

THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. III, No. 15.

WATERVILLE, ME., FRIDAY, FEB. 16, 1900.

DOUBLE NUMBER.

CALENDAR.

- Feb. 16. Concert by the Musical club of the college at Gray, Me.
- Feb. 17. Concert by the Musical clubs of the college at Freeport, Me.
- Feb. 19. Concert by the Colby Glee Club, Orchestra and Mandolin and Guitar Club. Followed by dancing; music by Hall's Orchestra, at 8 P. M. at City hall.
- Feb. 20. Reception to members and friends of the college at the President's house, 8-10 P. M.
- Feb. 21. Annual Reunion and Banquet of the Boston Colby Alumni Association, at the Westminister Hotel, Boston. Evening.
- Feb. 21. Concert by the Musical clubs at Augusta, Me.
- Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday. A holiday.
- Feb. 23. Concert by the Musical clubs at Skowhegan, Me.
- Mar. 2. Annual Indoor Athletic Exhibition by the students at the City hall. Evening.

NOTICE.

Please Watch This Column and Do Your Duty.

Subscribers to Expenses of Athletic Teams.

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Total subscribed, \$120.00.	

AFTERNOON TEA.

The women of the Dunn House gave their second tea Wednesday afternoon, from 4 to 6. The weather, which has heretofore proven so unfavorable, was very propitious and about forty guests were received by Mrs. Black, Mrs. Snell and Miss Nash.

The rooms were prettily decorated in light and dark green. White hyacinths adorned the reception-room, while green asparagus fern was used on the refreshment table. Tea, chocolate, and refreshments appropriate to Valentine's Day were served. All present seemed to enjoy themselves, which made the reception a success beyond a doubt.

APPLE INSECTS OF MAINE.

Bulletin 56 of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station which is now being mailed, is entitled "Apple Insects of Maine." The bulletin contains a description of the more common insect pests of the apple, together with their habits, life history, vulnerable points, and remedies. It is illustrated by 8 full page plates which will materially assist in the recognition of unfamiliar species. The subject is treated in a plain, practical manner and the bulletin should be in the hands of each Maine orchardist.

Bulletin 56 will be sent free to all residents of Maine who apply to the Agricultural Experiment Station, Orono, Me. In writing please mention this paper.

SYMPATHY.

Thou holy ministrant of healing balm!
When human hearts get sore with toil and care,
And sickness, sorrow, seem so hard to bear,
Thou sayest, Peace! Be still! and all is calm;
No Lethen, drug is thine, no Orpheus-charm;
Spirit from Heaven thou, divinely fair,
Thy glist'ning garments breathing perfume rare,
Thy smile the same in land of pine or palm.

* * * * *
My words are true,—I know thy form and face,
Ungrateful I, that knowledge to gainsay;
First hand it came,—I did but look and see
The curves of beauty, and the lines of grace
Of those who did me good, in evil day,
—Thine angels, O! divinest Sympathy!

EDWARD DRUMMOND JENKINS, 1900.

MARTIN BREWEN ANDERSON.

An Extract from the Address by Doctor Pepper at the Thursday Evening Conference, February 15.

Although the names of this college have been three its life has been one. The life of Colby is in all her children, binding them together as a single family. Other colleges may be more widely known, but where known none is more honored. In this honor mother and children share alike.

If one as familiar as is Professor Hall with the history of Colby and of Colby's graduates, were asked to name the one graduate who has done the most to honor the college, doubtless a score of names would come to his mind, but he would hesitate, would perhaps refuse, to single out from these one that should be placed above all the others. And yet, he would concede that the name of Martin Brewer Anderson is second to none. He ranks with the greatest of America's great college presidents, with Timothy Dwight, Eliphalet Nott, Francis Wayland, and Mark Hopkins.

Partly because he was such a man, and partly because he was our man, was and is our elder brother, we should make his intimate acquaintance. A further claim to our regard is found in his service to the college as tutor, as professor, as the inspirer of President Robins with the high ideal and enthusiastic heroism which he created the new Colby, and, not least, as failing in his earnest effort to take from us our Professor Elder for Rochester, by this failure saving us from disaster.

Martin was born in Maine, the breeding place of great men; in Brunswick, which is well enough if one comes to Waterville for his college course; of a goodly, godly Baptist parentage. The father Scotch-Irish, the mother English, not wealthy, but intelligent, patriotic, and solidly sensible. When Martin was three years old the family moved to Freeport, when sixteen to Bath. Here he learned the trade of ship carpenter and worked at it when not at his studies. An important part of his education he received as a wide-awake member of a debating society in Bath. At the age of 18 he was converted and joined the Baptist church.

In 1836, when 21 years old he came here to college, with him came his pastor's son, Oakman Sprague Stearns, fast friends then, before and ever after, in college chums. Most unlike were they, Stearns, a little fellow, never weighed more than 125 pounds, Anderson, tall, large and powerful. Stearns mentally and spiritually an ever surcharged electric battery, Anderson a Corliss engine.

One gets from his fellow students a chief part of his college education. And who were here with Anderson? Besides Stearns we find Benj. F. Butler, not then

or ever wholly a saint but a very interesting sinner; Samuel L. Caldwell, very young but showing then that literary genius which so distinguished him as the Providence pastor, the Newton professor and the Vassar president; Joseph Ricker, recently deceased, who gave to Ricker Classical Institute its name, to the cause of education and religion in Maine a long life of eminently wise and fruitful service, and to literature the deeply interesting and richly instructive volume of *Personal Recollections*. Nathaniel Butler, not our honored president, but his gifted father, James H. Hanson, so long the distinguished Principal of our Coburn Classical Institute; John B. Foster and Moses Lyford, afterward in the chair of Physics.

It is also claimed, and with a fair show of reason, that the Faculty of a college is also a potential factor in the education of its students. And what sort of a Faculty had Colby in those early years? Judged by number a small Faculty, but great when judged by weight. Robert E. Patterson was president, in the full glory of his rare power as man, teacher, executive officer, orator and friend. An inspiring, up-lifting ideal. George H. Heely was professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, noted for scholarship profound, varied, broad, accurate, clothed at once with modesty and dignity, admired, revered, loved, the acting president of the college in Anderson's Senior year. Justin R. Loomis, afterward for many years the efficient President of Lewisburg (now Bicknell) University, filled the chair of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, an enthusiast in his department, of indomitable will and energy, a veritable hero. Phineas Barnes was the cultured Professor of Greek and Latin, and S. F. Smith, who before that time had sung "My Country 'tis of Thee," was teacher of Modern Languages.

A student associating with students such as those named, and under the instruction of such men as then filled the chairs of instruction, must have had a rare and undesirable genius if he could successfully resist their influence to make of himself the most and best possible. To Martin B. Anderson the influence was potential and tremendous, and to the day of his death he spoke with admiration of the men who then made up the Faculty of his *Alma Mater*.

Graduating in 1840 he took one year in the Newton Theological Institution, and was there as fortunate as here in his student associates and in the officers of instruction. To those familiar with the history of the Baptist denomination it is enough to give the names of the Faculty, Ira Chase, Henry J. Ripley, Barnas Sears and Horation B. Hackett, and to further name as samples of Anderson's fellow students, Thomas D. Anderson, Albert N. Arnold, Geo. W. Bosworth, Ezekiel G. Robinson, afterward as President of Rochester Theological Seminary, Anderson's intimate associate and colleague,—William Lamson, Geo. W. Lamson, and Henry G. Weston, still in his vigorous old age, the President of Grosor Theological Seminary, as he has been from the day of its founding.

After these five years of companionship, study, and development in college and seminary with and under such men Anderson returned to Waterville as tutor in the college. Made Professor of Rhetoric at the end of two years he filled this chair seven years or until 1850. As a student he had been a leader in everything save evil, had loved fun and frolic,

had loved also studies and study, loved perhaps philosophical and historical studies most and best, but loved all studies greatly. With prodigious power of work he had worked prodigiously,—prodigiously but wisely. He was not "sent" to college but came. He knew what he wanted of the college. He had even in view his goal and the way to it. So had he pressed toward the mark and fitted himself for his work of instruction. He brought to his work immense propulsion, burst the bottle of tradition and to the annoyance of his colleagues, but to the delight of the students, gave a course of lectures on historical subjects. It should be to us as it always was to him a matter of pride, that he was one of the first men to see the place due to History as a department of college study and one of the very first to move in giving to it its place.

In 1850 he became owner and editor of the *New York Recorder*, published in New York City, and for three years made it a power which attracted and commanded attention and respect. In 1853 he accepted the presidency of Rochester University, then recently founded in Rochester, N. Y. Here he found scope for all his great and varied powers. Here he remained thirty-five years, resigning and retiring in 1888. He refused all inducements to take him elsewhere, refused the strong effort to get him to accept the presidency of Brown University.

Only a Rochester graduate can speak adequately of President Anderson. From their first sight of him the spell of his power was upon them. It strengthened every year. It remained ever after graduation. They extol his unselfish, un-sparing devotion to the college, his practical sagacity and business ability in administration, in gaining funds and friends, his interest in his students individually and collectively, his solid and encyclopedic knowledge, his magnificent public addresses on great public occasions, especially his patriotic speeches in the time of the Civil War. The famous short speeches at the time of chapel service, burning themselves into the memories and lives of the hearers, his fitness for high places of honor to which he was often chosen, and how much else—not excepting his grand form of which the distinguished Dr. MacArthur writes that he stood among the students "as a peak of Mont Blanc in the midst of its snow-crowned attendants." He was at Rochester what he became at Waterville. For us it has seemed better to dwell mainly on his connection with Colby. In failing health he went with his wife to Florida in October, 1880. On the 22 of the next February his wife died. He followed her on the 26th. At the double funeral in Rochester, President Strong said "We bury today the foremost citizen of Rochester," and later exclaimed, "Grand old man, shall we fail to learn the lesson he teaches today? The path of duty is the way of glory."

'98. Hezekiah Walden is teaching sciences in Roger Williams University, Nashville, Tenn. The school paper speaks of him as follows: "Professor Walden, teacher of science, comes to us a native of Virginia, and a graduate of Colby College. Professor Walden's ability to work and to make his students work, can not be spoken of too highly."

The registration at Brown University this year is 858.

THE DEAR OLD YEAR.

The dear old year was slowly dying,
And for the past our hearts were sighing;
We thought of old resolves all broken
And glanced at some old worn out token
Which bore us back to bygone days
When the year was like the crystal maze,
And we could not read the future.

The gray old year was slowly dying
And to its sister's side was flying;
We tried to think of good deeds done
And found we only had begun
To live as we had thought we should,
When on its threshold first we stood
And gazed into the future.

The best old year was slowly dying
And from our hearts a voice was crying.
It asked us all if we were glad
And always found some dear one sad,
For there were some who saw it dawn
Who had passed into that brighter morn;
And they may know the future.

But now we'll let the old year die
And as the new year passes by,
We'll try to do the best we can
To help our fallen fellow man.
And may we when this year grows old
Be able strong, to stand out bold
And say, we've done our very best.
So let this year pass to its rest,
We care not for the future.

THE HIGHER EVOLUTION.

The two phrases, "The Struggle for Life," and "The Survival of the Fittest," have become almost household words since the day when Darwin gave to the world his explanation of the course and development of living nature. The very foundations of life itself are laid upon the necessity for effort. In all the lower forms of life there must be a continual struggle to satisfy the first pressing want, to appease the wants of hunger. The function of nutrition is bound up in life and the exercise of it ends only with death. Through this "Struggle for Life" all lower nature has been built up and even man himself, but when we try to explain man and all his acts in terms of this factor alone there is something lacking. We cannot trace the ethical, moral, and social feelings of man back to any connection with the Struggle for Life.

But there is a factor in which we find the origin of all the higher, nobler feelings and that is The Struggle for the Life of Others. All living beings discharge two functions, nutrition and reproduction. On the former depends the Struggle for Life, on the latter the Struggle for the Life of Others. Not in man alone but all through the animal creation we see the Struggle for the Life of Others assuming beauty and form, yet in weaving the fabric of evolutionary argument it has been almost entirely ignored, while the Struggle for Life has been brought forward as the supreme factor on almost every occasion. Nutrition is even in its highest forms selfishness; reproduction even in the lowest realms of nature involves all sacrifice; it is a resurrection of the dead by a sacrifice of the living, a dying of a part of life in order to insure future life. Sympathy, tenderness and unselfishness are the direct outcome and essential accompaniments of the reproductive function. For a time in the history of every animal the direct, personal, unrewarded help of another creature is a condition of existence. How then can we ignore the Struggle for the Life of Others as a factor in evolution?

As old and as deeply sunk in Nature, this further force was destined from the first to replace the Struggle for Life and to build a nobler superstructure on the foundations which the latter had laid. With this force we can seek the evolution of a mind and soul; with the other we could get no farther than the body. But nature has a process for everything. She did not suddenly take an animal and say, "You are now a man, you have a mind, a soul." The development of these attributes like every other one has been gradual.

The source of every tender emotion,

of every act of self-sacrifice is mother love; so, as the first step toward the development of the ethical principles of life, nature set about making a mother. It is impossible for a parent to lavish her affection upon a million offsprings, so the first step was to reduce the number of children. And as we follow nature in her upward course we see that this is just what she has done. Start with the *Protococcus navalis* which colors a whole Arctic landscape with its offspring in a single night and causes the so-called red snow. The fishes produce spawn by millions. But when we come to the reptiles the number falls to hundreds. Among the birds and lower animals the young are counted by tens or units and in the highest orders the rule is one. As the number decreased the care of a mother could be concentrated upon a few and so there was a chance for material affection to develop.

Next the young must be made to resemble the mother for she must know her child in order to love it. Among the lower animals the larval forms are often so unlike the parent as to be mistaken for different species. Can we imagine the butterfly recognizing and caring for its offspring, the caterpillar? So nature went to work at this problem and by a long process of development at last brought the child in some degree to a likeness of its mother. Now the mother could satisfy her yearnings for something to love, and it was when by the most imperceptible act or sign of sympathy that she expressed the impulse of motherhood, that the touch of a new creative hand was felt upon the earth. A gentle touch from an uncouth hand, a tender gleam of love in an almost animal eye marks the beginning of all that self-sacrifice and devotion to others means, marks the beginning of all the ethical, moral and social feelings of the world.

But now the bond of relation must be strengthened by making the child dependent on its mother. What use was there in making the child an object of love, if it did not remain at its mother's side long enough to be loved. The child must be taught to recognize its dependence on the source from whence it sprung. Let us see what progress nature has made in teaching filial duty. The baby infusorian in company with its multitudinous brothers leaves the domestic hearth the moment it is born and knows its parents no more. The bird stays by its parents a little while in the egg, then a little while longer in the nest, but soon it also flies away, and is seen no more. Now take the child of man. Housed, fed, and protected, the children keep their mother's side for years and only quit the parental roof when their filial education is complete.

It is often stated that the human child is a degenerate child, that it must be petted, coddled, and bolstered into life, while the lower animals at once or soon after birth are able to shift for themselves. But it is soon evident that this is a false conclusion. It is only by these years of apprenticeship to its mother that the child is able to develop into a human being, that it is able to develop a mind. It is the only way that the gulf between animal and man can be bridged over. Regarded from an ethical point of view, there are few things more significant than this reining in of the youth of the world, this tightening of the bonds of family life. The young monkey in a few weeks can climb and eat and chatter as well as its parents, while the human baby born at the same time is a mere sprawling ball of helplessness. The body is there in all its parts of muscle and bone, but something is still wanting from a physical standpoint. The baby must have a human brain, and this brain is an organ of so much greater delicacy than the monkey's that it takes a longer

time to fit it up. Infancy means the fitting up of the delicate machinery within the brain. From its greater after usefulness, its more varied career, humanity must pay tribute to evolution by a delayed and helpless infancy, a prolonged and critical constructive process.

Thus it is that humanity has come into the world, that the animal has become a man, that sympathy, and regard for others have originated; but is the process now complete? Not quite.

Through all the higher animals we see the beginnings of mother love, the first promptings of self-sacrifice, but as yet we hear nothing from the other side of the house, from the father. It is true that among many of the birds the male side of the house takes his share in building the nest, hatching the eggs, and rearing the young, but among the mammals we find an almost total lack of a father, and it is to the same thing, to the "Struggle for the Life of Others" that we must look for the development of the father. Here again it is the little child that draws the bond closer. As childhood became more helpless, as the claims on maternity became more pressing, the father must come in to be the toiler, the protector of the weak. The children who had fathers to fight for them grew up, those who had not were killed or starved. The lengthening of the time which the mother and father kept together meant double protection for the little one. The picture of the primitive woman ensconced in a nest upon the fork of a tree, with her young, while primitive man sits all night at the foot of the tree with a club in his hand to keep away wild beasts, shows the first rude beginnings of family life.

Then came the father as food getter for the family, and once these two roles of provider and protector were established, natural selection did the rest. Carry this on for yourself and you will find that civilization is only another name for evolution. The development of the world is going on today as it has done since its origin. "The Struggle for Existence," modified and beautified by its union with the "Struggle for the Life of Others" still leads to a survival of the fittest. Evolution has given a new hope to the world. The message of science to this age is that all nature is on the side of the man who tries to rise. The aspirations of the human mind and heart are but the evolutionary tendencies of the universe becoming conscious. Darwin's great discovery is the same as Galileo's, that the world moves. The Italian astronomer said it moves from west to east, the English philosopher said it moves from low to high. Through all the long ages evolution has been working at the body, has been bringing it up to the highest perfection of development, but this has been only a means to an end. That end has been to make the body a dwelling place for the mind and it is in the mind that the evolution of the future is to go on to the making of a perfect man, a perfect woman, and a perfect world.

W. A. W.

An international meet between Harvard and Yale and Oxford and Cambridge is practically assured. It will be held some time the latter part of April. The location of the meet is now a matter of dispute between Yale and Harvard. Yale wishes the meet held on neutral grounds, preferably Manhattan field, New York. Harvard maintains that it ought to take place either at New Haven or Cambridge.

For a forfeit of \$1,000 a side Mr. H. G. Rush, secretary and treasurer of the Lancaster Chemical Company, has issued a challenge that he will prove to the scientific world that the famous law of Newton and Kepler, that heavenly bodies move in elliptical orbits, is fallacious.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

It is my great pleasure to talk with you a few moments upon an all-absorbing, intensely interesting, though difficult subject,—The American Girl; portrayed in her various types and with her distinctive and varied characteristics. Let me say in commencing, that she is an elusive subject, but that you may learn to understand her more clearly, listen to me.

First of all, there are girls and girls, the more the merrier and the more the better. Of some we have not enough, of others we have a profusion. What an important factor she is in our American home,—as the instigator of the cooking school where she learns to prepare the palatable, though rather unnecessary, *Lobster a la Newbury* and the dainty creamed shrimps; as the patroness of art, where the heads of the ancient composers are "just too dear for anything" and the vivid tints of the impressionistic school are so inspiring." Daintily she dips into Ibsen and assures us that Kipling is her ideal, "so strong and realistic, don't you know?"

She adores golf but to an observer it seems as if her enthusiasm confines itself to her mannish boots, pretty plaid skirts, scarlet coat and Kissuth hat patterned after her big brother. One of these fair enthusiasts frankly confided to me the other day that she hardly knew the difference between a *brassie* and a *caddie* and really didn't know but what they were the same thing! She somewhat resembles the young woman, who, being questioned upon the sermon one Sunday replied, "Oh! it was perfectly grand. It ought to be dramatized."

You will find her at the opera, with an intense, strained look in her eyes as she watches the closing scene of "Romeo and Juliet," and if you chance to see her later you will probably hear her say as she busily employs her lace-trimmed handkerchief, "that scene always makes me cry—it is so sad you know—but do you like that blonde wig on Alvarez?" Paderewski has passed from the idealistic stage, and his chrysanthemum locks have commenced to lose their charm since Mrs. Paderewski has appeared upon the scene and her husband no longer acts the role of a romantic young widower.

Well, my hearers, this is but one type of the American girl. Now let me view her direct opposite, the pedantic girl of this period, who says, and she honestly means it, that to her the average skeleton has far more charms than the average man. The latest Egyptian discovery is her hobby. Watch her at a lecture as all unmindful of her surroundings, she sits absorbed with pencil poised, ready for action and her note book expectantly open before her. What cares she whether fashion decrees a bow in the back or the front? No bows at all for her. Converse with her upon a recent geological expedition and she amazes you with her vast store of knowledge; converse with her upon the art of bread making and she amazes you with her vast store of ignorance. Give her the free and untrammelled life of the Rainy Daisy, give her Bacon three times a day, and she is happy.

So much for the pedantic maiden. Turn, for a few moments, to her sister, the style of a girl who admits she never made anything, hates the opera, but loves "Whistling Rufus;" for whom wheeling is too much work, whose greatest happiness is found in a box of Huyter's and the latest Munsey.

She somewhat resembles our first type but is lacking in the enthusiasm and energy of the former. Let me picture her to you as I saw her only yesterday.

Her gown, as Fashion dictates just at present, consisted of the correct grey camel's hair skirt with jaunty jacket to match. Closely fitted to her head was

the daintiest of black velvet toques, a tiny edge of chinchilla and a cluster of violets forming its only decorations. In her hands she carried a ponderous muff, and once in a while her tiny hand enclosed in its grey reindeer glove found its way to straighten some rebellious lock of her lofty pompadour. As she passed me she glanced down at the beautiful violets she had carelessly fastened on her muff, and said to her companion, "Any man that will keep me supplied with violets as George does I could love forever." Her horizon stretches no farther than her next assembly and her retrospection no farther back than the last matinee.

This girl's pretty, rippling laughter may be heard between the acts at the various college theatricals or over a cup of chocolate at some dull afternoon tea. One can talk with her so easily, if he just gets her started. She does not expect much of a man, and knows he recognizes her capabilities. She will laugh at his time-worn jokes and weak puns and at proper intervals ejaculate, "How clever you are! Mr. C."

We must not omit in this extensive category the slangy girl with whom everything is "perfectly killing," or "awfully cute." Poor girl! she has such a limited vocabulary that by her slang she tries to overcome this lack. College is a "blooming grind;" men are "horribly sappy;" the weather a "beastly nuisance." Her latest hat is a "dream" and her new suit "quite the swellest thing out."

Thus far I have shown to you four types of American young womanhood, the society maid, the pedantic young woman, the frivolous girl and the slangy girl. We have looked at the foolishness and foibles of each and tacitly admit to ourselves that no one of these exactly meets with our approval. Yet each of these girls has many good traits and if she would only be her own natural self, she would possess a larger number of true friends. If the society damsel would lose some of her artificiality, we might well admire her energy and zeal; if our pedantic friend would direct her enthusiasm into other channels, be less narrow and more willing to make friends we would indeed glory in this same enthusiasm and value more her wonderful intelligence.

With more unselfishness and more sincerity to herself the frivolous girl would make us her friend, for at heart she means well, and cares more than she admits. Let her drop her slang and our last girl could make many a lively and enjoyable hour, for down in her heart she does not think all men are "horribly sappy."

However, as we have discussed these varied types and portrayals of the American girl, let us turn now to the maid who comprises the zeal of maiden number one, the enthusiasm of number two, the frankness of the grey-gowned damsel and the spirit of good comradeship of the slangy girl. The one whom we now consider is the prize in the catalogue of girls. She is the girl who never asks a man whether or not he is conversant with the varying styles of our modern novelists. She knows how to cheer one up when he is blue and tired. This maiden can be serious or gay as the occasion demands. She is a good listener as well as an interesting conversationalist, ready in a case of emergency, prompt, true and fearless. She can take charge of the kitchen if need be, and the family will not consequently suffer from dyspepsia. She can manage the whole house if necessary. She is charming and sweet at sixteen, agreeable and interesting at twenty-one, a delightful matron at forty and finally a beautiful old lady. After all, this is the sort of girl that is most common in our country, and it is this fact that has made the American woman the queen of all her sex in the world.

LOUISE JOLLYER.

JOHN.

"Darby, dear, we are old and gray,
Fifty years since our wedding day,
Shadow and sun for every one
As the years roll on."

The evening express was thundering along the track, in its course toward the great city. The Hillsboro station had just been left, and now the great black monster, with its burning red eye piercing the darkness, shot ahead, leaving far behind the little farm houses nestling close together in the shadows.

Within the lighted car sat the people reading or talking, all forgetful of the grim man ahead with his hand firm on the throttle and his eyes peering unceasingly into the darkness beyond. As the train had drawn up to the small station, some of the passengers had stirred uneasily, impatient at the delay. It was only a flag station anyway.

And it was only a little woman in gray who came in and took her seat in the car.

Perhaps not one of the passengers gave her a second look. But it was such a sweet face, with its dark eyes so calm and deep, framed by the gray bonnet which was not exactly after the latest style.

The train swept on, and the little lady in gray slowly took off her bonnet, smoothed back her soft hair which had such an exasperating way of falling in little white curls on her forehead, and settled herself comfortably among the cushions for a nap.

But no, she could not sleep; the eager expectancy that shone in her eyes and the joyous flutter at her heart forbade that. She was so happy; and she was wondering if he would find her much changed from the "bonnie lassie" he used to know.

A demure little smile crept over her face and took away the tired lines about the patient mouth.

Fifty years ago:—Why, it would be just fifty years tomorrow, and tomorrow would bring—John.

She closed her eyes and leaned back in her chair. He was a promising young minister;—all the relations and neighbors, — there were many in friendly Hillsboro who loved the sweet young face, had rejoiced at her good fortune. She laughed softly to herself as she remembered how Aunt Sally Bartlett, who was aunt to every one in the village, had said with a sniff of deepest satisfaction and a toss of her head which always accompanied any important utterance:

"She's a right good gal and I'm glad she's doing so well by herself, getting the minister."

He was fresh from the University, and was sure to be called to the city. They were not sure but he had already received a call, for it was rumored about that three strange gentlemen from the city had waited upon the minister just the other Monday and had talked in the best room of the parsonage for full three hours.

The dark eyes opened and gazed out dreamily through the car window at the stars twinkling in the clear sky and the moon drifting above the dark trees.

Far away at that end of the fifty years, the golden end, they had walked together in the old garden. It was a still evening in late spring. The air was sweet with the perfume of the apple-blossoms, bending low the branches which formed one continuous arch of snowy bloom down to the foot of the garden where a little brook danced and sang over the stones. Through the peace and stillness, amid the rare fragrance, they had made their way down the grass covered walk to their favorite haunt, where an old willow leaned low over the brook and formed a perfect seat with its gnarled roots.

"John," she had whispered, looking up into the strong, noble face which could be so stern against wrong and injustice, but always so sweet and gentle

to her, "you are very tired tonight; you are worrying about something, John."

All was still. At last the young minister spoke, very low and in a voice that sounded strained and unnatural.

"This is the last time, perhaps, that you and I will ever sit together in the old garden, little lassie."

His voice choked; he was such a young minister, and his cross seemed more than he could bear, but he went bravely on.

"For I have received a call to preach, little girl, not to the city, but to the thousands across the sea who are perishing because there are none to help them. I have been thinking and praying over it—for a long time. It has been a hard fight, but"—his voice was firm now, "it is decided at last. And so—and so, I—release you, dear—for I know it is too much to ask you to share a life which must be full of hardships and dangers—so different from the one we have planned.

It has seemed as if I could never, never give you up, and all our plans that we have talked of so long—but—but—Boardman is dead;"—he paused and leaned his head on his hand, "and where ever I go I seem to see the sorrowful, pleading eyes of the Christ, and hear the sad, questioning tones, 'Lovest thou me more than these?'"

She had remained silent and motionless.

Softly through the silvery dusk stole the plaintive tones of a violin. It was the blind boy over the way playing his heart out in the loneliness. The low melodious notes wailed and thrilled on the still evening air. All the old plans that they two had made for the future came back to her. All the happy visions and pictures rose before her—"never, never to be," sobbed the violin. But nobler visions of truer love and fuller service took their place; and as the last chord died away, she had slipped her arms softly around his neck and whispered, "You won't have to give me up, John."

And so it came to pass on one beautiful June day, that she, clad in soft gray—gray was his favorite color—had walked with John in the early morning to the little moss-grown church, amid the music of the song birds. Down the aisle they went, the tall, stalwart, young minister, with a tender, sad look in his dark eyes fixed on the girlish form beside him. His arm would tremble so, but the little glove on it rested firmly, and the eyes looked bravely and fearlessly up into his and smiled. They stood before the altar covered with June roses, while the white-haired servant of God, with a strange catch in his voice, joined them—"for better or for worse . . . till death do you part. And may the peace of God which passeth all understanding rest and abide on you forever:—Amen." And John had stooped, with lips that trembled, and kissed her forehead and whispered, "My sweet wife."

Then had come the years of work across the sea. How pleasant the life in that strange land of pagodas and shrines seemed to her now. And how happy she was in the duties that filled her busy day, the work among the children, and women in the zenanas, and her household cares; for nothing of this kind must be left to John. She had tried to smooth out the little worries and keep home a bright spot where he could gain new strength and courage.

But best of all were the long talks in the still evening when John would come home so tired from his missionary tour. He would tell of his hopes and discouragements; and they would lay new plans for future work.

At last the time had come when a question long dreaded was to be settled. Their two boys must be sent home. Long and earnestly they had talked, but

there was no difference of opinion, she would go with them—but, ah, that was the hard part, John must stay alone to finish his life work. Her's were good, true lads and loved their little mother very dearly—but, well—they weren't so thoughtful as their father; no one would ever be quite like John.

So they had come back to the old folks at Hillsboro and she had sat in the old garden and sewed down by the brook in the willow seat, with her heart far away across the sea and John's last letter open before her. They had expected her to talk at all the missionary meetings and woman's societies. How could she give those people any idea of what the work meant to John and her!

There had been the education of the boys; and then her health, always delicate, had been weakened by the years of hard work, although she had never thought of it as such; and the doctors kept putting off the time, and at last forbade her going back across the sea. Never go back to John working all alone! But without health she would only be a burden to him. He was doing his duty; she must not shrink from hers. Then John's return had been put off. His splendid health had withstood all the effects of the climate and he could not be spared from the service.

But now at this end of the fifty years, the silver end, John was coming home, and she was on her way to meet him. Only, one thought would force itself into her pleasure, she knew that she was growing weaker, what if when John had come home they should be separated again?

Fainter and fainter twinkled the stars in the sky, the moon was fast fading away and in the east the rosy dawn was beginning to show; the longed for tomorrow had come.

Under the glorious midday sun, the stately vessel from over the sea was slowly steaming up the harbor, bringing joy and sorrow to the waiting throng.

From her station above the crowd, the little lady in gray, bewildered by the noise and confusion, the din and bustle, grasped tightly the railing in front of her. Half dazed at the strange sights and sounds, she scarcely realized what was going on around her, until the great steamer was at the pier. She saw the streams of people pressing down the gang-ways, hurrying to meet their waiting friends. The little gloves trembled as she leaned over the railing, scanning the decks eagerly for the familiar face. Where was John?

From the steamer, now almost deserted, a covered casket was carefully borne. The little lady shuddered and looked pityingly at the slight, girlish form in the long widow's veil, that followed it, with a face from which all hope had gone.

Down the gang-way, very slowly and feebly, leaning on a friendly arm, came a tall bent form with white hair and deep set eyes that were looking for some one.

A choking sob broke from her. She saw it all now; his life work was finished and he had come home—to die. Ah, and then came the thought with a thrill of joy, they would never be parted for long now, they would go home together.

But he will see her in a moment; she must be brave for his sake. Yes, he did see her pressing forward to meet him. The deep set eyes lighted up with all the old, passionate tenderness, "I knew you would come little wife."

And she said, with a brave sweet smile, "Welcome home, John."

"Hand in hand when our life was May,
Hand in hand when our hair is gray,
Shadow and sun for every one
As the years roll on."

MARJORIE ELDER.

Miss Edith Larrabee, '07, is teaching in the Rookland High School.

THE COLBY ECHO.

Published every Friday during the college year by the students of Colby College.

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WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN.

The twelfth of February was the anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, appropriately called the Saviour of his country.

On the twenty-second of this month we celebrate the memory of George Washington, justly termed the Father of his country. Both these men were made of heroic material and their memories merit all the regard posterity gives them. Without a Washington there never could have been a nation so purely democratic as ours; without a Lincoln the United States would not be the united country that it is.

It is interesting to note that one of the most influential things in moulding Lincoln's character was a copy of the life of Washington. No one can read the story of that noble Virginia gentleman without feeling that he deserves all that is done to preserve his memory in the minds of American youth. Some of the more recent popular novels have awakened in older readers a fresh interest in the man that made possible our independence. Washington's memory is perpetuated by many monuments, our capital city, towers of granite,—but perhaps nothing serves to remind the busy citizen and forgetful youth of George Washington so much as does the annual bank and school holiday.

Abraham Lincoln is the most unique character in American history. His youthful struggle for an education, his eventful business career, his political campaigns, his presidency, his tragic death,—all are out of the ordinary, even in the troublesome times in which he lived. His personality has been the theme of many writers. Anecdotes about him are numberless. There is much in his life worthy of emulation, and the anniversary of his birth invites us to remember the man whose steady hand guided the State safely in the storm of civil war.

In the mad rush of our American life we too soon forget the heroes of the past. The Chinaman goes to one

extreme, we to the other. Yet in this shortest month of the year we can afford to remember two men, one who stood out for Liberty, the other who gave his life for Unity.

On page 48 of the new catalog the statement is made that THE ECHO is published weekly by the students. A word of explanation is perhaps due to any who may wonder why no paper was published last week. With the exception of our college annual, there is no medium through which the students may display their literary talents. To provide such a medium THE ECHO from time to time is doubled, devoting most of the space to original literary productions of the students. To do this and preserve the financial equilibrium of the paper, it is necessary to omit one single issue in order to produce a double number.

The next double number will appear at the close of this term. This statement is made in order that those who have it in mind to contribute articles may prepare them before the term examinations.

The basket-ball team made rather a poor showing on its first trip. At Vinalhaven the local team so far outplayed the college boys that there was no great interest in the contest. At Rockland, however, the two teams were more evenly matched and a fairly close game was played. It is to be hoped that our men will do some hard work in the near future and then play a return game with the Vinalhaven Y. M. C. A. team here. The results of the trip show very plainly that we have some things to learn about this indoor sport.

It is extremely annoying to make all the necessary preparations for a bath and then find nothing but cold water available in the gymnasium or in South College.

GEORGE WILLIAM SMITH, LL. D.

On Friday last, the college community was saddened on learning of the death of George William Smith, LL. D. Dr. Smith, the eldest son of Prof. S. K. Smith, was born in Waterville in August, 1862.

Surrounded by the best college culture he completed the preparatory course at Coburn Classical Institute, entered Colby and was graduated in 1888 with high honors. He at once accepted the principalship of the Wiscasset High School. Two years later he entered the Albany Law School, and was graduated with honor in 1887. After three years of legal practice he turned again to his early vocation and the better to prepare himself entered Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, making a specialty of Philology and History. During his two years there he taught for a short time in the department of History at Bucknell University. The third year he was appointed instructor in Philosophy at Johns Hopkins. In October, 1892, he was called to the Chair of the Department of History at Colgate University, and in November, 1895, was installed

President of Colgate. This position failing health compelled him to resign in June, 1897. His success as president was due to the power he had to work long and hard, his executive ability to inspire others, and wisely to direct their labors, his accurate scholarship and broad and general culture, by which he commanded the respect of his colleagues and of the student body, and his striking personality, which was the result of a life of consistent Christian integrity and which enabled him to exert an influence full of vigor and intensity of purpose.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS: Our Heavenly Father, in His supreme wisdom, has called to Himself our honored and beloved Brother in Delta Upsilon, George William Smith, LL. D.

Resolved, That we, the Colby Chapter of Delta Upsilon, extend to his bereaved family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That we drape our badges for thirty days as a tribute of respect to him.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in THE COLBY ECHO and a copy sent to the family of our brother, also, that they be spread upon the records of the Fraternity.

A. G. WARNER, } Committee
W. B. JACK, } on
L. L. WORKMAN, } Resolutions

Hygiene teaches the Freshman that active exercise before a meal is injurious, but experience is the upper-classmen's instructor. The hour of five to six is unquestionably inconvenient if not unprofitable for gymnasium exercise. A quick bath, a hurried dress, a rush to the evening meal and an unsuitable condition of the blood for eating must surely go far towards counterbalancing all the benefits derived from the drilling.—Ex.

Y. W. C. A. CONCERT.

Tuesday evening, February 13th, the Young Woman's Christian Association gave a concert in the college chapel. In spite of the unfavorable weather there was a good audience to greet those who took part in the programme. The object of this entertainment was to raise funds to send a delegation of lady students to Northfield next summer.

The numbers were well received by the audience. Miss Bicknell, Miss Bragg, and the trio were called back for encores. The following is the program:

Piano Solo, Clara Martin
Vocal Solo, Margaret Williams
Reading, Rhena Clark
Vocal Solo, Edith Bicknell
Reading, Marjorie Elder
Vocal Solo, Josephine Berry
Piano Solo, May Bragg
Trio, Misses Berry, Small and Osborne

The accompaniments were played by Miss Mathews, and Miss Bragg.

The ushers were Marion Hall, Edna Owen, Blanche Pratt, and Mildred Jenks.

After the concert a social was given in Memorial hall where home made candles were on sale by the young ladies.

NOTICE.

All persons, fraternities or other organizations who expect to have their pictures in the Oracle for 1900 must sit for their pictures before the last week of this term.

It is requested that everyone will see to this as soon as possible.

Per F. D. Sawyer,
President Oracle Association.

DELTA UPSILON RIDE.

Never were Eurus and Notus more propitious to mortal beings than on Saturday of last week, when the Colby Chapter of Delta Upsilon, with their lady friends, enjoyed its annual sleigh ride out to Gleason's.

The weather was all that could be desired, the air being just cold enough to be bracing and invigorating without being uncomfortable, while the roads for the whole stretch of twelve miles were in perfect condition.

The start was made from the city at about five o'clock and the ride out consumed two hours of the most picturesque part of a winter's day, when daylight is changing into darkness. A most glorious sunset was in evidence during the early part of the ride and then gradually and quietly the various stars appeared in their places, while the silver moon meanwhile sailed peacefully on through the dark blue heavens. The silence of the scene was broken only by the bright laughter and songs and yells of the merry company en route.

It was quite dark when the destination was finally reached and the party entered the comfortable and hospitable farm house.

A few moments were taken up in getting well acquainted and then the party of about fifty sat down to a most palatable and bountiful supper. It is needless to say that all did justice to Mrs. Gleason's most excellent cooking.

After supper, while the tables were being removed from the long dining-room, a social half-hour or so was spent in the other parts of the house, during which an informal entertainment was given, consisting of readings from "Mr. Dooley" by Mr. Pike, who, by the way, is very proficient in the rendering of his ancestral dialect, and of musical selections by members of the Chapter.

The latter part of the evening was spent by those who cared "to trip the light fantastic toe," in informal dancing in the dining-room, while the remainder of the company amused themselves in playing games, telling stories, and other forms of entertainment.

All too soon the hands of the old-fashioned clock pointed to the hour of departure and announced that a most happy and enjoyable occasion was nearly at an end.

Having given "three times three" for Mrs. Gleason and the Fraternity yell, the party was again upon the road, this time headed towards Waterville.

The ride back through the quiet darkness was even as delightful as the ride out had been and it was with regretful hearts that the drive up to Ladies' Hall was made just in time to escape breaking the Mosaic Law.

The verdict of the whole company was that of a most delightful and successful time.

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THE LITTLE TEACHER:

The grandeur of the scenery on the great Columbia river is famous all over the world. There are great majestic mountains, colored cliffs, a river wide as a bay, but here and there a point of view opens before man beauties that not only make him wonder at Nature but make him love her.

Nearly two hundred miles from its mouth, the great swift river curves around a bench of land and then rushes straight at Wind Mountain, three miles away. On this bench of land a saw mill and a few clustering houses nestle at the foot of the high cliffs which rise up from the river almost as if they scorned the water, they frown so harshly. The mill and houses have received the official name, "The City of Rialto." Most of the people in the mill are Mormons, for the plant and store are controlled by a great Mormon lumbering company. A few railroad employees and one or two farmers on the bench make up the rest of the population.

The chief products of the mill are green lumber and railroad ties. When one remembers that four ties are worth a dollar he realizes that the railroad company's tie inspector at a mill producing thousands of ties a week was an important personage in so small a community.

Another important person in the place was the school teacher. There were about thirty children of all ages to be taught and the little teacher did good work in the white schoolhouse. She was rather a pretty girl of small stature, and when she went to the store for her mail in the evenings, all eyes were turned upon her graceful figure. She boarded with the principal farmer, whose house of six rooms also served as the Rialto Hotel. The farmer's two children were in the school, and when the teacher decided to board there the entire year, an organ was put off the steamer one day and hauled up to the door; then it was unboxed and placed in the sitting-room. The empty box served as play house for the children and also as the dog kennel. The school teacher was only twenty, and very ready to flirt with the only respectable unmarried man in the place, the tie inspector.

The little teacher had the poor red-headed, jolly Jordan Purdy at her finger tips. He was in dead earnest; she was only fooling with him. The farmer's wife did her duty,—she scolded the girl for her cruel behavior, and encouraged Jordan to press on with vigor in his hopeless undertaking.

One day a party of engineers came to the "hotel" for dinner. The railroad track was only a few hundred feet from the house and they carried their hand-car inside the fence and brought the instruments up to the door. The teacher sat at the head of the table and never said a word, although the young fellows looked at her slyly and made her blush becomingly.

The next day the engineers put up a tent near the house, and for nearly a month boarded with the farmer. Among the young fellows in the party was a man of twenty-six or so, a city chap, who had roughed it enough to carry himself well. Fine looking, a good singer, with a stock of stories from Princeton to Alaska, he was a congenial man in camp. The mails brought him heavy letters, and many an evening he spent in bending over a block of paper; so the other boys thought the little teacher would have no interest for him. Not so. He took the seat next to her at the table. In the evening he went to the sitting-room and showed her something about playing the organ. He put aside the roughness of camp and in the evenings adorned himself with the simple things of civilization, a collar and tie, while his

hungry companions were content to go in sweaters and overalls.

The little teacher, her name was Hester, soon found her tongue at the table and after a day or two she made things lively at breakfast and supper. She organized whist parties in the sitting-room and made life miserable for the farmer and his wife. Jordan came in once or twice, but he felt himself out of place. He used to sit outside looking at the old man of Wind Mountain who kept watch over the beautiful river in the moonlight.

Jack, the Princeton man, had been having the teacher out for evening walks and quite monopolizing her company on Sundays, when one day he received a message from the chief engineer of the road telling him to report at Spokane immediately. He packed hastily and barely caught the afternoon train. Spokane was his home and all those heavy letters of his came from there.

That night at the supper table one of the boys, a tall, well-built man, "Sixty-foot-three," the children called him, rallied Hester on her unwonted quiet.

"Oh," said she, "I am disappointed that Jack went simply because he was going to give me a boat ride in the lagoon opposite Wind Mountain tonight, and now I can't go, unless you take me," and she looked at him steadily till the tall fellow blushed to the roots of his hair and the edge of his red jersey.

Just as he was leaving the table he turned to her and said, "I'll be back in ten minutes. Have your coat ready. It's a bit windy tonight."

She looked funny for a minute and then went after her jacket. It was a warm May evening and it did not seem as though there would be any need of a coat, yet she took it. Harry returned before the ten minutes had elapsed, but he found her ready and they started out down the railroad track.

"Let me put my hand on your shoulder so I can walk the rail," she said, and thus they made rather slow progress. She did most of the talking, chaffing him for not being gay and lively. He let her do the talking, for he was not particularly interested in the evening's program and felt sorry that he had asked her to go with him, or rather that he had allowed himself to be drawn into the scheme.

They found the boat drawn up on the sandy beach. It was a crude affair and did not add to Jack's pleasure in the trip. But he helped her into it and then poled off into the deeper water. The oars were short, but under his powerful arms the little craft shot along in the moonlight.

"You row beautifully," said Hester. "Jack rows pretty well, but you are fine," and she went on with her chatter. "Look at my old man in the mountain," she said. "That cloud makes him gray-headed in this moonlight."

Harry rested his oars and turned about on the seat. Outlined on the silver clouds were the perfect features of the old man whom he had so often looked at from the hand-car. "That's a wise old man," said he, "and I think I can see his lips moving, as though he were speaking."

"Why, you foolish fellow! What could that old man have to say?"

"Harry paused a minute and then said coldly, "I think he would say that you are trying to flirt with every fellow who comes along. You've roped me into this tonight and I think it's about time you and I returned to the shore and got home."

He could see her bite her lip in vexation and anger, but with a sarcastic look on his face he swung the boat around and pulled up the lagoon. It was nearly ten o'clock when he left her at the farm house door. He crept to the tent and into his blankets, feeling that he had

done the girl a kind act in speaking harshly to her. He remembered bitterly just such another girl back in Illinois.

A few days later Jack returned from Spokane bringing word that the entire party was to pull up the tent and proceed to the Snake River as soon as they tied up their work at Rialto. He was courteous but distant with Hester, and the little teacher hardly knew what to make of it. He spent the few remaining evenings in the tent, busy over maps and calculations. That visit to Spokane had wrought a change in him.

Hester had been incensed at first with the remarks that Harry had made to her, but after much thought she came to the conclusion that a permanent tie inspector was preferable to an uncertain engineer.

From the window she watched them pull down the tent, and a sigh escaped her lips, but in her hand she held a note that was going on the same train with them to the tie inspector, who was spending a week at another mill. She had written it with mingled feelings. It read something like this:

MY DEAR JORDAN:—

Those detestable engineers have departed, so perhaps you'll find it more quiet and agreeable at Mrs. Smith's. Yours sincerely,
HESTER CANTERBURY.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

BASKET BALL.

Colby's first game of the season at basket-ball was played Thursday night, February 8th, against what is undoubtedly the "crack" team of the state and received a down-fall. The Vinalhaven team has never been beaten but defeated Portland Y. M. C. A. by a score of 44-3.

Colby was plainly outclassed by the island players who threw goal from any part of the hall although the Colby boys worked hard and fast. Most of Vinalhaven's men were nearly six feet in height and so were enabled to keep the ball above the heads of the Colby team. Several goals were made by throws for the entire length of the hall.

Our team reports the most generous treatment from its opponents and the officials of the game and, while it was with regret that the game was lost there was very much satisfaction in knowing it was a clean defeat by men of certain ability.

The lineup was as follows:

COLBY.		VINALHAVEN
Marsh, } forwards,		McIntosh
Bakeman, } } forwards,		Sanborn
Drew, } } center,		Mills
Moody, } } center,		Davison
Haggerty, } } backs,		Smith,
Bakeman, } } backs,		
Allen, } } backs,		

Officials: Rev. Mr. Wells, referee. Timer, Witherell, Colby. Mr. Sprague, Vinalhaven, umpire.

We are glad to be able to report better results from Friday's game than from Thursday's. The Y. M. C. A. team of Rockland were our opponents and we were more evenly matched. The game commenced at 8 o'clock in Elmwood hall and at first looked as though it would be a repetition of the previous game, Rockland scoring three goals in quick succession, but the boys took a brace and on a goal by Bakeman and Allen and a throw for a foul the score was made nearly even. It took about five minutes of the fiercest playing to score a goal and then Rockland caged one in beautiful style. The game saw-sawed back and forth, first Rockland then Colby taking the lead. Colby however, led at the end of the first half by a score of 9-7.

After the intermission both teams began to play in good earnest but Colby drew steadily away from her opponent until the score stood 16-9; up to this time Colby had been playing fast ball but began to weaken and Rockland tied the score. Rockland had only two minutes in which to win and she improved

the opportunity, making her final total 21 to Colby's 19. The game was not characterized by clean playing but altogether too many fouls were permitted by the referee and by two rather rank decisions, Colby was deprived of two cleanly thrown goals by Moody. The game was, however, very well played and every one of Colby's men succeeded in throwing at least one goal. Moody at center played a very fast game and outplayed his opponent the greater part of the time. At times the work of the forwards was very good, but they occasionally missed chances for goals. They were, however, handicapped by playing against men who, at times, entirely disregarded the rules and fouled repeatedly. At back, Drew played a fine game and followed up the ball in good style. For Rockland, Hall, the forward, was the bright star, and his work undoubtedly won the game. Winslow also played well. We are improving.

The lineup:

COLBY.		ROCKLAND.
Marsh, } forwards,		Hall
Bakeman, } } forwards,		Robinson
Moody, } } center,		Veazie
Drew, } } backs,		Winslow
Allen, } } backs,		Bethel

Goals scored, Bakeman 1, Allen 1, Marsh 1, Drew 1, Moody 3. Goals from fouls, Allen 5. Referee, Foster. Timer, Witherell.

In this game each scored goal counted 2 and each goal from foul counted 1.

A letter has been received from J. B. Kirkpatrick of Vermont University, stating that eleven New England colleges, including Bowdoin and Bates, have signified their desire to enter the New England Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament. This league will not include Harvard and Yale.

The athletic exhibition which is to be given March 2 promises to be the best that Colby has ever produced. Special classes are working Wednesday and Saturday afternoons on the drills, tumbling and bar under the instruction of Dr. Frew, assisted by Mr. Pike, but these classes are not as large as they should be. Men who are not able to go into the tumbling and bar work could easily learn the various drills and Dr. Frew is only too anxious to teach.

The dashes, hurdle races, pole vault, and putting the shot will be omitted and this action is sure to meet with the approval of all the college men. These events have never been trained for as they should be and until they are, no one can honestly wish to have them appear in exhibitions.

The members of the Tennis Association are earnestly discussing the advisability of entering the newly formed New England Intercollegiate Tennis Association and the general opinion seems to be in favor of so doing. There are several exceptionally good tennis players in college who would undoubtedly represent us well.

The baseball schedule has been completed and Manager Philbrick has shown excellent judgment in its arrangement. The number of home games is exceedingly gratifying, while the teams which our team meets on its trip will undoubtedly train our men well for the Maine League series. For the first time in years the team is to be away from home over Sunday.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE, SEASON 1900.

April 26, U. of M., Waterville.
April 28, Andover Academy, Andover.
April 30, Tufts College, Somerville.
May 1, Boston College, Boston.
May 2, New Hampshire College, Durham.
May 9, U. of M., Orono.
May 12, Jewiston A. A., Waterville.
May 19, Bates College, Lewiston.
May 23, U. of M., Waterville.
May 25, Boston College, Waterville.
June 1, Tufts College, Waterville.
June 9, Bates College, Waterville.

IN A JANUARY THAW.

All the world was dark and dripping,
All the skies were drear and dun,
And my soul was chilled within me,
For I longed to see the sun.
Nature's sheet was soiled and sodden,
And the air was damp and raw
When I met my dainty darling
In a January thaw.

First I chanced to see an ankle
In a gaiter trim and neat,
And a silken skirt uplifted
As she crossed the muddy street.
Then such lips of laughing scarlet,
And a brow without a flaw,
And a cheek of summer roses,—
In a January thaw.

There was ice upon the pavement
And she slipped in passing by,
But I saved her, and she thanked me
In a manner sweet and shy.
How my pulses thrilled with pleasure!
Ah, we neither of us saw
Cupid, with his bow and arrow,
In a January thaw.

Other lovers 'mid the lilies
In the dusk may plight their troth,
Or upon the moonlit beaches
By the ocean's foam and froth.
But my love and I together
By the same enchanted law,
Pledged our hearts unto each other
In a January thaw.

GLÜCK.

"Say, Don, where is my white tie?"
This despairing question came from
Charlie Harmon, who, in decided *neg-
lige*, was standing in the middle of a
college room, looking vainly about—
even peering beneath the couch—and
was addressed to Donald Brown, his
roommate, who was trying to learn his
German irregulars at a table in the
corner.

"Oh, I don't know," pleasantly re-
sponded the latter, getting up and go-
ing to the dressing case. "Isn't it in
my drawer? I believe I saw you
throw something in there the other
night after the dance. Yes, here it is.
Shall I put it on?"

"No, thanks," answered Charlie.

Both boys laughed and Charlie went
on with his toilet while Don returned
to his corner and his verbs.

There was to be a reception that
night to which both boys had been in-
vited. It was to be a swell affair and
since Donald did not enjoy such things
he had declined. No one ever knew
Charlie Harmon to decline such an
invitation and that night he was
particularly happy, for he knew he
should see a certain young lady whose
countenance was beaming down upon
him from a saucy photograph case on
the wall. Gladys Morton was a mem-
ber of the entering class who came
from the same town as Donald. As
for Charlie he had never met her until
this fall, but he at once proceeded to
fall in love with her. In every way
she seemed his ideal, tall and fair,
entertaining, and stylish besides.

Just here the silence of the room
was broken by "Skeeters am a hum-
ming on the honeysuckle vine, sleep
Kentucky babe,—Oh, Don, have you
seen my gloves?" As before he was
vacantly staring around the room.

"Let's see, the place for gloves is in
one's coat pocket. Are they not there?"

"Oh, yes, how stupid I am, but say,
old man, will I do?" He stretched
up his six feet of height before the
mirror and very handsome did he ap-
pear.

His chum looked him over, carefully
picking off a few stray pieces of lint,

and answered: "Yes, but go along.
You will be late as it is. I hope you
will enjoy the evening. *Auf Wieder-
sehen.*"

"Good night, I wish you were go-
ing with me."

The door was shut with a bang and
as Donald heard Charlie's footsteps
going down the stairs, he busied him-
self with picking up his chum's clothes
which covered every available chair,
the couch and the dressing case.

Before the boys had entered college
they had never met, but the Fates, in
their peculiar way, had thrown them
together as roommates. They had
joined the same fraternity, and had
taken the same course of study. Al-
though of directly opposite character-
istics they had become the best of
friends and when they came back as
Juniors the old feeling was even strong-
er than before.

* * *

Mrs. Thayer's elegant parlors were
as light as day and well-filled with
guests when Charlie entered rather
late. Even as he greeted his hostess,
he saw Gladys with a fellow of a rival
fraternity of whom he was already in-
tensely jealous.

As he left Mrs. Thayer he heard at
his elbow, "Good evening, Mr. Har-
mon, are you not going to recognize
me?" He turned and saw before him
Vina Hayden, a pretty little brunette
with whom he had spent many a pleas-
ant hour, but he was not particularly
delighted to see her at just this time.

She continued, "The young people
are just going out for a waltz in the
dining-room. Will you take me out
please?"

Of course he was "delighted" and
soon found himself at his favorite pas-
time. Miss Hayden and he had once
taken the waltzing prize at a college
ball. At the close of the dance he
tried to withdraw to go to Gladys but
Miss Hayden detained him. It was
not until near the end of the evening,
that he said in desperation, "Please ex-
cuse me, I must speak to Miss Mor-
ton." He left her and went to Gladys,
who was the center of a little circle of
men.

"Good evening, Miss Morton, may
I have the pleasure of this waltz?"
She assented and they went whirling
away. The music stopped only too
soon and then he offered to find refresh-
ments and led her through a French
window to a covered balcony.

Charles could not eat he was so ex-
cited. He now had the opportunity
for which he had long been waiting.
He longed to tell his love but the sub-
ject was so serious that he did not
know just how to commence. Sud-
denly he was roused by, "Since I have
finished my cream, shall we return?"

"Yes—no—but—say, Miss Gladys
there is something that I wish to say
to you—something I must tell you,
Gladys, do not be angry, please, but
I—I love you and want to make you
my wife some day." Here he looked
up. "You are silent. Have I pro-
voked you? Is it not right that I
should consider you the fairest and

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best woman I have ever met? Give me hope. I can wait if you will. Gladys, why do you not answer me?"

For the first time she looked up and their eyes met. In a moment he knew that his case was hopeless.

The next moment she was speaking. "My dear Mr. Harmon you have pained me this evening, how much I cannot tell. You have become a very good friend of mine in these last few months and I grieve that I must wound a heart so nobly offered to me but I belong to another whom I love very—"

"You have deceived me," interrupted Charlie hotly. "Why did you lead me on? Why did you not tell me before of your engagement? I did not suppose that you could be so false. I am glad at last to have found you out, late as it is."

"Oh, Charlie—stop—let me explain to you—"

But she had spoken too late for she was alone. She burst into tears and woman-like took all the blame upon herself. However, she soon composed herself and was sitting here an half hour later when her chaperone came to find her.

* * *

As for Charlie, he rushed to the cloak-room and from there into the street. He walked on and on regardless of the fact that it was storming. He did not even notice the rain which was beating against his face with cutting force.

To have been thus thrown over after what had passed between them! Had she led him on for the purpose of making him propose? His pride was hurt. Never before had anyone had the chance to wound him thus and now it came all the harder from her to whom he had felt able to devote his life. And to be thus refused! Who was the other fellow, the favored one? Yes, it was better that he was not present then, because Charlie's temper was hot and it would have been hard to say what temptation there might have been to throw him into the dark river which was rolling before him.

He stopped, "What river is this?" He was bewildered and could not think. He asked a passing stranger, who answered, "Sure man are you crazy? It's the Carleton."

"The Carleton." He exclaimed, and he realized that he was three miles from the college. For the first time he noticed the rain which was pouring down.

About four o'clock the next morning Donald was much startled by being suddenly pulled out of his bed. As soon as he was awake he saw before him his roommate who had left him the evening before. He was completely wet through and his face was haggard and wild.

"Great heavens, Charlie, what is the matter? Are you ill or have you received bad news? Why are you so wet and cold?"

Charlie was now in the reaction from the exposure and could not answer. His chum removed his wet clothing, and after he had got him

thoroughly warmed, Charlie began to recover.

"Now, old man, you must tell me all about it. What is the trouble?" said Donald, drawing his chair near him.

"Yes, it is trouble with a vengeance," began Charlie, "and—well—I might as well make a clean breast of the whole thing. The fact is, I proposed to Gladys Morton tonight and she refused."

"What, you proposed to Gladys?" gasped Donald. "Well, I never! Oh, Charlie, forgive me!"

"Forgive you. Why? What?"

"Oh, how can I explain? Gladys Morton is engaged to me!"

"To you?"

"Yes, to me. We have always loved each other from our childhood, and before coming to college it was planned that we would keep our attachment a secret until after our studies were completed, and we are to be married as soon as I am graduated."

They looked at each other with strained eyes for several moments. Then Harmon broke the silence—

"Here's my hand! Glück to you two! Let's go to bed."

WOMEN FORMERLY OF 1900.

Miss Lois Meserve is in Glen Falls, N. Y., where she has taught for two years with marked success.

Miss Susie Hall is at her home in Gray, Maine.

Miss Aimee Gallert graduates this year from Smith.

Miss Jennie Tirrell is a very popular teacher in the High School on Paris Hill.

Miss Alice Abbott is at her home in this city.

Miss Sarah Roberts after two years as teacher has returned to Colby and is a member of 1902.

Miss Louise Benson is a stenographer in New York.

Miss Florence Diver left Colby at the close of her junior year to enter a medical course at the University of Michigan.

Miss Nellie Crie is in Rockland.

Miss Nella Merrick is spending the winter in San Jacinto, Cal.

Mrs. Allan Sanborn nee Marge Magrath, is mistress of a cosy home in South Boston.

Miss Myra Perry is teaching in Connecticut.

THE COLLEGE WORLD.

Official announcement has been made that Mr. Walter Camp will occupy the newly created position of director of athletics at Yale.

An institution similar to the Yale Mission has been started at Princeton with an endowment of \$1,000. Professor W. A. Wyckoff, author of "The Workers," will have charge of it.

The oldest college in the world is Mohammed College, at Cairo, Egypt, which was 1,000 years old when Oxford was founded. It has 11,000 students.

The endowment of Leland Stanford University is now about \$80,000,000.

The gifts to Harvard University for 1898-1899, as announced by Mr. Adams, the treasurer, amounted to \$1,544,829.07.

The captains and managers of the Harvard and Yale crews, at a recent meeting in Cambridge, selected June 28 as the date for their dual regatta at New London. The varsity race will be rowed at 11.30 a. m., the four-oared and freshman races following.

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ALLEN CLARK, 92 College Ave.

A commotion was caused the other afternoon by the appearance of several ludicrous valentines on the bill-board. At the top of each was written the names of certain individuals, to whom the valentines had striking resemblances. It is sad to relate that those who were chosen for this piece of sport are members of the Freshman class. Who could have done it?

Moonlight rides are all the go now. But when it comes to staying a day and a half in Waterville longer than absolutely necessary, and then to taking a moonlight ride of sixteen miles in the rain; what are we coming to?

We are sorry to see that our little suggestion with regard to the piazza of the Dunn House has been neglected. It is, however, still a popular resort for the weary.

Our dramatic organization is making great progress now-a-days,—that is,—to judge from the heart-rending sounds which issue from at least three different rooms of South College. Be ye not afraid when ye hear these unwonted noises.

The Executive Committee of the Athletic Association held a special meeting Saturday night and voted that the managers of all teams must go and return with them on the trips. This applies to basket-ball as well as to all other branches of sport.

It is reported that certain members of the basket-ball team had difficulty in tearing themselves away from that enchanting spot, Vinal Haven. You should hear some of the team describe this island,—and the inhabitants.

Nate P. Thayer contemplates purchasing a snare drum and joining the College orchestra. "Anything to bring me nearer Livermore Falls," saith Nate.

Wanted.

The person who stole a certain lovely picture from my room to return it.

WENDELL CROSBY WASHBURN.

Wanted.

A willing little fellow who shall report to me hourly the condition of the skating on the Kennebec. I cannot afford to make the trips myself from the College to the river more than twenty times a day.

EDGAR B. PUTNAM.

\$1,000 Reward

to the Benefactor of Humanity who threw a pail of water on "Gramp" Severy last Sunday night. The Conference Board will furnish the funds with which to pay the reward. All information should be sent to L. A. Knapp, 14 Chaplin Hall.

Mr. F. Barker of Presque Isle, called on N. V. Barker '02, Sunday.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Witherell returned Tuesday from a trip to the Maine coast.

R. A. Kane and H. E. Pratt '02, were on the campus, Saturday.

Edward D. Jenkins is back at college after his prolonged illness.

The Clarion contains the pictures of Thomas and Butler, '03, the winners of the entrance prizes.

Howard, '01, has resumed work with his class after a successful term of teaching at the Canaan High School.

Several of the students went to Vassalboro last Saturday evening. The sleighing was excellent and Mrs. Seabury, at the Yates Mansion, served a good supper. The party consisted of Misses Getchell, Hall, Towne, and Perry, and Philbrick '00, Seaverns, Blackburn, and Mitchell.

The Junior class held a very spirited meeting after chapel Wednesday morning. The nominating committee reported a slate for all offices excepting the presidency. The slate was adopted and then the excitement began. Abbott, Allen and Marsh were nominated for president, but Marsh withdrew his name. Several ballots were cast, each resulting in a tie. After an extended discussion, the nominations were opened again and Blackburn was named and elected. The following is the list of officers for the remainder of this year:

President, Blackburn; Vice-President, Seaverns; Secretary, Marvell; Treasurer, Perry; Marshall, Rice; Toastmaster, Richards; Awardee of Prizes, Thayer; Poet, Sturtevant; Historian, Sprague; Chaplain, McCoy; Orator, Ventres; Executive Committee, Witherell, Percival, and Abbott; Ode Committee, Sprague, Sturtevant, and Purinton.

THE MID-WINTER CONFERENCE

The conference held in Boston the last day of January was a most successful meeting from every standpoint. The business done at that time was not made public until after the last issue of THE ECO had gone to press, but since then there have appeared in various newspapers full reports of the matters acted upon. Since these matters closely concern the student body, they are given below.

The Hon. Josiah H. Drummond of Portland presided. Mr. Leslie C. Cornish of Augusta was secretary. Nineteen members were present. A general discussion of the affairs of the college was held. It was voted to ask Dr. G. D. B. Pepper to withhold his resignation until the close of the college year, and it seems likely that he will do so. The matter of electing a successor to Dr. G. F. Hull to take charge of the Department of Physics was considered. This is in the hands of a committee which will report at a later meeting of the board. The finances of the college were fully discussed.

A committee consisting of J. K. Bouteille, N. T. Dutton and L. C. Cornish was appointed to consider the practicability of providing a club at which students may board at a less expensive rate than that which now prevails in the college community. The same committee was instructed to see what could be done to provide further accommodations wherein may be housed the non-resident members of the Women's Division, who are now forced to seek accommodations here and there in the city.

Mr. Joseph L. Colby of Newton Centre, a prominent member of the trustees, is a gentleman who takes a great deal of interest in the college. After the meeting, the members of the conference were his guests at dinner. His hospitality assisted in making this conference one of the best meetings the board has ever held, either at the winter or the summer session.

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The Library contains 35,000 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 was opened in September, 1899. 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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