

THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. III, No. 18.

WATERVILLE, ME., FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1900.

DOUBLE NUMBER.

CALENDAR.

- Mar. 16. Reception in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Pepper. Memorial Hall, 8-10 P. M.
- Mar. 20. The Musical clubs of the college start on a tour giving concerts at Island Falls, Caribou, Presque Isle, Houlton, Patten, Bar Harbor, Cherryfield, Jonesport, Machias and Calais.
- Mar. 20. Fourth College Assembly at Thayer's Hall, 8 P. M.
- Mar. 21. Winter term closes. College exercises will be resumed Thursday, April 5, with chapel at 8 A. M.
- Apr. 6. Last College Assembly.

THE PRESIDENT WILL BE ABSENT:

Thursday, March 22, to deliver an address in the interests of the college at the Court street Baptist church, Auburn.

Sunday, April 8, to preach at South Berwick, Maine.

STANDING APPOINTMENTS.

Last Monday. Meeting of the Conference Board of the Men's Division, 7 P. M.

Last Tuesday. Meeting of Conference Board of Women's Division 6.45 P. M.

Tuesdays. Meetings of Christian Associations 6.45 P. M.

Wednesdays. Meetings of the College Fraternities, 7.30 P. M.

Wednesdays. Meeting of the Faculty, 7.30 P. M.

NOTICE.

Please Watch This Column and Do Your Duty.

Subscribers to Expenses of Athletic Teams.

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Total subscribed, \$180.00.

PALMER HOUSE TEA.

One of the pleasant social functions of the week was the tea at the Palmer House, Wednesday afternoon, March the seventh, from four to six. The parlor, where the guests were received by Miss Koch, Mrs. Stetson, and Miss Jones, was tastefully adorned with jonquills, and refreshments of tea, chocolate, nuts, and bonbons were served from a table charming for its violet decorations. The skies were very propitious and the occasion was a delightful one.

THE MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

Never have the Musical Organizations of Colby experienced a more successful season than that which is now drawing to a close. The clubs have been under the direction of skillful leaders, and it is largely due to this fact that such a pronounced success has been achieved. Again, too, the boys have been willing to work, have attended the rehearsals well, and have taken an interest in their task. Let a crowd of fellows who take little interest in what they do, represent the college, and what can we expect of them. Surely, very little.

The clubs made their first appearance early in the season at the City Hall, being engaged by the Foresters. A lack of confidence was noticed at this first concert, and the boys seemed ill-at-ease and nervous. With the exception of this nervousness everything went off very well, and the appreciation of the audience was manifested by frequent encores.

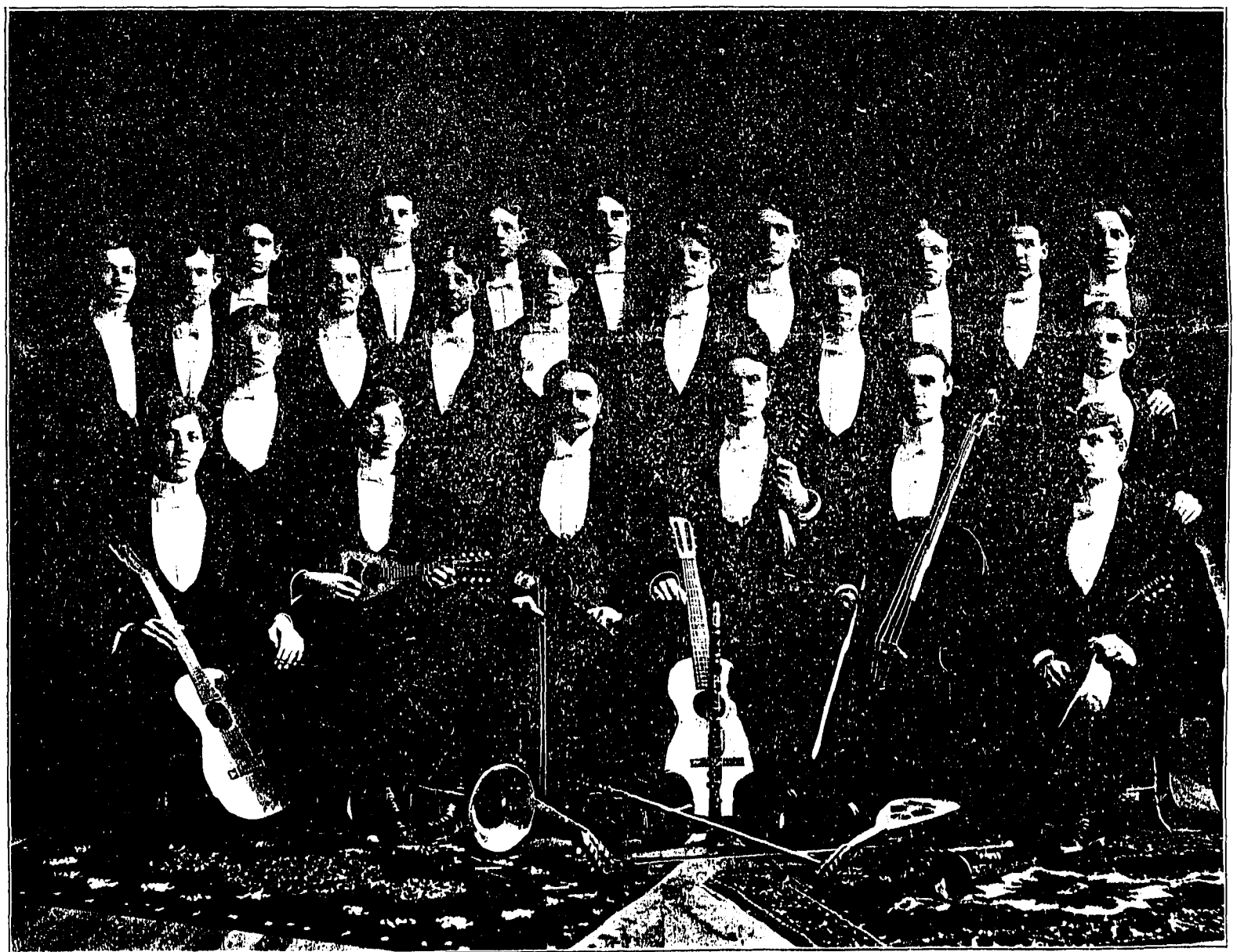
too, the various numbers were well received. After the concert the orchestra played for a dance which proved to be the chief attraction of the evening. All the fellows joined in and a good time was the result.

The last concert of the first trip, that given at Freeport, was a repetition of the one given in Turner. A large audience was present, and all the parts were performed very satisfactorily.

About this time the Glee Club was reduced in numbers by the sickness of Mr. Learned. As a result the first tenor section was noticeably weak, so that the concert given here in Waterville was not all that could be expected. It was rather unfortunate that one of the singers should have been taken sick when all wished an especially fine concert to be given here at home. The few defects which a critic might have commented upon with severity, were overlooked by our friends and all declared the work of

Friday, Feb. 23, found the musical organizations at Skowhegan. It is unnecessary to comment on the performance. Those who heard the concert at Waterville and that at Skowhegan are unanimous in declaring the latter to be the better of the two. We were still, however, greatly in need of a third first tenor.

The next engagement of the clubs was at Oakland, on Tuesday, March 6. This concert had been postponed twice on account of bad weather, but at last the day was arranged, and although the weather was again bad, the concert was given and a good number of people were present. Mr. Witherell was especially applauded for his part on the program. As in several of the other places a dance was given after the concert, the music, however, being furnished on this occasion by Wilson's orchestra of Oakland. Those who had to wait on the station platform two hours for the 2 A. M.



THE COLBY MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS.

On Thursday afternoon, February 15, the boys started on their first long trip. The towns of Turner, Gray and Freeport were visited in turn, and concerts given there.

At Turner the clubs were especially well received. Although the night was stormy, the church at which the concert was given, was well filled by an appreciative audience. At this concert there was none of that lack of confidence noticeable at the first appearance. The boys simply outdid themselves, and their work was very favorably commented upon. Everything possible was done to make the short visit in Turner agreeable, and I am sure everyone of the fellows carried away with him the most pleasant recollections of this typical New England town.

The concert at Gray, on the following evening, is also worthy of praise, although the boys were somewhat handicapped in that they were obliged to perform in a low-studded, small hall. Here,

the clubs to be fully up to the standard. The violin playing by Mr. Brunel was especially well received in this concert, and deservedly so. It was a rare treat to those who love the music of the violin. The work of the readers, Mr. Richardson and Mr. Witherell, also met with favor, and they were encored. The dance which was given after the concert was a very pleasant one and was enjoyed by all who participated.

On Wednesday, Feb. 21, the clubs went to Augusta and gave a concert. This concert was very well rendered notwithstanding the adverse comments which appeared in one of the Augusta papers on the following morning. A curious fact was noticeable in this report of the concert. The writer, in the first part of his article proceeds to criticize the work of the clubs very sharply, but upon taking up each feature individually he speaks very favorably of them and then says that they could not have been better rendered.

freight (which was four hours late) will never forget this trip.

We come now to the most profitable and pleasant trip so far this season, namely, the trip to Guilford and Greenville.

Late on the afternoon of March 7 the boys took the train, and after several changes, arrived at Guilford at 7.15 in the evening. There was scarcely time for all to don dress-suits and find the hall in which the concert was to be given. After a good deal of hurrying everyone managed to make himself presentable, and the hall was found without much trouble. When the curtain arose at eight-ten the boys were greeted by the largest audience of the season. The body of the hall was well filled, and the balcony was crowded to overflowing. The large full-sheet posters had evidently done their work. Not only was the audience large, but it was also enthusiastic, and each number on the pro-

(Continued on eighth page.)

EUGENE FIELD.

He was a poet every one could love,
The songs he sang are very sweet and true.
The poet's gentle, kindly character
In every little verse is shining through.

His were the thoughts that every one has thought,
His was the gift to put them into words,
His was the gift to sing the little songs
Which voice the thoughts of all humanity.

Had the angel Death above the little crib
Of his own children never hovered low,
Had he never known the loss of little ones,
Whose hold was great upon his loving heart,
Those touching lines he never would have wrought.

And all the children know him as their friend
And love him with a true and lasting love,
And all the men and women love him too;
That heart of his was very kind and true.

And when the poet died, and left the world
Less one grand man, whose deeds were always kind,
Great sorrow came to many in the land
Who'd loved him for his gentle, noble mind.

We love him, for he was a man to love.
The love he gave to people in the world
Brought love to him in very great amount,—
"Give and it shall be given unto you."

We think of "birds and bees and lullabies,"
We think of babies rocking in the nest;
We hear a mother croon her cradle song
That brings her little child to evening's rest.

We think of all things simple, sweet, and pure—
Hath any man a greater gift than this,
To sing his songs and bring into the world
Good thoughts of life and love and innocence?

THE NEEDS OF COLBY.

Addresses By President Butler and Dr.
Dutton at Portland, March 6.

President Butler and Rev. N. T. Dutton of Waterville, who is financial secretary of the college, recently addressed an interested meeting in the vestry of the Free Street Baptist church at Portland. After a short devotional service which was conducted by Rev. J. E. Wilson, D. D., the pastor of the church, President Butler was introduced and spoke at length regarding the important influence which the smaller colleges exert in the whole world.

"I am grateful of this opportunity to talk about the college," said the president, "and I hope it is distinctly understood that what is said here tonight is not to be considered as leading up to any subscriptions. I don't seek yours, but you. This is a conference and the particular topic is of the place of the smaller colleges, and consequently the place which the college at Waterville occupies. The university it must be remembered, presupposes the college as it seeks to take the man as he comes from the college and to make an expert of him. The college undertakes to fit him for special study, to develop his individuality and his personal power. A great deal has of late been said of the comparative value of the small and of the large colleges; and much has been said to the effect that the day of the small college has passed and that the small college is doomed. I don't believe this. The enrollment in the small colleges is greater and the interest has also increased. I believe that for the undergraduate the small college is by far the best place. But when he has finished his course let him go to the university, situated in the great cities. The university assumes that it is dealing with men, not with boys. In the small colleges the officers and the students meet constantly and there is abundant opportunity for a face-to-face, personal conference. In the university to a much greater extent than in the small college the student is handed over to the teachers and the instructors. It is almost the universal testimony of the students that it is not what they get from the classes, but what they get by contact personally with men. The president and the heads of departments are always accessible, not being at the college simply to hear classes. For this reason I think that the smaller colleges are the best. The comparatively small towns, which are the seats of the small colleges, are free from

abstractions and temptations. These advantages constitute what I term pedagogical advantages. The city colleges today are made up of students who live near these colleges. We can't have too many good colleges in the country. They are the great feeders of the universities.

"Then there are the social advantages of the small colleges. Few things can be more important to an American youth than for him to feel some responsibility for the common welfare. It is a great loss for a young man in his college period to feel that he is simply one of the mass and that others can think for him. The social advantages that are offered in a small college are numerous. A small college is simply the place to train individual manhood. It is wonderful to trace the careers of the alumni of the small colleges."

"It is of such type of college which I have described that Colby has always been and for which we are working. Two years ago some \$85,000 were added to the funds of the institution and since that time many improvements have taken place in the college. We now have a chemical building which I have not the least hesitation in declaring is as grand as any in the country. What more do we need? Colby ought to have not less than \$1,000,000, and to get this ought to be the effort of this last year of the nineteenth century. The Baptist denomination is certainly great enough and powerful enough to do this. What is behind it is a guarantee of what we ought to accomplish. We want to see Colby in command of her own field. I believe that by co-operation we can have a college the peer of any in Northern New England in the charge of any one denomination."

Rev. Mr. Dutton then spoke a few words about the progress that is being made in raising subscriptions and the plans for securing the sum of \$75,000 during the remainder of the present year. It was proposed to ask the faculties, the trustees of the college and the academies, the friends of the college and the alumni and the alumnae. It is desired that the sum of \$25,000 be contributed free from the Baptist churches of the state.

Mr. Dutton stated that the sum of \$15,000 would be given from the American Baptist Educational society for this purpose on condition that the sum of \$60,000 was raised by the first day of next January. He said that he had no doubt that the necessary sum would be secured.

COLLEGE ASSEMBLY.

The third college assembly took place Monday evening, March 5th, at Thayer's Hall. Again the weather was very cold but pleasant. There were not so many present as at the others and consequently the floor was not so crowded. A cakewalk was added to the programme and several couples took part. This event added much to the enjoyment of the evening and tended to arouse a little cordiality in the party. An extra waltz was given at the end of the regular order of seventeen dances. Hall's orchestra furnished music. Mrs. A. M. Pulsifer, Mrs. W. A. Yates, and Mrs. T. L. Thayer were the patronesses present.

The remaining two assemblies of the course will be given March 20th and April 9th. The last one will be given in the opera house at Fairfield, and the promoters of the course promise the subscribers an excellent evening.

The University of Pennsylvania conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on University day, February 22, upon President Diaz of the Republic of Mexico. President Diaz was represented by the Mexican ambassador.

SOME QUEER EPITAPHS.

Perhaps in no way have some of the eccentricities of our forefathers been more clearly shown to the people of the present generation than by means of their old family graveyards. And no graveyards have been more faithfully preserved and more watchfully cared for than those lying in some of the older towns and cities of New England. Here, in some out of the way corner, overgrown with moss and weeds, stand these grim looking gravestones, stern reminders of "the days gone by."

As would naturally be expected the inscriptions on some of these stones make interesting reading. Most of them are laudatory in their character, for people seldom bring themselves to speak harshly of the dead. But now and then we find epitaphs of a far different nature, ranging from the old one which we have often heard quoted: "*Here lies the body of Charles Brown,*" and which goes on to add in a burst of frankness, "*He never did anything else,*" to one found in a cemetery in northern Maine which was, no doubt, intended to remind the passer-by of the frailty of this earthly state:

Remember me as you pass by;
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so must you be,
Therefore prepare to follow me.

And another, inscribed upon a rather solemn looking stone, which stone was, judging from the inscription thereon, a little too old and faded to be much in keeping with the character of the person referred to:

If there is another world
She lives in bliss;
If there isn't,—well,—
She made the most of this.

Then it happens that some people prefer to write their own epitaphs. Such was the case with an old Englishman who had immigrated to this country in his early manhood. He not only wrote the inscription upon his own tombstone but that upon his wife's as well. We may easily imagine that in his own peculiar way he was very decided, for you will observe that he insisted on spelling "Englishman" by beginning it with a small letter "i," and he did not seem to see the need of but one "e" in the personal pronoun "thee." The peculiarities of his spelling should not attract our entire attention however, for the thoughts expressed are fully as original as the orthography:

Here lies the body of Richard Thomas
An englishman by birth,
A whig of '76;
By occupation a cooper,
Now food for worms.
Like an old rumpunchoon
Marked, numbered, and shooaked,
He will be raised again
And finished by his creator.
He died Sept. 28, 1824. Aged 76.

"America, my adopted country,
My advice to you is this,—
Take care of your liberties."

And his wife:—

In memory of
Mrs. Ann Elizabeth Thomas,
Who died
Feb. 2, 1815.
Æt 69 years.
Wife of Mr. Richard Thomas

"How loved, how valued once, avails the not,
To whom related, or by whom begot.
A heap of dust alone remains of the,
'Tis all thou art and all the proud shall be. Amen."

Sometimes the general sentiment of the public is not voiced in the wording of these strange reminders and it happens that a man who has been very unpopular in life, is most highly lauded after death.

Squire Dudley, a rich but generally despicable old man had just died, and the matter of his burial had been entrusted to his only living relative, who, it seems, had been no great friend to the Squire.

One day a few weeks after the death of the Squire, his relative, let us call him Mr. Burgess, called at the office of Lawyer X—, one of the leading attorneys of the town of Y—. After passing the time of day and making a few preliminary remarks he told the lawyer that he wanted something suitable for an epitaph for "Old Dudley;" something "kinder fittin' and appropriate, and yet settin' forth his actions whilst he was amongst us," he added with a half smile. Lawyer X— wrote a few lines. Then he tipped forward in his chair peering over his spectacles; "Well, Mr. Burgess, how do you think this will suit you:—

If Heaven is glad when sinners cease to sin,
If Hell is glad when sinners enter in,
If Earth is glad to lose an arrant knave,
Then all are glad when Dudley fills this grave."

"That's right, damn 'im. Give it to 'im. That's jest what he deserves. I couldn't 'a' done better if I'd 'a' writ it myself," and the Squire's relative chuckled all over. But the lawyer looked at him a moment, then without a word tossed the bit of paper into the fireplace. So what was perhaps a true picture of one phase of a man's life was not engraved other than on the tablets of his fellow townsmen's memories.

So we might go on, if not indefinitely, at least as long as we cared to investigate, finding these old landmarks of former days. But let it be enough that we do not live in such a manner that when we die it will be said by those who knew us that the worst epitaph imaginable was "good enough for him."

1908.

COMMUNICATION.

The article in the last issue of THE Echo, entitled, "A Suggestion" is one worthy of consideration by all those who have the best interest of Colby at heart.

Whatever move will cause any discontent among the students to disappear, and substitute in its place an enthusiastic college spirit, is surely a step toward the ideal.

As it is now, many of the underclassmen either return home before commencement, feeling that it means nothing to them,—or, if they remain, find by the scarcity of tickets to the different functions, that the life of an undergraduate is far from enviable.

In either case, the feeling of dissatisfaction is only augmented when they receive their term bills and find there has been "taxation without representation." With this feeling of unfairness many of the students return in the fall; and not only fail to do their best work for the college, but many who are able and talented soon join that band of sluggards and pessimists known as chronic kickers.

We can hardly imagine a student who in June has listened to a list of speakers like those at the last Alumni dinner, and heard their words of advice, counsel and cheer, returning in the fall with that listless selfishness which dominates so many of us at the present time.

We feel sure that some slight concession shown to the underclassmen during commencement, at any rate the privilege of attending the after-dinner exercises would do much to inspire and enthuse the individual student with a greater love and reverence for his college.

'01.

'08. The Librarian has recently received a copy of "The American Baptist Missionary Union and its Missions," from its author, Rev. E. F. Merriam, Secretary of the Missionary Union.

'01. Arthur K. Rogers, Ph. D., now of Alfred University, has an able article in the March number of the *Philosophical Journal* on "The Hegelian Conception of Thought."

A LYRIC FOR THE NORTH.

I

Mine eyes have seen the beauty
Of many a tropic clime,
Where freezing breath of winter
Ne'er chills the Summer time.

II

Where always tree-clad mountains,
With palm blest vales between,
Rejoice in endless verdure
Of never fading green.

III

But sequence of two seasons,
Unvarying wet and dry,
Produces weary sameness,
On land and sea and sky.

IV

Give me our far north climate
Where seasons four unite
To dress their dear earth Mother
In countless colors bright.

V

Where swelling buds of Springtime,
As clouds with shadows play,
Sketch swift on laughing landscapes
New wonders every day.

VI

Then follows close the glory
Of radiant floral bloom,
For all-year tropic splendor
Doth here find summer room.

VII

Now comes our "sober" Autumn,
Yet, by a shrewd device,
Puts tints on field and forest
He stole from Paradise.

VIII

But winter, grand old winter!
He works in black and white;
Revealing in his paintings
The mysteries of light.

IX

No southern skies of azure,
No tropic sunset glow,
Like these that fondly linger
O'er fields of spotless snow.

X

I'll never lose the picture,
More delicate, more sweet,
Than e'er enraptured dreamland,
Or poet fancies meet;

XI

The vision weirdly charming,
Which came with morning light,—
But bear it with me, even
To realms where dwells no night.

XII

Earth dressed in bridal whiteness
To meet her spouse, the sky;
The eager Sun uplifting
With joy his glowing eye.

XIII

Till every snow-rapt branchlet,
Till each bright icy spray,
Is glittering like a diamond
In gem-embosomed day.

XIV

Thus; silver-threaded draperies,
Wrought by magician hand,
Adorn the forest chambers
Of fairies' wonderland.

J. F. NORRIS, Class of '63.

Foxcroft, Me., U. S. A.
Jan. 22, 1900.

A MAINE LEGEND.

Many years ago, on the banks of one of our beautiful Maine rivers, was a tiny settlement, a little band of strong, earnest men and women, who, in spite of the hardships that faced them, were engaged in pushing civilization farther into the woods of Maine. Around them were Indian tribes, some friendly, others hostile, all more or less treacherous, so that the settlers were constantly obliged to keep a sharp lookout.

The leader of the settlement was Captain George MacDonald, who, with his wife, had come from England some time before. Their little daughter Jessie was the pet of the whole settlement. Because of her golden curls and sweet disposition she was called Sunbeam.

One day a tribe of Indians stopped at the settlement to trade their furs. A little Indian boy was with them and he looked so foolish and hungry that Jessie's tender heart was touched. Running into the cabin, where her mother was baking, she begged that she might give the boy something. Mrs. MacDon-

ald thought this a good opportunity to give Jessie a lesson in self-denial, so she said,

"Here is a cake I made for you. If you wish you may give him that with a cup of milk."

Jessie took the milk and the cake, at first with a little misgiving for she seldom had such a treat, and ran back to the boy.

"Here, poor boy, is a little food to ease your hunger," she said.

The poor little Indian hardly knew what to make of the beautiful vision, much less the strange tongue, but he recognized a kind tone and the goodies held out to him. Hungrily he ate them, staring all the while, at the little maid with his big black eyes. After he finished he set the cup down and ran off to the group of Indians and settlers who were bartering for furs.

Jessie went into the house crying, "Oh, mother! I'm so glad I did it. The little boy was dreadfully hungry."

"My darling has a kind heart and an unselfish one," was the mother's answer.

The Indians finished their trading and went away. The daily routine of life in the settlement went on as before. But many a time Jessie thought of the boy she had fed and wondered where he was.

Several years after in a camp not many miles up the stream from the settlement, a party of Indians were talking around a camp-fire one night. The firelight cast a weird glow over the dusky faces and played hide and seek with the shadows among the trees.

At length one young brave spoke of the danger threatening the white people. A band of Indians were on the war-path and would reach the settlement probably the next night. All seemed sorry for the settlers but no one offered to warn them.

Just then an Indian lad pushed his way into the circle crying, "I am going to warn the whites."

"What!" exclaimed an old chief, "do you White Feather mean to say that you will warn them? You, who have always been afraid of your own shadow dare to do this perilous deed? If the Indians catch you they will kill you."

"Yes, truly I can," replied the lad, "I must, for one day, long ago, when I was hungry, the little pale-face maiden gave me to eat and I have often heard you say that an Indian always returns a favor."

"Go then," said the old chief, "if you accomplish this undertaking you shall be called White Feather no longer but Brave Heart."

The lad filled with joy at this promise glided silently away into the darkness. Down to the river he went where he launched his canoe and paddled noiselessly down stream.

He scanned closely the bank on either hand and listened intently to catch every sound, for although the Indians would not start on the war-path till the following day, some hostile Indian might see him. Death, both for him and the settlers would be the result though little he cared for his own life if only he might save the life of the beautiful maiden.

Mile after mile slipped by till just as the east began to redden and the stars began to fade, he saw the smoke rising from the chimneys of the settlement.

He hid the canoe in some bushes and went with his story to the captain's house. Tears of gratitude came into the captain's eyes at the recital for he realized that the boy had risked his life to save them from massacre. More deeply was he touched when he heard that his little daughter's kindness was the cause of the warning.

Captain MacDonald kept the boy with him that day but when night came and the shadows deepened the boy started for home.

Well for him that the night was dark

for the tribe of Indians on the war-path would probably pass him. On flew his canoe. He was nearly home. He began to breathe more freely when a canoe passed him. A loud whoop came from its occupants and an arrow pierced his side.

The lad broke off the shaft, set his teeth and plied his paddle more and more swiftly. At length the landing was reached. With a mighty effort he ran up the bank. There they all sat around the camp-fire. Into the arms of the old chief he fell, as he cried,

"I have accomplished my purpose and am White Feather no longer."

"No, truly thou art Brave Heart," said the old Indian as he tenderly laid the dead boy down. "You deserve a warrior's burial and you shall have it."

The next night when the sunset gun was fired at the settlement a few miles up the river, the Indians laid Brave Heart to rest under a mighty oak which spread its wide branches over the mound with a protecting air while the wind sighing through them whispered, "Peace be still."

GRACE A. BALENTINE.

THE STAG'S QUEST.

For weeks past the Scottish hills and lowlands had known no rain. Every twig and branch was dry and brittle. Every brook and spring among the Grampian Hills was long ago dried away and the heather drooped with thirsty rootlets. A dull, red glow marked the line of the horizon, and the midday sun formed a hazy sphere of light in the leaden sky. The atmosphere was heavy with smoke and flying cinders. Far away to the west a forest fire swept along unchecked by lake or river.

Down the steep mountain side, a zig-zag line of waving branches marked the progress of moving animals. A stag with his nose held straight to the front and antlers laid well over his back, led the way. Behind a doe and spotted fawn followed as best they could. A beaten path lay around the foot of the mountain and there they paused. After a brief consultation the doe and panting fawn lay down beneath the shade of a straight white pine. The stag bounded away along the pathway. The heavy thud of his hoofs on the dry clay and ledges grew fainter and fainter as he wound around the base and slightly up the ascent of the mountain once more. With unerring instinct he went straight to a narrow opening between two overhanging boulders. A shallow mountain stream once burst out there in sparkling rills, flowed along for a short distance and disappeared into the ground. The stag's impetuous leap down the bank rolled a few more rough stones into the dry bed of the stream. He stumbled along the length of the ravine, uprooting the loose stones with his nose. No shallow pool remained to slake his thirst. Quickly but with less springing step he made the way back to his waiting doe and fawn.

The sun sank but with it came no cooling breeze, no clear, pure air, no moistening dew. Instead the cinders in the air became more numerous. Here and there a larger brand than usual fell and lay smouldering among the dry pine needles. The moon rose but it shone faintly through the heavy clouds of smoke, which hung heavy over the rugged hillside and the heather land in the distance.

After a few hours' rest they started on the search once more; turning this time to the southward. The frantic deer sought each haunt, familiar valley, crag and thicket where he was wont to drink. All were as dry and parched as his own throat. In a new district and a new country lay their only hope.

All day long they traveled through an unaccustomed region; now jumping ra-

vines, now climbing the mountain side and crashing through broken limbs and thick underbrush, now scudding at full speed across the open heather. Before evening the wearied fawn could go no farther. It moaned and dropped in the pathway. The stag turned and walked several times around the place, looking helplessly first at his suffering offspring and then at the gray sky and smoky sunset. The mother nosed about her fawn, lapping its head with her own dry tongue. It only moaned the more.

In vain the stag urged another attempt. He ran along the path for a little distance, returned to his doe and then away again. The mother rubbed the fawn coaxingly with her nose. After several attempts it struggled to its feet, tottered a few steps and fell helplessly. Evidently, it could go no farther. The mother licked its head and then lay down beside it. The stag regarded them with pitying eyes for a moment and then shot away into the forest. It was not the light and exhilarating motion of the mountain run, nor the steady swing of a distant chase; but a dashing, reckless pace born of desperation.

The heat became so intense that once over the summit of the mountain he turned off to the eastward. The despairing creature ploughed his way along, stopping only now and then, where an especially shady nook or a deep ravine might possibly conceal a mountain spring.

As the deer came out on top of a high ridge an unexpected view stretched out before him. In place of the thick growth of the forest a broad lowland and the white houses of the clansmen in the distance. Almost directly opposite this ridge and a little to the west of the village, a thickly wooded mountain rose and hid its summit in smoky clouds. Toward this protection the stag bent his course. He was but half way across the open. Hark! the report of a rifle and the buzz-buzz of a bullet sounded behind him. A burst of speed was almost impossible. The stag ran with his head low and nose straight out before him. The distant blast of a hunting horn and the heavy baying of bloodhounds reached his ear. With quivering nostrils and lolling tongue the deer bounded along but swerved a little to the northward, farther away from the village. His eyes were almost closed leaving only a narrow opening. The tall, matted heather caught in his hoofs. The stag's breath came in irregular puffs. A long space of open land, a rising ravine, and then the shelter of a clump of trees; once over the summit of the mountain, the stag stopped to take breath.

For a half hour he lay quietly. His dry throat was still more parched and the tender nostrils were filled with dust. After the moon had risen the stag rose to his feet once more. Now his pace was slow and the step jerky. He took the ascent of the mountain with laborious spurts and the descent in long, unsteady leaps. Suddenly he started, stopped, nosed the surrounding boulders, sniffed the air and shot away like an arrow. His animal instinct perceived the difference in the atmosphere. It was clearer and less smoky, cooler too. The leaves which rubbed his head as he dashed along felt less dry and sear. They rustled gently, musically. With frequent intervals of rest the deer kept on until the sun of another day began to disappear beneath the horizon. The underbrush cracked and snapped. Loosened rocks rolled down the mountain side. The branches which caught in his powerful antlers were either bent or broken. Tossing them free from twigs and snorting furiously he bounded out of the woods and buried his nose in the bosom of the lake. All was calm and peaceful.

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill."

A. B. S., '02.

THE COLBY ECHO.

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

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With the close of this term Doctor George Dana Boardman Pepper will sever his connection with the college. For forty years, with some slight interruptions, he has been a resident of Waterville and been connected with the local Baptist church and the educational institutions here. As an educator he holds a very prominent place in the Baptist denomination and in the history of Colby especially. As professor and president he has had a great influence upon the students here in the past and present and it is with sincere regret that the alumni and student body learn of his separation from the college. Doctor Pepper has the esteem of all who know of him and the love of all who have had personal contact with him. Not only has he been connected with Colby in his own person, but three of his children have been graduated from this college. The resignation of Dr. Pepper was accepted with sincere regret and great pressure was brought upon him to induce him to withdraw it, but he felt that he had earned a respite from labor and accordingly forced his resignation to take effect at the present time. The reception to him and Mrs. Pepper this evening is only a slight expression of the great regard which the community have for him and his family.

This issue of THE ECHO is the last for this term. Already more copies have appeared this year than in the whole three terms of last year and there remains yet three months to produce it. A rapid examination of the exchanges and their subscription rates would seem to warrant an increase of the rate here, but if the delinquent alumni subscribers would meet past obligations and all on the present subscription list, undergraduates included, will square up with the business management, not only will THE ECHO have paid its bills contracted this year, but have something to pay on an account left us as an inheritance by former managers.

Sometime ago the trustees of the college appointed a committee to consider the feasibility of making a boarding club here to furnish board at a lower rate than that which now prevails at the several clubs maintained by the various fraternities. This action was called forth, not so much by the fact that board in Waterville is extremely high, as by the idea that good board can be offered at a much lower rate. It is not improbable that the committee will make several proposals to the students and it is in order for them to think about the matter in order that they may have an intelligent answer to make when the time comes.

The Athletic Exhibition was a great success in every way and not least, financially. Great praise is due to the Department of Physical Training for producing such excellent work. There was a time when the people of the city supported the exhibition generously and it would seem that the good old times have returned. At any-rate, the college has shown them that it has the ability to produce something worth supporting.

With the opening of the spring term outdoor athletics will begin. The prospects in baseball and tennis are encouraging and in these branches great things are hoped for. On the track, however, there is everything to gain and nothing to lose in the way of making history. We cannot think of winning first place at Bowdoin this year, but faithful work cannot fail to lift us out of our old-fashioned place at the foot.

NOTICE TO THE ALUMNI.

THE ECHO wishes to keep its readers more fully informed as to the movements and doings of the graduates of the college. The only practicable way to obtain information of this sort is directly. It is not in the power of the editors to ask each individual graduate periodically for such news. Therefore it is greatly desired that each alumnus will send to the editors, unsolicited, whatever news he thinks may be of interest to the readers of our paper. In this way alone can the graduate notes approach completeness. It is the earnest request of all that this department of the paper may be brought up to the place it deserves to occupy. Your assistance is asked.

INDOOR EXHIBITION.

The Athletic Exhibition given last Monday evening in the City hall, was undoubtedly the most finished production of its kind Colby has ever presented. The omission of the dashes, hurdles, pole vault, shot put and board jump was an innovation which meets with the hearty approval of the student body. The hall is altogether too small for the majority of these events.

Too much credit cannot be given to the gymnasium instructor for the vigorous manner in which he has devoted himself to the various special classes while they were training for the exhibi-

tion. Doctor Frew has made himself more popular than ever with the students and city people.

The attendance was remarkably large for an event of this kind and the spectators showed their appreciation of the different numbers by frequent bursts of applause. One thing conspicuous for its absence was the delay between events. No professionals could have done things more smoothly.

A large number of the faculty was present and the student body from both divisions tore themselves from their text books in spite of the fact that the examinations are almost upon us.

The exhibition began at a little after eight with work on the horizontal bar led by Dr. Frew. The work of Perry, Teague, and Fogg '00, was particularly good. Workman's back air spring off the bar was a daring act. Fogg's giant swing made the bar quiver, also the audience. Allen and Dr. Frew gave a pretty performance, showing the remarkable strength and development of the former.

The dumb bell drill by the Freshmen led by Butler, was done with a precision and finish hardly ever found in the juvenile class.

The two round bout between Moody and Newenham was rather a tame affair. Newenham had rather the best of the event because of his superior reach. Each of the contestants showed no inclination to "mix up." The event was rather a hit and run affair, and there was no hard hitting.

The class work on the parallel bars was only ordinary but the special work by Fogg '00, Crawshaw and Allen was difficult and smoothly rendered.

Perry did his club swinging better than ever before, but a man threatened with delirium tremens would certainly have had a convulsion on beholding the various green and gold snakes performed with the clubs.

The diving on the mats by the class was done artistically and rapidly. The work of Washburn in this event was highly appreciated.

The Indian Club drill, although well executed, showed a lack of unity. Individually the men all knew the drill but they did not swing together. This drill was led by Fogg, '02.

Towne's juggling of the sixteen pound shot had the appearance of rather an awkward act, but really it revealed Towne's remarkable development in the arms and shoulders.

The wrestling between Towne and Crawshaw was rather one-sided, for there is considerable difference in their weights. In the first round Crawshaw was merely on the defensive and Towne scored two falls. In the second Towne started on the defensive but tricked Crawshaw by his clever shoulder work and placed him once more on the defensive. Neither man was able to score a fall. Towne was superior in all points, but Crawshaw was plucky.

The tumbling was certainly fine, each man doing his part with that remarkable finish seldom found except among professionals. Dearborn's back air spring was a difficult feat gracefully executed, and was given a hearty encore.

Workman's somersault from the wall was gracefully done. The "Fish in the Pan" trick by Doughty, Allen and Tupper, was a laughable exhibition of agility, and the human hooks were also rather in the character of a farce, but nevertheless difficult.

The balancing trick on the double ladder was a hard proposition well solved. Allen showed remarkable strength in this event. The pyramids on the ladder and parallel bars were something new in this line introduced by Dr. Frew.

The boxing between Rice and Burton was fast at times, but there were many

long delays during which the men stared at each other like two cats. Burton showed good form both on the defensive and offensive, and had rather the best of both rounds.

At the close of the programme pyramids of various kinds were introduced, the most graceful of which was the fan. Allen was afforded another opportunity for a feat of strength in the pyramid of which he was made the base supporting four men on his shoulders, knees and stomach.

The grand finale was an immense "squash" pyramid; the signal for collapse was the colby yell. This was rather a peculiar application of our yell but probably the Doctor intended the pyramid to represent the consternation which this yell generally causes an opposing team.

After the exhibition the floor was cleared and those who had dance tickets enjoyed an informal dance. Mrs. J. W. Black and Mrs. F. C. Thayer were the patronesses. The music for both the exhibition and dance was furnished by the college orchestra, and the music rendered was quite up to the standard.

The entertainment poured a considerable amount into the yawning coffers of the Athletic Association. "For which we are duly grateful."

It has been suggested that the exhibition be taken to Augusta the first of next term and be given in that town. This idea is certainly a good one and we fondly hope for the good of the people in the Capitol City, that it may be carried out.

The following is the programme as carried out:

Horizontal Bar,	Class
Dumb-Bell Drill,	Freshmen
Boxing,	Newenham vs. Moody
Parallel Bars,	Class
Club Swinging,	Perry
Diving,	Class
Indian Club Drill,	Class
Shot Juggling, (16 lb. shot)	Towne
Wrestling,	Towne and Crawshaw
Tumbling,	Class
Boxing,	Rice and Burton
Pyramids,	Class

The Freshmen Squad was made up of the following men: Butler, leader, Watts, Richardson, Glover, Boothby, Allen, Lewis, Bartlett, Arey, Hawes, Knapp, Teague and Lord.

The members of the class were, Dr. Angus M. Frew, the instructor in physical training, Messrs. Pike, Fogg, Tupper, Long, Teague, Marvell, Dearborn, Doughty, Workman, Allen, Newenham, Perry, Knapp, Mitchell, Crawshaw, Boothby, Arey, Washburn, Bartlett.

Wren, '00, acted as manager of the exhibition, assisted by Paine. Philbrick, '00, was floor manager at the dance. The following men were the ushers, Bean, '01, Chipman, Knowles, W. Hale and Stearns.

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DOCTOR G. D. B. PEPPER.

All Colby men and women have learned of the intention of our revered Dr. Pepper to leave the college, to which he has given seventeen years of his earnest work, at the close of the present winter term.

We have not yet come to the full realization of the loss to be sustained through this man's departure, nor will we till we miss that kind face from the class-room, the campus, and the city, and know that he has engaged in other activities better suited, as he will have it, to his advanced age.

We would that we could in some way testify to the high esteem in which Dr. Pepper is held, not by any class or faction, but by the entire student body, graduate and undergraduate alike.

He is loved by all. That bright intellect, keen wit, geniality, that deep religious nature, that firmness of his has attracted to himself a class of people of the very highest type. Not alone is his pure life an inspiration to the college student, but to every citizen of this, his adopted city. No measure for good has been advanced in this city or in the State that has not received his hearty endorsement. He labors for the success of things with his pen, in the pulpit, on the platform, and his power in each of these needs no depicting here. His literary articles to-day are as bright and terse as those he wrote in his younger years. They contain all that logic and clearness that stamps them as products of a deep-thinking, honest mind.

Doctor Pepper never does things by halves; he is above all, thorough. His success while at the head of this college was wide spread. President and student worked in harmony and throughout his presidency of seven years the college flourished and increased in importance. It was while he stood at the head that the Shannon observatory was built. Thoroughly conscientious in his work, doing all that he thought duty called him to do, sparing neither time nor money, he helped bring Colby to the excellent position she rightfully boasts to-day.

In 1889 he resigned his position as President of Colby University, believing that he was not able physically to carry on the work to his own satisfaction. This step, as the step he has taken to-day, was hailed with expressions of deep regret. His mind was made up, and from president he became professor of Biblical Literature, a position he has held with characteristic success to the present time.

Doctor Pepper was born in Wareham, Mass., February 5, 1833. He received his preparatory education at Williston Seminary, and entered Amherst at the age of twenty. Here he took high rank as a scholar, and was graduated with honor in 1857. On leaving Amherst he entered Newton Theological Seminary, and pursued the full course of study at that institution. At the close of his theological course he received and accepted a call to become pastor of the First Baptist Church in this city.

Five years later he accepted the chair of Ecclesiastical History in Newton Theological Seminary, which he filled with so much ability and success that he was selected to fill that of Christian Theology in the new school at Upland, Penn., the Crozer Theological Seminary. He entered upon the duties of this professorship in 1868, and continued to give

instruction at Crozer until 1882, when he was elected to the presidency of our college.

Many of his papers and discussions of denominational and theological questions have been published in the past and have, as intimated above, established him as a man of wonderful research and acuteness.

Dr. Pepper is the author of several works on religious subjects, one of which is his "Outlines of Theology."

Such is the brief sketch of the life work of the man, who though nearing his three-score years and ten, is still vigorous with his pen and in the pulpit.

We take the liberty to clip the following from a morning paper relative to the departure of Doctor Pepper, showing as it does the high estimation that his fellow citizens hold for him.

The people of the Baptist church are going to give Rev. Dr. Pepper a send-off in the form of a parting reception to tes-

of activity he may enter, is the prayer of Colby's sons and daughters.

H. C. L. '92.

COBURN-HEBRON DEBATE.

Last Friday evening, March 9, the Baptist church was well filled to hear the debate between Coburn Classical Institute and Hebron Academy. This contest drew a large audience owing to the great rivalry existing between the two preparatory schools. There was hearty support from the audience for both teams, Coburn from her host of friends here in the city and Hebron from her many loyal sons in the college who turned out to cheer her cause. Music was rendered by the "Girls' Glee Club" of Coburn and Mrs. Juniata G. Russell gave a very pleasing violin solo.

After a selection from the Glee Club entitled "Lovely Rose" Rev. E. C. Whittemore offered prayer. Dr. G. D. B. Pepper, who presided, then read the

true character of the Boers and that the course of conduct they had pursued was ample justification of the conduct pursued by the English.

The second gentleman on the negative was Percy G. Sargent of Sargentville. Mr. Sargent discussed the question from a legal standpoint. He quoted authority on international law and made these quotations afterward as a basis for his discussion to show that the course pursued by England against South Africa is not justifiable, according to the principles of international law governing the relations of nations.

John E. DeMeyer of Franklin closed the debate for the affirmative. He showed that England had pursued an honorable course in her conduct toward the Boers and proved that England has exercised a high degree of wisdom in the management of the affairs of that people.

The last speaker for the negative was Mr. Carrol N. Perkins, who presented a fine argument, discussing the moral side of the question. He said: "The actual cause of the war is simply England's desire for complete control of the rich mineral treasures of the Transvaal. Great Britain is committing an atrocity against a weak nation whose chief fault lies in the possession of gold mines."

The judges were Rev. G. M. Howe, of Lewiston, William H. Looney of Portland and Rev. E. O. Mason of Dexter. The chairman of the judges, Rev. G. M. Howe, announced the unanimous decision of the committee to be as follows: That so far as the argument went the two sides were even, but in gesticulation and elocution the honors rested with Hebron.

ADDRESS OF REV. G. D. LINDSAY

At seven o'clock, Thursday evening, March 8, 1900, Rev. G. D. Lindsay, pastor of the Methodist church, addressed a good number of the students in the chapel. As the time was limited, the remarks were from manuscript. The subject was on the Life of Moses.

Dr. Lindsay dwelt upon the choice of Moses, showing how that his life had ever been under the guidance of God. From this fact he drew the lesson that when God does his part man should have faith enough to do his share. Moses was surrounded by the excessive luxury, gayety and dolatry of the times, yet none of these allurements corrupted him. The reproaches of Christianity were esteemed by him greater than the treasures of Egypt. By this choice Moses was compelled to surrender many things,—companionship of the scholarly men of the age, rank and title, riches, and the pleasures of sin.

Moses was a man of action. He compared the world's best and religion's worst, and chose the latter. The choice was made by him in the bloom of youth and early in manhood when he refused to become the son Pharaoh.

The principles which prompted Moses to this choice were faith and reward. His rewards were the leadership of God's people and the being made the law-giver of God. Also on Sinai he communed face to face with God, and later he consulted with him about his chosen people for forty days. In connection with the burial of Moses Dr. Lindsay referred to "The Burial of Moses," a poem, written by Mrs. Alexander with whom he has a personal acquaintance.

Dr. Lindsay asked that the pleasures of sin for a season be compared with the exalted and unselfish disposition of Moses—a character the like of which there is no contrast, no parallel. All through the discourse lessons were drawn from the life of Moses. In conclusion the students were urged to compare the value of Christianity and the value of the pleasures of sin for a season.



DOCTOR GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN PEPPER.

tify to the respect and esteem with which he is viewed by them and the rest of his fellow citizens here. It is to take the form of a reception at Memorial hall, Colby College, Friday evening, March 10. All the friends of the reverend doctor are cordially invited and this number is legion. Dr. Pepper has lived in Waterville first and last for many years, and he has proved himself in the estimation of all, a scholar and a gentleman, a good citizen, a Christian, and an intelligent man, whom every one loves for graces and virtues of character, and respects for his sturdy, plain good sense. He is going from here to spend the spring and summer at the home of his sister, Mrs. James A. L'Amoreaux, of South Hadley Falls, Mass. What work he will take up is uncertain, but as the doctor's health is good and his working powers quite unimpaired, it is not likely that he will long remain idle.

If Doctor Pepper has regrets at his leave-taking, let him remember that he leaves a home he has helped establish, a home that, as he wrote of the venerable Doctor Mathews, will "love to welcome him back."

God-speed him in whatever new fields

question for the debate: "Resolved: That the course pursued by the English in the controversy with the South African Republic is justifiable."

The first speaker on the affirmative was Mr. Axel J. Upwall of Seattle, Sweden. Mr. Upwall introducing the question gave a review of the facts concerning the origin and development of the controversy between England and the Boers showing this to be a conflict between two diverse civilizations and not a struggle for liberty.

The first speaker on the negative was Arthur G. Smith of Tenant's Harbor. Mr. Smith defined the application and scope of the question showing that the question was not confined to the recent controversy, but to all the controversies in the past between England and the Boers. He declared that from the first England's cause had been one of "unjustifiable aggression."

Mr. Burgess M. Blackadar of South Ohio, N. S., was the second man on the affirmative. Mr. Burgess showed the

A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE.

Out on a treeless prairie waste,
Remote from grange and town,
A lonely, silent homesteader
His claim was holding down.

He struggled long to win a home
For Karin o'er the sea;
But losses came, and failing health,—
Homesickness—penury.

The chattel mortgage men took off
His live stock and seed grain;
Sick, penniless, and almost crazed,
He wandered o'er the plain.

We—five mile neighbors—marked his plight,
And what we could supplied;
And I beside his straw bed watched
At midnight, when he died.

I understood his alien speech;
And ere his summons came
He raved for Karin o'er the sea
To come and hold the claim.

We buried him at the sunset hour;
The west was all aflame;
The sunbeams shed their glories o'er
The grave upon his claim.

We knew not who his kinsmen were,
Nor where his youth was spent,
But rudely carved some simple words
On his low monument.

All conquering time has healed the scars
Made by his breaking plow;
And where he cut his scanty grain,
Wild grasses revel now.

There is no vestige of him left,
Save a wrecked shanty's frame,
And time-stained head board, where he still
Is holding down his claim.

The curious traveler there may read
His epitaph and name:

"Holger,
A Swede;
He petered out
While holding down his claim."

GRADUATE NOTES.

'46. Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, LL. D., enjoys the rare honor of possessing the degree of "Doctor of Universal Masonry," an honor which he shares with only four other men in the world. The degree was conferred *causa honoris*, by the Sovereign College of Allied Masonic Degrees for the United States of America.

'49. Rev. Edward Cushing Mitchell, D. D., president of Leland University, whose death in New Orleans was announced recently, was born in East Bridgewater, Sept. 20, 1820. He was the son of Sylvanus C. and Lucia Whitman Mitchell, a daughter of Judge Ezekiel Whitman. His education was begun at Yarmouth Academy, Me., and from there he went to Waterville College (now Colby College). After he graduated he came to Newton Theological Seminary and graduated there. Then he was pastor in Calais, Me., one year, and from there went to Rockford, Ill., where he remained five years. From there he went to Alton, Ill., as professor of Theology in the college there. In 1872 the Theological department was transferred to Chicago University and he went to Chicago as professor of Hebrew, where he remained seven years. In 1876 he went to London as professor in Regent's Park College, where he remained two years. Then he went to Paris to start a Baptist Theological school, remaining there four years, and graduated one class.

In the winter of 1883-84 he reorganized the colored schools of the South under the American Home Missionary Society; and in 1887 he became president of Leland University, New Orleans, which place he filled until his death. He revised Davies's Hebrew Grammar in London, wrote a Greek handbook of the New Testament and a Hebrew grammar. In 1884 he married Maria Morton, the daughter of Sendel Morton and Eliza Morton of Middleboro. She died in February, 1888, and in 1890 he married Maria Savage of Bath, N. Y., who survives him.

He had six children by his first wife, three of whom are living—Morton Davies, Alice C. and Robert P.

'62. Rev. Wm. E. Brooks, D. D., for many years pastor in Michigan, has returned to Maine for change of climate, and is now acting as pastor of the Congregational church in South Paris.

'64. Major General Henry C. Merriam, now commanding the department of Colorado, is approaching the age at which U. S. army officers are placed on the retired list. He is now in Washington.

'88. Emery B. Gibbs, Esquire, spent the first week in March at his home in North Livermore. He was there seeking needed rest from the activities of his profession in fishing and hunting. Mr. Gibbs is recognized as one of the leading men among the younger lawyers in Boston and is actively concerned in all matters of local interest in Brookline.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

Columbia University will send a team to Paris for the coming Olympian games.

At a meeting held recently, in Boston, to consider the matter of forming a New England Intercollegiate Tennis association, representatives from the following colleges were present: Bates, Dartmouth, Amherst, Tufts, Brown, M. I. T., Bowdoin, Wesleyan, and Vermont; Williams, Trinity and Colby were not represented, but intend to send representatives to the tournament to be held on the Longwood courts near Boston during the week commencing May 4. The meeting was called to order by Kirkpatrick of Vermont and a committee composed of Thatcher M. I. T., Andrews of Dartmouth and Kirkpatrick of Vermont was appointed to draw up a constitution and the rules following the National Intercollegiate Tennis association were adopted with a few amendments. The following officers were elected: President, Thatcher of M. I. T.; vice-president, Dana of Bowdoin; secretary and treasurer, Gross of Brown.

Chicago University offers a new strong man to be admired by the world. This student is A. W. Place, who is 22 years old, and five feet 6 inches tall, and who weighs 160 pounds. In a private trial under the Sargent system of tests, Mr. Place made a most remarkable showing. The chest trial yielded 270 pounds; in the pull with the biceps he scored 585 pounds and with the triceps push, 530; the result of the back test was 1,010 pounds; he gripped 158 pounds with his right hand and 130 pounds with his left. In making the leg test the dynamometer, which was geared for only 1,500 pounds broke, because, as was subsequently ascertained, Place scored 1,555 pounds on it. The lung capacity test showed a result of 298 cubic inches. The total number of pounds scored in all these tests was 4,238, which is 137 pounds better than the best previous college record of 4,101 pounds.

Manager White of Bowdoin, has nearly completed his baseball schedule. Bowdoin will play as follows:

Fast Day—Brunswick at Brunswick.
April 28—Bates at Lewiston.
May 2—Open.
May 9—Tufts at College Hill.
May 10—Harvard at Cambridge.
May 12—U. of M. at Brunswick.
May 18—Amherst "Aggies" at Amherst.
May 19—Amherst at Amherst.
May 23—Amherst "Aggies" at Brunswick.
May 26—Boston College at Brunswick.
May 29—U. of M. at Orono.
June 2—Tufts at Brunswick.
June 6—Bates at Lewiston.
June 9—Open.
Ivy Day—Bates at Brunswick.

U. of M. will play C. C. I., Lewiston A. C., Tufts (twice), Bowdoin (twice), and Andover, besides her regular games in the Maine League. A prospectus of the team in the last issue of the Campus shows that they will have a strong team. McGill, Brown '02, will coach them.

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TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

This is one of the best novels that has appeared for some time. In mechanical execution the book, published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, is a beautiful volume and the many illustrations by Howard Pyle and three other noted artists add materially to its attractive appearance. But it is the story, written by Miss Mary Johnson, already famous as the author of "Prisoners of Hope," that demands our admiration.

It has been said that all available plots have been used up by former writers and that there is nothing new for the modern novelist. Be that as it may, this story is clothed in such garments that it comes to the reader like an interesting stranger. The historical setting brings in Rolfe, who had married and buried Pocahontas, and others of more or less renown, so that the story has the impress of truth. The dramatic plot, the swift changes of scene and the mighty passions of the actors almost lead up to the melodramatic, but here the author has shown her skill, for she goes only so far as to hold the reader's absorbed attention and undivided interest to the very end without disgusting him.

The story in brief is that of Captain Ralph Percy, a painter of moderate means in the early days of colonial Virginia. A throw of the dice leads him to purchase a wife from among a newly arrived cargo. For 120 pounds of tobacco he purchases a maiden whom he had rescued from the insults of a bully. She is the runaway ward of the King. Percy marries her and becomes her protector, but not her husband until he has won her heart. The King's favorite pursues his promised bride to America. The plot unravels through the wild stormy days of the colony. The story ends well.

THE COLLEGE BONE MAN.

Two young men who must have been medical students boarded an Angora car late one night with a fully articulated skeleton. Each had one arm linked with that of the skeleton, whose bones rattled grewsomely as they walked to the forward end of the car and gravely seated themselves with their inanimate companion between them. Between the grinning teeth of the skeleton was a cigarette, and a derby hat adorned its shining skull. The car was rather crowded, and the other passengers, most of whom were men, gazed in open mouthed astonishment at the strange spectacle. The two young fellows, however, pretended to be unconscious of their surroundings and held such converse with the skeleton as: "Too bad you didn't wear your mackintosh, Bill; I'm afraid you'll catch cold," or, "Say, Bill, better throw away your cigarette or the conductor will put you off."

When the conductor came through for the fares, one of the young men handed him 15 cents, and he rang up three fares without a word of comment. At Sixteenth street a young girl entered the car and looked around for a seat. "Here, Bill," exclaimed one of the students, "where's your gallantry? Get up and give the lady a seat." Then he yanked the skeleton out of its place and set it on his knees. The girl gave one screech, fled to the back platform and insisted that the conductor stop the car and put her off.

"Gee, Bill!" remarked the student, gazing reproachfully into the skeleton's face. "You've deteriorated. You used to be quite a lady's man." Then everybody laughed.—Ex.

In a recent address before the students at Northwestern, President Rogers upbraided the using of cabs for social functions excepting rare special occasions, designating it as a needless and burdensome expense to the students.

POTATO EXPERIMENTS.

Bulletin of the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station.

The Maine Agricultural Experiment Station is now mailing a bulletin giving results of experiments with potatoes. The bulletin contains the analyses of samples of potatoes from sprayed and unsprayed fields; with reference to the effect of spraying upon starch content; the ash analysis of potatoes; and a discussion of fertilizers needed for potatoes.

Bulletin 57 will be sent free to all residents of Maine who apply to the Agricultural Experiment Station, Orono, Me. In writing please mention this paper.

THE ECHO receives a large number of exchanges, some of which are beautiful in their mechanical execution, others not so handsome. The majority come in pamphlet form. Amateur journalism has taken a long step forward in the last few years. The preparatory school papers stand where the college publications stood ten years ago. The Bates Student is published monthly, and is more a college magazine than any of the other Maine student publications. The Campus, published bi-weekly at Orono, is about what our paper was in its old form. The Bowdoin Orient is a weekly, but the great contrast between it and some of the other New England college papers in material is very noticeable.—Exchange Editor.

When a fellow gets a letter
From a maiden, he devines
Many a precious little secret
Written in between the lines.

Funny, too, in Greek and Latin,
How we meet with like designs,
Strange how many happy meanings
Oft are read between the lines.

—Ex.

'95. Fred Bryant has been appointed house physician in the City Hospital of Worcester, Mass.

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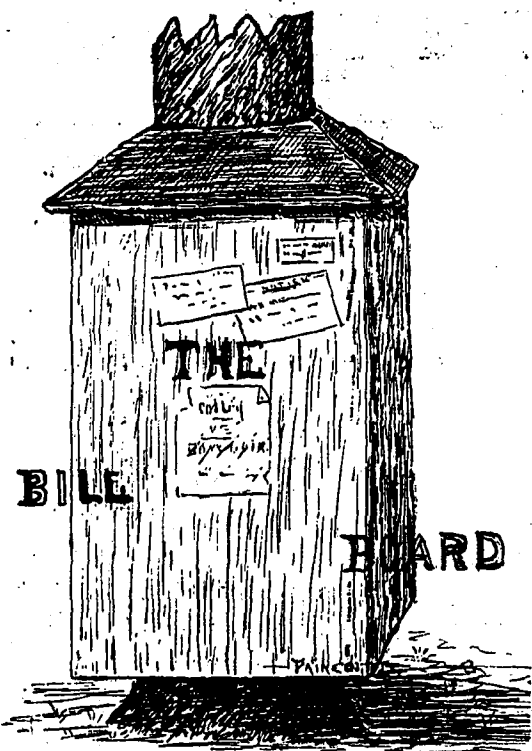
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By a curious combination of circumstances I got up into the balcony of the library the other day and there, as I looked down upon the floor of the room, I observed some strange things, at least, they were very strange to me. It was early when I came in and the quiet of the room was very soothing. But soon the fore-chapel crowd began to assemble and then the quiet of the room was overcome by the hum and clash of many voices. In one corner were a lot of co-ords huddled together talking excitedly; here and there a mixed crowd occupied an alcove and directly underneath me I judged that some men were reading the funny papers. Suddenly there was a swift exodus and save for a few members of the faculty and one or two sacrilegious grinds, I had the room to myself. But soon I was aroused by the chanting of a psalm in the next room and almost before the vibrations of the ether upon my auditory essential apparatus had ceased, the motley crowd returned and riot once more held sway. A little later the students heard the college bell and many of them departed. One poor fellow I saw wandering around aimlessly and finally I perceived that two co-ords were sitting upon his hat. What sights I saw in that one day would fill the *Oracle*, and as she is more verbose than I, I'll leave it to her to tell.

As a matter of good form, it is generally supposed that when a girl goes to an entertainment with a fellow she will permit him to escort her home. Some people can "lay aside the constitution" of good form very easily. However, it is poor policy in the long run.

Two co-ords were passing me the other day and, although I did not listen, I overheard the following: "You can't believe all you hear," said one. "No," said the other, "but we can repeat it."

Lord Washburn had a barrel of apples of discord sent to him from Juno recently. They seem to hold out pretty well, judging from the sounds that come from South College.

Saturday night callers will be expected to wear dress suits in the future. One of our illustrious alumni has founded this custom, and to quote the language of one of the co-ords, "It is considered by us to be the highest compliment a man can pay a woman."

It has recently been discovered that the Sophomore French class possesses three dollars and six cents.

EXCHANGES.

There is on foot a scheme whereby each and every instructor at Harvard should keep a detailed diary of their daily doings in and out of college for several months. The idea was suggested in the interest of history and science.

(Continued from first page.)
gram was heartily encored. The Mandolin and Guitar Club made a hit with the new cake-walk and two-step entitled, "Who Dar," which was introduced in the place of a slower and less striking melody. Mr. Hudson's friends were in evidence when "Doan You Cry Ma Honey" was given, and it was vigorously encored. The entire performance was most satisfactory, as well as remunerative. In Guilford also, a dance followed the musical program, and it proved to be a great attraction from the large number who participated. Words of the highest praise were extended the boys for their work in this concert.

The next morning the start was made for Greenville. The scenery from Guilford to the latter town is most beautiful and most of the boys took turns in standing on the rear platform of the car and enjoying the varied landscape as it flitted swiftly by. In many places the snow at the side of the track was almost as high as the tops of the cars. Mount Russell, with its bleak snow-covered slopes proved an interesting spectacle and one long to be remembered.

When at last Greenville Junction was reached, some of the boys made their way to the Moosehead Inn, while the rest of the party drove to Greenville, where they stopped at the Eveleth House. Those who made Moosehead Inn their headquarters had an opportunity of seeing the lake in its winter's garb, reaching for miles away to the north. The accommodations at the two hotels were of the very best.

Little more remains to be said. At eight o'clock the curtain rose for the last concert of the trip. A fair-sized audience was present and proved to be fully as appreciative as could be expected. This last concert was the best rendered of the season, the singing of the Glee Club being especially good. The hall was a fine one, recently built, and this fact alone added much towards making the concert a great success. The boys were very pleasantly entertained by the townspeople and came away with words of the highest praise for Greenville and its residents. Early Saturday morning the train was boarded and Waterville was reached at nine o'clock. Thus ended the most enjoyable of the trips taken thus far this season.

There is no reason why the long trip through Aroostook and northern Maine should not be a grand success in every way. The concerts have been above the standard set by the clubs of previous years, and the reputation already won should carry a great deal of weight in the places to be visited the coming two weeks.

The Glee Club is made up as follows: James H. Hudson, leader; first tenors, Learned, Saunders, Teague; second tenors, Hudson, Hedman, Fletcher, Workman; baritones, Sprague, (manager), Purington, Richardson, Clarke; basses, Marsh, Doughty, Daggett, Howard, Towne, and Seaverns.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club: first mandolins, Sprague, (leader,) Workman, Richardson; second mandolins, Thyng, Purington, Howard; guitars, Lawrence, Larsson, Washburne.

The Orchestra: First violins, Hudson, (leader,) Brunel; second violins, Workman, Thyng; Purington, cornet; Hedman, trombone; Richardson, cello; Daggett, piano; Sprague, double bass.

Y. M. C. A.

The business meeting of the Y. M. C. A. for the annual election of officers took place in the Y. M. C. A. rooms, Tuesday evening, after the regular prayer meeting. The nominating committee, which was composed of Jack, Jenkins and Howard, presented the following slate which was unanimously accepted: President, E. E. Ventres; Vice-President, R. A. Bakeman; Secretary, S. E. Butler; Treasurer, H. C. Libby.

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

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