

THE COLBY ECHO.

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LITERARY EDITION.

Some Famous Comedies.

Sheridan's "Rivals" and Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" are two of the most famous comedies ever written. Their titles can hardly be strange and unfamiliar to any one, and they are not a few who gladly claim an intimate acquaintance with Sir Anthony Absolute, with Mrs. Malaprop, with Hardcastle, Bob Acres, and Tony Lumpkins, and with all the rest. Wonderful characters are these, so strongly portrayed as they are, and endowed with so much of life. Indeed as the years have passed away they have become invested with as much personality and have wielded as much influence on the lives of others, as though they had really lived and played their part on the world's great stage in those closing years of the eighteenth century.

When Goldsmith's play was first brought before the public in 1773, the taste of the people had sickened with a preposterous love for sentimental comedy. They were wearied with a style of dramatic composition in which the ordinary routine of life was superseded by an unnatural affectation of polished dialogue. They longed for something new. Goldsmith, consciously, or unconsciously, seizing his opportunity, triumphantly banished these offenders of true comedy, and his plays came as a cool breeze on a sultry summer's day, cooling and refreshing, a herald of a new departure by frolicsome Thalia.

The one merit that more than any other has enabled the comedy "She Stoops to Conquer" to hold possession of the stage for a hundred years and more (the best test of excellence), consists in the ingenuity of its contrivance, the liveliness of its plot, and the striking effect of its situations. Goldsmith delights in putting his *dramatis personae* at their wit's ends, and in then helping them off with a new evasion, the subtlety of which is in proportion to the critical nature of the situation and the shortness of the notice for resorting to the expedient. But with all its shifting vivacity, this play is rather a whimsical effusion of the author's fancy, a well managed caricature, than a comedy. His incidents and characters are many of them exceedingly amusing, but they are so at the expense of all probability and likelihood. Tony Lumpkins is a very essential and unquestionably funny personage, but certainly his absurdities fail of none of their effect for want of being carried far enough. He is vulgar, forward, mischievous, cunning, with the vices of a man and the follies of a boy.

Young Marlowe's bashfulness in his scenes with his mistress is irresistibly ludicrous, but there is on our part a very considerable incredulity as to the existence of any such character in real life. It is a highly amusing caricature, a ridiculous fancy, that is all. One of the finest portrayals of character in the whole play is depicted in his transition from modesty with his mistress to an easy and agreeable tone of familiarity with the supposed chambermaid. Of the other characters in the play the most amusing are Tony Lumpkins' associates at the Three Pigeons, and the fellow, for whom I profess a good deal of partiality, who declares that his "Bear dances to none but the very gentlest of tunes," "Water Parted" or "The Minuet in Ariadne!" This is certainly the "high fantastical" in low comedy.

Sheridan has been justly called "a dramatic star of the first magnitude." He has left four dramas behind him, all different in kind and method of treatment, but each excellent in its way: the "School for Scandal," the "Rivals," the "Duenna," and the "Critic."

The "Rivals" is one of the most agreeable comedies we have. There is plenty of life and action in it, and it abounds in whimsical characters, unexpected incidents, and absurd contrasts of situations. For instance the interviews between Lucy and Sir Lucius O'Trigger; between Acres and his friend Jack, who is at once his confidant and his rival; between Mrs. Malaprop and the lover of her niece as Captain Absolute, and between that young lady and the same person as the pretended Ensign Beverly, are very effective from the *double entendre* of the scene, arising from the ignorance of one another's persons and designs. There is perhaps no species of dramatic effort more complete than this series of practical satires, where one character is made a fool of and put to ridicule to his face by the very person he is trying to overreach.

other, are admirably set off against each other. Altogether Sheridan has left us a play in the "Rivals" which like all that he touched, reflects all the ease, grace, and brilliancy of his style.

For the sake of the comparison let us hold these two plays up beside one of Shakespeare's comedies, the "Taming of the Shrew." It is highly probable that the test is unfair, for this drama enjoys but little of the reputation accorded to the most of Shakespeare's works.

At any rate Shakespeare certainly suffers by the comparison. The plot is confusing; the central idea, "the taming" is an incredible old popular joke; and in wit, poetry, and desirable characters, the comedy is sadly deficient. It may be lively on the stage but any one who prefers Shakespeare in the study begins the "Taming of the Shrew" with reluctance, and rejoices when he has finished its perusal. Goldsmith's and Sheridan's are as interesting reading as any novel. If presentation on the stage is alone to be considered, I am not so sure but what the "Shrew" would prove an excellent rattling farce and serve its end fully as well as these others. But



COLBY'S DEBATING TEAM.

"There is scarcely a more delightful play," says Hazlitt, "than the 'Rivals' when it is well acted, or one that goes off more indifferently when it is not." And one must admit that the humor is of so broad and farcical a kind that unless it is supported by the downright reality of the representation, one's credulity is staggered and falls to the ground.

For instance, Mrs. Malaprop should be as odd a compound in external appearance as in the author's conception of her. The chief drollery of this extraordinary personage consists in her uncontrollable and systematic misapplication of hard words. In reading the play we are amused by such a series of ridiculous blunders. But to keep up the farce: besides "a nice derangement of epitaphs" as she says, the imagination must have the person herself in all her vulgar self-sufficiency of pride and ignorance in order to give full credence to the absurdity.

Sir Anthony Absolute and his son are the best drawn characters of the play; the positive, impatient, overbearing, but warm and generous character of the one, and the gallant determined spirit, adroit address and dry humor of the

piece seems unworthy of Shakespeare. An old canvas, a rather dull and roaring ancient farce was the poet's material, and only here and there could he arouse it into immortality.

But in the "Rivals" Mr. Sheridan has well earned his title of being the most popular dramatic writer of the age. This, with his other works left behind him, will remain as a monument of his fame for the delight and instruction of posterity.

Skee-Running.

On the crest of a snow-covered hill two gray figures stand poised, clearly outlined against the blue wintry sky. The next moment, with a swiftness which the eye can scarcely comprehend, one of the two speeds down the rounded contour of the hill and dropping like a falling arrow, slides far out upon the plain below.

The second figure also starts upon the downward flight. But midway in its course, it wavers and seems to fall. A whirling mass of snow dashes high into the air above it, and when this subsides nothing but two long slender strips of wood are seen struggling helplessly

about over the place where the gray figure went down.

In the first of these figures we have a long distance view of the practical skeeman. In the second we have the novice, who loses his self-control when the speed becomes great, and in some way or other, he never knows how, gets spilled. Yet even for him the sport never becomes tiresome; never discloses a single dull feature.

A skeeing outfit is very simple. The runners are from eight to ten feet long and three inches wide, turned up slightly at the forward end, and containing a groove which runs along the under surface to prevent slipping. They are fastened to the feet by an arrangement like that upon snow shoes. The stav is used to steer, to propel, or to balance as need may arise, and is of any desired pattern.

The Scandinavian Peninsula is the native home of this king of winter sports, and every year hundreds of proficient skeemen assemble in Christiania to participate in the great annual tourney which is held there. The story of some of the feats performed at these gatherings sounds almost like a tale from Baron Munchausen. Perhaps the most wonderful is the giant leap.

Out from the side of a long and steep hill an embankment is built, forming a sort of miniature precipice. Down from the distant summit of the hill comes the daring skeeman, crouched low and ready to spring. With all his strength he spurns the edge of the artificial embankment, rises slightly from the impetus thus given, then swoops in a broad curve to a place on the hillside far below. The incredible distance of one hundred and two feet has been covered in a leap of this kind. And in one Scandinavian locality, a slide of three miles is taken before the leap. The velocity thus acquired is terrific.

Here in America, though greatly handicapped by short winters, skee-running is rapidly increasing in popularity, for it possesses all the essentials of an ideal out-door sport. It requires nerve and skill to make a successful down-hill run, while there is present that intense excitement, and that slight element of danger, which the wide-awake young American values so highly.

Waterville's Orators.

The Evening Mail: People who think they are some shucks at debating better keep away from Waterville. First the Colby orators neatly did up the representatives from Bates in a contest much more unequal than would appear from the length of time that the judges apparently consumed in deciding who had won. Next the Coburn boys took a fall out of the proud lads who frolic about the Hebron hills under Principal Sargent's tuition, and last, the Waterville high school debaters showed the Skowhegan high school representatives how wordy battles are won, in the most approved style. Why, the air in this vicinity is heavy with repressed eloquence and logic and whoever comes to make a trial of strength with the Waterville debaters goes home with the same lesson learned. It is too bad that old Bowdoin couldn't have seen her way clear to entering the Maine intercollegiate debating league. It would have been pleasant for Colby to demonstrate her superiority in debating this winter over the Brunswick lads as she did last fall in football.

BEFORE MILTON.

(NOT AFTER).

1.
O animated yet unanimated bust
Why don't you turn your head? I couldn't trust
Myself in marble e'en, unmoved to see
So fair a sight as sweet girl-graduate Marjory
Sobered down
To this cap and gown.

2.
"How wonderfully turned the head is—" Marjory
Breaks the chained tenor of my rever y.
"I know a head turned more completely," then I said,
"The sculptor's but an artless little maid
Called Marjory—
The head belongs to me."
R. '98.

How I Caught the Burglar.

Jack and I had always been chums. We were in college together and now we were being "finished off," as we said, at the Law School. We roomed together in a queer, little, old-fashioned house, and led the usual happy-go-lucky life of young fellows of our age. We neither of us were very remarkable for talent, ability, or anything else, though Jack was noted for his appetite. How that fellow would eat! Fortunately our landlady was a dear, motherly old soul, who said she did like to see people enjoy their food, and eat real hearty. Jack must have satisfied her wildest desires in that line, but I was going to tell you about the burglar.

The whole town was very much excited over a series of burglaries. Stores and houses had been broken into, and many valuables taken. Our landlady was much wrought up over it all, and took innumerable precautions against our house being entered. Jack didn't seem to think anything about the burglar and whenever I tried to discuss the subject with him nights after going to bed, he invariably answered me with a gentle snore. For my own part I was anxious for the burglars to come. The very first of the scare I had purchased a pistol and now I burned to distinguish myself by capturing a burglar with it.

One evening Jack went off to something or other down town and said he shouldn't be back 'till Monday, as he meant to catch the night train and go home over Sunday. He urged me to go with him, but I had some extra studying to do and was tired besides, so I refused. All the evening I studied away at an old law book and finally about eleven went off to bed.

I think it must have been several hours later that I was awakened by some noise down stairs. I was all ears at once. I lay listening, hardly daring to breathe. Some one was certainly groping their way through the hall and out toward the kitchen. I sat up in bed; the long expected burglar had come at last. I must confess to feeling shaky for a second, but I grasped my pistol determined to have that burglar. Then horrors! It came to me like a flash that it was not loaded. I remembered I had cleaned it yesterday and forgotten to reload it. To save my life I couldn't even think where I had put the cartridges. I was daunted for a little, but my ambition to capture a burglar overcame my fears; and besides, I reasoned, he would of course think the pistol was loaded. I wasn't afraid of a hand to hand fight either, for I had been a star boxer in college.

I crept out of the room, and down stairs. One stair creaked horribly. It sounded loud as the report of a cannon, and I stopped in terror, but the burglar evidently didn't hear. As I felt my way cautiously through the hall I saw a light in the kitchen. Noiselessly I glided to the dining-room door and peered cautiously out. Not a person did I see at first, till my glance fell on the pantry door. It was half way open, and within the pantry a man was standing with his back to the door eating a

piece of pie with evident relish. I remember that I noticed with surprise the light came from a small, hand lamp, instead of the regulation dark lantern burglars were supposed to carry. My eye fell on the iron bolt on my side of the pantry door, and I saw my opportunity for capturing him. Quick as a flash I swung the door to, slid the bolt, and had him fast, for there was no window in the pantry by which he could escape.

I heard him turn with some quick exclamation of surprise. Then silence fell. I was waiting on my side of the door to see what he would do, and he was evidently waiting on his side to see what I would do. After a time it grew monotonous. I felt elated at my easy capture; I wanted to have some fun with him; to crow over him a little, so I began:

"Well, you're taken all right, ain't you, old man?"

"It kind of looks that way," came back a deep voice. "I say, what do you think you're going to do now?"

"That remains to be seen," said I, "you wouldn't mind staying in there a little while, would you?"

"Not at all, not at all, as long as I am on the same side of the door with the pie," he responded, "but if I were you, I wouldn't make quite such a rumpus out there, it might not be good for your business. There's a young man with a pistol and lots of nerve upstairs, and you'll wake him up sure."

His words puzzled me for a minute, but I thought he was trying to be funny, evidently he had been in my room before I woke.

"And say, my advice to you," he went on, "is to take the stuff and clean out, and if you don't do it mighty quick I shall yell and rouse the house." I began to think I had a lunatic as well as a burglar locked up.

"I should think that would be the last thing you'd want to do," I responded. "Well, I guess we'll let you stay there till morning, and then hand you over to the police."

"Hand me over to——. What are you giving us?" came back a puzzled voice, and then there was a burst of laughter. "Good heavens, George, is that you?"

My name is George, but how could this incomprehensible burglar have known that?

"George, you old idiot," the voice went on, "I'm no burglar, I'm only Jack. I didn't go home you know, for I lost the train, and I was hungry so"—Here the ludicrous side of the situation overcame him once more and I heard him fall against the shelf as he shook with laughter.

"Oh George, it is so awfully funny!" he gasped out. "You thought I was a burglar and so you locked me in here, and I thought you were a burglar, and when you found me up, had locked me in here, so I couldn't trouble you and rouse the house."

I was too stunned to move, it took me a full moment to comprehend the situation.

"Say," began Jack, "if it wouldn't be too much trouble, you might unbolt the door. I'd like to see how you and your pistol look, old man."

I slid the bolt back; there stood Jack, his face on the broad grin. When he saw my crestfallen expression he patted me on the back. "Sorry, old man, I wasn't the real article. It's too bad to give you such a disappointment. Come, have a piece of pie, it'll make you feel better."

"You may think it's awfully funny," I responded grimly, "but if my pistol had been loaded, I fear you wouldn't have had so much fun." Nevertheless we finished the pie.

MAE G. PHILBROOK.

After Fifty Years.

"He'd get the best of a bargain if 'twas only changin' places in them air Lower Regions they tell about."

"He's for insurance. Skin Flint 'd cut off his big toe 'thout takin' of gas if 'twas only inshoored."

Such were the testimonials to the character of Erskine Flint or Skin Flint as he was commonly dubbed among his enemies, of which he had not a few.

Even his friends had been silent the morning after the fire. For although the house had been saved by the neighbors it was the popular opinion that Erskine Flint had been the one who had lifted his hand against his house and the house of his fathers, for the sake of the heavy insurance which it bore.

Not long after, Erskine Flint sold the old farm and moved out west, far from all that had been home to so many of his ancestors as well as to himself. Here he lived the life that was his, even to his eightieth year.

And along the backward path of memory long, serene and dead there sprang up the sweet flowers of remembrance, the bitter wormwood of regret. Perhaps it was the long reach of the prairies that silently showed him the pettiness of his grasping ways. It may have been that with the earlier years so too he had left behind him his earlier character when he followed the sun toward its setting. But Erskine Flint was a changed man. Never was he called Skin Flint in his new home. Nay, there was none more respected in the small farming community which became his adopted home. In his old age the very light of heaven seemed to shine forth from his bent and broken frame, as you have seen from without the light shining through the cracks and crevices of any old storm beaten dwelling.

And now that he was an old man there sprung up within him a mighty uncontrollable desire to see the old home once more and lie at last in the cradle of the everlasting hills.

It was about sundown when the stage rumbled over the bridge and around the bend by the pasture bars of the old Flint farm.

"Put me down by the bars" the old man had said; and Wellington Hobbs, the driver, had almost forgotten to move on in his astonishment when "old Skin Flint" without stopping to haggle over the few remaining rods of travel had said, "You'n me has had our little dicker already, Wellington," and tottered eagerly through the bars and along the old path, calling to the cattle and driving them towards the lane.

That old lane! The tide of memories rose so high within him that his old eyes were blinded by the mist and he stumbled over the little stones in the path. The lane turned abruptly around a high rick of old-fashioned rose bushes just ahead. In a moment he would see the well sweep and the oil of the old house. He must hurry for it would soon be dark. A few more steps and the house would be in plain sight. But a numbing faintness seemed to creep over him. He sat down for a moment. Then just one more step and he could see—Was the mist growing thicker? Just one more step! But the darkness had fallen.

It was morning when they found him. The sun blazed upon the white front of the old house and the glittering weather-vane of the new barn. And just behind the old rose bushes with one hand stretched out as if to part them, lay old Erskine Flint, his eyes turned toward the corner from whence one coming from the town may catch the first glimpse of the old Flint homestead.

The weekly paper announced the

"sudden death of Erskine Flint, a former resident of this town, home on a visit." But "talk" did not end here. People said that a hand charred and blackened as by fire (distinguished as Erskine's father's hand from the absence of half a finger which he had lost in early youth,) had pushed Erskine back and grappled with him at the corner of the rose bushes.

Old Dr. Small said it was "heart failure" brought on by intense excitement and undue exertion.

And Erskine said nothing. His eyes were viewing the beauties untold of a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Thomson and Wordsworth.

John Kendrick Bangs has complained bitterly of Shakespeare for saying so much that whatever we say is trite. So too, might the modern spring poets reproach Thomson. They have their revenge however, for their effusions have spoiled us for reading his blank verse poem on spring, over thirty pages long.

There are many qualities in Thomson's verse which are not to be despised, but it is comparatively easy for the reader to analyze its charm and hit upon its precise merits, therefore he must be pronounced a minor poet. A great poet eludes ultimate analysis. Genius has its vanishing point.

Thomson never suggests. He speaks out, reserving nothing. He is not content to mention merely the tinkling of cow-bells and leave imagination to conjure up the scene. His pen runs on till the rustic milkmaid and the whole herd are full in view, yes and the flies swarming about their brindled sides.

Wordsworth has a fondness for details. Thomson's feeling amounts to a passion. The farmer's effort to destroy the caterpillar's nest with burning, the ducks oiling their feathers, the foolhardy fly weltering in a bowl of milk, do not escape his notice. Yet the whole is generally simple, unaffected and true to life. He is a prince of realists. He has given us a series of perfect photographs, not like the so-called art photographs in which we behold figures arranged and posed for the especial purpose of being taken, for these are straight from nature herself.

Wordsworth is none the less faithful to external nature but he goes farther. He does not merely reproduce what the eye has seen but he gives expression as Shakespeare would say, "a local habitation" to his own peculiar impressions. He is the *POET*, the creator. Compare these two passages. Thomson has this to say of the lark.

"Up springs the lark,
Shrill voice'd and loud, the messenger of morn,
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations."

These are Wordsworth's lines:

"Up with me, up with me into the clouds
For thy song lark is strong.
There is madness about thee and joy divine
In that song of thine;
Lift me, guide me high and high
To thy banqueting place in the sky."

In the Prelude Wordsworth addresses Coleridge thus:

"In nature's temple thou hast been
The most assiduous of her ministers,
In many things my brother, chiefly here
In this, our deep devotion."

This is Wordsworth's place as he himself has defined it. In this temple he is a high priest who has entered into that within the veil.

Thomson, very properly styled "Poet of the Seasons" is one who sits him down keeneyed and alert, to watch the passing of a pageant.

A. L. C.

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
Interrupting my sweet repose,
For he was a tall mosquito,
And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.

A Corner of Acadia.

The dainty guide-book furnished its patrons by the Dominion Atlantic Railway, is the first of things "Evangeline" which in 'hostelry, shop and souvenir pervade the land of Acadia, to lure if possible, the pennies from the pocket-books of enthusiastic tourists. Pictured on the cover is a pensive maiden in white cap and apron she seems to greet the traveller and welcome him to her beautiful land with its varied charms of hill and valley, fertile field and running river.

This little book informs us that there are three gateways to this secluded country the eastern is the fortress city of Halifax, the western Yarmouth, the northern Digby Gap, coming by way of St. John across the Bay of Fundy. We entered by the last named and I am sure it is the loveliest of all. Here was a case where the realization far outdid the anticipation, for in crossing the notorious Bay of Fundy had I not expected to experience a "nasty" sea with all its direful accompaniments! The staunch Clyde-built Prince Rupert, however, took us across at the rate of twenty-three knots an hour as steadily as could be and there would have been no excitement whatever but for the fact that for the last part of our journey we were racing with a squall, and fifteen minutes after we had triumphantly won the race, the Bay was fully living up to its reputation and was "nasty" in the superlative degree.

This approach seems just what it should be, the long coast of Nova Scotia with its forbidding North mountain rising like a barrier to hide away as a treasure the beautiful land within. It is like the old fairy stories of some grim castle, which is the prison of a captive princess who is only rescued by some very bold and persevering lover.

In this long coast there is but one break, the famous Digby Gap, two miles long and half a mile wide where one sails between high walls with tiny cottages perched upon its sides and a ribbon-like road leading to the top which looks too perpendicular to be passable. From this the Prince Rupert issues into the beautiful Basin with the little village clustered upon its southern shore. How soon we come to love this little place and the flashing blue Basin with its many woods stretching twelve miles to Annapolis Royal whose spires and chimneys we can see in the distance! We learn history at every step here and our guide-book tells us that "Annapolis Royal is the oldest European settlement in America north of St. Augustine."

Three days gives us the feeling and the privileges of old residents. We find that the inhabitants are largely middle-aged people whose business is fishing and attending to the wants of summer visitors, for most of the young people seize the earliest opportunity for going "over there" which is the usual characterization of Boston and vicinity.

We soon have explored every nook and cranny of the town, visited the fish houses where fish were being dried, watched the toothsome finnan haddies as they were stowed away in the smoke houses and climbed a perilously precipitous staircase to visit a sail loft where a fine new sail was being finished for a disabled schooner. We took part in the rivalry between the various inns, one can hardly call such homelike places hotels, and firmly believed, and stoutly asserted the superiority of d'Ballinhard's over the "Evangeline" in spite of the latter's romantic name, and declared that the view from our little tower window was simply unrivalled.

We wandered too, among the graves of the dead which lie on the wind-swept hill which overlooks the town and Basin, and making our way through the tangle of weeds and grass, read the records of

those who had once made the life of Digby and the memorials of those who had gone down at sea. In these parts loyalty to creed is strong even in death and the dust of each denomination is laid by itself in its own place of burial.

We were always trying to see our little town from some new point of view and one of the prettiest was from the water as we skimmed along in the "Dorothy," a boat which seemed to lead the aristocracy of small sailing craft. We looked off toward Annapolis, we looked out through the grim portals of the Gap at the Bay tossing and tumbling about, and at North mountain along whose summit we frequently saw the mists curl, but beyond which we were told, they never ventured. We heard of yesterday's tragedy when a man who had become intoxicated while celebrating the nuptials of a friend, was drowned in three feet of water. A man whose proud boast had been that he could not drown and once in proof of his power he had jumped from a schooner into the almost fathomless waters of the Gap and although a boat put out and pursued him, he eluded every attempt to catch him.

We heard of a misfortune which befell a captain who had put all he owned into a tug with which he towed vessels in and out through the Gap. One day while towing a vessel in, which was of itself going at a high rate of speed, the shaft broke, the tug swung round directly across the path of the schooner which struck it amid ships and sunk it, the captain and mate barely escaping with their lives. The good captain's all was hopelessly lost and uninsured and our skipper told the story with much sympathy for his comrade's "hard luck."

We saw another bit of village life on this wise. One night while walking down the long main street we heard the beat of a drum and knew that Digby was no exception to other small towns in the Provinces and had a corps of the Salvation Army, and soon we came upon the little band of seven or eight men and women in army uniform. There was something pathetic that cold fall night, in watching the little company beneath the sickly glare of a feeble electric light which swayed to and fro in the wind, as they sang their songs or bravely exhorted the stragglers who stood about or fell on their knees in the midst of the street in supplication to their great Captain. We watched them till they turned with their little following and marched toward their barracks to win new victories under the Banner of the Cross. As we went on our way we could hear the singing, the clash of the cymbals and dull beat of the drum till it died away in the distance.

Our newly made friends assured us that a visit to Digby would be incomplete without a drive to Bear River. They also told us to insist on going by the inland road and to return by the river for the usual route is just the reverse. An old captain with an interesting stammer acted as guide and took us by the route we requested though doubtless his own choice would have been to follow in the traditions of his ancestors. As an old resident his inexhaustible stock of information about people and places gave an added interest to the region which we traversed. Our way lay among the cherry trees and apple orchards for which the country is famous, and by tidy, well kept farms which showed the thrift of their owners and I was led to moralize a bit and wonder why the rising generation was so eager to leave these pleasant, comfortable homes to join the rush "over there."

The various charms of the drive were lost however, in the greatest charm of all, when we unexpectedly found ourselves on the crest of a hill, looking

down upon the little village nestling in the valley of the Bear River and straggling up on the hill sides, and we mentally thanked our friends for giving us this treat. Some fanciful and witty tourist says that from this hill one can look down the chimneys and see what people are going to have for dinner but we were too early in the morning for that! We descended into the valley and passed down narrow winding streets shaded by green trees till we came to the river which we followed on our way home. It was too low tide to get the effect of it as a river but the varied greens and browns of the marsh grasses with the little stream flowing lazily through made it a very pretty sight. Here and there a farmer was industriously cutting or raking the marsh hay, trying to get in as much as possible before another tide. All the way the scene is one of beauty and repose and I think the Indian name of Elsetkook, "Flowing along by High Rocks," is a much prettier name for so much loveliness. We met an occasional Indian along the way, invariably accompanied by a dog, which is frequently harnessed up in some ingenious way.

Another surprise awaits us for which we thank our friends again, when we suddenly came to the mouth of the river which is directly opposite the Gap, and which is our last and loveliest view of it.

It was my purpose when I introduced you to Digby to lead you further up the valley to the fascinating scenes of "Evangeline," but so many delightful memories have surged into my mind that I have lingered about the "gateway" and have been loth to leave it. I saw it in sunlight and shadow, in rain and shine, and by the magic of its beauty and charms it holds me a loyal subject to this day. If I seem too enthusiastic "Come and see."

EDITH HANSON GALE, '97.

AT SEA.

Drifts my frail craft, to storm-fraught winds a slave,
O'er the broad heaving bosom of the sea;
Where swift sea-swallows cry unceasingly
And billows boom in distant ocean cave.
Now sink I in the hollow of the wave,
Despairing as the vast abyss yawns wide;
Still o'er the wind-tossed surges safe I ride
And lightly rise crestward as from the grave,
Casting off the pale cerements of fear;
While hope, erstwhile asleep, lifts its fair hand
To beckon me on. Faintly on the ear
Falls the sound of a bell. 'Neath headlands drear
Gleams afar a low-lying belt of sand.
So each wave bears the sheltering haven near.

The Gospel-Hymn Factory.

While visiting a friend in a small town, during the vacation, I noticed a series of buildings which my friend called the "Gospel-Hymn Factory." My curiosity was at once aroused and on the following day I visited the singular industry.

The proprietor was a pink, fluffy individual, who welcomed me effusively. "Yes, sir," said he, "it's a flourishing plant, unique, as you call it, but the best business in the country. Hard times is good for revivals, and revivals suit our business to a T—" this accompanied by a wink of one beery eye. "We haven't been established long, but sir, we've gotten out two of the most popular hymn books on the market, 'The Best of the Barley,' and 'Lyrics of the Lungs.' Business is booming and we're getting out a new series now. You see we employ the most hustling evangelists in New England as our agents, they introduce our books and sell them. Well, wouldn't you like to look around, by the way, do you fumigate?" I declined the cigar, but said I would be delighted to accompany him over the factory.

"That main building," said he pointing across the walk, "is where our books are printed and bound, not different from any other publishing house, but in this small building, connected with the office, is sir, the most enterprising, up-

to-date industry in the country." Thereupon my enthusiastic guide showed me into a large room where were several desks presided over by as many scribes dimly veiled in the incense of as many pipes. "Here," cried the proprietor with a grandiloquent wave of the hand, "here is the brain and inspiration that produced the 'Best of the Barley' and 'Lyrics of the Lungs' and, sir, they are at work now on a book that I am sure will be still more popular. That fellow there is our musical composer," said he pointing to a tough looking character in shirt sleeves, fiercely sucking a short, black pipe, "his *non de plume* is 'Selah,' and his tunes are crowding out Moody and Sankey now. If he only could keep sober," said he regretfully, "he would be a jewel but he has his booze every month." This talented individual was surrounded by a heap of music, old and new comic operas and dance music from which he was making clippings and pasting them on a sheet of paper while a clerk was copying the finished composition. "You see," said my guide, "he's a mine of hymn music, because he can cut out a few catchy airs and by pulling out the time, winding up the ends, and adding a refrain, he's got a first-class gospel hymn. Why," said he confidentially, "the greatest hit last evangelizing season was an air from '1492.' Over there is an equally important member of the firm, he dishes up the words of the hymns, the two make a great team. He's the best rhymester in Maine, turns out a rousing up-to-date gospel hymn in two hours. How are you making it?" he cried to the poet. "All Q. K." was the reply. "How's this?"

"If you want to grow in grace,
You will have to take a brace."

"There," said my guide triumphantly, "what do you think of that? Good orthodox sentiment expressed in good modern style, good swing too, you're all right," slapping him on the back. "Do you know," said he turning to me, "I once had a sentimental fellow that wrote slow poetical old-fashioned hymns that nearly ruined the business at the start. I says, 'I don't want none of your poetry,' says I, 'I want gospel hymns,' and I fired him."

"Here is our artist who designs our covers, he used to draw puzzles for the papers and he's just the man for us," I was interested to notice the fellow who was engaged in sketching a weird tangle of sheaves, crosses, and lyres, with long trumpets lost in a jungle of thorns. "His work is hard," said my guide, "because he has to stick to conventional objects, but he's ingenious all right. With these three men we get our music, words, and cover designs. We have to keep at it because gospel hymns don't last long, the people want everything up-to-date and keep us hustling. But it does queer me to see how some old fools in these progressive days find any use for the solemn slow old hymns some of them, sir, written as much as two hundred years ago! Think of reading or singing anything as old as that! Our style is of course much more popular. Well, sir, good day, no trouble at all; but say, could you suggest a name for our new hymn book, something alliterative you know, and short, and will go well with the book?"

"Yes," I said thoughtfully, as I turned away, "what's the matter with 'Gospel Garbage?'"

BEACON LIGHTS.

(A FRAGMENT).

Along thy rocky coast there gleams,
O hundred-harbored Maine,
The beacon lights that send their beams
Thro' storm and blinding rain;
That safely guide the sailor brave
Back through the high-hurled foam,
To greet once more, 'aptle wind and wave
The loving wife at home.

R. L. G., '96.

THE COLBY ECHO.

Published every Thursday during the college year by the students of Colby University.

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THE LITERARY NUMBER.

Today's issue, in response to many queries as to when the editors would see fit to publish a special number which should be devoted in the main to literature rather than news, is a literary number. Far from being eminently satisfactory to the managing board, we have yet conscientiously done the best we could with what we had. We have been severely disappointed in the non-realization of several features which, we had reason to suppose would have materially added to this number's success, and the paper as it comes to you is not so deserving of praise as it should have been. We do not believe in apologizing however, but rather invite criticism, holding ourselves ready to bring THE ECHO to that degree of excellence which is necessarily proportionate to the amount of support, financial and otherwise, which is accorded it.

OUR ATHLETIC INTERESTS.

The time has now arrived to consider seriously what Colby is to do in all the branches of athletics this spring. For the past year or two, Colby has not been taking the place among the Maine colleges in this line which she should occupy. First of all, in baseball, our team has been unfortunate but it is certain that the team of last season made the most of its opportunities. This season, we have a captain who is amply capable of directing a winning team and we certainly have men who if they have the determination to work, will make up a strong team. Let every man who can play baseball go out daily and practice faithfully and support captain Seannell in his efforts to put a winning team in the field.

Now as to track athletics, this is a branch in which Colby has never been strong. There is no reason for it as we have as good a track as any college in

the state and every facility is furnished for those who wish to train. The great trouble has been in the lack of interest shown by the men. Some men will come out and train two days in the week and stay in the rest of the time. Such irregular training does not accomplish anything. Better to stay out of training altogether than to train in a half-hearted manner. It may be a sacrifice to give up one hour a day to training on the track but is it not more than paid for by the honors won in intercollegiate contests? We are all ashamed of a poor showing for our college when the points are figured up but is it not our own fault when we come to consider the matter in a thoughtful way? We have just as good material in Colby as in any other college if it can only be developed. Will not every man who can do anything on the track or in the field come out this spring and help roll up a score at the intercollegiate field day that we shall not have any reason to be ashamed of?

Another matter which should be brought up at this time is the meet between the freshmen of Colby and Bowdoin which was held last year and proved to be such a success. Why cannot our freshmen arrange a meet this year with the Bowdoin freshmen or what is better still have an invitation meet for the freshmen of the four Maine colleges? Such an event would be beneficial to all the colleges and they would no doubt enter in to such an arrangement heartily. Let the matter be discussed.

Lastly, a word in regard to tennis. There are some men in college who cannot play baseball and are unable to train for the track and field events but who can play tennis. There are some who can do these things and play tennis too. We have been represented at the tennis meet in Portland for the past two years by two able representatives. Those who have witnessed their battles against the representatives of the other colleges realize that our boys were outplayed fairly. But it is a fact that they have the ability to play as good a game of tennis as their opponents but have not been afforded the practice which they should have in order to prepare for the contests. In Bowdoin, there are several players who are about equally good and by playing against each other, the representatives whom they send to Portland are able to play a very fast game. Here, the only real practice MacFadden and Shannon get is when they play against each other so that they get almost no practice in playing together. If these men could have some fast practice for a while before the tournament, their chances would be as good as those of the representatives of Bowdoin. Can we not at least see that they are given the best practice the college affords?

The following definition of a good student, culled from the columns of one of our exchanges, is at once so brief and comprehensive that it is well worth a place in our memory. It reads as follows:

"A good student is one who can study when he does not feel like it, who can keep on when he feels like quitting, and who can quit when he ought to."

Concerning the Colby Sisterhood.

A few statistics regarding the alumnae of Colby may be of interest to the readers of THE ECHO:

In 1875 Mary Lowe Carver received the first degree granted by Colby to a woman; today the women graduates of the college number ninety-eight, ninety-five of whom are living.

In the first ten years after Colby opened her doors to women thirteen only received degrees; in the next ten, forty-five; while the first three years of the first decade show forty women graduates.

Of the ninety-five living alumnae, fifty-eight are still in the State of Maine; nineteen in Massachusetts; while the remaining eighteen are scattered in seventeen other states, from Nevada on the west and Florida on the south, and one in Nova Scotia.

The records go to show that, with comparatively few exceptions, the Colby women turn to teaching—a profession in which they have had no ordinary degree of success. Thus, at the present day about sixty of the alumnae are actively engaged in this profession, while of the twenty-one who have married nearly all taught for periods of varying length. Thus far only three have taken graduate work in the large Universities, but among the more recent graduates there are others who are likely to do so in the near future.

There has always been among the Colby women a very marked *esprit de corps*—born in the days when their numbers were few and they were obliged to huddle together to keep warm in the somewhat chilling atmosphere which surrounded them, and still thriving in these later years. Their devotion to the college also is general and abiding. It was this loyalty to Colby and to each other that led to the formation of the Alumnae Association, an organization which, in no sense hostile to that of the Alumni, aims to be an active, helpful force back of the Women's College more especially.

The interest of the alumnae in helping to provide better advantages for those who come after them than they themselves enjoyed has been shown in their contributions to the fund for a new dormitory—contributions which it is gratifying to know came, not from the few, but the many—and in the gifts of books and pictures to Ladies' Hall on the part of individuals. Just now the Alumnae Association is raising as a body a further sum of money to be expended upon the study at the Hall.

Besides those who have taken the full course at Colby there are other women who have spent less than the four years at the college as specialists; and at the next annual meeting of the Alumnae Association, the admittance of these to associate membership will be proposed.

Probably the fondest wish of the alumnae is that their visions of the new dormitory for women may soon take shape in brick and mortar. Those visions began to haunt them when, five years ago, one of their number went forth with subscription book in hand to obtain the wherewithal to make substance of shadow, but still is their hope deferred only a little longer, we trust, however, for a new era of prosperity seems opening for our college. It is needless to say that none can rejoice in this more than her alumnae.

ALICE SAWTELL RANDALL, '88.

'85. Rev. William T. Chace, D. D., has published an address entitled "Christian Manhood" in memory of the late Col. C. H. Banes of Philadelphia.

'75. George W. Hall has been chosen as orator for the next anniversary of the Society of the Sons and Daughters of Maine at Washington, D. C.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Under this head we invite communications from members of the student body and alumni but will not be responsible for the sentiments expressed. Address all matter for this column to the News Editor.

To the Editor of The Echo:

As spring comes on and the members of the men's college are preparing for their athletics, the members of the co-ordinate college have a request which they would like to make along that line also. This is concerning the ladies' tennis courts. There are two of these, both at the Dunn House, one clay and one grass court. These courts were kept in fairly good condition for one season but last season very little attention was paid to them. We who are interested in tennis would like to see these courts fixed up and it seems no more than fair that the members of the athletic association in the women's college should be granted this one request.

A MEMBER OF THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE.

Resolutions.

Whereas: Our Heavenly Father has called to himself the father of our beloved sister, Emma Frances Hutchinson; Resolved, That we, her sisters in Sigma Kappa, extend to her our sympathy in her bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in THE COLBY ECHO, and that they be placed in the records of the society.

JENNIE M. BUCK,
INA S. TAYLOR,
MARGARET WILLIAMS.

Sigma Kappa Hall, Feb. 28, 1898.

'60. Josiah Manchester Haynes was chosen mayor of Augusta at the recent election. Mr. Haynes was the nominee of the Republicans.

'63. Col. William H. Fogler of Rockland has been appointed associate justice of the supreme court of the state. His nomination was confirmed by the governor's council at their meeting on March 24th. Col. Fogler had more support than all the other candidates combined.

'68. State Librarian Carver, who was elected by the Republicans of Ward one as their alderman Monday, was treating his friends Tuesday on the strength of his election. True to his alma mater, the brand of cigars that he gave away was the "Colby".—Kennebec Journal.

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WITH LUTE AND HARP.

Musical Clubs Make Very Successful Trip into Aroostook.

To be hustled out of bed at 2.30 in the morning, hustled aboard a train and kept there for ten hours with a short wait for breakfast is not exactly what everybody would choose for the beginning of a pleasure trip. However, this is what the members of the musical clubs were subjected to on the morning of March 15, when they left on their trip to Aroostook.

Sleep was the principal occupation until we arrived at Bangor, where we made a stop of about two hours for breakfast before the Bangor and Aroostook train left. 7.05 found us on our way to Houlton. The morning was an ideal one, not a cloud in the sky to obscure the sun, the air just sharp enough to make one feel in excellent spirits. At Oldtown, Keith '97 and Hubbard '96 came on board the train and wished us a successful trip, before we dived into the woods of Maine where the majority of us had never been before.

The change in the surroundings was noticeable at once, instead of the neat little stations of the Maine Central, we stopped at little tumble down buildings which had seen better days. For miles and miles we rode through the trackless forest with nothing but trees and from three to five feet of snow on either side. Occasionally, a little log cabin would break the monotony or some little stream would be passed, leaping joyously after its release from the frozen grasp of winter.

The brightest spot in the entire stretch was Katahdin, snow-capped and glistening in the bright sunlight. We passed many miles to the east of it but it seemed only a short distance away. Certainly the conditions were never more favorable for a beautiful view of Maine's highest and most picturesque mountain.

As dinner time drew near and our appetites became the chief object of our thought, we came in sight of Houlton and at 12.30 our long journey came to an end. We were received by Titcomb '97 and some other of the Colby alumni in Houlton and directed to the places where we were to be entertained. The people of Houlton received us most cordially and we were made to feel at home at once. The afternoon was mostly spent in rehearsing at the hall. In the evening, the hall was crowded with a very appreciative audience who were not sparing of their applause. The genial chief executive of the state was among those present and thoroughly enjoyed the programme given by the boys from his old college.

After the concert, we were conveyed to the principal's parlors at the dormitory of the Ricker Classical Institute where we met the students, the resident alumni and some of the townspeople. The occasion was a most enjoyable one and the kindness of Principal Thomas and wife was heartily appreciated by the boys.

The next morning we spent in sight-seeing around Houlton, which we found to be a very enterprising town with several handsome brick buildings, the most beautiful being the government building containing the post office and custom house. It seemed queer to us who are so used to seeing custom houses on the seacoast to find one so far into the interior but we are reminded that the New Brunswick line is only two miles distant and that the customs officer at Houlton has considerable business to attend to.

Shortly after noon we again boarded the train for a plunge of fifty miles further north to Presque Isle where we were glad to meet our old friend, Roy Barker '97. After a short rehearsal we were introduced to the good people of

Presque Isle who abundantly looked after our wants while in their hospitable town. A snow flurry during the afternoon did not furnish us the best conditions for making a favorable inspection of the town but indoors we found everything most pleasant and enjoyable. We had a large audience who seemed very appreciative of our efforts to entertain them. Immediately after the concert, we were entertained at Mrs. Forbes' with a light lunch before retiring.

Thursday until two, we spent in looking around the town; but the cold, biting wind still held on even after the snow had ceased and we were glad to be on our way once more after having entertained the crowd at the depot with all the college songs we knew. A short ride brought us to Caribou, our most northern objective point. Some of us thought we must be pretty near the northern boundary of the state but we were much discouraged to learn from our host that it was only seventy-five miles further north.

Nearly all of us were fortunate enough to be entertained at places where they had teams so that before we had been in Caribou an hour, our friends were entertaining us with views of the interesting points in and about the town. It might be interesting to state that while we had left wheels and bare ground in

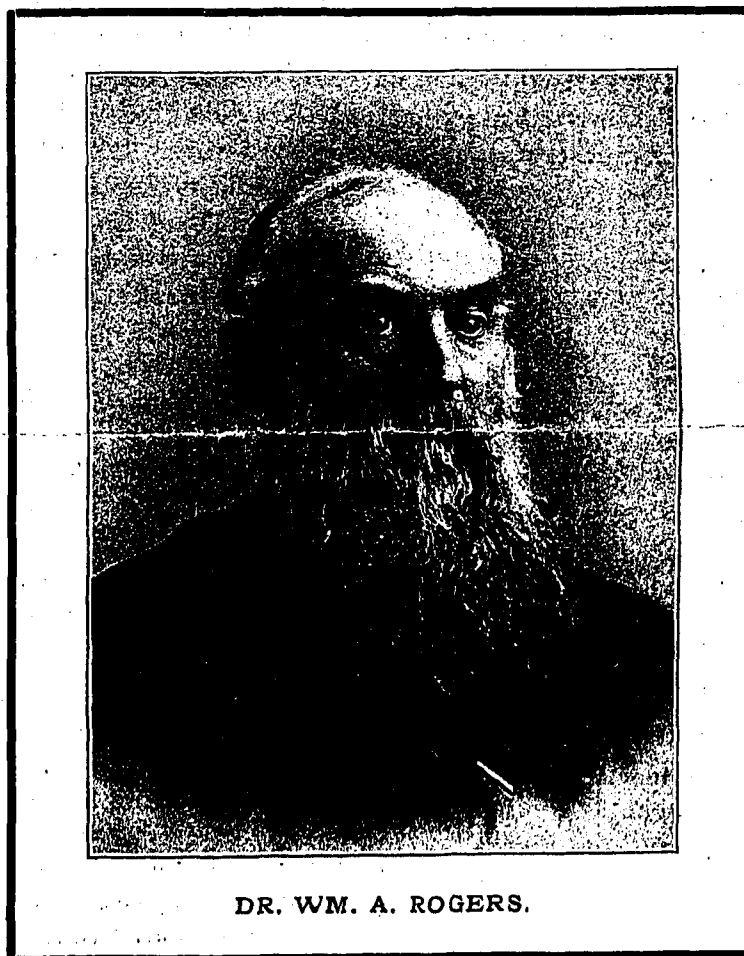
number on the programme was encored once and some twice.

After the programme was finished, we shook hands all around with hearty good-byes, some took the night train west, some the early morning train east, while the rest spent Saturday in Bangor, and our trip of '98 was at an end.

A Joke That Failed.

An excellent story is told of the late Prof. Rogers and Dr. R. W. Dale, of Birmingham, says London Tid-Bits. These two gentlemen were giving a series of lectures in Lancashire, and at every town which they visited Dr. Dale noticed that his colleague, who always spoke first made the same speech. In fact, so often did the professor give that speech that the worthy doctor knew it off by heart, and this fact led the latter to think of a way of disconcerting his friend.

On their arrival at a town in South Lancashire, Dr. Dale asked Dr. Rogers to allow him to speak first, an arrangement to which the latter readily agreed, so Dr. Dale rose and proceeded to deliver the speech of Dr. Rogers, looking every now and then with the corner of his eye to see how that worthy gentleman was taking his practical joke. Dr. Rogers sat calm and composed, and when at length his turn came to speak,



DR. WM. A. ROGERS.

Waterville, we did not find a place in Aroostook where the snow was less than three feet deep in the roads. Caribou is a very pretty little town and has some fine residences. The business streets give one the impression that it is a very enterprising place.

In the evening we were greeted by a large audience among whom we noticed, Rev. H. B. Woods, Colby '80, who is pastor of the Baptist church there. 5.30 Friday morning found us preparing to leave and at 5.45 we drew out of the Caribou station bound homeward. The morning was a beautiful one, the air bracing and delightful. Back we came by Mars Hill with its symmetrically rounded top, by the celebrated Presteel stream with its myriad of fish stories calculated to attract the faithful follower of Izaak Walton. We fell in with a guide who related some of said stories but space and conscience forbid their reproduction here. It was a long morning but a little after twelve, the train pulled into the Old Town depot and we had left the wilds of Aroostook. Rehearsals and coon songs with Keith and Watkins made the afternoon pass very pleasantly. The concert given in the town hall must have been a good one if we are to judge by the enthusiasm with which we were greeted. Nearly every

he just as calmly arose and delivered, to Dr. Dale's utter astonishment, quite a new speech.

At the conclusion of the meeting Dr. Dale said to his colleague: "I thought I had taken the wind out of your sails tonight." Dr. Rogers replied, "Oh, no; I delivered that speech when I was here a month ago!"

What is Sauce for the Goose.

The head of one of the faculty households has of late been sharply criticising the other members thereof for slang and faulty English. One day recently he himself dropped into a careless construction. Whereupon a juvenile member of the family-circle produced the following and laid it upon "pater's" plate:

FABLES OF THE DAY NO. 1.

"SARTOR RESARTUS."

Quondam homo erat qui semper, cum aliquis dixit anything that wasn't just right, eos took-upit. Una die at table dixit: "please pour me in half a cup of tea." Uxor sua deinde dixit eum slip-um fecisse, et the band played on. Videsne?

Moral: Sartor interdum resartus est. Finis.

FOOTBALL BANQUET.

Tendered '97 Team at Elmwood, by Dr. J. Fred Hill.

On the last night of the winter term, the members of the football team with a few invited friends from the city were banqueted at the Elmwood by Dr. J. Fred Hill. Dr. Hill has been intimately connected with Colby athletics since the founding of the Colby Athletic association, giving special attention to the baseball and football teams and serving on both those sub-committees. He was very much pleased with Colby's record on the football field last fall and promised the members of the team a banquet.

Those who were seated around the tables were the following: Dr. Hill, President Butler, Prof. Black, Prof. Stetson, Rev. J. W. Barker, pastor of the Maine street Unitarian church; Corson, '98, manager of the '97 team; Brooks '98, captain of the teams of '95, '96 and '97; Scannell '00, captain of the '98 team; Benjamin Coffin '96 of Freeport, captain of the '96 varsity baseball team; President Maling of the athletic association; Judge Warren C. Philbrook '82; and the following members of the team: Allen '01, Bunemann '01, Rice '01, Rowell '01, Hooke '00, Tozier '01, Thayer '01 and Cotton '00.

After the substantial part of the evening's programme had been stowed away, Dr. Hill rapped to order and opened the post-prandial exercises which were bubbling over with wit and humor. The first speaker whom he introduced was Dr. Butler whom he called upon to respond to the toast: "Colby University, the best college in Maine; may her growth be only limited by her president's ambition." It is a well known fact that our honored president is a witty man and that his after dinner speeches are always delivered in a manner which is warranted to drive away the hardest case of the blues, still the fact remains that he quite outdid himself on this occasion. He was frequently interrupted by hearty applause and the boys realized more than ever that Dr. Butler is a firm friend of the athletic interests of the college.

Dr. Butler was followed by Maling who in a few well chosen words presented ex-captain Brooks, on behalf of the men of the college, with a fine gold-headed walking stick. Brooks was taken completely by surprise, but during the applause which greeted him when he rose to reply, he managed to compose himself sufficiently to express his thanks for the handsome gift in a few words.

Rev. Mr. Barker was the next speaker. He said that he was glad that he lived in a college town and especially near a college where both students and faculty possessed such a progressive spirit. He spoke of the importance of athletic training, a healthy body being one of the finest accompaniments to Christian manhood.

Others of those present who spoke were Prof. Black, Prof. Stetson, Benjamin Coffin, Captain Scannell and Manager Corson.

The exercises of the evening were brought to a very happy close by the presentation to Dr. Hill, by Manager Corson on behalf of the team, of a fine photograph of the '97 team. The doctor was completely taken back but expressed his hearty appreciation, not only of the gift, but of the spirit which prompted it.

I loved an editor's daughter,
My heart with passion burned,
I wrote her of my love, and asked
Her if it was returned.

But when I read her curt reply,
I swore the blindest blank,
She said my ardor was returned—
But 'twas "returned with thanks."

A Study of Bliss Carman.

The advent of a seer is more to be awaited than that of the bringer of news from the gold fields or the herald of war. Many are the craftsmen who imitate and reflect their environment. Rare is the man who has the far-away look and, to speak in a paradox, sees where he cannot see, and gives eyes to the blind that they, too, may see with him.

If I mistake not, among *les jeunes* who claim to be seers is one man who can produce his title to that claim; a man now thirty-six years of age, from whose pen have come several volumes, editorials and literary critiques. Indeed such papers as *The Independent* and the *Boston Transcript* have been quick to make use of his work while his publishers, Lamson, Wolfe and Company, have showed rare discrimination in issuing from their house his "Low Tide at Grand Pre," "Behind the Arras," and "Ballads of Lost Haven." He has not been a voluminous writer. One who would listen to his song must watch sometimes weeks and months for his appearance; for forsooth, he is a vagabond, travelling afoot and afar, now in the shadow and now by the sea-marge, lured by his Mother on an endless quest of the divine. You may waylay him at some inn along the road-side, or by some bubbling well as he stoops to drink. He is discerning the signs of the times and is gaining power.

His native country is New Brunswick and intimately he knows the land of the sunflowers, the apple and the fir. He is not posing for the public eye when he writes of his long watches in that summer land. Nor does he ever pose and brag, sanity is one of his prime characteristics, as well as humility. He believes that the highest truth is revelation to the artist, and therefore, is he modest and reverent in his attitude. He vaunts no past achievement but is his own severest critic. He recognizes style—that which French writers have long known and a few English writers. By style he says that he means distinction, charm, power and serenity, rather than individualism and mannerism; but he knows that a man may be great as an author and yet not have style. He names as American stylists of the present day, Henry James, Lafadio Hearn, James Lane Allen, Russell Sullivan and possibly Miss Guiney. It takes time and infinite pains and disregard of Mammon to develop style and these writers, with himself, are accepting these conditions. He believes with Gautier in fleeing the easy, and in donning the close-fitting cothurnus.

One of Bliss Carman's first publications, "Songs from Vagabondia," was a collaboration with Richard Hovey, but soon he swung clear of this partnership, for he can in no wise remain trammelled.

He has marked characteristics as a poet. The love of the sea is born in him. He says: "I was born for deep-sea faring. I was bred to put to sea." All its mystery and pain-throb he feels. Now he personifies it as the grave-digger, now as the skipper's daughters; ever, it is a personality, drawing him to "the harbor on no chart," "the port o' strangers," "the Lost Haven."

His vocabulary grows more unusual as time passes. Culled from his poems are the following striking words and phrases: beekles, irreameable, dour, smug, yaw, largo, skrieling, spilt of spume, harridan, abnft, fockless, skried, sea-rime, the tern are skrilling in the lift. Certain pet words recur often as wander in compounds and uncharted.

He uses adjectives as nouns: weird; nouns as adjectives: your berry cheek; nouns as verbs: to home; adjectives as verbs: to gentle her lover.

He has hauntingly beautiful refrains. Here are a few of them:

"I can hear the shadow boatswain
Piping to his shadow-men."
"Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore"
"O Yanna, Adrianna,"
"Golden Rowan, of Menalowan."
"When the guelder roses bloom."

His fondness for onomatopoeia is shown in such phrases as "the zing and the clack of the locust."

"All night the lapsing rivers croon to their shingly bars," and in a poem called "A More Ancient Mariner," there are unforgettable beauties of expression or description. A beautiful mistress of the king of Ys is described as

"A white poppy, tall and wind-blown
In the garden of the king."

He speaks of a "troubled iron dream" and "a whimsey boy." "The valley's wailed and ciphered to the dune like huge organ pipes," "the lyric lift," "the lovely shadow-girdled winds."

"She had that lonely calm and poise
Of life that waits and wills."

"Know you not that the word unsaid is the flower of speech?" There is not remarkable originality of metre. It is simple though not monotonous. The rhythm has a beautiful swing.

His favorite themes are a way-faring or the sea, but his art puts equal care into so everyday a subject as a gravenstein or a carpenter's plane. Nature he loves and he breathes forth his trust in her, and a love so close that he can "hear her as the hill-flowers hear"—so close that to her he will hasten unfaltering, nay glad, in the hour of death.

The virility of his style is seen in "Cruise of the Galleon," "The Red Wolf," "The Night Express," "Hack and Hew" and some of the ballads in his latest work—but he is not so lusty as Rudyard Kipling—more delicate.

There is an apparent fatalism in his poems and they are permeated with mysticism; but, like Browning, whose hand has been placed upon him, he deeply believes that despair is unhealthy even in eternal pain, that evil is misuse of means, and will be resolved to good; that love with its loyalty, its spirit of sacrifice and pondering patience, is best of all.

The following poem is quoted complete from "Ballads of Lost Haven."

NOONS OF POPPY.

Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,
Scarlet leagues along the sea;
Flaxen hair afloat in sunlight,
Love, come down the world with me.

There's a Captain I must ship with,
(Heart, that day be far from now!)
Wears his dark command in silence
With the sea-frost on his brow.

Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,
Purple shadows by the sea;
How should love take thought to wonder
What the destined port may be?

Nay, if love have joy for shipmate
For a night-watch or a year,
Dawn will light o'er Lonely Haven,
Heart to happy heart, as here.

Noons of poppy, noons of poppy,
Scarlet acres by the sea
Burning to the blue above them;
Love, the world is full for me."

MARY ANNA SAWTELLE.

The Sphinx.

There have been sphinxes and sphinxes. Androsphinxes, criosphinxes, and hieracosphinxes. Not Egypt alone but Asia, Assyria, Babylonia and Greece, as well, have had their sphinxes. In Egyptian art, they are colossal images of granite or porphyry with a human head and breast, and the body of a lion (wingless) lying down. The head of a sphinx is usually that of a man but female heads are said to occur occasionally.

The Grecian sphinx differed from the Egyptian in that it was generally winged. The old fable about the riddle related

to the sphinx at Thebes, and this suggests an interesting point with reference to the derivation of the term. It was a name given by the Greeks and comes from the Greek verb *ΣΦΙΛΛΕΙΝ*, meaning literally a strangler, the story being that the sphinx strangled those who could not guess her riddle.

The most remarkable of the sphinxes is the great Sphinx at Gizeh. The watcher of the desert, called by the Arab "the father of terrors." It is situated some 300 feet east of the Second Pyramid. It is a recumbent androsphinx, a man-headed lion, 188 feet 9 1-2 in. in length and 56 feet high. The man's head measures 28 1-2 feet from chin to crown. The statue is hewn out of the living granite and when the stone has not lent itself to the form of the lion body it has been supplemented with masonry. The paws of the lion rest upon a finely inlaid pavement. Upon this pavement stood the altar approached from below by a stately flight of steps. This huge monument, Ebers tells us, was covered with desert sand again and again in ancient times as well as in our own day only the head with the royal coif being left, gazing fixedly eastward.

The work of the sphinx was begun under Cheops. It was finished by order of King Chefren, the builder of the second pyramid. From a tablet covered with hieroglyphics and fixed in the breast, we learn that it was dedicated to Harmachis. Hours on the horizon, or the sun at its setting.

The present mutilated condition of the sphinx's face gives us scarcely any hint of the former beauty of expression. That it did possess beauty we cannot doubt for Abdal Latief writes of it: It bore the stamp of benignity and beauty and was graced by an affable smile. And when this travelled Arab was asked what was the most wonderful thing he had seen, he replied—"The exquisite proportions of the sphinx's head."

Il Bargello.

There are two kinds of sightseers—those who want to touch the most sacred things—to set on thrones great men have sat on—to touch a spot of canvas which the brush of a great artist has rendered immortal—all, so that they can tell their inquiring friends at home what they have seen and what they have done.

The other class are those of a higher nature who are willing to stand at a distance and let the beauty and magnificence of a great picture or building sink into them and be absorbed into their whole being and life. Such are the ones who should visit Il Bargello and let the beautiful symmetry of the flight of stairs of Agnolo Gaddi and the graceful arches of the Loggia make an impression on their lives and elevate and enoble their ideas of art by so much more of this world's beauty.

In the centre of the court is an octagonal well which has been the scene of much bloodshed for once many noble Florentines were beheaded there.

On the walls, lending a bit of odd quaintness to the whole effect, are the coats of arms of the Duke of Athens and the hundred and four Podestas who ruled in Florence after him.

The upper Loggia, by Orcagna, was once divided into three cells one of which was for the condemned. On the right of the Loggia are a series of halls containing works by Michael Angelo, Della Robbia, Donatello, Verodrio Da Bologna, and many others of Italy's greatest sculptors.

The third hall is the audience chamber of the Podestas occupied by the Duke of Athens during his reign. At one end was a cell where Fra Paolo, who began life a Franciscan monk and afterwards became a notorious brigand, was chained to the wall with an iron collar

for thirty years, till he died at the age of eighty-one.

Just beyond the audience chamber is the ancient chapel covered with frescoes by Giotto. A representation of Hell is on the entrance wall and then the story of Nicholas of Bari, then the dancing daughter of Herodias, and a picture of St. Mary of Egypt.

On the east wall is Heaven, in which the Florentine's beloved portrait of their adored Dante is introduced. Lindsay says of it in his "Christian Art."

"The portrait though stiff is amply satisfactory to the admirers of Dante. He stands there full of dignity in the beauty of his manhood—a pomegranate in his hand and wearing the graceful falling cap of the day. The upper part of the face is smooth, lofty and ideal, revealing the Paradiso, as the stern compressed under-jawed mouth does the Inferno."

It is probable the painting was done about the year 1300 when he was one of the Priors of the republic and when he was 35 years old a period at which he dates his vision.

Dante was when young impetuous and of the hot loving nature of the Italians. He fell in love with Beatrice whom he idealized in his great work *The Divine Comedy*.

His nature becomes more prosaic as he becomes a student striving after the unknowable things and the hot lover becomes the learned philosopher.

Later he marries, though history tells us not happily. He becomes a burgher of Florence, a politician, an envoy, a magistrate, entering into the political life and finances of the day. In 1302 he was exiled for political reasons and it was then he wrote *The Divine Comedy*.

His last days were spent in poverty, and he died in 1321 of a fever in Ravenna where a tomb has been erected in his honor.

NIGHT.

[Written for The Echo.]

When the sun sets in the glorious west,
And the day's hard work is done,
When the stars peep from their hiding place
And twinkle one by one,

When the cricket chirps a serenade
To his mate in the old beech tree,
And the frog croaks forth his doleful song
From the meadow in the lee,

And the moon rises o'er the tree-tops tall,
So radiant and so bright,
Who is it that then reigns supreme?
'Tis the beautiful Goddess Night.

When the river flows but slowly,
Through the pleasant meadow near,
And her ripple, tiny ripple,
Falls so gently on the ear,

With the moonbeams on the water,
That we in rapture see,
Making silvery the ripple,
All are dear to you and me.

And we wander o'er the meadow,
Sometimes far and sometimes near,
But no matter where we wander
We can always plainly hear

The lovely river's rippling.
Softly wooing you and me,
As it glides so smoothly onward
Toward its resting place,—the sea.

And the wind in dreamy whisper
Sends its message on the air
That the lovely night—majestic—
Reigns supremely everywhere,

And the tree-tops rustle calmly,
Rustle their gigantic height,
For they know with all their stillness
'Tis the beautiful, glorious Night.

STEPHEN D. HADLEY, Jr. Aged 12.

A SWEETHEART.

So young and fair,
Quite free from care,
I found this little maid;
She was so true,
With eyes of blue,
I loved her, I'm afraid.

At last one day,
Care found its way,
Into her life so pure.
She bore it well;
And I dare tell
I loved her then, I'm sure. —Ex.

Keat's Life and Poetry.

The most interesting period in the life of Keats, is in my opinion, that in which he began his first important work, *Endymion*. Keats was at this time about twenty-three, and had firmly made up his mind to be a poet and if possible, a great one. Encouraged by his London friends among whom were numbered Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, Shelley, and many well known literary men, he resolved in the spring of 1817, to retire into the solitude of the country, and devote himself wholly to the study of his art.

There is something strange, and almost pathetic in the situation. He had abandoned his profession, which was to have been that of a surgeon, and with high hopes, profound faith in his own genius, and young enthusiasm, had chosen poetry as his life's study, and life work. Though he had as yet produced no very remarkable work, and though one's own conviction of ability, one's prophetic feeling of coming success, in such a case is often sadly misleading, there was that in Keats which justified his hopes, and the expectations of his friends. There was no conceit or egotism in his self confidence, he had already ideas, purposes, high standards of technical perfection, and yet other gifts greater still. In "Sleep and Poetry" he writes:

"There ever rolls
A vast idea before me, and I glean
Therefrom my liberty."

There is a happy healthy spirit in the poetry he wrote at this time which shows what keen delight his work afforded him. He fairly exults over the task before him, as we see in the opening of *Endymion*.

"Many and many a verse I hope to write
Before the daisies vermeil rimmed, and white
Hide in deep herbage, and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover, and sweet peas
I must be near the middle of my story."

In one of his letters to his brother he says, "I find I cannot do without eternal poetry—half the day will not do,—the whole of it."

Although Keats hoped for fame, yet it seems to me fame was not his greatest inspiration. In the summer of 1818 he wrote, "I feel assured I should write from the mere fondness I have for the beautiful, even if my night's labors should be burnt every morning and no eye ever rest upon them."

In such words as these one feels the real greatness of the man.

Though morbid and often melancholy Keats was not bitter. He suffered honestly, frankly, and did not try to laugh over it, or like Byron take a spiteful revenge upon his enemies in satire. He was too good a Greek not to believe in the Fates, and submit to them.

Even after the hope and joy and enthusiasm had all died out of his life, when he found himself ridiculed, misunderstood and unappreciated, he could yet say with quiet assurance, "I think I shall be among the English poets, after my death."

If he had lived who knows what he might have given the world. In one of his later poems he speaks of

"Holding upon the night's starred face
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance."

What was this vision that he saw, this dream of something very great, as yet elusive, only half grasped of which he tells us here and elsewhere? Not *Endymion*, not *Hyperion*, not the strange, weird story of *Lamia*.

The world will never know how much it lost in Keats. It seems true however, that the poet's vaguest dream was his noblest; one which if he could have lived would have been embodied in a greater poem than any of these.

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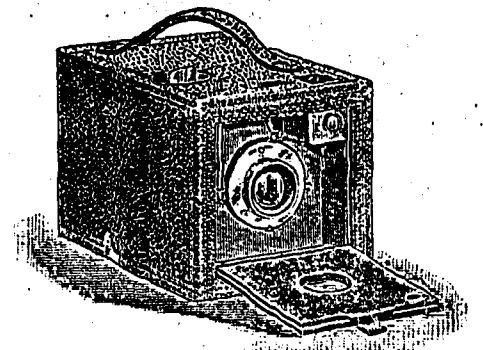
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OF INTEREST.

Miss Chase, '99, spent her vacation in Waterville.

Miss Hutchinson, 1900, is teaching at Bar Harbor.

Miss Peacock, 1901, returned to college Saturday.

Miss Lowe '99, is teaching in the North Grammar School.

Miss Snowdeal, '98, will not return to college this term.

Miss Etta Purington, '99, spent part of her vacation in Boston.

Miss Gibson, 1901, and Miss Peacock, 1901, returned to college Saturday.

Miss Marvell, formerly of '98, has resumed college work with the class of '99.

Miss Hattie Parmenter is spending the spring vacation with her mother in this city.

Miss Sawtelle spent her vacation at New Haven, Conn., with her sister, Mrs. Randall.

Miss True, '95, and Miss Bessey, '98, are acting as librarians during the absence of Prof. Hall.

Miss Hoxie, '99, was prevented by illness from joining her class at the beginning of the term.

Miss Edith Larrabee, '97, assistant in the Attleboro High School, visited friends in college last week.

The last reception of the season will be held at the president's house next Tuesday evening from seven to ten.

Miss Cole, '98, who is teaching in Hartford, Conn., is spending a portion of her vacation with friends in Colby.

Monday evening next, Dr. Warren will deliver a lecture before the Fraternity Club of Portland on the subject, "The Story of the Parthenon."

The freshman women's basket ball team has received a challenge from the team of the Bangor High School to play two games at an early date. The challenge will not be accepted.

A '97 Reunion.

In response to invitations from Miss Octavia W. Mathews, eight of the women of the class of ninety-seven met at her home, "Glenfield," in Auburndale, Mass., Saturday, March 19. The day was passed most pleasantly with the singing of college and class songs, the exchanging of news and bits of experience, and the having of one of their good times generally.

Strong ties of loyalty and affection bind the '97 girls to their Alma Mater, and the day was much the happier for them because they could rejoice with her in her recent prosperity. Letters of congratulation and best wishes were sent by the class to Dr. Butler and Miss Sawtelle.

A committee was appointed to make some move toward organizing a Boston Alumnae association.

Those present were Octavia W. Mathews, Mrs. Edith Hanson Gale, Mrs. Lena Tozier Kendrick, Annie L. Knight, Martha D. Tracy, Elmira S. Nelson, Helen MacGregor Hanscom, Edith M. Larrabee, and Grace Gatchell. Letters of greeting were read from Nina G. Vose, president of the class, and Mercy A. Brann. Miss Brann sent an ode for the occasion the familiar allusions in which added much to the interest of the reunion.

The souvenir was a painted pansy and a picture of "Glenfield" very tastefully combined.

Card of Thanks.

The family of Prof. Rogers wish to express to the students their appreciation of the sympathy extended to them, and of the flowers sent by the different class organizations of the University.

Students' Conferences.

The speakers for the Thursday evening conferences during the spring term will be as follows: April 7, Rev. N. T. Dutton, Waterville, "Some Army Experiences;" April 21, Prof. A. J. Roberts, "Poetry and Religion;" May 5, Rev. F. M. Preble, Camden, "The Book of Philemon;" May 19, Rev. Asa Dalton, D. D., Portland, "Cardinal Newman;" June 2, Prof. William Elder, "The Study of the Bible;" June 16, Dr. Anton Marquardt, "German Universities."

The subjects which have been chosen by the speakers selected are all full of interest to every student in college and Dr. Butler is to be congratulated upon having secured such an interesting programme for this term. The conferences deserve and should have a large attendance from the members of the student body.

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