

The Colby Echo.

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NO. 1.

Literary.

TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

A FRAGMENTARY STUDY IN PARALLELS.

It has been said that all the truths which Browning has uttered are to be found in the lines of *In Memoriam*. An attempt to verify this statement has been fruitless, except for the two instances so familiar, viz: the resemblance to Rabbi Ben Ezra in

"I envy not the beast that takes
His license in the field of crime,"

in poem 27, and to Karshish in the poems on Lazarus 31 and 32; yet this may be a conclusive proof of nothing more than one's ignorance of Browning. But the suggested situations, thoughts and expressions of other poets are legion. Many of these parallels are no doubt, purely accidental, others simply evidences of the unity of all truth, but there is a delight in the discovery such as he knew who stood "silent upon a peak in Darien" and saw blue merging into blue.

Three passages recall Faust:

"But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controlled me when a boy"

are almost Goethe's own words:

"'Twere hardly worth my while to use
A little patience ere I die"

has the spirit of Faust's "Cursed be patience." "What keeps a spirit wholly true to that ideal which he bears" in 52, is a

repetition of Faust's "*Es irrt der Mensch so long er lebt.*" In poem 35 which discusses love without a hope in immortality we are reminded of Mrs. Browning's sonnet in which two meet this same question, one in the faith that love shall never end, the other saying—

"I look on thee
Beholding beside love, the end of love
Hearing oblivion beyond memory,
As one who sits and gazes from above
Over the rivers to the bitter sea."

In 50, 51 and 94 is the thought which Mrs. Browning has put into the first part of her sonnet "An Apprehension," for she says that she would be slow to have all the things of her heart brought out full to light, even for her gentlest friend.

But it is Whittier to whom Tennyson points us oftenest. Take the first stanza of poem 54 and compare it with these lines from "The Shadow and the Light."

"From age to age descends unchecked
The sad bequest of sire to son,
The body's taint, the mind's defect,
Through every web of life the dark threads run.
—But He is merciful as just
And so by faith, correcting sight,
I bow before His will and trust
Howe'er they seem, he dooth all things right."

Tennyson says in the same poem:

"I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last to all."

Whittier's words are:

"I trust the grievous providence
How dark so'er it seems may tend
To some unguessed, benignant end."

The 50th poem has an even more perfect parallel in part of Whittier's "Revelation:":

"In vain to this dread Unconcern
For the All Father's love we look.
In vain in quest of it we turn
The storied leaves of nature's book,
The prints her rocky tablets took."

In poem 76 we find

"The matin songs that woke
The darkness of our planet lost."

Whittier says:

"The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away."

It is "the truths that never can be proved" in 131 that Whittier means when he says:

"The same old baffling questions, O my friend,
I cannot answer them."

Who spoke first, Tennyson or Bryant?
They said the same thing. In poem 43

"That still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since time began,"

suggests certain lines in *Thanatopsis*.

Holmes, too, has a share in this conclusion. The essence of poem 77 and especially of the third stanza is perfectly reproduced in an epilogue to the breakfast table series. The latter, however, breathed wit not pathos.

A crazy bookcase placed before
A low price dealer's open door,
Therein arrayed in broken rows
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,
(Set forth the lesser birds to line)
Your choice among these books, one dime."

In poem 90 are two lines which have the sound of Horace:

"The hard heir strides about their lands
And will not yield them for a day,"

Often we are tempted to compare Tennyson with Tennyson. The thought in "Crossing the Bar" seems to be foreshadowed in poem 125, where these two lines occur:

"Abiding with me, till I sail
To seek thee on the mystic deeps."

It would appear that he took the last line of 118 as a text for that powerful poem "Old Age."

"Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast,
Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

The poem on Old Age begins

"Dare for thee? Starved the wild beast that was
linked with thee forty years back?
Less weight now for the ladder of heaven that
hangs on a star.

* * * * *

I hear no yelp of the brute and the man is quiet
at last

As he stands on the height of his life, with a
height that is higher."

Poem 121 has this line:

"Every thought breaks out a rose."

It was Keats who gave us that finer line:
"Sudden a thought came like a full blown rose."

But the most genuine satisfaction comes in tracing out the apparent debt of three magazine writers of today to "In Memoriam." Joseph Preston Peabody, who is a senior at Radcliffe, published not long ago a poem entitled "If Spring Should Come No More." It may be merely a coincidence, but the first line of 69 offers an excellent theme for such a poem.

Note these six lines from 123:

"The hills are shadows and they flow
From form to form and nothing stands;
They melt like mists, the solid lands
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.
But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream and hold it true."

In a recent *Century*, Clinton Scollard has an exquisite short poem beginning:

"If the things of earth must pass
Like the dew upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide."

In "The Higher Pantheism" Tennyson says :

"Speak to Him thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet."

Again in poem 93 we find—

"But he, the Spirit himself may come
When all the nerve of sense is numb,
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost."|

"Spirit to Spirit" is the phrase chosen by Edith Thomas as a title for her poem, and if that poem does not owe the most distinct debt to "In Memoriam," then Tennyson is Edith Thomas in a pre-existent state. Surely poem 130 is its twin. It begins :

"Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair."

These are the lines of our living poet :

"Dead? Not to thee thou keen watcher,—not silent, not viewless to thee,
Immortal still wrapped in the mortal! I, from the mortal set free
Greet thee by many clear tokens, thou smilest to hear and to see.

For I, when thou wakest at dawn, to thee am the entering morn
And, when thou walkest abroad, am dew on the leaf and the thorn;
The tremulous glow of the moon, the twilight on harvests of corn.

Sweet was the earth to thee ever, but sweeter by far to thee now;
How hast thou room for tears, when all time marvelest thou,
Beholding who dwells with God in the blossoming sward and the bough!

Once as a wall were the mountains, once darkened between us the sea;
No longer these thwart and baffle, forbidding my passage to thee
Immortal still wrapped in the mortal, I linger till thou art set free."

A. L. C. '98.

ON HER OWN HOOK.

A shining stream. Leaning over, the swaying willows perk and primp above their natural mirror, while every now and then a jealous green-eyed pickerel, as if selfish of his element darts to the surface, and so disturbs their maiden meditation.

Silence—save when a lone fisherman, evidently a late college student, throws a solitary fly. The student's golden "Psyche" has lost its classic grace, but her glowing face shows an utter forgetfulness of her "sphere" and the existence of district number seven which has fallen to her unlucky lot for next autumn's drudgery.

The minutes go on, but the fish perceive the new woman's throw is like the old one's and Nan's bag is still empty. Nan is hungry so she draws back for a final mighty throw. The hook sweeps over her head with a long swish and catches in a group of alders growing around a bend in the stream.

Nan tugs and strains, and nearly loses her balance as the line suddenly slackens. She begins to reel in: but ah, son of Adam! What quality of mercy is there in a fish-hook? On this one is impaled a man's cap, and within, on the cruel barb, a single brown curl which has evidently been hastily severed by its owner's jack-knife, is hopelessly entangled.

Here is a situation; but Nan's sphere receives her back with open arms and stuffing everything but her rod into her basket she is just about to flee, when there is a tramp and rustle in the alders, and an angry hatless youth bursts upon Nan's whirling horizon.

Dead silence. Mechanically, the youth raises his hand to remove his hat but remembers that she has saved him the trouble, and then Nan's merry laughter

rings through the echoing woodlands, with such contagious mirth that even the pickarel comes to the surface, with a somewhat finical smile.

Strange, but Nan and the youth slowly wend their way homeward together, though not for many days, after even a more conventional friendship has been established, can he refrain from passing his hand over a place on his head where a curl is not.

But his vacation ends at last, and when he begs letters from her in return for the loss of his head covering, she sees his advantage and promises to write on nothing but fool's-cap.

Cupid has more than one string to his bow and when he hitched one of them to a fishpole, under his magnetic touch the rod like Aaron's blossomed out in heart's-ease for two mortals. So now in the youth's den, on his old trophy door hangs a treasured hook and line; and the last additions to Nan's proposal fan are a square of grey scotch tweed with a cat-cornered rent, and a much tousled brown curl. The fan is finished and district number seven is still looking for a school-marm.

Sometimes he says that she took advantage of leap year but Nan retorts that there are "plenty other good fish in the sea," and he certainly "set his cap" for her.

J. O. S., '98.

THE MESSAGE OF THE LILIES.

Once upon a time within a tastefully arranged garden was a bed of tulips, yellow, red and variegated, holding up their brilliant cups in stately splendor, and attracting the admiration of all the passers-by. Behind them, nestling close against the walls of the old house, was a little plot of lilies-of-the-valley, whose pure white blos-

soms hid modestly behind their green leaves. No one noticed the lilies, for the bright-colored tulips quite outshone them, and had it not been for the delicate fragrance wafted now and then by the wind, their presence would have been wholly unknown.

There came into the garden one day a man whose heart was burdened with sorrow, whose life had been hard and dark, and whose years lay before him void of hope. By the greatness of his grief he seemed cut off from all his fellows, and even nature frowned coldly upon him. His eye rested upon the beautiful tulips, but their gay, bright colors only mocked him and cast him into deeper gloom.

Then as he turned sadly away a soft, sweet odor came to him, a perfume which seemed borne from far off days. He kneeled upon the ground and gently parted the dark green leaves. The fair, bell-shaped blossoms, nodding upon their slender stems, gave him a kindly greeting, and in their snowy, modest beauty he read a message of faith and hope. The bitterness and pain died out of his heart, and in their place there crept a holy peace, a still, subdued joy. Darkness vanished; light returned; and over all was the consciousness of a Father's love. And he arose and went away cheered and comforted, resolved to take up anew his broken life and to trust it to his God.

All that day the tulips tossed and flaunted their banners in the wind, but the lilies only sent out a sweeter fragrance. And when the sun was gone, the evening shades fell upon both with a blessing, but rested with a special tenderness upon the lilies. For the tulips had gladdened the eyes of all who beheld them, but the lilies had saved a soul from despair. E. M. L.

The Colby Echo.

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Editorials.

WITH the current number the management of THE ECHO once more changes hands, and the new board for '97-98 makes its *debut*. We dare not promise to make the paper better than ever before, but we will do our best to make it good. To this end let us have your assistance, that the "blue and the gray" may be "on top" in this department as everywhere else.

THE righteousness of the decision that accorded victory to Bates in the Colby-Bates Debate at Lewiston recently, is not to be questioned. There is one thing however of which we are convinced: if Colby can make a similar improvement in this department the coming year that she has in the last, we can, next spring, send a team to Lewiston that can whip Bates even if they turn their backs to the audience and read their addresses in a whisper.

THE *Oracle* has made its annual appearance under the auspicious management and direction of the graduating class. It is a highly creditable number, and the Editor-in-chief, Mr. Geo. K. Bassett, '97, can certainly indulge in a good deal of rightful pride. Beautifully bound, attractively printed and illustrated, dedicated to Dr. William Mathews, '35, a magnificent cut of whom adorns the title page, and abounding in all good things, this year's volume is in every way one of the best ever issued. It has been said in the past that Colby's annual ranked among the foremost of its kind in point of literary merit as well as general appearance. Be this as it may, we are sure that *The Oracle* for '97 does our Alma Mater nothing but genuine credit, and that it is as good if not a great deal better than its predecessors.

THE next issue of THE ECHO, the Commencement number, is to be a magazine number. Heretofore abstracts of all the Senior and Junior parts have been the sole attraction of the last number of the school year. We shall attempt a new departure and hope to present a paper that will be attractive and readable. By reason of its new dress, its good stories and illustrations, it will be a valued souvenir of the coming Commencement. The alumni and

alumnae will be especially interested in the reminiscent stories of former students, and in the "Alumni et Alumnæ" column which will contain items of interest for all. The Commencement number will be out the Saturday before Commencement, at the latest, so that every one may be supplied. Those who wish extra copies please notify the managing editor at once.

SOME of us have noticed with apprehension what seems to be a growing tendency on the part of some of our contributors to present anonymous articles and poems. This tendency evidently has two causes: first, a fear that the production will not honor the name; and second, modesty. Those governed by the first cause do not compliment THE ECHO. If they knew how many good articles are continually being rejected, the truth would be more evident to them, that a name is not disgraced by any company it may keep in our literary columns. To those of the second cause we would say, "be fair" as well as modest. Have you never felt the yearnings of curiosity yourselves? Have you never half-suspected some literary friend, and felt that to know the author would double the pleasure of reading? Think it over and see if you do not conclude that in most cases you owe your friends this satisfaction.

Colby Verse.

CHAUCER APPLIED.

Ther was also a mayde, a co-ordesse,
That of her smyling was ful simple and coy,
Wel coude she smyle on any maner boy,
And yif ye wolden hir appelacloun devyne
Sooth she was cleped madam Clementyne.
Ful wel she coude hir heer do semely,
She coude quoil it in a Psyke fetishly.
Gay were hir gowns, with sleeves longe and wide,
Eek so hir clokes, and all her freendes sayde

Hit was werth going to churche hir get up for to see.

She wore hir Paris hattes al pinned on fetchingly
With long golde pins fro ferne parties y-brohte;
Wel had y-hem hir fadir for hir boughte
In ferne londes, and eek mooche was he taken in
When for so litel golde he koughte uppe so much tin.

Ful semely was y-fashioned all hir dress,
Hir waiste was ryhtes small, I gesse.
Ful fetis did hir gown unto hir fit,
It was y-trimmed in a maner parfit.
But for to speken of her countenance,—
Ther shoon therinne a passing fair plesaunce,
An intellectual grin theron she bar
And it was ryhtes fetchyng, for I was thar.
Hir eyen bleu, were mooche deel lik a sheep
When in Aprille aboon the delles he creepes;
Hir mouth ful smal and the-to soft and red;
Eek sikerly she had a soot forheed,
And there uppon did hangen a litel quorl
Which be hir syd-kembs unrestrayned did twirle,
And I wot wel she couthe in hir desyren
So fashion hit, so quorl hit on a yren;
For natheles this ben a comon thing
For ladyes thus to tak a hote yren
And ther-with al twist up ther straighte heer,
But be my fey this is ne neue matier.
And French she spak ful faire and with desport
After the scole of Colby and Marquardt.
Of Genung wys and his philosophye
She lerned was, and keped companye
With deep savaunts. And with fairnesse
She bore herself toward all I gesse.

"Our little professor, in manner Platonic,
Talks on without ceasing in words cacophonic,
Sometimes it is *an*, sometimes it is *ke*,
At times his affections are centered on *ge*.

Though Juno of old and Zeus-sprung Minerva,
And Neptune with trident who ruled the seas over,
Knew nothing of him—oh what if they had!
I'm sure that with envy they all had gone mad."

A WORD TO A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

CHICAGO, May 6.—Northwestern University students including the "coeds," are muttering maledictions because President Rogers unexpectedly announced last night that in the future the young men students must have tickets to call on the girl students.—*N. Y. Sun*.
Oh what a fearful outrage on the poor Northwestern youth!

He cannot call upon a maid unless he has forsooth
A ticket from the Faculty, a license for to start
And spend a pleasant evening with the maiden of
his heart!

To what will this plan lead, indeed, if to it they
adhere?
What innovations shall we find within another
year?
They'll have a coupon system possibly with little
checks,
Permitting mild flirtations if they're counter-
signed by Prex.
And later, doubtless, we shall see this poor down-
trodden youth
Compelled to ask a permit just to look at Jane or
Ruth;
And if he's really serious when out to call he goes,
The Sophomore must get a card before he can pro-
pose.
And after that, when they're engaged, what is to
happen then?
What kind of license will they force on these poor
college men?
Some commutation ticket, with a bell-punch in its
train,
Each time the lover Stephen wants to kiss his
Sarah Jane?
And for the maids themselves, forsooth, must
some Professor choose
What ones of several applicants for tickets he'll
refuse?
In case she loves sweet William and abhors the
homely Pete,
Shall Peter get the ticket while sweet William's
on the street?
If Jack would call on Lucy, and the tickets for
sweet Lu
Are all used up by others, what's old Prexy going
to do?—
Say, "Sir, I'm very sorry, but our Lucy checks
are out:
But here's a card for Polly Jones, or one for Sallie
Stout?"
Now really, Dr. Rogers, you should take another
tack,
It will not do to keep these lads and lonely lasses
back;
It doesn't matter how you try, no matter what
you do,
Naught but a forty-six-foot wall can separate the
two!

—Harper's Bazaar.

Watch for the Commencement Echo!

Christian Associations.

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. G. M. Fisher, Intercollegiate Secretary of the Boston Y. M. C. A's., spent Thursday and Friday, May 27, and 28, at Colby. He addressed the Conference on Thursday evening in the interests of Northfield. In the course of his remarks he described to us the work which Mr. Mott accomplished during his tour round the world.

In June comes an event which is anticipated by the Christian Association of the colleges. That event is the Northfield Conference which is a potent factor in the promotion of Christian life and work among college students. Hearing such men as Mr. Moody, Pres. F. L. Patton of Princeton University; Schauffer and many other prominent Christian workers, must of necessity deepen the spiritual life of every delegate.

This year will be of special interest as the World's Student Christian Federation will hold its first convention in conjunction with the Conference. The Federation is composed of the great student Christian Movement of Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia, America, India, Austria, South Africa, China and Japan. All these movements will be represented officially at Northfield. Another opportunity like this will not be offered to the students of the United States for ten years, for this year Colby has secured the largest delegation in her history. She will have twelve delegates, Gerry, '98, Pratt, '98, Bishop, '99, Hanson, '99, Martin, '99, Tolman, '99, Maling, '99, Hook, '00, Doughty, '00, Severy, '00, Warner, '00 and Allen 1901. It was thought best by the committee to send a man from the incoming class in

order to have some one who will be willing to work among his class-mates upon their arrival. The boys anticipate great pleasure not only in attending the services, but also in trying to keep house for themselves, as the delegation will occupy tents and do their own cooking.

When the same man who coaches the baseball team can also preach a good sermon, the boys are always glad to hear him. This was evident from the large number who listened to the straightforward and searching talk by Mr. Bustard. He said much that will be remembered with profit.

Mr. Fisher, general secretary of the Boston Y. M. C. A.'s, addressed the conference of May 27th in the interests of the Northfield Student's Conference. Much enthusiasm was aroused, and it is hoped that two or three more may be added to the delegation of which ten was previously planned.

Y. W. C. A.

Sunday morning, May 23, instead of the regular lesson, Mr. Pepper gave the Senior-Junior Bible class a talk on the life of Paul. This was all the more enjoyable from the fact that the class, under the leadership of Miss Sawtelle, has been studying Paul this year.

May 25th Father Huntington addressed the women at Ladies' Hall, on the subject of "Conversion."

A CARD.

A framed photograph of Leonardo de Vinci's Mona Lisa was presented to Ladies' Hall the last week by Miss Julia Winslow, an alumna of the college, at present a teacher in the Brooklyn, New York, High School.

Personals.

Herrick, '98, delivered the Memorial address at Canaan, Me.

Foss, '96, has been visiting friends in town for the past few days.

Miss Edna Dascomb, '98, spent a few days at her home in Wilton, Maine.

Coffin, '96, came up to see the Bowdoin game and spent a few days with friends at the "bricks."

Randall B. Rumery of Eastport, C. C. I. '96, has been the guest of Stephenson, '98, for the past week.

Miss Myra Berry, 1900, was the guest of Miss Emma Hutchinson, 1900, of Skowhegan, Memorial Day.

Miss Myra Nelson, '97, has returned from Gray, Maine, where she has been teaching in the Pennell Institute.

President Butler visited the Ricker Classical Institute recently, and on his return gave an address at Brownville.

Dyer, '98, attended the Commencement exercises of Higgins Classical Institute which occurred the last week in May.

Tooker, '96, has just completed a successful year as principal of Litchfield Academy and is now visiting friends in Waterville.

McFadden, '98, and C. Shannon, '99, have gone to Portland to take part in the annual Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament.

The friends of Martin, '99, who was obliged to leave college on account of illness, will be glad to know that he has recovered and has rejoined his class.

Miss Maud Boadway, Emerson College, '98, and Miss Nellie Worster from Bangor, were the guests of Miss Mabel Humphrey, '98, during the Junior League meet.

Bill Board.

Watch for the Commencement ECHO!

The women of 1900 were entertained by the women of the Sophomore Class, Friday evening, May 28, at Ladies' Hall. A musical entertainment was furnished.

Monday evening, May 31, Miss Colman, Preceptress of the Wayland Seminary at Washington, D. C., gave the women of the college a very interesting talk on her life and work among the colored people.

Saturday afternoon Kappa Alpha held a special initiation. Miss Alice L. Cole, '98, was the initiate. One of the Alumni members of the society, Miss Mary S. Crowell, was present at the ceremony.

Saturday evening Mrs. Julian D. Taylor received the women of '97 at her home on College Avenue. Mr. Wood, who has recently returned from the Holy Land, showed some of his pictures during the evening, and described them in an informal but exceedingly interesting way. The evening was spent most delightfully.

The Juniors and Seniors, together with a number of town friends, were very pleasantly entertained by President and Mrs. Butler, Friday evening, May 28. Music was furnished during the evening by the College Orchestra and the occasion was throughout a very enjoyable one.

Saturday evening, May 29, the Coburn Club entertained the members of the Women's College at Mrs. Smith's, Appleton street. Mrs. Johnson, Miss Gilpatrick, Miss Bassett and Miss Mayo received. The decorations were very prettily arranged in crimson and gray. The occasion will be long and very pleasantly remembered by those who were present.

Professor Bayley delivered a most instructive and interesting address, at the Thursday evening conference, May 20th, on "Evolution."

A gift of \$5000 to the fund for Colby's new dormitory has been received from Rev. J. H. Higgins of Charleston, Me. Rev. Mr. Higgins has for some time been a liberal contributor to Colby's educational interests, especially to the Higgins Classical Institute which is named after him on account of his large benefactions.

Saturday evening, May 24th, "Sam" and wife entertained the women of '97 at their hospitable home, the occasion being the 32nd anniversary of Sam's arrival in Waterville. The evening was spent very pleasantly. Mr. and Mrs. Osborne, assisted by two of '97's members, received the guests, after which the many treasures of Sam's were brought out for inspection, all the issues of the Oracle, the Echo files, photographs and numerous other things which are kept by Sam and his good wife as remembrances of the long years spent as janitor of Colby. At a late hour the party broke up after a very enjoyable time.

Wednesday evening, June 2nd, occurred the Freshman Reading at the Baptist church, before an audience which completely filled the auditorium. There was very little of the customary adjuncts of the Freshman readings of years past, and aside from a little commotion caused by some over-zealous freshmen trying to discourage the distribution of false orders, nothing unusual occurred. Hudson and Warner divided the first prize for the men. For the women's college, Miss Gallert received first and Miss Ames second prize.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

On Friday evening, May 21st, the members of the women's college and a few invited friends passed a very delightful hour at Ladies' Hall. The occasion was the delivery of a paper on the Psalms by Mrs. Mary Lowe Carver of Augusta, '75, the first woman to be graduated from Colby. Mrs. Carver treated the subject in a manner at once masterly and delicately appreciative. In introducing the subject she considered, first, the three great nations which have left us monuments of literature—the Greeks, Romans, and Hebrews—dwelling on the fact that as literature the writings of the Hebrews have not received the attention deserved. Then, entering upon the subject of the Psalms, the greatest monument of lyric poetry which literature has received, Mrs. Carver considered first, the great range of subjects treated, subjects which are just as vital to men to-day as they were to David and the other Hebrew poets,—the love of nature, patriotism, the struggle of the human soul with sin and its aspirations for righteousness, his convictions of God's majesty, power and love—subjects which are as wide as thought and as long as time. The literary form of the Psalms was then considered, the lack of rhyme and probably of meter among the Hebrews; also the simple character of the language having few descriptive and ornamental words. Mrs. Carver then presented the extremely interesting subject, the parallelism in the Psalms, giving classification and illustration. In closing she dwelt upon the use and influence of the Psalms from the time when they were the inspiration of the Hebrews until the present day. Mrs. Carver's sympathetic and careful treatment of the subject was highly appreciated by her listeners.

Athletics.

The first game Colby played for the Intercollegiate championship was with Maine State on May 22, at Waterville. It started in like a good game of ball and a large crowd of spectators were present who were anticipating an old time Colby baseball victory. Our team commenced in the first inning to hit the Maine State pitcher in good style and when the game was stopped in the fourth inning, the score was six to three in favor of Colby, three men on bases and one out. Colby had earned most of her runs while two of Maine State's were made on an error by Hudson.

In the fourth inning Captain Palmer made the most childish exhibition a captain of a college team ever made on our grounds. V. Putnam was running from second to third on a grounder to short-stop who threw to third to cut "Put" off. The ball hit Varney on the shoulder and bounded out into the field so that all the base runners were safe. Palmer then made a great fuss and wanted the umpire to call Putnam out. This was refused and although the decision might be questioned, Palmer could in no wise justify himself for his subsequent action. He threw down his mask and glove, and called his men to the bench, refusing to play. Some of his players remonstrated with him but Palmer was having an off day in his own playing, and saw an easier way of getting out of the game than an honorable defeat, so ordered his men to leave the field. This was done much to the dissatisfaction of the spectators.

A protest against the umpire was filed with the managers of the four college teams by Maine State and very unexpectedly was sustained. Colby men were justly indig-

nant over it and our manager wanted the matter left with "Nick" Young or T. H. Murnane to decide but this Maine State would not agree to do. So this game may have to be played over again.

The second game in the Intercollegiate series was played on the home grounds.

Colby played a faultless game with a single exception when Wilson allowed a grounder to roll between his legs. The infielders were very steady and Scannell pitched in great shape; only a single hit being made off of his delivery. He also made the star play of the game.

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5
Colby,	0	2	0	3	x-5
Bowdoin,	0	1	0	0	0-1

Three base hits—H. Putnam. Stolen bases—Cushman, Tolman. Hit by pitched ball—Haines, Tupper, H. Putnam. Bases on ball—Haines, Bacon. Struck out—Bodge, Smith, Libby, Scannell (3) Gibbon, Wilson, Tolman. Umpire—Nason of Bangor.

Wednesday, June 2nd, the team accompanied by President Butler, Professor Stetson and about thirty-five students went to Brunswick to play the second game with Bowdoin. We anticipated another victory, and it was a great disappointment to the college when a telegram was received from manager Roberts telling of the defeat by a score of 11 to 6.

Bowdoin,	1	0	0	2	0	3	0	5	x-11
Colby,	2	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0-6

Two base hits—Bodge, V. Putnam. Three-base hits—Bodge, Greenlaw, Bacon. Passed balls—Haines, Cushman. Wild pitches—Bacon. Bases on balls—by Bacon, 2; by Scannell, 2. Struck out—by Bodge, 2; by Bacon, 6; by Scannell, 6.

On Thursday, June 3rd, the Freshmen classes of Colby and Bowdoin met on the campus in Field Day and Bowdoin came out the winner by a score of 74 to 46.

The best events of the day were the dashes, the quarter and half-mile run, and the hurdles.

The second annual base ball meet for Colby's four fitting schools, held under the auspices of the Athletic Association, was to have taken place on Friday and Saturday, June 4 and 5, but the stormy weather of Saturday prevented all the games being played. Members of the teams representing the Higgins and Ricker Classical Institute and Hebron Academy during their stay were entertained at the "bricks" and the several clubs. On Friday evening they occupied seats at the Peary lecture as guests of the Athletic Association.

On Friday afternoon two games were played. First, Coburn played Higgins, and easily won by a score of 21 to 2. The playing of the Higgins team was plucky and Mitchell who pitched did the best work of the team. He has the making of a good pitcher. Allen pitched for Coburn and was finely supported.

Only five innings were played in the game and then Hebron and Ricker crossed bats. This was the best and most hotly contested game of the day. Ricker obtained a good lead early in the game and kept it until the close, although Hebron made a tremendous fight for the game and almost won out. The result was a great surprise as the Houlton boys were not expected to make such a good showing. The game toward the end was mainly a pitchers battle, both Moores of Ricker and Bradford of Hebron, who by the way, was a fifteen year old lad only about five feet high, vying with each other for the greater number of strike-outs.

Rain prevented the nines playing Saturday morning and, through a misunderstanding and the Coburn manager refusing to play because of the condition of the field, no game occurred in the afternoon so the pennant could not be awarded for ninety-seven.

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forward and altogether reliable. It is safe to follow his ad-
vice and put confidence in his judgment. He recommends
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prompt and efficient service, courteous treatment, ability
and tact to find the right man for the right place, this
agency is unexcelled and offers superior advantages to
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I have always found Mr. P. I. Merrill of the Beacon
Teachers' Agency courteous, straight-forward and active
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1897



THE COLBY ECHO.

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THE COLBY ECHO.

VOL. XXII.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

NO. 2.

THE BONES BENEATH.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER.

THE Professor was whistling; not easily and tunefully, but with painful contortions of his mouth and frequent breaks where he caught his breath anew. But then, the professor rarely whistled and the bare fact of this attempt was more remarkable than the imperfection of his execution.

Still more remarkable, for he was a man who loved work and lived in his laboratory, he was sitting idly in his worn study-chair.

Professor Franz Berinstein was a pale, oldish, young man, still on the easy side of forty, mild of eye and soft of speech. His few wisps of blonde hair were always rumpled, his abundant beard never too well groomed, and he was careless, almost slovenly, in his dress. A student's stoop marked him as a man of books.

He was well off, for his father had been a wealthy brewer, and, at his death, the larger part of his fortune had gone to the only son. The money pleased him principally because it enabled him to give himself up wholly to scientific research. Several discoveries of minor importance, which he had made, had given him a growing reputation and added lustre to a name already favorably known through the excellence of the paternal brew.

And now, and the professor's whistle gathered power at the thought, he was

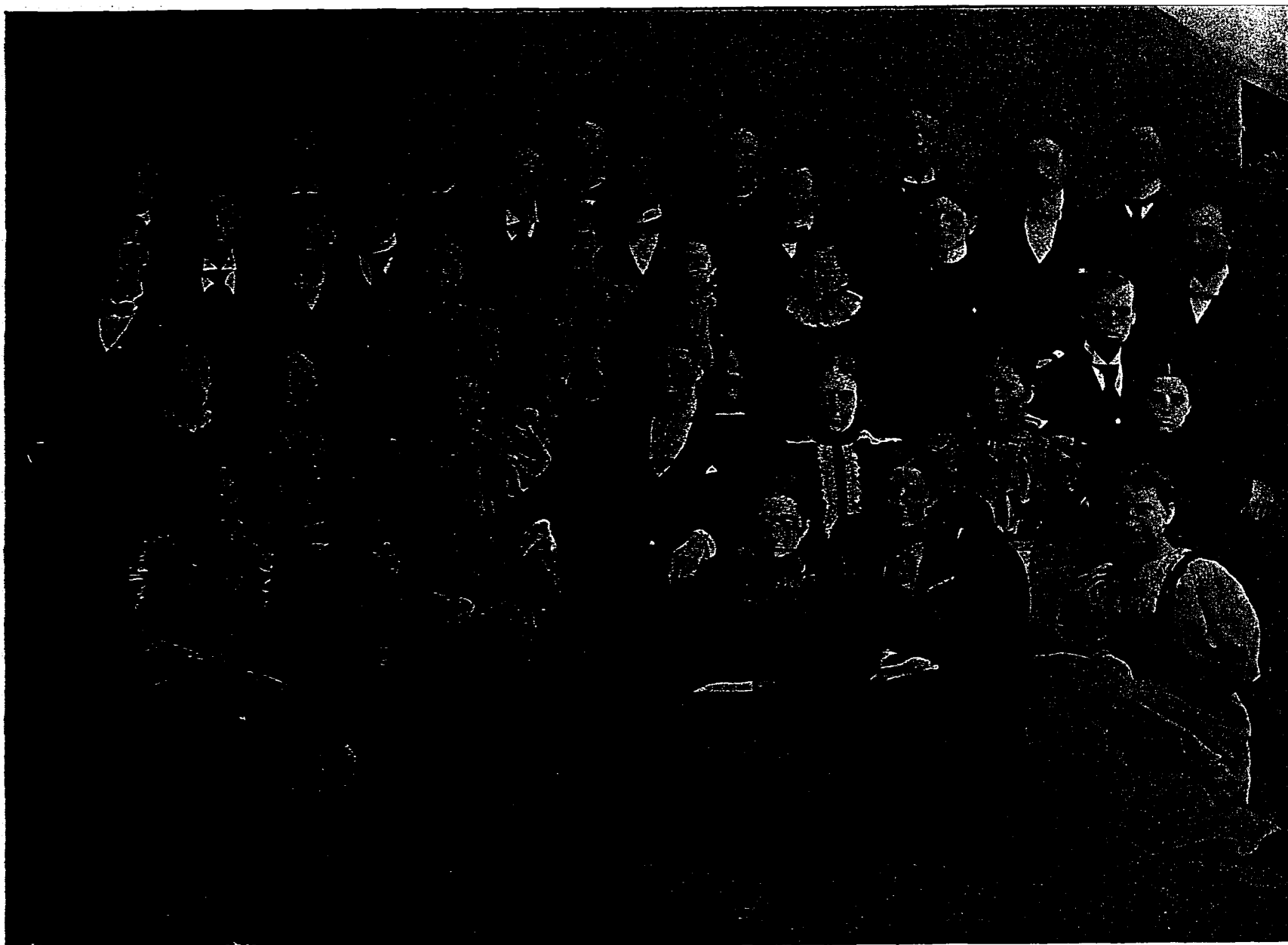
about to announce a discovery which would give him world-wide fame and place his name beside those of Edison, Tesla and Roentgen.

The theory which had led up to the discovery had rooted itself in his brain years before. It came to him one day when he was studying the impressions made by sound waves on a phonographic cylinder. It struck him that momentary impressions of a similar character might be made on the brain by thought waves. If this were the case and a series of photographs were taken of the brain while one was talking into a phonograph, the developed negatives would show lines and marks identical with those made on the phonographic cylinder.

Of course the thing was undemonstrable, but it was a very pretty theory and as the professor never bored any one by trying to convince him that it was possible, he was left in undisturbed possession of it.

When Roentgen announced his discovery of the X-rays, the professor dropped everything else and began to work with them. At the end of a year he had perfected a remarkable photographic apparatus.

It was so small that it could be half-concealed in one hand and used without the knowledge of the person being photo-



Class of '97.

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graphed, and an ingenious device made it possible to take an unbroken series of pictures of moving objects. But the special feature of the camera was a tiny attachment which enabled the operator to direct a colorless ray on an opaque object and photograph the most delicate lines through it. This ray was so far in advance of the one Roentgen had discovered that the professor felt justified in calling it the Berinstein ray.

After he had satisfied himself that the camera was as nearly perfect as he could make it, he borrowed his cook's little son one afternoon. Placing him before an ordinary phonograph, he made him talk into it while he took a running photograph of his brain. Then he developed the negative and, by a process which he had worked out, transferred the series of thought lines which appeared on the brain to a fresh phonographic cylinder, and placed it in the machine. When he set it going, it reeled off the boy's speech, word for word as it had with the original cylinder.

The undemonstrable theory was a demonstrated fact.

And that was why the professor was whistling, instead of working, that morning. He was too excited to settle down to anything.

He decided to take a holiday. His sister had a cottage at Swampscott and he would run down there and spend the day. Then She was there—and the professor blushed; for he had another secret, or thought he had. He would call on her in the evening and—yes, he would ask that question which had been trembling on his lips for a year. Decidedly it would be the happiest day of his life if she said yes.

It was time. He must brush up now and go out among people and enjoy the fame

which the great discovery would bring. After all, the old house was lonely without a woman.

He had never really known any woman except his mother and sister until he had met Her. His reserve and shyness became dumbness and actual fear when he was thrown with the girls who laughed, danced and chatted their way through fashionable life; and he was reputed so clever in a way they didn't want to understand that they could find nothing to say to him.

He was a melancholy object as he stood at bay in the hall at the few receptions to which his sister dragged him.

But She was different. Her quiet gentleness and a certain sympathy of manner had attracted him from the first. He felt that she understood and appreciated him. Not that she knew much about science, but she was a good listener, and with an interested word here and there could make him forget himself and talk. Her clear, frank eyes had told him she at least liked him, and—the professor blushed again. It must be today.

It was a very spruce professor that left the house an hour later and started for Swampscott. His blonde beard had been carefully trimmed and brushed, and he wore a neat suit of black clothes, although they were not of a very modish cut. But She was a woman who looked at the man before the cut of his coat.

The professor carried his camera with him; for he was afraid to have it out of his sight for a moment.

He passed a very pleasant day with his sister, and as evening drew on, he began to brace himself for the ordeal before him; for he was not a brave man. He felt a

curious trembling in his legs and a sudden dryness of the throat whenever he thought of asking that question.

It was while he was giving his beard a parting twist and wishing the bald spot on his head shone less—had a “domestic finish,” as his sister cruelly put it—that the idea of taking the camera along and photographing her thoughts when he asked the question came to him.

The professor was a rather mushy man in affairs of the heart, as men of his habit are apt to be. There was something very alluring to him in the thought of knowing her virgin thoughts when he asked that question. And then, he reflected, night after night, when they were apart, he would be able to live again that delicious hour and hear her softly-spoken “I love you,” and know the real depth of her love; for the camera photographed unspoken as well as spoken thoughts, of course.

Perhaps, though,—and the professor bumped up rather hard against this idea—she didn’t love him and would refuse him. So much the more reason for knowing her thoughts. There might be some little obstacle to his happiness which they would reveal and he could remove.

The professor was undoubtedly a little soft.

Six hours later he walked into his Boston house, gayly humming a bar of “Ben Bolt.”

She had accepted him.

He worked hard the next day, developing the negative and transferring the markings on the pictures of her brain to a phonographic cylinder. He saw that she had done a great deal of thinking while he was proposing.

When he had finished and had placed the cylinder in the machine, he was struck

with a sentimental idea. He would dress himself in the suit which he had worn the day before, and then, leaning back in his easy chair, close his eyes and bring back the softly-lighted drawing-room, with the fresh breeze stirring the draperies, and her face, sweetly flushed and temptingly near to his own.

For a moment after his preparations were complete, he hesitated. This intrusion on her thoughts seemed almost an act of sacrilege.

But the hesitation was only momentary. Then he leaned back in his chair, closed his eyes and started the phonograph.

“Burr-r-r-r — well if that bald-headed old coot isn’t all toggled out as if he were going to a wedding and how ridiculous he does look in those baggy trousers,” came from the machine in the colorless, expressionless tone in which it rendered thoughts.

The professor jumped from his chair with a snort of surprise. What ridiculous mistake could he have made in preparing the cylinder?

The phonograph kept right on talking, jumbling her thoughts and spoken words into a queer composite, while the professor sank back in his chair and listened with a strange expression on his colorless face.

“Good evening, Professor Berinstein,” the phonograph was saying. “I am delighted to see you,—It’ll be too bad if Jack comes now,—I am so glad that you have been able to tear yourself away from your books for a day and come down and see us. I was beginning to think that I shouldn’t see you at all this summer—No such luck. I know the old bore will stay forever and spoil my evening—Yes, and you would find a few weeks here a great help to you—What’s the matter with the

man; he looks as if he were going to have a fit and he's as nervous as—No, I love the sea and never tire of being beside it. And then, with my books and work—of course it isn't work in the sense that yours is, the time passes quickly—So that's it! He's going to propose at last. How Jack will just rage! But I can't help it if he has the bad taste to be poor and I can't live on—Of course I am lonely at times and have my dreams of a different life—It's coming and I suppose he's one of the silly sort that likes drooping and clinging, so I'll—Ye-c-s, Franz—Oh! if Jack only had his stuff! Since last winter, dearest; but I was never quite sure that you cared—Now he's going to paw me. How can you talk about yourself so, Frauz? You know that you are the dearest and handsomest

man in the world to me—Ugh! how his beard hurts. Why aren't all men clean-shaven like Jack? It's a crime for a man as old as the professor not to know how to kiss better—Well, yes a diamond solitaire would be pretty; in a Tiffany setting, you know. Take this piece of string and measure—He won't be so bad when I've made him trim his beard into a Vandyke and had him upholstered in modern style, but Jack—'

The professor said, "D—," which was a very strong word for so mild a man, and without waiting to hear more, strode out of the room, carefully closing the door behind him.

"Mary," he called over the balusters to the cook, "where's the axe?"



EVENING.

HAROLD WOODARD HAYNES.

THE summer Sun now weary with the day,
Lays down his brush and palette, from his
hand,

With which he has been painting, thro' the land,
Hillside, flower, and tree, in colors gay.

But wanton evening, wand'ring in her play,
Has picked them up, and deep on mischief plan'd
Is daubing all the West with colors grand;
Unmindful, as he hastens, how they lay.

But good Nurse Night, her wayward child be-
wails;

And hast'ning from her napping place, near by
With ready apron hard the work assails,
And when at length 'tis done, with half-drawn
sigh

She polishes the stars, the gilt-head nails
That hold the hangings of the blue-black sky.

ABBIE JANE'S DISSIMULATION.

ALICE I. ENA COLE.

ABBIE Jane sat by the window with her hands folded. Would the long, long Sabbath never come to an end. The clock ticked monotonously. Opposite, with the cat purring on his knees, sat her husband, Willie John. His steel-bowed spectacles were sliding down upon his nose, the newspaper had fallen from his hands. He was fast asleep. But to fall asleep over a newspaper was a luxury which Abbie Jane knew nothing of, for she had never learned to read. She looked at the window. By the sink spout three fat Plymouth Rock hens were scratching away contentedly and under the willow trees two more were dusting themselves.

Abbie Jane was very lonely. For fifty years she had spent her Sabbaths in that room. Willie John's family were not church-goers, for there was no church within four miles; yet, as a rule, he had always observed the fourth commandment except occasionally in haying time when Providence seemed to recommend an exception.

But it was nothing new for Abbie Jane to be lonely now-a-days. Willie John's mother, known as "Aunt Dolly" to the neighbors, was dead; Malviny, Joshua, Almira and Cordelia had left home and now had families of their own in Lawrence, Massachusetts. Ebenezer was the only one left to help his father carry on the farm, and he had brought a young wife to the old nest. Rose and Ebenezer's mother did not get along very well together, but it was no fault of Abbie Jane's. She tried hard enough to please Ebenezer's wife; but nothing suited Rose. If Abbie Jane set the table with the tumblers up, Rose was

sure to go and turn them down. If she crossed the knives and forks Rose straightened them out with a jerk. Rose made no secret of her sentiments that she thought it a pity for young married people to have to live with the old folks. Abbie Jane loved to laugh and talk, perhaps to gossip a wee bit over the housework and sewing; but now Rose would purse up her lips and say not a word for a whole week, while Abbie Jane in fear and trembling at the ominous silence, would wonder how she had given offense. But to-day Ebenezer and Rose were out for the afternoon and Willie John was asleep with the cat across his knees—even the cat would have been a little company. The clock struck three. The sleeper stirred a little, then slept on.

Abbie Jane could sit still no longer. She rose and standing on tip-toe, for she was not tall, pulled down a letter tucked behind the clock. It was a letter from Cordelia the youngest, her baby as she called her; Cordelia herself had a baby now a week old.

She scanned the mystic characters curiously, almost eagerly. The deep furrow between her eyes grew deeper. She remembered the sense of it, for the day it came she had asked Rose to read it to her. How she wished that she could decipher it herself. She put the letter back and sat down with a sigh. Five minutes past three.

Suddenly she rose and went into Aunt Dollie's room. Since Aunt Dollie's death, this had been used for a sewing room. Opening the bureau drawer, she took out a little basket of patchwork and slowly put



The Messalonskee.

on her thimble; but the thimble once on she went to work briskly picking out the light and dark pieces and pinning them together. "Nine squares in a square," she thought to herself, "is lots prettier than four squares in a square and looks 'most as well as log cabin." Here was a lot of dark brown calico with a little yellow sprig in it. That was what she got for Austin's and Arthur's jumpers, when she put them into pants; how cunning they looked. They were both brown-eyed, and had dimples—some folks called 'em twins. This white with a little black spot was what she made up into shirts for Willie John, the winter he was in Virginia cutting ship timber. He wore 'em in planting and haying time the next summer. The pink was like Malviny's sunbonnet that she used to wear to school. She was real proud of it, but they couldn't break her of chewing the strings. And here was a

piece of Aunt Dolly's apron; she always would have black after her husband died, even for her aprons. Abbie Jane stopped a minute to make a knot in her thread and glanced out the window. To her surprise the hens had crowded around the back door steps, waiting for their supper, she smoothed out the squares she had made and put the basket of patchwork back into the bureau drawer. Willie John looked up inquiringly as she came out.

"You was asleep, so I went to set in the other room a spell," she said apologetically.

"Asleep?" he said, "I haint been asleep. I've been readin', I jest missed ye an' wondered where ye'd gone."

There was a blush that lingered long on Abbie Jane's face as she went out to feed the hens and at the supper table Ebenezer commented upon it. "Pr'aps I got het up puttin' the supper onto the table," said Abbie Jane.



PRESENTATION ODE.

[Air: Valse Serenade from Excelsior, Jr.]

BEHOLD how the æons have wrought
The frost and the fire and the dew,
By an alchemy, subtle as thought.
Away from the sunlight and blue,
The granite, long waiting the call,
Now, shaped to our will, doth attest
The gratitude shared by us all,
On whom thou dost lavish thy best.

Dear mother, we pledge thee today
That as long as the stone shall endure
And brimming its basin of grey
The water wells crystalline pure,
Our love for thyself shall not fall,
Thou Fountain of Wisdom and Truth,
All hail, Mother Colby, all hail,
Almissima Mater of youth.

COLBY'S BELL.

"THE GENERAL."

THE Waterville College bell was stolen one night in years gone by, carefully boxed, carried in a pung to Augusta, and from there shipped C. O. D. to the Sophomore class at Harvard. The Harvard young men received the gift with emotion and promptly re-shipped it to some Southern college, which despatched it with added charges, to still another, and it probably is with the exception of the old Liberty Bell, the greatest traveller of its class, in the country.

Our college authorities started to hunt it down, but it was so rapidly passed around that it was quite a period of time on its travels, and was finally found in New York on the dock of a packet bound for England, consigned to "Her Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen, Defender, etc. etc., Windsor Castle, England, C. O. D.," and the amount of charges upon it, made it a serious question whether it was worth claiming.

The term bills for that term were probably interesting reading for the proud parents at home.

* * * *

When recitations and prayers began the day at five o'clock on winter mornings, many plans for silencing the bell were tried. The clapper was repeatedly abstracted, (one was found in 1875 built into the walls of South College) but since the bell ringer, by a little climbing, could improvise an alarm by using a hammer on the bell, this adventure was not considered sufficiently effective to pay for the risk. But a party of Sophomores thought they had solved the problem, and at midnight

on one of the coldest nights of January, 18—, a small party of men closely muffled toiled patiently at the half-frozen pump, and then with full pails mounted the three flights of stairs, climbed the three almost perpendicular ladders until they stood in the belfry beside the inverted bell. Their pails emptied they repeated the toilsome journey until the old bell was level full of congealing water, which —25 deg. was rapidly converting into ice.

Then down crept the procession of conspirators on the ladders under the "loaded" bell. They were fairly in line when some one by accident caught hold of the bell rope which hung along side.

Over came the bell, down came *x* barrels of slushy ice water, knocking their pails from their hands and completely drenching them, while it was only by a small margin that some of them escaped being swept from the ladder. Then from above them, as if in triumph over their discomfiture, sounded forth on the quiet night air a brazen "ker-lang," as the bell swung to position once more.

In those days Professors roomed in the college dormitories and were responsible for order and decorum in their respective halls. I should like to tell how these poor drenched fellows met the members of the Faculty or how they made their escape from such a meeting, but I really do not know. The bell, however, had shown such promptness in punishing the intended wrong that perhaps the Faculty staid back and allowed the icy bath and the ridicule of their fellows to be sufficient punishment.

ANOTHER LONG RAIN.

FOR her prolonged and lengthy reign, Victoria,
 they say,
 Will celebrate her jubilee at some no distant day;
 And at that rate it's nearly time, it really seems to
 me,
 That this unpleasant weather celebrate its jubilee!



WAS IT REINCARNATION?

HASCALL SHAILER HALL.

POOR Aunt Jane was losing her mind, and it was hardly to be wondered at. The good old soul had lived more than four-score years, had reared her sister's brood of children, then their children, and their children's children were now clambering around her, and her life's work certainly seemed to be finished. Her body had outlived her mind, which now in the fall of her life had started on its second infancy. All day she sat in her high-back rocker, her feet on a little creton-covered cushion, living out her allotted time; living because she could not die; existing, that was all.

The children tottered about her, pushing her, rocking her chair in their efforts to steady themselves, stealing her cushion from her; the older folks waited on her patiently, answering each time they heard the rap of her cane. The men and women all were good to her, and she seemed to appreciate them, but the one on whom poor Aunt Jane showered her attentions was Jakie, a little mournful-eyed kitten.

When first I went to see her, I little understood Aunt Jane, nor the part that Jakie played in her life. The first question, as I entered her room, was always

"Where's Jakie?" When I learned the story of her life, I understood her question, though I never could answer it.

In the olden days, when she was young, Jane had been a famous beauty. It was hard to believe it. Her face was so dark and wrinkled, and her hair was so white and thin. But the story I have heard was true. Her folks had not been rich, they had been simply well-to-do and respectable, but Jane had lived the life of a belle, in the years so long ago. She had attended a seminary in a neighboring village, with her brother, and there had met the young maidens and the youths with whom she had grown up and lived her life.

The seminary stood on a great, high, hill, looking down upon a bend in the river. It was a great wooden building of the time, with its queer fashioned steeple rising so precisely from the middle of the roof. A walk on either side of the front entrance led to the boys' home, and the house wherein the girls lived. The Seminary stood between them.

The story of Aunt Jane's life there, I can tell only as I have heard it from the mouths of others. It was an old, old story;

most of us have heard it all before. The rules and regulations that must of necessity be made at seminaries of that sort, and the consequent breaking of all such rules by the very persons for whom they were intended, play their part in the story.

There was a rich young man there from Massachusetts, the son of a wealthy trader. Jacob Reynolds was his name, and to him the little band of seminary young folks owed a great share of their good time. He was the life of all their pleasure trips, the poorest scholar in the classes, and yet a lad of great popularity with the teachers as well as with the scholars. That he and Aunt Jane, who then was as she was to the day of her death Miss Jane Thomson, should find that in each other's company lay all happiness, was only natural; he the richest and most popular among the boys, and she the most beautiful girl at school.

The scholars were disciplined by a faithful code of genuine Quaker rules, and as long as the discipline was maintained there was little chance for anything more than a school-room acquaintance there. But the youths, in the days gone by, were characterized by their gallantry, and the maidens, by their daring.

Often came the nights when secret meetings were held, and the great silent buildings reverentially closed their eyes at nine o'clock, and tried their hardest not to see these little outbreaks and the inattention to the rules. Foremost among the couples who paid so slight attention to the rules, were Jacob Reynolds and Jane Thomson. They had never known what it was to have their actions restricted, and so, there, as at home, whatever they willed to do, was done. A low whistle, like the call of the cuckoo, was the keynote to their happiness, and then, in the dusky shadows,

a hurrying maiden was joined by her gallant, and the two would disappear in the deeper shadows.

The favorite resort on the moonlight escapades, was the bank of the lazy river, where, under an old, over-reaching willow, a great flat-bottomed boat was tied. Hither the two would always wander. Sometimes, when the night was still, they would simply sit there in the old tied boat, talking low to one another. Often when the skies were cloudy, Jacob would unslip the fastening and the two would drift down the misty river, carried in the arms of the current, and row back cautiously, quietly, under the shadows of the willows on the bank. And so they lived their happy lives.

"But," I am asked, "what became of Jacob, and why was Aunt Jane always Miss Thomson?" That is the part of the story I little care to tell. I have never heard it from Aunt Jane herself. I think that no one ever has. The old flat-bottomed boat and the secret meetings were the cause of it all. Perhaps the boat was leaky, or possibly the two were careless. How it happened they never really knew. One morning it was found the two were missing and just as the others were filing in to breakfast, in came Jane. She was dripping with water, from her head to her feet. Her bright eyes looked far away. She was alone.

For weeks it seemed as if she were about to die and then slowly, very slowly, the color and strength returned, and she was well once more. But of her lover she could tell nothing. They were floating with the stream, watching the passing clouds play their magic with the hills and river, and then they were in the water. The next she realized she was at the semi-

nary once more, sick from the exposure and the fright. Jacob was not to be found.

All this had happened years ago, and the beautiful girl of yesterday, was the old Aunt Jane I knew. I often went to see her, but the story that I heard of the loved one she had lost so many years ago, was always before me.

She would sit there by the hour, in her great, old-fashioned chair, looking down the river calling "Jakie, Jakie, where's Jakie?" And then when the kitten was brought and placed in her knotted hands, she held it tenderly, patting it all the while

and wailing in her groaning voice, "Well Jakie, Jakie."

The last time I went in to see Aunt Jane I can never forget. It was a cold, rainy day, a day when trouble seemed to have come to the whole world. But with her it was not so. As I entered the room, I noticed the kitten in her lap, wet and ruffled from being out in the rain. Aunt Jane was patting and kissing it, and the tears were streaming down her furrowed cheeks. She heard my coming, and looking up beckoned me to her side. "I know," she whispered, "I know now. I've found Jakie."



A FALLEN STAR.

ALICE LENA COLE.

NIGHT comes and thro' the infinite sky spaces
With mystic speech light answers unto light,
When through their midst one, shooting downward, traces

A trail of fire, then vanishes from sight.

So small a star. Perhaps in this whole city
No eye but mine its passing may have seen—
But hark! a voice speaks tremulous with pity,—
"A void in Heaven where once a star hath been."

The footsteps fade away into the distance,
But still the words of that low voice remain;
Like muffled bells that toll with dull persistence
They echo and re-echo in my brain.

For me the cosmos loses its completeness,
The perfect beauty of the eves and dawns
Has much of bitter mingled with sweetness,
If just beyond it all some chaos yawns

To swallow up in fathomless abysses,
Far down within its awful gulfs of dark
The little star which our horizon misses,
As ocean waters quench a flying spark.

Friend, tell me not those rays are lost forever,
I cannot think that God would be content
To say, "Let there be less light!" Nay, He never
Blots out one star from His great firmament.

—Selected.

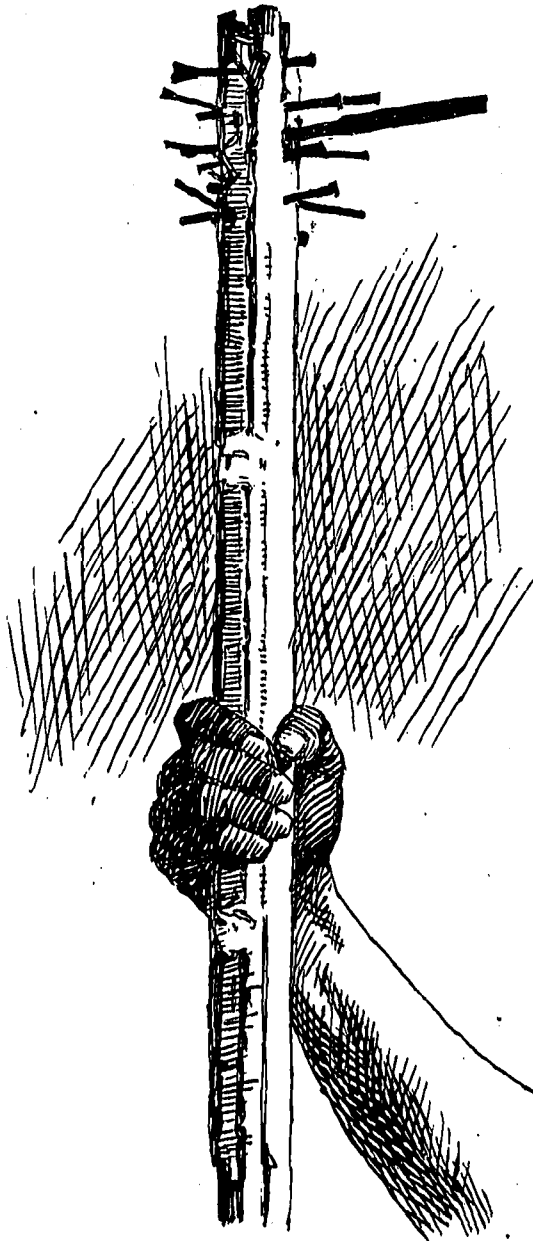
A RELIC OF OTHER DAYS.

THE class of '69 entered Colby, then Waterville College, with quite a number of soldiers who had recently returned from the war. Some of these officers and men had won distinction on the field of battle. They were not boys in the ordinary sense of that term, and were quite averse to some things that young men without such experience favored. Among the things most strongly disapproved by these men, and by their class, was anything and everything of the "hazing" kind. While they put on no airs and made very little talk, it came to be understood that any attempt at hazing any of the class, and especially any of the old soldiers, might be rather serious business. One of them who had lost one arm and had the other badly shattered, was struck over the head by an upstart of a sophomore, one Sunday morning, and returned it with a shot from a very small pocket pistol. Both were expelled and never returned. Hazing fell into "*innocuous desuetude*." Several customs underwent a change. When the next class entered, the class of '69 notified them that nothing like hazing would be attempted, or permitted, so far as the class of '69 could prevent it, and hoped the freshmen would even wear tall hats

and carry canes if they so desired. The incoming class were not disposed to take any advantage of this state of things, and a very kindly feeling grew up between those classes. One man, however, in the class of '70 was afflicted with foolishness

in the head. Knowing the attitude of the class of '69 he yet talked as though he thought they might attempt to haze him and told what great things he would do. Finally he was indiscreet enough to tell about a weapon he had made, and to make threats of the great things he would do if any one undertook to trouble him or his room. At length the patience of some of the members of '69 became exhausted. They deemed it needful to teach this young man a lesson. A few of them entered his room very quietly one evening and demanded that weapon, whereupon he very meekly gave it up. It was afterward tintyped held in the hand of a member of '69.

The cut on this page is reproduced from one of the original tintypes still in the possession of the member of '69 who writes this account.



THE BLUE ASTER.

HARRIET FLORENCE HOLMES.

IN the sunny woodland pastures,
In the meadows by the sea,
Grows the starry-eyed blue aster,
In its sweet wild purity.

Nodding gently in the sea-breeze,
With such dainty, winsome grace,
Each fair blossom seems a maiden,
With a tender dreamy face.

Honey bees all love her dearly,
And the gorgeous butterflies
Flutter over her, enraptured
With the beauty of her eyes.

All the little birds, her sweethearts,
Sing to her their sweetest lays,
And the perfumed air, love-laden,
Is musical with praise.

In luxurious glad profusion,
Dear, and wondrous fair to see,
Grows the starry-eyed blue aster,
In the meadows by the sea.



A LITTLE SEVENTH DAY ADVENT.

JANET CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

IT was Sunday and Loretta Ann Hobbs sat in the big black hair-cloth chair studying her Bible. It was an old chair, much worn and frayed in spots; so that if Loretta Ann leaned back in it, the bristling hairs pierced like so many cambric needles into her pretty neck which was unprotected by the little low-out Mother-Hubbard gown.

Loretta Ann kept her hands folded primly over her Bible; for it was no temptation to her to rest her arms in their short sleeves upon the great restful chair-arms. She forgot and did so at times, and her little chubby dimpled elbows were specked with red. Her feet, in white stockings and

low prunella shoes were stretched out stiffly, away from the chair.

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth," conned Loretta.

The sun shone through the green paper curtains, which were drawn, so that they threw a lurid shadow over the white dress in the depths of the black chair.

Cries of "Tag," and "Hilly-i-over" in childish tones from without, were accustomed to break the Sabbath stillness. For her Grandma Hobbs was a Seventh Day Advent; and little Loretta Ann was weekly exiled from Saturday's play, and on Sunday was treated as a heretic by her play-

mates. She felt herself to be an outcast on the face of the earth, and always experienced a righteous wrath when she read the prophesy, "And the last shall be first and the first, last." She vaguely felt that this text had something to do with the days of the week and Advents.

But today all was silent, save those sad Sabbath-breakers, the long-fingered thieves of the flowers, who tired of flight, swerving from their bee-lines, plumped up against the transparent, yet deceitful window panes.

Grandma dozed in her chair, waking up

nation which she underwent in a creditable manner.

Night drew on, Loretta Ann was a long while mounting the back stairs to bed. Her progress was like the the back-stitch which she was just learning to do in her patchwork. Something seemed to pull her back at every step.

She omitted her customary Bible verses and her prayer. But as she lay under the white net curtains on the big four-posted bedstead, the daisies on the pink tumbler on the stand, like white accusing faces, peered out at her.



at intervals to assure Loretta Ann that she had not been asleep.

Every little while, a gust of suppressed, unaccountable laughter blew over Loretta's face making little drop-wavelets about the dimples in her cheeks. She was very careful, however, to maintain her somewhat strained posture, and to commit faithfully the verses assigned her.

Presently Grandma drew a long breath, sat up and looked about for her spectacles, and found, at length, that she was looking through them.

This was the signal for Loretta's exami-

Loretta Ann hid her face in the quilt, which she herself had pieced when four years old, and wept.

"Am I, my brother's keeper?" flashed through the mind of Loretta Ann, and she arose calmly and stumbled down the steep stairs and into her grandmother's chamber.

"O Lord!" piously exclaimed old lady Hobbs with the Advent conviction, and she started up as she saw the white-robed figure in the doorway, "It's come, and its found me sleeping!"

But Loretta Ann quavered,

"It's Sunday."

"Well, of course it's Sunday," testily cried the relieved old watcher for the kingdom. "Be you daft?"

"Yesterday was Sunday," came from the angelic figure in the doorway.

"Huh! Go on! I suppose tomorrow's Sunday too aint it?"

But Loretta stoutly continued, "You've lost your reckonin', grandma. You knit all day Saturday instead of keeping the Sabbath." And with this awful denunciation, Loretta Ann left the seed to work in the mind of her grandparent, while she skipped up the back stairs two steps at a time. It was with a conscience void of offense that she repeated "Lead us not into

temptation," though the two Sundays a week stretched out before her in an unending line.

Old Mrs. Hobbs ruminated during the night. The fact that she might be losing her mind was not more consoling than the awful knowledge that she had desecrated her Sabbath.

She arose with a determination which was immediately put into effect, and little Loretta Ann spent what seemed to her a month of Sundays; but what was in reality only a week without either work or play. Loretta Ann pondered over this verse in her chapter, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake."



PIPE ODE.

CHARLES HUNTINGTON WHITMAN.

[Air: Tinker's Song from Robin Hood.]

'TIS merry, merry, merry, merry students all
are we,
Out for a grand good time, Sirs.
We sing, sing, sing, throughout the gladsome day,
The songs of "Auld Lang Syne," Sirs.
Four joyous years have glided by
So full of toil and pleasures,
And now we smoke all sorrow out
By puffing, puffing, puffing on our pipe, Sirs.
So we take a whiff,
And we puff, puff, puff,
For our hopes in future years, Sirs.
We are gay and jolly,
So flee melancholy
This is no time for tears, Sirs.

'Tis merry, merry, merry, merry students all are
we,
True to the "blue and gray," Sirs.
We sing, sing, sing, the praise of Colby dear,
Listen to our joyous lay, Sirs.
May Colby's star forever shine,
E'er bright her radiant treasures;
And thus we pledge her once again
By puffing, puffing, puffing on our pipe, Sirs.
So we take a whiff,
And we puff, puff, puff,
For our hopes in future years, Sirs.
We are gay and jolly,
So flee melancholy
This is no time for tears, Sirs.

CHORUS.

Puff, puff, puff, puff, smoke the pipo of piece,
now,
See the cloud rings rise,
For our work is done,
Our college race is run,
And bright and clear are the skies.

The Colby Echo.

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Our Magazine Number.

The changes introduced into this current number of the ECHO are intended not as a merely temporary resort, but are rather introduced with the idea of making them a permanent feature of our college paper. It is our belief that the Echo should partake more nearly of the literary magazine type and less of the newspaper as heretofore. We believe, also, that if a high standard be maintained much can be done to improve and bring out latent literary ability among our students. We ask

the hearty co-operation, therefore, of both alumni and students, as we shall attempt to carry out this plan. Aid us in attempting to make the ECHO serve its purpose even better than it ever has before!

The Handbook for 1897.

The Handbook, edited each year under the joint auspices of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations of Colby, has made its appearance for 1897. In quality and general merit it is, as always, a publication that compares most favorably with similar publications of Brown, Yale, or even larger colleges, and it does Colby great credit that it can produce, through its Christian Associations, such a book. It is by maintaining the present high standard of our student publications that much can be done in the way of bettering Colby's interests. At Colby we believe that quality is more essential than quantity and it is on that ground that we can claim large things for her.

The Tennis Tournament.

The most encouraging of all the records made by the different Colby athletic teams this spring, was that made by our Tennis Team at Portland. Although they did not win, it is true, they yet made a most brilliant showing and lost, not from any fault of their own, but because their opponents had had the advantage of a faster practice than they are afforded here at Colby. Bowdoin did not have a walk-over by any means as both in singles and doubles Dana and Ives were hard pressed by McFadden and Shannon and won their laurels only after the sharpest kind of a fight. The Colby men played the game of their lives and their defeat was an honorable one.

Graduate Study.

We are glad to note the growing interest in graduate work among the students; every man who expects to teach should plan to do such work if possible. The demand for thoroughly educated men becomes more imperative every year, and a college course is no longer the pass-port to the more desirable positions. But stronger arguments than the prudential are favor, a course of graduate study. In college one gains a general knowledge of many subjects, but a thorough knowledge of none; moreover one's energies are dissipated by all sorts of outside interests. But in a graduate school one *must* do careful, thorough, thoughtful work; one has a chance to get a taste of knowledge at first hand, and to become somewhat proficient in some line of work. In getting depth, breadth is acquired, for everything in scholarship is related. One is likely to acquire the scientific habit of mind, which leads to insight, the *summum bonum* of the scholar. Our restless and superficial American life needs men and women of *genuine* culture and *sound* scholarship.

Welcome the Old Graduates.

It is but natural that the old graduate returning to visit his Alma Mater, after an absence of but even a few years, should have a feeling of genuine home-sickness borne in upon him. The same old familiar objects everywhere greet his eye, but the old familiar faces and *bon comradie* of his good old college days are wanting. He is sadly disappointed at not finding that something, which, in spite of all the evident impossibilities, he had still half expected to enjoy. The cause of this feeling of unfulfilled expectation is too often wrongfully attributed to a lack of cordiality on

the part of the undergraduates, and occasionally the alumnus goes away cherishing a deep sense of wrong at what he believes or understands to be neglect. Such impressions are to be deplored, for while the undergraduate may be and doubtless often is, remiss in this respect, yet it is, after all, only a consequent result that, to the returning graduate, commencement should have its sad and lonesome aspect. The students realize to some degree their responsibility at such a time, and this year every possible means will be employed to make this commencement a pleasant and enjoyable one to all who may attend. The President's office and the Reading Room will be especially set aside for the alumni and their friends. It will furnish a convenient headquarters and will afford an opportunity for class reunions, etc., In the President's office there will be a registration book and all alumni are requested to register therein. There is a deep-felt and earnest hope on the part of both faculty and students that this approaching commencement of '97 shall be characterized by such a spirit of good-fellowship as shall make the occasion of especial pleasure to all who have the interests of Colby at heart.

A Word To the "Ladies." It is almost inconceivable that students at an institution of higher learning should persistently retain the word lady in their newly-weeded vocabularies, and go to a "Ladies' Hall" to call on their "lady friends." There was a time when the word lady meant something. That time was in the last generation. Perhaps it has a distinctive meaning today. If it has, it is the converse of its old one. Good use no longer sanctions the word. It has had a severe attack of nervous prostration,

brought on by overwork, and the greater number of those to whom it once meant most have sensibly dropped it. But some of us still cling to it as if its surrender meant the loss of some precious prerogative. True, the word is still popular in New York and along the Bowery, and ladies are very plentiful there. This is largely due to heavy immigration during the last decade. Those females, who have graduated from the fields of the Old World to the kitchens of the New, are all ladies. So, too, are the brightest belles of Icemen's Balls and the most graceful "spielers" at the functions of Roseleaf Pleasure and Social Coteries. There is no good reason why they shouldn't be. But there is every reason why we should call our sweet girl undergraduates, who were born in America, who do not "spiel," nor scintillate and dazzle at Icemen's functions, by some other name. And he must be a mealy-mouthed man that shrinks from using the vigorous, dignified, Anglo-Saxon word woman, and she a queer compound of necessary self-assertion and uncertainty of self, that in these days, insists on being "a lady." Really, it is time we had a Woman's Hall and surrendered to the "spielers" all right and title to the word lady; as we have already conceded to their masculine friends the sole right to be known as "gents" and to wear "pants."

A
Letter
from an
Alumnus.

The following interesting communication has been received which explains itself:

Brockton, Mass., June 16, 1897.
Editor Echo,

Dear Sir:

Understanding there are some relics handed down from class to

class, I may interest you by telling part of the story of one of them.

When South College was renovated, in 1875 I believe, I was told by one of the workmen that they had found several articles bricked up in the walls of North Division, and that one of the men had hidden them there, intending to take them home with him.

He indicated the point of concealment and I removed the temptation from his path by taking the articles to my room.

They included among other things a tongue of the college bell, a giant key-hole squirt gun, (in perfect order then, for I tried it on Jesse B. Brown, Jr., of my class and it worked beautifully) and a mammoth tin horn.

I regret to state that some member or members of the class of 1879 surreptitiously removed these articles from my room and care before I was through with them.

I presume the squirt gun which is now a relic with you is the one thus resurrected from South College, and which, therefore, may date back to the Divinity School of early times—perhaps—at all events it was old when I found it as described above, in 1875.

Fraternally yours,

CLEMENT H. HALLOWELL,

Class of '76.



HIS history notes
With blissful smile,
He lays upon the shelf.
"A thought," says he,
"Occurs to me
History repeats itself."

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The college widow sighed,
 As a tear rolled down her cheek,
 "No harvest have I reaped
 And 'tis Commencement week.

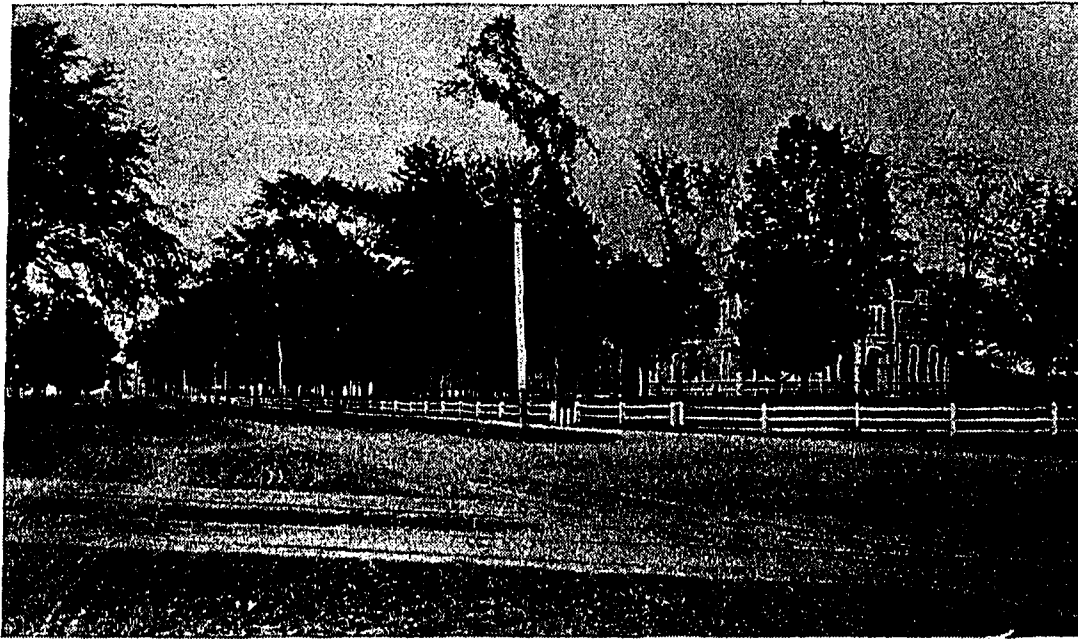
O why should the graduating girl be proud;
 She must wrap herself up in a plain, black shroud.
 The ribbon and silk she feign would display,
 Academic regalia has banished away.

"Is Colby Heaven, papa?" enquired the bright-eyed child,

"No, no, my son, how foolish!" and then benignly smiled

As he asked, "Why seek you thus my son?" "Why such a question dare?"

"Because," he slowly faltered, "Matches are made up there."



CLASS ODE, '98.

JANET CHRISTINE STEPHENS.

[Air: "Honey does you love yer man."]

THERE'S a legend of the willows, willows clad
 in loyal grey,
 That when time and Mother Colby first were wed,
 As each child outgrew the cradle and wandered
 far away,
 Every willow softly wept and bent its head.
 But today, O loyal willows, lift the drooping head,
 Bind back the tresses falling o'er the brow.
 O cease those mournful whispers for the classes
 fled!
 Hear the song that ninety-eight shall sing thee
 now!

Ninety-eight of fun and frolic now has had her
 "three bags full,"

The draw strings of a fourth are in our hands;
 But the sighing of the willows breathes prophetic
 canticle:

Senior dignity shall pluck the burning brands.
 A scissors-grinder stands before the door of At-
 ropos;

She's preparing soon to give us all a "cut,"
 Then let us drain youth's bucket with the green,
 green moss,

And sing ere on life's threads her blades shall shut.

CHORUS.

Colby put on thy glasses,
 Look on thy lads and lassies,
 Clustering now about thy knee,—
 Down by the weeping willows,
 Where violets make their pillows,
 Mother, dear we sing to thee!

TRACK AND FIELD.

The ECHO is pleased to present in this issue a cut of our '97 baseball team. This year's team has made a very creditable record, considering the continued hard luck in which the team played. Commencing the season with what was considered a fair team only, Captain Putnam worked hard and faithfully to get together a winning team, but at the outset Flood, our only pitcher, was forced to retire because of an injured hand. Scannell who was expected to play backstop was tried in the emergency, and for one who had never pitched before, did remarkable work in the championship games. The first of the season two games were lost to fitting schools, but only because of the weakness in the box. On the Massachusetts and New Hampshire trip the team surprised every one by winning a majority of the games. In the championship series with Bates and Bowdoin, we won a game and lost a game. The first game with Maine State was an easy victory for us but Maine State left the field and protested the game. The board of managers sustained their protest, very unfairly but now that the deciding of the game would give the championship to U. of M., the managers refuse to abide by their first decision. The second game with Maine State was played at Orono, and the "Farmers" won. It was indeed a surprise that our team scored at all from the treatment they received. The standing for the championship is thus a tie between all the colleges and no pennant

will be awarded this year as it is too late for another series to be played.

The work of the Colby nine this season, has led its supporters to look for a championship team next year. Only one member of the nine graduates this year and a player from one of the fitting schools who is a strong first baseman will probably take Captain Putnam's place without any serious gap in the infield. Some excellent material is coming in with the 1901 class, especially in the way of fielders and pitchers which were the weakest points of this year's team.

Of this year's team, one of the best players has been John Thomas Scannell of Newmarket, N. H. Jack came here from Exeter where he had made a great record as an athlete, and both on the football field and baseball diamond, he has proved one of the best men Colby ever had, and it was in appreciation of his evident fitness that the nine unanimously elected him captain of the '98 team. His position is catcher, and he is a magnificent backstop, but by force of circumstances he was compelled to do the pitching, and although new at the position, he made a record which compares very favorably with any other pitcher in the college league. The best part of Scannell's work in the athletic field is that he never loses his head no matter how much his team may be behind, and every minute he is playing to win. No better choice could be made for next year's captain.



Base-Ball Team, '97.



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Base-Ball Team, '97.

BASE-BALL.

U. OF M. VS. COLBY.

The return game with Maine State was played June 19th, which was the annual Field Day at the state college. A very large crowd was present to watch the game which was both interesting and exciting from start to finish. Colby played a very plucky game having great odds to contend with. The treatment accorded our team was disgraceful yet fully in accord with the way the Orono students are in the habit of treating visiting teams. The most objectionable treatment was the way in which card board imitations of baseballs were continually hurled at our players when Maine State was at the bat.

Notwithstanding Colby played to win and although for seven innings U. of M. seemed to have everything her own way by good hitting and base-running nine runs were scored in the seventh and eighth innings.

The Orono team then made a change in the box and Colby failed to make a score off Crockett. The feature of the game was the one-handed catch of a line ball by Tupper.

The score:

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.

	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E
Pretto, ss.	6	4	2	2	5	0
Crockett, 3b. p.	6	3	3	1	0	1
Palmer, 1b,	6	2	3	11	0	1
Welch rf,	2	0	2	0	0	0
Small, rf,	4	0	0	1	0	1
Dolley, 2b,	4	1	2	4	2	0
Cushman, p. 3b	5	0	1	0	4	0
Clark, c,	4	0	0	0	0	1
Brann, cf,	4	1	1	0	0	0
Sprague, lf,	4	2	2	0	0	0
Total,	45	18	10	27	12	4

COLBY.

	AB	R	IB	PO	A	E
Cushman, c,	3	3	1	5	1	1
Hudson, 3b,	5	1	2	0	1	3
Scannell, p,	5	2	3	3	2	0
V. Putnam, 2b,	5	2	2	1	2	0
Gibbons, lf,	5	1	0	0	0	1
Wilson, rf,	5	0	1	1	1	0
Tupper, cf,	5	0	0	1	0	2
H. Putnam, 1b,	5	1	3	9	0	2
Austsn, ss,	5	1	1	4	1	0
Totals,	43	11	13	*25	8	9

*Palmer out, failed to touch second; Palmer out for batting out of order.

U. of M.	3	4	2	0	2	0	2	0	0--13
Colby,	0	0	1	0	1	0	4	5	0--11

Earned runs—U. of M. 4, Colby 4. Two-base hits—Crockett, Palmer, Brann, H. Putnam, Austin. Three-base hits—Sprague, V. Putnam. Stolen bases—Dolley 2, Palmer, Crockett, Welch, Clark, H. Putnam, V. Putnam. First on balls—by Cushman, 4; by Scannell 4. Struck out—by Cushman, 5; by Scannell, 3. Double plays—Pretto and Palmer; Wilson and H. Putnam. Hit by pitched ball—Sprague, Clark. Wild pitches—Cushman, Scannell, 2. Passed balls—Clark 2. Time, 2 hours. Umpire—Nason of Bangor.

COLBY VS. BATES.

On the campus Saturday June 12th, Colby played two games with Bates, won the first and lost the second, only through the fact that Scannell had to go in to pitch the second game after pitching ten innings against the heavy batting Lowiston boys.

The games were both played in a drizzling rain and there was considerable loose playing on both sides. Colby won by hard hitting at opportune times, batting Burrill out of the box. The star play of this game was two catches of hot liners by Scannell in the third. Wilson surprised every one by his fine work and his two hits were what won the game for Colby.

In the eighth, the score was tied and neither side scored until the tenth when Bates made one run and Colby two.

COLBY.

	BH	PO	A	E
Cushman, c,	1	3	1	0
Husson, 3,	1	2	2	2
Scannell, p,	1	3	2	0
V. Putnam, 2,	3	2	3	1
Gibbons, 1,	2	5	1	0
Wilson, r,	2	2	0	0
Tupper, m,	1	2	0	0
H. Putnam, 1,	1	9	0	2
Austin, s,	0	0	4	1
Totals,	12	30	13	6

BATES.

	BH	PO	A	E
Pulsifer, 2 p,	1	4	2	1
Burrill, p, 2,	2	2	2	1
Quinn, 3,	3	3	1	0
Purington, c,	0	5	2	0
Slattery, 1,	3	2	0	0
Johnson, s,	0	3	1	0
Bennett, m,	2	2	1	0
Lowe, 1,	0	7	1	0
Mason, r,	2	0	0	0
Totals,	13	*28	10	3

*Winning run made with one man out.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Colby,	0	0	0	3	0	3	0	0	0	2—8
Bates,	2	0	0	0	0	0	2	2	0	1—7

Runs made, by Scannell 2, O. Putnam, 3, Gibbons, 2. Wilson, Pulsifer, Burrill, 2. Quinn, Purington, Johnson, Mason. Earned runs, Colby, Bates. Two base-hit, Quinn. Stolen base, Bennett. Base on balls, Scannell. V. Putnam, Gibbons, Wilson, Johnson, Lowe, Mason. Struck out, Scannell, H. Putnam, Austin, 2. Pulsifer, Slattery, 2. Double play, Lowe and Burrill. Hit by pitched ball, Purington, Mason. Wild pitch, Pulsifer. Umpire, Kearns of Lewiston. Time 2h. 30m.

BATES VS. COLBY.

The second game commenced shortly after the first was finished, and only five innings were played. Bates hit Scannell for four runs in the first inning and again for

the same number in the fourth. Several bad errors were made on both sides but were perhaps excusable on account of the bad condition of the grounds. Hudson made two sensational stops of very swift grounders but couldn't recover in time to get his man at first. By losing the game the four teams in the league are tied.

BATES.

	BH	PO	A	E
Pulsifer, p, 2,	3	2	0	0
Burrill, 2, p,	1	2	1	0
Quinn, 3,	2	1	1	0
Purington, c,	1	3	0	0
Slattery, 1,	0	1	0	0
Johnson, s,	3	1	1	0
Bennett, m,	1	1	0	0
Lowe, 1,	1	3	0	3
Mason, r,	1	1	0	0
Totals,	13	15	3	3

COLBY.

	BH	PO	A	E
Cushman, c,	1	2	0	0
Hudson, 3,	1	0	0	1
Scannell, p,	1	1	1	0
V. Putnam, 2,	4	1	2	2
Gibbons, 1,	0	0	0	0
Wilson, r,	1	2	0	0
Tupper, m,	1	1	1	1
H. Putnam, 1,	1	6	0	0
Austin, s,	2	2	2	2
Totals,	12	15	6	6
Innings,	1	2	3	4
Bates,	4	2	2	4
Colby,	1	5	0	3

Runs made, by Pulsifer 3, Burrill 2, Purington 2, Slattery 2, Johnson 2, Bennett, Mason, Cushman, Hudson, Scannell, V. Putnam, Wilson 2, Tupper 2, Austin. Earned runs, Colby. Two-base hits, Pulsifer, V. Putnam 2. Stolen base, Lowe. Base on balls, Bennett, Cushman, Scannell 2. Struck out, Mason, Cushman, Gibbons, Austin. Umpire, Kearns of Lewiston. Time 1h 30m.



FIELD DAY.

For the second time '98 won the Shannon cup for out door athletics, and for the third time won the annual college field meet. The 19th annual field day was held Saturday, June 13, after twice being post-

poned on account of rain. The attendance was small, and the clouds threatened rain all through the morning. Doubtless it was on account of the meet being postponed so often, that many of the athletes entered did

not compete. Ninety-eight had a walk-over and in some events won all three places.

Three college records were broken as follows: Pike breaking the hammer throw by 11 feet 8 inches, Cotton lowered the time for the 220 by 1-4 of a second running the distance in 24 seconds, and Hooke broke the low hurdle record by 3-4 of a second and the intercollegiate record by 1-2 a second, his time being 27 1-2.

The following is the summary:

100-yard dash Won by Cotton '00, Noble '97 second, Hooke '00 third. Time 10 4-5s.

Half-mile run Won by Clement '97, Stephenson '98 second, Bishop '99 third. Time 2m 15s.

120-yard hurdle Won by Cotton '00, Robinson '98 second, Spencer '99 third. Time 19 3-5s.

Two-mile bicycle race Won by Chase '99, R. C. Shannon '99 second. Time 6m 19s.

One-mile run Won by Clement '97, Ely '98 second, Hall '98 third. Time 5m 14 1-2s.

220-yard hurdle Won by Hooke '00, Spencer '99 second, Cotton '00 third. Time 27 1-2s.

440-yard dash Won by Noble '97, Stephenson '98 second, Clement '98 third. Time 56 2-5s.

Two-mile run Won by Ely '98, Hall '98 second. Time 11m 59s.

220-yard dash Won by Cotton '00, Noble '97 second, Hooke '00 third. Time 24s.

One mile bicycle, handicap Won by Towne '00 500 ft.; Chase, scratch, second, R. C. Shannon '99, 500 ft., third. Time 2m 44s.

Throwing the discus Won by Pike '98, 90 ft. 1 inch; Cleaves '98 second, Wellman '98 third.

Pole vault Won by Wellman '98, 8 ft. 6 in; Pike '98 and Doughty '00 tied for second place.

Putting shot Won by McFadden '98, 30 ft. 8 in.; Pike '98 second, Doughty '00 third.

Running high jump Won by Stevens '99, 5 ft. 4 in; Robinson '98, second, Shannon '99 and Cotton '00 tied for third place.

Throwing the hammer Won by Pike '98, 90 ft. 8 in.; Wellman '98, second, Brooks '98 third.

Running broad jump Won by Spencer '99, 18 ft. 1 in.; Haeson '99 and Cotton '00 tied for second place. In jumping off tie Hanson won at 18 ft. 8 in.

Score by points; '98, 57 points; '00 32 1-2; '99 30 1-2; '97, 22.



COMMENCEMENT PROGRAMME.

The following is the official programme for Commencement week at Colby, just issued from the office of the registrar:

Sunday, June 27.—Baccalaureate sermon by President Nathaniel Butler, D. D., at 10.30 a. m., at the Baptist church. Vesper service at the college chapel at 4 p. m. Annual sermon before the Boardman Missionary society and college Christian Associations, by Rev. C. V. Hanson, D. D., of Skowhegan, at 7.30 p. m.

Monday, June 28.—Presentation Day exercises of the Junior class at 2.30 p. m., on the campus. Annual reunion and banquet of the Phi Beta Kappa, at 4.30 p. m. Junior exhibition at 7.30 p. m., at the church. Meeting of the board of trustees in Champlin hall at 7.30 p. m.

Tuesday, June 29.—Class Day exercises at 10.30 a. m., at the church, at 3 p. m.,

on the campus. Annual meeting of the Alumni association at Alumni hall, at 2 p. m. Phi Beta Kappa oration at the Baptist church, by Rev. George C. Lorimer, LL. D., of Boston, at 7.30 p. m.

Wednesday, June 30.—Commencement Day. Exercises of the graduating class and conferring of degrees, at the Baptist church, at 10 a. m. Commencement dinner at Alumni hall at 12.30 p. m. Library and museum open to visitors from 3 to 5 p. m. President's reception in Memorial hall and promenade concert on the campus, at 8 p. m. Music will be furnished by the Second Regiment band and orchestra.

ALUMNI ET ALUMNÆ.

'47. Rev. Jas. M. Palmer died at Kenosha, Wis., May 23, 1897.

'48. Rev. Joseph H. Seaver died in Salem, Mass., recently at the age of 76 years. His pastorates were in Marshfield, Barnstable, and other places in Mass. For the past 17 years he has resided in Salem.

'57. Rev. G. M. P. King, D.D., has felt constrained by reason of impaired health to tender his resignation as Principal of Wayland Seminary, Washington, D. C. It is hoped he may retain his connection with the institution as far as his health will permit.

'61. Dr. A. P. Marble is one of the Assistant Superintendents of Public Schools in New York city.

'62. Rev. Alonzo Bunker, D.D., the veteran Missionary to Burma, gave an address at the Baptist anniversary recently held in Pittsburg.

'62. Rev. E. A. Wyman of Malden, Mass., was in the city recently. Rev. Mr. Wyman has attained considerable literary distinction, and among his best books is "Ships by Day," which has recently been published.

'66. Rev. Francis W. Bakeman, D. D., of Chelsea, delivered an address commencement week at the annual meeting of the alumni of Newton Theological Institution.

'67. Dudley P. Bailey has been elected a member of the executive committee of the American Baptist Missionary union to fill a vacancy in the class whose term ex-

pires in 1899, caused by the resignation of Charles H. Moulton.

'72. Rev. H. R. Mitchell has accepted a call to the First Baptist church at Livermore Falls, and will begin his pastorate there July 1.

'77. President C. F. Meserve of Shaw University, is the author of a report on the Dawes Commission on The Five Civilized Tribes of Indian Territory.

'77. At the recent graduating exercises of the schools of medicine and law in Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., diplomas were given to a class of thirteen. Rev. H. Wayland, D. D., of Philadelphia, delivered an able and eloquent address, Judge Walter Clark awarded the diplomas and conferred the degrees and President Meserve awarded the prizes and delivered the parting address. Shaw University is prospering under the direction of President Meserve, Colby '77.

'78. Rev. H. M. Thomson, who has a pastorate at Hartford, Conn., has signified his intention of being present at Commencement.

'79. Everett M. Stacy, formerly superintendent of the Maine Water Company in this city, has been promoted to the position of general superintendent of the company which owns plants all over the State.

'80. Hugh R. Chaplin is Grand Master of the Grand Masonic Council of Maine.

'81. S. K. Marsh of Bucksport, the newly-elected principal of the high school, comes to this city with the best recom-

mendations. He was graduated from Colby in the class of '81, of which both Prof. Stetson of Colby and Judge Shaw of the municipal court, were members. Mr. Marsh, as soon as he was graduated began to teach and has ever since followed that profession. He has been very successful with all his schools. For the past eight years he has been principal of one of the fitting schools for Cornell University in New York. He had lately come to Bucksport and was about to return to New York, when he was elected by the Waterville board of education.

'82. Rev. W. H. Robinson is pastor at Palermo, Butte Co., Cal.

'82. Will H. Furber, a former Waterville boy, has been promoted to be head master of the Prescott school in Charleston.

'84. Rev. John S. Dearing, President of the Theological Seminary at Yokohama, Japan, has just published in the Japanese language a volume on "Outlines of Theology."

'85. George E. Googins has moved his law office from Milbridge to Bar Harbor. It will be remembered that he made something of a stir in the last campaign by deserting the Republican party and advocating the cause of free silver.

'87. Rev. Woodman Bradbury, for six years pastor of the First Baptist church at Laconia, N. H., has received a call from the Pleasant street Baptist church of Worcester, Mass. Rev. Mr. Bradbury is a graduate of Newton Theological Institution and has become one of the most popular divines in the Baptist church.

'90. Prof. Charles Spencer of Colgate University was recently married at Hamilton, N. Y.

'91. C. F. Leadbetter of Wayne, has

been re-elected as principal of the city high school, Berlin, N. H., for the ensuing year, at a salary of \$1100.

'92. W. S. Bonney, captain of the '92 baseball team, was married June 11 to Miss Mary A. Shaw of Turner.

'93. Geo. C. Sheldon has recently opened a law office in Augusta.

'94. At the recent graduating exercises of the Bangor Theological seminary, Theodore Harding Kinney was one of the Commencement speakers. His subject was "Monasticism, Ancient and Modern."

'94. Homer Tarbox Waterhouse was admitted to the bar in York Co., June 5.

'94. F. L. Tozier, who is a student at the medical college of the University of Vermont at Burlington, is now enjoying a vacation at his home in Fairfield Centre.

'94. On Wednesday evening, June 16, there was a very pretty home wedding at the residence of Mr. Charles F. Ayer in Waterville. Mr. William B. Tuthill and Miss Lillie M. Hazelton were united in marriage, the ceremony being performed by Rev. W. Spencer. Mr. Tuthill has recently graduated from the Theological Seminary at Hartford and has accepted a call to the Congregational parish in Kensington, Ct., for the coming year. The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Tuthill wish them the greatest success in the work they have chosen.

'94. Miss Clara Jones and Miss Mary Carleton were in town June 16 to attend the wedding of their former classmate, Miss Hazelton.

'94. Miss Sadie Brown of Bangor, who has been teaching for some time past in Massachusetts, attended the Hazelton-Tuthill wedding.

'94. F. W. Padelford and D. T. Harthorn are visiting friends in the city. They will be present at Commencement.

'95. Melvin E. Sawtelle is studying law in the office of G. C. Sheldon at Augusta.

'95. W. L. Waters has accepted his reelection as superintendent of public schools in Waterville.

'95. Hugh D. McLellan, who was recently elected principal of the Waterville high school has declined the position.

'95. Miss Lila Harden of the class of '95 was also in town to attend the wedding.

'95. Hugh D. McLellan has been chosen principal of the Waterville High School. During the last year he has been studying law in the office of his father at Belfast. He took an active part in the late campaign, speaking for the cause of free silver.

'95. Miss Olio Chilcott is expected as one of the guests at Commencement. She has been teaching for the past year in the Ellsworth high school.

'96. H. W. Foss, now principal of Higgins Classical Institute, has been visiting his many friends at the college.

'96. It is reported that at the close of the present term of the high school, Prof. Harry Watkins, who has been principal for the past year will finish his duties in Old Town. It is understood that Mr. Watkins has been offered a professorship in the Coburn Classical Institute. Mr. Watkins has given universal satisfaction in Old Town by keeping a good school and the scholars have made rapid and thorough progress under his instruction.

'96. Miss Olive L. Robbins, who has been teaching this last year in Philadelphia, expects to attend Commencement.

'96. Miss Gertrude Ilsley has completed a very successful year as teacher in the Higgins Classical Institute.

'96. F. M. Padelford is visiting in the city and will remain until after Commencement.

THE MESSALONSKEE AGAIN.

WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS.

SADLY I wandered through leafy glades,—
(I'll stump you to tell what a "glade" is),—
For the muse was flirting with some other man,
(The way of all pretty young ladies).

And I lay to rest on a river's bank,
(As poets have done from of old,
Who cheerfully sleep on the ground all day
Regardless of catching cold).

And while I slept a vision came,
(As you know it does every time
To drowsy poets, and talks and acts
Obligingly in rhyme).

'Twas the spirit of the woodland stream
With reddened eyes and nose,
Who spoke with flow of bitter tears,
(City water, I suppose).

"What have I done that I should slave
In this heart-rending way?
Long years I've turned the wheels of mills,
And do so to this day.

But O, I would that that were all
Of my distressing ills!
And all the wheels I had to turn
Were only those of mills!

But no, I've caused, for years and years,
Vast mental wheels to turn
For college bards on me, each year,
Have written verse to burn!

"Now go ye forth," she sadly wailed,
"Go forth and do your best
To beg these poets for a while
To let me have a rest."

She spoke and vanished, I awoke,
Awoke no more to dream
But, prithee hearken to the prayer,
Of the weary woodland stream!

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS.

Y. W. C. A.

The regular Union Meeting of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. took place Tuesday evening in Professor Warren's room.

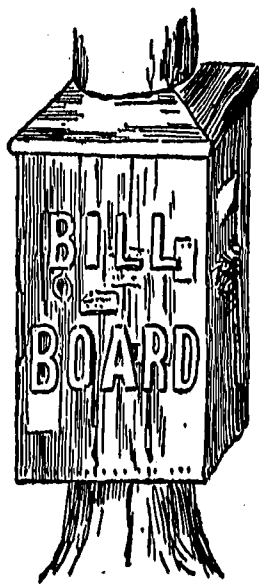
The service was in charge of the missionary committees. Miss Laura Smith, the chairman of the Y. W. C. A. committee, presided. After the service of song, prayer and scripture reading, the annual number of the Missionary Tidings was presented.

Miss Berry read the editorials, News from the Foreign Field, and an account of Mr. Deering's School in Japan. Miss Evans read a poem of Miss Cole's, written for the occasion, several notices of missionary books, and a letter from Mr. Deering. A very pleasing feature was a song by Miss Nudd, accompanied by the violin and organ.

THE Y. W. C. A. GARDEN PARTY.

SHOWER after shower fell during the day, but as evening came on the clouds lifted and the stars shone out merrily, likewise the lanterns, for it was Friday, June 18, the night of the Garden Party at Ladies' Hall. The broad lawns looked their prettiest in all their summer-time decorations, and every one seemed fully to appreciate their beauty. There were all sorts of entertainment for all sorts of people, Sibylla's Cave for those who wished to know their fate, a flower table for the flower lovers, and a candy table and a punch table for those who wished to supply the inner man. The College Orchestra discoursed sweet

music while the gayly talking crowd moved about, music that was only put to an end by the yet more dulcet strains of the voice of the auctioneer. Fortunate were those who managed to carry off a sample of modern art from the stand of that grasping vender of posters; and fortunate were all who attended that garden party, and yet more fortunate was Colby's Y. W. C. A., for she gained her purpose and other people's money and now a goodly number of delegates can be sent to Northfield.



THE Seniors have been improving the time during the last few days of their college life by having a number of class good times. Miss Gatchell and Miss Hanscom received the class at Ladies' Hall one evening.

Thursday evening, June 10th, the Smoked Pearls gave an entertainment at Ladies' Hall for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. The performance was very fine, several of the star members being presented with bouquets. In the cakewalk the recipients of the prizes were Miss Helen Lamb and Miss Josephine Ward.

Wednesday afternoon, June 9th, Miss Edith Hanson, '97, received the Senior class of the Women's College, the occasion being the announcing of her engagement to Mr. H. L. Gale, the evangelist.

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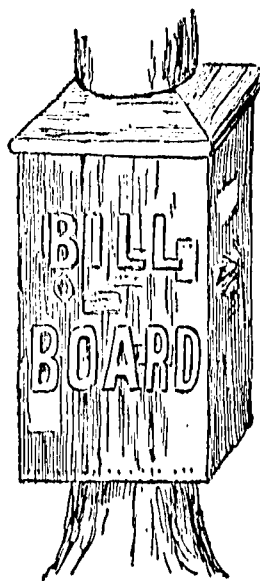
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