

THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. III, No. 28.

WATERVILLE, ME., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1900.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

COMMENCEMENT SUNDAY.

Commencement Sunday is always a very interesting day for students and citizens. The baccalaureate sermon by President Butler in the morning at the church was delivered in his fine way, which is an excellent example of the conversational style. His text was taken from Job 38: 19, "Where is the way where life dwelleth?" He stated in a few words the story of that poetic portion of the Scriptures. From the popular book Hypatia he took a pretty illustration and finally pointed out that "the life that emanates from Jesus Christ" is the only true solution to the question of the text. The music was in charge of Mr. Cain of this city and included some good anthems and an excellent solo by Mr. Cain. The church was filled.

The vesper service at the chapel in the afternoon was not so well attended as in former years, but nearly every seat was taken.

The music was very fine, given by the Temple Street Quartet and the College Choir, consisting of Seaverns, Sprague, Marsh, Purinton, Hedman, Saunders, Workman and Teague. The address was presented by Rev. Bowley Green of Portland. President Butler led the responses, which included parts of the Psalms, the ten commandments entire, the Apostles Creed and other portions of holy literature. The prayer was given by Dr. Dunn.

The evening service was at the church and was a fitting climax to a wonderful day. The room was filled, auditorium and gallery. Rev. Dr. N. E. Wood, President of Newton Theological Seminary, delivered one of the most eloquent and inspiring sermons ever heard in Waterville's long list of visiting preachers. His text was taken from Revelations: "I am he that liveth and was dead, and behold I live for evermore." He contrasted the wonders of the firmament with the marvels of the microscopist, the theist and the materialist, with great effect. Dr. Woods has a magnificent personality and a clear, resonant voice. The service was one long to be remembered, both because of its impressiveness and because of the deep thoughts awakened by the preacher.

SENIOR CLASS DAY.

The weather continued fair Tuesday and there were no umbrellas in the procession that started from the chapel at ten o'clock. The class was under the charge of marshals Gilbert and Sprague. At 10.15 the procession reached the church, and soon after the services were commenced. Prayer was offered by chaplain Warner. The history of the men was given by A. G. Goody. It was witty and well rendered. The history of the women was reported by Miss L. W. Holden. It sparkled with bits of humor and was delivered in a pleasing style. Miss Brackett gave the poem.

CLASS OF 1901.

Junior Exhibition and Class Day.

On last Saturday evening in the church occurred the first exercises of the 79th Commencement. The class did itself credit. The prizes were won by R. W. Sprague and R. A. Bakeman for the men and Miss Farrar and Miss Clark for the women. President Butler presided and Rev. E. C. Whittemore acted as chaplain. A good-sized audience was present. Besides the prize winners McKoy deserves mention for his excellent delivery and Sturtevant for his unique article, "Our Summer Visitors." The following is the programme:

The Vice-Presidency, Carl Hamlin

The weather on Monday was all that could be desired, except that a strong breeze was against the speakers. At two o'clock the band, headed by Assistant Marshal Sprague, left the chapel followed by the class under the leadership of Class Marshal Rice. A large crowd in commencement attire had filled the natural amphitheatre facing the platform, which was decked in the 1901 royal purple and old gold. The programmes distributed throughout the audience contained the class odes in full. The class ode was sung with some spirit. Ventres had a good oration but failed to make himself heard at any distance. Sprague's history of the men, written in imitation of Tacitus, was well written and delivered so that the majority of

singing of the presentation ode, Blackburn for the class presented to the college the class gift, a beautiful program clock. Hon. J. H. Drummond, LL. D., of Portland, received the gift for the Trustees.

FRESHMAN EXIT.

The class of 1903 celebrated their exit in the historic town of Skowhegan, Friday afternoon and evening, much to the discomfort of the unhappy inhabitants of that section.

After the final examination at 3 o'clock the class, or rather a majority of the men, took the 4.30 train for Skowhegan with the usual assortment of hats and canes. Upon arrival they proceeded to the Coburn House where "Bob" Haines awaited with an anxious look.

The fellows passed the afternoon and early evening at Lakewood in fishing, boating and attending the show. Frequently the well known strains of "Phi Chi" were heard. In fact, it was evident to all those assembled there that '03 was enjoying their freedom from the dreaded Soph.

They took the 10 o'clock for the Coburn where upon arrival they found a feast laid ready for them worthy of the genial proprietor of that well known inn. No pains had been spared and all went well amid laughter and song.

At about 12 o'clock, when the chairs had been moved back and the fragrant cigar smoke curled from many a head, Louis P. Stearns, as toastmaster, after a few remarks called on President Cox to respond to "The Occasion." It is enough to say that the toasts were all of high order showing a great deal of care in preparation. Especially worthy of mention were the History by Thomas, the Poem by Watts, and Prophecy by Teague.

After cheering Mr. Haines and his corp of waiters they adjourned to the open air where again they made themselves heard. With the rising of the sun they sought their welcome beds for forty winks of sleep.

After eating an excellent breakfast they took the 8.20 for Waterville, arriving in time for the last chapel. And one of the most successful Freshman exits in years was over.

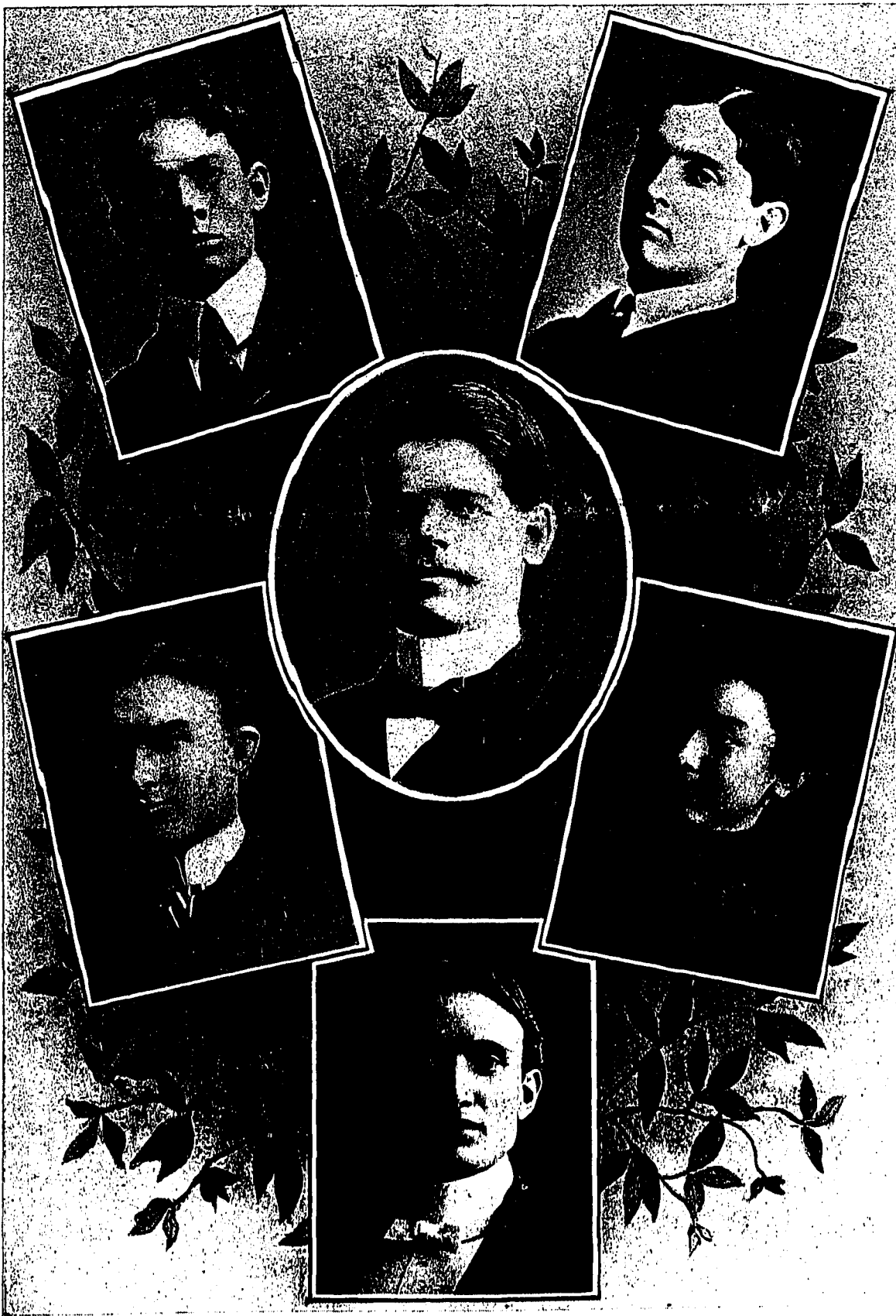
SENIOR HOP.

The Senior Hop given last Monday evening was one of the most successful events of its kind that the students of Colby have ever presented.

About fifty couple attended, and of this number more than one-half were alumni and alumnae. Dancing did not begin until a late hour on account of the reception to the alumni. At intermission a large number of the dancers adjourned to the "Gerald" where a lunch had been prepared for the Dokes and invited guests. The hotel service was excellent and the lunch was all that could be desired.

The music for the occasion was furnished by Hall's full orchestra. Each selection was excellently rendered and the orchestra responded to encores in a manner pleasing to all. The patronesses were, Mrs. Dr. Butler, Mrs. Dr. Hall, Mrs. Prof. Stetson, Miss Mathews, Mrs. J. Foster Percival and Mrs. Caswell.

'00. Richard Collins, graduated recently from the Harvard Medical School at the head of his class.



ECHO BOARD 1899-1900.

Witherell; The Final Aim in Education, Robert Atherton Bakeman; Ruskin and Art, Rhena Louise Clark; Gladstone, Adonis Dow Howard; The Fifteenth Amendment, Henry Laureston Withee; The Religion of the Twentieth Century, Charles Francis McKoy; Some Things Women Should Know, Mabel Grace Farrar; Our Summer Visitors, Will Henry Sturtevant; A Plea for the American Navy, Richard Waite Sprague; Independence in Thought and Action, Ervin Leslie Allen. The judges on presentation were, Prof. Taylor, Mr. C. F. Johnson and Rev. E. L. Marsh. Hall's Commencement orchestra furnished music throughout the evening. The regular ushers were present.

the audience heard him. Miss Farrar, with the co-ord history, made a good impression upon those who heard her. Of course the expected treat was the awarding of prizes and Withee did not disappoint his audience. Putnam received a bird net and bird cage; the implied joke was a good one. Witherell was presented with a much needed safety valve; Miss Farrar, a cook-book; Bakeman, an auger with which to bore people; Rice and other Kappa Kappa men, a box of Purity kisses; the combined co-ords, a grindstone; Sturtevant, the poet, a cake; 1903, the old pall and horn.

The speech was well presented. Then the class adjourned to the steps of Alumni Chemical Hall, where after the

FAIR COLBY.

Air: "Fair Harvard."

Fair Colby, Alma Mater, our thoughts turn to thee
As away at this distance we roam,
And our heart is now throbbing most tenderly
For thee, our dear old College Home!
O flourish thou e'er in the best of good cheer,
And long may thy memory green!
In the rush and the strife for promotion in life
May thy sons and thy daughters be seen.

Fair Colby! Fair Colby! to those proud hearts how dear

Are the years spent within thine embrace,
There was not to aggrive us, but always soul-cheer
As we looked on thy sweet-maiden face!
May thy might never fail, but always prevail
To strengthen the conscience of man,
And thus help him to go to beat down the grim foe
That holds the world under its ban!

Dear Colby! Dear Colby! our prayers are for thee
Thy alumni et alumnae all,
That thy influence and pow'r increasing may be
As *Aurora* at *Sol's* first faint call!
Domine bless thee, aye with the best of each day,
And increase all thy children and kin,
So that then without us those will always be seen
As a Beacon for children of men!

ADAM S. GREEN, A. M., Colby '87.

Macon, Missouri, June 13, 1900.

A MODERN VERSION OF CHAUCER'S CLERKES TALE.

In the beautiful country of Coronet there lived a happy people governed by a handsome young king. He was the ideal of his subjects, worth a dozen Rudolph Rassendyls. Let me try to describe his many virtues.

King Harold XIII was in his twenty-ninth year at the time of this story. His physique was magnificent. He stood nearly six foot three and his elegant form showed strength and quickness. His father believed in our modern form of education, as does William of Germany, and had sent him to academy, college and university. In the academy he had won the reputation of being the most pronounced sport among three hundred students. In college he cut a great figure as guard on the football team but in his studies and morals he was rather deficient. As a matter of fact, he was caught cribbing in several examinations but the loyalty of his classmates prevented any harsh measures on the part of the faculty. But if a poor student, he was a crack rifle shot and his high scores at the college gun club meets, brought his name out in the papers very often, to the great disgust of his scholarly father. When a freshman he had proved himself both a scientific boxer and a ready rough and tumble fighter.

A king's son is not respected in such a democratic institution as a college, but the sophomores who had met his clinched fists had great respect for this giant prince. At the university he turned over a leaf in his diary and studied law diligently, to the surprise of all his gang. The question of co-education attracted his attention and his arguments drew forth a big vote from his class not to recognize the gentle position of it. He was made chairman of a general committee from the whole university and when the committee appeared before a joint session of the trustees and faculty he nearly argued them into closing the doors to women, but not quite, for the clerical majority could not be influenced by his forensic ability.

He had hardly received his degree when war broke out between the king-

dom of Coronet and the monarchy of Tympania. He took the field as colonel of a regiment of dragoons. His picture, showing him mounted on a huge bay charger, a stallion from the stable of John R. Gentry, was printed in every illustrated daily and magazine, and many a silly school girl put the picture in her watch or in a frame with "God save our Prince" on it. His regiment contained adventures from all parts of the world and the exploits of the "Prince's Roarers," as they were called, reminded the people of ancient fairy tales.

The war was short and Prince Harold soon was again at home at his books and work. His father was with him much and the young man learned the secrets of diplomacy and statecraft. When the old king died, his son was ready to take the reins of government, and foreign powers knew through their ministers that the new king would stand no fooling.

For five years King Harold had been ruling his people to their great satisfaction. They had never been so rich, never so secure from external trouble. It was a modern golden age. Even the bugs were kept out of the apples and the census takers could not ask a woman's age. The people were too happy, so they began to hunt for a chance to find fault.

One day the Minister of Home Affairs called upon His Majesty and after a walk around Robin Hood's barn and cider mill, he said that the people were in love with the king and his policy, but that they would like to see him settle down and make a home, that is—get married. "If the king should die, would not the realm fall to his cousin, who knew nothing but astronomy?" The king got mad and roared out, "If I die, you can make this country a republic!"

Six months more passed. One evening the king was having a social hour with a couple of boon companions. The Duke of Kettebande poised his pipe in his fingers and said, "Really, my dear Sire, the people are saying that you ought to marry, to provide an heir to the throne, you know. Your answer to old Baldy was a poor one, for you must know that Coronet cannot endure the thought of a return to the old days of hard luck. Why don't you marry the Princess Mercia of Rusticania?" The king shrugged his shoulders and made no answer.

The very next day the House of the Masses made a formal request to the King to marry. He sent back word that he would marry within six months, but let the people make no comment on his choice.

* * * *

In a cottage on the outskirts of the capital city, Grandia, lived an old blind violinist. King Harold frequently rode by that way on his solitary gallops in the early morning but he was rarely so early that he did not see signs of activity about the little cottage, and very often he caught

glimpses of the old musician's pretty daughter, Griselda. Once he had stopped to talk with her and she had brought a cookie for the great bay stallion.

On the morning after his promise to the people that he would marry, King Harold went to his stable early and soon rode out from the castle gate. No thought of his promise entered his cheerful brain. As he was returning however, he saw the pretty girl standing before her flower beds. She had no hat upon her head, giving her golden hair to the rising sun, her sleeves were turned up showing a perfect arm and a dainty hand, her gown was gathered about her trim waist. She wore a short skirt, disclosing the neatest ankle a mortal ever viewed. The king reined up sharply and the girl turned from her flowers with the blush of the roses upon her cheeks and arms. "A beautiful morning, Your Majesty," she stammered.

"Yes, 'tis lovely," he cried and then he said, "May I have one of your roses?"

She fetched him a lovely Jacqueminot and he put it in his buttonhole and rode off.

That day he rambled about the castle looking sharply at the maids and muttering to himself. One heard him ejaculate, "too tall" and another thought she caught the words "too thin," and yet a third blushed furiously when she heard "just right," for it was the common curiosity to know whom the king would marry. Every spinster in the kingdom grew hopeful and there was not a school maid who was not careful in her deportment and tidy with her tresses.

What an influence an unmarried prince can exert.

The maid who was "just right" was summoned aside some days later and a tailor from Paris spent nearly ten hours in measuring her delicate form. Her little innocent heart went pitty pat during the operation. A delicious numbness overcame her as she thought that perhaps she should be queen, but the thought vanished when instead of a visit from the king she received a \$100 bill for her services.

The months were slipping by and none could say on whom the king had fixed his choice. His boon companions rallied him, the prime minister tried to corner him, his valet staid awake nights to see if he talked in his sleep, an old aunt tried to coax him and a pretty cousin asked impudently, "Is it me?" The only thing people did know was that extensive preparations were being made, while the king grew daily more exclusive and given to solitary walks.

The wedding day had been fixed at the fourteenth of June. The eve of the great day came and no one could tell the name of the bride. The newspaper reporters were well nigh crazy. People gathered in groups on the street, in the clubs, in the homes, and worried one another with their guesses. While all this excitement was going on the King slipped out from his castle

unobserved. He covered the two miles in about twenty-five minutes. At the gate of Griselda's yard he paused. Through the open window came the strains of "Juanita" from the violin in the hands of the girl. The music held him fast and it entered his ears and coursed through his great physique with a sweet paralyzing movement. The murmuring music ceased and with a shudder the King braced himself and entered the yard and caused the brass knocker to resound. Griselda brought a lamp to the door and with a little startled cry drew back.

"Your majesty!" she exclaimed and then recovered her self-possession and opened the door for him. He entered and she showed him into the dimly lighted parlor where sat the old father in a leathern chair. He arose with difficulty and courtesied to his lord.

"Herr Wagner," said the young monarch, "I wish to speak to you in the presence of your daughter. Tomorrow I must fulfill my promise to my people and take a wife. I seek the hand of your daughter."

The old man, who had remained standing, grasped Griselda for support. At length he murmured his reply.

"My lord, you do us a great honor. It shall be as you desire, if the maiden consents."

The King turned to the girl and said, "Griselda dear, will you marry me? Not because I am the King, but because I am a man, Harold von Rausmitihm."

The maiden, in truth she was fair to look upon with those dark eyes neatly placed beneath bowing brows, her pretty tresses and her lithsome form, the maid I say looked at the king with a lovely blush and put her hand in his and said, "I will follow and obey my lord with all my heart."

The King kissed her dainty lips, the first kiss she had received from any man save her father, and on her wrist he slipped a priceless jewel. Then he explained the preparations of the morrow, the trousseau all prepared and the royal ceremony. With another kiss he departed and in his heart, as he walked away to his castles, he felt the magic delight of the lover's kiss from virgin lips.

To tell you of the great ceremony and how the people praised the beauty of the Queen, her modesty and deportment, is a tale too long to fill your tired ears.

A year passed away and the Queen bore to King Harold a child, a little girl. The King had hoped for a knabe babe but nevertheless, his heart was glad at any child.

King Harold had a funny disposition. Although everything was running as smoothly as the Messalonskee on a moonlight evening, he desired to try Griselda and see if her betrothal vow was still her great intent. Therefore he caused to be removed her beloved violin, reporting to her that it was not seemly that the Queen should surpass the court entertainers on that instrument. But she remained fully

patient and made no murmur. Now that the little Princess Emily was done nursing he said to the Queen that the people were wroth that the heir to the throne should be of half humble origin. Griselda did not weep when little Emily was taken away by the electrocutioner. She merely prayed that the child should have a Christian burial. The King had the babe sent to Ulalia to his cousin the Regent where it was tenderly brought up, but Griselda knew it not. She subdued the vacancy in her heart and said, "I will obey my lord."

Five years later another child was born to the Queen and when the people learned that it was a knabe child, they formed a great procession and shot off rockets calling, "long live the King! long live the Queen! long live 'Prince Immanuel!'" But the King told the Queen that the noise was the roar of discontent, and still purposing in his heart to try the Queen, he caused the little prince, when he was weaned, to be carried away to Russia. But Griselda was yet patient and prayed only that the child be buried according to the ritual. Oh, twice cruel King to try thus thy patient Queen!

Ten years rolled by and the fruitful days of Griselda were past. Now did King Harold scheme once more to assail the patience of his faithful wife. In their privy chamber he said to her that his lords had counseled that he put aside his bourgeois wife and marry a princess of royal blood. This smote him full sore, he said, but there must be no dissension in the kingdom. Griselda kept back the salty floods that would fain wash her cheeks and said, "my lord's will is mine." Then she left the palace and went back to the little cottage and her old father.

Some weeks later the royal coach drove up to her door and King Harold alighted. "Griselda," said he, "my new bride and her brother will come tomorrow. She is a princess of Ulalia. Will you not come to the palace and see that all is in readiness for her?" "Yes, my lord," said she. Then he kissed her quickly and departed.

Griselda betook herself to the palace and with her old-time skill put the maids to work and soon had everything in the old-time order. Then she went to the gate with the rest of the new servants and watched for the coming of the new bride. Soon the glorious pageant came, King Harold at its head. Behind came a youth of twelve, a sturdy little fellow, and by his side a wondrously fair maid just budding into womanhood.

The King rode up to the gate and espying Griselda, he took her by the hand and led her into the palace. Then he turned to the lad and the maid behind and took the girl by the other hand.

"Griselda," said he, "I have tried you wondrously and you have proved yourself the most patient of women. This maid is not to be my bride, for she is our daughter whom you thought slain, and this youth is our son whom you thought murdered, and you are

still my beloved wife and Queen." Then he kissed her very tenderly.

The good King Harold reigned many years longer and after him his son. Queen Griselda no more was tried, and lived in such high renown that no woman could vie with her for fame in good and loveliness.

POSTSCRIPT. Griselda is dead and also her patience, and both at once buried in Coropet; let no man try his wife as did King Harold in hope to find Griselda's patience, for in certain he shall fail.

A. M. B., '01.

COMMENCEMENT ECHOES.

I had finished my oration,
I had sung my little song.
And my friends came forward bravely
Called it "splendid!" right or wrong.
And I hear "congratulation"
Sung in many a different key;
Yet I fancy as I listen
To the pleasing melody,
Fancy that I hear an echo
Of those words, that followed fast;
Verdict of a weary audience,
"Oh hum! There! He's done at last!"

—1901.

NAMELESS.

The white yacht "Vincit" with its shining brass and spotless deck, steamed slowly into the sheltered harbor of Oaksport and quietly dropped anchor just out of the channel, off the northern end of the town.

It was a stifling afternoon in August and even the water sparkling beneath the scorching rays of the sun, looked as if it might be hot to the touch, and the white deck of the "Vincit" looked hotter still.

The merry party on board had for the last few hours been quietly resting and sleeping in the luxurious cabins and state-rooms below, and the usual confusion of laughter and music had for the time subsided into a deep silence.

For a while the proud yacht lay quiet and still in the sunlight, a little apart from the humble crafts in the harbor, like a foreign princess, refusing to mingle with the commonwealth.

Soon a light breeze sprang up from the south and a tiny black fishing sloop with a single grimy sail and the word "Nameless" painted in white letters on her stern, crept silently in from sea and unpretentiously dropped anchor alongside the "Vincit," so near as to almost scar her shining stern when it swung with the tide in the direction of the little sea-beaten "Nameless." In the stern sat its only occupant, a grey haired old man, with a sad, disconsolate expression, which seemed to say that the world had used him hardly and he should not be sorry to leave it.

It was growing cooler now and the gay party of the "Vincit" began one by one to appear on deck, laughing at each other's sleepiness and the weariness of the party in general, till their attention was diverted in admiration of the scene about them.

The town of Oaksport at their right, almost a forest of large elms and shady oaks, varied here and there by white steeples and high church towers, sloped gently down to the water's edge. Toward the south and in front was the dark blue ocean and at the

left myriads of little islands forming coves and bays without number.

Wrapt in admiration, the people of the "Vincit" gazed at the scene before them, scarcely noticing the little "Nameless" beside them and never dreaming that the most picturesque scene of the whole harbor was the handsome yacht "Vincit" and the little black "Nameless," anchored in such pathetic contrast, hardly an arm's length apart.

It was now sunset and the air was clear and cool. The gong on the "Vincit" rang for supper and all hands went below. Now and then peals of happy laughter floated up the stairs and were wafted past the "Nameless" where sat a solitary old man eating his supper of pilot bread out of an old tin box.

At about eight o'clock the party of the yacht lowered their boats and went ashore, calling back to the captain that they might not be back before ten.

The man on the "Nameless" watched them depart and then drew his ragged coat closer around him and settled down for the night. Late in the evening the party of the "Vincit" returned. For a while they sat on the deck and sang to guitars and mandolins but at last they became weary of this and the deck was left deserted.

All night long they lay at their moorings, the majestic "Vincit" and the humble "Nameless" and all night long the same stars in heaven looked down watchfully upon them both, but at length the star light faded and the grey light of early dawn took its place.

As yet there was no signs of life on the "Vincit" but the occupant of the "Nameless" arose and stood looking unsteadily into the water. Suddenly a splash was heard, then all was silent again till gradually the gray light changed to gold and the first rays of sun fell brightly across the deck of the "Vincit." Then the voices of the sailors could be heard calling to each other in the different boats and the crew of the yacht ran hither and thither while the captain prepared for an early departure.

One by one the party appeared on deck the next morning and the merry jests were continued in the bright sunlight of the new day. No one dreamed of the tragedy enacted so close beside them and no one even looked at the empty "Nameless."

The "Vincit" hauled in her anchor and gaily steamed away, while the "Nameless" was left to guard a nameless grave.

A. M. R.

Brown University students have reason to be more than ordinarily happy this commencement as news comes that the friends of the college have succeeded in raising more than the necessary sum of \$50,000, enabling them to secure the \$250,000 promised by Mr. Rockefeller on condition that they would bring the sum up to a round \$1,000,000.

Rev. Mr. Whittemore conducted chapel exercises, Tuesday morning.

Water! Water! Water!

Not to throw on the Freshmen, but to drink.

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THE COLBY ORACLE.

The thirty-fourth volume of *The Colby Oracle* has just been issued from the press of *The Kennebec Journal* of Augusta.

This year's *Oracle* is dedicated to Anton Marquardt, Ph. D., "in appreciation of his untiring energy in his department and his thorough devotion to the interests of the college." An excellent likeness of Dr. Marquardt appears on the title page. *The Oracle* follows the previous issues in size and binding and to a great degree, necessarily, their contents. The editorial board of *The Oracle* is as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Lawrence, '00; Associate Editors, Blackburn, '01, McCoy, '01, Sturtevant, '01, Bakeman, '01, Miss Philbrook, '00, and Miss Holden, '00. The business staff is made up of Sawyer, '00, manager, and Sprague, '01, first assistant.

In comparison with *The Oracles* of '98 and '99, the 1900 *Oracle* stands very favorably. The '98 *Oracle* contained some 75 cuts of various kinds, with 30 pages under the literary heading; the '99 *Oracle* contained about 80 cuts, with 28 pages of literary matter while the last number has about 85 cuts, with about 24 pages in the literary department.

The new features in this year's production are the well written biographies accompanying each half tone cut of the lady graduates, the flashlights of individual men of 1900, the cut of the ladies of Kappa Alpha and of the men of the Epicureans, the two Senior societies, the cut of the Colby Dramatists, the short and well written sketches on Prof. Drisko, Miss Matthews, Dr. Bessey, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Pike. Sturtevant, '01, contributes two excellent poems.

The "grinds" are of the kind that "cut"—apparently.

The Oracle is well arranged and well gotten out, a fact that should give much satisfaction to the retiring board of editors who have worked so hard and faithfully to perform all that was demanded of them. The drawings were all made by college men, Furbush, '00, Paine, '03, and Philbrick, '02, which, with one or two exceptions, show up very well. An excellent frontispiece was drawn by W. O. Stevens, the artist of the '00 *Oracle*.

If any general criticism were to be made it would be that there are too few pages devoted to the "Literary" department and too many to the "grinds." In criticisms upon a book of this sort resort must be had to one's own personal taste in the matter, since no real agreement of opinion can be reached. The

above, however, seems to be the common ground for the average critic.

Aside from this general criticism *The Oracle* of 1900 reflects credit upon the college and the board of editors and serves well its purpose.

COLBY STORIES.

Colby Stories, the book being compiled by Libby, '02, cannot be issued at this commencement. An effort was made to get the book out at this time, but for several reasons the Editor has seen fit to defer the publication till the fall when he feels a book far superior to the one now contemplated can be published. It has taken a great many letters and a great deal of time to bring the book to the front and when it is issued in the fall every Colby graduate should possess at least one copy. The book will contain some 250 pages, will be splendidly illustrated, print and make-up of the very latest design, costing less than \$1.50, although the exact price has not been decided upon. The proofs will be sent to the printers during the next two months. There is yet room for several more choice stories which should

granted a certificate, but Judge Stearns and several other members of the Legislature thought that no one should be allowed to practice without putting in some arduous work. In justice to the members of the profession it was thought that this legislation would tend to keep out petti-foggers. The applicant must be a person of good moral character and must deposit \$20 as a fee for the commissioners.—*Kennebec Journal*.

ZETA PSI 50TH ANNIVERSARY.

The committee having in charge the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the Zeta Psi Fraternity made perfect all the arrangements that make the affair a success.

Tuesday, June 26th, was the gala day. The college authorities gave up the evening exercises at the church and this year the Zeta Psi men used the evening for the Oration, History and Poem.

The Oration was delivered by Hon. Henry Niel Haynes, of Colorado, Colby '77, now a prominent lawyer in the west, being at the present time commissioner on Legal Education and on Law Reform of his residential state.

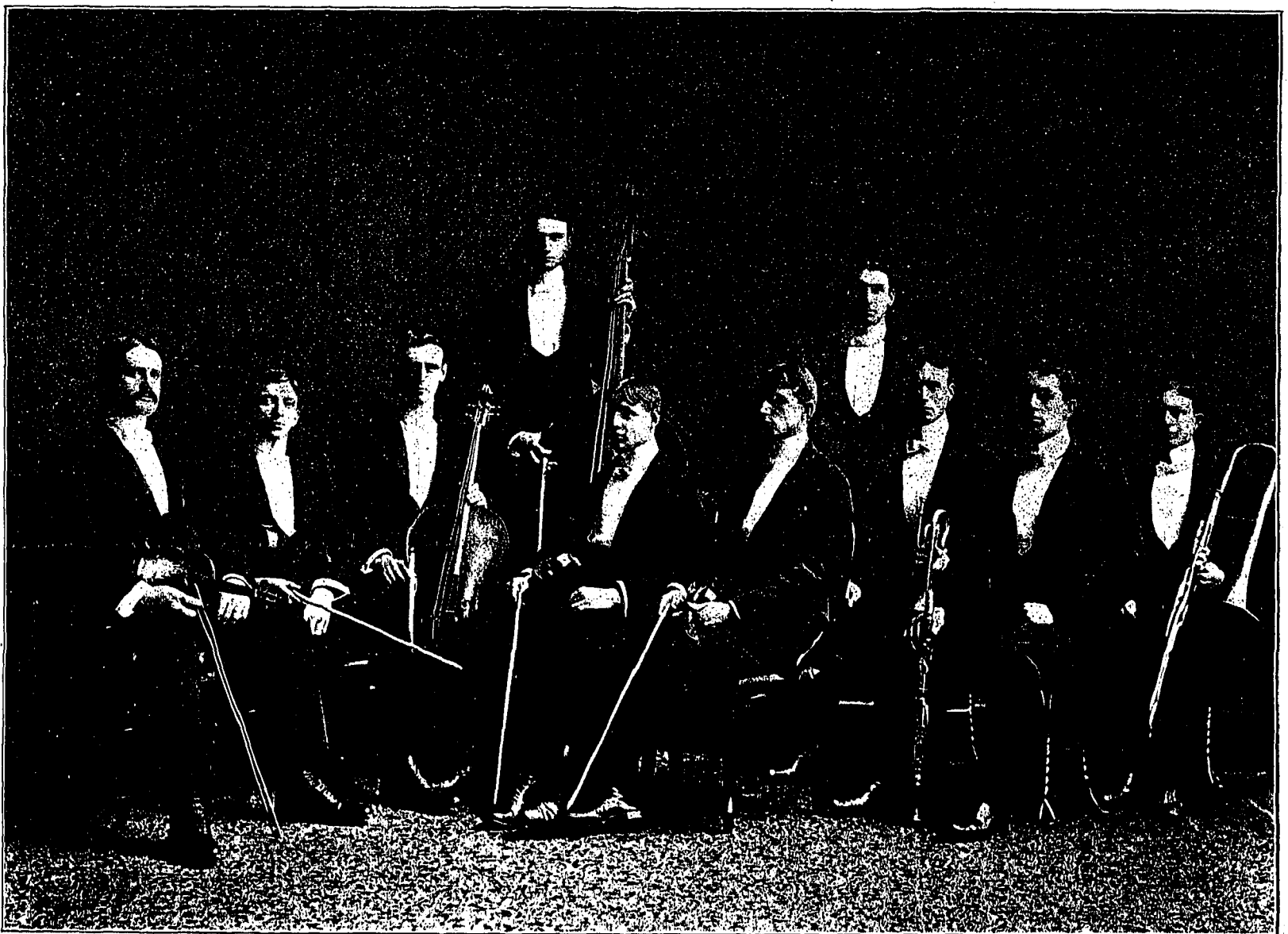
ATHLETIC NOTES.

Dwight L. Davis is lawn tennis champion of Massachusetts, by virtue of his sensational defeat of Malcolm D. Whitman in the challenge match of the tournament at Longwood. For two seasons past Whitman has been invincible. Last year, beginning with this Massachusetts championship, his wins included the Middle States, the Canadian, the New York, the Southampton, and the National tournaments, and on the way through he never lost a set.

The match itself was the most sensational ever played on the Longwood courts. Four times was Whitman within a game and three times within a point of winning the first set, which finally went to Davis, 10-8. The next two sets were taken by Davis, 6-3, 6-3. For once the exponent of the dashing, daring school of play has triumphed against that of the steady, safe play.

Later in the season Whitman will have abundant opportunity to try conclusions with Davis and it is by no means certain that the latter will at all times come off the victor.

The season of college baseball is nearly



COLLEGE ORCHESTRA.

be sent in by the last of July, at the latest. The book will be printed by the Rumford Printing Company of Concord, N. H.

THE NEW BAR LAW.

The young men or women, for there is no barrier to a lady's practicing law in Maine, who desire to become advocates of the lore of Blackstone and Kent, are doing some tall "plugging" these days in order to perfect themselves in all branches of the law so that they may be admitted before the act passed by the last legislature goes into effect. After September 1, a person must be a graduate of a recognized college or pass three years in an attorney's office before he can become a full-fledged lawyer. The board of legal examiners which consists of Leslie C. Cornish of Augusta, Thomas L. Talbot of Portland, John A. Morrill of Auburn, Matthew Laughlin of Bangor, and John B. Madigan of Houlton will meet at Portland in January, at Bangor in April, and at Augusta in October.

The law at present on the statute books is that a person must pass at least two years in a lawyer's office before

The History was given by Hon. Forrest Goodwin of Skowhegan, Colby '87. Hon. Wm. H. McElroy, LL. D., of New York, delivered the Poem. Mr. McElroy is a poet, author and editor, and at present is at the head of the staff of the *New York Mail and Express*.

The presiding officer of the evening was Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, of Ellsworth, Colby '70. The Invocation was offered by Rev. Wm. E. Brooks, D. D., of South Paris, Colby '02.

Following the exercises at the church the Zeta Psi men marched to the Elmwood where a reception and later a banquet was held.

Hon. S. S. Brown, Chi '58, acted as toastmaster.

'02. Prof. Moses Campbell Mitchell, a well-known Massachusetts educator, and wife, are in town for Commencement. They are stopping with their son Mr. A. H. Mitchell.

'07. Charles Huntington Whitman, who will receive the degree of Ph. D. from Yale University at this Commencement, has accepted an instructorship in English at Lehigh University, Bethlehem, Pa.

at an end and in a short time all interest will center in the great eight oared races of the larger colleges and universities. On June 28 comes the annual Yale-Harvard race and others will follow in quick succession.



SAWYER—CHAIRMAN, SENIOR EX. COM.

Freshman.—Comedy of Errors.
Sophomore.—Much Ado About Nothing.

Junior.—As You Like It.
Senior.—All's Well That Ends Well.
Ec.

HARTHORNE--MILLS.

A very pretty wedding took place in the Congregational church of Limerick, Maine, on Tuesday, June the nineteenth, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. William A. Harthorne, Colby '97, and Miss Martha E. Mills. The church was tastefully decorated with a profusion of ferns and flowers, the effect being green and white. At twelve the bridal party took its place before the altar, and the ceremony was performed, two rings being used. The bride's brother officiated assisted by her father. The best man was Mr. Arad E. Linscott, Colby '98, the bridesmaid was Miss Vose of Limerick. The ushers were Mr. W. B. Adams, Mr. Frank D. Fenderson, Mr. Alden E. Doughty, and Mr. Chas. F. Towne. After the ceremony the party and the many friends of the bride and groom, took their way to the home of the bride where the young couple received the congratulations and good wishes of their many friends.

Ernest E. Ventres, '01, and Herbert C. Libby, '02, will represent Colby at Northfield, this summer.

ducts in general the reputation of being solid and substantial and worthy. It has the extreme good fortune of having intimately interested in its welfare a number of people who are ready at any time to use their utmost endeavors to advance the interests of the school in any direction. No other of the Colby fitting schools is so well situated in this respect. This ought not to be the case, but there is no denying the fact. However, there is no disposition in any quarter to be jealous of Hebron on account of her good fortune. She deserves well of fate, as do her companion schools whose turn to be favored may come next.

The circular of information just issued by the government printing office at Washington entitled, "The History of Higher Education in Kentucky," contains an illustrated thirty page article on "The History of Georgetown College" written by Doctor Black, of our faculty. In this account it appears that Professor Farnham, a distinguished member of that faculty, served the college thirty-eight years. James T. Blaine was once an in-

NOTICE.

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Down on the Kennebec
In a spot so tranquil, sweet,
There mid the elms,
Is our College-seat.

Do we love our College?
Do we hold her in esteem?
Yes, Alma Mater,
Thou'rt our daily theme.

Has she a history?
Has she men both loyal, true?
Each field of honor,
Flies her gray and blue.

Dear old Colby, ever
Will we keep thy honor bright,
And we'll cheer thy banner
With all heart and might.



HUDSON—SENIOR ORATOR.

At the annual alumni dinner or commencement banquet the following gentlemen will probably take part in the post-prandial exercises. Governor Powers, Congressman Littlefield, Honorable Josiah H. Drummond of Portland, Principal Purinton of Farmington, Mr. D. C. Heath of Boston, General Charles Hamlin of Bangor, Principal Sargent of Hebron and others.



GOODY—SENIOR HISTORIAN.

SENIOR CLASS DAY.

The address to undergraduates on the campus was given by Miss Gertrude Mabel Pike and was full of the wisdom of the dignified Senior about to leave her Alma Mater.

The parting address was made by Charles Franklin Towne. The halls on the old campus which had grown so familiar to the graduates in the past four years were then cheered and the yell of the class of 1900 was heard for the last time.

At 12.30, the annual meeting of the Alumni Association was held in the Memorial hall. There were about 80 of the members present, which is a good attendance. The luncheon which followed the meeting is somewhat of a departure although there have been some before. A committee was appointed at the business meeting to confer with the trustees in regard to having a better representation of the alumni on the board. Rev. William O. Ayer, '68, pastor at Brockton, Mass, was elected president for the ensuing year.

At 4.30 in the afternoon, after the conclusion of the class day exercises on the campus, the annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa was held in the lecture room of Chemical hall. There was a good attendance and the newly appointed members of the society received a hearty welcome.



MANDOLIN-GUITAR CLUB.

Waterville Mail: Two more students were called before the court for riding bicycles on the sidewalk near the college. Nobody was arrested and no harm will have been done if the warning is taken. In consideration of the repeated warnings, and sometimes fines, of late, it would almost seem advisable for the city authorities to have the hollow at the outside of the walk opposite the diagonal path leading from South College to the Main street, in some way obliterated, either by filling with gravel or laying a short ten feet of board sidewalk. As it is now all those in college who ride bicycles on coming to this place must dismount or else violate the city ordinance by riding several yards on the sidewalk. It is a great annoyance to the students and steps, or a walk, in the right direction would be gratefully welcomed by all.

The friends of Colby College will join in congratulations to Hebron Academy, one of Colby's four fitting schools, upon the completion of the fine new dormitory, to be known as Sturtevant Hall, the gift of a generous-minded lady of that name. Hebron is a sturdy institution, sharing with Oxford county pro-

structor there and Doctor George C. Lorimer, of the Tremont Temple, passed a part of his student life as one of its undergraduates.

GENERAL NEWS.

Hebron, Me., June 20.—Hebron Academy, the largest fitting school in the State, held its 97th annual graduation exercises today. They were held in the Baptist church, the interior of which was tastily decorated with potted plants, flowers and evergreens. Wm. E. Sargent, A. M., principal of the academy, conducted the exercises, and Hon. Percival Bonney, LL. D., of Portland, the president of the board of trustees, presented the diplomas. The graduating class numbered 46. Six of them will enter Colby University, four Bates College, one Bowdoin, and five others colleges in other states.

The class made a noteworthy gift to the academy. They fitted up the walls of the reading room with fine historical pictures nicely framed and busts of prominent men, at a cost of \$215. Among the busts is the only copy in this country of the Longfellow bust in the British Museum.

A. L. Rose. E. C. Wardwell.
Dr. Dwinell. W. M. Ladd.
F. E. Moore.
Total subscribed, \$200.00.

Below is given the record of the averages for the individual players of this season's ball team, as made out by the scorer:

	Games played.	Batting average.	Fielding average.
Newenham,	8	.303	.795
Hudson,	8	.353	.972
Rice,	6	.348	.825
Teague,	8	.308	.777
Cushman,	8	.286	.946
E. W. Allen,	1	.250	1.000
Tupper,	8	.240	1.000
Saunders,	8	.206	.903
Pike,	5	.187	.773
E. L. Allen,	8	.174	.861
Dearborn,	3	.167	.411

Sometimes the college boy gets into trouble from the excessive use of "horses" in the class-room, but two Bates students who were before the police court for bicycle riding on the sidewalk are convinced that horseflesh is safer than the wheel.—E.e.

Why We are a Nervous People.

An Evening with a College Man.

"Poor old gunner," muttered William Goodfellow, gazing at the letter which he held in his hand. William's letters from his father were always rather brief affairs, but no briefer than those received by the father from the son, who never wrote home unless he was busted. But this letter was longer than usual. It was occasioned by Mr. Goodfellow's receiving a personal letter from the Dean, an old classmate of his, saying that it was now but two months from commencement and William was so far behind in his work that only by the most strenuous efforts could he get himself in condition to graduate.

The parental letter was not stern, but it touched William more than any his father had ever penned to him. It recalled how he had always been the brightest scholar in the public school, how he had led his classes there, and graduated with the highest rank. How his father had sent him to college expecting him to continue his career there and add more honor to a name already famous among the alumni of the institution. How his every wish had been gratified and nothing had been left undone to make his college life a pleasure as well as a success. But since his first year a change had come over him.

William read the letter through again, folded it, placed it in his desk, and turned his gaze out of the window. Below the fellows were lolling about on the grass, the hum of their voices, punctuated with a merry laugh as some one told a good story, rose to his ears; across the triangle, some of the fellows were gathering on the chapel steps for their evening sing; farther out on the campus, a few were rolling the tennis courts and stretching the nets; every one seemed filled with that buoyant spirit which characterizes the spring term and makes it the happiest of the year. But William's mind was not on these things.

After a few moments of thought he drew forth from an envelope on his desk the formal notice the registrar had sent him of the studies in which he had no standing and which must be made up before final exams in order to receive a diploma. Crossing to his bookcase he took up, one by one, the text books on the studies mentioned and placed them by his desk. They included trigonometry, Genung's Rhetoric, chemistry, physiology, and ethics.

"There's Trig and Genung," he muttered to himself. "Baseball practice knocked me out in both of them. The debate flunked me in physiology and my being manager of the football team queered me in chemistry. When I went South as delegate from our fraternity I didn't prepare my article for ethics."

"But what's the use? If a fellow doesn't go in for these outside things he is accused of being disloyal to his college and lacking college spirit. Then if he does take a hand in these things the faculty pluck him in his studies. There isn't time for both, so between the upper and the nether millstones what's a fellow to do? I don't believe they had all these things when the old gent was here. Times are different now."

"Let me see, today is the third of May and exams come the second week in June; that will give me just six—"

Rat-tat-tat.

"Come in."

Enter two collegians.

"Hello, Billy, lucky to find you in. You're a hard man to catch with so many things on your hands now. We want you to lecture the fellows in chapel tomorrow morning on the necessity of giving more support, both moral and financial, you know, to the ball and

track teams. They all know you're the mainstay of both teams and will listen to you better than any of the rest of us. Give them a good chin. You know how, Will you do it?"

Billy acquiesced, as usual, and wrote down on his calendar for the next day under 8 a. m. track practice, 9 a. m. address students in chapel.

Exit two collegians.

"Now, let me see, resumed William, talking to himself, 'I have six weeks for five studies and an essay, besides my regular work. That means I must—'

Rat-tat-tat.

"Come in, Jack, I knew your whistle."

"Hello Bill! Say, Prex has asked me to get our mandolin club together again so as to play at the reception to the prep schools week after next. Get out your old tub and come to first rehearsal at 1.30 tomorrow. None of the fellows have recitations at that hour and we'll get through in time for your baseball practice. Same old stuff we played on the trip."

Rat-tat-tat-bang!

"O, be decent about it, Fatty; don't knock a fellow's door down!"

"Got your French out for to-morrow, Bill? It's too much like work to plug it out; read it over to me; it comes at 9.30, you know—first thing. I've got to go out to a little card party at 8 and I haven't time to plug it out myself. Now be fair and read it to me."

"Ain't looked at it, Fatty. You'll have to find some other mark. I guess I sha'n't go in to-morrow. Won't have time to prepare it before 9.30, and I can't stand another dead to Dutchy."

"You can go to the devil, Bill."

Exit Fatty.

"You won't forget 1.30 to-morrow, will you Bill?"

"No."

Exit Jack.

William writes again: 1.30, Mandolin club rehearsal.

William sits down and takes up his pipe, lights it, and turns on the electric light in the center of the room.

"Now this week—no, not this week—I've too much to do. Next week I'll go around and see old Cotangent, and see what I've got to do to make up that Trig. I'll wipe that out—"

Rat-tat-tat.

"Come in."

"Eny ole cloes, mister; gif you goot price for 'em?"

"No, get out of here."

Door slams.

"I'll wipe that out first. Then I'll go for Winkle Bill. He's been pretty nice to me this term in Lit on account of my work in athletics, and perhaps he'll let me off easy on that Rhetoric if I put up a good bluff to him. I'll try—"

Rat-tat-tat.

Enter messenger boy.

"Mr. Goodfeller?"

"Yep, what you got now?"

"A message what wants an answer sir."

William tears open the note, reads, and exclaims:

"Just my cussed luck. To thunder with the old ball practice, anyway. won't go out to-morrow. No, I can't cut to-morrow because the new coach will be here. What the devil'd she want to ask me for anyway? She knows I have to practice. I guess I can fix it though."

Takes out stationery and writes:

My Dear Miss Fetching: Your kind invitation for to-morrow afternoon has just reached me, and owing to baseball practice, I shall not be able to go at 2.30 but if you can postpone it until 4.30 I shall be pleased to meet you at the entrance of the park for a drive.

Thanking you most humbly for the invitation, I am, with kindest regards, sincerely yours, W. GOODFELLOW.

Miss Fetching, Holding Court.

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"Here boy, here's the answer and a half for yourself."

"Tanks orfully. Good night, sir."

Once more alone, William relights his briar, swings around so as to glance at the clock, and exclaims, "By thunder! 5 minutes of 8 and I've got a theatre party on for tonight. I've got to get a hustle on."

Drops pipe, pulls off coat and vest, removes collar, drops it on the floor, grabs his evening dress from the closet, dashes into the bedroom and continues to disrobe hastily.

A step on the stair. Not one of the boys. It is to stealthy. Goodfellow turns out the light and drops on the bed.

Rat-tat-tat.

No answer.

Rat-tat-tat.

No answer.

Rat-tat-tat.

No answer.

"Mr. Goodfellow."

No answer.

"Mr. Goodfellow."

No answer.

"Mr. Goodfellow."

No answer.

"Mr. Goodfellow, you can take your choice. I saw you from the outside. You can open the door or I will have the officer open it to-morrow."

Goodfellow rises, turns on the light and throws open the door.

"Come in, Cohen, I can't do anything for you tonight, so it will not do any good to say anything."

"Well, now, Mr. Goodfellow, I think it is time you pay me something on what you owe me. I have your notes for near \$100 and I would like a little on account. I have not had any this long time."

"I told you, Cohen, that I couldn't do anything for you until the first of the month, when my allowance comes."

"Well, Mr. Goodfellow, the day before yesterday was the first of the month and you paid me nothing. You don't keep the promise you made me. To-morrow I go to New York and I will see Mr. Goodfellow and present the notes and he'll pay me. I must have the money now."

"No, you don't, Cohen, my father shall not know of my borrowing from you."

"What will you do about it?"

"I am willing to do anything as long as father does not know, but I cannot pay you anything now."

"Well, Mr. Goodfellow, you are a nice young man and I will give you one more trial. You owe me \$80 borrowed, with interest at 5 per cent. per month, which is now \$16 more. I will tell you what I will do. You give me a note for \$80 to pay on June 1 with interest and one like it to pay on July 1 with interest and I will say no more. Here are the old notes. What do you say, Mr. Goodfellow?"

"I say you're a d—d old skinflint, but I will do it if you will not carry the notes to my father."

William sits down in abbreviated costume, writes the two notes, exchanges them for the old ones, and opens the door for Cohen, who bows himself out.

"I will send you checks, Cohen, when they come due, and never let me see your ugly mug enter this door again. Go on!"

"Good night, Mr. Goodfellow, you will not forget the first of the month."

"Go on!"

He turns to go into his bedroom when the door opens again and Cohen's head once more appears.

"You will not—"

The door closes abruptly just in time for the departing money lender to escape a well aimed shoe, which hits the casing, glances, and clears the mantel of its load of photographs and frames.

8.30.

Murmuring anathemas against the

avaricious Shylock, William hastily dresses, rushes down the stairs and across the campus, hails a passing car for down town, and arrives at the theatre with his lady friend in time to see the curtain go up for the second act.

After the theater the customary rare-bit is in order, and while seated at the table one of his society men comes up and asks for a word with him. Excusing himself, the two men step aside and his friend says in a whisper: "You see that young fellow over there at the third table. That's young Flashby, from the prep school; you know we were speaking of him at the meeting the other night. The Omega Nus are fishing him to beat the cars, but I have him promised for tomorrow night, and we are going to give him a stag supper at 'The Little Red Squirrel.' He is much taken with your work on the ball field and is anxious to meet you, so you must be there at 9, and we shall rely on you to put a good flea in his ear about our gang. You can do it all right, you know how. Nine sharp; don't forget."

As he passes out Pullitsir, the editor of the college paper, stops him and asks him to prepare a lengthy article for this week's Howler on the outlook for the pennant race this season. He promises to do it if time will allow.

The bell in a neighboring spire chimes the hour of midnight as Goodfellow says his adieus at the home of Miss De Lightful after promising to call the next evening. A half-hour later he enters his room, lays aside his clawhammer and vest, dons his dressing gown, and sits down to his desk. He adds the latest appointments to his calendar for the next day, which then reads like this:

8 A. M.—Track practice.

9 A. M.—Address students in chapel.

9.30 A. M.—French.

10.30 A. M.—History lecture.

11.30 A. M.—Economics.

1.30 P. M.—Mandolin club rehearsal.

2.30 P. M.—Baseball practice.

4.30 P. M.—Drive with Miss Fetching.

8 P. M.—Call on Miss De Lightful.

9 P. M.—Stag party.

Incidentally, article for the Howler.

"Well," said he, drawing a long breath, "if it wasn't for a fellow's studies here he could get along pretty well. I'd be all ready to retire now. But it is after midnight, there is not an hour to spare tomorrow, and three recitations in succession tomorrow morning, and not a thing touched yet. No trot on French, either. I don't dare to cut Dutchy because he'll be in chapel to hear me elin the fellows and he'll know I'm not sick. Only one thing to do. Make a night of it. I don't believe the old gentleman had all these things to attend to when he graduated at the head of his class."

A wet towel is prepared and bound about his head. The books are taken up one by one and about 3 in the morning Goodfellow crawls into bed to dream that Napoleon Bonaparte is signaling French irregular verbs to George Washington with a heliograph at the siege of Potgieter's Drift, while on a neighboring kopje George is trying to expound the principle of the single tax to the bourgeoisie.—T. Raymond Pierce in Chicago Tribune.

This year's graduating class of Tufts breaks all previous records as regards members, there being 127 to receive their diplomas, 84 of whom are young ladies.

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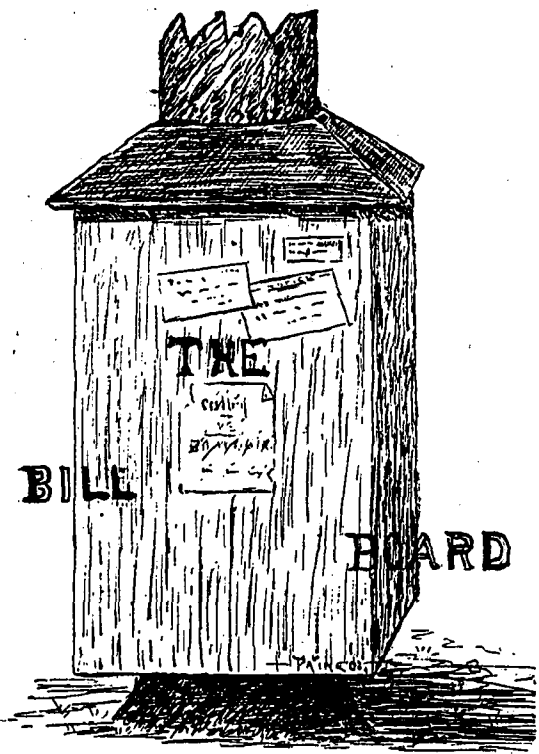
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The Senior exit to the new Gerald was a source of satisfaction to all concerned. They didn't know they were such a good crowd before.

It was hard luck on the men who climbed into the belfry and detached the rope of the college bell to be caught on their return from a successful undertaking and compelled to replace the rope. It doesn't pay to monkey with the man at the end of the string.

The parade is again a thing of the past and so is the inevitable speech that follows such occasions. I enjoyed all the fun, from the bonfire of paper that started the ceremonies to the fire of wood that ended them; from the pie eating at Ladies Hall to the clothes rack standing upon the chimney of Coburn Hall; from the lawn machine in recitation room to the omnibus in the chapel; from the can-can dance on Main street to the ride upon the trolley car; from ten o'clock to four. But the Professor is hard to beat, and when rosy dawn, without the rose, awoke the chattering sparrows, he was on hand and everything was ready for the eight o'clock lectures.

These are lovely days up stream. When the breeze blows softly the mosquitoes run away so that there is no need of Joss sticks or other smoking instruments. When it blows hard it only makes the muscles strong for future efforts. How nice it is to lodge beneath some pretty bridge and fall asleep over a volume of Kentucky Cardinal or Little Rivers. Perchance it is well to drop a pillow over just to see how swift the current is, but be sure that there is some other boat near to pick it up for you. These recent rains have made the little stream rather high so that one may go pretty well up into the rapids and enjoy the fun of shooting down. If you expect to stay up till supper time, it is well to take up something to eat, for you will probably stay longer than you intended to when you started. These are fine moonlight evenings and the reflection of the fire upon the smoke from the freight engines is pretty and inspiring. What is so fair as a day in June? One may well answer, "an evening up stream."

The following is the list of the Commencement ushers, selected according to their ranking in the Freshman class, provided they would remain for the final exercises: Brunell, Butler, Cox, Daggett, Stearns, Stewart, Teague, Watts.

At a meeting of the Colby Debating Club, held at 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Bakeman, '01; Vice-President, Libby, '02; Secretary and Treasurer, McKoy, '01; Executive Committee, Howard, '01, Koch, '02, Cox, '03.

OF INTEREST.

Holman F. Day, '87, the "Kipling of Maine," was one of the speakers at the Coburn Alumni Banquet.

Gilbert, '00, has secured a fine position as instructor in Latin and Mathematics in the Ricker Classical Institute.

Towne, '00, was the successful man among the applicants to fill the vacancy in the corps of instructors at Coburn.

Willis A. Joy, '79, of Grand Forks, North Dakota, is in the city. He will remain here during commencement week.

The following ladies of the Junior Class were elected to the Senior society, Kappa Alpha, at a recent meeting: Misses Blaisdell, Bragg, Clark, Farrar, Hiscock and Peacock.

Seaverns has gained the reputation of being the best fisherman in college. Several trips to brooks north of here have resulted in fine catches. Perry, Paine and Hathaway are other men good with the line and rod. Moody, in a recent trip to regions near Hebron, filled his basket several times.

Aside from those already announced to take part in the Senior exhibition there has been added the name of Miss Ethel Russell, of Augusta. Miss Russell has the article "The Psychology of the Great Stone Fence."

"The committee of the trustees chosen to see about renting or purchasing another house for the women of the college, will recommend to the trustees that they rent the house owned by Mrs. Shailer Mathews, No. 2 Appleton street. The house will accommodate 12 girls and will be overlooked by Mrs. Caswell of Silver street.

At a recent reunion of the class of '98, of the Waterville High School the following Colby students who were members of that class were elected to offices: President, Herbert C. Libby, '02; Historian for men, Max P. Philbrick, '02; Historian for ladies, Grace A. Balentine, '02; Executive committee, L. Eugene Thayer, '03. Those present from Colby were, Misses Berry, Lovering, Balentine and Colby; Mr. Thayer, Philbrick and Libby.

The last tea to be given by the women of the college occurred Wednesday afternoon, June 6, at Ladies' Hall from 4 to 6 o'clock. The rooms were very prettily decorated with cut flowers and wild ferns, and looked cool and refreshing. A large number of the men of the college, the faculty, and other invited guests were present and all had a most excellent time. The guests were received by Miss Mathews, Mrs. Butler, and Miss Florence Wilkins, '02. Light refreshments were served, Misses Williams and Pratt presiding at the punch bowls.

A new departure is to be made this year in the matter of holding the commencement dinner in City hall rather than in the Alumni Hall. The reason for the change is to give all students who at present are debarred from the privilege of attendance at the dinner an opportunity to be present at the post-prandial exercises which are always of a very high order. Since this change is made with a view to benefiting the students it is the duty of every student to be present. A local newspaper speaks of the change in these words: A correspondent in THE ECHO makes a good suggestion in proposing that the alumni dinner, commencement week, be held in City Hall or some place where the undergraduate body may be present to hear the speeches. Nothing puts such college spirit into the freshman and senior as to see and hear the manifestations of loyalty on the part of the "old grads."

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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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PROFESSOR EDWARD W. HALL, Registrar.

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