A. HARTHORN, '97.

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G. K. BASSETT, '97.

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MISS E. S. NELSON, '97.

MISS MERCY A. BRANN.

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Colbiensis Publishing Association.



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E. C. HERRICK, '98	<i>Secretary.</i>
W. L. HUBBARD, '96	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Board of Auditors.

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CHAS. L. SNOW, '97.

MISS ELIZABETH SEARLES, '98.

The Colby Echo.

Published bi-weekly, during the college year, by the students.



Board of Editors.

E. L. GETCHELL, '96	<i>Editor in Chief.</i>
MISS M. S. CROSWELL, '96	<i>Assistant Chief.</i>

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C. W. TURNER, '96.

C. H. WHITMAN, '97.

A. W. LORIMER, '96.

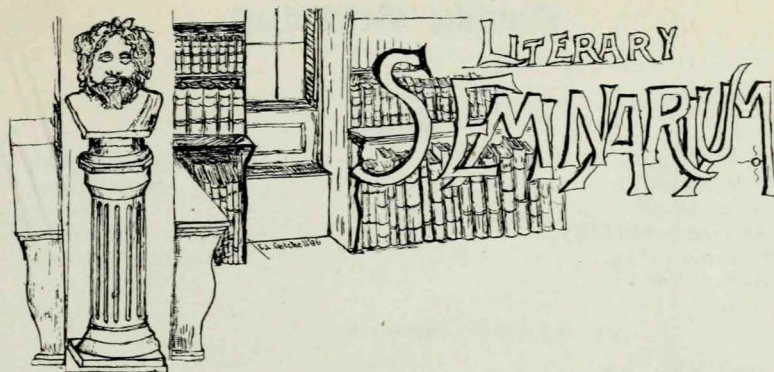
W. A. HARTHORN, '97.

P. F. WILLIAMS, '97.

MISS GRACE GATCHELL.







Members.

PROF. A. J. ROBERTS.
FRED M. PADEFORD.
EVERETT L. GETCHELL.
HARRY W. DUNN.

ALBERT W. LORIMER.
H. WARREN FOSS.
HARRY T. WATKINS.
FLORENCE E. DUNN.

ETHEL E. FARR.
OLIVE L. ROBBINS.
JESSIE E. PEPPER.
MARTHA C. MESERVE.

Honorary Member, PRES. NATHANIEL BUTLER.

Papers Read.

MISS DUNN: Ben Jonson, Playwright and Poet.
MISS ROBBINS: Dante.
MR. PADEFORD: The Ring and the Book.
MR. GETCHELL: Sir Walter Raleigh as Man and Writer.
MISS FARR: The Poetry of the Psalms.

MISS PEPPER: Edmund Spenser.
MISS MESERVE: Horace.
MR. FOSS: Howells.
MR. LORIMER: The Great Preachers.
MR. WATKINS: Greek Tragedy.

Deutsche Gesellschaft.



Officers.

C. B. FULLER	<i>Yankee in Chief.</i> ¹
J. B. MERRILL	<i>Assistant Yankee.</i> ²
H. W. DUNN	<i>Dictator.</i> ³
RICHARD COLLINS	<i>Notary Public.</i> ⁴
C. B. KIMBALL	<i>Knight⁵ of the Garter.</i> ⁶
A. S. COLE	<i>Stage Manager.</i> ⁷

Members.

FULLER.
MERRILL.
FREYTAG.

KIMBALL.
COLLINS.
SCHILLER.

COLE.
DUNN.
GOETHE.

J. I. C.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

HALL OF MEETING 9 North College.

Rules of the Society.

1. No member shall look up any word whose meaning can possibly be guessed at.
2. No member shall pay any attention to the notes. They are illegitimate helps.
3. No member shall arrogantly or presumptuously usurp the position of the Stage Manager.
4. No four-footed animal, except J. I. C., shall be tolerated at any meeting.

¹ Guesses at the words.

² Helps Fuller.

³ Derived from Dictionary. Looks up what words Fuller and Merrill can't guess at.

⁴ Looks up the notes, and makes them public.

⁵ Latin eques.

⁶ To be exact, he wears two.

⁷ Translates names of characters and stage directions.

⁸ Frequently addressed during the meetings by another name.

Musical.



Chapel Choir.

J. B. MERRILL, '96. *Director.*

Tenors.

H. E. HAMILTON, '96.

H. A. LAMB, '99.

F. A. ROBERTS, '97.

Bassos.

J. B. MERRILL, '96.

F. A. KING, '98.

W. W. BROWN, '98.

Secocolarian Quartette.

H. E. HAMILTON, '96, *First Tenor.*

J. B. MERRILL, '96, *First Bass.*

E. S. TREWORGY, '98, *Second Tenor.*

E. C. HERRICK, '98, *Second Bass.*

F. P. H. Q. Z. PIKE, '98, *Funny Man.*

College Band.

JOHN RICHARD NELSON, *Cornet.*

JOSEPH OLIVER EELS, *Mouth Organ.*

College Orchestra.

E. S. TREWORGY, *Bell Ringer.*

ANTON MARQUARDT, *Transom Banger.*

Colby Minstrel Troupe.



H. C. HANSCOM, '96. *Business Manager and Musical Director.*
 A. R. KEITH, '97, *Stage Manager.*
 H. E. HAMILTON, '96, *Advance Agent.*

Executive Committee.

H. C. HANSCOM, '96. C. B. FULLER, '96. B. COFFIN, '96.

Troupe.

RICHARD COLLINS, '96, *Interlocutor.*

End Men.

A. R. KEITH, '97.	O. W. FOYE, '98.	H. T. WATKINS, '96.	E. S. TREWORGY, '98.
TURNER.	BASSETT.	PIERCE.	
FULLER.	CHAPMAN.	SHANNON, C.	
HANSCOM.	BROWN, W. W.	D'URGAN.	
MERRILL.	STUART.	LAMB.	
THOMPSON.	CUSHING.	GETCHELL, '96.	
HAMILTON.	INGRAHAM.	ROBERTS.	
	KING.		

Ç. H. WHITMAN, '97 *Pianist.*

German Entertainment.

City Hall, February 21, 1896.



Programme.

1. "Die Wacht am Rhein," CHORUS OF GENTLEMEN.
2. Reading—"Hans Euler," by Seidl, MR. WATSON.
3. { Abschied—Roquette.
Heimat—Träger. Translated and read by MISS DUNN.
4. Solo—"Du bist wie eine Blume," MISS FARR.
5. Farbenlied—Wollheim, Translated by MISS NYE; read by MISS GATCHELL.
6. Farbenlied, CHORUS OF LADIES.
7. Lecture—"Faust, the Great Confession of Goethe's Life," DR. MARQUARDT.
8. Lorelei, CHORUS OF LADIES.
9. { Das taube Mütterlein—Halm.
Wanderschaft—Müller. Translated and read by MISS COLE.
10. Solo—"Liebeslied," MISS EVANS.
11. Reading—"Es reut mich nicht," by Gerok, MISS LARRABEE.
12. Reiterlied, CHORUS OF GENTLEMEN.

Translations Read at German Entertainment.

Home.

[From the German of Träger.]

If anywhere thou hast a home,
Then take thy staff and wallet down,
And travel, travel without rest,
Until thou reach the town.

If but two tender arms are stretched
Toward thee in loving eagerness,
If for thy sake but one tear falls,
If but one mouth thy name doth bless:

Then, though a beggar, thou art rich,
Though sick at heart, depressed in mind;
The sweet word "welcome" will suffice
To bid thee health and gladness find.

And if no trace remains to thee,
And tearful eyes of hope bereft,
See nothing but a grass-grown mound
Of all that thou hast left:

Oh, nowhere canst thou weep so well,
Though far thy feet may carry thee,
As where in quiet rests a heart
That once beat warm for thee!

FLORENCE E. DUNN, '96.

Parting.

[From the German of Otto Roquette.]

Now is the golden time gone by,
Forever gone, and what care I
For all the coming years?
My dearest hope must be repressed
And my whole heart within my breast
Is full of tears, of tears.

To-night for the last time my feet
Trod many a well-remembered street,
While friends the hours sped;
They all like brothers pressed my hand,
"Though in a strange and distant land,
Forget us not," they said.

Once more from the old bridge my glance
Beheld the valley's wide expanse,
The water rushed along.
I marked not how it came or went,
But that old dreams whose life was spent,
Were mingled with its song.

The very gables shared the spell,
And their "Farewell, old friend, farewell,"
Seemed sounding in my ears.
Now is the parting too gone by,
Forever gone, and what care I
For all the coming years?

FLORENCE E. DUNN, '96.

The Deaf Mother.

[From the German of Friedrich Hahn.]

Who lightly opens gate and door?

Who is this stealthy one?

To his deaf mother, from afar

Comes home the truant son.

He enters, but she hears him not;

Beside the fire she spins,

Then stepping close he speaks to her

And "mother!" he begins.

And as he speaks she glances up,

But wonderful surprise—

She is not deaf to that low word,

She hears him with her eyes.

To clasp him close she lifts her arms

And holds them wide apart;

And then, though deaf, his mother hears

The beating of his heart.

And as she sits beside her son,

With gladness in her eyes,

I know that little mother hears

The songs of Paradise.

ALICE L. COLE, '98.

Travelling.

[From the German of Wilhelm Müller.]

To travel is the miller's joy.

To travel!

That must a wretched miller be

Who ne'er has gone the world to see.

To travel.

The water teaches it to us,

The water!

It has no rest by night or day.

But hastens ever on its way,

The water.

We see it in the mill wheel, too.

The mill wheel!

To stop is far from its desire,

It whirls about and does not tire.

The mill wheel.

The very mill stones, oh so hard,

The mill stones!

As gayly as the rest they go,

Yet think their dancing all too slow,

The mill stones.

Oh but to travel, my delight,

To travel!

O master, mistress, let me cease,

And let me go away in peace

To travel.

ALICE L. COLE, '98.

Color Song.

[From the German of Wollheim.]

On God's broad earth, the noblest, best,

The fairest things that swell the breast

Bedeck themselves in blue and red.

The colors I love till love be dead.

Steal I to nature's haunts away.

The rose and violet strew the way:

The violets blue, the roses red.

The colors I love till love be dead.

How dearly I love with the zither low

To gaze afar on the evening glow!

It flames the heavens blue and red.

The colors I love till love be dead.

But sitting by my loved one's side

Roll raptured thoughts in a blissful tide,

Her eyes so blue, her cheek so red.

The colors I love till love be dead.

If glory calls me, steel on arm,

Then shed I gladly my heart's blood
warm:

My steel so blue, my blood so red.

The colors I love till love be dead.

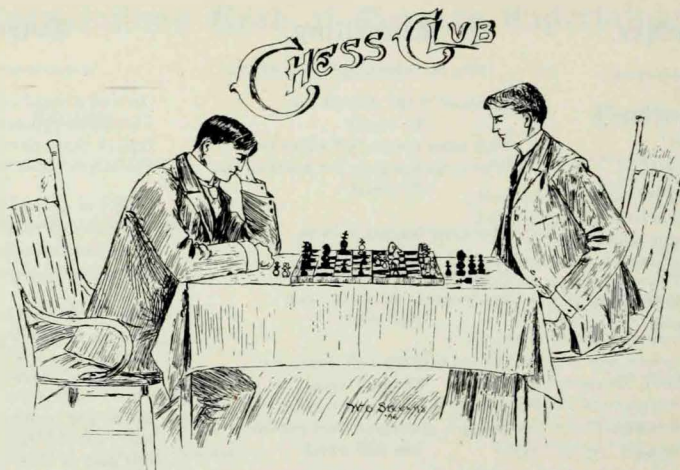
And when in the tomb you lay my form.

Thus, brother mine, my bier adorn

With one bright band of blue and red,

The colors I love till love be dead.

ALICE L. NYE, '97.



Officers.

C. E. GURNEY, '98, *President.*

F. G. GETCHELL, '98, *Secretary.*

A. H. PAGE, '98, *Treasurer.*

Executive Committee.

H. W. DUNN, '96.

C. B. FULLER, '96.

E. L. GETCHELL, '96.

Winner of Tournament.

E. L. GETCHELL, '96.

Chess Team in the Colby-Bowdoin Chess Tournament.

E. L. GETCHELL, '96.

WILLIAM HARTHORN, '97.

A. H. PAGE, '98.

Young Men's Republican Club of Colby University.



Officers.

WILLIAM HARTHORN, '97	<i>President.</i>
H. S. CROSS, '97	<i>First Vice-President.</i>
F. A. KING, '98	<i>Second Vice-President.</i>
G. A. MARTIN, '99	<i>Third Vice-President.</i>
T. R. PIERCE, '98	<i>Secretary.</i>
W. W. BROWN, '98	<i>Treasurer.</i>

Executive Committee.

H. S. PHILBRICK, '97.

A. E. LINSOTT, '98.

H. A. HOYT, '99.

Aristocracy Club.

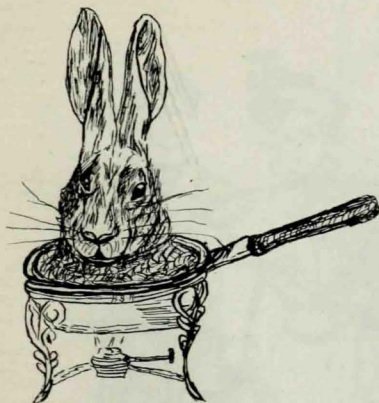


This Society was founded at Waterville College, in 1838, by Benjamin F. Butler, for the purpose of uniting the students of high and distinguished parentage, and enabling them to keep aloof from the common herd. Its membership includes descendants of titled or eminent foreigners and distinguished Americans.

Members. (Ancestry in Brackets.)

H. R. H. SAWYER COLE, Albert I. [Old King Cole.]
CHARLES BENJAMIN FULLER [Tribe of Benjamin.]
CHARLES BENJAMIN KIMBALL [Tribe of Benjamin.]
HERBERT NOAH PRATT [The Architect of the Ark.]
CHARLES LUTHER CLEMENT [Martin Luther.]
WILLIAM ABRAHAM HARTHORN [Of the Seed of
Abraham.]
HENRY HARRISON PUTNAM [Israel Putnam.]
RAYMOND HAROLD COOK [Byron's "Childe Harold."]
HENRY LYSANDER CORSON [Lysander the Spartan.]
JONATHAN LYFORD DYER [The Friend of David.]

FREDERICK ALONZO KING [His Name's his Credentials.]
WILLARD LOWELL McFADDEN [Chimmie Fadden.]
HEZEKIAH WALDEN [The King of Judah.]
GEORGE ADAM WILSON, Jr. [Direct from Adam of
Eden.]
LAZARUS NUTT [Lazarus.]
RALPH HORNER RICHARDSON [Little Jackie Horner.]
ALBERT CYRUS ROBBINS [Cyrus, King of Persia.]
HENRY SEBASTIAN VOSE [St. Sebastian.]
HENRY ALLEN LAMB [Mary's Little Lamb.]



Welsh Rarebit Club.



Advanced Class.

RICHARD COLLINS.

H. WARREN FOSS.

FRED M. PADEFORD.

HASCALL S. HALL.

EDNA S. MOFFATT.

GERTRUDE L. ILSLEY.

ADA E. EDGECOMB.

JESSIE E. PEPPER.

Under the Line.

CHARLES E. SAWTELLE.

Partial Course.

MARTHA D. TRACY.

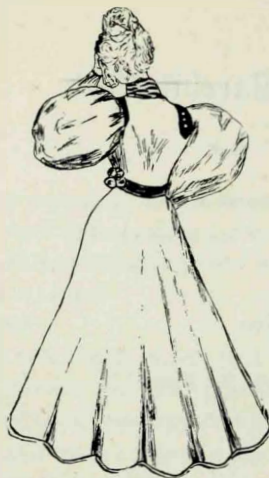
LUTIE M. FRENCH.

T. RAYMOND PIERCE.

HARRY W. DUNN.

<i>Class Flower,</i>	HARE BELL.
<i>Mascot,</i>	LEFT HIND FOOT OF RABBIT.
<i>Implement of Warfare,</i>	CHAFING DISH.
<i>Sole Article of Diet,</i>	WELSH RAREBIT.

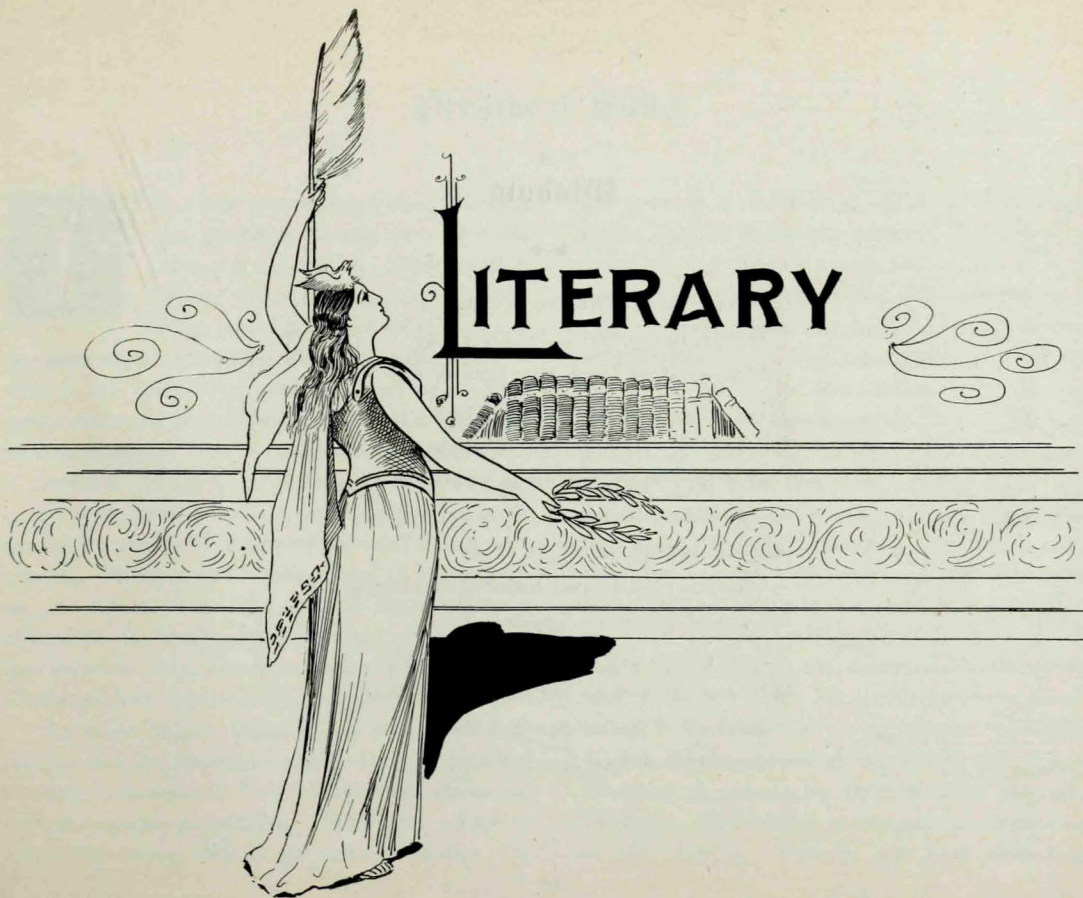
M. D.



Members.

LUTIE M. FRENCH.
 GERTRUDE L. ILSLEY.
 MARY S. CROSWELL.
 MARTHA C. MESERVE.
 SARA B. MATHEWS.
 CARO L. HOXIE.
 FLORENCE E. DUNN.
 MYRTICE D. CHENEY.





Wisdom.



O thou who art the eye of fate,
Whom many rubies cannot buy,
Who sendest forth thy patient cry
Without the city's crowded gate,
Be gracious unto us, though late
Thy proffered, priceless wares we try.
Thy thoughts are as Olympus high,
Angelic is thy heavenly state,
Whence clouds and hateful darkness flee ;
We kneel upon our lowly sod
And plead thy unveiled face to see,
Who cam'st before our earth was trod,
As they of Hellas fancied thee,
From out the very head of God.

President Butler.



It is a rare man who can seem the College President to men who were his playmates in boyhood. President Butler is of this exceptional type. It requires no wrenching of conscience and no drafts upon Pickwickian idiom for an old friend to write of him many things which all who love a college would wish to be true of its head. Nor is it necessary to suppress other facts which would be discreditable if admitted. It has been said that no hero is a hero to his valet, simply because the hero is a hero and the valet a valet. Neither hero nor valet is here concerned. The subject and the writer of this sketch are at least in so far alike that the latter sincerely appreciates the sterling manliness of the former, and it is therefore easy, without excessive praise, to offer a tribute which relatively few men deserve.

President Butler began life in the exercise of that precocious discretion which Dr. Holmes has famously commended. He elected to be descended from a superior grandfather. We cannot afford to forget the strong men of an elder generation, for

the memory of the fathers will help to develop in future sons of Maine the physical and mental and moral strength which is their birthright. It is like serving under a flag inscribed with victories to feel that one sprang from the same soil which produced men of the fibre of Rev. John Butler. A surviving son of this sturdy sire, Mr. Charles Butler, of Franklin, Ohio, writes incidents of his father's life which those only can rightly interpret who know how to appreciate the stuff that makes the most of pinched conditions. John Butler did not have a liberal education, and I am unable to discover how much "schooling" he enjoyed. He acquired the shoemaker's trade, and, according to his son's testimony, it was his habit to have an English Grammar and other books by his side on the bench, and to study them while at work. After Mr. Butler became a preacher he opened a school for young women in Winthrop, Maine. In the interest of this school, and of female education in general, he lectured much throughout the State. The science of astronomy furnished some of his subjects. Students who have been taught

in Shannon Observatory may smile at the further record that Mr. Butler illustrated his astronomical lectures with an orrery of his own invention, and that he made and sold many duplicates of this device. Naïve and pathetic all this may be, but it means more to be proud of than the true story of many a family in the peerage would reveal. If there are degenerates in our day, it is partly because so much is done to help us amount to something that we miss the discipline of creating out of nothing the means of developing ourselves.

Professor Samuel K. Smith has written the following of this typical man :

"My acquaintance with Mr. Butler was only such as a young man, prior to his entrance upon his college course, would be likely to form. My knowledge of him, however, was not wholly gained from others who knew him, but from my own personal intercourse with him. He was regarded by myself, as well as by those about me, as a very able, upright and devoted man. As a preacher he had few equals in the State, his sermons being always clear, concise and logical, and their delivery forcible and impressive. In early life he leaned, I think, toward hyper-Calvinism, and was tinctured somewhat with the ancient Baptist intolerance. Later in life, however, he was led to modify these views, becoming somewhat more tolerant and liberal. And yet those of his brethren in those old days, who were most disturbed by the change, were ready to acknowledge that the

subsequent portion of his ministry was remarkable for its wider influence and its wider usefulness.

"But I knew Mr. Butler not only as a preacher under whose ministrations I often received great help, but as a wise counselor of young men. From his strong personality and his deep sympathy, his hold on the young and his influence over them was very great. I myself have always felt that I owed to him a great debt for what he did in this way for me. For a time also in his early ministry he established and taught a school at Winthrop for the young ladies of that and neighboring towns. Several of the scholars of this school I have known, and they always have spoken in the highest terms of that early school, and of Mr. Butler."

Rev. John Butler was made an honorary graduate of Waterville College, with the degree of Master of Arts, in 1832, and he served the College as a member of the Board of Trustees from 1826 to 1855.

The father of President Butler was graduated at Waterville in the class of 1842. He was also a member of the Board of Trustees of the College from 1856 to 1887. To Dr. Nathaniel Butler, Senior, many of the same traits are to be credited which evidently belonged to his father. Yet those who remember both would doubtless say that, as the boyhood of the son was passed in less rugged conditions, and as he was formed by more artificial culture, the finer rather than the stronger traits of the father were prominent

in the son. Nathaniel Butler, Senior, was of a sensitive, artistic temperament. He was responsive to every aspect of beauty, whether in form, color, harmony, sentiment or action. If the term had been in vogue, his contemporaries would have called him an impressionist. He had genuine talent for music, for painting and for lyric poetry. There was a remarkably persuasive and convicting quality in his preaching. I distinctly remember how the tears would sneak out of my eyes while listening to him, when I would have preferred a thrashing to the betrayal of any emotion about religion. At the same time Mr. Butler was one of the few ministers whose visits to my father's house during my boyhood did not seem to me an affliction. I always feared that he would approach me on the dreaded subject of religion, but my feeling was that at the worst he would do it like a gentleman. In a private letter President Butler wrote recently: "During the last ten days I have been all the way from Hebron to Calais, and nearly everywhere I find those who remember with affection and gratitude both my grandfather and my father."

Nathaniel Butler, Jr., impressed himself upon my imagination at our first meeting. It was soon after the beginning of the Civil War. With his father, who had been acting as Secretary of the Vice-President,

and his mother, a sister of Mrs. Hamlin, he was passing through Bangor from Washington. He could hardly have been more than ten years old, but as his age was at least one year greater than mine, as he possessed a more belligerent looking toy musket than I had ever seen, as his conversation seemed to me as replete with adventure as Othello's did to Desdemona, and as his deportment was all that my fancy demanded of a soldier, the effect was as though I had been a raw recruit in the reserves, and he a scout from the front. This reference will be pardoned even in the punctilious pages of the ORACLE, because I want to add that although in my more sophisticated view some of the bolder lines of this first impression have been softened, I have never seen the present head of Colby University in a light which essentially changed my opinion that he was right manfully filling his place.

Let me not be understood as meaning that my friend was one of the edifying boys of the old-fashioned Sunday-school books, nor one of the juvenile paragons of Oliver Optic's creation. He was, as I analyze him from recollection, a boy whose appetite was ample and digestion good, whose conscience gave him no particular trouble, whose instincts were healthy, and who was free from the self-consciousness which prevents the majority of young males of the human spe-

cies from being thoroughly wholesome boys. He was the drummer of the Camden Cornet Band, and his father delighted to tell how in 1867 the boy, beating a full-sized tenor drum, with the solemn visage of a drum major, kept step and time with his seniors at the head of the Fourth of July procession. If the editors do not allow him to read my confidences out of the proof, I shall also confide to the ORACLE that I have seen this same young man execute an artistic clog dance in a way that would win an encore on any variety stage. Where he acquired that accomplishment and how frequently he used it, I do not know. I refer to it as an evidence that as a boy he took life as any honest boy would who was neither unnaturally earthly nor preternaturally spiritual.

When I entered Colby in the Autumn of '72, and renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Butler, who was already a Senior, my earlier opinion of him was confirmed. Although I am writing for students, I will venture the assertion that he was singular among college students whom I have known, in his ability to make his dignity felt without seeming ridiculous, and at the same time to make himself ridiculous on occasions without losing his dignity. His rank in study was high, but not remarkable. He boasts that he succeeded in being one of the first nine of his class,

which, if there had been one more member, would have numbered ten! The college of those days contained more to disgust than to inspire a student of his tastes, and it has never ceased to be a wonder to me that classes could have been held at all to the then prevailing style of work. If President Butler has had time to consult the archives of Colby back to the records kept by Professor Hamlin, he may have revived recollections of episodes during which he was *persona* not altogether *grata* to the Faculty. Certain details not written would show, however, that the facts rather foreshadowed than prejudiced the fitness of the person in question for his present position. I have known college faculties to be in a condition apparently beyond improvement by any means of grace except those operated by graceless students. Readers may supply the connections for themselves. I merely observe that any progress which President Butler's official labors may produce at Colby will not be absolutely his first contribution of the kind to the college.

President Butler's career as a student may well be used to illustrate the practically constant law that the rating which a college student gets in the average estimate of his associates pretty accurately represents the standing which he will have in mature life in the estimate of judicious men. The student who is tol-

erated but despised ; he who is understood by his acquaintances to be overrated ; he who is held higher by those who know him best than by the mass ; he who is conspicuous by force of merit that all concede ; each will in all probability go through the world in the same relative position. Character rarely encounters a more inerrant test than the scrutiny of college life. Alumni ten years or more from graduation will almost unanimously testify that the world has been regularly ratifying the tacit judgments of student days upon all their college mates. More than this, the career of gray-haired men is daily made or marred by evidence from their college record. I am not referring to what is technically known as "rank" in scholarship, but to the entire personal equation, for which there is no technical expression, an estimate of which, however, is stamped in the mind of every college man in connection with each of his fellows. What a man shows himself to be in the various relations of college days, is a safe index as a rule of what he will remain in the end. The men who were students at Waterville from '69 to '73 view the honorable and influential career of President Butler up to the present time as a consistent matter of course.

As this sketch failed to start in the lines of a chronicle, it would violate the dramatic unities to

digress into formal details of President Butler's life ; nor is this necessary, since the enterprising newspaper press has made that service superfluous. It cannot be too forcibly said, however, that in drawing Nathaniel Butler from the West, Colby created a vacancy which is felt. No more conclusive evidence of a man's accrued value could be alleged than that he is missed from the maelstrom of men whose vortex is Chicago. If there is a man of his age who is better known and more widely loved in the Mississippi Valley, I have not heard of him. Wherever I go, within a radius of five hundred miles of Chicago, I meet men of prominence who speak with respect and esteem of Professor Butler. One of his former associates at the Illinois State University, at Champaign, tells me that the name of Professor Butler is held in almost filial reverence by large portions of the people in that city. Both as a preacher and as a University Extension lecturer, his reputation in the principal towns of this central region has steadily enlarged.

The present standing of the University Extension enterprise at the University of Chicago is in great measure due to Professor Butler's tact and efficiency. No part of the scheme of the University has had more of President Harper's devoted attention, but the work of winning a place for the innovation

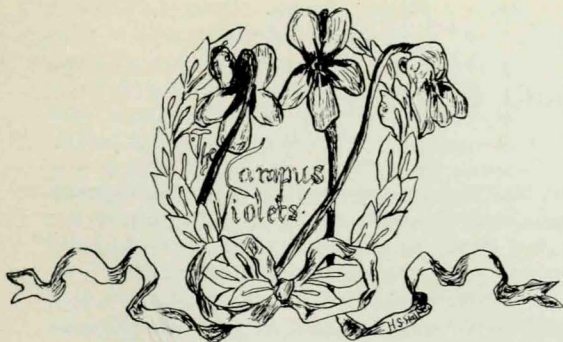
was necessarily delegated. Conservative members of the Faculty, as well as indifferent people among whom it was necessary to create a demand for instruction, eyed the plan askance. During the first year of the experiment its most sanguine friends found little to sustain their hope of success. At the end of the initial year Professor Butler was placed in charge. It would be too much to say that the formative and experimental period in the history of this educational departure is already passed. Professor Butler's administration of the enterprise has at all events secured for it consideration and respect, both within and without the University, which it did not enjoy when he became Director. The fact that so much of this change is justly credited to Professor Butler explains President Harper's strong desire that he should complete the work so auspiciously begun.

We often tell college students that they should aim to be men first and professional men afterward. President Butler is a genial embodiment of that policy. His fitness to be a college President rests upon his symmetrical manhood. He is a first-rate specimen of a good citizen. Whatever is worthy in family and church and state has his spontaneous sympathy and support. Mrs. Butler, who was Miss Florence Reeves Sheppard, of Chicago, shares and

seconds his sympathies and his ambitions. President Butler's home, as well as his classroom, the pulpit and the lecture platform, will be a part of his equipment for educational and civic influences.

The official duties which Professor Butler resigned at Chicago were so largely administrative that I used to tell him his moral qualities were of no visible use. I have no fears that any college President will lack opportunity to exercise all the moral excellencies which he may possess. If there is a flaw in President Butler's armor it may be traced to one of his virtues. He may lack the dash of egotism which makes some men succeed by adhering to conviction even to the extreme of offending their best friends. His refinement and courtesy may relax his tenacity of purpose before he has carried his point in defiance of accusation by opponents that he is headstrong and stubborn and dictatorial. My prediction is, however, that without approach to this alternative, his discretion and diplomacy will make him a leader whom all the friends of Colby will delight to follow. He has large but just conceptions of what education should do and of what a college should be. May the stage of Colby's work to be hereafter associated with President Butler's name prove more prosperous and beneficent than any previous section of her history.

ALBION W. SMALL.



There is no vale but fairer seems
Upon a cloudless day;
There is no bard but sweeter sings
Because he sings of May.

Who doth not love to linger o'er
A page where Shakespeare tells
Of daisies pied, and daffodils,
Wild thyme, and cowslip bells?

King Solomon, the Hebrew sage,
Proclaimed in living words
The coming of the flowerets,
The time of singing birds.

If such as these could thus forget
All harsher things in Spring,
Could put aside the world to watch
The meadows blossoming:

Then do not frown on me, sweet maid;
Is this a day for gloom,
When all the verdant slope is sweet
With violets in bloom?

The Case of David Wyer.



AVID WYER was late to chapel that morning. It was all the fault of Professor Atticate, who had detained him after the eight o'clock recitation to tell him that he was cut out in Greek. He thought that Professor Atticate might have done this much more neatly in fewer words, for he had begun by speaking of the high quality of Mr. Wyer's work at first and went on to say that it had gradually deteriorated till now it was not up to the standard. Wyer listened politely till the professor was through, then he ran down stairs two steps at a time whistling "She never saw the streets of Cairo," just to let the professor know that he didn't care. The chapel bell was ringing more and more faintly, and by the door stood Sam, his black face as bright and cheerful as the buttons on his new suit, beckoning to him to hurry. As he entered and went to his place in the sophomore seats, he was glad that he was not a freshman to be "wooded up." The president rose to give out the hymn and said: "The service will be conducted by the Rever-

end Mr. Wyer, of Johnston, Class of '58." David gave a start of surprise, for there on the platform sat the last person in the world whom he would have expected to see that morning—his father.

Of course he was glad to see his father—who wouldn't be? But—and the thought almost vexed him this morning—what did his father mean by surprising him like this? By appearing before him in such an unceremonious fashion without a word or sign? It couldn't be that he suspected anything. But they were beginning the hymn, so he sang the words mechanically and read the responses with the others. Then his father, Rev. Mr. Wyer, of Johnston, rose to offer prayer. David Wyer did not hear a word of that prayer—his thoughts were too busy. The familiar voice carried him far away, home to Johnston. He saw the slender spire of his father's church rising from among green maple trees, the cozy white parsonage with green blinds and the rose bushes by the doorstep, the modest looking brown high-school building. Then came a confused recollection of commencement day, with its music and flowers, and of his old teacher's saying something to his father

and mother about "splendid record," "make his mark"—he could see their proud faces. He remembered his first glimpse of Colby, the campus with its green elms, the willows leading down to the river, the halls whose names he had not yet learned—how pleased he was with his own room in South College, just over the reading room, looking out on Memorial Hall and the river. He had done remarkably well that first term, but since then—well, he had always managed to look out for his own term bills. How could he help it if his rank wasn't so good as it used to be? He had grown broader, he told himself, more willing to sacrifice self to the interests of his *alma mater*. Then his fraternity wasn't very well represented in certain lines. It made a good showing in general scholarship, but it needed to do a little better in athletics; and furthermore he had found a chance to do some outside work, which brought him in a little money for extras. His father knew of all these things and took pride in them, but he hadn't asked to see the term bills, and now his son was cut out in Greek. However, the worst, indeed, the only embarrassing feature of the case was the fact that his people, and all the neighbors, too, were determined to regard him as the bright particular star of the college. But how could he help it? Well, it would all come out now, and as likely as not they would call him a hypocrite; at any rate his father would look very grave—he had such rigid notions of honor and all that sort of thing.

The prayer was ended, the announcements read and

one after another the classes filed out. David Wyer walked straight up to his father and clasped his hand.

"Father, this is a surprise."

"Yes, David. I did not decide to go to the convention at Gardiner till yesterday afternoon and then there was no time to write. I have only a few minutes in town this morning, but on my way home I shall stay here several hours."

"And mother—she is well?"

"Yes, she sent her love and wished me to tell you not to work too hard. We both feel that your health is of the first importance and that there is more danger of your neglecting that than your work."

"Oh, I'm all right, father."

They passed down the steps in silence. The father's eyes were intent on the familiar scene before him. Men and women were pouring into Champlin Hall, while a few others were wending their way to Coburn. A little group of men stood talking at the bill board, many more were running a race across the campus to the station where the train stood snorting and puffing impatient to be off.

"Good-bye. I shall see you again to-morrow,"—and his father was gone.

David's head was in a whirl as he went up to his room. It had all passed so quickly that he had hardly realized the strain upon his nerves. He sat down to think it all over. He felt obstinate, stubborn, at war with himself, he hardly knew how. The opposing forces of his nature were struggling for the mastery.

"I will not be a book-worm, a chalky-faced, stupid digger! I'd be anything else first. Tottering on the brink of the grave at commencement day, or else doomed to a thin-chested, wretched existence for the rest of my life, a laughing-stock to all the fellows and the girls, too, for that matter."

This was an eminently sensible thought, so he followed up his advantage.

"That isn't the kind of a fellow father admires; he would be disappointed, I know, to have me turn out like that. He'd rather I wouldn't take an honor in college."

This, too, was re-assuring.

"It isn't my fault if the folks at home have their heads full of the notion that I'm a great scholar."

This was bad, bad, for when the mental mill gets to grinding out excuses it is safe to conclude that something needs to be excused.

"But why have you deceived them?"

This was dangerous ground. It was all nonsense, of course. So he turned in a new direction.

"Professor Atticate had no business to cut me out. It's all because he has a grudge against me. He never liked me from the first. He let Wilkins and Beverly pass and I've done better than they. I hate him. I'll slight his work from this time on."

This was a brave resolution, but somehow it did not settle the thing.

"What are you going to say to your father?"

"O, hang it all," he said aloud, "it's a pretty mess.

I shan't try to straighten it out. Let affairs take their own course."

As if that were not the seed of the whole matter, his over-readiness to let affairs take their own course.

He rose and went to the window. There was a little scrap of paper on the sill. Half unconsciously he unfolded it and read:

"Diagnosis of George Shepherd's case: An acute attack of ill-temper. Benignitas, 1 gr; Comitas, 1 gr. To be taken before retiring.
EDITH SHEPHERD, M.D."

He smiled to himself as he read it. He knew that the girls at Ladies' Hall called his room-mate's sister "The Doctor." It had seemed to him a good joke. Why, once he saw her almost faint away when a fellow got hurt in the cane-rush. That slip of a thing the doctor!

He went to the mantel and took down her picture.

"Who knows but what she could prescribe for my case!" he said.

He turned the photograph over and read on the back:

"A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, to command."

One of the juniors had pencilled it there one day when he had happened in. Wyer was not a little surprised to think that Shepherd should have let the junior do it. He had not seemed at all offended. But it had irritated Wyer that the junior should have thought of those lines, for they were lines which he

had believed it his own particular privilege to associate with Edith Shepherd. He had felt like saying: "You juniors *think* you know everything," but he had decided that it would do no good, so he had kept still.

"I wonder whether I want to be warned, or comforted, or commanded?—a little of all three perhaps," he said to himself.

The bell was ringing. It was time for her to be coming out from recitation. He would walk down with her.

He happened out the door just as she passed. "Miss Shepherd," he said, "may I walk down with you?"

"Certainly," she replied.

He seemed ill at ease, and began the conversation by remarking what a pleasant day it was.

"Ye-es," she said. Then he noticed that it was rather cold and gray and wished that he had not volunteered the remark.

He talked on rapidly about everything else but what was uppermost in his mind. He told himself that he couldn't jump right into it at first. It would be an awkward thing to do. But the farther they went the more awkward a thing it seemed. Why hadn't he thought out beforehand how he should express himself? A long freight train was passing and they had to wait for it. He was glad of the delay.

The little doctor noticed his confusion and pitied him from the depths of her heart.

They had almost reached the hall. There was only

a moment left. He must improve his opportunity. But what was he to say? Feeling that under such circumstances he who hesitates is lost, he plunged boldly into his subject.

"Dr. Shepherd," he said, "I want to consult you in your professional capacity."

"I shall be very glad to do what I can for you," she said, and waited for him to go on.

"My case is a peculiar one," he continued in embarrassment, then stopped again.

"Indeed!" she said, and there was more sympathy in her voice than he could have hoped for. "What is it?"

He hesitated, but she was looking at him, and as a rational being he was bound to make some reply.

"It is—it is—the headache!"

He was as much surprised, when he had said it, as she was. He had not dreamed that he was going to make that reply.

"My remedy," she said, and there was the least suspicion of a twinkle in her eye, "is smelling salts and hot-water bandages."

Just as they came up the walk, one of the freshmen girls opened the door and said: "Excuse me, but we want you, Edith," so there was nothing for him to do but to say "Good-morning" and turn away.

"Donkey!" he said to himself. "I couldn't have made it worse if I had tried. Smelling salts and hot-water bandages! She might have despised me, though, if I had told her."

Rev. Mr. Wyer was in excellent spirits when he walked across the campus with his son the next morning. A visit to his *alma mater* was a rare treat to him, for a poor country pastor like himself, with a son in college, could not afford many luxuries. First they went to the room in South College looking out upon the river and Memorial Hall. Here they sat talking for some time. The father naturally was in a retrospective mood and the son was only too glad that it was so. Then they went to the library, that Mecca to which the feet of the returning alumni are irresistibly drawn. To them it is a spot full of sweet and haunting memories. As potent as ever is the charm of the rows on rows of volumes. More beautiful than of old seems the scene beyond, when between them and their lost youth flow the years as swiftly as the Kennebec.

It was quiet there that morning. A few of the juniors were making bibliographies, two or three freshmen were studying in the upper alcoves, and a senior stood by the magazine table glancing at the *Century*. The librarian was busy at his desk, but not too busy to give the visitor a cordial welcome. David Wyer and his father passed from one alcove to another, talking of the changes which time had made at Colby. Finally they turned to go.

"Is Prof. Atticate busy at this hour?" said Mr. Wyer to the librarian. "I want to see him. He is an old friend of mine."

"No, you will find him in his room."

David Wyer's heart stood still for an instant. It had come at last. This was the course that affairs had taken. He had been wondering all along what he should say to his father, how he should acquaint him with the injustice and favoritism of Prof. Atticate, and with his own hard luck, and now there was no chance to say a word.

But his father was saying, "I shall not be more than fifteen minutes. I will meet you in your room," and was gone.

David Wyer went slowly to his room. Shepherd, his room-mate, sat at his desk writing an article and did not look up. In less than five minutes Wyer had worked himself up to a high pitch of indignation against the world in general and Prof. Atticate in particular. "He'll tell father all sorts of stuff!" he thought. "What right has he to—"

The door opened and Rev. Mr. Wyer entered. David could hardly bear to look up. He remembered suddenly how white his father's hair had grown and how feeble he looked. He hated to face those keen gray eyes.

"David," said his father, "there's just time to catch the train. Hand me the valise and I'll take your *Echo* to read. Shepherd, I hope that we shall see you at Johnston sometime."

Father and son went down the stairs together. "David," said Mr. Wyer, as they crossed the campus, "I am sorry to go so soon, but I have enjoyed it all. It did me good to see Prof. Atticate. I spoke to him

about you and he said,"—David drew a long breath and clenched his hand—"that you have great ability. David, I'm proud of you. We shall look for you home next week. Good-bye."

The train was gone. It was dark and dismal, and a few flakes of snow were falling.

"Come on, Wyer. Going over to the Bricks?" called out one of his class-mates. But he turned away and strode off alone.

"What's the matter with Wyer?" some one asked.

"They say that he's been cut out in Greek," some one else volunteered; "probably his father has been giving him a lecture not down in the course."

* * * * *

Chapel was over and the classes were filing out. For the second time in his son's college course the service had been conducted by Rev. Mr. Wyer, of

Johnston. The president detained him for a moment to speak to him about his son who was soon to graduate. "He stands among the first in his class," said the president frankly, "and while his work in Greek has been especially noteworthy, his work as a whole has been remarkably symmetrical and well balanced. He has developed the whole man. I think that he has proved athletics to be one means to this end. In his case there has been no tendency to one-sided development. You may well be gratified."

The Rev. Mr. Wyer smiled. He was gratified and he had a right to be.

The senior women, who had been consulting together about some weighty matter, were just passing out. Miss Shepherd, who happened to be behind the others, could not help hearing the last words, and she smiled too.

ALICE L. COLE, '98.



The Old, Old Question.



In the summer evening's darkness soft,
Where the moonlight shed just a single gleam
Through the leaves of an oak-tree tall and dark,
They sat by the bank of the quiet stream.

As their murmuring voices mingled low
With the whispered sounds of the summer night,
He knew that the moment had come at last
When he must hear his fate aright.

Were success and joy to crown the hope
To which he had long bent all his powers?
Was his faithful service to have its reward,
Or had it all been wasted hours?

His eyes were fixed on her face, and hers
Were covered by lids that now and then
Trembled a little as she heard
That old, old question asked again.

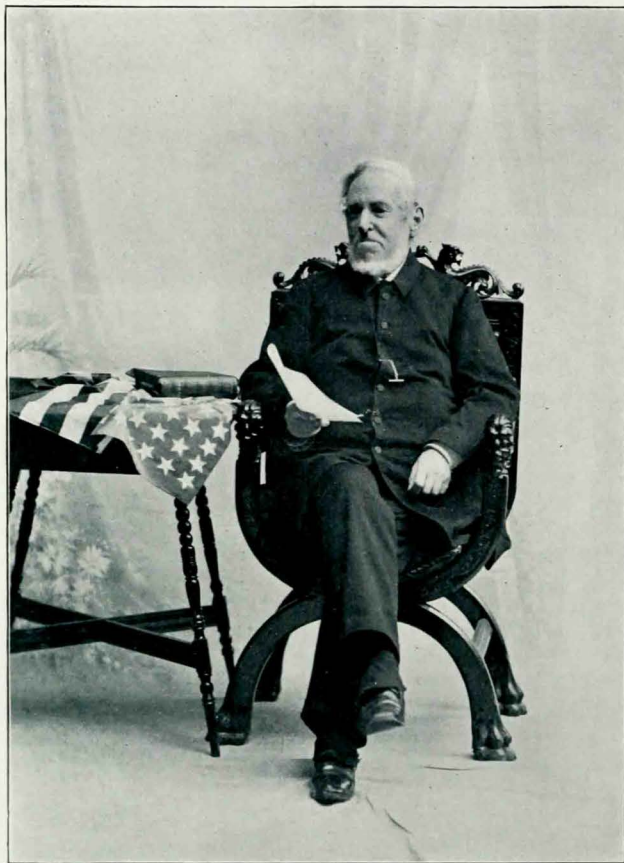
We can almost hear the pleading words,
But ah, we do not need to try!
The old, old question, yes, we know,
"Will you wear my colors next July?"

Great thoughts are in those covers blue,
Egad there are and strange ones too!
No student will deny the same,
Unparalleled the author's name.
Now who's the author of the book?
Give to these lines a second look.

8 A.M.



Hear the clamor of the bell,—
Cruel bell,—
How relentlessly and firmly its notes of summons
swell!
How it jangles, jangles, jangles
In the sunshine and the rain,
With a melody that mangles
All the sleepy, dreamy tangles
Of a work-bedraggled brain,
Overcoming all resistance
With its noisy insistence
And its rude delight in pain!
How it carols forth its glee,
When you burst your old shoe-lacing,
Or go frantically chasing
For your stud on bended knee.
O the bell, bell, bell, the clamor of the bell,
What a world of agony its strident notes foretell!



Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D.

DR. SMITH is perhaps most widely known as simply S. F. Smith, the titles falling away that the man may be seen. His widest and most lasting fame is due to his spiritual and patriotic songs. But Colby University and the city of Waterville have an added and special reason to cherish his memory. For exactly eight years, from January 1, 1834 to December 31, 1841, he was Acting Professor of Modern Languages in the College and pastor of the First Baptist Church in the town, and just before his death he made the College, by his will, the residuary legatee of his property.

He was born in Boston, Mass., October 21, 1808, "under the sound of the Old North Church chimes," he has fondly added. After three years in the Eliot School, Boston, he prepared for college in the Boston Latin School, graduating in 1825. It was to him a "grateful experience" that he won in the latter both the "Franklin Medal" and, for an English poem, a "gold medal." He at once entered Harvard College and was graduated in 1829. In this class were several men who afterward attained great

distinction, one of whom was Oliver Wendell Holmes. In a very brief autobiographical sketch, prefixed to his volume of *Poems of Home and Country*, Dr. Smith has spoken of him as his congenial and beloved class-mate, affirming that "in the progress of seventy years, lacking one," their mutual friendship was never "abated" nor their tender fellowship "lessened." This friendship has on each side found exquisite expression in song. Among Dr. Smith's published poems nothing is better than that in memory of Dr. Holmes.

From college he went at once to Andover Theological Seminary, graduating in 1832. There, he says, he "wrote the hymn *My Country, 't is of thee, The Morning Light is breaking*, and many others," learned four languages and read through Mr. Marshman's Chinese Grammar,—a vast quarto, nearly as large as a family Bible.

After a year of editorial work in Boston he came to Waterville. In January, 1842, he removed to Newton Centre, Mass., where he resided until his death, November 16, 1895. He was there pastor

of the Baptist Church twelve years and a half, and for seven of these years was editor of the *Christian Review*. After resigning his pastorate he served fifteen years as editorial secretary of the American Baptist Missionary Union, preaching almost constantly as stated supply.

To the end of his life he was abundant in fruitful literary labors. Of books he wrote *Life of Rev. Joseph Grafton*, *Lyric Gems*, *Rock of Ages*, *Missionary Sketches*, *Rambles in Mission Fields*, and *The History of Newton, Mass.* (950 pp. octavo). For the "Encyclopedia Americana" he made translations from the "German Conversations-Lexicon," amounting to fully one thousand printed pages. His "articles for reviews, magazines, and newspapers have been almost without number." He added to our Psalmody about one hundred and fifty hymns. *The Psalmist*, for thirty years the current hymn book of the United States Baptists, was prepared by him in connection with Rev. Baron Stow, D.D.

On a visit to Waterville a few years ago he remarked, as he was taken to the guest-room in the President's House (now the "Dunn House"), "this is the room in which I did my work on *The Psalmist*." He was to the last as ready to serve the public with his tongue as with his pen. Even when arrested in Boston by the sudden death-stroke he was on his way to Readville to preach the next day. His fame has been largely due to the hymn *My Country, 't is of thee*, but some of his other hymns have equal if not greater

merit and would have given him a high place among the "sweet singers." Of these we note *Blest be the sacred tie that binds*; *The Morning Light is breaking*; *Yes, my native land, I love thee*.

He kept himself in close sympathetic relation with living men and was ready to respond to every call for a song on a public occasion. A large part of his poems are thus of local, temporary, occasional interest. His social nature was rich and deep. He excelled in conversation,—humorous, racy, instructive, copious, drawing out and giving out, enlivening and enriching. A visit in his cottage-home was a charm that ever after continued to charm.

Mrs. Smith was his fit companion from the time of their marriage in 1834, and still survives him. They were lovers from the beginning. In 1875 they visited Europe together and again in 1880, when they extended their journey to eastern Asia, visiting their son, Dr. D. A. W. Smith, President of the Karen Theological Seminary, and various missionary fields.

Dr. Smith kept to the end a remarkable vitality. He was ruddy of countenance, young of heart, ready for work, and full of genial good cheer. His whole past life seemed to live on in him as an ever present. Only two years ago he sent a sketch of his Waterville pastorate to be read at the 75th anniversary of the church, and it was a minute, exact, unblurred photograph of men, women and events. His was a rich and rare life.

G. D. B. PEPPER.

Hospitality.



A knock was heard at a student's door.
"Come in," wishing callers were fewer.
"Can I borrow a little tobacco? Oh!
I beg your pardon, I'm sure."

As the visitor left in haste, a voice
From under the window came.
"Say, John, the Poker Club meets to-night,
Of course, you'll come into the game."

The student slammed the window down.
A head was thrust in at the door.
"Anything left in the jug there, John?
I'd like just one swig more."

He had scarcely fled when another came,
With grave and solemn air.
"The President wishes to see you, John.
He's onto you dead, I swear."

What a sport this fellow must be, you say.
Oh, no! he's a model young man;
But his friends are making his sister's call
As pleasant as they can.

A New Song of a Shirt.



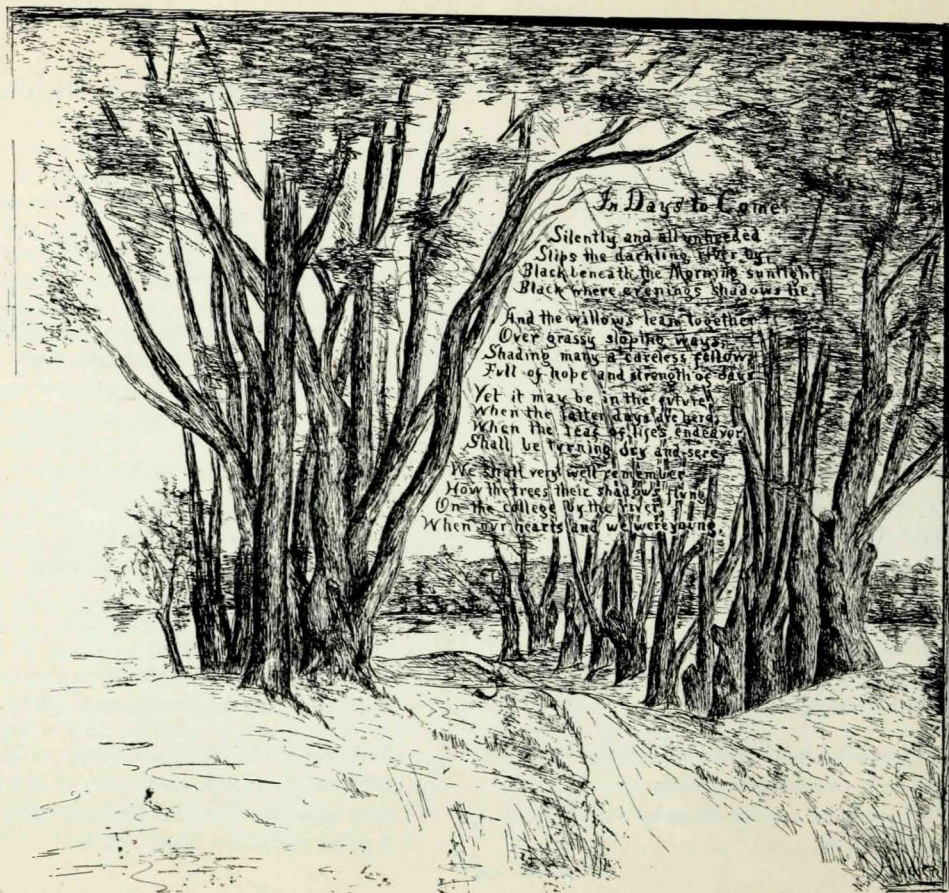
Oh, who will be a ghost to-night,
A spectre, tall and pale?
And who will lead the spirit dance
And make the co-ords quail?

Chorus:—While the stars, they wink,
And the shirt-tails flap,
And the girls above
Have forgotten to nap.

Oh, who will steal the Madam's hat
To shade him from the moon?
And who will play upon his horn
A piercing, shrieking tune?—*Chorus*.

We'll all carcer around the house
Until our breath is gone;
We'll all perform unceasingly
Upon ye festive horn.—*Chorus*.

And then we'll lightly melt away
With many a parting toot.
Next morn, the trampled lawn will show
A ghost can wear a boot.—*Chorus*.



In Days to Come

Silently and all unheeded
Slips the dawning light by
Black beneath the morning sunlight
Black where evening shadows lie

And the willows lean together
Over grassy sloping ways
Shading many a careless fellow
Full of hope and strength of days
Yet it may be in the future
When the fallen days we heed
When the leaf of life's endeavor
Shall be turning, dry and sear

We shall very well remember
How the trees their shadows flung
On the college by the river
When our hearts and we were young

The Judge's Harns.

True Tales of Old Times.



“WELL, I'm a Colby man myself,” said the distinguished-looking gentleman who sat next to me. “It was Waterville College in my day, but I call myself a Colby man just the same. Great times we used to have too.”

Seeing that the Judge (for such he was) was in a reminiscent mood, I offered him a cigar, and proceeded to draw him out by alluding to the famous cannon escapade in which Ninety-six and Charlie Turner figured so prominently. “We had a cannon racket in my day,” said the Judge, as he slowly lighted his cigar. “There was just one cannon in town then, and we got it upon the campus one night, and gave it a hot time too. We planted it out back of South College, and fired chains and rocks at a house across the river. Of course we let the citizens come after their cannon when they wanted it; but we had enjoyed the night's fun so much that only a few nights later we sacked the cannon up again. Next time the citizens hid it, but we found it. For

two weeks they did their best to put it where we could not find it, but we were too much for them. All this time the Faculty was trying to stop our sport, but they were unsuccessful. One morning after a celebration we looked for the cannon, but it was gone. We searched for it diligently, but in vain. For weeks and months we were on the lookout for it, but it never was discovered. Some twenty years after I graduated I happened to meet young —, who used to tutor in my day. We got to talking over the old times, and I mentioned the cannon. ‘Now,’ said he, ‘I don't suppose you know what became of that, so I will tell you. About nine o'clock one evening Prex. called at the house where I roomed, and wanted me to go with him. We went up toward the College, and then turned off into the pasture, which, you remember, occupied a large territory back of the present location of the station. The pasture was pretty well grown up to alders and spruce, and we had hard work to pick our way through. At length we came

to a small opening, and right before us I saw what appeared to be a grave. I was considerably surprised, but my surprise was intensified when Prex. handed me a spade, which he brought from a clump of bushes, and told me to dig the grave deeper. I obeyed, for I was only a tutor, and Prex. was not to be fooled with. I worked for nearly an hour, during which time Prex. was reconnoitering. I could see him stealing from one clump of bushes to another, as if he were a fugitive escaping from justice. Once I thought I saw a man emerge from a thicket and advance toward Prex. You may rest assured that strange fancies were running through my head. Soon I heard the crushing of bushes accompanied by faint grunting and puffing, and, secreting myself in a clump of alders, I awaited developments. I was satisfied that something dark and mysterious was being done; for when the midnight workers came within sight I could see that they were nervous, and frequently retraced their steps and looked cautiously around. When they came very near, I recognized Prex. and the four professors, and you may judge of my surprise when I saw that they were dragging the cannon toward the grave. I now understood the situation, and advanced from my position to aid the professors,

for they were having a hard time. Old Dr. X. was fat, you remember, and he was puffing like a man-of-war. The old cannon is still sleeping over back of the station, and I shall never forget the night it was planted.'"

The Judge knocked the ashes off his cigar and resumed. "Did you ever hear of the gift we presented to Bowdoin?" he asked. I assured him that I was ignorant on that point. "Well," he said, "in the President's office there used to be a bust of President Champlin. One night some of us fellows got the bust, packed it, and directed it to Bowdoin College. We wrote a letter to the Bowdoin faculty stating that we, the Colby faculty, desired to present a gift to that institution. Three days later President Champlin received a letter from the President of Bowdoin thanking him for the valuable gift. The good President comprehended the situation at once, but he could never summon sufficient courage to explain matters to the sister college. So to-day the bust of President Champlin stands in the Walker Art Building among the busts of other eminent men."

Here I had to leave the Judge; but I went away thinking of "the good old days."

The Nibelungenlied.

The Great German Epic.



[Knowing that many of our students will be glad to read this famous epic of which they have heard so much, we have decided to publish it in full. We assure our readers that our translation, both in spirit and language, is a vast improvement over the original German version.]

The moon looks down from starry skies,
The wind sneaks through the boughs,
Beneath them sit a youth and maid
On the steps of the Palmer House.

The night is hushed, they do not speak,
'Tis bliss enough to sit and gaze;
He notes the soft curve of her cheek,
Her dainty looks and winning ways.

A sudden change comes o'er his mien,
He springs back from her side,
She looks around, but nought is seen,
Though the door stands open wide.

It was no form of flesh and blood
That came from out the door.
He left as fast as ever he could;
He'll ne'er be seen there more.

She sees it all—a terrible smell
From every window and door

Had issued as from the depths of Hades,
And parted them evermore.

The moon makes haste to hide its face
And wrap its nose in a cloud,
The wind sweeps by at a fearful pace
And shrieks "Well, I'll be blowned!"

She tries to get her breath and run,
She reaches the smoky hall;
The girls have gathered, every one,
They have smelled it each and all.

They searched, one here, another there,
In attic, chamber, hall and cellar.
They swore it should go hard with him,
If they could find the guilty feller.

At last upon the cause they came,
They knew not what to say;
Old rubbers were cast to the furnace flame.
The Dutchman was going away.

A rapping here, a tapping there
Tells neighbors far and wide,
That they are going, Frau and Herr,
To leave their fireside.

At last the time comes, all too slow,
Farewell of friends to take—
In half an hour the train will go,
And they must not be late.

Then Vater and Georgie go ahead,
And Mutter and Herman behind;
The students follow the Dutchman's lead,
You'd have thought he was Father Gleim.

The station is reached, the train comes in.
"Well, Dutchy, good-bye," says one.
"Come papa! come mamma!" is heard through the din,
It comes from each little son.

The train puffs off, shouts rend the air
Of "Colby! Rah! Rah! Rah!"
What's the matter with Herman their son and heir?
With Georgie, papa, and mamma?"

He's gone back now to his Vaterland.
The land of meerschaum pipes and beer;
The best of lands, of all most grand,
The land which he holds dear.

Old Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Gleim,
And Walter von der Vogelweid,
All these dwelt there in ancient time,
These poets known so far and wide.

There is the university
Of famed immortal Kiel,
Fond tales of which we've often heard
The Dutchman gladly reel.

He'll smoke his pipe and drink his beer,
Nor ever need to shave.
Perchance for us he'll drop a tear
On some old poet's grave.
* * * *

What sight is this that chills my blood?
Have I my senses lost?
Strange fears roll o'er me in a flood,
My soul is terror-tossed.

Have I in sleep the summer spent
And now has come the fall?
Or are the ghosts of men oft sent
Our visions to appal?

'Tis surely Dr. Marquardt's form
At dusk I see go by,
With flying coat and waving arm
And frenzy in his eye.

Ah, no! my senses fail me not,
'Tis he come back to find
His steamer tickets, quite forgot,
As rubbish left behind.

The midnight bears him from the town,
His pleasure's clouded now.
With tickets clutched and hat pulled down,
He longs to reach his frau.

Piscatorial.



I'm rather late to supper ,
You ask me what it means,
That I come in so meekly
To sup upon cold beans ?

Since I came up to college,
There've been two of the boys
Who've asked me out so often
Life's been a round of joys.

They happened in at tea-time,
But they were so polite
That neither would invite me,
White t'other was in sight.

At last Brown said to Johnson :
" You going down my way ? "
And they went off together,
Morosely, I must say.

They want me to consider
The merits of their frats.,
They eye each other grimly,
Quite like a pair of cats.

Just now they live like princes,
And fare like kings and queens,
But later in the season
Perhaps—they eat cold beans.

Rondolet.



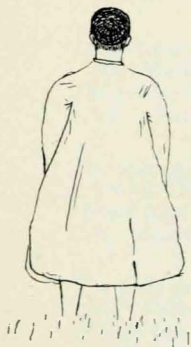
" A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye,"
Is not so hidden as one thinks,
And knows who's going by.

A dark-eyed maid and a dark-eyed lad,
A lad with curling hair,
Are often seen when the woods are green,
A very handsome pair.

They sit down on the mossy stone,
Unmindful of the violet nigh,
They think that they are all alone,
With no one round to spy.

Let this remind that maiden fair,
And also the lad with the curling hair,
That when they think they're all alone,
A violet grows by a mossy stone.

How Dally Went to the Fire.



A STORY about my college days? Well, let me see. Did I ever tell you how Dally went to the fire? Never did? Well, then I'll tell you that.

'Twas the night of the night-shirt parade, about the middle of June, I should say, and decidedly warm, even at midnight. After the parade we boys had been amusing ourselves changing the position of some of the landmarks on the campus, when about one o'clock we caught sight of a blaze over the tops

of the houses toward the upper end of the town. The whole crowd started on the run for what looked like an unusually fine fire. But before we had gone far we found that the fire was some distance out into the country. Most of the boys, one by one, turned back until four of us, Hop and Arthur and Dally and I, found ourselves alone on the outskirts of the city.

Dally wanted to turn back too, but the rest of us said the fire was only a little way off across the fields and we were not going to have our run for nothing.

The peculiar thing was that Dally was bashful about going back alone. You see he was all undressed when he heard there was to be a parade, and he didn't stop to put on any clothes under his nightshirt. The rest of us had taken our togas off before the fun on the campus began. Dally didn't want to stop to dress and so he very discreetly kept his on. And there he was, a quarter of a mile from the bricks, in nightshirt, glasses, cap and shoes. And somehow he didn't seem anxious to go back through the streets alone. I suppose he felt as if our company protected him from the "blows and buffets of the world" to which he had so much surface exposed. At any rate when we started off across the fields Dally disconsolately followed.

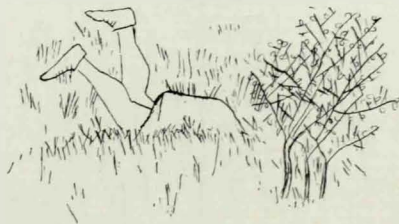
The first field was all right, but when we climbed

the fence into the second we found ourselves in a regular jungle of bushes and thorns. Dally's night-shirt caught on the brambles, his bare legs were scratched and bruised, his glasses tumbled off. When the rest of us had struggled through the tangle we missed him, but a plaintive voice told us that he was near and soon we caught sight of his white nightshirt in the darkness of the thicket, shining like a good deed in a naughty world.

We thought the worst was over now and pressed eagerly on. We found ourselves next in a hayfield where the grass was up to our waists and dripping with dew. In two minutes we were wet to the skin from the waist down. We felt as if we were wading in three feet of water. Dally didn't like the feeling of the wet nightshirt flapping against his legs, so he carried out the idea of wading by gathering it up around his waist, girding up his loins like the prophets of old. The rear view thus presented was irresistibly suggestive of the maternal slipper, and no doubt if Dolly's *mater* had been there, she would have applied that instrument vigorously.

We waded on, through field after field of the same kind, while from each hilltop the fire seemed farther off than ever. When we started, it was not more than half a mile away; now it was at least two

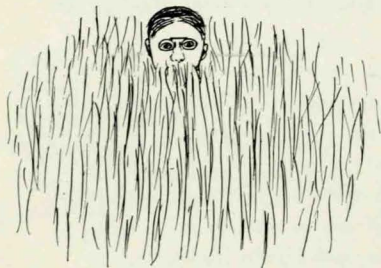
miles ahead. Dally would have gone back long ago but for the thought of the thicket behind and the terrors of a solitary passage through the city streets in a costume rather more suited to the time than the place. At last, the hayfields came to an end, and we comforted ourselves with the thought that our passage would now be easier at least. Dally began to grow cold, so Hop lent him his coat, and the upper half of the nightshirt was eclipsed. The lower half still flapped disconsolately about Dally's legs.



The next thing we came to was a pasture, whose surface was a succession of rocks, hollows, and mounds, all covered with a deceptive growth of ferns and moss. In the dark, it was impossible to pick our way, and every now and then Dally's white nightshirt would disappear from sight, as he stubbed his toe on a rock, and pitched headlong into an unsuspected

hollow. But he always emerged again a little more soiled and bedraggled, but still good-natured toward everything except inanimate nature.

And so we kept on until the twelve labors of Hercules were nothing to the difficulties we had conquered. At last, after hours (seemingly) of traveling, we came to a road! And right across this road, twenty rods back, was the burning house, still blaz-



ing brightly. Triumphantlly we started up the drive-way, but there, in the light of the fire, seated on a pile of furniture, Dally caught sight of a girl. His delicate modesty spoke at once. Probably, the girl's apparel was not much more abundant than Dally's own, but the outer layer at least was more conventional, and Dally could not bear the thought of em-

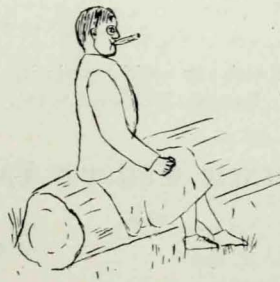
barrassing her. So he sent the rest of us along up the drive-way, while he squatted down in the tall grass by the roadside and rested from the labors of his journey. As we sat on a log before the blazing house, and questioned the family, who sat around silently watching the destruction of their home, we could see Dally's round cheeks and nicely parted hair peeping at us above the tall grass, while the firelight shone and glistened on his glasses.

Before long we were astonished to see three more boys coming up the drive-way. Hop remarked that he would not have believed there were three more such fools in college. These last three had come by the road instead of the fields; but if their path had been smoother than ours, they vowed they had come twenty miles. When they caught sight of Dally's head above the top of the grass, they stopped to investigate, and, finding it was Dally, they took pity on his forlorn condition and persuaded him that, with the coat over his night-shirt, his costume was perfectly modest and conventional. Thus urged, Dally overcame his scruples, and all four joined us on our log.

Whether the inhabitants of that neighborhood were accustomed to wear similarly simple toilets on their evening rambles, or misfortune had benumbed the senses of the recent inmates of the burning dwelling,

not a word or glance betrayed their curiosity at Dally's unique get-up, or wounded his sensitive feelings. One thing did cut him a little; contrary to all his past experience with the fairer sex, the girl paid absolutely no attention to his presence.

In the pocket of Hop's coat, Dally had found a cigar. He lighted it, and there he sat on the log, his bare legs stretched out to the fire, the steam rising from the wet flaps of his nightshirt, the cigar in his mouth, his face the picture of peace after pain.



A Fair Barbarian.



I'm here upon a visit,
To Brother Jack you know,
He's been away at college
About a year or so.
He's taken me out boating,
And escorted me last night
To a bang-up swell reception,
'Twas just way out of sight.
A very lovely fellow—
His name was Mr. G—
Was awfully attentive
And more than nice to me.

I told Jack so this morning,
He was n't really pleased,
And when I asked the reason,
He sniffed until he sneezed,
And when I quite insisted
That he should answer me,
He talked about not liking
That G's *society*.
I really am astonished,
What can the reason be?
He surely had the manners
Of good society.

I wish you could explain it,
I'm sure it's *Greek* to me.

The Oracle Editor's Lament.



I've often heard those stories
Of Punch without his mask,
And tales more melancholic
One surely need not ask.

But worse than all unmasking
Behind the circus scenes,
And sadder than the sorrows
Of tinsel kings and queens,

A fate of sighs prolific,
Abject and pitiful,
It is to help to edit
The COLBY ORACLE.

There is no calling sadder,
More lashed by fortune's gales,
Than chasing funny notions,
To salt their fleeting tails.

A Sophomore's Dream.



I dreamed I crossed dark Styx's bank
With Charon to old Pluto's shore ;
And all unseen I lingered by
And listened as I heard them try
The spirits the boatmen ferried o'er.
A sulphury glow around us shone
From the fiery lake below,
As Colonel Page came trembling up,
And thus began the show.

Old Pluto gazed upon him,
And he at Pluto gazed ;
He saw the imps around him,
The lake that 'neath him blazed ;
He smelt the burning sulphur,
Saw Pluto's forked tail :
His legs gave way beneath him,
His lips sent forth a wail.
"I say, old boy," he thus did quake,

"I don't just like this fiery lake ;
I g-guess I wasn't made to bake,—
I'm going back—there's some mistake."

"Oh, ho ! " said Pluto, "you're just the lad
I've wanted ever and ever so bad.
You were always a sporty man at college,
Neglected your lessons, cared nothing for knowledge ;
You drank too much cider, with co-ords did flirt ;
But now I have got you, don't cry if I hurt.
I'm a little short of brimstone I fear,"
And the tone of his voice made Colonel feel queer.
"But sit right down by my cozy fire."
As Colonel obeyed, the impish choir
Struck up "I'm a Son of a Gun for Beer."

Then Jerry and Gerry, a timid pair,
Came trembling up through the sultry air,
While Jerry murmured as if in prayer,

"O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land!"
And then he stopped as if his sand
Was surely failing him, but no,
He sighed in faltering accents low,
Despite old Pluto's warning frown:
"She used to go and walk with me,
And sweet communion there held we.
I'd gently take her by the hand,
And dream 'twas heaven's border land."
And choked with weeping he sat down.

Old Pluto smiled a fearful smole,
He winked a wunk to a demon droll,
And down, far down in the fiery hole,
Poor Jerry and Gerry went swiftly flying.
Said Pluto, "I'll give them some reason for crying."
As the lambent waters closed again,
His Majesty gave a horrible whoop,
And the demons joined in the rousing strain,
"Jerry and Gerry are both in the soup."

But judge how much I was taken aback
When I saw that the next to come was Mac.
Yet here he was with his usual smile
Seeking old Pluto to beguile.
Said he, in his own retiring way,

As on his heart his hand he laid,
"Why, all I did, you blooming jay,
Was to sing that 'Poor Little Country Maid.'
From morn till dewy eve I sang,
From eve till morn again,
Until the Profs. in spasms fell,
O'erpowered by the mournful strain."

Old Pluto's eyes flashed forth his ire,
He made him dance on coals of fire;
And as full sprightly, high and low,
He shook the light fantastic toe,
In punishment for all his faults,
The demon choir drew 'round the fire
And struck up "They're Teaching McFadden to
Waltz."

But soon the awful chorus seemed to tire,
And went to put more brimstone on the fire;
When Brooks appeared, all dressed in his football
gear;
In either eye there shone a glistening tear.
"In the noble game of football I was skilled;
But I was also very, very careless.
Full four-score men I know that I have killed,
And many's the poor chap that I've left hairless."

As thus he told his exploits bold,
As thus he made his plea,
Old Pluto was struck ; said he "Here's luck ;
I must have you to help me."
So he set him up on a cake of ice,
On the banks of that sulphurous pool,
And there he played pitch with the sinners,
In a manner refreshingly cool.

Then Dally came up like a sweet little girly,
With his boots well blacked and his hair cut curly.
Said he : " All the ladies were stuck on me
And I used to lead them on ;
Then I'd go off and get another
And leave them all forlorn.
Full sixteen hearts for me did break
But still my conscience did not wake.

" At last I met the prettiest girl, —
Perhaps she wasn't a dandy !
She lived 'way down at the end of the town,
So it wasn't exceedingly handy.
Still about every evening,
As the shadows would softly fall,
I walked and talked with that damsel
That seemed to me best of all.

I know it was awfully wicked
And *now* I am sorry 'twas done,
But still, you old Mister Pluto,
I can just tell you 'twas fun."
They all were shocked to see his guile,
And told him he might wait awhile,
Before the gloomy fate he learned
That his misdeeds had richly earned.

There came a pause. " Are they all in ?"
Old Pluto asked with a horrid grin ;
When looming up through the misty pall,
I recognized the form of Hall.
But Hall was calm and cool enough
As he strolled along the way,
Or stopped to scrap with a shade or two,
And watch the spirits play.

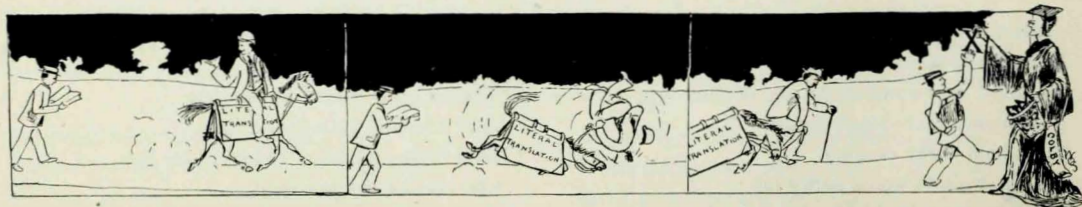
Then Pluto's brow frowned darkly
As he recognized the man.
The air grew hotter, hotter yet,
And I looked 'round for a fan.
Said Pluto : " Long I've looked for you.
Oh, yes, I know you well,
And nothing now can change your fate,
Your tale you need not tell.

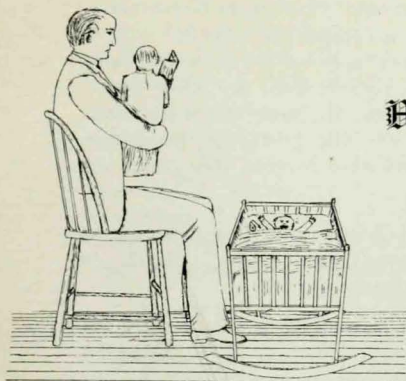
You are the man that was made to go
To the Freshman reception, whether or no.
Beside my reception, you find that was slow.—
Take him, my imps," he added low.

But Hall lit into Pluto
In his good old-fashioned style,
And Brooksy bucked the centre
For a quarter of a mile.
The rest of us then gathered 'round,
From pool and sulphury bay
And got into the interference
In a rattling kind of way.

We carried all before us
In those regions dark and evil,
And Pluto grim and all his imps
Ran like the very devil.

Then ere we sought out Charon,
In his boat to cross again,
We joined our merry voices
In that grand old sweet refrain :
ἄλαλά! ἄλαλά! ἄλαλά!
νίκη ἐστὶ τὸ σύνθημα!
Colby, Ninety-eight! 'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!





Association of Married Men.



THE married men of Colby University, at the urgent request of Profs. Bayley, Taylor and Roberts, assembled in Benedictine Hall to

effect a more perfect organization. The following list of officers was unanimously agreed upon without discussion :

T. C. TOOKER,	<i>Chief Multiplier.</i>
C. L. CHAMBERLAIN,	<i>Gradun-pater.*</i>
J. M. PIKE,	<i>Worthy Instigator.</i>
A. S. COLE,	<i>Mighty Mystifier.</i>

Honorary Members :

PROF. BAYLEY, PROF. TAYLOR, PROF. ROBERTS.

The Association at once proceeded to the discussion of applicants for membership. The first name proposed for admission was that of C. B. Fuller. In

* Title suggested by Prof. Taylor.

his nominating speech Prof. Bayley said, "Brother members of this noble embryonic order, I put before you to-night for your most worthy and thoughtful consideration the name of one in whom I have discovered the perfection of those qualities characteristic of a typical Benedictine. The marvellous strides made by this man during his course to prepare himself for membership in our order, can only be hinted at here. In the early stages of his course he ranked among the pluggers of his class, while society he knew not. I gave him up as lost ! But, alas, what a change——!"

PROF. TAYLOR (interrupting): "I do not think, gentlemen, that we ought to put a premium on neglect of ——"

PROF. ROBERTS (interrupting): "Got anything more to say about this man Fuller ? If you have ——"

C. M.: "Order, gentlemen, order."

It was with considerable difficulty that the Chief Multiplier with his gavel restored order and refused to allow further discussion on the man. A vote was

taken amidst the wrangling of the honorary members and Fuller was rejected by a single ballot.

PROF. TAYLOR: "Gentlemen, I vividly recall how gratifying it would have been to me to have become a member of this order when passing through the ordeals just previous to a Benedictine life. And I cannot now see the wisdom of refusing the blessings of this organization to men who desire them, because I could not enjoy them myself. H. W. Foss would like to become a Benedictine and I offer you his name for consideration. It is true he has not as yet found his Beatrice, but our order would no doubt be a great assistance to him."

PROF. BAYLEY: "Chief Multiplier, I rise to second heartily both the sentiment and the name as proposed by Bro. Taylor. This Foss'll undoubtedly reflect great credit on our order. To briefly trace out his genealogy, Foss claims descent from ancestors whose remains have recently been found deep buried beneath the Cambrian Rocks. Mr. Foss clearly recalls the time when he lived at home with Pa and Ma upon the paternal estate near the North Pole of the earth, which at that time was where the South Pole is now. He tells us that in those times the earth was reversed in its movements, that people used to walk backward and talk backward, that the planets of the solar system used to bump and thump against each other before they had chosen their several courses. Foss saw that the arrangement was not good, and

undertook a readjustment. One day, as he was carrying the North Pole to its proper place, his feet slipped on the Arctic ice, and the pole was lost in the Northern Seas. For countless ages he lived the life of a mermaid in his search for the lost prize, but it has never been found. And I tell you, gentlemen, we cannot afford to disregard the application of this grand old Fossil."

G. P.: "I can not approve of this gambling on futures and I shall vote in the negative." Strange as it may seem Foss also was rejected.

W. I.: "I wish to present to you to-night the names of two very desirable men, H. C. Hanscom and H. E. Hamilton, who seek admission to our order, and I now move you that they be accepted by acclamation." But no one arose to second the motion or to offer a word in discussion. The Chief Multiplier then declared the names of both men rejected. When the course of the Association was announced to Hanscom, it is said he did not sleep for the night,* while Mr. Hamilton fainted dead away, calling loudly: "Bring me my Fan—my Fan!"

At this point the deliberations of the assembly were interrupted by a loud knock on the outer door. The Mighty Mystifier, having received strict orders from Chief Multiplier, very cautiously opened the door, when some one in a cracked voice was heard to say, "To become a member of your order of Bene-

* Slept in the morning instead.

dictines has been the hope of my life for a long time. I considered it of such grave importance that I dared not trust any man with my application, but have come in person. Will you throw open your doors and receive with outstretched arms one who has at heart the interests of this society more than any other?"

Here the door was closed and securely barred, and the M. M., turning to the C. M., said, "Chief Multiplier, H. S. Hall, of '96, with pleading voice and weeping eyes, beseeches us to admit him to membership in our order; what shall we do?"

PROF. TAYLOR: "Chief Multiplier, inasmuch as our order has as yet not sufficiently matured for the admission of the gentler sex, I move you that we pass a resolution advising Mr. Hall to connect himself with the 'Woman's Auxiliary,' which, I understand, is being formed in this college, as an aid to our Benedictine Order."

PROF. ROBERTS: "I wish you people would get down to business before long and see if you can't do something. In order for our Association to grow, we have got to have some good men. Now, I'm going to propose the name of Richard Pat Collins, and I shall feel disappointed if this man is not unanimously elected without a word of discussion. But hark! It is cock-crow already. Come, come, let's get to business quick; it is almost time to adjourn."

C. M.: "Oh no, no, Prof. Roberts, that's Baby Tooker that you hear. Don't be alarmed."

In spite of Roberts's efforts Collins was only accepted on probation, with the understanding that his case was far from hopeless.

G. P.: "Chief Multiplier, I have been requested to present the name of a reverend gentleman of '96 for membership in our order, Fred W. Peakes."

M. M.: "I object. Never in the history of our College has a class been so imposed upon as '96 has by this man. He has wilfully and with malicious intent violated the sacred rites of feasting and hospitality. It is evident that he would never be a good provider, and I move that we banish him forever from our sacred circle." (Carried.)

W. I.: "There is one man whom we can hardly fail to accept. I propose, without further preamble, the name of Mr. F. M. Padelford."

PROF. BAYLEY: "I do not think we can accept Padelford. I have three charges to bring against him. First: I understand he had the effrontery to ask Prof. Black who was Emperor of Rome when Pike first entered college. Second: He told Prof. Marquardt that his jokes were more modern than the deluge of Noah. Third: He asked Stetson whether he took Evans on his knee when he wanted to talk to him. He evidently has a flippant mind, and I therefore move that we lay him on the table."

M. M.: "He has been as delinquent as Peakes, and I second that motion." (Carried.)

PROF. ROBERTS: "Gentlemen, you are making rapid progress, I must say. Not a single name accepted. I predict the rapid downfall of our Order. But I will make one more desperate effort to blot out the disgrace of your shameful action to-night toward the coming Benedictines. I put before you the name of one more man, and if rejected I shall sever my allegiance to what should be made the noblest order on earth. I now present to you the name of Levi P. Wyman, of '96."

M. M., PROF. BAYLEY, PROF. TAYLOR, W. I., G. P., all: "Chief Multiplier!"

Down comes the gavel three times in rapid succession and "Order, gentlemen, order. Mighty Mystifier has the has the floor."

M. M.: "Gentlemen, I am certain that I voice the sentiment of those present when I say that Levi is the only coming Benedictine of '96 who has recognized his obligations. Beneath his roof we claimed the rites of hospitality, and sumptuously did he feast us. Therefore I believe that he justly claims recognition from our Order. And I now move you that we accept him unanimously."

PROF. ROBERTS, W. I., G. P., PROF. BAYLEY, PROF. TAYLOR, all: "Chief Multiplier!"

"Order, order," came from the chair. "Prof. Roberts has the floor."

PROF. ROBERTS: "I rise to second the motion,

and to further move you that Wyman be found at once and brought here to make his speech, according to the proper custom in such organizations."

Although Prof. Bayley reminded Roberts that this was not his elocution class, the motion was speedily carried, and Wyman was found and ushered into the presence of the august assembly.

PROF. ROBERTS: "Now, Mr. Wyman, go right up on that platform and make us a five-minute speech, and use the natural manner, too."

Wyman's knees shook, but he nevertheless obeyed, although at first he seemed a little confused.

WYMAN'S SPEECH.

"Friends, husbands, Benedictines, ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief, who came not here to talk. Ye know too well the story of my Maid of Athens, ere we part, give, oh give me back my country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty—of thee I sing; land where my fathers died, land of the Pilgrims' pride, from every mountain side let joy be uncon—found it all, what am I saying? Give me a match.

"In other words: When all deeds shall have been accomplished and recorded; when history shall have been written; when men shall no longer think the thoughts of Hubbard after him; when the ghoulful growl of Watkins shall be no longer heard; when

the ghastly wail of Peakes shall cease to cleave the midnight air; when time and eternity shall merge in one common chaotic mass all now existent things, there shall still remain undestroyed and imperishable,

as a monument of the created past, the glory of this renowned order of brotherhood."

Audience completely overpowered. Meeting adjourned *sine die*.

A Fare.



While in the library one sweet summer day
I lingered idly for a little space,
I came by chance upon a pictured face
Within an album; neither grave nor gay,
Nor any other word that I can say,
But something better, for a nameless grace
Within the deep eyes had its dwelling place,
And on the lips and brow like sunshine lay.
Somewhere a king 'mong men he acts his part,
For all would trust and honor such as he,
Free from deceit and from the love of self.
For him, a woman, yielding up her heart,
Could softly say like Portia, "For thee
I would be trebled twenty times myself."

—ALICE LENA COLE, '98.

At de Do'.



De chapel bell am almost done
An' I could shut de do',
Come quick, young gen'lemen, come
quick,
Or you'll be late for sho.

You see dis braid dat's on my coat,
Dis markin' on my hat,
Dat means dat I's yo' janitor,
Yo' just remember dat.

De President am gittin' up
To start de singin' sho,
Come quick, young gen'lemen, come
quick,
Or I shall shut de do'.



Before the Game.

(Reception Room at L. H.)



MR. FOSS (*without*).
Don't hurry, Mrs. Leavenworth,
Miss Tracy's in, you say?
I'll step in the reception room
And wait there, if I may.

(*Enters.*)

Perhaps she'll think I might have said
A word, before I came,
But then she surely won't refuse
My escort to the game.
She's quite a pretty girl, I think,
And rather taking, too,
I guess she thinks I'm rather bright,
But what's a man to do?
I always was a witty chap,
Admired by the girls.—
I s'pose she's fixing up her hair
In some bewitching curls.
It's quite too bad of me, of course,
To take her by surprise
And come at the eleventh hour.—
She *has* got pretty eyes.
I hope she don't misunderstand
My slight attentions though,

But there, I hear her coming now,—
Where did my derby go?

(*Door-bell rings. Footsteps heard on stairs. Front door heard opening.*)

MISS TRACY (*without*).

Why, Mr. Hutchinson, I thought
You got here long ago.
I have been hurrying awfully,
I heard my bell I know.

(*Front door heard opening and closing.*)

MR. FOSS.

I must get out of this somehow,
Where *is* that plaguy door?

(*Enter MRS. L.*)

O yes, I say, that is, I think
Our boys will win it sure;
'Twill be an interesting game,
I can't be late, you know;
I've had a very pleasant time,
That is,—I think I'll go.—(*Exit.*)

Shannon's Ride.



Sheridan's ride was a reckless one,
Urged on by the roar of cannon,
But a wilder ride I have in mind :
'Tis that of Richard Shannon.

The one rode down to win the fight,
And they say he was mighty glad to.
The other rode out one deep dark night,
Because, alas ! he had to.

Now Richard was a Freshman stout,
The bravest in the land,
And always took when he went out
A pistol in each hand.

And oft to his admiring friends
His deeds he would relate,
How he'd murdered one and wounded five
And fired at ninety-eight.

One evening as Dick strolled along,
Like any ancient knight,
A dreaming of his lady love
And his last bloody fight,

A whoop resounded through the air,
His savage foes had come ;
They didn't give him time to swear
Nor e'en to draw his gun,

But quickly rushing on the youth,
Begirt him all around,
And there despite his mighty strength,
They bore him to the ground.

A carriage stood beside the curb,
They hustled him inside,
And said, " Now, sonny, come with us,
We'll have a pleasant ride."

The driver leaped upon the seat,
The steeds he madly lashed,
And through the city's crowded streets
With lightning speed they dashed.

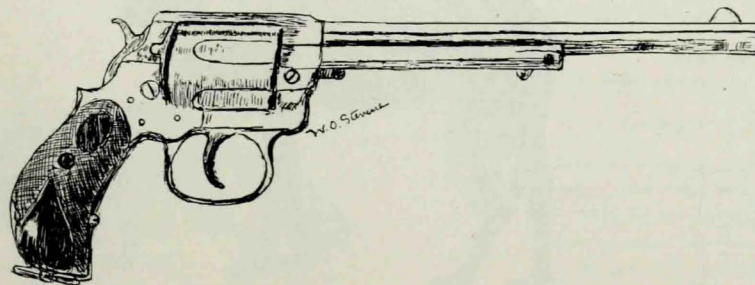
In fact the horses hurried so,
Urged on by whip and shout,
That ere they'd gone ten miles from home
They were all tuckered out.

When the kind-hearted boys perceived
That there was too much load,
They made young Richard get right out
And left him in the road.

The steeds thus lightened of their freight
Rushed fiercely on their way,
And though the driver pulled the reins
He could (?) not make them stay.

Alas! for poor Dick Shannon,
The noble and the brave.
No mode of travel now is left
Save that which nature gave.

So back to Waterville he tramped
Beneath the midnight skies,
The Sophomores had had the fun
And Dick, the exercise.



The Greatest Show on Earth.

♦ ♦

1

Now Ladies and Gents, jest step up this way,
An' if you ain't pleased, why I've nothin' to say,
For this here menagerie never was beat,
As a takin' an' satisfyin' treat.

2

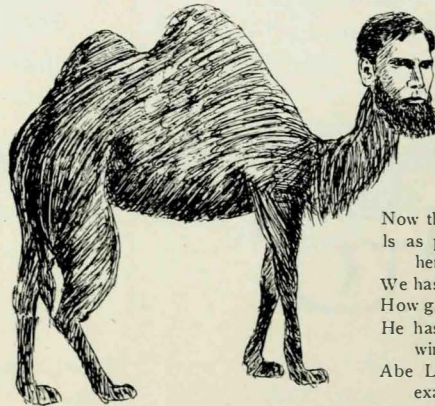
This here is a eagle which is called king of birds,
It speaks for itself without no more words;
But if ever you find a harnsomer creatur',
Appearing in any show as a featur',
I'll thank you most kindly, Ladies and Gents,
If you'll drop me a postal at my expense.

3

This next is a lion, as you may perceive;
If you're keerful he's gentler than you
would believe.
But my advice is jest keep away,
For folks *has* roused him as you might
say,
And none of 'em's livin', I'm grieved to
state;
They all has perished by being ate.

4

Now this here camel, Ladies and Gents,
Is as patient a beast as you'll find, an'
hence
We has him here so you all may see
How gentle an animile can be.
He has five different stomachs as a gini-
wine fact,
Abe Lincoln we call him, which fits him
exact.





5

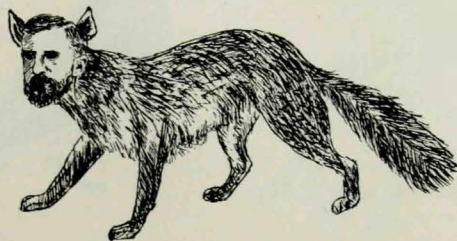
This next animile is a grizzly bear,
He's partially tame, but you'd better take care.
He never was known to acshally bite,
But he's caused several ladies to faint from their
fright.

But he's wonderful knowin', and don't forget that.
— Hi! Bruin, jest show 'em how you talk through
that hat.



6

We next has a tiger, Ladies and Gents,
Brought from Bengal at great expense.
Jest notice in special his velvet paws,
Though in 'em I dare say there's very sharp claws.
He belongs to a country that's hot all the year;
So he finds our climate quite chillin', I fear.



7

Now, this here animile, Ladies and Gents,
I'll wager a dollar and forty cents,
Is the cleverest fox that ever was caught.
There's no end to the tricks that he's been taught.
He looks as quiet as the famous sphink,
But he knows a great deal more than you'd think.



8

But here we comes to an animile,
That's built in a somewhat pecooliar style.
Jest notice, please. what a stately air
That towerin' neck gives the creatur' there,
An' yet he's sometimes, between you an' me,
As cross an' pettish as he can be.



9

Now, ladies and children had better look out,
Or this here ram will put 'em to rout.
That glitterin' look in his eye is a sign,
He's a specialist in a buttin' line.
When he gits his head down, he's blind as a bat,
An' has no idee what he's drivin' at.

10

Next. Ladies and Gents, you have all of you heard
Of the dove, as a gentle and peaceable bird;
But this here individooal dove
Can count up to forty an' above;
An' can also add if the numbers is small,
To say nothin' of markin' with chalk on the wall.



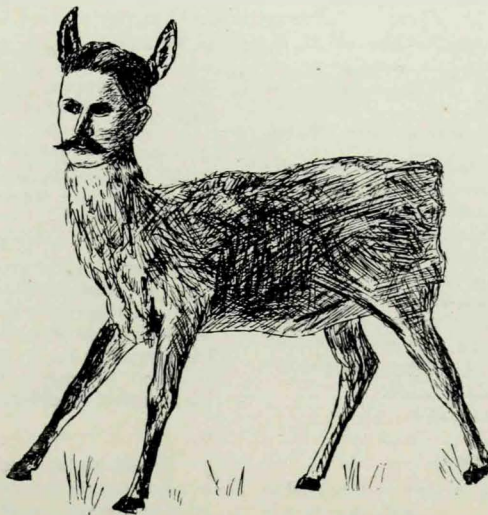


11.

I'll next point out to your keerful
attention,
A wonderful dog that, as I might
mention,
Has took seven prizes in dog-shows
and such;
He's a little bit snappish and cranky
to touch.
But the children hain't got any cause
for fright,
His bark is consider'ble worse than
his bite.

12.

This, Ladies and Gents, is a eagle owl,
Which, you'll say, is a well-known specie of fowl
But this here owl when he's wide awake,
Is a livin' wonder, an' no mistake.
Though he never imparts it to anyone.
He's known to be wiser than Solomon.



157



13.

There's one more animile, Ladies and
Gents,
Which, as I might mention without
offense,
Is the harnsomest creatur' that ever
was known;
Jest look, if you please, at them eyes
alone.
He's been mistook for a gay gazelle,
But he's really a antelope, I hear tell.

14.

This, Ladies and Gents, is the end of
the show.
But before you put on your hats to go,
I asks you frankly if ever you see
The beat of this startlin' menagerie.

ALUMNI AT ALUMNÆ.

- '73. Dr. Butler is still president of Colby University.
'91. N. L. Bassett, of Harvard Law School, passed his vacation at home.
'94. A. H. Evans was seen in town last week.
[There are no other notes in this column sufficiently new and fresh to interest the readers of the *Oracle*.]

BILL BOARD, PERSONALS, ETC.

These columns can be supplied by the imagination of the reader as well as we can quote them. See also Prof. Hall's new book mentioned on another page.

While we feel that the *Echo* has improved a great deal of late, as the above plainly shows, we beg the privilege of a few suggestions.

1. Would it not be well to alter the card on the opening page to read more accurately: "published occasionally during the college year or vacation, by the editors of various college publications."
2. While we commend the system which, like the sermons of Roger de Coverly's chaplain, gives us an epitome of the best literary work of the day in the college world, we would suggest that it would save both time and expense if the *Echo* simply gave the references instead of the laborious method of copying in full.
3. We hardly think it advisable to print the same item more than twice in an issue, even if it does fill up the columns.



That old degree
Of Ph.D.
No longer means philosophy,
Of hateful pedantry the spouse;
But can be got quite pleasantly,
If she'll agree
To haunt with me
The Doorsteps of the Palmer House.

In Senior German, you can't guess
How well we know our lesson,
When some one asks us meaningly:
"Können Sie Kuchen essen?"

But watch a co-ord narrowly,
And to her answer hearken,
When she is asked, uncertainly:
"Können Sie Kuchen backen?"

What the Great Wise Man Said.

(Adapted.)



A small and foolish Freshman once met the Great Wise Man,
And opening wide his Question-Bag, the Freshie thus began:

"O, Great Wise Man, I've questions here that long have puzzled me,
And if you've answers that will fit, I'll buy me two or three.

"Is pulling legs like pulling hair, or is it commoner?
Is cutting ice like chopping wood, and which would you prefer?

"Are Freshmen given water, because of being fish?
Do fishers find in humble-pie a palatable dish?

"If horses crib, why is it then, a horse contains no cribs?
Is laying profs. like laying spooks? Don't tell me any fibs.

"Since college girls already are too uppish for this earth,
And rather need to fall than rise, then what is Leaven worth?

"What patterns do professors use in order to cut out?
And do the students tear the shirts that thus are brought about?"

The Great Wise Man thought hard and fast; his finger-ends he bit;
He searched in vain his Answer-Book for answers that would fit.

"There's much of wisdom in my Book, as you might well suppose,
But what *you* ask I cannot tell, and so, there's no one knows."

The Great Wise Man went on his way, as great and wise men will;
I fear that foolish Freshman is small and foolish still.

Guide to Historical Knowledge.



Of the Empire in its prime
Up to Diocletian's time,
You will find in Dr. Hodgkin's treatise given ;
For its fall and its decline
To three hundred sixty-nine,
You should go at once to Mommsen or to Gibbon.

Of the widders and distressed,
Down-trodden and oppressed,
You will find a careful treatment in Guizot.
If advice you will permit,
These authorities commit,
And there's nothing else on earth you need to know.

Unspoken Language.



She was a winsome co-ord
And I a Junior bold,
'Twas on a summer evening,
Her manner was not cold.

We *had* been talking football,
But then a silence came.
I tried unspoken language,
For pauses are so lame.

We *had* been talking football,
She said in blushing haste:
"I call it a foul tackle
Around a person's waist."

Saints' Rest.



Saints' Rest.
What dreams of staid and nunlike peace,
Of sugar cake,
What thoughts of hymns that do not cease,
The words awake.

Saints' Rest.
What sounds of clatter, crash and glee
From there resound:
What songs of impish revelry
Within abound.

Saints rest perhaps.
But Alice never naps.

Phrenology by Roentgen's Rays.



DURING his recent visit to Washington, Prof. Rogers announced to the men of science who were there assembled, the startling results of his recent experiments with the X-rays. Prof. Rogers was keen enough to see that substances so dense as the brains of the class of '98 would afford excellent subjects for his experiments. The resulting discoveries have electrified the scientific world. The following is the most complete account of Prof. Rogers's address which we were able to obtain. His statements were illustrated by stereopticon views.

"GENTLEMEN:—Thus far it has been thought that the brain is always found in the top of the head. But it is not so. C + D* and myself have discovered a new law of nature. We have found that the brain may be anywhere in the infernal—no, no, I mean internal regions—organs, and in that way we

*C=Cole. D=Durgan.

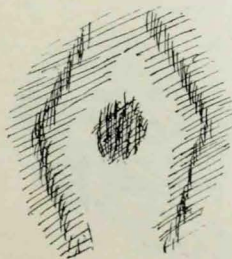
have found brains in several men who were not thought before to have any. This explains a good many things never explained before.

"Having noticed some very peculiar characteristics about my sophomore class, I turned the X-rays on them and I got some remarkable pictures. The most peculiar case is that of Mr. Wilson. I took an X-ray picture of his head, and got no results at all—absolute blank. Then I tried the other end and got his feet. There was a peculiar gray matter on one side that at first was deceptive, but upon minuter examination I found that it was his brain. That explained clearly why he rattled his feet so in class, when he was studying. I suppose he couldn't help it. Didn't seem to be the proper ratio though between the rattling and the studying. [Query:—Do rattling feet always indicate brain



action ?] Hope I haven't misunderstood my students too much in the past.

"We will now proceed from the feet up. Next man was in the junior class. He had a peculiar outline to his lower limbs. Thus far it had been thought that they had been warped by the sun. He is a very conceited man, and I thought there must be something abominable—abdominal—no, no, abnormal about his brain. But I made a remarkable discovery on this man. The brain is sometimes immaterial, and sometimes it may be found outside the body in the vicinity of it. Such brains always have an antipathy against hard work. They can be discovered only by the X-rays. I took a picture of the lower half of him and you see what I



got; that dark shadow between the knees is the brain.

The shape of his legs is produced by the very bad swelling of his brain. Here we will make a digression to note the fact that the higher up the brain is, the more intelligence is found, and *vice versa* with

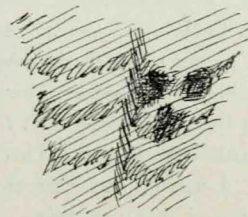
conceit. That's Latin; I do know some Latin.

"The next man had a centrally located brain, betrayed by a marked enlargement on the outside.

[Note :—A very good business man; managed track athletics this year.] This protrusion caused a good deal of difficulty in finding his brain, since there was such a thickness for the X-rays to go through. I finally overcame this difficulty by turning him back to, though he was so stuck on his face that it was hard work to persuade him to do so. At last I found his brain in the middle of his stomach, and this is confirmed by the fact that he always has so much to say right after dinner. It is the result of pressure.



I found another peculiar man in my sophomore class—Mr. Wellman. I noticed one day that he didn't seem to have any brains. [Note: a very tall man with big feet.] Couldn't answer a single question. I took a shadowgraph of him—most appropriate kind to take—and couldn't find a thing. When the sophomore girls came in, one of them answered her own questions and the ones I had asked Wellman too. I turned on the X-rays and



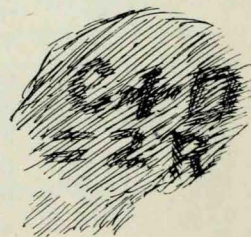
found two brains, both near her heart. He thought so much of her—no, no, he thought of her so much that actual transference of brains took place. There is reason to suppose that this frequently takes place with immaterial brains. Expect to find many similar cases among our students. One such remarkable case occurs in the Senior Class. His name is Collins; he lost his brain in his Freshman year.

"There is one more remarkable case similar to those that have been spoken of, but entirely different. The man's name is Holmes; he is in the Junior Class. His brain is very small and insignificant, but what there was I found in his lower jaw. [Joke: rolls it as a sweet morsel under his tongue, that's why I suppose it's always in motion.] Allow me to say that this man is an exception to the general rule that the higher up we go the more intelligence is found. This is the exception which proves the rule. If it wasn't for this exception the rule wouldn't be proved. Therefore, this rule is proved. I needn't say that this also proves the previously stated *vice versa* rule.



"I next tried to get Woodman's brain, but I couldn't get any results. I found it impossible to get any ideas through his head, but it was very easily penetrable by the X-rays. It is a well-known fact to this Scientific Board that X-rays go through wood very easily. Draw your own conclusions.

"We'll pass from these simple cases to a more complicated one. I have often noticed that C and D are apt to get their data just alike. When they had examples to do they used to get strikingly similar results. Remarkable coincidence. At last I discovered the reason. C and D used to be around a good deal when I was taking X-ray pictures, and when they got in line the X-rays would throw a shadow on C's brain of what was in D's brain. Very wonderful discovery. After a good deal of difficulty I got a shadowgraph of such a case. Nobody else ever got anything like it. We'll now pass to Sir Isaac Newton, who was the greatest man of his time. He was—no, no, wait a minute; made a mistake—he was first to grasp the law of gravitation—what's the



trouble, what's the trouble ; made a mistake—haven't got the right manuscript. Got one-half of one manuscript and one-half of another. C and D must have been meddling with my papers; can't

have them around there any longer. Beg your pardon, gentlemen, but I shall have to take a day to think it over. You come back at this time to-morrow and I'll have this thing straightened out."



Last year the " Lit " class reasoned :

" It really is not fair
To waste our classic writings
Upon the desert air."

But in the *Youth's Companion*,

The sheet they talked about,
Their wonderful productions
Have not as yet come out.



The maiden had a caller,
She shut the parlor door ;
A low voice made her falter,
She opened it once more.

" My dear," she heard in accents sweet,

Which anger deep revealed,
" That door, my dear, must never be
Hermetically sealed."



The Feast of the Braves.



In the classic halls of Colby,
In the room of "Cosine" Warren,
Where the Freshman's heart is broken
By his trials with mathematics;
Thirty brave hearts had assembled,
At the call of big chief Shannon.
"We have met here," said the chieftain,
"To discuss a question weighty,
Met to blend our tears together,
And to seek some vengeance dire
O'er our haughty persecutors.

"Freshmen, no one is so sordid,
As to realize not the injuries
We have suffered at the base hands
Of the Sophomores, relentless.
They have swiped us at receptions,
Broken our toes, and paid the bills not,
Poured ice-water down our columns.
From the top windows in the college.

"But, my brethren, we're not wholly
Unprotected and forsaken.
We have friends about the campus,
Who will don the war-paint for us;
Always is there perfect concord

"Twixt the Juniors and the Freshmen,
But a hostile strife and deadly,
"Twixt the Sophomores and the Juniors.
Therefore, let us form a Union,
Make a mighty combination,
Through the medium of cider;
And a pledge of lasting friendship."
"Très bien!" said Eels, the slippery,
"Just the thing!" said Warren, junior,
"We will have a perfect break-down!"
Said the dauntless Israel Putnam.

All the Freshmen, at the council,
Grunted guttural assentation,
Till the sage of many winters,
Bowed beneath his weight of wisdom,
Rose, and stood, and spake among them:
"Oh, my children, I beseech you,
Bring not here the baleful liquor,
Bring not here the fire-water
To work havoc in the college.
Juniors all are prone to tippie,
Let us hesitate to tempt them
With the maddening juice of apple;
Rather let us smoke the peace-pipe,
And make glad their ardent spirits

By a soothing stew of oysters, in the
Restaurant at Hagar's."

All revered the words and wisdom
Of the sage and prophet, Martin.
Straightway then rose chieftain Shannon:
"Thou hast spoken well, my brother;
Let us think no more of cider,
Think no more of fire-water,
For it stingeth like an adder,
And it biteth like a serpent."

In the restaurant at Hagar's,
All the Freshmen were assembling.
With their brethren, the Juniors:
Bassett came, the great Shawgamoc,
Titcomb, too, the king of *horsemen*,
And the smiling beauty, Watson.
Then the eloquent braves, on both sides,
Vied with words of warmest friendship.
"Eat, my brothers, and be merry,"
Said the chieftain of the Freshmen;
"Fill up on the plumpest oysters,
And the other toothsome dainties.
We will foot the bills in order,
If we have to make assignments,
Forty cents upon the dollar."

Then the Juniors, hunger-wasted,
Ate with smacks of greatest gusto;
Stowed the grub away within them,
And when sated, left the table;
But, in truth, 'twas all they *did* leave.

So the Freshmen, all elated,
Looked with hope upon the Juniors.
"They will fight our battles for us!

They will bring annihilation,
On those foes who wait to soak us,
Wait in ambush, at the college."
But the Juniors, stuffed with oysters,
Looked like Eastern dromedaries;
Walked, as ships without a rudder;
Poor support in time of danger.

Then the Freshmen, full of valor,
Rose, and sang a doughty war-song;
Gilde was there, the verdant Green-grass
And the staid and sombre Glidden.
Rise-at-noon, the sluggish Goody,
And the *multum parvo* Spencer,
Helped the throng to raise a tumult,
Swelled with yells of fierce defiance.

Thus the braves close joined together,
Marched directly up the Main Street
To the scene of bloody battle;
Then paraded on the campus,
While the Sophomores from their ambush,
Showered on them "aqua pura."
"Oh, dear me! I want my mamma!"
Blubbered Hanson, "Little Shorty;"
"It is time for bed already,"
Muttered Stevens, *sotto voce*.
Quickly, then, their courage faltered;
Violently beat their hearts within them;
Till their numbers strong were scattered,
Till the campus was deserted with
The honorable exception
Of a brave, undaunted trio.
Richardson, the man of iron,
And the sage and prophet, Martin,
With another valiant warrior.

They together made an onset,
Made a charge and rush terrific;
Fired coal into the windows;
Slaughtered Sophomores by hundreds;
Battered hall-doors into splinters!
Gained their entrance to the college,
Spite of obstacles forbidding!
Sophomores rushed by scores to meet them.

But they were like slow tortoises
Speeding after airy spirits.
Thus the Sophomores were baffled,
Thus the Freshmen 'scaped triumphant,
Thus strong friendship was established
'Twixt the Juniors and the Freshmen.



O, placid Messalonskee!
O, little winding stream!
Thou art a sorry siren,
Though calm thy waters seem.
Thy song is sweet as Eden,
Thy breath a lover's dream.

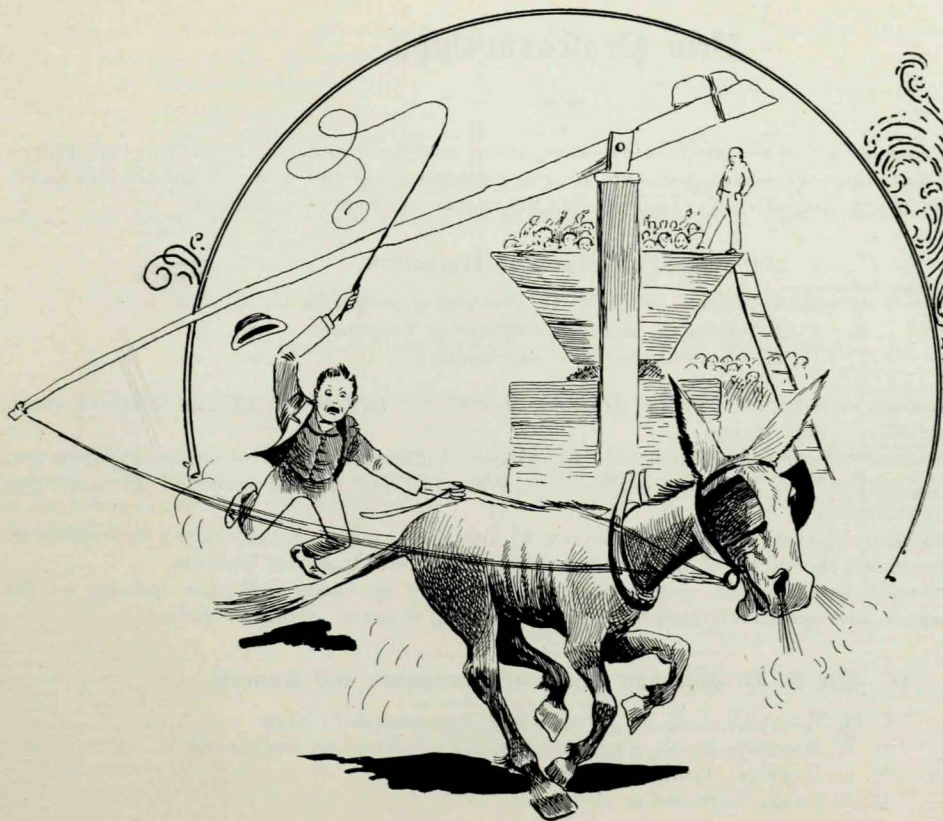
I may forget much I have learned,
Both books and contents too,
But just one thing I *can't* forget,
That's "Hill, page 72."



There was a young student, named Pratt,
Though there's nothing alarming in that,
A wheel he did buy
And said he would try
To remove his superfluous fat.

He rode all the summer and fall,
Which wouldn't be much, if 'twas all,
But when the snow came,
He rode just the same,
Which did the good people appal.

And if this young student should die,
He'll take his wheel up to the sky,
And there he will whirl
O'er the sidewalks of pearl,
As fast as the angels can fly.



G
R
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D
S

New Professorships.



We are glad to announce that the efforts of President Butler have been successful in securing endowments for three new professorships. The departments are of great importance and the men selected are thoroughly competent to fill the places assigned. The appointments and courses of study are as follows :

I. Chair of Practical Irrigation.

G. A. WILSON, JR., R. K. T., *Professor of Irrigation.*

J. O. WELLMAN, *Associate Professor of Irrigation.*

H. H. CUSHING, *Instructor in Irrigation.*

Course 1. Elements of Irrigation. Preliminary study of verdure. Exercises in different shades of green. Standards of irrigatibility.—Prof. Wilson.

Course 2. Fundamental principles of practice. Calculation of distance. Choice of method with practical tests : (a) Paper bag method ; (b) Tin dipper method ; (c) Water pail and coal hod method ; (d) Squirt gun method.—Instructor Cushing.

Course 3. Laboratory practice with special reference to long distance work, supplemented by lectures on the art of concealment and the science of innocent expression.—Associate Professor Wellman.

Course 4. Scientific application of principles with illustrations by clinics. Weekly lectures on the philosophy of irrigation with special reference to modern anti-hazing theories.—Professor Wilson.

II. The C. H. Whitman Chair of Arrogance and Conceit.

C. H. WHITMAN, I. A. M., *Professor of Arrogance and Conceit.*

G. K. BASSETT, N. G., *Assistant Professor of Arrogance and Conceit.*

E. C. HERRICK, *Instructor in Conceit.*

H. A. LAMB, *Instructor in Arrogance.*

Course 1. Introductory work in smartness and precosity. Preliminary exercises in ostentation, the art of bluff, and how to show off.—Instructor Herrick.

Course 2. Origin and theory of the swelled head. Discussion of vanity and display with special reference to looks, voice, and carriage.—Instructor Lamb.

Course 3. Theory and practice of superciliousness, with supplementary lectures on art of exclusiveness.—Assistant Professor Bassett.

Course 4. Philosophy of arrogance and science of conceit. Laboratory practice in self-admiration, two hours a day, supplemented by a careful study of the Professor in charge.—Professor Whitman.

III. *The F. E. Glidden Chair of Mellifluous Grandiloquent Verbosity.*

FORREST EUGENE GLIDDEN, B. U. M., *Professor in Charge.*

[Assistants wanted—none having been found as yet, capable of expounding the science to the satisfaction of the Professor in charge.]

Course of Study. Rudimentary elements of periphrasis with collateral observations on tautological verbiage. Important principles of loquacity. Science of redundant circumlocution, with scrupulous deference to exactitude and forcibleness in articulation. Applied principles of pleonasm, illustrated by utterances of the Professor.



There was a little man, on a pious plan,
And his name was Charlie Snow ;
And he had no hair on the top of his head,
On the place where the hair ought to grow.

Book Notices.



A WORLD OF WEARISOME WIT ; or, STORIES OF THE CENTURY. By Prof. E. W. Hall. This valuable work, ably edited by Prof. Hall, is a collection of the well-known and oft-repeated stories of the Colby Faculty. As some of the professors are growing old it was feared that their stories would be lost to the world, and at their own urgent request the present volume was compiled. We recommend it to any one who is tired of life.

THE REAL NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE. By Charles Benjamin Fuller. This volume contains some very startling revelations in the world of science and philosophy. Mr. Fuller long ago discovered that none of the existing theories of the universe were correct, and he reveals the result of his own researches in this valuable book, in which the beliefs of all previous writers and thinkers are completely exploded.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE ; or, WHY I AM LIVING. By Bertram C. Richardson. This much discussed question is at last answered. The author has solved the mystery to his own satisfaction at least. The subject of the book cannot fail to arouse the *curiosity* of the public.

CO-ORDINATION. A Farce by the faculty and students of Colby University. We commend this little comedy to the notice of all friends of Colby.

Side-Talks with Colby Girls.

BY A FRIEND OF THE YOUNG LADIES.



Under this department I shall be highly gratified to respond to all inquiries submitted to me by my dear girls.

DASSIE :—Cards need not be left in case the professor fails to make his appearance.

X :—(1) No, it is not considered necessary, save perhaps at one's own board, for the sake of economy, to restore the tooth-pick to the holder after it has served its purpose.

MARY :—I should not regard it as sufficient cause for offense, if the young man you allude to as paying you such marked attention, leaves you alone during meal times.

A. L. K. AND H. M. H. :—It is a very pernicious practice to venture out-of-doors without carefully protecting one's head with sufficient covering. This is one of the most certain methods of encountering a cold.

A. E. E. :—Doubtless "Die Journalisten" is a charming piece of fiction, but would not its presentation to the young man in question as a birthday remembrance appear a trifle too suggestive, especially when

you take into consideration the concluding sentence of the sketch?

UNSOPHISTICATED :—It is exceedingly bad form to attempt to attract the attention of your table-companions to any laughable occurrence by kicking them under the table. There is always the attendant danger of not reaching the individual intended.

DUFFY :—No, I scarcely think it devolves upon you to bestow upon the young man who shares your brother's apartments, a sister's care and tender devotion. If he appears to desire such ministrations, it would be in better taste to recommend him to the person in charge of this department.

ROSE-BUD :—No, the term "Echo," as an appellation for a magazine, has no reference to the tendencies of the said publication simply to repeat what has already been uttered. It is derived from the Greek word *ἠχώ*, I have, and refers to its accomplishments in the past.

MUFF:—Even although you had been separated for so long a time (three whole weeks), would it not be wisest to indulge only in such greetings as would not necessitate your withdrawal from the society of your friends?

FAIR DEMOCRAT:—Thomas B. Reed is not, I am sorry to say, a graduate of this University, but of a certain pretentious boarding-school for boys situated in a small town a few miles below here. In every other respect we consider him fully qualified for the position to which he now aspires, and can hardly see any adequate reason why a person even of your peculiar political proclivities should hesitate to lend him your influence and support.

LAURA:—There would not be any impropriety in a young lady's taking a stroll with a gentleman friend, provided it is with the knowledge and approval of some friend of maturer years and riper judgment, whom she should have previously made acquainted with the name, age, social status, moral character and ultimate intentions of the young man in question.

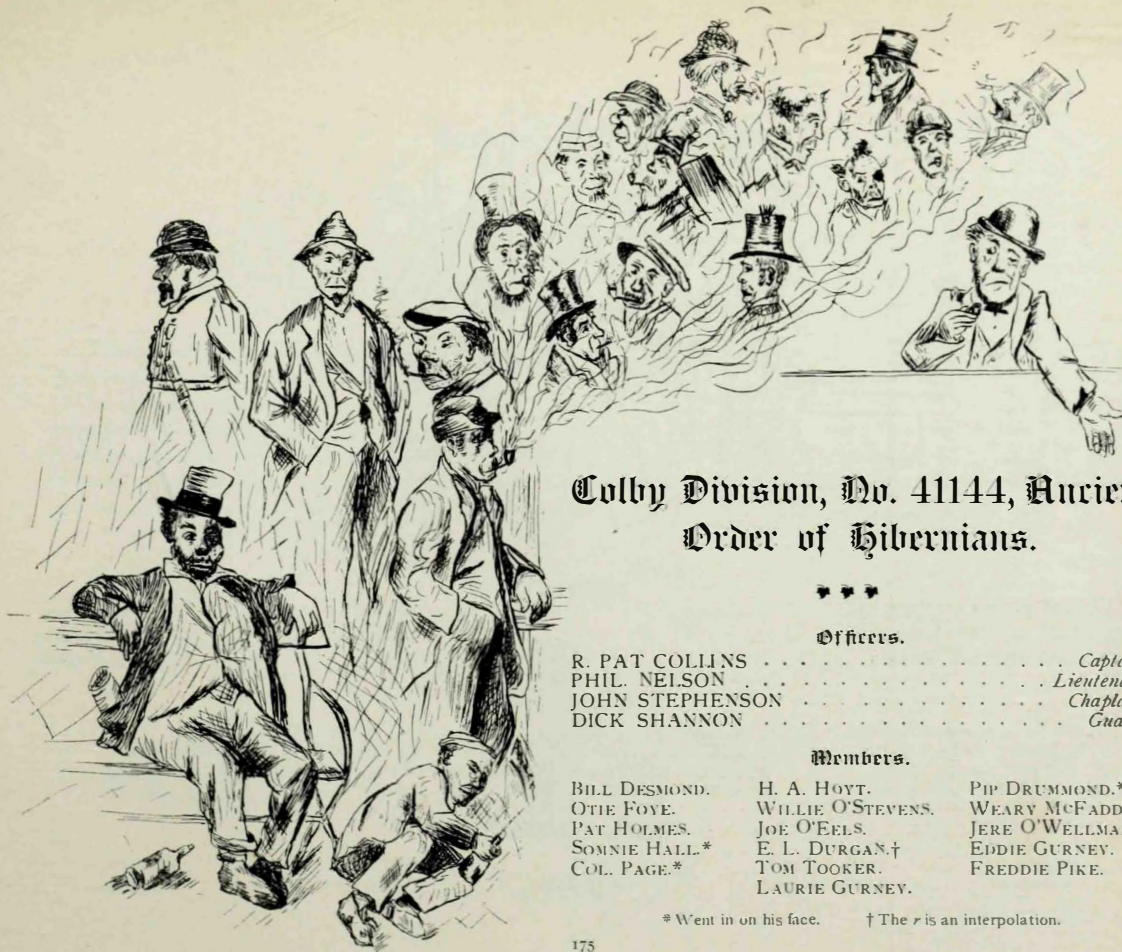
INA:—If you wish to effect an egress from your apartment during the hours of darkness, it is far better to quietly turn the knob and emerge, than to arouse the slumbering inmates of the house by ill-directed efforts to destroy the material which intervenes be-

tween you and the hall. The above recommended method is even easier than calling on the head of the household to turn the knob for you.

A. L. N.:—If your girl-friends have reposed so great confidence in you as to create you a member of their governing assembly, we can hardly see that it is justifiable for you to make use of the privileges thus accorded you to connive at your own transgressions. Midnight revels, although exceedingly innocent in themselves, are never becoming to the dignity of such a position.

HARRY:—Although this column is especially designed to subserve the interests of the young ladies, yet you seem so much like one of the girls, that I cannot possibly experience any sensation of hesitancy in replying to your query. Surely, however, you cannot on these grounds feel entitled to all the privileges accorded the young ladies. This will, I apprehend, be sufficient answer to your question as to how frequent and how extended occupation of the doorsteps of the ladies' dormitories you may be permitted to enjoy. If this does not satisfactorily adjust all difficulties in your mind, I should be delighted to enter into personal communication with you.

P. S.—In the first sentence you will not, of course, commit the unpardonable error of inserting the infinitive particle to before the word *like*.



Colby Division, No. 41144, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Officers.

R. PAT COLLINS	<i>Captain.</i>
PHIL. NELSON	<i>Lieutenant.</i>
JOHN STEPHENSON	<i>Chaplain.</i>
DICK SHANNON	<i>Guard.</i>

Members.

BILL DESMOND.	H. A. HOYT.	PIP DRUMMOND.*
OTIE FOYE.	WILLIE O'STEVENS.	WEARY MCFADDEN.
PAT HOLMES.	JOE O'EELS.	JERE O'WELLMAN.
SOMNIE HALL.*	E. L. DURGAN.†	EDDIE GURNEY.
COL. PAGE.*	TOM TOOKER.	FREDDIE PIKE.
	LAURIE GURNEY.	

* Went in on his face.

† The r is an interpolation.



Officers.

WALTER LESLIE HUBBARD	<i>Freakissimus.</i>
WILLIAM HENRY HOLMES, JR.	<i>Freakior.</i>
EDWARD HENRY NASH	<i>Freakus.</i>

Special Freaks.

W. L. HUBBARD, <i>Infant Prodigy.</i>	H. T. WATKINS, <i>Two-faced Man.</i>	C. K. BROOKS, <i>Fat Woman.</i>
C. L. CLEMENT, <i>Living Skeleton.</i>	E. K. GULDE, <i>What-is-it*.</i>	C. M. WOODMAN, <i>Ossified Man.</i>
F. W. PEAKES, <i>Strong Man.</i>	W. H. HOLMES, <i>Human Balloon.</i>	G. E. CORNFORTH, <i>Human Chimpanzee.</i>
G. A. ELY, <i>Dog-faced Boy.</i>	H. S. HALL, <i>Bearded Lady.</i>	A. W. LORIMER, <i>King of Cannibal Islands.</i>

General Freaks.

NASH.	CHASE.	PAGE	STEVENS.	WILSON.
CORSON.	SAWTELLE.	MARTIN.	WHITMAN.	GIDDEN.
		SHANNON, R. C.		

* Puzzle to scientists.

Kappa Kappa Kappa.

♦ ♦

Officers.

W. A. HARTHORN, K.
L. E. WALDRON, K. of K.

E. K. GUILDE, K. K. K.

W. F. TITCOMB, K. K.
P. F. WILLIAMS, K. in K.

This Kuriously Konstituted Klub was Konceived in the Kavernous Kranium of a Klever Kontriver of Krafty Kunning. Its Konstitution Konsists of the Klause that Kredulous Kids when Kaught in Kollege Kan be Konverted into Kommendably Klever Kreatures by a Kompllicated Kourse of Kapricious Koercion Kombined with Kompulsory Kontributions to Kompensate the Kontrivers for their Kindness. The Klub has Konfined its Kare to the Kase of a Kreature Kommonly Konsidered the most Kurious Kombination of Komical Kharacteristics that Kan be Konceived. It is Konfidently Kontended that the Kultivation thus Konferred will Kulminate in the Komplete Korrektion of all Kause for Komplaint in the Kondukt of the Kid Koncerned.



Conundrums.



How do the Profs.' stories differ from a straight line?

Ans. : A straight line connects two points; the stories fall short of one.

What makes Everett Getchell's nose turn up at the end?

Ans. : It is caused by the mouldy smell of the *Echo* material.

Why has Chapman few lady friends?

Ans. : Because he has such a surly disposition.

Why is Dutchy in the French class like a little pig caught in the fence?

Ans. : Because he says, "wee, wee, wee," all the time.

What is Wilson, '98, good for?

Ans. : ———*

What is necessary in order to look into the mysteries of Φ . B. K.?

Ans. : X-rays.†

What is the difference between Prof. Stetson and an infant?

Ans. : About five feet.

What fish does Holmes, '97, resemble?

Ans. : Sculpin.

Of what use would Keith have been to Samson?

Ans. : He might have used his jaw bone against the Philistines.

Why would Turner, '96, be unable to enter heaven?

Ans. : Because there would be so many "er—ers"‡ in his speech to St. Peter.

*Nobody knows.

†Ninety per cent.

‡Errors.

Tragi-Comedy in Four Acts.



ACT I.

(Baptist Church during revival meetings.)

SCENE I.—Waterville businesss man arrives and takes seat near the door.

SCENE II.—Chap's girl arrives just as W. B. M. sees a settee brought in and starts for it. He follows Chap's girl up the aisle, and sits down beside her on the settee.

ACT II.

Chap gets up and leaves.

ACT III.

W. B. M. goes home with Chap's girl.

ACT IV.

(Following Day.—Ladies' Hall.)

SCENE I.—Chap :—" Who was that man, anyway, that came to church with you last night ?"

SCENE II.—Chap :—" Say, honest, I'll treat you, Harry, if you won't put that in the ORACLE."



A Communication.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, May 1, 1896.

DEAR HARRY :—I wish you'd state in the ORACLE that I'm not stuck on myself. I know I'm smart and I think it's right for me to show it in public. My mother told me that as a child I was prodigiously precocious; so you see my smartness is merely an evolution. If you don't think I'm a stunner, just come and hear me preach.

Modestly yours,

E. C. HERRICK.

Advertisements.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

THE SCHOOL OF BRAYING.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I have established a first-class school for giving instruction in braying and blating. If you have any mules, donkeys, jacks or other animals that you wish trained in the art, I guarantee you will be more than pleased with my work.

I give free exhibitions of my powers on the college grounds at nearly all hours.

F. A. KING, No. 4 S. C.

FOR SALE.—Complete stock of funny stories, a little soiled in spots but still good, will be sold at a bargain, as the owner is going out of business. Good opening for a '99 man.

H. WARREN FOSS.

CARD.

This is to give notice that I have hired a hall and hereafter those who wish to enjoy my conversation can do so by the payment of ten cents.

W. L. HURBARD.

LOST.—A temper. Not in very good condition, but valuable to the owner. Suitable reward.

PROF. A. J. ROBERTS.

NOTICE.—Gas meters filled to order.

A. R. KEITH.

WANTED.—A marriage certificate.

L. P. WYMAN.

WHAT MR. CHAPMAN SAYS.

DEAR SIR:—I willingly testify to the merits of your remedy. During the winter and early spring I found that my hair was falling out at an alarming rate. For several weeks I lost four hairs a day. I was led to use Ayer's Hair Vigor, and after taking thirteen bottles I find that my daily loss is reduced to three hairs.

Respectfully,

H. H. CHAPMAN.
Ayer's Hair Vigor Co.

Headquarters at Ladies' Hall.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

I desire to call your attention to the fact that I have the finest line of jokes, gags and chestnuts in the college. I put no untried goods before the public, but all my stock is wellseasoned and warranted to last.

C. E. SAWTELLE, '96.

University Extension.

Attention! Class of '97.

The University Extension department offers the following new lectures:

"THE MODERN LOVE STORY."—*F. M. Padelford.*

"THE MANUFACTURE OF GAS."—*H. Warren Foss.*

These gentlemen are both on the staff of the *Youth's Companion*. They have already lectured with the greatest success in the cities of Benton and East Fairfield. The *Benton Potato Bug* says of their performance in that city:

"The enthusiastic lecture of Mr. F. M. Padelford on 'The Modern Love Story' was listened to with the most strained attention for three hours and a half. At its close the audience could hardly applaud enough. Mr. H. Warren Foss followed with an able discourse on 'The Manufacture of Gas.' It was illustrated by experiments which were highly successful and instructive. The invisible flame in the experiment with the steel wire was especially curious. In the production of natural gas Mr. Foss has no superior in the State."

Terms:—The lecturers will pay ten cents in advance and hire their own hall.

THE PROFOUND SECRET OF THE SUCCESS OF '96
REVEALED! HERE IS THE CHANCE OF YOUR LIFETIME!
THE ELECTRIC CURE FOR BASHFUL LOVERS! THE
MARVEL OF THE 19TH CENTURY!

This wonderful machine has been invented by Messrs. Durgan and Cole of the Class of '96, under the careful supervision of Santa. It has been used with remarkable success by one of the inventors, which speaks volumes for its future. It is so simple in construction and action that it can be operated even by a boy. These machines are manufactured and kept constantly on hand, ready for shipment, at the newly-established University Machine Shop. For references we take great pleasure in mentioning, by permission, the names of Chapman, '97, and Pierce, '98, both of whom have used the machine with marked degrees of success. Patent applied for.

A. MARQUARDT, Gen. Agent,

P. O. Ad., Palmer House.

DURGAN & COLE, Manufacturers.

Auction Sale!



The subscriber hereby gives notice that he will sell at Public Auction his entire livery stock, on June 25, 1895, at 12 o'clock, midnight. Said stock consists of a string of six thorough-bred and mostly imported horses.

No. 1—"Lysias." A tall, powerful beast, trained during the winter of '95 by Squinks, the celebrated jockey. Formerly owned by Arthur Hinds.

No. 2—"Xenophon," a small but gritty little fellow. A pacer, won the \$10,000 sweepstakes against the well-known horse "Stetson." Slightly kinky, but easily managed by the ordinary Sophomore.

No. 3—"Victor H." The only mule that ever won a record. Imported from Germany. Will trot a good pace with four or five behind him. Has lost but one race, and that by accident, colliding with "No-name," driven by the "Wild-eyed Dutchman."

No. 4—"Harax." This horse, though young, will strike a two-minute clip. During the winter of '95 he was entered against the famous pacer "Jude," and it is needless to say the pacer was distanced. Can be driven by Sophomores with perfect safety. Mr. Ely, the professional trainer, handled him, which is sufficient proof of his docility.

No. 5—"Tactics." A splendid piece of horseflesh. Imported from Italy by Arthur Hinds. Slightly cockled behind; right fore-leg sprung; cribs also to some extent. All due to hard driving. Would make an admirable animal for the Palmer House.

No. 6—"Wentworth." A pony, the only imported one in Colby. Sable brown; 34 years old. Was first handled by Hanscom, '96; by present owner, '97; by Page, Pierce, Nash, Gurney and hosts of others of '98; by Stevens, Vose and Waldron, '99. Cost the present owner \$1.50. Will sell privately at a great bargain.

Come one, come all, rain or shine, no postponement of sale. No credit given.

L. E. WALDRON, *Auctioneer*.
References:—Arthur Hinds and Faculty.

W. F. TITCOMB, *Proprietor*,
No. 5 North College.

Et Cartera.



TURNER was talking with a girl at a class reception when she dropped her handkerchief and immediately picked it up herself.

Turner, reproachfully: "Why didn't you let me do that?"

"Because I wanted to get it *sometime*."

THEY say that Pierce always stays in his room when a hand-organ man comes around, for fear he'll be swiped and carried off.

— in his nominating speech: "Mr. Harthorn needs no recommendation. He recommends himself."

Query: What did — mean?

THE following letter was recently picked up on the campus:

To the Trustees of Colby University:

My Dear Misters:—Papa thought that I ought to get a chance to teach with the Faculty. I think I can teach anything which the Faculty can. You ought not to miss this opportunity.

Respectfully,

HARRY SPENCER.

Apropos of the Sophomore Debate.

On the Affirmative.

RICHARDSON: "I consider the last speaker the most important, and the first speaker next. For those places I think we ought to have our two best men; and I think Herrick and myself ought to be those men."

McFADDEN: "Gee-ee-ee-*whizz!*"

On the Negative.

NELSON: "For last man, it seems to me, we want a man of considerable ability, with a very cool head and clear judgment, a good-looking man, a fine speaker, and an all-around able fellow."

CLEAVES: "Wouldn't you better take that position, John?"

NELSON: "Well, gentlemen, if you have no objection, I will."

Quotations.



CHAPEL ORGAN :—" The limbs will quiver and move after the soul is gone."

COLLEGE EXHIBITIONS :—" Fine words ! I wonder where you stole 'em ?"

PROF. BLACK :—" Maryland, my Maryland."

MRS. LEAVENWORTH :—" Say ' if you please ' and ' thank you,'
Come home at eight o'clock."

SAM :—" Guide, philosopher and friend."

COLLEGE WIDOWS :—" Where none admire 'tis useless to excel,
Where none are beaux 'tis vain to be à belle."

HUBBARD :—" I chatter, chatter as I go."

E L. HALL :—" Of all the boors I ever met,
He maketh me most sad,
Who relates his petty vices
To make me think he's bad."

MISS FRENCH :—" A rose-bud set with little willful thorns."

BURTON :—" Thou foster-child of silence and slow time."

GETCHELL '96 :—" Nay then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.
I pray awake, sir."

MISS CHENEY :—" I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord (College Chapel) than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

TURNER :—" Here's an abusing of God's patience."

SAWTELLE :—" Beware of your brilliant ideas."

PIKE '96 :—" Bidding fair in good time to become the Oldest Inhabitant."

WATKINS :—" An improvement on Satan himself."

TURNER'S LADY FRIENDS :—" If wishes were horses, beggars might ride."

COLLINS :—

" 'Tis 10 P.M., the maiden said,

But useless did it prove ;

He didn't seem to understand

That P.M. means please move."

FULLER :—

" In arguing too the parson owned his skill,

For e'en though beaten he could argue still."

THOMPSON :—

" 'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain,

You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."

WALDRON :—" Not dead, but sleeping."

HOLMES '97 :—" If I know myself I am measurably free from the itch of vanity."

CHAPMAN :—

" A hair upon his coat-sleeve,

Some powder on his tie."

WRIGHT :—" He seemed a cherub that had lost his way and wandered thither."

TITCOMB :—" Night after night he sat and bleared his face with books."

WHITMAN :—

" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,

My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

CO-ORDS IN LIBRARY :—" Ten measures of talk were put upon earth and the women took nine."

DYER :—" Remaining fresh and green the year around."

McFADDEN :—

“I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its fluent flow,
I love to wind my mouth up,
I love to hear it go.”

MISS COLE :—“Juno in the show of majesty.”

MISS SULLIVAN : }
MISS PARKER : } “Set not your heart upon Riches.”
MISS HARRIMAN : }

ELY :—

“A man of mighty peculiar stuff,
You see him once and that’s enough.”

HOLMES '98 : } “Let him go abroad to a distant county ; let him go to some place where he is not known.
STEVENSON : } Don’t let him go to the devil where he is known.”

INGRAHAM *alone* :—“ ’Tis but a part we see and not a whole.”

AUSTIN :—“I am a great friend to public amusements, they keep people from vice.”

PAGE :—“A bold, bad man.”

WILSON :—“So young and so untender.”

PIERCE : }
MISS E. : } —“Much may be said on both sides.”

BROOKS :—“So mild—so timorously shy and small.”

CORSON :—“The cock often crows without a victory.”

CUSHING :—“Every one is as God made him and sometimes a great deal worse.”

WELLMAN :—“Amo Amas, I love a lass.”

NO. 5 S. C. :—“Patience, and shuffle the cards.”

NUTT :—“His studie was but litei on the Bible.”

GURNEY '98 :—"To pass or not to pass."

FOYE :—"To tell the twuth, that is my weakneth,—I s'pose I'm what they call a ladies' man. The pwetty cweachaws like me—I know they do."

GERRY :—
"Anon I listened to the low fond cooing of the dove
And smiled to myself to know I am still loved and love."

CORNFORTH :—"A close mouth catches no flies."

VOSE :—
"I am ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away with fear."

STEVENS :—
"I am so fresh the very grass
Turns pale with envy as I pass."

CHASE :—"Why do you lead me a wild goose *Chase*."

EELS :—"The more you stir it, the worse it will be."

SPENCER :—"In truth he is but an infant wearing trousers."

GUILDE :—"It has been my lot to meet, in the diversified panorama of human existence, with an occasional oasis, but never with one so green, so gushing as the present."

SHANNON, R. C. :—
"A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn."

MISS HARRIMAN :—
"She wears a 'witching gown
With a ruffle up and down
On the skirt.
She is gentle, she is shy,
But there's mischief in her eye.
She's a flirt."

GLIDDEN :—"An incomparably extraordinary conglomeration and concatenation of language."

MISS BOWMAN :—"Whom to look at was to love."

GURNEY '99:—"Who let me loose?"

PEARSON:—"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure."

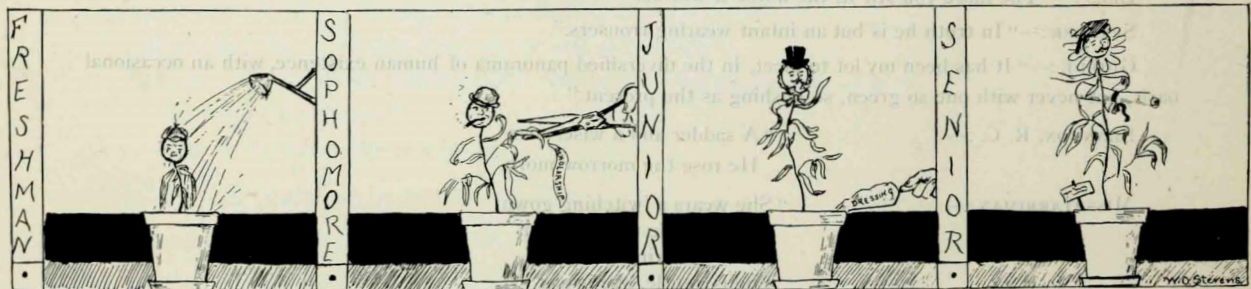
MISS RUSSELL:—"What majesty is in her gait."

HANSON:—"Such as have need of milk and not of strong meat."

MISS MCINTIRE:—

"How sad and bad and mad it was,
But oh, how it was sweet!"

FRESHMAN ELOCUTION:—"Who is he who can twice a week be inspired, or has eloquence on tap?"



Acknowledgments.

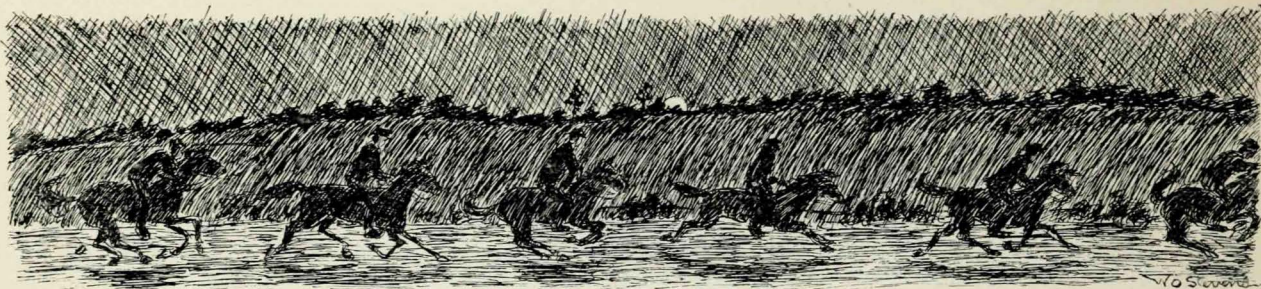


We pause for a moment before taking our final flight, to express our gratitude to all who have kindly assisted us in our work. We are particularly indebted :

First—To DR. ALBION W. SMALL and DR. G. D. B. PEPPER, for valuable literary contributions.

Second—To H. S. HALL, '96; E. L. GETCHELL, '96; H. S. CROSS, '97; F. W. ALDEN, '98, and W. O. STEVENS, '99, for artistic work. Also to MR. JOHN STURGIS, of Boston, and Mr. S. L. PREBLE, of Waterville.

Third—To EDWARD STERN AND CO., our publishers, whose prompt and obliging service, timely suggestions and superior work have contributed very largely to the success of the publication.



The Flight of the Oracle Board.



Oh what are these forms that fly so fast
 On a night so wild and dark?
 What is this sound of thundering hoofs
 That rouses the watch-dog's bark?
 Those horses are swift as the swallow's flight,
 They pause not for hill or for ford.
 O who can they be who ride so hard?
 'Tis the flight of the *Oracle* Board.

An hour ago they sat at ease
 Where warmth and comfort reigned;
 Their task was done, their labor o'er,
 The glory almost gained.
 But sudden there came a messenger
 With terror in his eye:
 "The Professors have seen the *Oracle*,
 Fly for your lives, oh fly!"

Then up sprang every knight and dame,
 To flee that dread attack;
 Each tore his charger from the stall
 And leaped upon his back;
 And Bassett he borrowed Lord Chapman's steed,
 Full swifter than his own.
 A flitting of shadows, a clatter of hoofs,
 And the *Oracle* Board had flown.

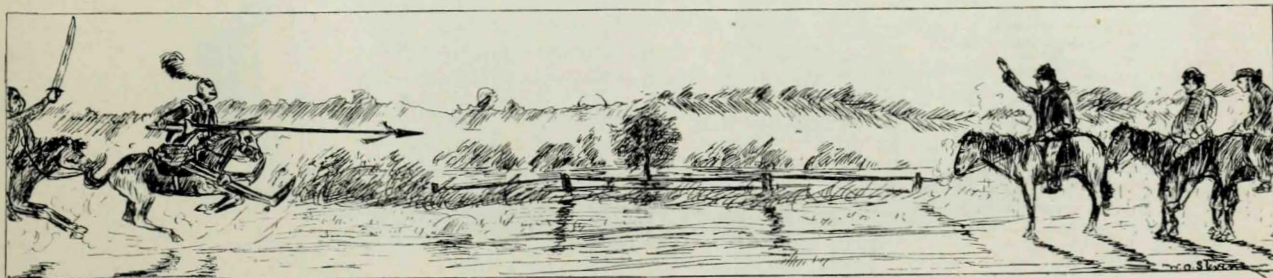
Oh, then there was mounting and riding in haste,
 When the news to the Faculty came;
 They girt on their swords and bound on their spurs,
 And their eyes with wrath were aflame.
 Sir Marquardt he shouted to Bayley the Bold,
 As the wind behind them roared:
 "I vill cut them out, I vill cut them out,
 Ven I catch that *Oracle* Board."

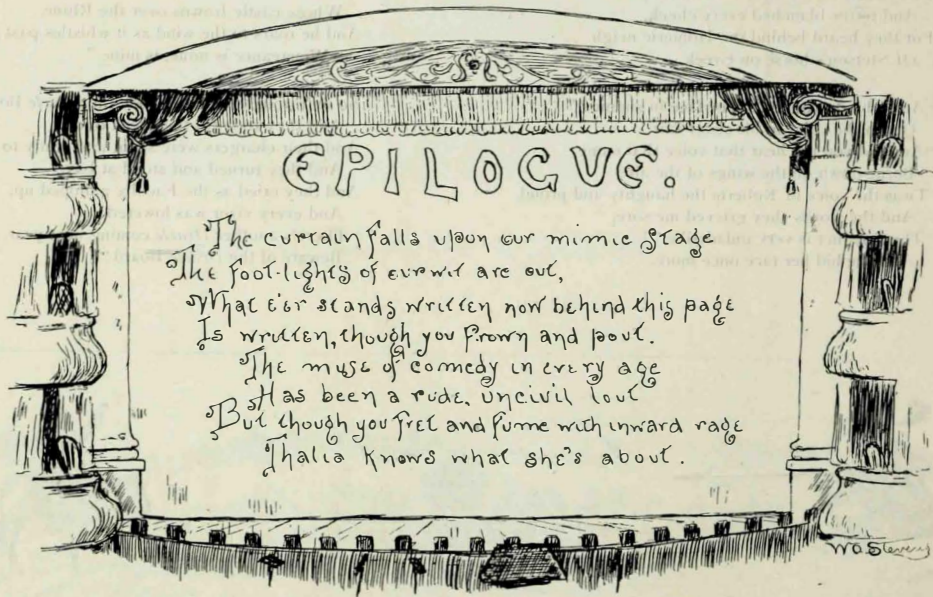
The *Oracle* Board they rode amain
 Through the night and the wind and the cold,
 And the Faculty rode as they ne'er rode before
 To catch those editors bold.
 The *Oracle* Board they rode amain,
 And terror blanched every cheek,
 For they heard behind the Homeric neigh
 Of Stetson's horse on Greek.

"And why do you hide your face in shame?"
 Quoth the chief to his sister fair.
 "And did you not hear that voice that came
 Borne down on the wings of the air?
 'Twas the voice of Roberts the haughty and proud,
 And the words they grieved me sore.
 'This conduct is very unladylike,'"
 And she hid her face once more.

But what is this sound like the lion's roar
 Above the howl of the gale?
 And why do these riders shudder and gasp,
 And why do their cheeks turn pale?
 'Tis the voice of Marquardt the warrior grim,
 Whose castle frowns over the Rhine.
 And he roars to the wind as it whistles past:
 "Wengeance is mine, is mine."

So on through the night rode the *Oracle* Board,
 And they rode till the break of day,
 And their chargers were spent and ready to fall.
 And they turned and stood at bay.
 And they cried as the Faculty galloped up,
 And every vizor was lowered:
 "There's another *Oracle* coming next year,
 Beware of the *Oracle* Board!"

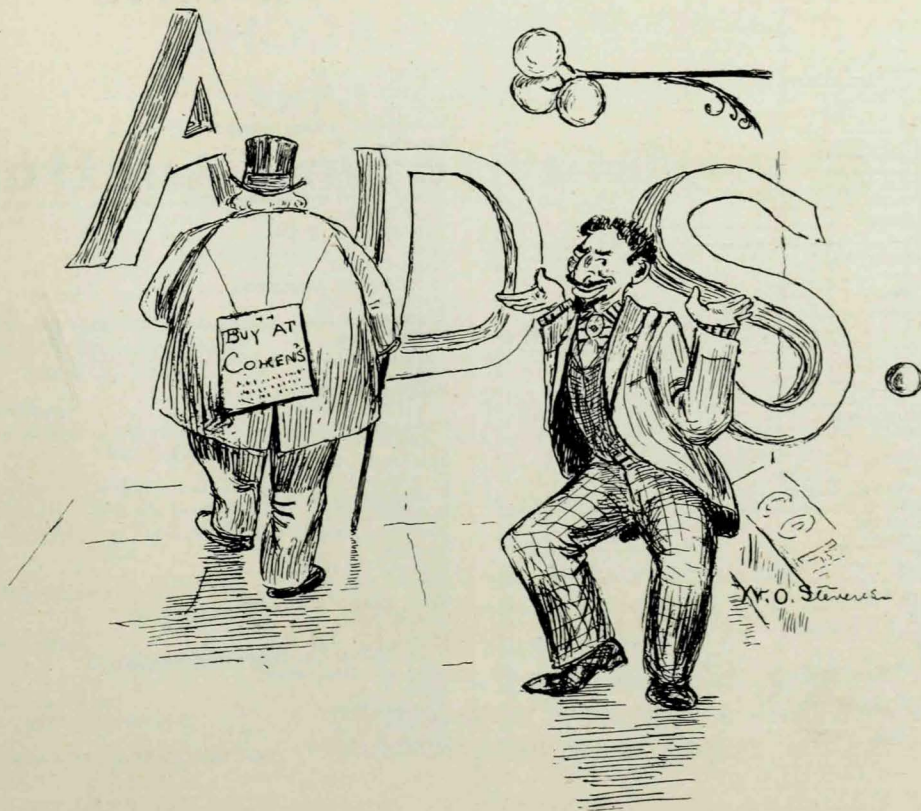




EPILOGUE.

The currain falls upon our mimic stage
The foot-lights of evener are out,
What e'er stands written now behind this page
Is written, though you frown and pout.
The muse of comedy in every age
Has been a rude, uncivil fool
But though you fret and fume with inward rage
Thalia knows what she's about.

W. S. L.



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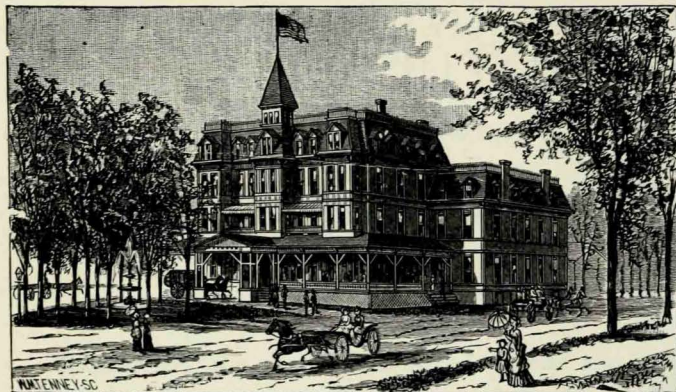
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May 6. Big fire at Crommett's Mills at 11.30 P.M.
 May 10. Arbor Day. Cut P.M.
 May 11. Colby vs. Pittsfield, at Pittsfield; 12-13.



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May 22. Colby vs. Bowdoin; 8-7. Tennis Tournament begins.
 May 25. Colby vs. M. S. C., 9-17. "Billy" lectures to Seniors and Juniors on Crystallization.

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May 29. College Field Day. In A.M., '98 gets most points.
In P.M., Colby vs. Bates; 19-11.



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Tennis Tournament finished. Singles: King 1st, McFadden 2d.
Doubles: McFadden and Alden 1st, Foss and Whitman 2d.



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June 4. Colby vs. Bowdoin, at Brunswick; 5-8.
June 5. Colby vs. M. S. C., at Brunswick; 7-10.
Dutchy leaves for Germany at 3.18, returns at 8 and leaves again at 10.30.

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and inspect our work

June 9. "Billy's" last Sunday Lecture.
June 10. M. S. C. vs. Bowdoin, on the Campus; 20-2.
June 11. Colby vs. Bowdoin, at Augusta; 8-6.



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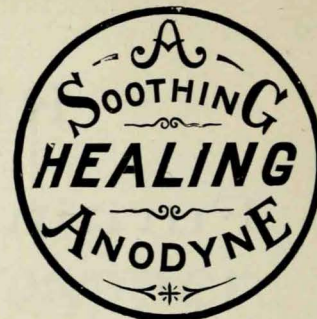
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Our boys all like Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. For bruises, strains or muscular lameness it most certainly is all you claim for it. Wishing you continued success

H. S. CORNISH,
Athletic Manager Boston Athletic Assn.

In practice, as in professional rowing, strains and overworked muscles are not uncommon, which your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is well calculated to relieve promptly. I gladly add my indorsement of it to the many you could no doubt obtain if you wish from professional oarsmen.

J. J. CASEY

I have used your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment with much satisfaction. Baseball players should all use it. In fact, among professional athletes a good rub down with the old Anodyne after a lively spurt of any kind will prevent many a sore muscle and stiff joint I sincerely believe.

WM. EWING,
Manager and Captain New York Ball Club

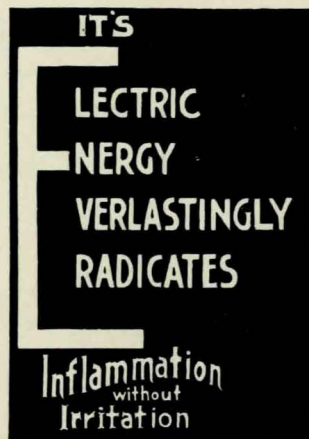
I have used your Anodyne Liniment during the past few years for removing stiffness of the muscles after long rides and have never found anything to do the work so quickly and effectively. I have also used it very successfully for muscular rheumatism.

J. J. FECITT, President of the Roxbury Bicycle Club.
Well-known Bicycle Rider

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For Stiff Joints, Lameness and Soreness of any kind

I have known of your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment being used with much satisfaction for some time. Probably among athletes no severer test could be applied than in the numerous departments of the gymnasium. J. H. CLAUSEN, Champion Jumper Boston Athletic Association

Having used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment on a friend who was suffering with Lumbago with good results, I recommend it to any one in need of a good liniment. WM. CORCORAN, Cycle Trainer, Boston

Working certain muscles more than others causes muscular soreness which should be attended to at once. I cheerfully endorse Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, and have found it invaluable for removing soreness caused by being in various athletic games, and our members use it extensively for the same purpose. WM. J. CASEY, Vice Pres. Trimount Athletic Club

Your Johnson's Anodyne Liniment I find to be the most valuable of any I ever used. I had a strained cord that bothered me for four years. I did not find any relief until I used your valuable Liniment.

WM. MILLS
Champion Sprinter of New England.

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 June 15. Kennebec vs. Brockton, on Campus; 12-16.
 "Pat" pitches for Kennebec.

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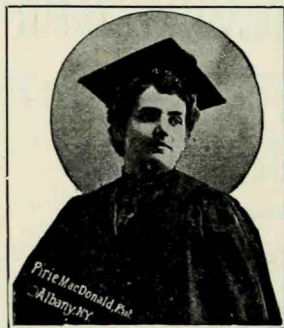
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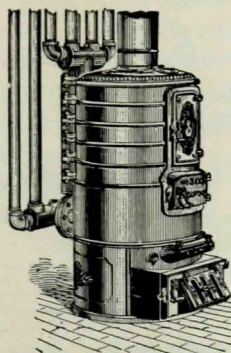
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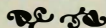
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 September 30. R. Shannon faces the tumultuous mob of Sophs with a horse-pistol, but
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October 17. Zeta Psi Initiation.
October 19. Colby vs. M. S. C., at Waterville; 56-0.
Hamilton and Foss entertain '96 at Ladies' Hall.



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November 14. Colby vs. Bowdoin, at Waterville ; 0-6.
November 16. Bates game declared off ; Football season closes ; Amalgamated Association dies.
November 22. Conference Board sociable ; Prexy Whitman and " Rob " " taken off."



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December 12. Bell Ringers' Concert. Freshies pair off.
December 13. Senior Exhibition. Exams and skating.

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January 2. Winter Term opens with Prexy Butler "at the helm." Spread in "Sleepy Hollow." '97 rejoices in the return of a wanderer.

January 4. Debate in the Woman's Mission Study Class between a Hindoo and Christian

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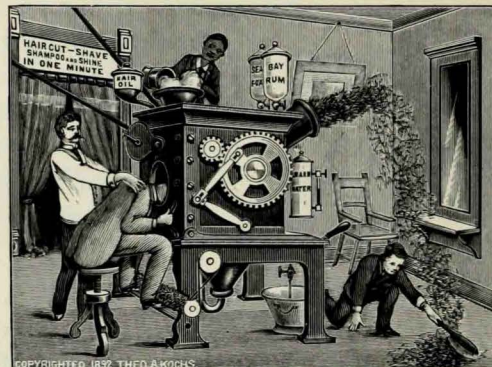
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January 5. Dr. Butler preaches at Baptist Church.
January 7. Rob. invites the literature class to donate books to library.
January 10. Alarm clocks and other musical instruments announce the hour of ten at the Palmer House.



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January 24. Letter comes addressed, Fred. Bryant, President.
 January 25. '96 Girls dress dolls at Miss Pepper's and Chico goes to Hallowell.
 January 26. Gale meetings in Chapel. January 27. Chico returns.



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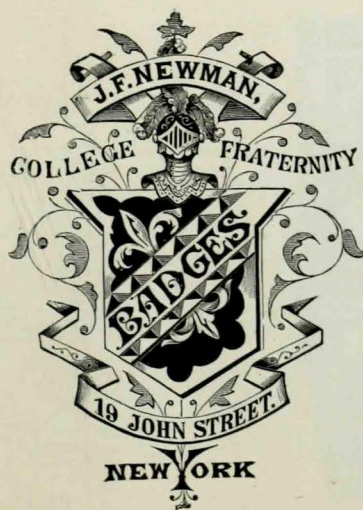
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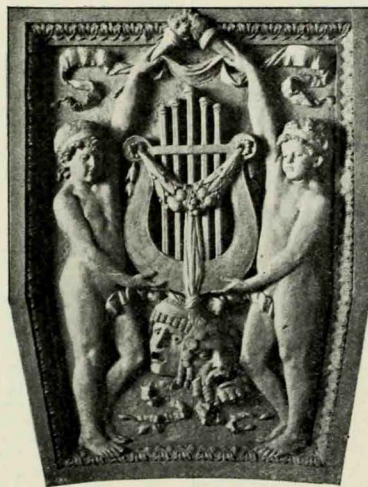
BALANCE OF ANNALES.

- January 28. Exit of boys toward home.
 " 29. First Issue of *Waterville Evening Mail*.
 " 30. Day of Prayer for Colleges. Everybody prays, "nit."
 " 31. G. A. R. Baby Show. Corson first, Cushing second
- February 1. New Athletic Association Constitution goes into effect. '99
 to '97 Supper at Hagar's. Sophs and Freshies fight in
 south College hallway. Glidden says: "Let us not join
 in combat in the obscurity of the hall." First rehearsal
 of German play.
 " 2. Great Gale meeting. Converts galore.
 " 3. German Play programme made out.
 " 4. Gentlemen's return of Leap Year Hop.
 " 5. Sigma Kappa has a new piano.
 " 6. Junior: "Mrs. A. undoubtedly saw what she said she saw."
 " 7. Candy-Pull at Ladies' Hall. Peanut candy disappears.
 Exciting hunt. Aiden Reception.
 " 9. Young Put's room stacked.
 " 10. Sam appears in his new suit. Holmes lecture by Prexy.
 Miss Hauscom receives an express package. The
 empty candy pan.
 " 11. German Play given up. Dutchy's heart is broken. Recep-
 tion of Institute Girls at Ladies' Hall.
 " 12. Prof. Lee's Lecture in Congo Church.
 " 13. Second Leap Year Party of young ladies. Swell time.
 " 14. Co-ords. give Valentine Party. '96 and '99 receive the old
 saint with special honors. Freshman Reception at
 Miss Toward's.
 " 15. Arrangements for Minstrel Show in Chapel.
 " 17. Cosine Lectures at Baptist Church.
 " 18. Sophomore Reception at Woodman's.
 " 19. Wright says: "The spinal cord extends to the lumber
 regions."
 " 20. Third Social Club.
 " 21. German Entertainment at City Hall.
 " 22. Washington's Birthday—"Cut."
 " 25. Deke Reception.
 " 26. President Harper speaks in Chapel.
 " 27. Fourth Social Club. College Debate at Lewiston. D Us
 and their friends go to ride.



ANNALES—Continued.

- February 28. Ariel Quartette Concert. Y. M. C. A. Deputation Meeting in the Chapel. Dr. Butler and Miss Simms speak in the evening.
- " 29. Big Freshet. Fairfield Bridge goes out. Prof. Bayley entertains the Geology Class at tea.
- March 1. Times of Noah revived.
- " 2. John and Pat Holmes clean up Pat's room for the arrival of Pat's father. Trial for breach of promise before Judge Padelford at the Palmer House—French vs. Dunn. Foss for plaintiff, Getchell for defendant.
- " 3. Prexy's second Reception and Athletic Exhibition.
- " 4. Big Blizzard—cold and stormy.
- " 5. Burton and Walfron entertain friends at Library.
- " 6. Examinations begin and Junior Debate.
- " 10. Examinations close. Dance at Soper's Hall in evening.
- April 1. Mr. Pierce and Miss Edgecomb entertain friends at Palmer House.
- " 2. Spring Term opens.
- " 3. First Minstrel Rehearsal.
- " 4. Chico treats on his engagement.
- " 7. Prexy's Reception.
- " 8. Cush and Doc. Adams arrive home from Webbing Sisters.
- " 9. Lamb is pursued by a policeman.
- " 10. First ball practice on the diamond.
- " 11. Interscholastic Meeting at Augusta. Field Day Meet will be on the Campus.
- " 12. Sarasvati is received with offerings of first fruits at Saint's Rest.
- " 13. Santa cracks his old navy joke in '98 Physics class.
- " 14. Childhood experiences related in Rob's Class.
- " 15. Chess Tournament begins. Dutchy wild.
- " 18. Junior Girls take an early exit to Miss Hanson's home in Skowhegan.
- " 20. Chess Tournament closes. Bowdoin wins; 11-4. Burton finds his trunk nailed to the floor.
- " 21. Santa goes to Washington to show his X-Rays (or).
- " 22. Mrs. Foster gives a talk at Ladies' Hall on Miss Whitman, the Boston sculptor.
- " 23. Fast Day cut. Ball Game—Colby vs. Skowhegan; 14-7.
- " 25. Colby vs. Kent's Hill; 9-4
- " 28. Prexy gives Supper to Juniors. Music in Reading Room.
- " 29. Colby vs. Coburn; 20-19.



Errata.



Page 43. For Albert L. Blanchard, read Archer Jordan.

" 63. For Thomas W. Kimball, Δ '81, read Thomas W. Kimball, Λ '81.

" 63. Lynne Francis Adams, read Lynne Fletcher Adams.

" 63. For Theodore Raymond Pierce, read Thomas Raymond Pierce.

" 65. Under Fratres in Urbe, Rev. A. T. Dunn, D.D., Colgate, '73, was omitted.



