

THE COLBY ECHO.

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WATERVILLE, ME., FRIDAY, JUNE 23, 1899.

LITERARY NUMBER.

AT GEORGE ELIOT'S GRAVE.

Above the city's mists 'neath God's own dome,
Where air swings bracingly and trees grow strong,
As in thy natal shire, the thrushes song
Enraptured floats o'er thy last earthly home.
In vain we search within yon Abbey's gloam
Thy sister author's name and thine—a wrong
That England needs atone though she wait long,
Ere such interpreters again shall come.
Transfigured was plain human toil to thee,
Our common pangs of love and death, divine.
The harmony of law fell on thy ear
Like chime of bells—yet, if there chanced to be
A soul astray the theme, that heart of thine
Went out in sympathy to make thee dear.

MARY ANNA SAWTELLE.

AN ALLEGORY.

"There is a world of visions and of dreams,
Where the unshackled spirit seems to roam
Free from the dross of earth.—From judgment loosed,
Imagination plays her boldest pranks.
She beckons us, and ever on we follow,
And in one moment's little course oft find
A world of happiness or misery.—
'Tis thus Imagination, queen of dreams,
Makes us her playthings."

I would recall a vision, which I dreamed perchance in sleep. It was early evening, and the sun's last trembling glance still hovered over and gilded the western wild, and slowly left the haunts of solitude to which at the close of a hot, summer day, I directed my steps.

At length I sat down upon the wooded bank of a beautiful stream, whose mirrored surface dimly reflected, in the fading sunset, the drooping branches of the trees and the green shrubs and tangled vines, whose tendrils twined over its sloping margin. Half reclining, I gazed into the heavens, where Venus, bright mistress of the musing hour, shed her silvery light, and where, one by one, the stars followed her graceful movement. And now from her eastern clime the moon was rising, shedding a flood of glorious light; but soon fitful vapors hovered over her path, obscuring her kindly rays. Now dark clouds collected and rolled together, till it would seem that the bright empress of the night never more would shine, but, lo! they suddenly break and pass, and again she sheds her radiant beams.

Thus it is with life, I mused. In this mood of quiet reflection, I thought of the joys and sorrows of life; of the noble deeds of brave heroes; of the works of famous men, till lulled into a state of dreamy forgetfulness by the gentle breeze that made music among the leafy boughs, I yielded to the soothing influence around me. It was not long before my eyes were closed in sleep, and my spiritual vision was wafted on the wings of fancy into the ethereal world.

Swifter than the flight of a bird, my spirit was borne onward and upward, through clouds of mist and vapor, into a soft gray light. As I proceeded in my flight, I found at length my progress impeded by a dense fog, extending to the right and left farther than the eye could reach. Nothing daunted, I mounted upward through this world of mist until a narrow opening appeared, brilliantly lighted by the rays of the sun. Throughout its whole extent there seemed to be stretched a wire whose extremities were lost in the mist. This was something so unique and interesting in all its features, that I drew nearer, and, poised in mid-air, examined it minutely.

From the south side of the wire innumerable multitudes were drawing out and twisting threads, directing them in their course toward the south. Indeed, so busily engaged were these people,

that they appeared like a multitude of workmen, all employed in the same occupation; but a closer examination showed me that the work of each presented so many peculiarities that scarcely any two resembled each other in every particular. I observed minutely the drawing out and twisting of a number of threads, from their beginning to their termination. One of these at first was fine and light as gossamer, but gradually increased in size and strength, till its roundness, evenness, and beauty excited my admiration. But soon I perceived it was being turned out of its regular course, and looking in the direction of its deflection, I saw another thread coming towards it, whose spinner was a maiden. Having approached very near to each other, they continued for a while

were dark, rough, and knotted. I perceived that those threads which were in any degree remarkable, were gathered up, after the spinners of them had disappeared, and were carefully preserved. The most beautiful thread among them was zealously treasured in a jewelled casket. As I drew nearer, my wonder and admiration increased, for I perceived it was wholly unlike any other thread, both from its spotless purity and its superior silken texture. Some of the workmen, seeing me so deeply interested, gathered around me and began to praise the merits of the thread and to eulogize the workman. They informed me that this thread had been spun by the Son of their Employer, who being a perfect master of the trade, had condescended to put on the garb of a work-

are their threads." "There on your left," said my friend, "are two companies of workmen who seem to have forgotten for what they were placed here, and are bent on injuring each other's threads. And here, you may see some who imagine their threads are spun better than others, but if you will examine them carefully, you will find them stained in many places and twisted with no degree of uniformity." Here the man left me to pursue his labors.

While I wandered about among the workmen, and noted their manner of spinning and the quality of their threads, the power left dormant in my material body had fully recovered itself, and I suddenly became conscious of my physical existence.

The moon which had risen in such splendor and had cast such a soft light upon the landscape around me, was now dim, and high in the heavens; the gentle breeze of the early evening had quickened to a furious blast, and the murky clouds fast gathering threatened the near approach of a storm. Cold and shivering, I rose, and hastily turned my steps homeward, quite filled with the thought that all men are spinners.

Y. M. C. A. ROOM.

Hereafter Prof. Warren's recitation room in Champlin Hall will be given up exclusively to the use of the Colby Y. M. C. A. The room will be thoroughly renovated and furnished, and will then present a most attractive appearance. At a meeting of the Association held Tuesday, a committee of F. J. Severy, A. G. Warner, R. A. Bakeman, Dr. Butler and Dr. Warren, were chosen to take the matter in hand and solicit funds from students, faculty and alumni, who it is hoped, will respond generously to the call.

PHI BETA KAPPA ELECTION.

At a meeting of the faculty, Wednesday evening, the election was made of those members of the senior class, who by their rank in scholarship, are entitled to membership in Phi Beta Kappa. Those to win this coveted honor are: Messrs. Spencer, Stevens, and Hanson, and Misses Bowman, Alice M. Purinton, and Toward.

WILSON-GRAY.

At 7 o'clock, June 14th, in the Congregational Church at South Paris, were married Walter Llewellyn Gray and Madge Shirley Wilson, both of the class of Colby, '95. The wedding was attended by many of the prominent people of the State. Geo. A. Wilson, Jr., '98, brother of the bride, was best man. Clayton K. Brooks, '98, was one of the ushers. Colby friends wish all prosperity and happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Gray.

ORACLE ELECTION.

At a meeting of the Oracle Association Tuesday morning, Manager Robbins presented his report and new officers were elected. The report of the manager showed that all expenses connected with the publication of the '99 Oracle will be met this year with a handsome balance toward the debt incurred last year. The new officers of the Association are: President and business manager, F. D. Sawyer, 1900; vice-president, and assistant manager, R. W. Sprague, 1901; editor-in-chief, F. F. Lawrence, 1900.

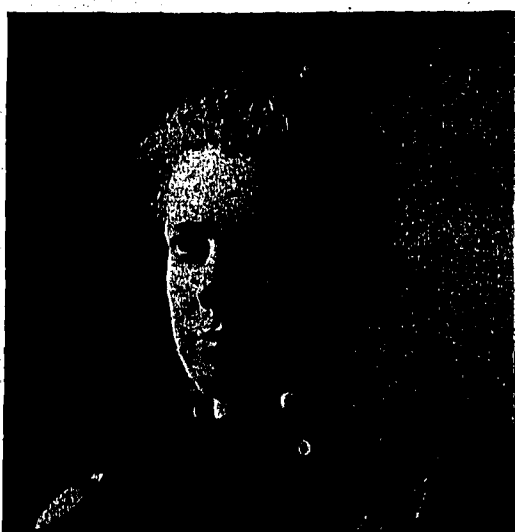


RETIRING ECHO BOARD.

nearly parallel, and then their threads appeared to unite, each gaining strength and support from the other. Thus they proceeded together, working in the greatest harmony. But, at length, their threads began to dwindle and lose their former size and beauty. That of the man suddenly broke, and instantly he disappeared from sight. Shortly after, the woman's also broke, and she, too, disappeared from my view.

I immediately descended to examine the place of their departure, and I saw that there, as everywhere else, the

man in order to teach them how to spin their threads. He had told them the intention of His Father; that if they would spin their threads faithfully, according to the instructions given them, their work being completed, they would finally be conducted to an abode where they could ever work in the presence of their Employer. Those, however, who should disregard the instructions of their Master, must continue their work in solitude and gloom, until having corrected all their errors, they could humbly and obediently lay their work at the Master's feet.



MARY ANNA SAWTELLE.

ground was full of openings, and that it required the greatest circumspection to avoid stepping into them. As I watched the workmen closely, I noticed that they all received support from their threads, for, as soon as a thread was broken, the spinner staggered, and very quickly fell into one of these openings. When one disappeared from sight, those in the immediate vicinity would lift their eyes to observe who was missing. A shade of sorrow would flit across their countenances, and then they would continue their labors, apparently as indifferent as if nothing had happened.

There was a very great difference in the quality of these threads; some were of a light color, even and smooth; others

"These teachings," said one of the workmen, "were so obnoxious to some of them that they snapped the thread their Master was spinning, and pushed him into one of the openings in the ground; but on the third day he arose and disappeared in the mist toward the south." He had gone to His Father's house, leaving the perfect thread he had spun, which was gathered up and carefully preserved, as the only true model, by the faithful imitators of His wonderful skill.

"And yet," said the man, "if you will look around, you will see how differently these people perform their labors from the instructions given them by their Master's Son, and how unlike His

SANTIAGO.

Stout hearts in stalwart breasts that front the foe,
And falter not, though seething shot and shell
Proclaim the dire message, "war is hell!"
And angry founts of red like rivers flow,
All dauntless still, heroic, on they go.
Brave boys in blue! all future time shall tell
The tale of how you fought, and how you fell,
To succor the oppressed, exalt the low,
To buy unbroken peace for brother-man.
I doubt me if the yellow summer sun,
Since first his daily round of toil began,
E'er watched a fiercer, braver battle won,
Than Santiago,—no, and never can,
Tho' countless eons hence, his work be done.

E. D. J., 1900.

A COLLEGE EPISODE.

"O, give us a drink, Bartender, Bartender,
For we love you as you know,"

sang Harry's clear tenor, as he flung a boot-jack at his room-mate, to call his attention to the fact that the water pail was empty.

"See here, my dear, be careless, won't you, how you attract my attention. Go waste some of your superfluous energy on the pump; fill it yourself, if you're thirsty; my wheels can run awhile without water, thank heaven!" Nevertheless John cast an affectionate glance at his erring companion as his curly head

conversation, coming in at that moment, "but I shall have to deprive you of the privilege of basking in my light for the rest of the evening, got an engagement," blushing. "See you later, ta-ta."

"And so he's never touched a piano since s' far as I know," concluded John, as the door closed on his departing room-mate.

"Well," sighed Dick, as he threw his feet upon the mantle, "of course it's none of my business, but I should like to know what that boy does with himself evenings. Do you suppose—darn it! there's a hole in these new golf stockings already."

"To change the subject, my love, and to keep you from further profanity, what is there for excitement tomorrow night?" asked the more sedate John.

"Let's see," scanning the columns of the night's 'Mail.' "Twenty-first, second, third, twenty-fifth, 'Musical at Thayer's Hall under the auspices of Miss Whittier, our talented pianist, for the benefit of the Mission School. Program will be announced tomorrow. Admission 50 cents.' Huh! that won't cut any ice with the college boys—50 cents

you old Ananias, and be careful in the future, how you yarn to this innocent."

Jack blinked, rubbed his eyes, glanced down the program and then stopped and repeated aloud in a bewildered tone—

"Moonlight Sonata,"

Beethoven

Harry Steadman, Colby 1903.

"Of all things! There must be some mistake, for I told you the solemn truth, Dick."

But at that moment the door burst open, and an excited fellow came rushing in, waving a poster; another and another followed until poor John was surrounded by a regular mob all asking him the same question.

"Say, Turner, why didn't—"

"Jackie, me boy—"

"See here, John, who—"

"Tell a fellow—"

"Keep still, fellows, can't you. I don't know a thing about it, but I do know that Hal Steadman never took but six music lessons in his life, although you all know that he has music enough in him."

"Hal will be up to supper pretty soon, we'll pitch into him and find out," added Dick.

means. I didn't know Steadman played the piano. I can't understand it. There's what a jumble, now I'll keep still, and you'll tell me all about it, because," coaxingly, "you know I'm your best friend next to May Steadman."

"Well, Annie, it's so near the evening, I suppose that I might as well tell you," and Florence picked an imaginary thread from her immaculate gown. "You know May always felt badly because her brother wouldn't learn to play, and so when he came here to college she asked me to do all I could to interest him in music, so, of course, I felt bound to," looking deprecatingly at her friend.

Of course," fervently murmured Annie, hiding a smile.

"May sends him a box every week, and there's always been something in it for me which he had to bring down," casting another anxious look at Annie. "I used to play to him and finally, one night, he got so interested that he asked me in fun, to give him a lesson. So I did, and if you'll believe it, Annie, he's just full of music, and he used to practice every evening on one of Chadwick's old pianos at his store house on First



LADIES' BANJO, MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.

disappeared down the stairs and he remarked to Charlie, that it was too bad that the old boy couldn't play on a guitar, or piano, or something of the sort, adding that a man with a voice like that, ought to learn to accompany it.

"You generally expect a fellow with plenty of mon to be able to play a piano, though, don't you? Gee! it makes me laugh every time I think of it" remarked John.

"When we were kids, Harry's mother made him take music lessons until she found it was no use, for the rest of the boys used to call him 'Sissy,' and plague him so, that he gave it up. Remember one time when he was fooling away on the piano, making believe he was practicing, one of the boys came in and said, 'Come on Sis, quit your girl-work, come swimming with me,' Mrs. Steadman was upstairs, where she could just hear the piano enough to know that it was going; so our promising young minister here, hitched the cat with about two feet of string to the key-board to furnish piano music, while he was gone, and skipped; bright boy, Harry!"

"Exactly," exclaimed the subject of

for a musicale, nobody'll go."

"No, that's so," returned his companion.

"By Jove, though," exclaimed Dick, "I believe she's that girl with the light curly hair, and the big velvet hat, a peacherine!" (emphatically.) "But," dreamily addressing an imaginary Miss Whittier, "You don't get this chicken to waste fifty cents on you or the Mission School."

"Say, she must be the Miss Whittier from Augusta, that has been up visiting Hal's sister May, several times—were friends at boarding school, I believe. No, of course we won't go,—too slow, but shut up now, old sport, I've got to plug."

The next day a small boy was busy thrusting fliers in at doorways, all through the old "Bricks."

Dick French picked up the poster, carelessly noticing that it was a program for the evening's musicale. Suddenly he gave a jump that made the vases on the mantle rattle. "What in the name of thunder!" he ejaculated, and then bursting into Jack's room held the paper before him and shouted, "Read that,

"That makes me think," said Jack with dawning intelligence, "when I came back from down street, I found a little note from Hal posted on the looking-glass. Said he might not be up to the club to supper."

"Wait a minute, fellows," and Dick darted into the closet, to return in a moment with a triumphant smile. "My dear young friends," solemnly, "his claw hammer coat, his patent leathers, and his dress-suit case have disappeared."

While excitement reigned supreme at the "Bricks," a quieter scene but not less interesting, was being enacted at the Women's Dormitory. The window seat at No. 45 was piled high with cushions, books, a mandolin and paper bags of olives and limes.

Florence Whittier gave a contented sigh, as she sank down on the cushions and exclaimed, "Oh, Annie, I couldn't resist running up for a minute. Give me some olives to refresh my wearied soul."

"Florence, you old darling! And the night of the musicale, too! Eat all you can. But do tell me what this poster

Street."

"You said that those were the evenings when you weren't giving him a lesson, or he wasn't practicing at your house, didn't you?" asked the irrepressible Annie, innocently.

"Yes," falling into the trap at once and looking up in hurt surprise, while her companion went off in a paroxysm of laughter.

"Go on dear," gasped Annie, "don't mind me. I'm taken that way once in a while, inherited it I guess."

"One night when I was planning for the musicale I was saying that if there were only some way of getting all the college boys to come, we could make a lot for the Mission School. And then Mr. Steadman said that if I wanted him—I mean—well—you know how interested he is in the Mission School? Well, he said he'd play, and his mouth shut tight the way it does, you know."

"No, I don't," interrupted Annie—

"And he looked really kind of spiteful when he said that that would make the boys come, for there doesn't a soul in Waterville know that he can play. An-

(Continued on third page)

THE HERMIT THRUSH.

Thou brown-robed singer of the northern wild,
That lifteth up thy voice with undertone
Of whispering pine trees: when the day has flown,
Fading into the gray of evening mild,
And o'er the line of mountain peaks high-piled
Begins to glow the first faint star alone,
Thou dost pour out thy soul in rapturous tone.
So strange, so sweet, it is as if a child
From choir above winging to earth, its goal,
Within thy swelling throat refuge hath ta'en,
Whence melodies it sings by angels known,
Flooding the chambers of the listening soul
With feelings half of joy and half of pain,
Lifting the thoughts into the great unknown.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

In the shadow of the forests that wave on the shores of Lake Michigan, a little Indian baby, a great chief's son, was born. This baby was much like all other Indian babies, and laughed, cried, or lay placidly in his birch bark cradle, gazing up at the branches of the trees and the blue sky above him. There was nothing in his appearance that would lead one to suppose that this tiny, dark-eyed bit of humanity held the fate of a whole tribe in his small, brown hands.

Yet so it was, for the traditions of the tribe told of a time when a daughter of

the death of one in whose veins runs the blood of the White Dove of the pale faces who came among us many moons ago. No, my brothers, the only course for us is to watch the child and carefully train it. You may see by my gray hairs that I am old, therefore, I should have wisdom. I have spoken. Is it well, my brothers?"

"It is well!" was the unanimous response.

So the child was allowed to live, and grew up like all other Indian children. But it was noticeable as he grew older, that he took no part in the rude sports of the others, but loved best to make friends with all the wild creatures that abounded in those dense forests. He never went on the war-path with the other young braves, and he manifested as much horror and disgust at the sight of the scalps which the warriors brought home as a white man could have felt. In consequence he was despised by the whole tribe, for fear and horror at the taking of human life are emotions with which an Indian can entertain no sympathy. And yet, with all their contempt there was mingled a certain awe of him

fied at the dreadful fate awaiting her, and resolved that if he could not save her he would at least die with her. For Uncas was not a coward, save in the Indian sense of the word. That night when all were soundly sleeping, he stole softly to the hut where she was confined, and, creeping past the guards, sought a small chink in the logs where he soon attracted her attention, and a long whispered conversation followed.

"White flower of the pale-faces," said Uncas, "they have doomed you to a terrible death. I wish to save you from it if I can. I am weary of this cruel life of bloodshed. Let us fly together and be happy."

So it was arranged that on the following night Uncas should offer to guard the door of her prison. Then when all were asleep he should set her free and they would escape into the forest. All was done as they planned, and at dead of night, Uncas opened the door of the hut, beckoned her forth, and hand in hand they glided away into the dark forest.

It is possible that even now, had Uncas paused to reflect on the terrible consequences of his act, he would have turned

A COLLEGE EPISODE.

(Continued from second page.)

nie, don't you think it is real martyr-like in him when he knows that the boys will plague him awfully?" and Flossie's eyes shone like two stars as she looked earnestly at her friend.

"Yes, I do—and all for—the Mission School," roguishly, watching the flush rising on her companion's cheek.

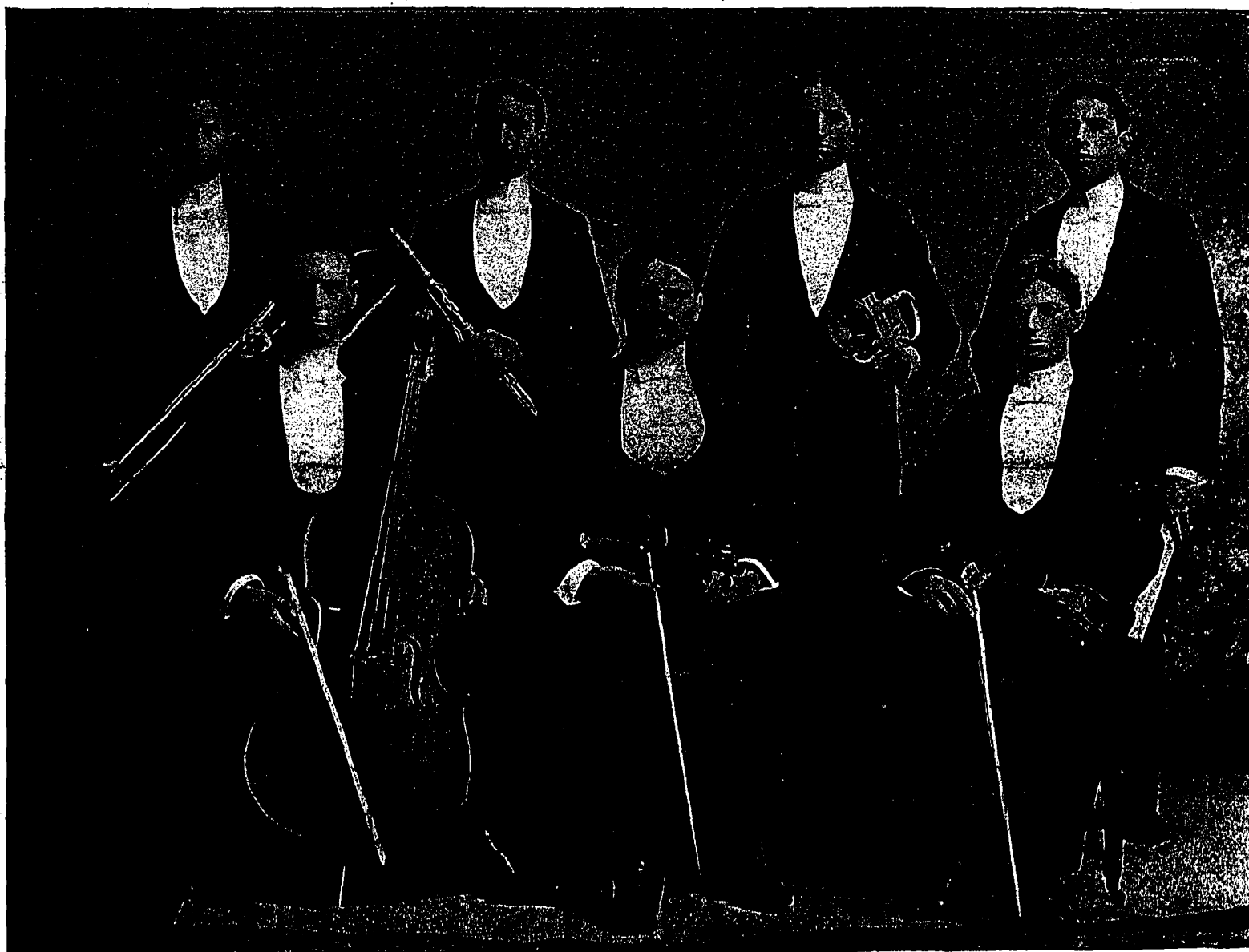
"What a pretty mandolin this is, Annie."

"Very, to change the subject. There, I won't say anything more. And haven't the boys really known where he has spent his evenings, Florence?"

"No, not one, although Turner and French have tried hard enough. Mr. Steadman left a roll of music at the hospital the night he was hurt, you know, and he was awfully afraid that the boys would get hold of it, but they didn't. My! I must go now. I didn't know 'twas so late."

"Good-bye, dear. There's no doubt but that every Colby boy will turn out tonight and that your coffers will be filled."

* * * * *
That evening, as the clock struck ten, crowds came pouring out of Thayer's Hall, not a small portion of whom were students. On every side were heard murmurs of delight over the evening's



MEN'S ORCHESTRA.

the pale-faces had loved and wedded a chief of the Lenni Lenapes, and how the Great Spirit in anger had laid upon them as a punishment that one of their descendants, having upon his breast the outline of a white dove, should utterly ruin the tribe and they should be no more. Years had passed, and the tradition was almost forgotten, when, one ill-fated day, a baby was born with the form of the white dove plainly outlined on his breast. They named the baby Uncas. Then indeed, there was consternation in the tribe. A council was called to decide what should be done. One was for having the child immediately put to death, and as many of the others agreed with him that this was the best way to escape the trouble, the poor baby's chance for life looked very small. But one old, white-headed chief, much revered for his wisdom, rose slowly to his feet and thus addressed the council.

"My brothers, think not to escape the destiny of this ill-fated tribe by taking the life of the child. No good will come of it, for the face of the Great Spirit is turned from us and he will surely avenge

in the thought that in his hands lay the fate of the tribe. Still none could be called his friend, and no Indian maiden would demean herself so far as to marry a man who was too tender-hearted even to kill game to provide food for his family, even though he was the last chief of the race. This thought gave the tribe much anxiety. If he did not marry, who would be ruler of the tribe after him? There was none whose rank entitled him to take the place, and it seemed that the tribe of the Lenni Lenapes must sink back into the obscurity whence it had arisen.

One day some captive whites were brought to the camp, and among them was a young girl of singular fairness, with blue eyes and golden hair. It was decided that she should be tortured and burned for her resemblance to the White Dove of the pale-faces, as they called the maiden who had come among them so long ago, and whom they now regarded with such bitter hatred. Uncas was deeply touched by her beauty and her apparent fearlessness of the grim warriors who scowled at her so hideously as she was led away. He was also horri-

back and left the unknown maiden to seek her own fate in the forest. But he thought only of escape from a life that he loathed, and then, too, his heart was no longer his own. It was in the possession of the fair maid at his side. He had forgotten that he was the last of the chiefs, that if deprived of him the tribe must be without a leader. All this was forgotten.

They went far into the forest and made themselves a home. Their lives, however, were short and unhappy, and now they lie in unknown graves. As for the Lenni Lenapes, the Great Spirit seemed indeed, to have turned his face from them after Uncas left. A pestilence came upon them; neighboring tribes waged fierce war with them; and now there exist only the mouldering remains of ancient tepees to mark the spot where once was a large and flourishing village.

And it is said that even now Uncas and the White Dove cannot rest in their graves, but wander continually about the place where once lived the tribe they ruined, trying in vain to find expiration for the deed.

MARION STUART REED, 1901.

program, and congratulations to the leaders of the Mission School.

At 10.30 a figure was striding up College Avenue, the figure of a well-built young man. As he neared the "Bricks" he muttered, "My! don't I hate to face those boys! You never hated to do anything so in your life, Hal Steadman, as to play tonight. But then," with a reminiscent smile, "'twas worth it. Why!" in a burst of confidence to himself, "I'd cut off my hands and feet by inches to be thanked again like that. Look out, Hal," starting, "you're getting sentimental. Well, here are the 'Bricks.' Now I hope I shan't have to explain to those boys for two or three hours." Harry pulled himself together, compressed his lips, ran his fingers through his curls, and opened the door.

But he needn't have worried, for the first glance in the room showed no explanation was necessary. Sitting beside an imaginary key-board was Dick, with a flowing train furnished by a chenille table cover, a lace curtain draped softly about his shoulders, a small feather duster in his hair, and a charming smile wreathing his lips. His companion, with a sunflower in his button-hole, was executing wonderful runs and trills on the key-board; his eyes, however, instead of being on the music, rested admiringly on the fair one at his side, and stopping suddenly he murmured sweetly, "Oh Miss Whittier, you have done so much for me."

THE COLBY ECHO.

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THE GRADUATE AND UNDERGRADUATE.

The following words from a recent graduate of the college, who is winning high honors in his chosen line of work, will be read with interest. The more personal part of his communication THE ECHO begs leave to acknowledge in a spirit not of egotism or complacency, but with grateful appreciation of his confidence.

The best feature of a Commencement is not an oration, nor a graduation exercise, nor an alumni dinner, but it is the interested and hearty mingling of graduates and undergraduates. A Commencement at Colby is sure to emphasize this feature, because of the smallness of the college, and it is well that it should be emphasized. It is inspiring for the man who is yet in college to meet men from his own college who have achieved some degree of success, and who have put up a brave fight in the world; it makes his own future seem less evanescent, and more real. It is equally helpful for the alumnus to come in contact with the idealism, the ambition, and the enthusiasm, as yet unquenched nor even modified, of young college men. It is a general renewal of youth, for it is a reminder of the best of youth, its hopefulness.

But this helpful relation should not be limited to Commencement week; the graduate and the student need the help of each other during the year. It is an inspiration for the collegian to feel that the old boys are anxiously watching his work on the football or debating team, and that he is in a sense accountable to them; conversely interest in the daily life of the college keeps the heart of the alumnus warm toward his alma mater. We are fortunate therefore in having a common meeting-ground, *The Echo*. *The Echo* tries to serve all; it desires to be not only a faithful record of undergraduate doings, but to furnish a chance for expression to every one interested in the welfare of Colby. No Colby man can afford to be without it, if Colby means anything to him, *The Echo* of the last few years has been of such a character that it must help every subscriber. Personal acquaintance with the editor assures the writer that *The Echo* for the coming year will be up to the standard.

AN ALUMNUS.

MISS SAWTELLE'S TRIP.

Miss Sawtelle, whose resignation from the college is so much regretted by all, will leave Waterville, June 28, for her year's work abroad. She will be accompanied to the old world by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Randall of New Haven, the latter of Colby '88, and by Miss Mercy Brann Colby '97, who for the past year has been studying at Yale. During the summer, Miss Sawtelle will be in Normandy and Brittany, where in the places seldom frequented by travellers, she may study the life and dialect of the people of Normandy, contrasting them with those of the Parisians. She now proposes a course of one semester at one of the English Universities, probably Oxford, where she will make a comparative study of the English and French literatures. The remainder of the year, Miss Sawtelle will spend in study and travel on the continent. Though deeply regretting her severance from the college, THE ECHO joins with her many friends in wishing Miss Sawtelle a *bon voyage* and a successful and pleasant year abroad.

A YEAR AT HARVARD.

Not long ago, THE ECHO announced the leave of absence granted Prof. Hedman for study abroad. At this time comes the announcement that Prof. Roberts will spend the next year at Harvard, in special lines of study connected with his department of English. It seems probable at this time that Harry J. Smith, a graduate and post-graduate of Chicago University, will be appointed by the trustees as substitute for Prof. Roberts. Mr. Smith is a son of Hon. Justin R. Smith, editor of the Chicago Standard.

It ill becomes us to begrudge Prof. Roberts a leave of absence after a long and faithful term of service, but we cannot refrain from an expression of regret at his departure from the college even for a year. However, what seems to be a present loss, will no doubt result in future gain to the college, made possible by a year of hard study on the part of Prof. Roberts, at one of the leading institutions of learning in the land.

A COMMENDABLE ACTION.

At a recent class meeting of the men of 1902, the following motion was passed:

The men of 1902 vote and agree next year to omit the issue of *The War Cry* in the expectation that this omission will result in its permanent discontinuance. This action is taken in the belief that this publication disturbs the good order of the college, is an injury to its good name, and hinders its legitimate and useful activities.

That 1902 has taken a wise and commendable step, all will agree, who have at heart the interests of the college. The growing tendency among the colleges of today, is to break away from those customs which, no matter how closely they may be connected with the traditions of the past, work injury and disorder, and in the light of up-to-date opinion, have no excuse for their continuance.

The class of 1902 has taken a firm stand for this better order of things, and is to be congratulated on its sensible and manly action.

REQUIESCANT.

A white sail and a sea-gull's wing,
With a tossing buoy hard by,
A child to laugh, and a bird to sing—
A wreck on the rocks to lie.

'Tis a moaning sound on a fair, fair day,
Yon whistling buoy to hear,
While the willows rustle and whisper the way
The phantom mists appear.

The fogs come down and drip like the dew,
The blue hills cease to smile.
They bury their dead 'neath the trailing yew,
And the surf beats on the whale.

MARY ANNA SAWTELLE.

SENIOR CLASS ODE.

AIR: "Neath the Elms."

World of beauty round us lying,
Thou, like us, art in thy prime,—
Why should we today be sighing?
Parting is as old as time.
Sigh, then, ye of softer mind,
Ninety-nine is sterner stuff,
If the world should prove unkind,
Still we'll make our little bluff.
Fortune's lost and won each day,
Suns that set arise to shine,—
Classmates, drive dull care away,
Sing here's luck to Ninety-nine!

World of action, round us lying,
Thou, like us, hast work to do,—
Why should we today be sighing?
Let the laggards wear the rue.
Good-bye is a word oft said,
Friendship stays, though years go by,
Poor or rich or wed or dead,
We'll be back here by and by.
So, here's health to you and me,
All the world is thine and mine,—
Sing, old Colby, luck to thee,
'Rah! 'rah! 'rah! for Ninety-nine!

PIPE ODE.

Like a pearl that in the sea is thrown
And lies where no man knoweth,
So each wreath of smoke is blown
Far afield to realms unknown.
Classmates, may the wind prophetic
That in the tree-tops goeth
Banish every cloud forever
That in our heaven showeth.

At the pipe of life puff boldly then
Where hope, the west wind, bloweth,
Let each whiff of doubt and pain
Flee down fate's remotest lane.
Classmates, may the wind prophetic
That in the tree-tops goeth,
Banish every cloud forever
That in our heaven showeth.

FAREWELL ODE.

AIR: "How Can I Leave Thee?"

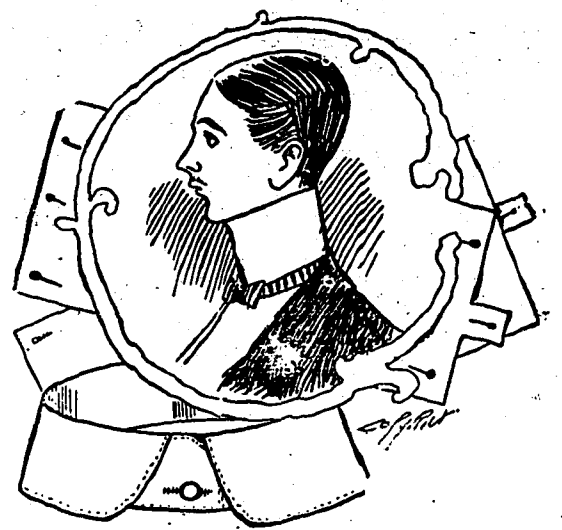
Once more, O clear bell!
Once more, O chapel bell!
Let thy familiar swell
Echoing, call!
Sweet through the morning prime,
Ring out thine olden chime,
Calling, 'Tis lesson time,
Come, Ninety-nine!

Once more, O ribbon!
Ribbon of Colby gray,
Lie on our hearts today,
Badge of our love!
'Till heart and hope grow cold,
Thy silver thread shall hold
Us with its silken cord,
Colby believe!

Once more, O Colby!
Once more, O Mother dear!
Take from thy children here
Hail and farewell!
But facile clay were we,—
For all we owe thee
Our faith and loyalty
We pledge thee now!

Once more, O comrades!
Once more, O classmates dear!
Heart beats to true heart here
Hail and farewell!
Sweet through the coming time,
Calling! 'Tis lesson time,
Come, Ninety-nine!

'80. Dr. Hartstein W. Page has returned from Europe where he has devoted some months to travel and study, and has resumed the practice of his profession and specialty in the State Asylum for the Insane at Worcester, Mass. Dr. Page's leave of absence marked the completion of ten years of service in the institutions at Worcester.



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For further information or catalogue, Address

ALVAH HOVEY.

COLBY 9; BATES 8.

We won the final game in the Inter-collegiate series, from Bates, June 14, but it took eleven innings to score the odd run.

The game was one of the most interesting ever played on the Colby grounds. From the time Umpire Donovan said "play ball", until Fogg and Dearborn crossed the plate in the last half of the eleventh inning, the outcome of the game was simply a matter of conjecture.

Bates went to the bat and three of her men were thrown out at first. The Colby batters were as easily retired. In the second inning the scoring began, an error by Rice, a base on balls and a hit letting in one run for Bates. In this inning Rice, Farwell, Haggerty and Dearborn pounded the ball for hits and scored three runs.

In the third inning, Deane made a single, and Pulsifer lined out the ball for three bases; Bates scored three runs. Rice was advanced to second by Newenham's sacrifice and scored on two passed balls.

In the fourth, both sides were retired without scoring, but in the fifth and

Fogg made a difficult catch of a long low fly at a time when a error would have lost the game. Hudson accepted seven of his nine chances, besides making two pretty hits.

The score:

COLBY.										
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e				
Fogg, rf	6	1	1	1	0	0				
Hudson, 3d b	6	2	1	3	4	2				
Newenham, p	5	1	4	4	7	0				
Rice, ss	5	2	1	2	2	6				
Farwell, c	5	2	2	1	3	0				
Haggerty, 1b	5	1	1	16	1	0				
Allen, lf	5	0	1	0	1	0				
Dearborn, 2b	5	0	2	5	2	0				
Tupper, cf	5	0	0	1	1	0				
Total	47	9	13	33	21	8				

BATES.										
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e				
Deane, ss	5	2	1	2	4	0				
Quinn, 2b	5	1	1	7	4	1				
Pulsifer, p	5	2	1	2	5	1				
Putnam, 1b	5	0	3	14	1	2				
Purinton, c	5	0	1	0	2	0				
Daicey, rf	5	2	1	3	0	2				
Clason, 3b E	4	0	1	2	2	1				
Smith, lf	4	1	0	0	0	1				
Clason, S. cf	5	0	1	1	0	0				
Total	43	8	10	31	18	8				

McBain, the visitors' catcher, who played his position in a way that was in marked contrast to the playing of the rest of his aggregation.

After six innings the game was called.

The score:

COLBY.										
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e				
Fogg, rf	6	1	3	0	0	0				
Tupper, cf	5	2	2	0	0	0				
Newenham, lf, p	6	3	3	2	0	0				
Rice, 3b	5	3	1	1	2	0				
Farwell, c, lf	4	1	2	2	0	1				
Haggerty, 1b	4	4	2	7	1	0				
Allen, p	3	4	2	1	1	0				
Dearborn, 2b	3	4	2	3	4	1				
Hathaway, ss	3	3	2	2	3	1				
Total	39	25	19	18	11	3				

KENNEBEC VALLEY.										
	ab	r	bh	po	a	e				
Clement, ss	3	0	1	1	4	4				
McBain, c	3	0	0	4	0	0				
Arata, cf	2	1	0	1	1	0				
Campbell, lf	2	1	0	1	1	2				
Gilley, 3b, lf	3	0	0	3	1	0				
Newell, 1b	3	1	0	2	1	1				
Ames, 2b	3	0	3	2	0	4				
McKinnon, rf, p	0	0	0	0	0	0				
Philips, p, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0				
Total	21	3	4	15	8	11				

GARDEN PARTY.

Saturday evening, June 17, occurred the annual Garden Party at Ladies' Hall, which as usual was given by the Y. W. C. A., for the purpose of raising funds to send delegates to the Northfield Convention in July. The lawn was very prettily decorated with Japanese lanterns, and the light dresses fitting to and fro, made a most pleasing picture. At one side of the walk was a table of home-made candy, which was well patronized, while on the other a lemonade table, daintily decorated, presented its attractions to the thirsty. At the right of the driveway a croquet set had been placed, and here in the dusk several tried their skill in this innocent amusement. Distant a little, under the shadow of the trees, was a small tent where for the paltry sum of five cents, the wise gypsy within unravelled the fates of the curious-minded. The night, though cool, was as pleasant as one could wish, and although the number present was somewhat disappointing, the proceeds were very satisfactory and the evening was enjoyed by all.



NEW CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

sixth Bates scored one and two runs respectively. This gave her a lead of three scores, and as the sky looked threatening, it was feared that the game might be called on account of rain, Colby's chances for winning began to look slim.

In the eighth, however, the tide of fortune changed. Hudson made first on an error, Newenham made a long drive to center and circled the bases. Farwell got a three bagger and scored on a hit by Allen. The score stood 7 to 7. Neither team was able to tally again until the eleventh inning. In this inning Pulsifer got first on an error, stole second and came home on a hit by Putnam. Tupper was out at first; Fogg made his base on an error by Pulsifer; Hudson got a hit, Newenham performed the same feat, Fogg and Dearborn, who ran for Hudson, crossed the plate, and the game was won.

The heavy batting of the Colby team was the leading feature of the game. The hits made by Bates were more scattered, Newenham showing great skill and coolness at critical times. Dearborn accepted eight chances without an error.

Home Run—Newenham, 3 base hits—Farwell, Pulsifer. 2 base hit—Newenham. Double play—Hudson and Haggerty. Struck out—By Newenham, 2. Bases on balls—By Newenham, 3; by Pulsifer, 1. Passed balls—Farwell, Purinton. Time of game—2 hr. 45 min. Umpire—Donovan.

COLBY 25; KENNEBEC VALLEY 3.

On June 10 we crossed bats on the home grounds with a team composed of players from Augusta, Hallowell and Gardiner calling themselves the Kennebec Valley team.

The game was slow and uninteresting. The visiting team plainly suffered from lack of practice, both in fielding and batting. But two of their men were able to get safe hits from Allen, who was in the box for Colby, and pitched good ball.

The Colby men pounded Philips and McKinnon, who succeeded him, for nineteen hits running around the bases until they were tired.

It would be tedious to describe the game further in detail. We will mention, however, the good work done by

THE SEASON'S AVERAGE.

Below is given the batting and fielding average of the '99 ball team. It includes the record of the nine games played this season, from the Fast Day game with the U. of M., to the last game with Bates.

The greatest number of hits was made by Newenham and Farwell, each of whom has the same number to his credit. Rice and Haggerty follow, each with the same number also. Tupper has the remarkable record of playing the season without making an error. Newenham's record is no less remarkable, he having filled the various positions of pitcher, catcher, and outfielder, making only one error out of 48 chances.

	Games played	Batting average	Fielding average
Hathaway,	2	.400	.861
Farwell,	0	.800	.902
Haggerty,	0	.204	.919
Newenham,	0	.279	.979*
Rice,	0	.280	.877
Webb,	7	.280	.877
Hudson,	2	.280	.840
Tupper,	9	.181	1.000
Allen,	0	.184	.904
Fogg,	8	.160	.888
Dearborn,	8	.125	.788

*Only 1 error

PEANUT DRUNK.

"Better late than never," thought the women of 1902, when they gathered at the wharf of the Messalonskee last Monday evening, ready for the customary class "spree." Boats were waiting, in which, after stowing away the passengers and peanuts, the party was rowed up stream by several of the girls.

Mrs. Harriman acted as chaperone and did her part in making the event a pleasant one.

About nine o'clock, they were ready to partake of the "forbidden fruit" which they had not the usual trouble in keeping away from their Sophomore friends. When each had eaten her fill, in some cases more, the party turned their boats toward home.

The row was delightful in the cool air with the moon shining brightly overhead. The class yell was given frequently, and now and then a song was sung.

When they reached shore, the majority of the party were in control of themselves. So after giving the yell once more, and a cheer for Mrs. Harriman, they started homeward after a delightful evening on the stream.

PRESENTATION ODE.

AIR—"In Praise of Alma Mater."

To Mother Colby now we bring
The hoarded gold of all the ages,
A store of garnered treasure bright,
Inspired thoughts of deathless sages.
Athena casts her crown aside,
The fame she had in former pride
Shall now to Alma Mater rise.
Hail! Modern Goddess of the Wise.

Beneath prophetic willows' shade,
Where issues forth the fount of learning,
We lay our trophies at thy feet,
Our hearts with adoration burning;
And ever shall we seek to be
The loyal followers of thee;
While evermore we pledge to raise
Our hymns in Alma Mater's praise.

WILLIAM BLAKE JACK, 1900.

COLLEGE ATHLETICS.

"Everything has its ups and downs", is an old saying and is as true, perhaps, of Colby's athletics as of anything else. Our record this year in all lines of athletic sports, though not at the bottom of the list, is rather "down" when compared with last year's brilliant showing. But of course we do not and should not expect to be always at the top. To many friends of the students it may

tion to work. Unfortunately the second team showed little disposition to face the 'Varsity and that injurious practice of "bucking the wind" had its effect on the season's results.

One game with Brown, one with Bates, one with U. of M., two with Bowdoin and one game with Portland A. C. made up the schedule of contests. Each of these games was lost with the exception of the game with U. of M. which placed us in third place among the Maine colleges.

Despite the fact that Colby's team was far lighter than ever before, and had the most adverse circumstances to contend, the pluck of the players and the vigor of the team as a whole, lead us to believe that football will not be excluded from the college activities for at least another year. Through the untiring efforts of Dr. Frew, our new gymnasium instructor, indoor athletics took a decided turn for the better this year and it is safe to say that such interest and such excellence in gymnasium work has not been equalled for a number of years. A first-class indoor meet was looked for and would have been held had it not been for the

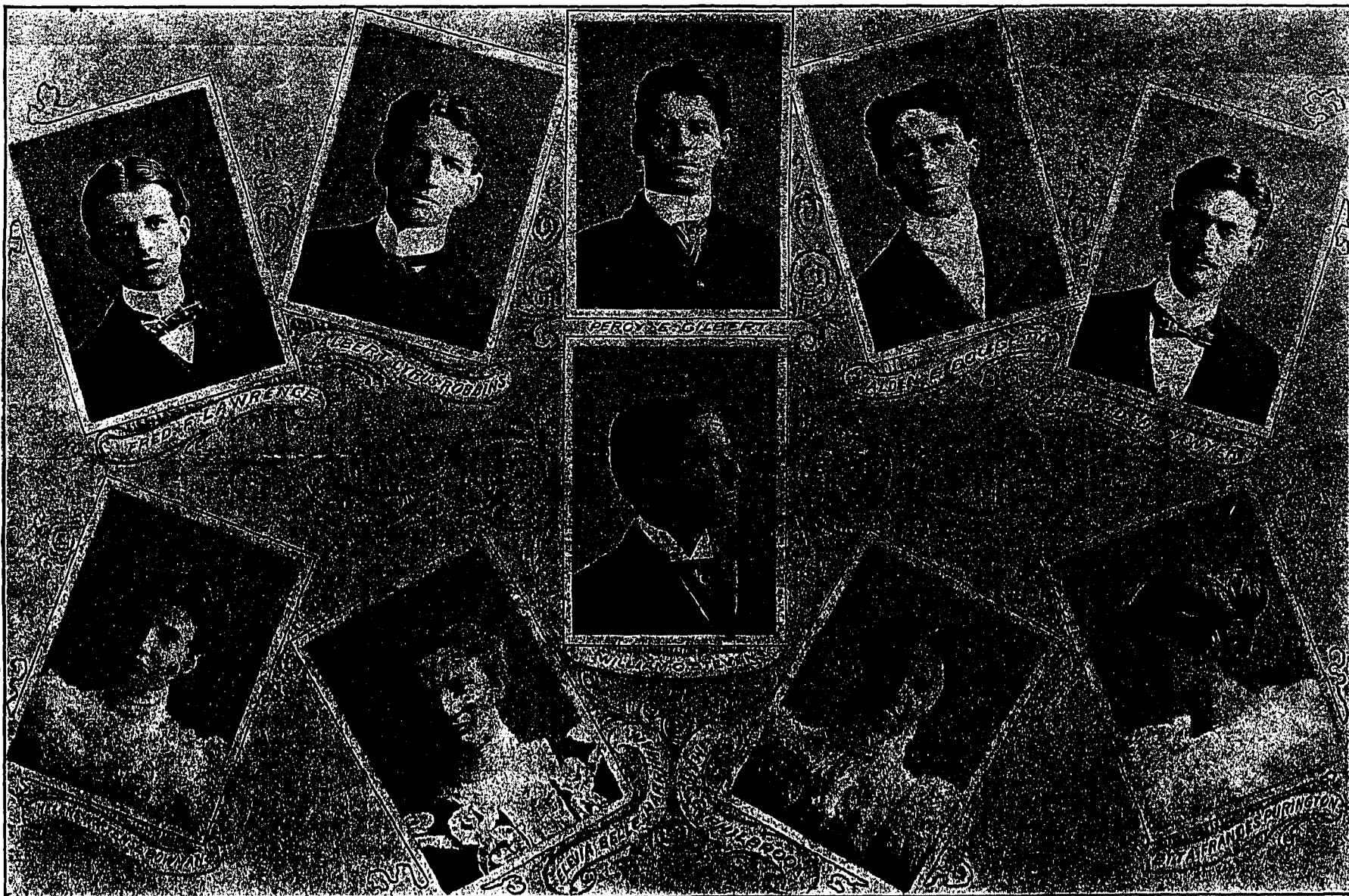
But here the Colby spirit again manifested itself, and "do or die" has carried the team through rougher places than we had ever hoped and gained for us second place in the league against the heaviest odds. Manager Dascombe and Capt. Newenham have made Herculean efforts to bring out a winning team and to them is due much praise.

Of field athletics there is very little to say, beyond what has been said in a previous number of the ECHO. Every student knows that there is an abundance of material in the college to make a team which should be a credit to Colby. But there has been a lack of training which every loyal friend of this institution hopes will not continue to exist. Football and baseball have taken the nourishment and support from this branch of sports which was not really needed. We can easily give our attention to more than these two forms of activity and the fact we do not is one which we greatly regret. The showing of but three points at the intercollegiate meet must produce a revulsion of feeling and field athletics will, every undergraduate feels sure, take a brace hence-

IMPRESSIONS OF BROWNING.

We are ever apt to draw invidious comparisons. We are still more apt to describe in superlatives that which strongly moves our fancy, either to love or hate. But overmastering either of these tendencies is the passion all powerful, to tread the paths of custom, and confine all our thoughts, words, and deeds, within the narrow bounds of conventionality. The most of us it seems either do not care, or do not dare to think for ourselves. It takes some exertion to think, and since other men have handed down their thoughts, why should we unduly strain our mental sinews. Life is short, other work, requiring no special original thinking, is pressing, and what's the use.

Or suppose the other case. We have thoughts of our own—strikingly original they may be. But since they are our own, and since they are original, they do not fit and lay in the grooves of tradition and custom. Certain literary standards have been advanced. Certain literary dogmas have been laid down. Shall we ignore the decree, and set aside the verdict of the literary critic? To be or not



RETIRING ORACLE BOARD.

seem peculiar and not quite in place that so much attention is given to athletics in college, believing that one should devote his time and energies to more profitable pursuits.

The [reply to this] objection has been made many times by the leading educators of the country who say that the mind must not be trained at the expense of the body and that a good, lusty, healthy man of average mental ability is far more to be desired than an intellectual giant clad in a wrecked body. But this is not intended to be a discussion for or against college athletics. It is enough to say that every college man believes in physical training and delights in having a good team to represent his Alma Mater.

In the Fall term Colby, on taking stock of her resources, found that football prospects were not any too bright, with several of the old "standbys" gone and none but Freshmen to take their places. Experience counts in football as in everything else.

But with that spirit of "never say die" which is characteristic of Colby, the season was begun with the determina-

small-pox scare which seemed to paralyze all college work for the Winter term. Basket Ball, which has gained a firm hold here, brought out many players and an intercollegiate league was talked of. This plan, which we hope to see carried out next year, was interrupted by the same calamity as the indoor meet.

Of course every mental eye was turned upon the baseball prospects for the spring and there was much speculation and many hopes and fears arose as the season approached. Captain Cushman had his men in good training by the time the first game came off, and with nearly the same team as last year, the skies looked exceedingly bright. But a cloud arose here, which seemed to darken the horizon and certainly caused a gloom to settle for a time. Scannell, our former pride, and Cushman, the captain, both withdrew from the college to take places elsewhere, leaving us to make good their positions as best we might. Then Hudson, he of two base hit fame, was obliged to drop out on account of ill health and we seemed to bite the dust in our grief.

forward.

Tennis, the game which every one can play and in which but few excel, has been as popular this year as ever before. Lawrence and Woodman represented us at the State meet and, though they were defeated, it was through no fault of theirs, or lack of practice and support. Our honors earned last year remained but a short time, but there is always plenty of room for good work in this branch of athletics.

Now, to a casual observer, this story of the year's achievements may look like a series of defeats, and to one unacquainted with all the facts, there might occur the suspicion that Colby has taken a backward step.

We acknowledge that we have been "down," part of the time and at the same time remember that the best fruit is borne every other year, thus keeping our hearts strong for another season. But the point to be emphasized is the steady pushing forward against obstacles which have repeatedly arisen and the determination not to give up, even in the face of discouraging conditions. Our hopes are high for the coming year and it will take something pretty severe to effectually dampen our courage.

to be ourselves, that is the issue.

Suppose we question the popular verdict, suppose we give our own opinions, what then? O yes! We may even be thought peculiar,—to have views of our own—peculiar, yes I say it in the realization of the full significance of that awful word,—we may be thought peculiar.

In the light of this fact shall we still be ourselves and say what we honestly and truly think, no matter what may be the creeds of other men. Shall we run the risk, and dare the danger. Is the game worth the powder, the gain worth the pain?

To be peculiar! The one sin that the world will not condone. Shall we cross the dead line of social discriminations and maintain our own individuality? Banish the thought as far as may be!

And so when we are asked to state our impressions of an author we choose, rather than tell frankly what we think, to deny our own convictions, and palm off the thoughts of others, as our own.

We may have no liking for Wordsworth. But since other men have placed him high on the roll of English poets, we

(Continued on seventh page)

IMPRESSIONS OF BROWNING.

(Continued from sixth page.)

bow reverently to their decree. We may find the lines of Pope, simply prose in rhyme, and still pronounce them high poetry. How few of us read with interest, to say nothing of avidity, the works of William Shakespeare. But since the "Immortal William" has been generally accorded the highest niche in the temple of poetic fame, whether we enjoy reading him or not, we, too, must needs

"Take up the strain,
And send the echo back again."

But why this long preamble when the subject for consideration is Robert Browning? Simply to preface our conception of Browning as a poet and a man. To break the news gently, as it were, lest the shock be too great when we affirm that of all the poets who have ever lived and sung, we would rather have lived and sung like Robert Browning.

In the first place, Browning lived this life to its fullness. He saw the grand, the almost infinite possibilities of the human mind. He hitched his wagon to a star. That veil so dark, so impenetrable, to most of us, was partly drawn aside for him; and through the rift in the clouds he saw something of the glory of the

"Four great walls in the new Jerusalem."

He could say—

"Past the high clouds floating round,
Where the eagle is not found;
Past the million starry choir I aspire."

Again Browning was preeminently a poet of passion. He could play on every chord that moves the human soul to joy or sorrow. Especially was he the master delineator of pathos. He was the heart poet, whence are the issues of all true poetry.

The poetry of Browning as a whole, has its faults. It is not given to humanity always to be inspired. But rating him by the best he did, we see Robert Browning as a poet and a man, unspeakably, immeasurably great.

E. D. J., 1900.

COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

Acti labores jucundi. A Philistine and an Epicurean having concluded the onerous, (do they honor us?) labors of the past academic year, and bearing in mind the words of a famous poet, (now dead), *mens sana in corpore sano*, sailed forth to penetrate the mighty fastnesses of primeval forest and lakes. Their first care was to procure the *accoutrement* of their enterprise,—the webless spider, the far-flashing tin pail, the blood-warming blanket and the heart-cheering coffee pot. Furthermore they arrayed themselves in garb picturesque but inexpensive, it being necessary that it did not costume much, and set out for Oakland.

There they procured a light shallop, which under their brawny arms, darted through the waves with the speed of a swallow and the grace of a swan, as they bent to the oars. It was a glorious June afternoon,—simply to breathe was to inhale nameless thrills and ecstasies. The plain lake nestled in the benignant arms of the protecting hills, and dimpled at the kiss of the breeze. A mighty cliff rose bold from the water's edge, goring the sky with its shaggy head. Bold indeed it was, but they soon found a boulder, and in a cow pasture a mile beyond they found a farmer's lass who proved to be bolder still.

As supper had to be procured, they dropped a line to the fish, but only one caught on. With the scales they continued their weigh, and as the evening shades drew down over the hills and in the windows of the farm houses, the voyageurs landed upon a lonely isle that lay like a gem on the bosom of the lake.

It was wooded with evergreens, so they pitched their camp and then kindled a fire with the pitch. Besides the evergreens, the shores were lined with graceful colonnades of caterpillars.

As night advanced, the gusts of Eurus blew chill, but the travellers cut a plentiful supply of firs and kept warm in this manner during the night. But *habet et musca splenem*, (even the mosquito is vicious,) so they laid their bed near the fire that the pests might *dare pondus fumo*, (give weigh to smoke.) But even these precautions were not sufficient, and the *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens*, gave much irritation.

They spread *mos pro leges*, (moss for their limbs,) to insure a comfortable sleep, and then, *palma non sine pulvere*, (their hands being not without dirt,) the two philosophers took a plunge in the limpid wave.

Then they lay in the arms of Morpheus, awakened only once in a while by the rough bark of the tree, the deep bay of the lake, or the mews of fancy.

Save for these, silence reigned. Happy the camper on whom naught but silence rains!

With the rosy fingered dawn they arose and prepared the morning meal. The Philistine by chance left his spectacles in the coffee pot and the coffee was subsequently found to contain specs, but such defects in culinary matters are easily overlooked and a repast was enjoyed of coffee and beans and a loaf under the trees. They desired to reach a neighboring village that morning, but as they started to embark, they found to their chagrin that some of the paint on the boat had been scraped away by the rocks. One of them however, discovered a painter in the boat and the damage was soon repaired. As they were nearing their destination a tempest arose and they saw two persons in a canoe near by, reach shore with great difficulty. Their birch barque in fact nearly proved their birch bier.

The village was reached via a winding stream. There were several mills in the village, but very little sense among the inhabitants, particularly in the landlord of the hotel who was indeed a *rara avis*, (a queer bird). At the table the travellers, who had gone thither for dinner, were served *ad utrumque paratus*, (paraties for two,) *more Hiberneo*, and burnt steak, a relic of the Inquisition. As they returned to their skiff they were obliged to hasten, for, *obstupui steteruntque comae*, the angry heavens frowned, the torrents fell, *occurent nubes*; before they reached their camp they were reeking at every pour.

They decided if that weather was to prevail, *alla tentanda est*, (all is, there is got to be a tent,) and as there was no such commodity at hand, the voyageurs pushed hurriedly home, after a most delightful and profitable experience.

They are now doing as well as could be expected.

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It has 65,000 members and more.

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Cool in Summer and Warm in Winter.

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OF INTEREST.

R. H. Richardson, '99, visited friends in Searsport last week.

Miss Harriet Vigue, '97, is passing her vacation at her home in Waterville.

Miss Maddocks, '02, spent Sunday at Pishon's Ferry, the guest of Miss Pratt, '02.

Miss Annie Maddox, 1902, attended to U. of M. commencement exercises last week.

Miss Annie Hull, '99, has accepted a position as teacher of Latin in Deering High School.

J. P. Dudley, 1902, has been called to his home in Mapleton by the serious illness of his father.

G. A. Martin, '99, and J. H. Hudson, 1900, made a visit over Sunday at their homes in Guilford.

E. T. Maling, H. L. Hanson, H. R. Spencer and W. O. Stevens, '99, spent Sunday in Skowhegan.

H. L. Hanson, '99, P. M. Andrews, '01, and J. G. Larsson, '02, are the latest victims of the mumps.

Miss Myra Marvell has given up her college work and moved, with her family, to her former home in Auburn.

Francis Haggerty, 1902, has gone to the Alpine House at North Woodstock, where he has a position as clerk.

A. M. Sanborn, '00, left Tuesday for Boston, where he has a position for the summer as electric car conductor.

The women of '02 will be entertained by the women of '00, Saturday afternoon, at the home of Miss Marion Osborne, Ash street.

Dr. Hull, Dr. Frew, Carl Cotton and H. D. Furbush, 1900, spent a day last week at Great Pond, fishing. They returned with a handsome catch.

Miss Myra Perry, formerly of '00, who for the past year has been teaching in Leicester has secured an excellent position for the coming year in the Bristol, Conn., High school.

Manager Dascombe announces that the game to have been played at Waterville, June 28, with the Portland League teams has been cancelled. In place of this will be played the usual Alumni-Varsity game.

EX. COMMITTEE MEETING.

The final business meeting for the year was held by the executive committee of the Athletic Association, Saturday, June 17, at Coburn Hall. The reports of the different sub-committees were very satisfactory and showed excellent management in all the departments. F. F. Lawrence, '00, resigned as a member of the committee, to accept the managership of the football team.

Carl Cotton, '00, was elected captain of the athletic team for the coming year with W. J. Abbott, '01, as manager.

The committee voted to offer trophies to the high schools of the State, one for football and the other for baseball. A committee composed of Principal J. E. Nelson, F. W. Alden '98, F. F. Lawrence and C. F. Towne, 1900, was appointed to invite the different schools to compete for these trophies.

MISS DOWLING'S ADDRESS.

The Women's Bible class was addressed on Sunday morning by Miss Dowling, who has been doing missionary work in China. She described in an interesting manner the way in which mission work is carried on in that country. She said that the happiest lot to which the people of China look forward is oblivion, and even that they cannot hope to gain except by successive stages of existence.

Miss Dowling's work has been among the women and children of China. The task is a difficult one, for the foreigner is looked upon with suspicion, and the

customs of the country keep the higher class of women in close retirement. Miss Dowling spoke with regret of being obliged to give up the work because of ill health. Her charming manner and sweet and earnest personality impressed all. Her visit has been most helpful to the women of the college.

SOPHOMORE DECLAMATIONS.

The Sophomore declamations occurred at the Baptist church Saturday evening, June 10. The exercises were of an unusual degree of excellence. The prizes were awarded as follows: For the men, 1st to Robert A. Bakeman, 2nd to Richard W. Sprague; for the women, 1st to Marion S. Reed, 2nd to Lou W. Peacock.

FRESHMAN EXIT.

The men of 1902 will celebrate their freshman exit at Skowhegan, Friday night, June 23. A trip will be made to Lakewood Park, Hayden Lake, where there is to be a concert. At 12 o'clock the class will repair to the Coburn House where they will partake of a banquet with toast and song. They will return to Waterville on the morning train.

DEBATING CLUB OFFICERS.

At a meeting of the Colby Debating Club held Thursday morning, the following new officers were elected: President, J. H. Hudson, 1900; vice-president, F. F. Lawrence, 1900; secretary, H. C. Libby, 1902; treasurer, C. C. Koch, 1902; executive committee, E. D. Jenkins 1900; A. S. Goody 1900, and R. A. Bakeman 1901.

GRADUATE NOTES.

'49. Among the older graduates at Commencement this year, will be President Edward R. Mitchell of Leland University, New Orleans.

'77. On June 7, Hon. Edwin Francis Lyford, formerly of Waterville, was united in marriage to Miss Bessie Louise Adams, of Springfield, Mass. Judge Lyford is a member of Colby's Board of Trustees and an honored alumnus.

'86. Albert M. Richardson has been appointed to a clerkship in the office of U. S. Engineers in Portland.

'96. Fred M. Padelford has accepted the position of Professor of English in the University of Idaho.

'96. H. L. Whitman, '96, is now the principal of Cherryfield Academy.

'97. C. L. Clement, who has a good position as teacher in the Hamilton school of Philadelphia, is now at his home in this city.

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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).

For catalogues or special information, address the Registrar, or

NATHANIEL BUTLER, D. D., President.



It's the Little Things
in Life,

like the fly in the butter, that bothers some folks the most. So also it is the little things—canvass here, reinforcement there—in the making of our clothing that causes it to be "ship shape" and hang right. This too with our low prices is our stronghold.

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