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COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

M'NHEC'N.

An island in the great sea calls to me,
I hear the surf's sad beat in undertone;
I see the white gulls flyin', flyin', restlessly,
An' hear the waves go breakin', breakin' with a moan.

The thistle blooms by yellow-lickened stone;
The gentians and the asters blow, so blue;
The cricket is a chirpin', chirpin' all alone
Among the August shadders, as he used to do.

The whistlin' buoy is lowin' like a cow;
The fog-horn sighs a-mournin' days no more;
I see the light-house rays a-beamin' on me now,
I'm rockin', rockin' in my dory near the shore.

A grave is on the brow of yonder hill,
The fog's a-drippin' on it like the dew;
But she don't mind it, sleepin', sleepin' there so still,
A-neath the wavin' grass, an' trailin', trailin' yew.

It's writ upon the slab, "God's time is best."
Well! she had known a lot o' love and pain;
'Tis sweet to think she's lyin', lyin' there at rest,
'Tho she will never greet her fisherman again.

An island in the great sea calls to me;
I hear the surf's sad beat in undertone;
I see the white gulls flyin', flyin' restlessly,
An' hear the waves go breakin', breakin' with a moan.

—MARY ANNA SAWTELLE.

Wordsworth.

In forming one opinion of an artist's work, we are aided by the consideration of his life and environment. Especially is this true of the poet, whose work might be called the essence of his life's experience or the composite photograph of his surroundings.

The artist's self is revealed through his work as a face is seen through a veil. That finely-woven tissue of thought—a book—is ever more worthy of our scrutiny when behind it we catch the shadowy outlines of a human face, in whose real or fancied expression may be read a story of deeper meanings, of sorrows or of inspirations.

By bringing ourselves into sympathy with an author in his best and most eloquent moments shall we not thus establish a higher idea, a just standard for critical comparisons?

The poems of Wordsworth reflect not only his life and environment, but the age in which he lived and many of the characteristics of his race.

Born in Cumberland, England, near the close of the eighteenth century, Wordsworth, from the beginning to the close of his eighty years of life, seems to have been as thoroughly English in temperament, taste and convictions as it would have been possible to be.

In his poems may be found national traits. Truth, dignity and sincerity are combined with other highly respectable middle class English attributes. There is in them a monotonous goodness, an eternal affectation of virtuous simplicity, which tempts one to wonder whether Wordsworth might not have been a more interesting, if not a greater poet, had he only had in him as much of the vagabond as

Byron, Burns, Moore or our own Edgar Allen Poe.

There is a charm in the easy wit and graceful fancy with which many an inferior poet has clothed inferior ideas which fascinates and often perverts our better judgment. We could better spare many pages of Wordsworth's abstruse philosophical blank verse than a few familiar lines of simple, true poetry from the pen of Tom Moore; yet it is Wordsworth, and no other, who at times has power

"To shake our dispositions
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

Moore compared with Wordsworth is like a shallow brook singing its way through sun and shadow compared with one of those broad, deep, still lakes, full of heavenly reflections, in the country Wordsworth loved.

Someone—Alcott, I think—has said, "The highest duty is musical and sings itself." Might not the same be said of the most perfect poem, that it should sing itself, or suggest a song for itself.

in his essay on Milton, "must first become as a little child. He must take to pieces the whole web of his mind."

"Poetry is indeed nearer the language of Nature than most of us thinks. All true poetry is spontaneous. Under the strain of great emotional excitement everyone's speech becomes more rhythmic—intense grief or anger voice themselves often in unconsciously poetic language. Men's greatest thoughts in the heat of emotion crystallize naturally into perfect and beautiful figures of speech.

"Jewels
That on the stretched forefinger of all Time
Sparkle forever."

"No great achievement ever cost great effort," said Ruskin. Shelley's Skylark, or Keats' ode to a Nightingale, or Dryden's ode for St. Cecilia's Day, have that vigorous spontaneity which marks the best work of genius.

Wordsworth, in many of his odes and sonnets, speaks with the same ease of utterance, but in some passages of the

duced when the artist holds back, reserves his power, fears for too much expression rather than too little. May not the same be true of poetry?

Wordsworth seldom erred on the side of over intensity. He did not, like Byron, tear the rag of passion into unnecessarily minute tatters. Blinded by his holy enthusiasm, he mistook that same poor old tear-drenched rag of human passion for a flag, and stuck it up to wave on so lofty a liberty pole that it might almost as well be invisible for all the good it does.

Liberty is the theme of many of Wordsworth's poems. The spirit of liberty animated the age in which he lived, and gave him his first inspiration. There are two great odes in the English language, different in manner, in matter, in nearly all but form, yet which were, I think, inspired by a similar spirit—the moving spirit of the age in which they each were written—the spirit of liberty.

In Wordsworth's day the French Revolution had kindled many freedom-loving hearts on the English side of the channel. It seemed to promise a new era of thought, as well as a relief from tyranny and oppression in government.

In Dryden's lifetime the Restoration had brought freedom of a different nature—freedom from Puritanical restrictions. The ode for St. Cecilia's Day and the ode on Intimations of Immortality are, in a way, characteristic of the two widely-differing periods in which they were written. The one might be called sensuous, the other, spiritual. The ode for St. Cecilia was intended to be sung, that on In-

timations of Immortality to be studied, pondered, analyzed. Dryden's poem is typical of the free, vigorous, pleasure-loving spirit which animated England after the Restoration. The English people were half intoxicated with liberty; exultant over their freedom from irksome restraint.

In this ode of Dryden's one feels a splendid impulse, a careless power, a magnificent ease and grace of manner, which might have been learned at court (the court of Apollo and the Muses, perhaps). Every line is declaimed with so superb, so proud an air that one feels as if the king himself were speaking.

I doubt whether Dryden or his contemporaries ever had any intimation of immortality. We hear much said about the hurry and rush of nineteenth century life; how it leaves no time in which to read old-fashioned poets like Dryden,



ON THE STREAM.

"Heard melodies are sweet," but if "those unheard are sweeter," then surely the unheard melodies, which some poetry has the power to evoke, form part of its immortal charm.

Being English and of the middle class, Wordsworth was more likely than not to be unmusical. Many of his poems certainly lack the musical quality; the lines do not sing themselves along like Shelley's or Tennyson's, and one can fancy here and there that a certain English primness, an over-conscientiousness restrained the free and natural flow of thought.

Wordsworth had what we Americans call the true English repose. His was the calm and placid serenity of the well-bred philosopher. Yet the ideal poet should be no philosopher, but rather more of a barbarian; no Englishman, but a child of the world. "He who is an enlightened and literary society aspires to become a great poet," writes Macaulay

longer poems Pegasus flies with a somewhat jaded air, due, no doubt, to too constant and relentless spurring. Many of the poems show traces of great labor, and the calmness and deliberation with which the poet tells his story or evolves his idea are often trying to the reader's patience.

Wordsworth was too generous with the world, and it is to be feared that the world, though far from ungrateful, would have liked half as much (the better half) many times as well.

Keats' later poetry shows, I think, a beautiful restraint. It harbors a flood of pent-up feeling, kept ever within artistic bounds. Whoever can afford to take his choice of inspirations, to give only his little best to the world, and consign all that is merely good to oblivion, is surely greater for the sacrifice he has made, poet, painter, or composer. Artistic self-denial is a rare virtue. For music the most "telling" effects are pro-

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THE BLUE AND GRAY.

AIR: CASINO GIRLS CHORUS—1492.

In the river dancing, rippling,
Shines the sapphire's crystal blue,
But the violets 'neath the willows
Rival with a deeper hue.
Yet the heavens curving o'er them,
Like an arch of living light,
Is the type of Colby's virtue—
Truth she stands for, and the right.

CHORUS.

Colby blue, Colby blue,
All hail to the college we love.
Strong in her truth we will always be
Loyal and true to our Colby blue.

Colby gray, Colby gray,
Gather we here gay and free,
To sing a glad lay of our Colby gray
And our college, dear Colby, of thee.

In the granite's sombre grayness
Dwells the work of ages long,
And the shock of wave and earthquake
Only prove that it is strong.
So our Colby, like the granite,
Hides in modest gray her might—
Staunch, through many years of trial,
Till the darkness turned to light.—CHORUS.

Gray and blue the robes about her,
True and strong her heart within,
Colby shall be still our honor,
In her battles sure to win.
Time can only make her stronger,
Tests will only prove her true.
So we hail our college mother,
So we hail the gray and blue.—CHORUS.

ANNIE H. PEPPER, '98.

Dr. John Barton Foster.

The full text of the memorial address to Dr. John Barton Foster, delivered by Dr. George B. Hsley of Bangor, Sunday afternoon, is as follows:

It must be regarded as a worthy, fraternal custom to pay honor at these anniversaries to the memory of those who have fallen in death from the roll of our alumni.

But there seems little room for a pupil to add anything of importance to what has already been said after the able editorial of Dr. Burrage in "The Advocate" of August 25, 1897, and the loving tribute from far-away missionary lands by the son of the deceased in the issue of Nov. 10th.

And yet it is highly proper that some one, although I very much question if the speaker be the right one, should bring on this occasion an offering in testimony to the useful, beautiful life of one of Colby's most honored teachers.

It is hard to realize that forty summers have flown since, with my esteemed pastor, Dr. H. A. Sawtelle, I came hither, a hundred miles from my native town, to attend my first Commencement. That trip across the State is still vivid with its beauty and delight. I assure you it was a great day in my young life. As sub-freshman, I saw the faculty of Waterville College—President Champlin, Dr. S. K. Smith, Prof. Hamlin, Prof. Lyford and Tutor Richardson, seated upon the platform at the church—and there listened to the exercises of the graduating class. I am not quite positive that Prof. Foster was among them at that time. My acquaintance with him goes back only to the autumn of '59, when I entered here as a student.

We may now make the words of the poet our own:

"Not so the teachers who in earlier days
Led our bewildered feet through learning's maze;
They answer us—alas! what have I said?
What greetings come there to the voiceless dead?
What salutation, welcome or reply?
What pressure from the hands that lifeless lie?
They are no longer here."

It is pleasant for us now to think of one who was able to hold and fill his position here for so many years—and that with so much credit to himself and with so much profit to the classes that were under him.

Who can estimate the extent of a teacher's influence which has been thus exerted through his pupils on the world at large? Surely it is a sacred obligation which we owe to the departed that we sanctify their good names among us. For we do but honor ourselves when

thus we render suitable tribute to their memories. My recollections of Professor Foster in college are of the most favorable kind.

While I never regarded myself apt in the study of the classics, I never disliked them. The drill of the recitation was ever an hour of great profit and enjoyment. Under Prof. Foster's tuition the etymology of words and the grammatical construction of sentences became very helpful. The superiority and beauty of the classic style were of great value.

One reason why I was deeply interested in the Greek was because the New Testament was written in it. No preacher of the Gospel could be considered liberally educated without some mastery of it. For the formation of good literary tastes the Greek and Latin classics have always been found models to go by. Tacitus is an excellent example of force and power, Livy of perspicuity and Caesar of simplicity. Through Homer, by a multitude of channels, there have come light and heat to fill the world with brightest images and the most illustrious thoughts. He, therefore, who taught us from these ancient authors did a most noble service to make our education full and complete.

In the midst of the Civil war, when so many of the students, inspired by true patriotism, enlisted in our country's defence, and some of them as brave officers and soldiers fell upon the battle-field, never returning to us, our respected instructor was not unmindful of his opportunity and duty to emphasize the instances of true bravery which not infrequently occurred in the lessons of the class-room.

One of the most honored members of the class of '62, speaking of the high place Prof. Foster held in his esteem, says: "I remember him as especially enthusiastic in Greek, and his enthusiasm was contagious. He was a very kind and courteous teacher, and inspired his pupils that he cared for us individually. His Christian spirit was marked in almost every recitation."

That he was also generous and sympathetic toward the students is evident from the following instance:

When a member of the class of '76 found himself in such a straightened situation that he must either have immediate financial aid or else leave college on account of poor health, Prof. Foster hearing of it, in a kind and quiet way came to his assistance. "I believe," he says, "that Prof. Foster had a kind and generous heart, and did good without sounding a trumpet. I have scarcely seen him for twenty years, but in his death I lost a valued friend and the world a good man."

Another one, in giving his estimate of his character, says: "To some teachers the pupil was nothing. They work for pay, and when they draw their salary, all obligations are discharged. The lesson is made to fill the whole horizon of the scholar's vision. Other teachers invest everything with their own personality, impress it upon the lesson and also upon the individuality of each one before them, stamping it with ideals large enough not only for the class-room, but for the whole broad arena of life beyond. This, to my mind, was the supreme excellency of Prof. Foster. The man always towered above the professor. If I was inclined to neglect my work, his personality alone compelled me to count the cost in failure. Inspired to do my best, that same personality, lit up as by a search-light the prizes that were sure to follow in the race of life. He made me try myself by the standard of manhood. If I was pressing on toward that, I was sure of his approval; failing of that, I never could wrench from him an unqualified "well done."

By his uniform kindness of manner I am sure most of the students must have

felt deeply impressed. My memory of it is both clear and distinct.

Prof. Foster was a gentleman in the class-room. His success and skill as a Bible-class teacher was far above the ordinary. I shall not soon forget the interest I felt in belonging to his class in the Sunday school. I count the hours thus spent as among the sweetest of my college days. I am sorry now that I never thanked him more fully for the benefits thus received.

In those days also, after Dr. Wood closed his pastorate, Prof. Foster would occasionally supply the pulpit, and those sermons which he gave us were, indeed, of the highest order of excellence.

It was with the greatest satisfaction that the students and congregation listened to them. Nor is it to be wondered at that the Hanson Place Church of Brooklyn, N. Y., at one time looked to him as a candidate for the pastorate; nor that the public schools of that city should seek him for their supervisor.

We fear his self-distrust and oversensitiveness of modesty were sometimes too much regarded by him. He was inclined too strongly to dwell upon the sombre side of his abilities.

At one time he was asked to go to the foreign mission field, and was willing to go had God in His providence opened the way. His love and interest in this direction, however, were later manifested in the giving up of his beloved son to this grand and honored service, to whom today we extend our most cordial greetings and sympathy as he comes back to revisit the bereaved household. Verily, the world can never seem quite the same without his fond father within it.

It is the testimony of those who knew Prof. Foster most intimately that he was a faithful man, and that he possessed a high sense of honor and honesty in the discharge of his duty. And "duty," as some one has so well expressed it, "is the key note of every grand life, because conscience stands for it, and demands that we shall find the right and choose the right and do the right and then employ the right." "The noblest work of God," says Joseph Baldwin, "is the man who from principle and habit does what he deems right."

This, to a large degree, do we think was characteristic of the life of Prof. Foster. He loved his work of teaching, and devoted himself assiduously to it. His admiration of the beautiful passages in the classics was very great. His memory became so well stored with them that it was but natural in later years that his conversation in and out of the class-room should overflow with them. He strove to give all necessary information and assistance, seeking to invest the driest details with witticisms and anecdotes. He was quick to detect the ludicrous and turn it to helpfulness.

At the time of our Alma Mater's greatest need, Prof. Foster, with his associates, did a great service in assisting Dr. Champlin to raise the \$100,000 in order to secure the generous offer of \$50,000 from Gardiner Colby.

In the annals of our denominations his name must continue to occupy a conspicuous place, not only because of his thirty-five years of service to the college, but also for those thirty years during which, without salary, he cared for the benevolent funds of our State Convention, which aggregated nearly \$870,000, bestowed by the churches and individual bequests for the promotion of Christ's kingdom within the borders of the beloved Commonwealth of Maine.

It is not by what others have done for us, nor by the sculptured marble or stately column which may be erected over our graves, that we shall best be known by coming generations; it will rather be by what we ourselves have done. The measure and spirit of our life-service must constitute the richest em-

balmment of our memories in the hearts of a grateful posterity.

The routine of daily duty may seem to make life monotonous and uneventful to most of us, and yet who shall say that life is not rendered truly grand and sublime by the faithful and persistent discharge of such allotted tasks. It is mete for us to think that in these respects the memory of our beloved friend and teacher will stand secure.

"When the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is won,
Father grant thy wearied one
Rest forever more."

In briefest outline Prof. Foster's life was as follows: Born in Boston, Jan. 8, 1822. Removed to Waterville in 1828. At the age of seven he entered Waterville Academy as one of its first pupils. From fourteen to seventeen he engaged in learning a trade as well as prosecuting his preparatory studies. In 1839, eager to make the most and best of his opportunity at hand, he entered this college. Strong of purpose, quick of intellect, and very diligent in his studies, he took excellent rank as a student, distinguishing himself as superior in the classics, as his classmate and associate, Prof. Moses Lyford, had done in mathematics.

Graduating in 1843, he devoted four years to teaching in the academies of China, Me., and Lexington, Mass. In 1847 he entered Newton Theological Institution. During 1848, Prof. S. K. Smith was with him in the seminary, but left at its close to become editor of Zion's Advocate.

Completing his theological course in 1850, he succeeded Dr. Smith in his position of editorship at Portland, he having accepted the appointment of a professorship at Waterville. It is due to the praise of Prof. Foster to acknowledge that while under his control the Advocate made a most commendable gain in its circulation as well as in the excellency and helpfulness of its influence among the churches. Dr. Burrage has well expressed it, "The Baptists of Maine had reason to be thankful that one so worthy had been found to take the place made vacant by Dr. Smith."

In 1858, by Dr. Champlin's promotion to the presidency of the college, there became a vacancy in the chair of Latin and Greek, to fill which the lot fell again upon the editor of the Advocate. It was no slight sacrifice for Prof. Foster to exchange at this time his prosperous situation for one in a college almost financially bankrupt, where his income would not be half as ample. And yet when duty was made clear through the earnest solicitations of Drs. Champlin and Ricker and others, he could and did make the surrender, and entered his new position in the fall of 1858. At the Commencement of 1893 he tendered his resignation, being invited to hold his relation as professor emeritus. Treasurer of the State Convention from 1868 to 1893. For several terms he was Supervisor of the Waterville public schools. In 1876 he was honored by the Trustees of the college with the degree of L. L. D.

His death, after months of severest illness, occurred on Aug. 17, 1897, aged 75 years.

"Only the truth that in life he has spoken,
Only the seed that on earth he has sown,
These shall pass onward when he is forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest, and what he has done.
Thus would I pass from the earth to its tolling
Only remembered by what I have done."

'80. Dr. Hartstein W. Page, of Worcester, Mass., served as chairman of the committee of judges at the annual prize declamation of the Highland Military Academy in that city on the evening of June 18th, and the papers say made a neat speech in presenting the prizes to the winners. Dr. Page served in the same capacity there last year.

THE MAN OF THE MUSKET.

You marble and bronze you may raise, if you will,
Emblazoned with valor's proud worth,
The deeds of your chieftains extol as you may
And name with the greatest of earth;
You may honor your Sheridans, Logans and Grants,
Sleep they 'neath palmetto or pine—
Your heroes are they of the plume and the sword,
But the man of the musket is mine.

You knew him, O soldiers; he camped with you all—
This commonplace hero I name—
You've messed with him, marched with him, fought at
his side.

In the heart of the battle's hot flame;
A share of his blanket and canteen was yours,
And many a time have you known
How the beat of that chivalrous, Northern-born heart
Kept stroke with the rhythm of your own.

You know how he lived, not grandly, perhaps—
He served both the good and the ill,
But I'm willing that He should judge the brave life
Who died upon Calvary's hill;
For boast as we may in the pride of our hearts
And the petty ambitions of youth,
There's nothing so noble as duty performed,
There's nothing so god-like as truth.

Death claimed him; you know how he fell in the fight
At the head of your valorous band,
Close up to the flag where the brave boy had pressed,
His musket still grasped in his hand;
You remember the look on that face white and stern
Enwrapped in its quiet sublime,—
Oh! take for your heroes the famous of earth,
The patriot martyr is mine.

While others swept on o'er his brave sacrifice
To a glory immortal and high,
He only fell out of the swift-charging ranks
And lingered behind,—just to die.
Unhonored by title, untrophied in brass,
Unnamed in the annals of time,—
You may have for your heroes the illustrious in war.
The blue-coated private is mine.

Mine, living or dying, for, if truth can be true
And justice unsullied remain,
'Twas he who crushed out the foul, traitorous scheme
That would sunder our Union in twain;
'Twas he, too, who struck the vile chains from your
slaves,
O America, henceforth to be
The fulfilment of liberty's earliest dream,
"The home of the brave and the free."

So your marble and bronze you may raise, if you will
And blazon with valor's fair worth,
The deeds of your chieftains extol as you may
And name with the greatest of earth;
You may honor your Sheridans, Logans and Grants,
Sleep they 'neath palmetto or pine,—
Your heroes may be of the plume and the sword,
But the man of the musket is mine.

—Mrs. L. D. Carver, '75 in *Kennebec Journal*.

Thanks to the Borrowed Hat.

"It is the very queerest thing," exclaimed Alice, searching frantically about the room, 'how a whole sailor hat could disappear in this mysterious manner; if it were gloves or rubbers or even a cape, but a whole hat!' and she paused with a puzzled expression, "Fan, have you seen it?"

"Seen what?" came a sleepy voice, and an auburn head emerged from the sofa pillows piled on the couch, as the owner of it raised herself on one elbow.

"Oh, that old hat of mine; I can't find the thing; I'm going up stream and I have got to have something to wear on my head."

The auburn head rose still higher, "Have you looked everywhere? In the closet? In the wardrobe?"

"Goodness yes! In every conceivable place!" came back the indignant answer, as Alice continued her search by taking the cover off the chafing dish and peering gravely within, as if she expected to find the hat lurking there. "Say, did you know we forgot to wash this after the last fudge we made? It is horridly sticky."

"So we did," said Fan languidly. Well, don't fuss any more about your sailor. You probably put it in some ridiculous place as you always do. Take my big hat, it will save your complexion, you know, and do hurry up and go. I've got the most horrible Psychology lesson to get, and you do stir up such a commotion." Once more the auburn head dove among the pillows, but it came up again at once. "Who you going up stream with?"

"Sensible question! You know very well, there's no one for me to go with, except myself—now."

Alice added, she had taken the big hat and was trying the effect of it on her pretty head. "I know this thing won't stay on," she said.

"It must be fun to go up stream alone!" said Fan. "What do you want to go for anyway?"

"For the sake of auld lang syne, my dear, for the sake of auld lang syne," came back the laughing answer, as Alice stuck the last pin into the hat and started to leave the room, but Fan looked up quickly enough to see the laughter die out of her eyes and a sober look chase the dimples away.

"I should like to know," she murmured, as the door slammed after Alice, "I should like to know, if she really cares," and with this vague remark, she turned over, and once more attacked the Psychology lesson. The hours slipped away as page after page of the book was turned. Fan seemed to be perfectly oblivious of all matters outside these two covers, but suddenly she stopped studying and sat up very straight. A sound of voices came floating up from beneath the window.

"I wonder if it is Alice," Fan said, coming off the couch and going over to the window. She took one look out, and then with a little gasp sank down in the rocking chair close by. On her face

you look puzzled to death, and ready to be knocked over with a feather. I suppose you would like to have me explain a little, wouldn't you? Well, it is all due to that blessed hat of yours. You see I got out the boat and started up stream just as usual, but I was feeling a bit blue, for I got to thinking about Fred and our quarrels. I did care for him, though I made believe I didn't. I suppose if it hadn't been for your hat, I should have lived on just the same, for girls don't die of love except in novels, still it would have been horrid,—but to go on with my story. I rowed up stream pretty slowly too, for the wind was blowing against me. Pretty soon I saw a boat coming and one solitary man in it. I thought there was a familiar look about him, and all of a sudden I saw it was Fred. Oh, you can't think how I felt, for I hadn't met him before for months, and up there of all places. I made up my mind I'd row right by and not look at him once, I should have too, if it hadn't been for your hat, but just as we got opposite one another, a gust of wind came and blew it right off my head out into the middle of the stream. I was so surprised and confused with everything that I put up both hands to grab it and very brilliantly dropped my oars, of course they both floated off, and

"Why, there's my sailor! she cried. See, clear up on top the wardrobe. How do you suppose it got there?" You old thing, I'm glad you kept out of sight. You would never have known enough to blow off at the critical moment. Fan, can I keep your hat. I shall always think a great deal of it, and I want it kind of for remembrance. Besides," and she held up a wet, bedraggled looking object, "I don't believe you will find it very useful."

It still retained a faint semblance of its former beauty, it looked like the ghost of a hat.

"No, I don't believe I shall," she responded drily.

"P. M."

Number 'Steen, North College

It had been used as a trunk room ever since I had come to college, although it had one of the best locations in the dormitory. A Freshman had bought it and furnished it, but after the first week hurriedly moved out and could scarcely be persuaded to enter the door again.

I liked the location of the room, and when I wanted to move in the spring I bought it from the Freshman at a very low price. His sense of honor impelled him to tell me before the transaction was completed that the room was haunted.

"Rats, or B. B's?" I asked.

"Ghosts," he answered, with a look of terror. "It grows, and—Oh, it's awful!" he added with a shiver.

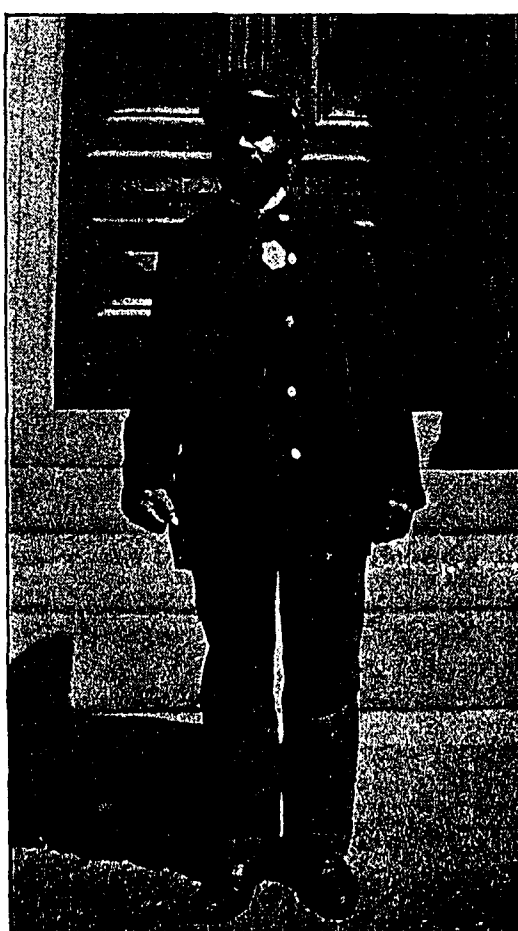
Now, my ancestors were hard-headed tillers of the soil, who believed in the Baptist faith, the Republican party and the Zion's Advocate, but were not given to belief in the supernatural. I laughed him to scorn, therefore, and told him that if the ghosts were thrown in I'd take the room.

The first few evenings spent in my new quarters were peaceful enough, and I congratulated myself on the bargain I had made. One evening, after a long siege in the laboratory, I donned my war paint and went calling. During this performance I was made the victim of an amateur attempt at a Welsh rare-bit, which was of the delicate consistency of a rubber door-mat. I thought I had to eat it to be polite, and at the warning stroke of ten I returned from the Hall with inward misgivings.

As I entered the room I remembered that my lamp was empty and I had failed to borrow any in the division, as my credit was bad. I slumped into my arm chair and gazed through the swaying foliage of the campus at a couple of arc lights that blinked sleepily at me from beyond the crossing. I reflected sentimentally that it was a very pretty dress that she wore, and then I thought of the rarebit and remembered that the Jamaica ginger bottle stood empty on the shelf. Soon a misty something formed around the two lights, which now glared like awful eyes. A nebulous human figure appeared in my window seat. I heard a slow clank of chains, and then a most horrible vindictive groan came from the shadowy figure before me. My hair stood stiffly erect, and a chill sweat of terror oozed from every pore.

It was the ghost at last. I thought of my matter-of-fact ancestors, and vowed with all the strength of my will that I would not be terrified by anything so unreal as a ghost. As soon as I could speak I asked him reprovingly if he didn't think this clanking chain not rather obsolete. "These aren't the days of castles and dungeon keeps," I expostulated. "Now a real up-to-date ghost, like an up-to-date wheel, ought to be chainless. The ghost looked hurt, and replied in a sepulchral tone that he supposed that was the thing for any self-

[Continued on sixth page.]



"SAM."



"RABBIT."

was a look of perfect amazement. "That is," she murmured, "Yes, that is Fred Dane with Alice, but where and when and how could they have met and made up? Why they haven't spoken to one another for six months, and Alice said they never would again; still I always thought she really cared for him. But I can't understand it!" She was sufficiently recovered from the shock to take another look now. "Why, Alice hasn't a thing on her head! What has she done with my hat?" She stood and watched them. The couple were evidently saying Goodbye now. Alice held out her hand, the young man took it. It seemed to Fan he held it a remarkably long time just for shaking hands. There was no mistaking the look on their face, and the young man still held Alice's hand. Fan, with a dazed expression, walked back to the couch and sat down on the Psychology; she had entirely forgotten there was such a book. Here Alice found her a little later still sitting on the Psychology and still wearing the dazed expression. Alice flung herself down at Fan's feet and hid her face in the folds of Fan's dress.

"I'm happy! so happy!" she whispered, "Oh Fan, we've all made up now." The face came out of the sheltering folds, and she saw the question written on Fan's face. "You dear old Fan,

there was I, a hatless, oarless maiden. We both of us had to laugh, it was so perfectly funny. There was my hat hurrying off down stream, and bobbing up and down in the most ridiculous manner, and my oars floating serenely after it, while my boat had turned about and was drifting straight for the bank, and I was utterly powerless. Fred looked as if he didn't know which to take first, but the hat was nearest him, so he fished it out with an oar, and then rowed over to me. 'I guess you'll have to take me along with the hat, he said, and—well, somehow we looked into each other's eyes, and understood,—Oh, just understood, you know; I can't explain. So he came over into my boat and every thing, all the misunderstandings got smoothed out. That affair last winter wasn't his fault at all anyhow; and he says we must never, never, have any more misunderstandings. I don't believe we shall either. I think we shall be very happy and when I'm through college—"

She stopped, and Fan looked down into her face. The eyes were full of laughter, the mouth had a dear, little, roguish curve, but now a sweet, tender expression had crept into her face, and she looked very womanly, Fan stooped and kissed her.

Alice's glance wandered upward,

THE COLBY ECHO.

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COMMENCEMENT.

This is the new graduate's month. This week, last week, and the week before, he is passing his final examinations, dancing with his adored, speaking his piece, if he has one to speak, having his last college frolic preparatory to going out into the world to settle down to the stern reality of life. It used to be the fashion to scoff at the new graduate as a deluded person, who thought he knew much and felt that he had an important mission to instruct and lead his fellows. The contemporary idea is that he knows more about some things than he used to; that he is more sophisticated, more worldly wise, more skeptical of his superiority, and has less to unlearn than his predecessors of a quarter century ago. It used to be thought a worthy task to admonish the new graduate, and charge him to be modest, and not to think himself too good for the world's work. Nowadays the disposition is to encourage him and tell him that he knows more than he suspects, and is better equipped for the struggle for existence than the lad who has not had his advantages and has no sheepskin certificate to show for them.

It is pleasant to offer him this sort of reassurance, and it can be done frankly and without any sacrifice of sincerity. It is perfectly true that if he has improved his time he has gained substantial benefits, out of which he will be pretty sure to get substantial advantages as he goes on in the world, and he is safe in feeling that he is at least as good as other young men, and as well entitled as less lettered youths to such a share of the world's prizes as he can contrive to win.

One encouraging thought that it is proper to offer to the new graduate's consideration is of the power of time to bring the right chance to the right man. Time works all kinds of miracles. All things come to him who can wait and who can qualify himself while waiting to grasp the good thing when it comes to his hand. The great necessity is to be qualified. For men who can, for men

who know how, and knowing how, have character that makes their work valuable, the work that they are fit to do can hardly fail to be forthcoming.

Success to the new graduate! The great world is an interesting place. There are plenty of oysters always growing in its beds, and very many—some of the very sweetest and fattest—are lying there waiting for him to fish them up and open them.

ADIEU.

The time has come when we must finally lay down the pen as college journalists and leave the work which we have carried on for the past six months to others. Our task has been, on the whole, a pleasant one. There

ties have been the heaviest. We also wish to thank the alumni for their increased support in a financial way and for the many complimentary things which they have said concerning our effort to furnish them with a live paper.

The first six months of the weekly ECHO have been most successful and the lines are now firmly laid down by which it can be run. It is no longer an experiment but a fixture. Here's wishing it continued success.

Colby extends to her former president, Dr. B. L. Whitman, of Columbian University, a most hearty welcome and wishes to assure him that he still has a very warm place in our hearts. Colby's doors are ever open to Dr. Whitman.

So let the pipe of peace go round, and as the smoke-rings rise,
Thro' Fancy kind we'll seem to see what sterner fate denies.
The clouds of smoke like fairy veils, seem full of visions bright;
The future has no bitterness, the pathway glows with light.

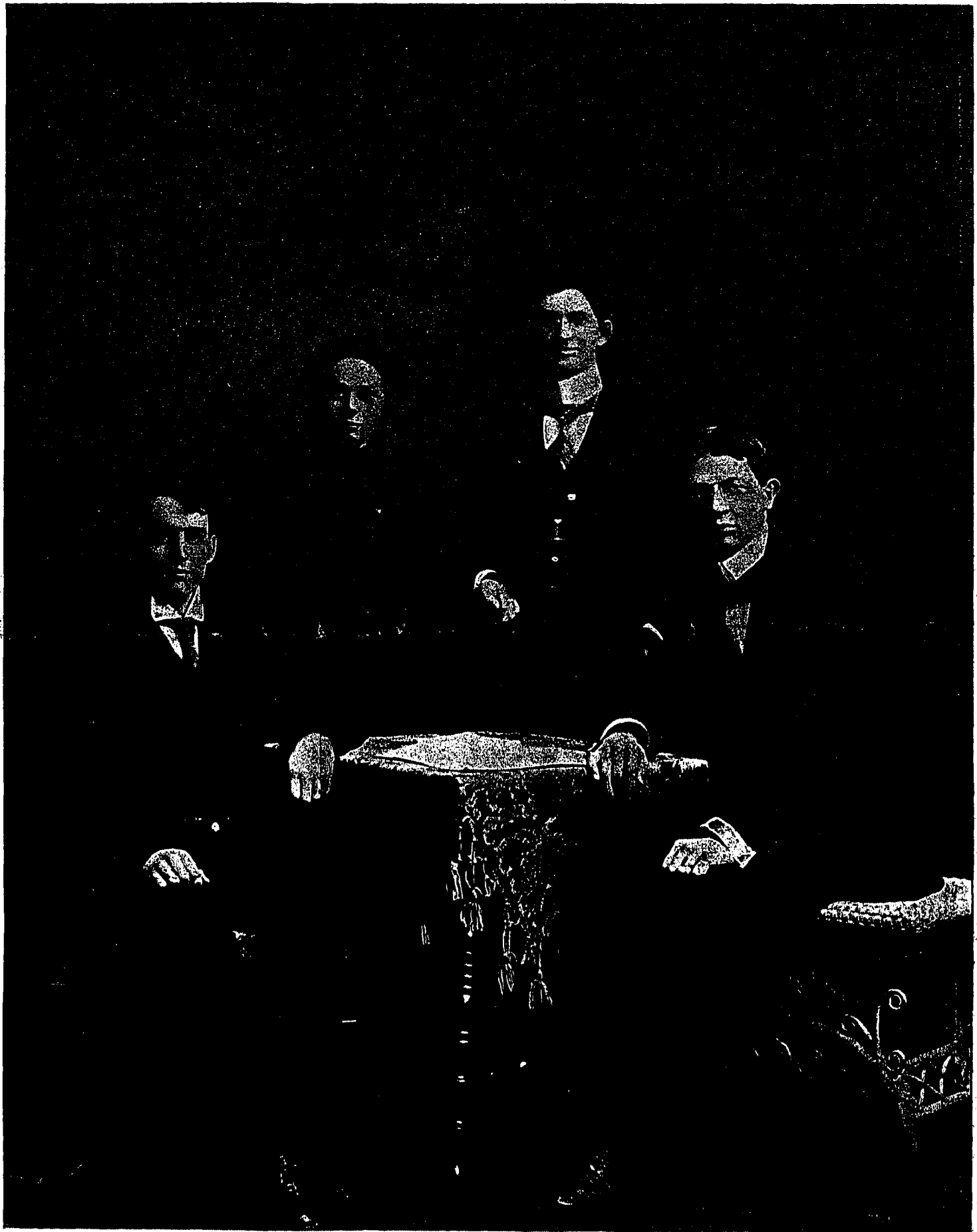
Then take a whiff at the pipe, pu-puff,
And blow out rings of smoke, pu-puff,
Old Ninety-Eight, we love thee well and true.
Another whiff at the pipe, pu-puff,
The fragrant curling smoke, pu-puff,
Old Colby dear, thy name we cherish too.

BERTRAM C. RICHARDSON, '98.

PARTING ODE.

AIR: "SWEET BUNCH OF DAISIES."

Dear Mother Colby,
On our parting day,
Sing we the praises
Of the blue and gray.
Our work is ended,
College days are done,
Life lies before us
Where the race is run.



THE "ECHO" BOARD.

PIPE ODE.

AIR: SOLDIER BOY, FROM "SIMPLE SIMON."

What ho! I say, old Ninety-Eight, come sing a song of cheer!
And while the pipe of peace goes round let's have no sorrow here!
Four happy years have passed away, but more are yet to come,
And of our joy and happiness these years shall swell the sum.

Then take a whiff at the pipe, pu-puff,
And blow out rings of smoke, pu-puff,
To signify the friendships we enjoy.
Another whiff at the pipe, pu-puff,
The fragrant, curling smoke, pu-puff,
The happiness we have has no alloy.

CHORUS.

Then three times three for Colby dear!
And then for Ninety-Eight we'll cheer.
We love our college true,
We love the gray and blue,
So three times three for Colby dear!

CHORUS.

Oh Alma Mater
How we love thee!
Our hearts are burning
With loyalty.
Now as we leave thee,
Oh Mother, dear,
We crave thy blessing
Our pathway to cheer.

Here 'neath the Willows,
By the river side,
Cling fondest mem'ries,
Destined to abide.
Here we have studied,
Strolled beneath the shade,
Painted bright pictures,
Scenes that ne'er shall fade.

Classmates, at parting,
Sorrow fills the heart;
Dear ties of friendship
Must asunder part.
Still let us ever
Strive with courage on,
Press toward the goal-post
Till the victory's won.

—T. RAYMOND PIERCE, '98.

THE COLLEGE FIELD.

The record of Colby during the year just drawing to a close is one of which every alumnus should be proud. Not the least of her achievements must be reckoned her victories in almost every branch of college athletics. Last year, the only really encouraging outlook was for the football team. It was thought that possibly the freshman class would bring in enough material to fill up the vacancies on the nine, but it was early to predict the result with any degree of certainty.

From the very outset of the fall term, Colby has taken a very prominent place among the colleges of the State in the line of athletics. Our football team was very ably managed, and throughout the season did not meet a foe which was superior to her. For the first time in the history of Colby athletics, Colby defeated her old rival, Bowdoin, by a



C. K. BROOKS.

rousing score. For the first time since '94, the Boston Athletic Association eleven was defeated by an eastern eleven, although the men were not in the best physical condition. The news of the result placed the name of Colby in every mouth around Boston, and many who had never heard of our college learned that we took a place in the front rank in football.

During the winter, the usual interest was manifested in gymnastics by the under classes, and the exhibition given at the close of the term was a very creditable one.

During the spring term, the tennis, track and baseball teams were given thorough practice daily and made ready for any contest in which they might be engaged. Honors came slow this spring, but they came surely enough on the last end. The first few games around Waterville were with lighter teams and did not give a fair chance to make a good estimate of the capabilities of the Colby team. The trip in the early part of the season was not of the most encouraging character. The outlook for the pennant was surely very poor when the team returned from Massachusetts.

The first game with Bowdoin at Brunswick was certainly a gift to the home team and most disappointing to the Colby supporters. The defeat of Bowdoin on our grounds put a little more cheerful aspect upon the situation but the defeat by Bates on the home grounds was a hard set back which had not been reckoned upon. Then Colby had won one and lost two. The most sanguine of the Colby enthusiasts figured out how Colby had barely a fighting chance for the pennant, but the majority were reasonably sure that the pennant was to stay away another year.

The next few weeks put a different face upon the matter. Colby went up to Orono and defeated the University of Maine in spite of very unsportsmanlike treatment. U. of M. had previously defeated Bowdoin, so that the prospect began to look brighter for Colby. It was figured out that if Colby and Bowdoin both beat Bates on June 10, they would be tied for the championship, while if Bates won both, all would be equal as last year. If either college lost, it would give the other the championship.

The crowd went down to Lewiston expecting to return home with a tie to play

off with Bowdoin as it was hardly thought possible that Bates would defeat Bowdoin on her home grounds at Brunswick. At noon, the news came to Lewiston that Bates had defeated Bowdoin 11 to 10. Both Bates and Colby were equally jubilant, as Bates thought Colby could not defeat them on the Lee Park grounds away from home, while Colby was equally sure of doing the trick.

The afternoon came, and the game was played before a vast concourse of people. The result is famous, Colby won in a

both singles and doubles. Colby was represented by MacFadden, '98, and Shannon, '99. The former won the college championship in singles, while the two together are champions of the colleges in doubles. They won fairly from their opponents, and their victory is the reward of faithful daily practice throughout the spring.

There is one branch of athletics in which we have, up to date, been compelled to take a very different position from that which we occupy in other lines. Of course we are not avaricious

nant team of '98 to play on the pennant-winning team of '99. The old pennant properly belongs at Colby, as we have won it more than all the other Maine colleges put together. Let us see to it that it is kept where it belongs hereafter. In tennis, we lose MacFadden and either Lawrence or Stevens will have to fill his place, unless the incoming class brings us some one who has not yet been heard from. We have a good record to urge us on, let us keep it up.

Book of Hezekiah.

CHAPTER XVIII.

1. There are three things which I cannot understand, yea, four which are mysterious unto me—the propensity of young men and maidens to assemble themselves together; the extreme forgetfulness of the human mind; the strange chances of fate, and the instinct of mankind to continually eat and drink.

2. Blessed is that man whoso shall dare to deny himself the privilege of attending an evening party.

3. For he shall rise up in the morning and shall have gladness in his heart.

4. But whoso shall lay himself down and cover himself with his mantle at the third watch of the night,

5. Verily shall have redness of eyes, and sorrow, and shall stand ashamed before the professors.

6. Who hath shame, who hath sorrow, who hath fears? He that tarrieth long with the co-ords; he that goeth to seek mixed punch. For at last vengeance cometh apace, and these shall rise up and call him silly.

7. Confusion unto the man that eateth with his brother's partner;

8. He shall have troubles multiplied unto him and be cast down thereby.

9. Blessed be the bachelor, for when he goeth to war against his enemies, or standeth in the council of his people, or buyeth bread in the streets, his heart shall be strong, and shall not be faint within him;

10. Neither shall he say within himself: "I cannot eat, neither can I dress well; for my wife and my children demand more than I am able to provide."

11. The days shall come in which the chariot beareth us away, and the college that knew us once shall see us no more.

12. We shall girdle ourselves with our girdle of sheepskin and say unto the professors, "Fare ye well!" and at that time joy shall be multiplied in our hearts.

13. And in those days shall the co-ords be grieved, and say among themselves: "Where are the men with whom we were wont to assemble, at whom we laughed as men laugh at buffoons, and whom we treated with supreme contempt?"

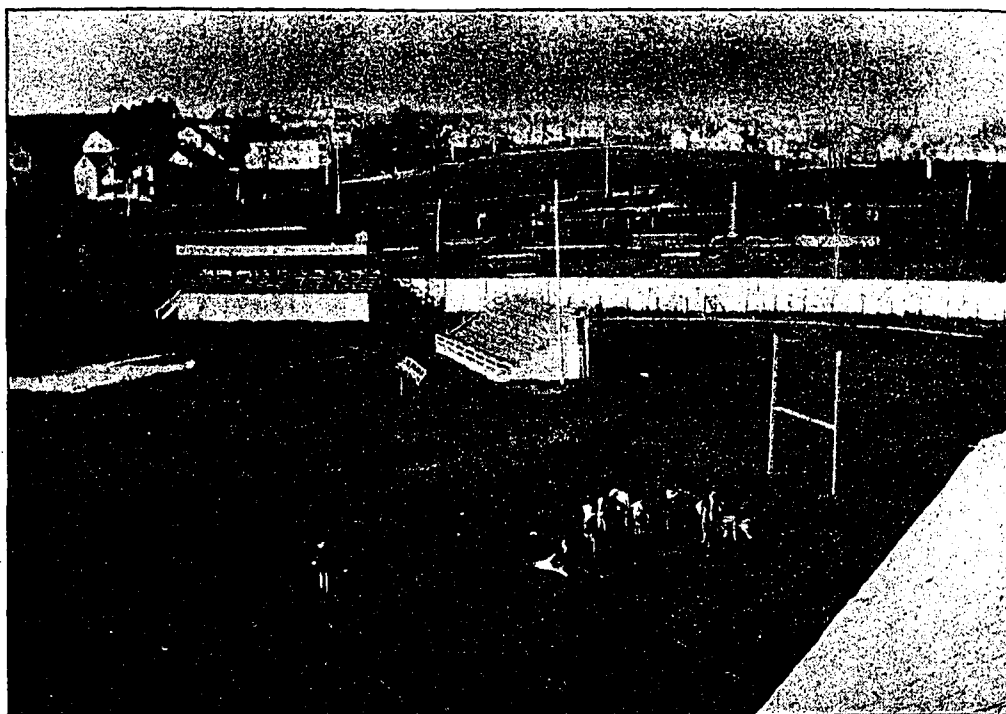
14. These have gone to that land where parties flourish not and ice cream hath ceased to be a burden.

15. Mistaken is he whosoever shall think to amuse himself at the expense of his brother and shall mock at him, thinking that he hath no wit to understand.

16. That man shalt be overtaken in his ways and fall into his own snare.

17. Who is the man void of understanding? He that saith to himself "There is no fun at parties, and these things are a burden." That man hath no appreciation of the good things of life, and shall be a cynic all his days.

18. But better off is he who, while admitting with cheerfulness the delights of assembling together, shall lay himself down to slumber at the first watch of the night and tarrieth not long by the piano.



THE COLLEGE FIELD.

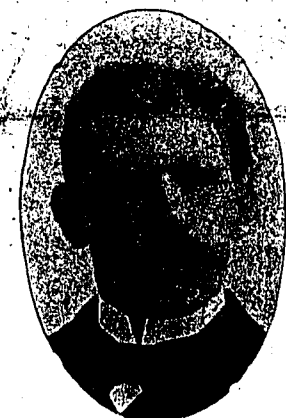
walk and batted the Bates pitcher out of the box. The Colby team returned home, the champions of the college league, with the '98 pennant won. An

amusing feature of the pennant race was the fact that, previous to the Colby-U. of M. game, Bowdoin and U. of M. had made arrangements to play-off the tie game at Rockland, taking it for granted that Colby and Bates

would be easy meat for both teams. But the unexpected happened, and Colby and Bates played for the championship at Lewiston, while the other two college,

enough to want everything, but we think it is not in keeping with the other athletic interests of the college that the track team did not make a better showing. It is not

the fault of Capt. Robinson that the team made such a poor showing at the meet at Brunswick. He worked hard for the team, but he was not supported by the college. It is to be hoped that this is the last year when Colby shall have undisputed title to last place among



J. T. SCANNELL.



F. A. ROBINSON.



MACFADDEN AND SHANNON.

waited around the telegraph offices for the news.

While the baseball team was clinching its hold upon the pennant, one of Colby's teams was making a new record at home. For the first time in the history of the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis association, Colby won first place over Bowdoin in

the Maine colleges in track athletics. The outlook for the next year is a little uncertain as yet, but it must be admitted that there are two big holes to fill on the football team, those of Brooks and Alden. On the baseball team, there are no men to graduate, so that it will be possible for every member of the pen-

ODE.*

Dedicated to Prof. Hitchens and the thirteen members of the Biology Class.

A plaintive lay have I to sing
Fair gentlemen and ladies,
For thirteen pretty doves today
Went hopping down to Hades.

"Avert the cruel chloroform"
They cried, "Let none molest us!"
In vain, for Venus was intent
On Pysche knot and cestus.

The little loves alone lament
Their arrows all a-quiver.
They beat the panes of Shannon Hall,
They weep beside the river.

Their hearts a-swelling with revenge
They lurk in secret places,
For no relenting line is writ
On those grim thirteen faces.

O rash and blind! How dare ye bid
These little ones defiance?
With them what shall avail your plea
The interests of science?

Go on! Pluck out that gentle eye
And you that soft wing sever;
Pray save it for some lady's hat
And win her heart forever!—

But none of these shall 'scape the shafts
Fair gentlemen and ladies,
For thirteen pretty doves today
Sent hopping down to Hades.

*With apologies to Catullus.

—ALICE LENA COLE, '98.

The Making of a Man.

We live in the age of popular education. Few of the varied interests of the day receive more public attention. Around us on every side rise the buildings of the public school, the academy, and the college. In our legislative halls, year after year, new laws are enacted for the furtherance of this object. Money and men are set apart by our churches to carry education to those who need, and who lack either the ability or the inclination to educate themselves. The future of the ubiquitous school-boy is a matter of profound concern, not alone to those who are directly responsible for him, but to the country at large.

Not that this question has not always been considered one of importance, more especially here in New England. Our schools were founded together with our churches, and our churches were built before our government was established. But today the interest has increased, the field of work has broadened, and above all new theories and new methods of teaching are increasing among us day by day. It is no longer sufficient to catch a boy, and, having stuffed him by main force with the rudiments of Greek and Latin, more or less mathematics, and a little casuistic philosophy, to turn him loose upon a long-suffering public, with the assurance that he is a man of culture and education, fitted to fill the highest positions which the country has in its gift. We know better than that in these latter days of the nineteenth century.

Now we have theories of education, we have schools of pedagogy, schools of experimental and applied psychology. Every year testifies to the higher specialization of the expert in educational work. Now the infantile soul of the man is under the lens of the investigator from the time that it begins to sprout. Every budding thought or feeling, every tendency or emotion is ruthlessly analyzed, classified, and arranged, to the eminent satisfaction of all parties concerned; at least the investigator is well satisfied, and, if the child is not, he has not yet found a voice with which to express his objection.

We used to consider it rather a simple thing to make a man. We used even to have the idea that Providence had a guiding hand in the matter, and that about all we had to do was to see that the boy had a chance to grow, and then stand back and wait for the inevitable result. But we have grown wiser. We take the whole responsibility upon our own shoulders now, and find it a rather complicated matter, and one the results

of which, lacking skilful manipulation, are apt to prove disastrous.

It is, to be sure, a very simple matter, in case of failure, to lay all the blame upon the raw material, but this seems to be hardly satisfactory, if indeed it is a legitimate method of disposing of the difficulty. For the question is still to be answered, "What is the fault in the raw material?" Only the boy can answer that, and he is in general uncommunicative on the subject. He is not as yet a master of terrestrial language, and he is afraid of being misunderstood if he attempts to explain the ideas he brought with him.

We must then fall back upon our simple statement that an inherent defect exists, or else admit that there may be a flaw in our method of development. May not this last be the true reason for failure? Can we hope to understand, with any degree of perfection, the preconceived ideals of the boyish mind which may be diametrically opposed to our own? Not unless we can retain fresh in our memory throughout life the thoughts and emotions of our own boyhood. Only by this standard can the boy be judged, and only the few, the very few, are so qualified.

Here then is one possible defect in our methods, perhaps even the great defect. For it must be allowed that at no time in life is the mind so easily influenced as in early youth, and that the ideals formed then are the most potent of all factors in the moulding of character. The first ideals are of necessity the direct result of early environment. Here then is the time to begin the education. If these ideals could be pure, true and noble the battle would be half won.

Perhaps in a majority of cases the boy's first ideal is his father, and happy is that boy who in after years can still retain that thought. The responsibility then, cannot rest wholly with the professional educator. It falls first upon the parents. It follows directly then, that every parent should to a certain degree receive the training of the professional.

There lies, then, with the parents a great responsibility, but there is another fully as great, the proper sponsors of which it is well nigh impossible to name. It belongs to the public in general. No healthy boy can be kept forever exclusively with his parents. He must be thrown more or less into the company of strangers, and when he is, alas for the result. There are so many who stand ready to teach him the wickedness of the world, the thoughts which should never enter his mind, and how much easier it is to do the wrong thing than it is to do the right. There is no greater evil in the land today than that looseness of thought and language, common among men of all classes, which forces contamination of the morals of any growing boy who may be, by chance or necessity, thrown in their company. The final result depends in part upon the nature of the boy. He may be shocked and disgusted, but in spite of this the thing will make its impression. Filth is bound to stick where better things would be forgotten.

This is the beginning of the loss of the first ideals, and with their loss passes half the pleasure and all the poetry of life. Change follows change now in rapid succession. New thoughts, feelings, and responsibilities are thrust upon the youth day by day. Not alone against evil from without has he to contend, but not less fiercely with the indistinct, half-understood passions within himself. "Time is: Time was: Time is past," and the boy is drawing into manhood before he realizes that the strife has fairly begun. New duties face him. New work awaits him. Henceforth he must play his part among the men of his time.

Happy is that one who, in the onward march of life can yet bear with him the first ideals of his boyhood, softened by the lapse of time, deepened by knowledge, broadened by experience, but still the same throughout all the years in purity, truth and strength. Exalted above the topmost summits of ambition, ablaze with the pure white flame of truth, beckoning, ever beckoning to the nobler deeds that shall be done beyond.

H. S. ALLEN.

Number 'Steen, North College.
[Continued from third page.]

respecting ghost to do, and he thought he did it pretty well. He admitted that it was rather inconvenient lugging the chain around, but asked me what I thought of his groan, and promptly shot off one. Human ear never heard such a sound. My blood froze and my nerve very nearly failed me. I stammered that I wished he'd dispense with the groan, too, and in a burst of vexation asked him why in thunder he didn't rest in peace instead of annoying people at unearthly hours, and told him that the whole ghost business was out of date anyway. He replied that this was his old room, and he intended to haunt it whether I liked it or not. His life, he said, had been a tragedy, and here he let another of his fiendish groans.

I hurriedly changed the subject by asking him if he would just as soon sit somewhere else as on my favorite cushion on the window seat. "You see," I explained, "I don't want to get any moisture on it, and I suppose a foggy affair like you isn't perfectly anhydrous."

At the last word a sudden change came over him. He wobbled and grew as faint as to be scarcely visible. An inspiration struck me full blast, and I asked him with a grin why he evaporated to one-third of his former bulk.

At this a feeble, distressful moan was the only response. I took courage, even pitied him, and offered him a cigar, to help him regain some of his density. He lighted the weed with trembling fingers and dropped the burnt match to the floor.

"Don't you know," I fairly yelled at him, "that the man who throws a match on the floor is a *Bungler*?"

A scarcely audible moan of anguish was the reply, and the cigar dropped from his ghostly fingers.

"That'll do, thanks!" I shouted in stern exultation. "Next, pl—" but the ghost had feebly flickered and vanished, and the next I heard was a pounding on the door, as I struggled for consciousness, while the sun was shining brightly on the trees outside my window.

The fellows who roomed above me wanted to know what made me so infernally noisy last night, but I told them nothing of my experience. I looked up the history of 'Steen, North Collage, and found that a good many years ago a fellow had died there in the spring of his Junior year, and since that time the room had not been popular. I found his name, and, as I expected, learned that he had elected the spring Chemistry. I understood.

I have never been disturbed since that night, and when the Freshman asked me anxiously if I had seen the ghost, I answered oracularly that I had "said it." It may be unnecessary to add that I do not eat Welsh rarebits.

W. O. STEVENS.

The senior vacation this year has been one of unusual gaiety. The sociological excursion was a pleasant trip. The reception tendered by the ladies of the same class to the gentlemen was very enjoyable, and the receptions by Miss Evans and President and Mrs. Butler were very successful social events.

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SAMUEL C. BENNETT.

COLBY IN WAR OF '61.

Life was somewhat dull at Colby in the fall of '61, With the fierce and awful conflict of the struggle just begun, Then there fell the call of Lincoln on the Nation's list'ning ears, "Save your bleeding fatherland, three hundred thousand volunteers!"

Weston Keene strode o'er the campus, birds were singing in the trees, Lightly rose the river's murmur, wafted on the evening breeze; But he heard not bird or river, little of their song did rate, For his heart and brain were throbbing in a fierce and wild debate.

All night long he tossed in anguish, but when morning was begun, Self was sacrificed to country, the battle had been fought and won. That day he left the halls of Colby, bade his home a sad adieu, Doffed the 'customed garb civilian, donned the uniform of blue.

First lieutenant, then a captain, 20th Maine and Company A, Men of Waterville and Colby, men we meet with every day; These they were he led to battle, bivouaced at set of sun, Braver never faced a cannon, truer never shouldered gun.

* * * * * 'Twas a morning rich with beauty, brightly rose the yellow sun, None could guess the work to follow, e'er his journey's course was done; Soon there came the order, "Forward," sounded by the bugle shrill, With the roar of Rebel cannon, booming from the neighboring hill.

Thrice they stormed those dreadful portals, were thrice repulsed with carnage dire, Tho' the ranks were lion-hearted, none could stand that awful fire; Flashed the lightning, rolled the thunder from the battery on the right, Unless that battery were silenced, they must needs give up the fight.

Then the general glanced around him, "Yes it can be done, and must!" Saw a soldier, bold and fearless, he had learned to love and trust. "Captain, in the past I've known you as one who never duty shuns, You must still that battery yonder, drive them out, and spike their guns."

Captain Keene turned to his soldiers, "Forward" was his clear command, Moved his trusty sword above him, like a flaming battle brand, They would follow for they loved him, as their glory and their pride, Not a man but for his captain would have gladly bled and died.

Up the fearful slope they mounted, heeded not the Rebel yell, Under him, their dauntless hero, they would storm the gates of hell; Now the ranks are thinned and broken, still the leader spurs them on, They have nearly reached the summit and the goal is almost won.

"On my boys!" the captain shouted, "for your country and your flag! Plant your colors on their breastworks, pull down the Rebels' cursed rag!" Then fell back all still and lifeless on the summit's very crest, With honor full and fame untarnished and a death wound on his breast.

* * * * * From the hillside of New England, from the broad Pacific's shore, From the valley of St. Lawrence, where the mighty waters roar, Armed hosts went forth to battle with their banners high and bright, And old Colby's gallant soldiers were not backward in the fight.

'81. Rev. Fred M. Preble has entered upon his duties as pastor of the Court Street Baptist church in Auburn and preached his first sermon there last Sunday. Mr. Preble was born in Chester-ville, working on a farm and in a tannery in his early boyhood. He prepared for college at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill. He graduated from the Waterville Classical Institute in 1877 and from Colby in 1881. He pursued a course at the Newton Theological Seminary and graduated in 1884. He was ordained at Windsor, Vt., in October 1885, and during his pastorate at Windsor served as chaplain of the Vermont state prison for 18 months. He became pastor of the Chestnut Street Baptist church in Camden in 1889 and remained there until the present year, resigning to accept the urgent call of the Auburn church.

The Saltville Twins.

The Jones's—including Tommy and Johnny, the twins aged eleven, and Florence aged twenty, together with Mr. and Mrs. Jones—always went to Saltville in the summer. They declared that it was the loveliest spot on the Maine coast, and Dick Webster, who always came to Saltville also, agreed with them.

Now the twins were fond of each other and fond of their sister, but even fonder of mischief. They said too that "for reasons" they did not like Dick.

Tommy and Johnny were excited about the war, and as they slouched along toward the beach one forenoon at ebb-tide, war and the Spaniards was the burden of their song. Finally Tom exclaimed, "Say, bud, is Dick coming over to see Floss this afternoon? Thought I heard him say so. I wisht the old fool would keep out of the way and let Floss mend our net." Tom was given to strong language.

"Id'n know," said the slower Johnnie, "shouldn't be 'sprised, he's hangin' 'round most of the time. Heard Ma say to Pa t'other day that she 'spected they'd be engaged. Tell yer what, though, Tom, I don't b'lieve that Floss likes him, for she'll never talk about him. I consider," slowly and ponderously, "that it is our duty to rescue her."

The twins had reached the wharf by this time and had gone down on the slip to which Dick's canoe was tied, just afloat in the shallow water.

"There's his old canoe" said Tom, kicking it viciously with his foot. "Yep," le's save her. Don't yer tell and I'll tell something that I heard this mornin'. Dick's enlisted and is goin' away tomorrow. Now he'd be pretty likely to pop the question to Floss today, so we must get her real mad at him some way, so's to give her a good reason for dumping him."

"Say, Tom, wouldn't you like to've been in Havana when the "Maine" blew up? Bet yer 'twas a sight!"

"Bet yer!" answered Tom, enthusiastically. "Say! le's blow up Dick's old canoe."

"All right; but I ain't got any money for powder, nor you neither."

"Hush! Jack. I know a better way than that, and 'twon't really hurt his old tub, neither. Say, he'll take Floss out probably this afternoon when the tide's in, an' we'll blow her up then. Floss'll think it's his fault, and be awful mad. Bet yer she'll scream, though, when the thing goes over."

So these two good little boys went to work, and in a very short time, by means of a dry log and two heavy rocks, to which ropes were tied, their arrangements were completed.

The tide was coming in, and the boys were standing waist-deep in water when their work was completed.

"Hoo—rah, Johnnie, there's our mine—the idea's mine, any how. Jus' put a few pebbles over these here strings, so't nobody 'll see 'em, and here we be. Now, jus' as Dick gets ready to push off, we'll be sittin' here sort of unconcerned and accidentally—'he! he!'—you'll pull the rock off one end and I off t'other—if these old ropes work. The log is so light it'll come up quicker'n thunder. Hit the canoe, an'—whoop! over she goes. My! won't Floss holler! She'll be awful mad with Dick."

Promptly at two o'clock that afternoon a handsome, but nervous young man, immaculately clothed in white duck, stood facing a merry-eyed maiden, whose boating costume was of similar material. The twins, who were peering in at the piazza window, remarked to one another that they guessed the ducks would have a chance to try swimming before many minutes.

"Do sit down, Dick, while I find my gloves," said Florence, overhauling sofa-

cushions and magazines. But the young man remained solemnly standing.

"Florence, do you know I have enlisted—do you care?" and overcome by his feelings he sank on to the sofa, to dart up again with a very red face and a smothered "Dam those twins!"

"Care!" began Florence, eloquently, but ended up with a decidedly hearty laugh that angered her impatient lover.

"Golly!" exclaimed Tom behind the scenes, "that pin worked pretty well."

"Ahem! If you are ready, Miss Jones, we might make our way toward the canoe." Miss Jones! Florence glared at him in surprise. Very well; if he chose to be angry at a little thing like that, he might be. But when she thought of his going off to war angry with her, there was a little quiver of the lips, but that was all, for Florence was proud, too.

"I presume that you won't care for a long row, Miss Jones? I'm afraid that the company would bore you," said the foolish boy, scowling at the twins, who were spread out on the beach, waving both hands and feet lazily in the air.

Florence inclined her head with as haughty a look as was possible, as she stepped into the canoe. The canoist took his place, and was just on the point of raising his paddle when there came a swish, a thud, and a frightened girl's cry—and then, ten minutes later, two young people with dripping clothes, but happy faces, parted temporarily at the Jones's door, in such a peculiar way that the twins, who were hiding behind a syringa bush, looked at each other with long and startled faces, while Johnny drawled:

"Wa—al! guess we done it that time." L. B., '98.

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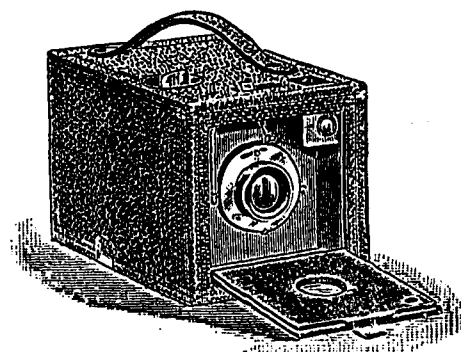
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[Continued from first page.]

Pope or Rogers. We are told how the real, like a large and eminently useful vegetable, has sprung up, taken deep root, branched out into all sorts of inventions, while the ideal—the fragile dream flower—is fast withering away, leaving but little fragrance in the *fin de siècle* garden.

Yet it is probable that the very practical good people of Dryden's day would have found little time to argue and puzzle over Wordsworth's deep-hidden meanings and subtle philosophy, or to wrestle with the intricacies of Browning. Wordsworth's ode never would have been popular in the days of Charles II. People in those days were not so much interested in themselves, their thoughts, emotions and intimations as they are now. Wordsworth wrote for a more introspective, more thoughtful and serious class of readers, and his work was the flower of a far higher spiritual development than the seventeenth century could show.

Yet Dryden's ode will bear close analysis, since that of Wordsworth, in spite of its wonderful truth and beauty, raises "obstinate questionings" as to just what it really does mean, after all. The earlier poet is more logical, more concise, more vigorous, but he attempts infinitely less.

Wordsworth shows us a grand, but vague picture—a fair, broad landscape with far perspective, its horizon shrouded in mists, its beauty overhung with mystery.

Dryden places before the mind's eye a banquet hall glittering with artificial light, glowing with color, crowded with revellers.

The one poem intoxicates, the other calms; the one is full of action, the other breathes repose; the one is on the power of music, the other on the immortality of the soul. It might well be questioned which subject offered greater difficulties.

There are, indeed, many kinds of great poetry and many interpretations of the word poet. As an architect, we see not only the two great spires, but many lesser ones, each perfect in itself, each filling successfully its own place, each adding grace, symmetry and balance to the whole, so is it in the world of art.

Shakespeare and, perhaps, Milton, are the great twin spires which crown the ancient edifice of literature. Far below these, yet perfect in their own way, rise the turrets and pinnacles of a later architecture.

As an apostle of truth, Wordsworth stands truly with the keys of the kingdom of heaven—the human soul divine—in his hand. Ruskin refers to him as "that poet, who is distinguished, it seems to me, from all others, not by power, but by exquisite rightness."

Many of his poems have so deep a meaning that the full significance of them is hard to grasp. We hear the plain notes of the poet's theme, but remain deaf to those numberless overtones which supply the harmony. In the Lyrical Ballads, especially, one is at first inclined, seeing only one phase of the thought, to condemn it as trivial.

Wordsworth had a message to give the world, and give it with no wavering or faltering voice. In the words of Tennyson, we might call him "faultily faultless," and while we may still believe with Guinevere that "the low sun makes the color," yet we must confess that in the "pure serenity of perfect light," emanating from a mind which mounted so near the zenith of human achievement we are shown far more of truth.

ELISE FELLOWS.

Vote of Thanks.

The Colby Athletic Association, through its executive committee, wishes to extend a vote of thanks to Mr. Justin Owen Wellman for the excellent manner in which he has managed the Colby interests in the Maine Interscholastic Athletic association, during the past year.

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