

THE COLBY ECHO.

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LITERARY NUMBER.

THE PAINTING OF THE FENCE.

Seven stalwart youths arising with the dawn,
Like Grecian sages, blessed with common-sense,
In motley garb proceed across the lawn,
To paint with green the new "athletic" fence.

While others sleep the work goes briskly on,
Enlivened oft with mirthful song or jest;
By breakfast-time they find their labor done
And take their morning meal with hearty zest.

The bell invites the college world to rise,
The drowsy students wake and wildly gaze,
The glad professors view the enterprise,
The president at prayers speaks words of praise.

Only a trifling college incident,
It all becomes a prophecy as well;
In after years on various schemes intent,
Ability to rise and work will tell.

AN ASSISTANT OF CUPID.

He sat down on the steps of the old college dormitory, and looked about him over the stretches of green campus; he was a small boy, but nevertheless he had opinions of his own, and in his opinion colleges were quite worth while. He was about as ragged a little ragamuffin as could be found anywhere.

As far as we could learn he had no father or mother, he lived apparently on the streets and sold papers. When it was not paper time, he was almost always to be found somewhere about the college buildings, and he was rarely driven off the campus, as he was a very bright and interesting little fellow and had a reputation for remarkable honesty. He was on intimate terms with most of the college men, and not a few of the Faculty, and popularly went by the name of Billy.

Just now the big door of the gymnasium swung open, and he watched the football team, the big, handsome Lawrence Nash, the captain, at their head, file out for practice. His eyes shone as he watched them. He often dreamed of being in college, and going through marvelous athletic feats before admiring audiences, but it was only in his wildest and happiest dreams that he played on the 'varsity eleven, and sometimes even was captain. One could wish to sleep forever when one dreamed such dreams as that.

But just now Billy was occupied in making up his mind, quite an important thing for when Billy's mind was once made up, it was as unchanging as the course of the planets, as sure as death. It was just this, he loved, adored, nay, worshipped Lawrence Nash. It was happiness to be near him. Life away from him was not much worth living. Now there were a great many ways in which a small boy could be useful to a college man.

There were boots to be blacked, water to be got from the old college well, errands to run and innumerable things to be done; and why should not he do all these things for Lawrence. Apparently there was no reason, so he determined to attach himself to Lawrence as servant in general, and sure friend and counsellor in particular.

He went up the steps and down the corridor of the dormitory until he came to Lawrence's rooms. He felt sure the door would be unlocked for Lawrence was careless and rarely remembered to lock it, and he was right, the knob turned easily in his hand, and he entered the room. Straight across the room he went, till he came to the couch, there he curled up and fell asleep, waiting for Lawrence to come in from practice.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" it was Lawrence's voice and Lawrence himself was standing, looking down upon him with a half-puzzled, half-amused expression.

"Oh, it's you is it?" he asked sitting up, and rubbing his eyes.

"Well, rather," replied Lawrence, looking still more puzzled.

"Oh, how did practice go?" Billy began eagerly, and then he saw Lawrence's expression. "I suppose you're wondering what I am here for, well, I've come to take care of you."

"The devil!" ejaculated Lawrence, with a low whistle.

"Oh no," said Billy politely, "not him. It's this way. I thought a boy might be useful to you, and you needed some one to look after your things. You never remember to lock up your know," in a disapproving tone, "and when you do you always forget your keys and get locked out; so I shall take care of you, and black your boots and get your water, and see to you all my spare time. That is if you don't mind," he added a little wistfully.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" exclaimed Lawrence again, and then he sank down in the big chair and laughed and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, while Billy gravely watched him. Then he reached out his hand and patted Billy's shoulder.

"Well, old man," he said, "if you think I need a guardian, you shall have the job," and so the queer compact was made.

In a few weeks Lawrence would not have known what to do without Billy. Billy was his right hand man, and made himself so useful that Lawrence grew to depend on him for everything.

Lawrence confided everything to Billy from the football signals, and his fears for the next examinations down to his love affairs. Outside of the football confidence Billy was perhaps most vitally interested in the love affairs, and Lawrence had a good many of these, for he was a big-hearted,

susceptible youth, and extremely popular.

Billy had his own ideas as to what sort of a girl was fitted for Lawrence, and like all his other ideas, those on this subject were firmly grounded, and he was determined that Lawrence should make no mistake, so he followed him about when it was possible guarded him carefully, and when some new affair was on, watched him, and studied his expressions, as a mother might, to learn his real feelings. As he gravely informed Lawrence, Miss Jason was too screechy, screamed every time she saw a bug, and Miss Snow flirted too much.

"There's you're right, Billy boy," interrupted Lawrence, "but we must not discuss the young ladies in this way, gentlemen don't do that, you know, Billy."

And Billy was discreetly silent afterwards, for above all things he desired to be a gentleman.

But soon there was a change. Lawrence came home one night late from a party, and as usual found Billy sitting up waiting for him in his room. He flung off his hat and coat, and sat down opposite Billy.

"Billy," he said solemnly, "I've met her to-night, the only girl in the world for me. Oh, Billy, she is the dearest girl."

Billy gave a little careworn sigh as he realized that if Lawrence had made a mistake and this was not the girl for him, or in other words if Billy himself did not approve of her, it would be his duty to restrain Lawrence somehow and save him from her.

It was one afternoon a few weeks later. Billy sat curled up on the couch with an old Latin grammar of Lawrence's in his hand, trying to find out what it was all about, when Lawrence came bounding in.

"See, Billy, what a prize I have," he cried and he pulled her picture out of his pocket and set it up on the place of honor on the top of his desk.

After he had gone out of the room, Billy came over and standing before the desk stared and stared at the picture, not with the loving eyes of Lawrence, but with the searching look of stern critic. He even climbed up on the big chair to study the picture more carefully. Then he got down, and with a satisfied smile thrust his hands into his pockets and announced solemnly, "She'll do!"

Lawrence and Billy were very happy for a time, for what young and favored lover is not happy, and how could Billy be anything but happy when Lawrence was, and besides he too adored Miss Jessie in his boyish way.

And then came that awful night, Billy will never forget it. It was growing late, and he was lying on the

couch waiting for Lawrence to come home, for he had gone to call on Miss Jessie. At last he heard his step down the corridor, and in a moment the door opened. One look at Lawrence's face and he knew something awful had happened. Lawrence came in, and going over, sat down at the desk. He reached up and took Miss Jessie's picture down and looked at it long and steadily; then he deliberately turned it around back to, and settled back in his chair with a bitter sigh, and a suffering hurt look on his face.

Billy was discreet and rarely said much, but now he was startled into speech.

"Why, Miss Jessie's!" he began, but Lawrence interrupted him.

"Billy," he said gravely, "we must never speak of Miss Jessie again, we, or rather she has decided we are to be nothing more to one another."

Billy sprang off the couch, and coming across the room, stood close by Lawrence's side, smoothing his hair as tenderly as a woman, but his teeth were set hard, and he was saying over and over again to himself: "Lawrence shall have her, and I must help him somehow."

After a few minutes Lawrence straightened up, and put his arm across Billy's shoulders.

"Well, Billy, boy," he said, "I suppose there are other girls in the world for you and me," and he tried to laugh, but it was a bitter failure. Then he picked up her picture and put it out of sight behind all the books in the book case, and Billy watched him with a big lump in his throat.

After this the days passed by as they will whether people are happy or unhappy. To outsiders Lawrence was apparently the same old Lawrence, perhaps a trifle gayer at times, and subject at others to fits of dejection, given to studying hard for days at a time and then working in the gym. fit to kill himself. It was only Billy who saw beneath the merry mask and knew of the bitter fight with black dejection. Then Billy would lie awake all night and try to think of plans by which he could bring them together. After a time even Billy, who was always hopeful, became discouraged.

He was thinking about them on a beautiful spring day curled up on a pile of mattresses in the gymnasium, watching with half shut eyes, a group of young girls, who were standing in one corner watching too. One of the girls was evidently of what Billy called the screechy sort, for as Lawrence went through some difficult evolution, high in the air, she gave a scream: "Oh, supposing he should fall and kill himself," she said, clutching her companion's arm. Billy rolled over to look at the nervous female, and just then

(Continued on fourth page.)

THE GIBSON GIRL.

There's many that call the Gibson Girl
A queen of loveliness,
That speak of grandeur in the swirl
Of her Parisian dress.

She stands some six feet eight or more,
Her glance is cold disdain,
All common people are a bore
For gods are in her train.

I know she's great—but then you see,
—Quite different from her,—
A girl that stands just five feet three,
I really much prefer.

She wears no cold and haughty stare,
And being small, you know,
I needn't stand upon a chair
To kiss her when I go.

So worship the Gibson if you will,
Of course we all can see
The Gibson Girl is handsome—still
Just leave my girl to me!

'99.

A TRIP TO EDINBURGH.

I had completed my eight days' visit in the great metropolis, and now turned my attention to "modern Athens," Scotland's greatest city and the home of her greatest son.

The journey thither was in some respects irksome, in others, interesting. Through southern England the scenery is very attractive. Fertile fields, bordered with hedges, pretty brick farm-cottages with green leaves and dark foliage, little running brooks, and larger coursing canals, and verdant, gently sloping hills make up the greater part of the landscape. As one gets further north, the scenery assumes a sterner aspect. Green fields have given place to barren tracts and graceful hills to bold table-lands. As the traveller crosses the border into Scotland, the country becomes more wild and romantic looking, giant hills, cold, gray moors and deep ravines surround him on every side and thrill him with thoughts of Scottish clans and frays.

At length we come to the point where the road to Edinburgh and Glasgow diverge and I was again placed amid new surroundings. One startling reminder that I was now in the romantic land of Scott was a sign on the railroad fence "Roderick Dhu Whiskey."

At last we reached the great Caledonian station in Edinburgh and for the first time in my life I stepped foot on Scottish soil. It was nearly dark and cold and rainy and I confess I felt a trifle lonely in a strange city in a foreign land and I might add, with a slim pocket-book.

"Stately Edinburgh, throned on crags," what memories cluster around that grand old city! An American traveller happily describes one's impression as he stands on the castle hill and views the city. "No where else can you see so well the character of the two towns—the Old and the New—the latter, gay, glittering like a section of Paris as seen from Notre Dame, smiling as if there were no such thing as death and change in the universe. The other, with the shadow of a thousand sad memories, mingling with the lights of other days, upon it, sombre, sublime, silent in its age."

The morning after my arrival, I was bright and early to "do" the city,

but was disappointed to find a dark, rainy day. This was especially vexing, as I had purchased a "week-end" ticket, which limited me to only three days in the city, one of those being the Sabbath. However, I must make the best of it and so, started out, much to the chagrin of my Scotch fellow-lodgers, who are as anxious that a stranger should see their city in a clear day as an artist is that one should see his pictures in a good light.

I first made my way to ancient Holyrood Palace, the road to which lies through the Old Town. Old and cheerless looking indeed are these streets, with their grim weather-blackened buildings, dingy wynds and closes and poverty-stricken inhabitants. And yet, the glory of Edinburgh once centered here. How many of Scotland's greatest men, historians, philosophers, statesmen, divines, and poets dwelt in those gloomy houses; and girls afterwards famed for beauty and wit, played in those dirty wynds and courts.

Nearly at the end of High street I passed John Knox's house, where the great Reformer lived, till his death in 1572. On the exterior is an antique inscription, "Love God above all, and your neighbor as ye self," which strikes one somewhat ludicrously, appearing over the windows of a mean little tobacco shop.

Reaching Holyrood and finding it not yet open, I set out for a visit to the chief public buildings of the city, i. e., the Royal Institution, National Gallery, and National Portrait Gallery and Antiquarian Museum, all of which are truly creditable to Modern Athens. In the museum is displayed an endless variety of antiquities, including gold and silver ornaments, stones with Ogham and Runic inscriptions, Roman sculptures, bronze implements, sepulchral remains, etc.

However, none is more interesting than the old Scotch "maiden"—that primitive, blood-curdling machine, from which was derived the later and more refined French guillotine. It is extremely simple in construction, consisting of a thick wooden frame, reminding one of "grandmother's loom," and a broad knife set in a heavy stone weight and sliding up and down in a groove. The knife rests on a cross-beam. To the weight is attached a rope, which was used for hoisting the knife to the top of the machine. The victim was then placed with his neck across the beam, and the knife was allowed to fall like a pile-driver upon it. The much hacked beam bears sad testimony to the numbers that have thus perished on this cruel machine.

In the afternoon I visited Edinburgh Castle. After climbing the steep Castle hill, I suddenly found myself within the broad, open esplanade at the opposite end of which stood the grim castle.

I first turned my attention toward visiting the rooms of the castle, the most important of which are Queen Mary's room, interesting as the birth-place of James VI. In this room

is a small window ornamented with stained glass, from which, as tradition asserts, the child was let down in a basket over the face of the precipice, to the foot of the rock. Also the Crown jewels room, where lie secured within an iron cage, the Scottish regalia, consisting of the crown altered at various times, but portions of which have been worn by every Scottish monarch from Robert Bruce to James VI, the sceptre, sword of state, and other crown jewels. Another interesting apartment is the spacious Parliament Hall, of antique beauty.

But the most impressive sight, it seems to me, in all Edinburgh is the place which I next visited, Ancient Holyrood, where once:

"Upon an eve of raw and surly mood,
Within a turret chamber high—sat Mary,
Listening to the rain and sighings with the winds,
Which seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek, her smile was sadder now,
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow.
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field,
The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but the sword she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes, the dreams of youth's brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years, the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelars.
They half beguiled her of her cares, they won her into smiles,
And soothed her thoughts from bigot zeals and fierce, domestic broils.
But hark! the tramp of armed men—the Douglas battle cry!
They come! they come! and lo, the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
And swords are drawn and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain.
The ruffian's steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart dashed aside the tears that trickling fell,
"Now for my father's arm!" she said, "my woman's heart, farewell!"

Passing through the grand picture gallery, I came to Lord Darnley's rooms, consisting of the audience chamber, Lord Darnley's bed-room and his dressing room, all of which are hung with ancient tapestries and portraits. In the audience room is a door, leading to a stair-case by which Queen Mary's apartments are reached. The first room is Queen Mary's audience room. The gorgeous canopied bed and richly carved furniture, which occupy the room, are said to be those used by Charles I, when residing at Holyrood. The room is adorned in antique elegance. The next apartment is Queen Mary's bed-room, the ceiling of which is adorned with the emblems and initials of Scottish sovereigns and the walls hung with rich tapestries. Here stands what is supposed to be the bed of Queen Mary, with decayed hangings of crimson damask bordered with green silk fringe. On the walls hangs a portrait of Queen Mary, another of Queen Elizabeth, a third of Henry VIII and a fourth of a lady unknown. Adjoining the bed-room is a small dressing-room which occupies the eastern buttress of the tower. In the western buttress is the little sleeping-room, where on that dreadful night sat Mary with lady companions, listening to the enchanting strains of the minstrel, when she was suddenly startled by footsteps on the secret stair-case, leading from the room. A mo-

ment later the little door is burst open and the conspirators rushing up to Rizzio stab him, and then, deaf to Mary's pleadings, pitilessly drag him through the bed-room and audience room and despatch him at the head of the principal stair-case, his blood soaking through the floor. A partition now encloses the spot, which is said to have been erected by order of Queen Mary, that she might not see the marks. They were, however, not to be obliterated, but were to remain as a memorial to quicken and confirm her purposed revenge.

I suppose that even today, hardly a stranger visits Holyrood, but seeks to see the stains of Rizzio's blood. The day I was there, two ladies from China were visiting the palace, and although they had too much intelligence to believe that any traces of the stains would remain, yet they could not leave till they had closely examined the spot.

A little to the south of Holyrood are Salisbury Crags and towering Arthur's Seat, forming a fitting background to the grand old Capitol. Ascending the rugged peak, named in honor of the "blameless King," of Tennyson's "Idylls," I passed by the little lonely ruin of St. Anthony's Chapel, supposed to have been built about 1435 in connection with a hermitage; and St. Anthony's Well, to the waters whereof were once attributed mystic charms.

The view from the top of the peak well repaid me for the toilsome climb necessary to obtain it. Beneath my feet the noble city "in the light of evening lay," set amid green meadows, with here and there a little shimmering loch; while beyond rose the Pentland Hills and glimmered the Firth of Forth. When the weather is clear glimpses of the Grampians may be seen in the distance.

As I stood gazing at this inspiring sight, two young Scotchmen drew near, who were also admiring the panorama with a patriotic pride, which of course I could not feel. They bore such pleasant faces and gentlemanly manners that I felt constrained to address them. They responded with a courtesy and cordiality befitting true gentlemen and we were soon engaged in friendly conversation. It can only be said in justice to our cousins across the water, that there is a courtesy and refinement in their manner toward strangers, (I don't pretend to say without exceptions,) which is seen even in the small boy, and which is too sadly lacking among Americans. They are apparently more mindful than we of the truth contained in the little couplet:

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

The youths took a good deal of interest in referring me to the best preachers to hear on the morrow, but when I expressed my intention of attending the service at the beautiful St. Giles cathedral in the morning, their brows slightly clouded, as they answered with just a tinge of surprise in the tone "That is a High Church!"—so deeply are sectarian prejudices instilled in the youth of the land. Descending the mountain, I returned to my lodging, well satisfied with the day's experience, in spite of unfavorable weather. C. L. SNOW, '97.

(Continued.)

THE QUEST.

They pass me by,
Full well I know,
With secret sigh,
In weary woe;
'Though looks beguile,
—So fair to see—
And faces smile,
In painted glee;
For passion's play
Has done its part,
And sorrow, sealed
Upon the heart.
And restless strife
For greedy gain,
And time's keen knife,
(Though faces feign,
And looks beguile,
So fair to see),
Has left its mark,
Indelibly.
They pass me by,
With quickening pace
And wistfully
I scan each face.
But all in vain,
I see, alas!
A darkened pane,
A gilded glass.
For stern forbid,
By bar and ban,
Each life lies hid
From man and man.
By outward show,
From inward sense
We little know,
The soul's intents.
By doughty deeds
We bound our ken,
God only, reads
The minds of men.
EDWARD D. JENKINS, 1900.

THE PAINTED MADONNA.

From that first dawn when God said "Let there be light" to that night when the hills of Bethlehem rang with the angelic announcement, Man, made in the Creator's own image, attempted to walk uprightly but tottered, stumbled and fell. This was the time of a weak and sinful humanity, a people of whom it repented the Lord that he had made; a time of trying to appease an offended Deity by the blood of bullocks; a time of human blood-shed, of the relentless rule of a man's might, of the utter ignorance of the softer sway of a woman's love. Yet again and again throughout this day of darkness there flashed beams of light; again and again throughout all generations of men, there sounded the voice of a mighty prophecy. Moses, leading the chosen people from a land of oppression, hinted of a deliverance from another bondage. The Hebrew captive, amidst the splendors of Babylon, told of one coming "with the clouds of heaven, whom all people, nations and languages should serve." It was left to the great Isaiah to express this hope of the Jewish nation with more complete detail. Explicitly he declared, "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Emanuel."

Stronger than the heart's longing for power and glory is its craving for human contact. The Messiah was not to come in splendor and majesty but as man, born of woman, as a helpless babe, pressed to a mother's breast. Henceforth the Hebrew and classical prejudices which had proved so disastrous to the dignity and purity of womanhood were to be abolished;

hereafter a mightier power than a strong hand, the intangible influence of womanhood, the ineffable holiness of motherhood was to be recognized. With the advent of the Christ arose new ideas of the moral and religious responsibility of woman; with Christianity came the need of a new form of womanly perfection. From the time when "Hail, thou that are highly favored," intimated to the gentle maiden of Nazareth her important destiny, she has been accepted as the purest, holiest type of womanhood.

Of the strange beliefs which the Crusaders brought back from the Holy Land was one that St. Luke was a painter. True or otherwise, he has at least painted, in a series of pictures, the Virgin Mary. In his gospel we find the colors of her life. It is permitted loving imagination to add the shades and tints.

We see that lovely Jewish maiden, through whose body coursed the best blood of the nation, over whose soul swept all the poetry and religion of her race, kneeling before God's messenger. Perplexed at his salutation, awed at his announcement, dismayed at its fulfillment, nevertheless there rises from the troubled, girlish heart the humble, faithful response, "Be it unto me according to thy word." Hers is the rare nature which does not falter before truth, though it be difficult of comprehension. In the home of Elizabeth, to whom she clings pathetically at this time, her sublime faith again triumphs. It is as if to the Galilean girl came a swift glance down the centuries. Confidently she sings, "From henceforth all nations shall call me blessed." No illustrious ancestor not even "the sweet singer of Israel" himself was ever swayed by a more poetic and religious feeling. Wonderful insight into Mary's knowledge of the Jewish writings, her trust in the God of her people, her share in that hope of the promised Redeemer is revealed by that magnificent, that inimitable outburst of holy joy.

It is the woman leaving the hills of Nazareth with the chivalrous Joseph. Well she understands that down the valley to Bethlehem her husband will be beside her, but that other vale which lies just beyond, that deep, dark vale of maternity, closed by "the gate that swings both ways, outward upon eternity, backward upon life," this, she must tread alone. Fancy lingers lovingly before the young mother bending over that babe while she ponders his destiny. That poetess who interpreted so well the throbbings of a mother's heart put upon the Virgin Mary's lips,

"And art thou come for saving, baby-browed
And speechless Being? Art thou come for saving?"

That artist who more than any other possessed a touch which was *spirituelle* ever painted the mother of God with "a thoughtful, far-away look of one whose joy is tempered with awe." He painted the Christ-child as clinging to the human mother, while upon the upturned baby face

there rested a fore-shadow of what must have fallen upon the man's face when in his awful isolation the cry of anguish rang from the garden. What can equal the solemnity and depth of expression of *this* young mother's face? Pressing the little one to her bosom in the mysterious depths of a baby's eyes she tries to read the interpretation of the prophecy: "This child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel."

Gradually Mary understands that this is more than a son. In the temple at Jerusalem, at Cana, she turns to him as Master. She watches his career from the seclusion of her little village. As one of the three Marys, or as one of a company of women she follows her divine son with truly maternal devotion. In all the crowded events of those last few days she is the calm, heroic woman, upheld by an unfaltering fortitude. By the cross she stands with the intense expression of a mother's anguish. Ah, aged Simeon, thy prophecy is fulfilled! Yet she makes no outcry. Her sorrow is mingled with resignation. For that quiet, suffering woman, Christ in all the agony which he as man endured made provision.

There is still another picture which tells us that after it was all over Mary went home and *lived*, yea, and ministered to others. It is the little upper room where the disciples are kneeling in prayer and Mary, the mother of Jesus, is with them.

In this character painting by St. Luke we recognize a lowly, trustful maiden, an intellectual and heroic woman, a tender, loving mother. All the qualities of Mary converge to form such a type of womanhood as we find nowhere else. This was the type which seemed to find in the human heart some deep sympathy ready to receive it. This was the woman who for more than a thousand years, throughout all the Christian world, was worshipped as the pure and dignified Madonna. Poets, theologians, artists went mad in their wild adoration for the mother of God. They even forgot the Creator in paying divine honor to the creature. As the different bells of a great city now peal forth their summons to the worship of the Son, so for centuries painters called to the veneration of the Mother. Down to us from the ages comes the sweet voiced chimes of a Fra Angelico; the hollow, metallic ring of a Fra Filippo Lippi; the calm, measured, holy tone of a Botticelli; the strong, clear peal of a Michael Angelo; the joyous melody of a Raphael; the harsh, brazen clang of a Titian; the quaint, simple call of a Durer.

The Madonna in Art was like a strain of sweet music played again and again. It was a theme which never wearied her votaries, a theme full of artistic and poetic possibilities. Around the meager biblical facts of Mary's history there formed from the first a fringe of fascinating fables, some one of which often became the basis of many an artistic motif. It is a simple subject, a mother with her

child, but that ineffable type, that holy, tender image of the Madonna satisfies one of the everlasting needs of man's heart. A. H. H., '99.

THE NEW YORK-COLBY ALUMNI

The fourth annual meeting of the association of Colby Alumni of New York City, was held at the St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and Eleventh Street, April 26th. About twenty of the alumni sat about the tables. These represented five decades in the history of the college family, namely, the fifties, sixties, seventies, eighties, and nineties. Colonel Shannon was not able to be present, being detained at the dinner given the same evening to Senator Frye.

A few others were unable to be present. Among those who were there were: Hon. Harrington Putnam '70, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hon. E. H. Lyford, '77, Springfield, Mass.; Clarence E. Meleney, '76, N. Y. City; Albert P. Marble, '61, N. Y. City; Charles J. Prescott, '55, Orange, N. J.; L. L. Dick, '86, Yonkers, N. Y.; A. H. Bickmore, '93, N. Y. City; Chas. D. Edmunds, '86, N. Y. City; D. Jacque Gallert, '93, New York City; E. F. Stevens, '89, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Ed. B. Mathews, '91, Baltimore, Md.; J. R. Melcher, '81, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frank Hanson, '83, Newark, N. J.; Harry Dunn, '96, The Hotchkiss School, Conn. The President of the college, Professor E. W. Hall, and Mr. R. W. Dunn of Waterville, were guests of the association. Every one present responded to the call for after dinner talk, and the speaking was unusually interesting.

Colby has reason to be proud of her graduates, and it is most gratifying and stimulating to the undergraduates to know of the earnest and practical interest with which they watch the progress of the college and look forward to its anniversaries.

The Brunonian always has excellent college stories. This poem from the April number of *The Brunonian* is worthy of attention—

A BROWN STUDY.

I look from my study window
In the silent Winter nights
Below on the sleeping city
With its myriad twinkling lights.

The hands of the waving elm-trees
Are tapping at the pane;
I hear the tempest sighing,
The drum-beat of the rain.

But wind and sleet are nothing;
I care not for their looks,
I have companions trusty
In yonder shelves of books.

With Knightly Don Quixote
I roam the world again,
And build me airy castles
Within the realm of Spain.

The old familiar faces,
The names I once have known,
Now cheer my midnight hours,
Till night itself hath flown.

—Wm. Whitman Bailey.

The April number of *The Campus* of Allegheny college, is a college song edition, containing some Allegheny songs besides other well known songs.

THE COLBY ECHO.

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C. F. SEAVENS '01, H. L. WITHEE '01,
H. C. LIBBY '02,
RACHEL J. FOSTER '99, EMMA F. HUTCHINSON '00,
DELIA J. HISCOCK '01, ALLANA B. SMALL '02.

TERMS.

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THE INTERSCHOLASTIC ORATORICAL CONTEST.

The plan proposed of having an oratorical contest among representatives of our fitting schools in connection with the Junior League baseball game, is one deserving of praise and commendation.

Hitherto the college at these meets has endeavored to keep in touch with the athletic interests of the preparatory schools principally. By this contest the college recognizes and encourages another activity which certainly is no less important than athletics. The contest will add much to the interest of the meet and will bring to Waterville during the games, a class of students whom we are most desirous of welcoming.

These contests will have a most beneficial effect upon the schools themselves. There is nothing that is so stimulating and conducive to work as wholesome rivalry. It will be the ambition of each school to carry off the honors of the contest and we believe that there will result a marked improvement in the standard of oratory and declamation in the schools. It is hoped that the contest will be perpetuated and that it will become a regular feature of the Junior League meets.

THE BOARDMAN WILLOWS.

The condition of neglect and decay into which the "Boardman Willows" have fallen is a reminder of our duty to do something towards their restoration and preservation. The willows were planted in the first years of the college by one of our most distinguished and honored alumni and they are among our few historical monuments and proud possessions.

Aside from reasons of historical interest there are other reasons why this matter should receive our immediate attention. The rows of stately trees, extending down to the river, add much to the attractiveness of our beautiful

campus. The walks beneath their shade, between the gnarled trunks, have been the favorite haunt of generations of college students and about these old trees cluster many associations dear to students of bygone days.

At present, however, it takes a strong imagination to arouse any sentiment in regard to them. There are many dead limbs in the trees which not only mar the beauty of the trees but also are a source of danger to the passer-by. Some of the trees are so far gone in decay that only a strong gale is necessary to topple them over.

The condition of the grounds about the willows is anything but pleasing. Tin cans, sticks and other rubbish are scattered about in profusion. One is loath to take visitors to what otherwise is an interesting spot simply because of the cluttered condition of the grounds about the Boardman walk.

It would be a disgrace to allow these things longer to continue. A small expenditure of money and labor would do much towards bringing about the necessary restoration and improvements. We believe that there is enough college spirit and patriotism among the alumni and students to remedy the existing state of affairs immediately.

AN ASSISTANT OF CUPID.

(Continued from first page.)

an inspiration seized him. He sat up and fished from his pocket a slightly soiled piece of paper, and, spreading it out read it carefully. Evidently it was a bit of a torn up letter. He had found it near Lawrence's waste basket, and contrary to all his gentlemanly instincts read it and kept it, but it was all for Lawrence's sake. Now he read it over again. This was all it said.

"Jessie, dear, won't you forgive me? It is the last time I shall ever ask it.

Yours always,

LAWRENCE.

He picked himself up, and, paper still in hand, left the gym., and trotted out across the campus and down the street.

It was almost an hour later when he came back. Straight to Lawrence's rooms he went, and there he found Lawrence studying.

"I think, Laurie," he began, he always called him this when he wished to be particularly persuasive. "I think you'd best go right down and see Miss Jessie."

"What!" cried Lawrence, and the book dropped from his hand, down to the floor with a startling crash.

"If you'll wait a minute, and not get excited, I'll explain," said Billy slowly and he could be provokingly slow. "You know I knew she liked you, but I thought I'd just prove it for sure; so I went down there and told her you had fallen in the gymnasium and hurt yourself dreadfully, internally and the doctor thought you might not live till morning. I had rubbed my eyes till they were all red, as if I'd been crying, and I acted as if I felt awful, and you know I can act," he

added with a touch of pride, "and then gave her a bit of a letter you'd written her once. I found it by the waste basket," and here Billy blushed a little. "I told her you had just strength to write it, and sent me down with it to her. My goodness, you ought to have seen her. I thought she was going to faint, she grew so white and trembly, but she didn't, she's the sensible kind."

"Oh, what shall I do!" she cried, and she came across the room and grabbed both my hands. "Oh, Billy, it is all my horrid pride that has stood between us all this time. Oh go quick, Billy, and tell him I have nothing to forgive, that it is all my fault, and that he must not die, tell him that he must live—" and then she put her head down on the back of the chair and—"The devil!" cried Lawrence, and before Billy could utter another word, he had seized his cap, and was out of the room hurrying down the corridor.

It was many hours later, when Lawrence came back. In fact so late the room was quite dark, and Billy could not see Lawrence's face when he entered, but when the light was on and he had taken one look at him, he knew that it was all right again.

Lawrence came across the room, and in his strong arms lifted Billy up and sat him on the table.

"You are the most atrocious young liar," he said, "but after all, Billy boy, I believe you are my guardian angel."

The next week, when Lawrence gave his engagement spread, and the first toast had been drunk to Miss Jessie, it was Lawrence himself who sprang up and with his arm around Billy's shoulder, said:

"The second toast must be to Billy, my guardian angel," and with a quick burst of applause, they drank it down.

MARY G. PHILBROOK.

WILLIAM LINCOLN JONES.

Died in Wilmington, Mass., May 5, 1899, William Lincoln Jones, aged 31 years.

The above words chronicle a fact that is almost a tragedy. Born into a pleasant home, educated at Coburn Classical Institute and Colby University, principal of High School, superintendent of schools, law student well on the road to admission to the bar, and dead in the prime of his early manhood.

Mr. Jones was born in the village of Fairfield Center and received his early education in the common schools of that place. Later he entered the Institute at Waterville and graduating in 1890 immediately entered college. He was graduated in the class of 1894 with every prospect bright for a long and useful career. He was ever a keen and critical student and was held in high esteem by his instructors; he was beloved by his college mates for his honesty and integrity. After graduation he taught the high schools in South Dartmouth, Mass., and Millbridge, Me., and at the time of his death was superintendent of schools in Wilmington, Mass.

His work was always done and well done and many are the friends who are glad to attest it. His geniality as well as his unspotted character attracted people to him who were ever after his firm friends.

He will be greatly missed for, truly, such men as he can ill be spared.

L. W. ROBBINS, '94.
Gardiner, Me., May 8, 1899.

GRADUATE NOTES.

'37. Eldridge L. Getchell, one of the oldest graduates of the college died recently in this city. For many years he has been a prominent figure in Waterville life and was known to many generations of graduates.

'39. *The Watchman* of May 4th, records the death of Andrew H. Briggs, Esq., at the time of his death the sixth oldest living graduate of the college. His death occurred at his home in Melrose, Mass., on April 20th. He was born at Hamden, Me., in 1820 and entered Waterville college at the age of fifteen. Gen. B. F. Butler was in college with him. He entered the profession of law and practiced in Maine until his removal to Melrose in 1867, when he opened a law office in Boston, in which city he was an active counsellor until his last illness. For more than thirty years he has been a faithful and active member of the First church in Melrose. He has always been an enthusiastic and loyal alumnus of the college and was anticipating the rare pleasure of attending the Commencement exercises this year and of celebrating the golden anniversary with his surviving classmates. Mr. Briggs has always taken a great interest in the college paper and in years past has contributed frequently to the columns of THE ECHO.

'72. Mr. W. W. Perry, of Camden, has been visiting his son, Sherman Perry '01.

'87. Maud E. Kingley has written for the May number of "Education" a helpful article on the Study of Milton's Paradise Lost.

'90. W. L. Soule, M. D., has been appointed resident physician at the Melbourne Homeopathic Hospital, Melbourne Australia, and sails from San Francisco May 17, 1899. This appointment is considered a coveted honor among physicians.

'96. Harry T. Watkins, principal of the Old Town high school, visited friends in the city, April 29.

'97. Fred E. Taylor will represent Rochester Theological Seminary at the Northfield conference in July.

The Harvard senior class has voted to wear caps and gowns from May 1 to the end of the college year.

A new course in commerce at Columbia, recently authorized by the New York City Chamber of Commerce, will probably be given the first time in 1900.

President McKinley has received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the following colleges: Allegheny, McGill, Ohio Wesleyan, Chicago and Yale Universities.

Professor Benjamin Ide Wheeler of Cornell is likely to be the next president of the University of California. He lately made a western trip for the sake of investigating conditions in that University.

At a recent meeting of representatives of Harvard, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia and Cornell Universities, it was decided that any student passing the entrance examinations at any one of the colleges will be eligible to admission to any one of the others.

Perhaps the most important literary feature of the bi-centennial celebration at Yale next Fall will be the publication of a set of volumes written by members of the faculty, on scientific, literary, educational, and other topics, and intended to be an expression of the intellectual character of the university. The leading members of the faculty have volunteered to contribute, some by complete volumes, others by papers to be bound together. The total number of volumes will probably be thirty, and the cost of publication will be about \$15,000.

NEW REGULATIONS

Governing the Assignment of Rooms and the Leaving of Furniture in Vacant Rooms.

The following regulations have been approved by the Conference Board, the Faculty, and the Trustees of the College. They will interest every one who rooms upon the college premises. By means of them it is believed that the whole matter of the assignment of rooms and the disposal of furniture will be simplified and the general good order of the college will be promoted. Hitherto, the whole matter has been attended with a good deal of confusion. New students have landed here without any idea of how or where to find a room, and finally they have often been compelled to secure a room under many disadvantages. On the other hand, students graduating, have often been obliged to leave their furniture unsold, only to discover, somewhat after the middle of the fall term following, that their goods have been distributed without leave, through the dormitories. It would seem that the regulations now announced will secure the interests of all concerned without confusion.

I.

About the middle of the third term of the year, all students intending to be in the college the following year must choose and arrange for their rooms, and report the selection to the Registrar, who, on receiving duplicate keys, will record the selections and make assignments to the students thus reporting. This regulation applies to those who intend to make no change of room, as well as to others. The assignments will be publicly posted.

The choice of rooms will be decided in the following manner:

(1) All students desiring to retain the rooms which they are occupying will first report that fact to the Registrar, who will record these rooms as assigned to those thus reporting.

(2) All members of the Junior class who desire to secure a vacated room for the following year will meet an officer appointed by the college, for the purpose of drawing lots. The student drawing the lot numbered 1 shall have first choice of rooms; the one drawing No. 2, second choice, etc. One week shall be allowed for the Juniors to make their selection of rooms.

(3) The Sophomores shall then meet the officer and select rooms in like manner.

(4) After the expiration of a week, the Freshmen shall likewise choose their rooms.

(5) The faculty committee of the Conference Board shall act as a Committee of Appraisal, to which seller or purchaser, or both, may, if they desire, refer disputed cases in reference to the value of furniture.

(6) In 1899, and in 1900, those selecting rooms about to be vacated by Seniors will be expected to purchase the furniture therein, at a fair price.

II.

At the close of a term, all rooms assigned to students must be left in neat and good order, and if not so left they will be put in order by the college, at the expense of the student.

III.

The student owns his furniture, but has no property right in the room itself or in its location, nor may he demand a price for these of another. Any student finally leaving college, either on graduation or before, should remove his furniture from the room vacated, unless he has disposed of it to the one intending next to occupy the room. A student finally vacating a room, and not having

disposed of his furniture, will nevertheless be allowed for a time to leave his furniture in good order, in the room, in order that the furniture may the more readily be disposed of to another. In case, however, such vacated room is wanted and not the furniture, the owner must remove his goods, or the college will have them removed at the owner's expense. The college will, however, store such furniture for a time, that the owner may offer it for sale.

IV.

Furniture and other valuables in unoccupied rooms are insecure and are a menace to the good order of the college. Goods of any kind, therefore, will be allowed in such rooms only temporarily and, in every case, at the owner's risk.

THE ART LECTURES.

On Monday morning Professor Warren completed a most interesting and successful course of art lectures before the members of the Senior class. The lectures have been fourteen in number and Professor Warren has well covered the ground of his subject enabling the student to get a comprehensive view of the three great divisions of art—painting, sculpture and architecture. The greater part of the course has been spent upon the famous old masters of the Renaissance period. The numerous photographs of the best examples of art have added much to the interest and enjoyment of the course.

The last three lectures have been especially delightful as the lectures have been illustrated with stereopticon views. Professor Hull deserves a good share of the credit for the success of these last lectures because of his valuable assistance in managing the lantern.

The student body cannot appreciate these lectures too highly, nor can enough be said in praise of Professor Warren for his kindness and trouble. It means much for a man to step outside of his chosen line of work and take upon himself a good deal of extra work merely for the benefit it will give others. In these lectures Prof. Warren has not only exhibited a high appreciation and love of art but has shown a spirit of helpfulness. The college, too, is under great obligation to Dr. Warren for the valuable services he has rendered in gathering such an excellent art collection.

The members of the lower classes will make a great mistake if they neglect this opportunity offered them during the Senior year.

The attendance upon the course is not obligatory and for that very reason the student should feel it a duty of honor to attend.

Some knowledge of art is a necessary part of an education and without such knowledge no man can be liberally educated in the best sense.

We are glad that Professor Warren is to offer a short course in architecture to the Seniors. The course will be as follows:

1. May 15. In the chapel.
Classic Styles.
2. May 21. Shannon Observatory.
Illustrations of Lecture I.
3. May 29. In the chapel.
Christian Styles.
4. June 5. Shannon Observatory.
Illustrations of Lecture III.
5. June 12. Shannon Observatory.
The City of Venice.

In and after June, 1901, candidates for admission to the Harvard Medical School must present a degree in Arts, Literature, Philosophy, Science, or Medicine, from a recognized college or scientific school, with the exception of such persons, of suitable age and attainment, as may be admitted by special vote of the Faculty taken in each case.

BOSTON COLLEGE 9; COLBY 8.

On Saturday afternoon the teams of Colby and Boston college, for the first time in the history of the two colleges, crossed bats and the victory went to Boston by the score of 9 to 8. There was only a small attendance and the strong wind made things unpleasant for players and spectators alike.

In the first inning the visitors secured an unearned run on Haggarty's error at first. In the second inning, Tupper made a base on balls, Farwell and Haggarty made singles and Tupper came home. In the next inning an excellent play was made by Farwell, Newenham and Dearborn. Boston had a man on third and another on first. When the latter attempted to run to second on a pitched ball, Farwell made a quick throw to Newenham who as quickly threw to Dearborn and the man was out. Colby made two runs on Boston's loose playing. From the second to the sixth inning Colby played excellent ball. Few errors were made and Boston could only score once, while by the end of the fifth inning we had gained eight runs by hard batting. The score stood 8 to 2 in our favor and the victory seemed almost sure for Colby. It was in the first half of the sixth that we lost the game. Newenham gave his first and only base on balls. This was followed by an error at first, a passed ball, a single and a double, two more errors and another hit a combination that netted the visitors five runs.

In the seventh Newenham struck out two men, but three hits, a passed ball, and an error gave the Bostons two more runs and the game.

After the seventh inning our team settled down to work and neither side was able to score, though several times Colby had men on bases. The outcome of the game was peculiarly exasperating because our team outplayed the visitors in every particular. The game made us realize very forcibly the great loss we have sustained in the absence of the heavy hitters that we possessed last season. The excellent work of Newenham, Farwell and Dearborn is worthy of mention. Newenham showed steadiness and complete control of the ball throughout the game. Farwell did good work behind the bat and held Newenham, although he has had very little practice as a catcher. Though Dearborn has never before played a college game, he played a fine game both on the base and at the bat. One of the features of the game was the difficult catch by Allen in the seventh inning of a hot liner to left field.

Taking the game as a whole the team showed improvement over the U. of M. game. While there is much to discourage us there is also much to encourage us and the team should start out on its trip with hope of success.

COLBY.

	ab	r	bh	po	a	e
Fogg rf	5	1	0	0	0	0
Webb ss	4	0	1	4	3	0
Newenham p	5	1	0	1	0	0
Rice 3b	5	2	2	0	1	1
Farwell c	5	0	2	4	2	1
Tupper cf	3	2	1	0	0	0
Allen lf	3	1	0	1	0	0
Dearborn 2b 1b	5	0	3	4	2	1
Haggarty 1b	3	1	1	7	0	2
Hathaway 2b	2	0	0	1	1	0
Total,	40	8	10	24	15	5

BOSTON COLLEGE.

	ab	r	bh	po	a	e
Hart cf	5	2	1	1	0	0
McDermott 2q	4	2	2	3	5	1
Teeling lf	4	1	2	2	0	0
Hand ss	5	0	0	0	0	0
Butler c	4	2	2	6	2	0
Richards 1b	4	0	2	8	2	1
Kiley rf	5	1	0	2	2	1
Ford 3b	4	0	1	8	0	0
Ceconi p	4	0	0	1	2	2
Total,	37	9	12	27	15	7
Boston College	1	0	1	0	5	2
Colby	0	1	2	0	4	1

Two-base hits—Butler 2, Richards, Dearborn. Passed balls—Farwell 3, Butler 1. Wild pitch—Newenham 1. Hit by pitched ball—Tupper. Bases on balls—Newenham 1, Ceconi 5. Struck out—Newenham, 3, Ceconi 4—Time 2 hours. Umpire, Donovan.

THE CALENDAR.

- May 13. Team leaves for Massachusetts trip.
- May 19. Meeting and banquet of the Maine Academy of Medicine and Science, in Memorial Hall. Evening.
- May 20. Colby Athletic Field Meet 2 p. m.
- May 21. The seventh college sermon will be preached by the Rev. John D. Pickles, D. D., of the Tremont St., M. E. church, Boston. Baptist church, 7.30 p. m.
- May 24. Bowdoin-Colby ball game on campus.
- May 24. The Freshman Reading, Baptist church, 7.30 p. m.
- May 26. The meeting of Colby Junior League, ball games at College Field. Afternoon.
- May 26. Declamation contest between representatives of the Academies. Baptist church 7.30 p. m.
- May 27. Continuation of Junior League games in Forenoon. U. of M.-Colby game.
- May 27. U. of M.-Colby game on campus.
- June 9. The Sophomore Prize Declamation.

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.

The Board of Overseers of Harvard has introduced resolutions that the entire system of entrance examinations be revised and that history be dropped from the list of required examinations.

The gifts to universities and colleges in the United States last year amounted to \$13,080,150. Libraries received \$1,166,500, and museum and art galleries were given \$1,473,000.

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A DEAD BEE.

Dead amidst the dewy clover
Lies a bonny little rover
Who could shape his course afar
Without compass, chart, or star.

Nevermore across the azure
Shall he sail in search of treasure;
Nevermore at set of sun
Home shall hie his galleon

From the jonquil's golden chalice,
And the lily's ivory palace,
And the violets' divine
Cups of white and purple wine.

Smile, smile on, thou faithless summer
To forget thine early comer!
Say, if thou hadst first departed
Had we still been merry-hearted?

On the boughs in rapture swinging
Gleefully the birds are singing.
I, who mourn thee, little bee,
Will pronounce thine elegy.

Be it meetness or unmeetness
Thou didst garner up life's sweetness,
Wiser than the sages wist.
Earth has one less optimist.

ALICE L. COLE, '98.

[NOTE—This poem, written by Miss Cole for the '98 Oracle, has the honor of appearing in the *Century Magazine* for May.]

A GLIMPSE OF SMITH.

Any outsider, a mere spectator can hardly comprehend the full significance of the words "Smith College." It is the alumna who best understand the meaning of that name, rather than the undergraduate. Four years is hardly sufficient to learn the good derived from a college course; it needs a whole lifetime's perspective to grasp the full comprehension of the vast benefit to each member of Smith.

This is true of every college as well. It is the individual after all, instead of the institution, that counts. However, it is far from necessary to sing forth the especial praise of this particular college—Smith is sufficient in itself. Every aim and influence is for the highest and purest type of womanly womanhood. Above all else, character is placed, and each effort is directed to broadening and capacitating every student for a woman's mission in the world. Aiming after men's colleges is decidedly put aside; Smith is no "Princess institution," but a woman's college in its noblest sense.

The whole surrounding of Smith College is pure and wholesome—the college spirit, the sports, the social life, the separate members, the faculty. The situation is picturesque and healthful—the fresh mountain air would blow away the cob-webs from any weary brain and would invigorate everyone to the best impulses and forces.

Nowhere is there such a country as Northampton, surrounded with its mountains, mirrored in the Connecticut. All round about are the most beautiful walks and drives. From the first May-flowers in the spring with their delicate pink to the last crimson autumn leaves, the student of Smith revels in the bracing air and returns from long botanical expeditions laden with wild-flowers. The college girls spend most of the time out of doors. Nor is this confined alone to the warmer seasons; in the winter there are snow-shoeing and coasting and short,

brisk walks. Smith girls believe in fresh air. During spring term, the back campus is filled with those who take their books out doors to study. Hammocks are swung between the trees and there are tennis courts, while "Paradise" is dotted with boats whose merry occupants enjoy the long day through. The whole college loves the outdoor surroundings—so much so that one day has been set aside for the especial purpose of tramps and drives into the mountains and woods, and no day is hailed with more joy than "Mountain Day." Such a country as Northampton is for outdoor revels!

With these environments, it is not strange that the college spirit is pure and loyal; and this one thing is perhaps the most prominent feature of all Smith. Every visitor must be impressed with the kindly affectionate, democratic, united efforts of each separate student for the general good. At all their gatherings, whether social or of a business nature, there is this wholesome spirit.

With the same heartiness they enter into their sports, which are many and varied. Gymnasium work is required for the first two years—the faculty is fully convinced of the necessity of strong, healthy bodies as well as active minds. The work in the gymnasium is of different kinds, but tends chiefly to the development and strengthening of the chest. Beside the lighter exercises, some of the students do very fine apparatus work. Then there is basket ball with the great game between the Sophs. and Freshmen. There is too, boating, golf, tennis, volley-ball, wheeling, snow-shoeing, coasting, skating and all the healthful sports.

The social life is in no wise to be omitted from the mention of Smith. If there is great good to be derived from the curriculum, there is too, great good to be gained from intercourse and acquaintance with the different members; and the social part of Smith is as much an education as the recitation or lecture. There are true, warm friendships that last a lifetime, and every girl comes in close contact with real life. Yes, they say college is an "ideal life," and though this is true to a very great extent; still they meet the real and with their acquaintances and friendships, their surprises and disappointments in the different students, the character of all the girls is developed and prepared for the realer *real life*. The students are constantly together. There are continued teas, dances, costume parties, dramatics, spreads, Welch rare-bits and fudges. It sometimes seems as if a college course entailed the loss of good digestion, so constant are the nibbling and eating. The dances and house-dramatics are almost as frequent as the teas and spreads. They actually become a bore, only that the ingenious minds of the girls are forever changing and inventing something different. But the real events of the year are the Junior Promenade, the Glee Club Concert and Senior Dramatics. Each one of these is a social success

entirely Smith in its nature and of which the college may well be proud. Perhaps the greatest of all is the Senior Dramatics, when a Shakesperian comedy is given. These renderings of Shakespeare really display genius, and are a great wonder to the uninitiated spectator; for they show a deep understanding of the interpretation of the great dramatist; and the scenic effects and acting, together with the costuming, display marvellous skill.

The separate members of Smith are too numerous and distinctive to be catalogued. They are representative of the finest type of the American woman. Of course there are exceptions, but from over one thousand students it is to be expected. The best way to judge of the Smith girl is to know her—but be sure you *know* her.

If the students themselves are diverse, even more so are the studies. There is no time nor space to enter into a discussion of the different branches of investigation. Smith college is an institution for the higher education of women and is fully equipped for its undertaking. It can only be said with the song:

"Here's to old Smith College,
That's where you get your knowledge."

The faculty is as varied as the student-body and the studies. Every member holds the respect and admiration of the girls and the way they join in with the students themselves is delightful. One of the greatest pleasures at games and entertainments is the faculty songs, and the faculty enjoy being "sung down" as well as the girls enjoy "singing them down." There is the same healthy fellowship between instructor and student as between fellow-students. One especial charm of the teas is the cozy chat with some of the faculty. It seems good to the general assembly that there should be both men and women on the faculty. Above all the whole college rejoices that it has President Seelye for its head.

Smith may well be glad in its one president who has been with it from the first. And never was there a more tactful man, nor one who at once combines more delicate tenderness with greater firmness of character and purpose. With such an example of a noble life, Smith college cannot fail to send forth women who are prepared to face stern realities and conquer them with womanly love and courage.

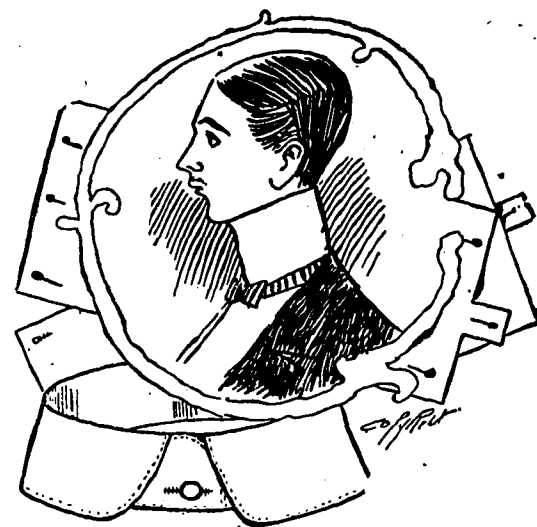
ACHISA LENA BARLOW, Smith '02.

NOTE. The editors wish to thank Miss Barlow who wrote this sketch especially for THE ECHO.

The Bowdoin Quill has the following up-to-date bit of verse:

A TRIOLET—To G—

Oh, she does o'er her golf cape under her chin—
Katie, my bonnie sweet lassie—
And my heart, like Katie's is fastened therein,
As she does o'er her golf cape under her chin;
And I know that my Katie can ne'er fail to win
For Cupid's anigh as her caddie.
Oh, she does o'er her golf cape under her chin,
Katie, my bonnie sweet lassie.
—H. W., '99.



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A FRAGMENT.

"A grievous stream that to and fro,
 Atthrough the fields of Acadie
 Goes wandering as if to know
 Why one beloved face should be
 So long from home and Acadie."

The late September sun had just sunk in fiery splendor behind Blomidon. The last golden red rays had died from the calm ripples of Minas Basin rolling slowly in to its full tide over the barren reaches of sand.

The tall fir trees in the back-ground loomed up dark and stately, like sentinels keeping watch over the little farm-house nestling in its green field at their feet. And now rising over their tops the round, full harvest moon flooded with silvery light the calm water, the gray dikes, and the little farm-house. Over the dikes floated the tinkle, tinkle of the cow bells, down by the shore, the ceaseless swish of the water over the sand, and in the boughs of the trees the last good-night twitter of the birds.

Everything seemed at peace.

No sound or light came from the cottage. A vine-covered porch faced the great expanse of sea which sometimes swooped in with angry surges as if it would reach the little house and claim it as its prey; sometimes as to-night with scarce a ripple in the moonlight.

And there sat in the stillness an old man with thin, white hair. At his feet there lay a huge St. Bernard, motionless, with one eye closed while with the other he watched his master as he sat and gazed over the water flooded with silvery light, and then away to the right where a white stone showed indistinctly from under the shadow of a great willow.

Ah! Leo knew whom the old man was thinking of as he sat with his head sunk on his breast and his eyes wandering over the sea as if they had grown used to watching in vain for some one who never, never would return; his baby master whom he had guarded so faithfully when he would sit on the warm sand and make pictures with his chubby fingers; his boyish master who was so splendid on a romp and such a bright, roguish play-fellow; his tall young master who had patted him on the back one day and said, with a little catch in his voice, "good-bye, old fellow, I'm going off to be one of Her Majesty's sailors, but I'll come back, don't fret and take good care of the old Daddy." And he had gone, the boyish figure in sailor blue; his master, who now lay out there under the willow all through the cold, dreary nights and hot stifling days, close by the sea which he had loved so well and which had treated him so cruelly. Everything had gone wrong since then and it was so lonely.

The occupant of the chair stirred and sighed and Leo raised his head and licked the old hand caressingly to show his sympathy.

"My son, my only son," quavered the feeble voice slowly and in broken tones, "my bonnie laddie with his mother's blue eyes, drowned—drowned almost in sight of home."

"Good-bye Daddy," he said, push-

ing back under his sailor cap the clustering curls that had been his mother's pride, "I'll come back some day."

Yes, he had come back—drowned.

Just then a hand was laid on the old man's arm and a low voice said:

"Come father, its time you were coming in."

Slowly and painfully the bent figure rose and followed her into the house and slowly the great dog rose and passed out through the moonlight and lay down by the white stone. It was his nightly resting place keeping guard at his young master's feet. For who knew but some morning he would wake up with his old cheery call. And the old dog had waited so patiently for such a long, long time.

The tide had now reached its flood and lay a perfect sheen of silver in the moonlight, calm and peaceful as if it could tell no tale of woe and anguish and sorrow, of broken hearts and ruined lives, or of a little lonely grave in Acadie down by the sounding sea.

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OF INTEREST.

J. T. Scannell left Monday for Connecticut.

Miss Blanche Walker, '98, is teaching in Vinalhaven.

McCombe, '02, preached Sunday at Good Will Farm.

L. Clyde Church, '02, passed the Sunday at his home in Skowhegan.

Workmen have commenced grading about the new chemical laboratory.

Miss Annie Maddocks, '02, passed Sunday at her home in Skowhegan.

Miss Rachel Foster spent a few days last week at her home in Woodfords.

Miss Clara Brewster of Dexter, was the guest of Miss Grace Farrar, '02, last week.

Miss Lenora Bessey, '98, is visiting friends in Paris and Norway for two weeks.

Martin will deliver the memorial sermon before the G. A. R. of Canaan on Memorial Sunday.

On Monday, Prof. Osborne received his commission as Grand State Deputy of the I. O. G. T.

C. F. Towne, 1900, was the guest of his classmate, F. F. Lawrence, at Skowhegan, over Sunday.

The tennis court at the north end of the campus is completed and, when sufficiently rolled, will be one of the finest in the state.

Misses Ward, Small, Jones, Hutchinson and Ames were entertained Friday evening at the home of Professor and Mrs. Stetson.

Mr. Harry Wade Hicks, secretary of the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. will be with the college association during Saturday and Sunday.

The manager of the New Hampshire College ball team has cancelled the game with our team which was to have been played next Monday.

Levi T. Patterson, for two years a member of the class of '98 and our star pitcher for three seasons, is pitching on the Brunswick town team.

Rev. E. O. Stevens, of the city, deserves the thanks of the college for rearranging the missionary curios in the Boardman Missionary Room.

On May 2nd and 3d President Butler was absent lecturing on Oliver Wendall Holmes at Calais and Eastport. He was warmly welcomed by the many Colby Alumni in that vicinity.

The announcements of the University of Chicago for the Summer quarter records two courses to be given by Prof. Hull, the one on Experimental Physics, the other on Electric Waves.

Shannon, '99, has been quite seriously ill this week caused by hemorrhages from the nose, and he is still in a weakened condition. Mr. Shannon's illness is especially unfortunate because it will prevent him as our strongest player from representing us in the tennis tournament at Brunswick.

The topic of interest on Tuesday was the ball game between members of the faculty together with several of the students and the 'varsity team. The faculty players were Dr. Frew, catcher; Prof. Stetson, pitcher; Prof. Hedman, 1st base, Dr. Hull, 3rd base, and Dr. Black, left field. The game abounded in good plays and the faculty acquitted themselves with great credit. Those of the professors who were star players in their college days evidently have not lost all of their skill. Although the faculty were beaten yet they were not discouraged and we understand that they are trying to arrange another game.

A chapter of Phi Beta Kappa has been recently established at Vassar College. This is the first time that a chapter has been given to a woman's college.

GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION AND BASKET BALL GAME.

On Thursday evening, May 4th, occurred the long postponed gymnastic exhibition and Sophomore-Freshman basket ball game in the gymnasium. There was a small attendance, much smaller than the high order of the exhibition deserved.

The first part of the evening's entertainment consisted of the various gymnastic events—high diving, tumbling, bar work, pyramids and wrestling. The gymnastic work was of unusual excellence, the best in fact that we have had for some years. The tumbling and the bar work of Fogg and Dearborn deserve special mention.

The apparent ease and skill with which Fogg performed the difficult feat of the giant swing won deserved applause.

Those taking part in the gymnastic events were Dr. Frew, Fogg, Towne, Tupper, Newenham, Allen, Davis, Marvell, Dearborn, L. Dudley, Woodman, Hathaway, Crawshaw, Long and Workman.

The basket ball game between the teams from the men of the Sophomore and Freshmen classes occupied the latter part of the program. The game resulted in a tie, the score standing 2-2. The ball was caged by Marsh for the Sophomores and by Crawshaw on a free try for goal for the Freshmen. It would be hard to judge of the respective merits of the two teams. Roughness rather than science characterized the playing of the two teams and there were numerous fouls. The line up was as follows:

1901		1902
Marsh,	forwards	Hathaway
Marvell,		Crawshaw
Newenham,	center	Dudley
(Davis)		
Bakeman,	backs	Woodman
Allen		Dearborn

Score. Sophomores, 2; freshmen, 2. Goals. Marsh, Crawshaw. Umpire, Dr. Frew. Referee, Prof. Hedman. Time-keeper, Prof. Stetson.

During the exhibition selections were played by the college orchestra. The exhibition was very creditable, especially if we take into account the postponements and interruptions at the worst possible time, occasioned by the small-pox scare.

Great credit is due Dr. Frew, who in spite of many discouragements has persevered in building up our athletics and who, by his thoroughness, ability and enthusiasm has won universal esteem and respect among the fellows.

IN MEMORIAM.

Hall of Me. Gamma Alpha, }
Alpha Tau Omega, }
May 10, 1899.

WHEREAS, In His infinite wisdom, it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from us our brother, W. L. Jones, of the class of 1894, a most earnest and loyal member of our fraternity; Therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Me. Gamma Alpha, deeply feeling the loss of our brother, do extend to his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy; and

Resolved, That these resolutions be placed on our records, that they be published in THE COLBY Echo, and that a copy thereof be forwarded to the family of our brother.

H. H. BISHOP,
W. A. WIREN,
H. L. WITHER.

An appeal to Yale graduates for \$2,000,000 has just been made by the Yale bi-centennial committee on funds. This sum is to be used for the erection of commemorative hall and for university endowments. \$225,000 have already been subscribed.

Colby College,

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The College was chartered in 1818. It is most favorably situated in a city of about 10,000 inhabitants, at the most central point in Maine, in a region unsurpassed for beauty and healthfulness. It offers the classical course with 70 electives, also a course without Greek, leading to the degree of Ph. B. The Men's Division enrolls 138 students (1897-8), the Women's Division 73. The Library contains 34,000 volumes and is always accessible to students. The college possesses a unique Physical Laboratory, a large Geological Museum, and is the repository of the Maine Geological Collection. A new and thoroughly equipped Chemical Laboratory will be ready for use this year. Physical training is a part of the required work. There is a gymnasium with baths, and an excellent cinder-track.

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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