

# THE COLBY ECHO.

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LITERARY EDITION.

## TYING HER BONNET UNDER HER CHIN.

Marion Manley little knew what a pretty picture she made as she tripped down the stairs of the old farm-house, in a pink cotton gown and holding the strings of the sun-bonnet which had fallen back. And as she went she sang:

"Tying her bonnet under her chin  
She tied her raven ringlets in;  
But not alone in the silken snare  
Did she catch her lovely, floating hair,  
For, tying her bonnet under her chin  
She tied a young man's heart within."

She ended abruptly as there appeared at the door the stalwart forms of two young men who lifted their hats and inquired if this was Mr. Pope's farm. Endeavoring to recover herself Marion replied that it was, adding, "I suppose you must be the gentlemen my uncle and aunt are expecting. They were intending to send to the train for you."

"Well," replied one of the young men, "we thought it would be a good wheel trip, so came that way."

By this time the travellers were seated in the cool parlor and Marion had fled to announce the arrivals to her aunt whom she found leisurely making her toilet. "Why, aunt Jennie," she exclaimed, "the boarders have come and they are young, they look like students and I thought you said it was to be an old professor and a boy!" "Well, dearie, so I thought, but there's the letter and you can read it while I get ready."

Marion glanced over the letter hastily and laughed as she read:

"It would be a great favor if you could take a college boy and his tutor to board."

Just then uncle John came hurrying in and said,

"Land sakes, Jane what do you think has happened now? James Green has just driven up and says his mother has scalded herself bad and there is no one to take care of her, and he wants Lizy Ann to go right back with him!"

"Well, of all times to have that happen!" said aunt Jennie, "I s'pose she'll have to go but whatever shall I do, and these boarders just come!"

Marion valiently came to the rescue and said,

"Now, aunt Jennie, don't you worry, I'll just take Lizy Ann's place; you know uncle John likes my cooking most as well as yours and college boys will eat anything any way. I'll wait on the table in the most approved style! But you mustn't let them know that I have ever been to college or know anything about it. They will think I am a nice little country girl and I may be able to take a little conceit out of them! It will be great fun. Now, will you promise?" The perplexed couple were willing to promise

anything and aunt Jennie hurried off, tying the strings of her clean white apron, while uncle John and Marion got hysterical, Lizy Ann started for home.

That night the two comrades sat in one of the cool, spacious rooms allotted them. They had been silent some moment till the younger man said,

"Well, Mason, what do you think?"

"She's a stunner!" he replied, I thought when we exiled ourselves to this remote region we should be out of the reach of womankind. I hoped so for your sake, Jack! If you hadn't been so dead in love last spring you wouldn't have been 'cut out' and so spending the summer in my company instead of jaunting through Switzerland with your family!"

"What was a fellow to do? I was just eaten up with jealousy at seeing Stone dangling round all the time and I went in to win, and I did!" he said triumphantly. Then squaring his shoulders, "Now I am going to show her I can do something besides play football!"

"You will get along all right, old man," said Mason soothingly, "if you spend half as much time in study as you have in gazing at her photograph and writing letters for the past three weeks!"

"There now, keep calm, Jacky, my boy," dodging a book which came spinning dangerously near his head.

"I guess you are too devoted to be led astray by this pretty girl. Did you notice how supple her hands and wrists were? I believe real work does more for a girl than all the Delsarte in the world!"

"I wonder," he added musingly, "if she is as intelligent as she is pretty, perhaps I have some books that will help her."

"Oh, yes, your old hobby of elevating the masses through the individual! You are always giving the chamber maids copies of Ruskin and bootblacks translations of Homer. Let me see, what literary food shall we give this table? She must be over twenty so she is a little old for Lamb's tales; Matthew Arnold would be a little steep. Perhaps she would like poetry; that was a pretty little ditty she was singing when we came in! From the look on your face one would think your heart was being tied in with the strings of that sun-bonnet!"

"I value my books too highly to throw them at a rattle-brain like you, else I'd return your compliment," was the retort.

"Well, I wish you joy in your mission! Those biscuit we had for supper were out of sight! She made them for I caught sight of her when we were bringing our traps in. A good cook would just suit you and if you give

her the advantage of your superior intellect. I'm sure she will meet your ideal since you have such a prejudice for girls who go to college? Meanwhile I will take myself to my photographs and letter-writing. So long!" and Jack closed the door just in time to escape a shoe which came banging up against it.

The days came and went and Marion filled Lizy Ann's position very creditably to the relief of Lizy Ann whose suffering mother could not part with her and to good uncle John and aunt Jennie who took great pride in the hospitality of their home, to say nothing of the young men who regarded their delicious food as ambrosia when served by a pretty girl who bore herself with the dignity of a goddess.

She was rather elusive—"unapproachable," Jack Thornton called it; "shyness," said Dick Mason, who seemed to get on rather better with her since she read the little books he offered and seemed to enjoy them. Once she had asked if he had anything by the Duchess which rather upset his hopes of her gaining a high literary taste, but he had given her instead one of Hawthorne's books with which she had been so well pleased that his hopes revived.

Meanwhile her little secret was safe. Uncle John and aunt Jennie had a keen sense of humor and kept their promise although uncle John sometimes rebelled in private and declared "Marion knew more than both them fellows put together, and could beat them all out talking if she half tried," for in the evening on the veranda she let uncle John and aunt Jennie do most of the talking.

One night as the young men were having their usual chat Dick said meditatively. "There is something mysterious about Miss Manley, I believe she knows more than she pretends to. Today when I went through the sitting-room one of Pierre Loti's French stories was lying on the table and when I came back it was gone. Then the other day when she was a little less distant, I read to her and then to test her I asked her to read from Matthew Arnold. She stumbled at first and then as she got into it, read with such appreciation as I never heard. Either she has fooled us or has a rare mind."

"Probably the latter, my friend, and it is in response to your scholarly and kindly interest that it reveals itself. What an honor! I am not so favored. She is to me merely a mighty pretty girl who knows how to cook and wait on a table to perfection and occasionally says very bright things. I'm sorry that Lizy Ann they tell of is coming back, I'm afraid we won't fare so well."

"O, well, 'there's only one girl in this world for you,' and you can't be

supposed to see anything in any other."

"I'm not so sure," was the retort, "but there's only one in the world for you, old man."

"Tying her bonnet under her"—A scrap, a rush, a turn of the key in the door, and Mason was left in solitude.

"Only one girl in the world for me," he mused. "Well, maybe its true. I must be on my guard though and see whether I've queered myself or not."

The next morning after the mail had been brought and Jack had devoured his daily budget in one corner of the veranda, he went in search of Dick whom he found in his room, the picture of deepest dejection.

"What the Dickens ails you?" he asked in astonishment.

"Listen to this," Dick exclaimed, "you are in it as much as I! It's a letter from Conway. He says, 'I am surprised to find you are in R—Its a fine place though quiet. I've been there with Fred Manley whom you may remember. We were at his uncle's and his sister is there now, I believe. She is a mighty nice girl, handsome and very brilliant but charmingly modest. She graduates from college next year. Everyone raves over her. If my heart's affections had not been already engaged I should have tried my luck.'"

A prolonged whistle from Jack.

"Well, you are in it aren't you?"

"No more than you," snapped Dick.

"Oh, yes, you are, I haven't found her an 'interesting study,' nor loaned her Hawthorne, and tried to educate her taste. I haven't read poetry and explained it to her!"

Dick groaned, and Jack seeing his real misery desisted but Dick took it up himself and said explosively,

"No, and you haven't urged her to go to an Academy and told her college spoiled girls, they got to thinking they knew so much, and you haven't said housework gave girls a carriage and an air they couldn't get any where else and that day we were on the lake and she handled the oars so well you didn't tell her that it must be churning that gave her the muscle to do it! Misery! Fred Manley was on the 'Varsity crew and that is where she got it!"

"O, she will forgive you," said Jack trying to comfort him.

"But think of the fun she has had out of me to pay for it! Served me up to all her friends, probably as a conceited puppy! She's just like all college girls!"

"Well, you will have to forgive her then," said Jack.

"I won't do that, and I'm not going away. I shall be on my 'dig' hereafter, and I shall give you double work to keep myself busy."

For several days Mason kept his

(Continued on fifth page.)

## VALUE OF THE SMALL COLLEGE.

For many years Harvard and Yale have been considered the ideal colleges for American students. The many generations of young men who have taken their courses in these historic institutions, the great men whom these have sheltered in their undergraduate days, the magnificent strength of resources which they now command, all combine to strengthen a popular veneration for these great colleges, and draw to their doors great streams of young men from all parts of the country. Hundreds of these enter the great colleges merely on account of their prestige, either for the venerable traditions that linger about their walls or for their athletic prowess, in these days so dear to the imagination of the American youth, and so widely advertised by the press. They come as it were to bask in all this glory feeling that the name of being a graduate from Harvard or Yale bears with it a peculiar distinction and mark of honor. Yet it never occurs to them that this distinction is as easily obtained by one as by another and must be shared equally with thousands of others. To them the idea of choosing a small college in preference to a college like Yale or Harvard is ridiculous; but hundreds upon hundreds of Yale and Harvard students have never known what college life really is, but have drifted to and from their recitations, and—graduated. And we know too well here in Colby, the man who is far too valuable to waste his talents in the small college, who continually threatens to go to Harvard and who amounts to the least in his own college and is the worst barrier to real college spirit.

On the other hand it is the purpose of this article to show that the small college is the ideal college and to quicken our regard for our own Alma Mater as an institution in the right relationship with other branches of education, fulfilling successfully its mission as a college.

It may seem unnecessary to many that the distinction between the college and university should be again pointed out and emphasized. But as a matter of fact the distinction is by no means clear to a great many, who say often that it is much better to go to Harvard because there one can graduate a doctor, or lawyer, or minister, whereas here in Colby a man graduates with no profession whatever and has to go to Harvard to learn these things. Doubtless the generations of misuse that has attended the word university is accountable for this idea, and it will not be out of place to determine at the start what are the functions of the college and the university.

The college is for the education of a man as a man. The student comes to college a closed bud of possibilities, the college develops it, opens out petal after petal on this side and on that until, if the work is properly done, he graduates symmetrical, full blown, the flower of manhood." The ideal college does not deal simply with the intellectual side of a student; it recognizes in him many sides, the intellect-

ual, the physical, the social, the spiritual.

This is the development of the student that is symmetrical, that develops all the best in his personality, that sharpens all the tools that nature has given him. This is the aim of the college, this is education, and we shall see whether the large or the small college is the better adapted to give this education.

Knowledge is the gift of the university. The university or professional school takes the college graduate and teaches him all that there is to be known in a special course of study which the student has selected for his life-work. It develops his special aptitude in a particular direction. To this end the university must have the greatest resources and it must have the greatest authorities.

There need be then but few great universities in the country, but these must be situated in the metropolitan cities where there are hospitals for the student of medicine and surgery, churches for the divinity student, courts for the student of law, where there are human problems in daily life for the student of sociology, examples of architecture and engineering for those interested in these departments, and so on indefinitely. The university then must be where it can furnish a laboratory for all varieties of investigation.

The ideal university is one of a few, the ideal college is one among many. The country ought to be supplied with numbers of small well equipped colleges, taking students from their individual districts and giving them that education which we have defined as the function of the college.

Educators are satisfied with giving two reasons in favor of the moderately small college over a college of the size of Harvard and Yale.

1st. The small local college puts a college course within the reach of a great many of the best students in the country, who for lack of means could not attend the large college a long way from home, with all its heavy cost. This is undeniable, and if it is our aim to educate as many as we can for the smallest amount of money this is better done by the local small college. The first reason then, is economic. The second, is from the standpoint of pedagogy. The large college in the large city or in the neighborhood of the large city is full of distractions for the student. These distractions are of little evil for the matured graduate student who can select the lecture or the concert which he feels will help his study or furnish a relaxation that he can afford. To the undergraduate however, young, inexperienced, away from restraining influences, these outside calls into all that is going on in the great city are siren-voices that draw him away from his stuffy room and stupid books, out with comrades into the dazzle and enjoyment of an evening in the city. It is a hard thing to stick to one's Latin and physics when operas and lectures are constantly pleading for a share of the student's time. Nor indeed are all the distractions of a

harmless character in themselves but sin is made wondrous attractive and resistless to the lonely student near the great city. These are the two objections which are most commonly raised in educational discussions, and their importance and significance must certainly be recognized. Yet it is not hard to find many who assert the superiority of the large college. There are those who fancy a magic power in the name of a great college like Yale or Harvard. They believe that the very fact of having graduated from one of these institutions is an "open sesame" to desired positions, or at least that all other things being equal, a Harvard or Yale graduate would take precedence over a graduate from Williams, Colby or Bowdoin. This view our president declares is absolute nonsense. Every man who seeks a position must get it on his own individual record, his appearance and deportment. These are the things which tell whether or not a man gets what he is after. Yale and Harvard are choked today with worthless lumber, men of no ability, of no accomplishments, of no ambition, drifting through college with the least possible exertion and hoping to shine in the reflected glory of the name of their alma mater. I would challenge those who believe in this power of a name to give a single instance where the name of Harvard or Yale had any such magical effect. On the other hand a man honors his college the college does not honor the man. But does a college like Colby fit men for university work? Dr. Butler says that he is constantly receiving letters of the most gratifying nature from the famous head professors of the great universities. These tell him that Colby is evidently doing a splendid work, for her students do splendid work in the university courses. The world does not care where men took their undergraduate study, all it asks is ability. Individual attainment means everything, the name of the college means nothing.

Another argument for the large college is that it has such vast resources, such famous professors, and such a wide range in courses of study.

The fact is that the great university now maintains its undergraduate course chiefly of necessity, and devotes its strength to strictly university work. These professors whose names are quoted as national authorities actually never come in contact with the undergraduate but are reserved entirely for work in the post graduate departments. The work in the undergraduate classroom is done very largely by tutors and sub-professors.

As to the scope of elective studies it is a notorious fact that such liberality in Yale and Harvard is disgracefully abused. The college has become confused with the university, students with indefinite aims, invariably elect the courses requiring the least effort and graduate without the discipline and training that it is the function of the college to bestow. On the other hand, the narrower saner course of the small college, planned as it is with

the greatest care, is far better designed for giving a man that education for which he is sent to college.

Here, in Colby, the poorest student may move in the best and most refined society if he shows the least symptoms of the gentleman; the same student in Harvard or Yale would be utterly lost in the society of the place. There, money, position, or genius are necessities to any social recognition.

We have noticed the arguments for the small college on the grounds of economy and pedagogy, and we have discussed some of the chief arguments in favor of the large college. There are left still other reasons in favor of the small college which we should not overlook.

With the conditions that prevail in the small college we are brought into close relations with the men of the faculty and we get the best they have to give. Such things as influences may not be tangible, they may not be added up in a ledger, but they are no less real.

This daily contact with men of splendid influence and character is one of the best advantages a college can give, and the small college is far better able to give it than either Yale or Harvard.

Again, there are nearly as many positions of responsibility in the small college as in the large. In Yale and in Harvard these positions are taken by the very few out of the very many.

There are a great many fellows of good latent ability who drift through college knowing but few of their fellow students, never getting a prize or an office or a position on the athletic teams. They go to recitation and back again, join in celebrations of victories with the rest of the *O I I O A O I* but never know what college life and activity really means. I know a young fellow of good endowments and natural abilities who has been in one of the great colleges during the same time I have been in Colby. I have at times told him of the various activities of college life that I had enjoyed of the fraternity, the friends, the contests in athletic and literary lines that we all went into, heart and body. He admitted that with him there was practically nothing to vary the dull round of his class-room work and ventured to say that he would gladly leave Yale and come to Colby, as I suggested, if it were not for the fact that his home was in Connecticut.

That, I think is significant. Here, and in every small college, each student has a chance, each feels a responsibility for furthering the interests of the college in every line of activity. He goes into things whether he likes it or not from a sense of duty to his Alma Mater and his fraternity. All these things help wonderfully in developing a man, they bring out all there is in him and makes him not a mere grubber of syntax, or a loafer, but a many-sided man.

Lastly, I would speak of the fraternity. It is a well known fact that the societies in the great universities are little more than social clubs. The fraternity life as we know it,

the mingling of the best spirits in brotherly love, the work we do for our respective societies, these are things unknown to the Yale or Harvard student. And these are things that contribute most to our college life and our college training.

The small college should be however, well equipped. Williams and Amherst have just such ideal equipments yet they do not try to overreach their mission as small colleges. Colby is not perfect in this respect, but under the energetic leadership of her president, she is making great advances in the right direction. It is for us to help this advance in every possible way as loyal students and loyal alumni, but let us never regret that we have not been among the hundreds and thousands in Yale or in Harvard.

Let us remember that it is the small college and not the large college that gives us the most of college life, fraternity life, and all that makes these four years so precious and valuable to us, in short, that all round training that makes the most and the best of us.

W. O. S. '99.

## A GRAVE EXPERIENCE.

### I.

Many are the eccentricities of the human mind, and many are the evidences of its strange or fanciful caprices. Egypt alone may have left her pyramids, but Egypt alone does not bear witness to an universal phenomenon. So varied, so numerous are these memorials that one need not step out of his own little town, or neighborhood, to see an illustration. Probably the inhabitants of Malden hardly know of the small plot in their little hamlet that bears witness to this great truth of nature, and to more than half its people this little, hallowed spot might have slumbered on unknown forever, but for a trifling incident that occurred one fine October day, and that was bound to reveal at least the knowledge of it to all.

Malden is a little town among the mountains and the broad old forest that sweeps down through it forms many a shelter for the covert deer. Here the hunter lying silent among the leaves may hear the triple drum of the partridge, or the skipping feet of the shy rabbit as he scampers past. It is a secluded spot and its privacy is not often disturbed, but Robert Green with the true instinct of a hunter had penetrated it and was now revelling in the fact that he was so soon to settle near this great hunting-tract. His friends had not considered Malden such a mine of gold for the young physician as to be profuse in their congratulations, but now he was unreservedly congratulating himself. Soon he emerged into a sort of swamp where his curiosity was aroused by several mounds lying side by side in its center. Coming closer what was his surprise to find that they were naught else than graves and that here, in the midst of swamp and forest, was a family burying ground. Green stood contemplating, wondering, philosophizing, it may be, for there rose

to his lips these lines of the poet.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

He passed on, but still he thought of that lonely, remote, last resting-place, and the more he pondered, the more inexplicable it seemed. What, he asked himself, could have led this family of the human race to seek to hide here more remotely than in the desert, the last vestige of memory of which it is man's instinct to so jealously cherish?

Then like a flash his thought changed and a smile parted his lips, for he was thinking what a chance this would be for the grave-snatcher. How those Harvard boys would gloat if they but knew of this little nook! And well, he, too, and now his brow grew thoughtful, might furnish very neatly a little room of his own at any time, if he wished to. Just then a farmhouse caught his notice and the idea struck him to call in a minute and enquire about this little cemetery. So he dropped in, but the young doctor's fame had run before him and he found it impossible to conceal his identity. When he arose to depart, he laughingly remarked, "An odd family! Well, I am afraid when I come to town you will need a churchyard more convenient than this one."

Probably the young doctor did not think that words have wings and that Mercury fleet of foot flew not faster in olden times than to-day when he carries the gossip that his mendacious tongue so wilfully perverts.

### II.

The cool October days were slipping by. There were numerous sewing-bees and quilting-parties in the quiet town where old women and young women with red cheeks and men too, filled the room. Here was the sound of chattering tongues, the clicking of needles and the waxing of very long threads by many a young girl who has not yet learned the true principles of economy. These people were not much given to telling tales about their neighbors, but now and then, a choice bit of gossip gave color to their conversation as the bright splashes of red among the mellow foliage of the autumn leaves gave tone to the landscape. Usually all "went merry as a marriage bell," but to-day a revelation had been made to them so shocking and astounding that had a golden apple been dropped in their midst it would have caused hardly such perturbation. For it was reported that their new doctor was a grave-snatcher.

"Yes," spoke up another in attestation, "he himself called in down to old Mr. Robinson's that lives down by the woods, you know, to enquire about the cemeteries and said he had robbed many a grave."

The very hair of their heads began to stand on end. It was a most atrocious thing and, moreover, they were all agreed that such a character should not come into their little town.

That night the pretty school-teacher sat in her room and as she watched the stars come out she was thinking of

home and her school-day friends and a flush of joy spread over her cheeks at happy thoughts. She sprang up in a startled manner when she heard her own name called below and turned quickly to go lightly down the stairs. One of the Deacons met her in the hall and told her that they were in grave consultation over a very weighty matter and they wanted her assistance. Would she accompany him to the church?

She was perhaps the only person in that part of Malden who had not heard that the young doctor was a criminal, for she had been teaching school and she was one of the people to whose ears gossip seldom comes. But when she did hear the charge, her young and virtuous heart was sufficiently wrought up. She entered with all the zeal of youth into a thorough investigation of the character and reputation of the young man and when they suggested that she serve as their corresponding secretary and do whatever writing should be necessary, she willingly promised to do her part. In fact she was full of plans and resources. This doctor who had just graduated from Harvard, she said, her brother, who was still there, must know. She would write to him, then, and perhaps he could be of service in their investigations. Her earnestness, energy, and good common-sense had always appealed to the people, but never before did they more fully appreciate her virtues.

Another meeting of the committee was appointed within a few days, and as they expected, the letter from the Harvard boy had come. After warmly commending his sister's interest and action in the matter he said that the young man was by no means unknown to him, in fact, that he had often heard that his business was closely related to the churchyard. Moreover, he had heard the doctor say himself that he had more to do with such business than was really pleasant. He should watch with interest all further developments and would enclose the young man's picture.

Another member of the investigating committee had been hunting up his family history and he reported that he had found that this doctor's grandfather was a resident of a neighboring town and that it was also lately known that this grandfather had in his closet two skeletons and a skull and cross-bones.

Another member had discovered that there was only one man in Malden who had seen the new physician, but that this man was the one who had conclusive evidence that he was a grave-snatcher. So it was agreed to take the picture and consult Mr. Robinson. Then if the picture were identified and the evidence taken down, they might proceed lawfully to prevent the advent of this criminal.

There was no doubt about the picture. Mr. Robinson recognized it at once.

"Hardly think it of him. Fine looking fellow! and a real pleasant face, too!"

"Well, now Mr. Robinson," began the schoolmarm, "we want his very words and we have it all. He said he was a grave-snatcher, did he?"

"Yes, yes, to be sure. He didn't say it in so many words, but he is."

"Yes, Mr. Robinson, can you remember just how he said it?"

"Well, let me see," he said, "well, I'll tell you, he asked about that little burial-ground over yonder in the swamp there; asked me, you know, how it came there. And then, he said it wasn't very convenient, that when he came to town he would need a more convenient one than that. That's plain enough, isn't it?"

The Deacons turned and went out and the girl put up her pencil and paper. On the way home they sat wrapped in meditation. At last the young lady looked up and said: "You know I wrote him that we were investigating his character and that when we were satisfied we would write him whether to come or to stay. What shall I write him?"

"My dear young lady," answered the church deacon, "we feel that we can trust implicitly in your good judgment and taste and we leave you in perfect freedom as to your method of extricating yourself from rather an embarrassing situation. Of course he must come and I advise a grand reception to be given that he may know that our feeling toward him is changed."

The reception was given and the little school-marm was there to receive him. During the evening, however, when the young doctor approached her and asked after her brother, she blushed. Later he stated that he was very fond of her brother, that in fact they had been chums in college. He had called in on him a few days ago, he said, and as she glanced up with a startled and questioning look, with a twinkle in his eye, he asked if she had not always considered it only fair to exchange pictures.

And there to-day, should you journey through that part of Maine, and penetrate its secret recesses you would find the little mounds lying side by side, innocent authors of a cruel slander, and silent witnesses of a romance of long ago.

'99.

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## COLLEGE WORK RESUMED.

To those of the alumni who live at a distance and who, being uninformed as to what has been happening in Waterville for the last month, are wondering why THE ECHO has not reached them of late, we have to say that the college has had an enforced vacation of two weeks on account of the small pox scare. While we believe that there was in reality very little danger from the disease, yet, taking all of the circumstances into consideration, the closing of the college was a wise move on the part of the President and faculty. At the time, the scare had reached quite alarming proportions and if the college had not closed when it did it is quite probable that most of the students would soon have been summoned home. If by some chance the disease had been taken by any of the students, the reputation of the college would have been seriously damaged. As far as we know nothing but favorable comment on the action has been heard. The recess, coming as it did in the middle of the term, interfered partly with the regular college work and with the various college activities. One of the indoor athletic meets will have to be given up and the concert of the musical clubs and several social affairs have been postponed indefinitely. Aside from these things we have suffered no great inconveniences or hardships. It is a source of congratulation that we have all escaped the disease and that things are running as smoothly as if nothing had happened.

Colby is not the only college affected by the wide-spread scare. Princeton has been obliged to suspend activities for a time. We understand that Princeton has been more unfortunate than Colby in that several cases are reported among the students there. The vote of the faculty in granting a ten days' vacation in April is received with unanimous approval by the student body. But for the respite the

uninterrupted period of work until Commencement time would have told upon our strength. While the vacation means a loss of a week or more in the college year yet the rest will enable us to more than make up for the loss.

## AN ORATORICAL CONTEST.

We have so many college activities and so few students to maintain them that we hesitate to advocate the introduction of anything new into our college life and work. However, we feel that the proposed innovation is so necessary and important for the interests of the college that it should be introduced even at the expense of other activities. We refer to the oratorical contest.

We have nothing among our public exercises that corresponds in any way to such a contest. We have our class exhibitions, to be sure, but after the Sophomore year, merit of composition is considered rather than of declamation. For the Senior, who has had three year's of training and who is just beginning to feel confidence in himself on the platform, there is no way in which he may show his oratorical ability.

There are many excellent speakers among the upper-classmen who are debarred from all exhibitions simply because they do not excel as writers. We suggest that an oratorical contest open to the whole college be held every year and that a prize be offered to the best speaker. It seems hardly necessary to dwell upon the benefits derived from such an exercise. We believe that not one of the least effects of the contest would be a marked and much needed improvement in delivery on the part of the speakers in the various exhibitions. Perhaps it would render its most valuable service in affording a training school for intercollegiate debaters.

The oratorical contest is by no means a new idea. In fact Colby is one of the very few colleges that has no such contest.

The oratorical contest flourishes especially in the Middle States. The prize speaker of the college contest is chosen to represent his institution in a state contest. To the Western student these occasions are the greatest events in the college year. Many of the young orators for which the West is becoming noted have had their start in this way.

We hope that in the near future such a league will be formed among the four Maine colleges. Surely such a contest, along with debating, deserves the encouragement and interest of the student as much as intercollegiate athletics.

## COLBY IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The recent largely attended and enthusiastic reunion of the Alumni Association at Boston is a fresh reminder of the fact that Colby's influence is felt outside of the state, and that in and about the Hub is settled an increasing number of loyal sons of the college,

who are taking an active interest in the welfare of their alma mater.

It is perfectly natural that Boston and vicinity should be the rallying point of large numbers of our alumni. Here are offered the best positions and the best opportunities for success to the ambitious. Here also are the graduate schools to which more and more of our graduates are going in order to fit themselves for larger fields of usefulness.

Colby need not be ashamed of her sons and daughters in the Bay State. In all the professions the Colby alumnus stands equally well with the alumnus of any college. In nearly every Massachusetts town Colby men and women can be found who are occupying positions of responsibility and trust. Colby's record in the profession of teaching is especially remarkable. Many of the leading educators of Massachusetts are Colby men. The late John C. Ryder, '82, principal of the Brighton Boy's School, is a noble and conspicuous example.

The success won by our youngest alumni in the professional schools is a great tribute to our present high standard of scholarship. Our graduates are obliged to compete with the graduates of some of the oldest and best equipped colleges of the country, yet frequent reports come to us of honors won by Colby men at Harvard and other institutions.

The Colby alumni in Massachusetts are among our best and most loyal graduates. To them we look for and receive our best support and encouragement.

## INTERSCHOLASTIC TRACK ATHLETICS.

The attention of many of the students has been called to various articles and comments on the recent development of affairs in connection with the M. I. S. A. A.

Last year it will be remembered that Bowdoin adopted a rather hasty and premature plan for getting the fitting school athletics under her control. The Colby delegates saw fit to oppose her proposition and succeeded in winning their point. Consequently the meet was held at Colby and the management of affairs left to the fitting schools in whose interests the association was first formed.

The result of the controversy was a split among the schools and it became very evident that the interest of the schools in the M. I. S. A. A. decreased. Only a few of the schools, except those supporting Colby, were represented at the meet. This lack of interest we think was due to the feeling among the schools, and it was further shown last Saturday when a meeting of the executive committee of the association was called for at Brunswick. The special business to come before the meeting was the consideration of an amendment offered by the Bowdoin Athletic Association. This amendment, like the one offered by Bowdoin last year, would make Bowdoin sole director of the affairs of the association. Although we oppose

any action which would bring about such a result, on the ground that each college in the state should have an equal share in the direction of athletics in the fitting schools, we did not attempt to fight for the maintenance of the M. I. S. A. A., because of the jealousy, ill-feeling and lack of interest shown by many of the schools in the association. That we are justified in stating that there has been a lack of interest is clearly shown by the fact that only three schools were represented at last Saturday's meeting. Because of the failure to secure a quorum at the meeting, no business could be done.

Bowdoin's next plan is to hold an invitation meet of all the schools that wish to enter the contests. We would commend the action of Bowdoin if we thought the motive which prompted her were solely the promotion of athletics in the fitting schools, but we cannot do so while it appears that her one great motive and purpose is to gain complete control of the athletic interests of the Maine fitting schools.

It would have appeared far better had Bowdoin considered the other three colleges in making plans for an invitation meet.

## A COLBY MAN'S SUCCESS.

Mr. Asher C. Hinds' Valuable Book on Parliamentary Precedents.

Mr. Asher C. Hinds of Portland, Colby '83, clerk to Speaker Reed's table, has the advance sheets of a volume of over 1000 pages, prepared by himself, at the suggestion of prominent members of the House, both Democrats and Republicans, on "Parliamentary Precedents of the House of Representatives of the United States."

He is probably more familiar with the rules and the precedents of the House than any man there, excepting Speaker Reed, for he has been constantly at the elbow of the presiding officer of the House for four years. Mr. Hinds has examined all the proceedings of the House from the time it was organized in 1789 up to the close of the second session of the present Congress.

This volume is intended to include all those decisions that are still in use. A few of them date from the First Congress; but the larger portion have been made since the general revision of the rules of 1880. Nearly, if not quite all of the decisions of the Speaker since 1890 and many of the rulings of chairmen of committees of the whole for that period are given.

"With the decisions are classified some precedents which are merely precedents, and others which are opinions of speakers or chairmen, given in response to parliamentary inquiries. Such precedents are useful, and, although without the highest authority, have always had a certain influence, many of them being the result of careful thought on the part of presiding officers.

"The collection was made originally for use in the work at the Speaker's table, and its arrangement and scope have been planned with the view of making it a practical reference book for the members and officers of the House."

## BOSTON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The eighteenth reunion of the Colby Alumni Association of Boston and vicinity, took place on Feb. 21st, at the Copley Square Hotel. Some three score of the graduates of the college gathered to recall the memories of their student days and pay homage to their alma mater.

At the business meeting the following officers were chosen for the coming year: Edward C. Robinson '83, president; Clarence P. Weston '73, Charles F. Hall '75, vice-presidents; Lincoln Owen, secretary and chairman of the executive committee; W. C. Crawford '82, J. K. Richardson '69, M. S. Getchell '93, executive committee.

Joshua H. Millett, '67, president of the association, was in the chair. After some remarks appropriate to the occasion, President Butler was introduced as the first speaker of the evening. President Butler paid a high tribute to the late John C. Ryder. Mr. Ryder, while in Bangor recently, was stricken down by a disease which proved fatal. He was principal of the Boys' School at Brighton, Mass. He was a member of the Schoolmasters' Club of Boston and a leading figure in educational circles. In him the college has lost a most loyal alumnus. The material advancement of the college was then touched upon and the new chemical laboratory was noted as one of the most valuable additions to the equipment of the college. He took up the subject of the change of name from university to college and said that it seemed to express more truly the aims and object of the institution. He went on to speak of the aims of education and the need of broad and liberal training, rather than special expertness in any single line. He alluded to the cardinal factors of education—moral, intellectual, physical, and spiritual—laying special stress on the need of inculcating a sense of personal responsibility to God and man.

Rev. Nathan E. Wood, D. D., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Boston, had for his topic, "The Higher Education as a Moral Force in the Community." After a reference to the strength and virility of the Colby graduates, he spoke of the duties of the college graduate to the community. The educated man should be keenly alive to the needs of society and take an active interest in municipal affairs.

Pres. Charles F. Meserve, '77, of Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., spoke upon, "The Present Status of the Negro in the South." He said that the colored people are true Americans, that there are no anarchists, socialists, or promoters of strikes among them. He laid special emphasis upon the value of a Christian education in solving the negro problem.

Professor Warren spoke on "The College." It was a very bright and witty speech and was the hit of the evening.

Benjamin P. Holbrook, '88, took up the subject of "Cultivation of a Better Knowledge of the English Language

and Literature," speaking briefly but forcefully.

Professor Hull devoted his remarks to some of the features of the courses of study and the high moral standard maintained by the students. Professor Hull, the latest addition to the faculty, was warmly greeted by those present.

Resolutions were adopted in memory of the late John C. Ryder, '82, and a very appreciative sketch of his career by H. S. Weaver, '82. W. C. Crawford, '82, also paid a high tribute to the memory of his late classmate.

Letters of regret were read from Prof. William Matthews, LL. D., '34; Hon. J. H. Drummond, '46, chairman of the board of trustees; Rev. George Bullen, '53, of Newton Theological Seminary; Dr. A. P. Marble, '61, assistant superintendent of schools of New York City; Col. R. C. Shannon, '62, Prof. A. L. Lane, '62, of Coburn; Rev. A. W. Joelsson, '69, and ex-president Pepper.

The reunion and banquet was a most enjoyable affair. Between the courses the old college songs were sung, E. Carl Herrick, '98, presiding at the piano.

Those of the alumni present were: Fred H. P. Pike, '98; H. E. Hamilton, '96; M. S. Getchell, '93; R. L. Illsley, '91; A. W. Lorimer, '96; A. H. Berry, '94; W. H. Snyder, '85; F. G. Getchell, '98; T. Raymond Pierce, '98; E. Carl Herrick, '98; Frank A. Robinson, '98; Lincoln Owen, '89; Clarence P. Weston, '73; Charles F. Hall, '75; Emery P. Gibbs, '88; Dr. Francis F. Whittier, '81; H. H. Mansey, '83; H. L. Weaver, '82; E. C. Robinson, '83; Wm. H. Furber, '82; Wm. C. Crawford, '82; Henry Dunning, '82; A. H. Kelley, '73; B. P. Holbrook, '88; Charles Francis Meserve, '77; Nathaniel Butler, '73; J. H. Millett, '67; Dr. Sanford Hanscom, '67; Nelson S. Burbank, '89; Charles L. Clay, '68; Dudley P. Bailey, '67; D. F. Crane, '55; W. R. Curtis, '90; Dr. H. F. Curtis, '87; Irving O. Palmer, '87; Harvey D. Eaton, '87; A. P. Soule, '79; Everett Flood, '79; D. W. Abercrombe, '98.

## ENTERTAINMENT COURSE.

We wish to call the attention of the students to the change made in the proposed course of entertainment for the Athletic Association.

The Hatch & Skillin Concert will be given on Monday evening, March 20, instead of March 13.

The concert by the Colby organizations will be omitted owing to the unfavorable circumstances preventing the proper amount of practice.

Mr. Harper's lecture will be given April 19, as formerly proposed.

Tickets for the two entertainments will be on sale by members of the executive committee of the Athletic Association, on and after March 8. Prices, Course tickets, including reserved seat, \$1.00. Hatch & Skillin Concert, 50c. Mr. Harper, 75c.

Seats checked at Hawkers on and after March 11.

## TYING HER BONNET UNDER HER CHIN.

(Continued from first page.)

word. He was in a very sorry state of mind with the double humiliation of feeling that he had made a fool of himself and been made a fool of!

Lizy Ann had returned so Marion's duties were lessened and they saw little of her which seemed to cause Dick's bitterness to increase rather than diminish for he had no chance to display his austerity.

One afternoon he strolled out into the woods and gave himself up to the misery of his reflections. Entering suddenly a little opening he came upon Miss Manley who, in the print gown and sun-bonnet of their first meeting, sat reading at the foot of a large beech tree which spread far out its beautiful green branches. There was no escape for either; she bravely held her ground and he strode manfully forward, mentally resolving on saying something terrible which should reflect the condition of his mind.

Marion stealthily tried to hide the book she was reading. Mason noticed the act—and the book! It was one he had loaned her. She flushed as their eyes met and then gave him a roguish look that set his brain in a whirl. Then he did just what he had vowed he would not—he forgave her, and was forgiven.

It was near sunset when they turned their steps from the beech tree. They knew the skies were radiant but whether the sun or their own happiness they could not have told.

As Marion rose and pulled up the strings of her sun-bonnet she looked at Dick saucily and said:

"Oh, Richard Mason you little thought  
What perilous danger you'd be in,  
As she tied her bonnet under her chin!"

E. H. G., '97.

## ATHLETIC NOTES.

At the regular meeting of the executive committee of the Athletic Association, held in Coburn Hall, Wednesday afternoon, Mr. F. F. Lawrence was unanimously elected manager of the ninety-nine football team. Mr. Lawrence is the youngest member of the Junior class and has been active in all lines of college activity. In all his work he has shown an energy and determination, which tempered by his good judgment, makes him eminently fitted for this office. There is little doubt but that next fall we shall be treated to a fine schedule of football games, and a well managed team.

Mr. R. A. Bakeman of the Sophomore class was elected as manager of the track team. Track athletics have been for the last few years, on the decline, but, under the energetic supervision of manager Bakeman, we expect to see a marked improvement.

At present we hold an enviable position in tennis, and we hope to see this maintained during the coming year, under the management of Mr. W. A. V. Wiren, who was elected to that office.

'97. Percy Williams, principal of Greeley Institute, Cumberland, visited in Waterville recently.

## JUNIOR PROMENADE.

Next Friday evening, the 7th, will occur the social event of the term, the Junior Promenade. Some two hundred invitations have been sent out, and the acceptances thus far received ensure a successful occasion. As this is the only strictly college dance of the season, the members of the college should turn out as far as possible, and help to make this a permanent fixture upon the social calendar.

Music for the occasion will be furnished by Hall's special orchestra of ten pieces. Prof. Hall has taken great pains to secure the best talent in the state, and no one need doubt the excellence of this feature of the program. The committee of arrangements consists of Lawrence, Scannell and Towne. No pains will be spared to make the affair a complete success in every way.

## THE HOBO UP-TO-DATE.

"I don't give food to any tramp,"

The angry house-wife said,  
"Why don't you work, you lazy scamp,  
And earn your daily bread?"

"No mum," said he, "you're much mistook

In what you think I be,  
I'm travellin' to write a book  
On Sociology."

WILLIAM O. STEVENS, '99.

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## THE COURTING OF DOROTHEA.

The following is a very bright and interesting story taken from *The Smith College Monthly*. It is taken as an example of what a college story should be.

The Freshman lighted his pipe in a leisurely and self-confident manner most provoking. He took a few puffs, and then looked across the study table at the Senior.

"To attempt to carry class distinction into a matter of this kind," he said, "is most absurd and childish. What if you did enter college three years before I did? That gives you no authority in this case. Do you think that I will defer to you now because you sit at the head of the table and I at the foot?"

"It is not merely that," replied the Senior with ill-concealed rage. "I have known Miss Wilcox much longer than you. I was in love with her when you were a school-boy."

"Then you should have come to the point sooner," said the Freshman. "Are Miss Wilcox's many admirers to wait until you have made up your mind? As for my desire to be first to ask her to marry me," he continued, "you are hardly in a position to laugh at that. It may be absurd; I have not analyzed it. But I confess that it is strong. Moreover, I shall be guided by it."

"Then you refuse to listen to reason?" said the Senior.

"To your reasoning, replied the Freshman.

The Senior's lip's curled in a sarcastic smile.

"There is another method that may appeal more to a sport like yourself," he said. "We might match for it."

"Very well," said the Freshman with alacrity. "Two out of three."

The Senior shook his dime in his hand and laid it on the table. The Freshman did the same. Cautiously they took up their hands.

"Heads," said the Senior.

"Tails," said the Freshman. "You win."

Again they bent over the table.

"Tails," said the Freshman.

"Heads," said the Senior. They took up their coins again.

"Now this decides," said the Freshman. "I match you."

"Stop," said the Senior. "I will not consent to this. I proposed it merely in sport. You cannot expect—"

The Freshman rose to his feet with a look of unutterable contempt.

"What a crawl!" he exclaimed. "I am glad that you made it, however, as it dissolves our agreement. I am going immediately to call on Miss Wilcox."

"Are you going to ask her to marry you?" demanded the Senior.

"I am," replied the Freshman.

"You are not," cried the Senior, "I shall go with you."

The Freshman smiled and opened the closet door.

"Oh, if it comes to that," said he, "I think that I can dispose of you with little difficulty."

The Senior shouted something improper, and sprang to his feet, fairly pale with impotent rage. He was no athlete, while the Freshman had played on the football scrub, and had chances for next year's 'Varsity. The struggle was violent but brief. The Freshman slammed the door and turned the key.

"Now you may as well keep quiet," he said, "and when I have been to see Miss Wilcox I will come back and let you out."

The Senior swore from the depths of the closet, and shook the door in vain. He heard the Freshman go down the hall whistling with a cheerfulness that amounted to insolence. In a few minutes the hall door slammed, and he knew that the Freshman was in the street.

The Senior sprang furiously against the door, and shook and pounded it with all his might. It held firm. Then he shouted at the top of his lungs, and listened. Dead silence reigned over the house. Every man in the fraternity must have gone to the baseball game, unless perhaps Brown, the grind, who roomed on the floor above. The Senior hesitated a moment. He saw a vision of caustic roasts in the class-book, and of a shameful story handed down from year to year. Then he thought of Dorothea, and roared again.

As the Freshman stepped down from the electric car at the corner of the street on which Dorothea lived, he happened to glance up the avenue in the direction from which he had come. Far off he saw a carriage coming on at a gallop. A dire presentiment struck through to his soul. As he looked, a man's head appeared through the carriage window and was quickly withdrawn, while the driver lashed his horses again.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Freshman to himself, breaking into a run. "I foresee an extraordinary afternoon for Dorothea!"

He darted down the street, and up the steps of Dorothea's house. He rang the bell, and stood waiting, his eyes fixed on the corner, watching for the carriage to appear. The maid seemed an endless time in answering the bell—and then, what if Dorothea were out, or should keep him waiting? All at once he heard a welcome sound from the drawing-room. Dorothea was singing. He ground his heel into the door-mat and swore softly, but checked himself as the maid opened the door. At the same moment the carriage whirled around the corner. The Freshman brushed past the maid and with three strides was in the drawing-room.

With a little exclamation of surprise Dorothea rose from the piano-stool and came forward to meet him. The Freshman lost no time.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Wilcox," said he, rapidly, "for coming in this unceremonious way. And George Chase will be here in a minute, too. I want to warn you, so that you won't be surprised. He may act rather curiously, and so may I. I want to ask a favor of you. Please pretend to see nothing queer in whatever we do. Will you?"

I will come this evening and explain it all to you. There was a tremendous clatter of hoofs outside as the carriage pulled up before the house. "There, that is Chase," said the Freshman.

"He looks it," observed Dorothea, as the carriage door burst open and the Senior fairly tumbled out on the sidewalk.

The Freshman glanced at her with approval.

"Will you promise me?" he asked. "Will you try to take everything as a matter of course?"

Dorothea looked at him in laughing wonder. The door-bell pealed.

"Yes, I will try to," she said. "Is it a joke, Mr. Morgan?"

"A big one," said the Freshman. "No it isn't," he added quickly, "it's a very serious matter."

The maid passed through the hall. "I will explain it all to-night," said the Freshman.

"Very well," replied Dorothea, "I shall not forget my promise."

A moment later the maid ushered in the Senior, wild-eyed and red in the face. He paused a moment in the doorway, looking very much as if he were grinding his teeth. Dorothea went to him, and gave him her hand with her sweetest smile. As he took it he looked beyond her at the Freshman, who returned his glance, a little flushed but serene.

"Why this must be telepathy," said Dorothea. "I was thinking of you just a moment ago, Mr. Chase, and when I saw the carriage I felt perfectly sure that you were coming."

"That is a strange thing," said the Freshman pleasantly, "So did I. But until then, George, I had felt pretty sure that you were not coming."

The Senior turned to Dorothea. "It is better never to be sure of anything. Don't you think so, Miss Wilcox?"

"Much better. We are quite in the dark, and may as well acknowledge it." She glanced at the Freshman.

"Exactly," he said, "you are sure of nothing. I am sure of nothing. Mr. Chase is sure of nothing. Perhaps it is quite as well, however."

Dorothea changed the subject. "There is a baseball game at the college this afternoon, isn't there?" she asked. "How does it happen that you are not there, Mr. Morgan? I thought that you were a great enthusiast."

"I am," said the Freshman. "However—" he broke off, with an audacious glance.

"I imagine it will be a very good game," said the Senior. His effort to smile pleasantly was painful to see.

"Did all the fellows from the house go down?" asked the Freshman.

"All but Brown," replied the Senior.

"He is your grind, isn't he?" demanded Dorothea.

"Yes; a mighty good fellow," replied the Freshman with enthusiasm. "I think you would enjoy meeting him. He tells a good story as well as any man I ever knew."

The Senior turned fairly purple with

suppressed rage. He saw that the Freshman's diabolical perspicacity had shown him the situation in all its possibilities.

"He must be very interesting," said Dorothea, "I should like to meet him."

Just then the Senior's eyes met the Freshman's. He settled down in his chair a little, and crossed his legs. It was a slight action, but it showed his intention. He meant to outstay the Freshman.

The Freshman rose with a smile. "I must leave you, he said. He turned to Dorothea. "About that little agreement of ours—I beg your pardon, George—it was awfully good of you, and I hope that you will still keep it in mind."

"I won't forget," she said with a smile.

The Freshman went toward her with a warning light in his eyes.

"Well, good-bye, dear," he said. He bent quickly over her and kissed her. "I will come this evening."

Dorothea gasped, and for a moment the Freshman trembled. But her blazing eyes looked unflinchingly into his as she said with only a little tremor in her voice, "Good-bye."

He went quickly out, and Dorothea turned to the Senior and began talking, perhaps a little at random. However, the Senior was not altogether calm himself.

He left her soon, and she ran up to her room and sank down on her bed.

"I must refuse to see him when he comes to-night," she said to herself. "No, it is only fair to give him a chance to explain. I shall be very cold, though. I'm angry with him—terribly angry."

And then Dorothea laughed.

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**TROY.**

I have been reading, and as I lay down my book my thoughts wander back over ages to that weird time where only history is embodied in fascinating fables. It is, "the tale of Troy divine;" and closing my eyes the whole panorama passes before them.

I see the marriage feast of Thetis. Mirth and festivity reign supreme until the goddess of Discord, angry at not being invited, throws among the guests the golden apple. Strife and contention follow. Then first I hear the voice of Juno. She claims that fruit inscribed, "for the fairest." Who dares dispute her right? Is she not Juno, the wife of Jupiter, Juno who rules the heavens? Minerva claims it also. But see, upon the apple is read, "for the fairest!" Who of gods or mortals is fairer than Venus? Surely it was intended for beautiful Venus. Paris, the son of Priam, is to be judge. He heeds not the remarks offered by Juno and Minerva. What cares a young shepherd for power and wisdom? But, hark! Venus offers the fairest and most loving wife in Greece! Quickly her hands close over the apple. She has won and beautiful Helen of Troy is to be the judge's reward.

\* \* \* \*

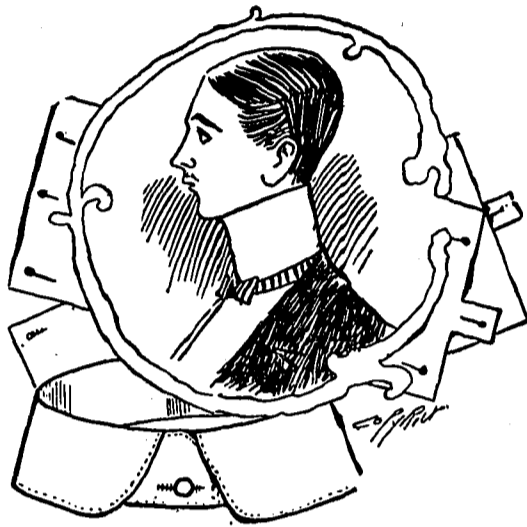
What is this ancient city? Why this army without, why this terror and dismay within? It is Troy, which the Greeks for nine years have been besieging, for within is concealed the fair Helen and much wealth borne away by Paris. What must be her thoughts as she sits upon the city wall pointing out to Priam the Grecian chieftains. "See! that is Agamemnon, leader of men, my former brother-in-law. Seest thou the swift Ajax, the bold Diomed? And that one is Ulysses, wisest in craft and counsel of all men." "But who is he with the long yellow hair?" "He? Ah, that is Menelaus!"

Each day the battle is renewed; each night it is stayed. Advantages are gained and as quickly lost on either side. But look, the Trojans urged on by Apollo and Mars are surely gaining! Hector strikes down a warrior at each blow; Aeneas bravely leaps from his chariot to defend the dead body of his friend. On, Trojans! Press back these proud Greeks to their very ships. They are but flesh and blood, and remember the mighty Achilles fights not with them today. O Achilles, why are you sulking in your tent? Where is that matchless armor; where those valiant Myrmidons? Hasten to the side of thy commander. Lend him thy aid. The maiden Briseis shall be restored, yea, after the return to Troy one of Agamemnon's own fair daughters shall be thy wife. But the heart of the mightiest of Greeks is wrathful. He will not be moved, nevertheless he sends Patroclus forth clad in his armor. He is killed and the Trojans raise a shout of joy and the cry, Achilles is slain, reaches the city.

Now the Greeks are victorious, for Achilles, putting on that wonderful workmanship of Vulcan, goes forth to avenge his friend. I see Hector tak-

ing a last farewell of loving wife and little son rushing out to meet him. I see him dragged by the Grecian chariot around the city walls; the aged Priam going with rich ransom to beg the body of his son. I see the Trojans tearing down their defenses to admit the instrument of their own destruction, the armed Greeks leaping from wooden horse. I hear the shrieks of terror, the cry of dismay. The city is captured and destroyed.

I wake, roused by the rude touch of the nineteenth century sceptic. He stands at my elbow, he assures me that it is only an idle myth, he soon will tell me that there never was a Troy. A. H. H., '99.



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**OF INTEREST.**

Kappa Alpha entertains the Epicurean club Friday evening.

The members of the baseball team have been measured for new suits.

The Bible class will be led next Sunday morning by Prof. Warren.

Miss Margaret Merrill spent Sunday with Miss Annie Maddocks in Skowhegan.

President Butler was called to Camden on Tuesday by the death of a relative.

Miss Hale, formerly of '01, is a nurse at the Maine General Hospital at Portland.

Prof. Warren is able to meet his classes after being ill several days with a severe cold.

Mrs. Prof. Taylor read a paper on Lowell, Monday evening at Ladies' Hall, before the women of the college.

Spencer '99, is teaching at Good Will Farm for a few weeks. He is taking the place of Principal Watson, who has been seriously ill.

The Bowdoin Glee and String Instrument Club give a concert in the City Hall to-morrow night. The concert will be followed by a dance.

On Wednesday, March 15, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer will meet the women of the college at the various womens' dormitories from 5 to 6 P. M.

The University of Maine has been admitted to the New England Intercollegiate Athletic Association and will send a team to the annual meet at Worcester.

Those of the students who have been accustomed to take walks to "Beulah" will be sorry to learn that the beautiful pine trees there are being cut down for lumber.

Mr. John Bates, formerly gymnasium instructor, with his classmate, Mr. Albion Little of the Bowdoin Medical School, visited friends in the city on Sunday last.

Invitations are out for the Junior Promenade which will occur March 17th at the Fairfield Opera House. The committee of arrangements consists of Towne, Herrick and Lawrence.

**GRADUATE NOTES.**

'82. C. A. True, of Portland, is a candidate for the office of city solicitor.

'82. Hon. W. C. Philbrook was elected mayor of Waterville on Monday.

'86. Mr. Geo. P. Phenix, principal of the New Britain Conn. Normal School, has undergone a successful operation for appendicitis at the Maine General Hospital at Portland. The operation was performed by Dr. Alfred King, '88.

'91. Edward B. Mathews, instructor in Geology in Johns Hopkins University, has been forced to take a rest on account of ill health.

'97. Harry Watson, principal of the Good Will Farm High school is on a furlough of three weeks on account of sickness.

**THE CALENDAR.**

Mar. 11. Meeting of the Executive Committee of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association in Recitation Hall.

Mar. 12. Fifth college sermon before the members and friends of the college by Rev. Smith Baker, D. D., of Portland, at the Baptist church, 7.30 P. M.

Mar. 14. Election of Y. M. C. A. officers.

Mar. 15. Lecture by Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer on "Bicycle Journeys in Europe," under the auspices of the Woman's Club.

Mar. 17. Junior Promenade at the Fairfield Opera House.

Mar. 20. The Hatch & Skillin Concert Company. The first concert of the Athletic Association Course.

Mar. 23. Elections of Y. W. C. A. officers.

Mar. 24. Recital by Miss Koch assisted by pupils and other local talent.

Apr. 19. Lecture on Cuba by Roberts Harper.

Mar. 31. College closes.

Apr. 10. College begins Spring term.

Apr. 24. Intercollegiate debate at Lewiston.

**STANDING APPOINTMENTS.**

Second Monday. Meeting of Prudential Committee at 8.

Last Monday. Meeting of Conference Board of Men's College.

Last Tuesday. Meeting of Conference Board of Women's College.

Tuesdays. Meetings of Christian Associations.

Wednesdays. Meeting of Faculty, 7.30 P. M.

**OUR EXCHANGES.**

The Bowdoin Quill is one of the daintiest and most attractive magazines that reaches us. Its stories are always readable and possess the merit of being short. A recent issue has the following excellent bit of verse.

**QUO VADIS, DOMINE.**

From Rome, 'tis said, along the Appian Way,  
His faith sad shaken in its constancy,  
The great apostle Peter once did flee,  
Just as the dawn proclaimed the coming day,  
And fleeing, met the Lord in bright array,  
Who said to his "Quo Vadis, Domine?"  
"To Rome, to die a second time for thee,"  
And Peter, weeping, then his flight did stay.

To-day, in person Christ comes not to men,  
But when I turn to flee from duty's ground,  
Ofttimes I think I hear his voice again  
Sound as of old Saint Peter heard it sound,  
And bid me stay my selfish flight; and then  
New strength for duty closes me around.  
—Frederick Crosby Lee, '00.

The committee on intercollegiate debating of the Harvard University Debating Club have submitted April 4 as the date for the annual debate between representatives of the two universities. The debate this year will be held at Princeton, and Princeton will select the subject, while Harvard will have the choice of sides and will submit a list of names from which the judges will be chosen. This will be the fifth annual debate between the universities.

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The preparatory department of the college consists of four affiliated academies: (1) Coburn Classical Institute, owned by the college, Waterville; (2) Hebron Academy, Hebron, (Oxford county); (3) Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, (Aroostook county); (4) Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, (Penobscot county).

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NATHANIEL BUTLER, D. D., President.

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