

THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. IV, No. 16.

WATERVILLE, ME., FRIDAY, MARCH 8, 1901.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

CALENDAR.

- Mar. 12. Basket Ball, Colby—Bangor Y. M. C. A., City Hall. Evening.
- Mar. 15. Senior Exhibition with Junior Parts at the Baptist Church. Evening.
- Mar. 20.—Spring recess begins and continues for two weeks.
- The musical organizations of the College start on a tour giving concerts at Island Falls, Houlton, Caribou, Bangor, Jonesport, Machias, Calais, Eastport, Cherryfield, Bar Harbor, Ellsworth.
- The Winter term closes. College exercises will be resumed Thursday, April 4th with chapel at 9 A.M.

THE PRESIDENT WILL BE ABSENT:

- Mar. 8. To lecture at Limerick Academy.
- Mar. 17. To preach at the Mount Hermon School, Mass.
- Mar. 22. To lecture at Bucksport.
- Mar. 25. To lecture at Skowhegan.
- Mar. 31. To preach at Farmington.

BANGOR 13, COLBY 3.

Friday night Colby played Bangor Y. M. C. A. at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium and were beaten by a small score. The boys were worn out by the previous hard game at Portland and soon showed it at Bangor. The first half closed with the score 5-0 in favor of Bangor. The half was characterized by roughness on the part of the Bangor players who violated all the rules regarding fouls and although they were repeatedly penalized they continued to foul. A Colby man was not permitted to throw at the basket as his hands would be held and often he was roughly knocked to the floor.

When time was called for the second half the boys were determined to play as roughly as Bangor did because the officials seemed powerless to stop it. Newenham threw a pretty goal in this half and Allen a foul, but little attempt was made to score however, as the boys were defeated and the game resolved itself into a rough and tumble scramble for the ball. No attempt was made at team work on either side and the goals made were mostly by chance. We do not wish to complain against the officials as they were powerless to prevent fouling when everyone indulged in it but we merely wish to try our chances on the city hall floor next week where the game will not get mixed up with football and pugilism will have no place. Tuesday night will be the first game at home and Colby expects to win.

Final score 13-3.

'67. The following announcement was received Monday, March 4th. Mr. Bailey is one of the most loyal of the alumni-trustees of the college: Mr. Dudley Perkins Bailey and Mrs. Adelaide Pierce Potter announce their marriage on Saturday, March the second, nineteen hundred and one, Geneva, Switzerland. Address for March and April, Hotel Bristol, Geneva, Switzerland.

'98. The announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Eyn Carolyn Shorey and Mr. Henry Lysander Corson, '98. The marriage took place Thursday, February 21 at Oakland, California. Mr. Corson was manager of the famous '97 football team that defeated Boston A. A., Bowdoin, etc.

SCHOLARSHIPS ARE LOANS.

Under this title the *New York Tribune* gives an account of a recent gift of \$839 from Alexander M. Welch, an architect, to Columbia University in payment for the free tuition he had enjoyed during his course at that institution eleven years ago. The article states that this act has been cordially commended in educational circles as worthy of imitation by all who are awarded free scholarships, and who are prosperous enough to repay their indebtedness to their alma mater.

Chancellor H. M. MacCracken, of the New York University, said yesterday that the general principle was that the higher education was a loan from the preceding generation or generations to the one that was growing up, and that, being a loan, it ought to be repaid in one way or another. It would not do, however, to draw too sharp a line between students who pay their tuition and those who do not pay. The Chancellor continued:

"The student who pays full tuition in any of the stronger colleges of the East does not meet more than one-third or possibly one-fifth of the cost of the instruction which he receives. A college education at University Heights requires an expenditure by the university, including a low interest on the value of the plant, of \$400 or \$500 a year. Suppose a student pays the full charges of \$123 a year, he does not pay one-third of the expense. A man who has a scholarship is simply a beneficiary in a larger degree than the wealthy student who pays his tuition. Therefore, we inculcate the maxim that every student is placed under obligation to render unpaid service to the public as physician, teacher, lawyer, preacher or member of any other profession or business. It's the old French 'noblesse oblige.'

"I should not like to proclaim the sweeping rule, therefore, that the man who has had a free scholarship should feel bound to pay back the money. So many who go as teachers or missionaries or the like into work that returns a bare sustenance may never accumulate the needed \$500 to repay their tuition. I should tenfold rather insist that the wealthy student, who has got instruction costing the college about \$500 a year, amounting to nearly \$2,000 in four years, and has not paid back the one-third in tuition, ought when he becomes heir to a fortune send a check to his college for the difference.

"The millionaire's son who has paid all the charges of the most expensive colleges in America finds himself, so far as money is concerned, a beneficiary. The only way he can escape the position of a beneficiary is by the means I have spoken of.

"I do not favor dividing students at our colleges into students who pay and students who do not pay. When some students pay the treasurer's bills they think they are in the same position as one who has paid his tailor for a suit of clothes and has given him his price. They have done nothing of the kind, and are nearly as much under obligation to their colleges as the poorest student who has not paid anything, and are equally responsible to pay back to the public in cash or service for what they have received."

It is interesting to note in this connection that at the recent banquet of the Boston Colby Alumni Association

one of the graduates handed to the President a check paying in full the amount of scholarship aid which the donor had received during his course at Colby. This is a good example for all graduates who have not already done so.

THE ETHICS OF GAMBLING.

Gambling in some form has been found to have existed as far back as the history of the human race can be definitely traced. It is mentioned in the Bible and among the ancient Egyptians the custom had become so prevalent that the most severe laws were enacted against it. It has clung tenaciously to mankind down through the centuries and at the present time it can be found among all the nations of the earth. Civilization has only served to add to its manifold forms. Laws have been passed against the practice but have failed to check it, principally perhaps because of the difficulty that is found in distinguishing it plainly from certain forms of amusements and speculation which are acknowledged to be good and right.

Lexicographers have agreed that gambling is, "The risking of money or other property on games of chance," but the definition needs to be defined. What is the meaning of the word chance? It has been said there is no such thing as chance and if we take chance to mean the happening of events according to no fixed law, the statement is true. The law of cause and effect which is acknowledged by all thinking men, forever overwhelms such a fallacy. If there is to be such a word in our language it must mean those events whose outcome no human knowledge can predict. It is the ignorance of humanity that makes chance possible.

The most prevalent forms of gambling at present are betting on horse races, not only at the track but also in the pool-rooms with which our great cities are filled; policy playing which is betting on combinations of numbers; this form appeals mostly to the colored people; betting on athletic contests, the various card games, nickel machines, and the French game of roulette. In business there is a class of speculators whose transactions have no business actuality, no connection with productive industry or social utility, which class can only be classified as gamblers.

Men gamble because they are so made that they love excitement, and certainly gambling is nothing if it is not exciting. The sudden change from one universe to another cannot be brought about more quickly than in gambling and nothing can consume nerve tissue more rapidly.

Gambling cannot be condemned as dishonest. When two people bet on an event it is a contest of judgment and each acknowledges that the bargain is fair. How often do we hear of debts of honor and the efforts that are made to pay those, even in countries where the law does not sustain the creditor.

There is another reason why gambling is so prevalent and that is the love for gain, the desire to become suddenly wealthy. This appeals to all classes of mankind because a man is never satisfied with what he has, and this is a good quality if not abused. If mankind were not restless there would be no ambition and therefore no progress. But to what extent can this love for gain be justified? There can be no definite dividing line, this question must be settled by each man for himself; we can only say, do

not allow your lust for gain to carry you beyond profits that are due to your occupation. Do not allow yourself to interpret the golden rule as David Harum did.

There is a tendency among mankind to believe that he, that is each individual himself, was born lucky and this has led many a man to his ruin by gambling. He will try to beat machines that are constructed on mechanical principles to win and is undaunted even if he see others losing by his side. He has an idea that he is to be the one who is to win and takes his chances, as he would say. If he loses he is either mad or disappointed; surely neither sensation is amusing to him. The real object of his action is to gain and he has, to be liberal, perhaps one chance in three to win. Does it seem reasonable for a man to invest his capital in such a scheme? If he does not gain he loses, not only his money but his good nature. It cannot be right and good for a man to take two chances in three of placing himself in such a state.

It has been affirmed that every man has the right to dispose of his money as he pleases, and this statement is truly worthy of consideration. In the first place what is money? Money is a social production and as it is social there is a communal interest involved in its disposition. If gambling can be proved to be advantageous to our social welfare, money can be used to further it. But if it is not for the common good then money cannot be used as an implement to further it.

Gambling is a severe test on one's ability to resist temptation. Like the opium habit, the more it is indulged in the greater the desire for it becomes. It is gradually worked into a man's character until it becomes a part of his life. A habitually predominant universe of desire. It makes a man selfish because he seeks to acquire the property of his fellows without exchanging for it an equivalent. He is doing to others what he would not have them do to him, and by acting in this way he acknowledges no privileges except those that tend toward his own enrichment. He is acting contrary to the principles on which society is made possible.

The old school of novelists detected covetousness as the motive in gambling and condemned it on that ground. The modern school however, judges from the social consequences whether an action is good and right, and it has been shown that gambling is neither, so it cannot be approved by this latter school.

Gambling then is immoral and should not exist but how to remove it from society is a problem whose solution has not yet been reached. Laws have been formulated against it but have failed to accomplish their object. One author has said the people should be taught its evils and this seems to be a plausible solution of the question. Give the people the opportunity to behold the error of their way and you have done your part.

W. J. ANBOTT, '01.

The Colby faculty and their wives at the invitation of Mrs. C. B. Stetson, formed themselves into a surprise party and called on Prof. C. B. Stetson Thursday evening, in honor of the professor's birthday. The party was what is known as "book party," the first prize being won by Mrs. E. W. Hall and the second prize by Mrs. C. W. Chamberlain.

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The following figures are interesting in view of the agitation in regard to the policy of the college towards women students. These figures were prepared for the *Zion's Advocate* by Doctor E. W. Hall, Registrar of Colby.

FIRST DECADE.

YEAR.	WOMEN.	MEN.
1871.....	1.....	19
1872.....	0.....	15
1873.....	4.....	21
1874.....	2.....	30
1875.....	3.....	35
1876.....	1.....	37
1877.....	4.....	46
1878.....	4.....	58
1879.....	3.....	38
1880.....	4.....	31

SECOND DECADE.

1881.....	4.....	26
1882.....	2.....	40
1883.....	4.....	30
1884.....	4.....	29
1885.....	4.....	21
1886.....	8.....	25
1887.....	3.....	37
1888.....	8.....	39
1889.....	10.....	39
1890.....	16.....	53

THIRD DECADE.

1891.....	17.....	35
1892.....	26.....	42
1893.....	32.....	33
1894.....	19.....	60
1895.....	23.....	35
1896.....	27.....	37
1897.....	18.....	41
1898.....	23.....	41
1899.....	27.....	35
1900.....	37.....	37

This statement is also made in *The Advocate*: "Of the twenty-seven trustees of the college now comprising the Board, seventeen are graduates of Colby."

Doctor Burrage in his editorial goes on to say that it is his belief "that the

differing views on the part of the alumni and friends of the college can best be harmonized by the adoption of the plan already in operation at Harvard and Brown. The Women's College at Colby, should this plan be adopted, would become a woman's college in name as well as in fact."

There is no doubt about the sentiment of the men here on the question of the hour. It is safe to say that more than three-fourths of them, while they have nothing but the highest respect and esteem for the women in the college, are opposed to the existing conditions, a mixture of co-ordination and co-education.

WHEN THE PRICE OF LIFE WAS NAUGHT.

"I tell you, man, he could not reach Glenowerie had he ten thousand horse! The glens and mountains are full? And alone! why, there is no ford and the river runs wild, and with men. You are mad!"

"But it is death to stay here! They are coming, horse and foot! Forget you that the father lies slain and the Douglas bides here and the child is with him?"

"Aye, but the Douglas is next heir—a child is easily disposed of—there are ways!"

"But the Douglas will not wet his hand in innocent blood—Innocent blood! Brood of vermin! Let the Douglas protect him—he will ne'er sit on Scotland's throne."

"The Douglas has friends."

"Aye—but by night and day he guards the little one."

"And he will go forth with him, in this mad night, to death? Then our cause is lost!"

Both men turned their disappointed faces toward the sound of approaching footsteps. Over the rough hewn stones she came—this daughter of Alwood—a slight frail creature, pale, now, as death. Her oval face seemed to have concentrated all its power in the great dark eyes, while the lips worked over the closed teeth in spite of all efforts to clench their lines.

"Uncle, rides the Douglas forth to-night?"

"If we fail to prevent him."

"And you will fail!"

"Mayhap."

"Know you not the Douglas?"

"Aye."

"Rides he by Glenowerie?"

"Towards Glenowerie—he can never reach it."

"Alone, no! But I—I know every heath and rock and pool. Let those Lowlanders lie in wait, I can guide him safely through."

"Margaret, you are speaking wildly! Do you realize your words?"

"Aye, and my king's life! Saddle Brown Lassie and the Douglas's mare. The Alwood for the Douglas and Margaret Alwood rides with a king tonight."

And when the foot-bridge softly fell, a slender figure, clad as a page, led her horse over, gripping its nostrils lest it betray their presence. A massive figure followed with a bundle cradled in the left arm, with the right leading another horse.

The young guide turned and placed her foot in the stirrup but paused: "What carry you, my lord?"

"Your king, my lady."

"What, the Graeme?"

"Aye, the young king."

"You ride not well thus burdened. This is for life."

"And your king, Lady Margaret."

"Aye, and my king," breathed the girl

under her breath as she sprang into the saddle.

The shoeless horses made no sound on the turf. The night was dark—so dark that Margaret could not see her horse's head before her; but Brown Lassie knew the halter and her mistress' head against her neck and her soft hand in her mane resigned her to the quiet pace. The wind nestled in the budding trees and whispered in the springing heath and the gurgle gurgle of a hidden brook sounded faintly in the darkness. Now and then the cry of a night bird broke the stillness, penetrating the damp air, heavy with the odors of spring.

Quietly they rode—the Lady Margaret trembling at her own heart beats, the Douglas pressing the child close, anxious lest it make an outcry. Once—twice it moved restlessly.

An hour passed in silence. The Douglas knew not where he was going—this path was strange to him. Blindly he followed the Lady of Alwood on and on, now over smooth sward, soft with young grass, now over boggy heath, where the limber bushes pushed aside made no sound, and only the faint sucking of the horses' hoofs stirred the air.

At length she drew her rein and waited. "Now we are in the beaten track," she breathed, "we are near Glenowerie. A mile to the river, and beyond—" she stopped and listened but only the murmuring sounds of the thick night struck her ear. He drew a hard breath and the child sobbed in its sleep. "Here lies the danger! My lord, I am a woman, give me the child, mayhap I can quiet it if need be, better than you." He laid his burden across her saddle bows and again she rode ahead.

What thoughts surged through Margaret Alwood's brain? In her arms she held all that lay between the man she loved and the throne. Such a slender little life! A life sprung from the very hotbed of crime and sin but snapped easily as a thread.

Slowly she loosed her little dagger from its sheath and rested it against her belt. She laid the child across the saddle bow and felt until she found the little, warm face. Brown Lassie moved quietly on unguided while Margaret's fingers sought the breast. Her fingers found the fluttering, pulsating heart when the sound of hoof-beats, flying faster and faster behind them, struck her ear. Then—then upon the air came the ringing call of the slogan.

"We are discovered! Quick! Go Brown Lassie! Go!" and the horses flew forward. Ahead sounded the rush of the freshet-filled river,—behind the swift beat of flying hoofs and the child's shrieks filled her ears.

The child twisted and shrieked. It was a dead weight. Margaret could scarcely keep her position and Brown Lassie shied at each piercing scream. Her half-formed intention sprang into life as an act. Steadying herself on the flying horse she drew the knife up parallel to her other hand. It slipped in her trembling grasp and cut her hand but she did not pause. She found the fluttering heart—the cries ceased.

The roar of the river was loud in their ears and the damp fog was hurled in their faces. The Douglas' mare labored beside Brown Lassie. "The child?" he gasped. "Straight ahead," breathed the Lady Margaret, "there is no ford. Swim!"

Brown Lassie plunged into the torrent. The Douglas followed. The icy water swirled about her waist, but setting her teeth Margaret leaned over her horse, and, drawing the knife, let go of the bundle. Something struck the Douglas's mare and she swerved—then bore the Douglas on, over the body of the infant king.

(Continued on third page.)

GREETING STUDENTS!

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I'm not afraid of hard exams, or Greek, or rough football,
And things that some are scared of I think aren't bad at all;
I'm pretty smart, I guess, and yet I hate to go to school,
For when I sit there calm and bold obeying every rule,
While the Prof. calls on the others all around me left and right,
The only thing I truly dread is reading things at sight.
Sometimes it's very easy and next it is the worst;
Sometimes I am not summoned, sometimes I am the first;
Sometimes it's very short and sweet, sometimes it's awfully long;
Sometimes I get it all correct and sometimes most all wrong;
Sometimes I read along ahead or learn it over night;
But if there's anything I hate it's reading things at sight.
Once when I'd been out very late to some dramatic show,
I went into the class next day pretending much to know
It really gave me quite a start and made me look quite grave;
Although they noticed my chagrin and urged me to be brave,
Yet you can well imagine now the measure of my fright
When I was called up first of all to read a page at sight.
And so if e'er it falls my lot to teach the tender youth
To make him understand the law, expound to him the truth,
I'll give him all that is his due of lessons to prepare,
And of examinations, too, I'll make him take his share;
But I shall make a true resolve and keep it with my might,
And never call on any one to read a piece a sight.

When the Price of Life Was Naught.
(Continued from second page.)

Wilder and wilder flowed the current
and the Douglas' horse, less accustomed
to highland waters than Brown Lassie,
swam weaker and weaker. Margaret
leaned over and grasped his bridle rein
and side by side they struggled toward
the bank.

"The child?" said the Douglas again.

"Is well," replied Lady Margaret, as
she felt Brown Lassie find bottom, and
in another moment they were up over
the bank.

A faint light was just streaking the
east and against it the towers of Glen-
owrie lined the sky.

A tall horseman moved before them:

"Stand and give an account of your-
selves."

"It is the Douglas," spoke Lady Mar-
garet.

A whistle rang over the down, and at
that call, came armed men from every
copse and thicket. Once more the Dou-
glas rode among his own.

"Give me the child," he called to
Margaret, but she answered not and,
wondering at her silence, he rode on.

It was faintly light when they sprang
from their horses at the foot bridge of
Glenowrie and those stern-browed men
lined up to let their liege pass through.
The pale page they looked upon with
wonder. She approached the Douglas
and dropping at his feet spoke, while all
that chivalry stood transfixed: "My
king, unto the sovereign Lord of Scot-
land Margaret of Alwood pays her due
homage."

The startled men removed their bon-
nets and bowed low, but the wondering
Douglas looked only at the blood-stained
figure before him, and at the wild, beau-
tiful face.

"Are you fiend or angel?" and his
voice was thick.

She raised the wide dark eyes:

"My king I am a woman and I love
you."

Gently with tear dimmed eyes he
clasped the bleeding hand and raised her.
He knelt at her feet and kissed the
wounds then handed her before him
through the gate.

H. M. S.

'87. The Boston Journal of March 3,
contains an excellent portrait of Rev.
Woodman C. Bradbury, now of Worces-
ter, who has accepted a call to the Old
Cambridge Baptist church.

NOTICE.

Please watch this column and do your
duty.

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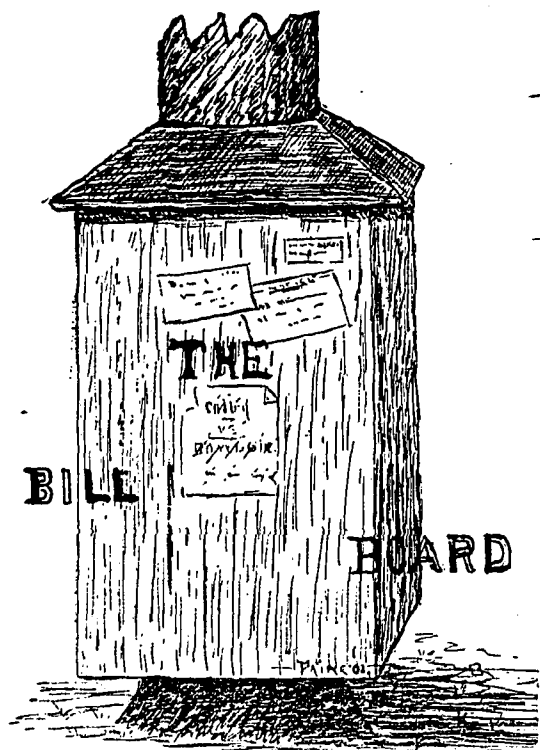
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Canton Marquardt, of Kappa Kappa Kappa, made a pilgrimage to Augusta last week to inspect those lovely dark corners in the State House and blow their hard dug plunks on "The Old Homestead." Of course it is nice to have an old homestead provided it is of the Colonial architecture, but the ordinary style is too small for additions to the family. Don't crowd the old folks, my boy. Hoard your "gold" and have a pleasant little new homestead of your own.

The Senior German class are laying the foundations of an excellent library of German literature. The instructor has compelled the members to purchase a "Lustspiel" by Lessing for the last four recitations. It may be very funny, but the class can't see the joke.

It is not good for man to be alone. If you cannot get society any other way use the library alcoves and insist that no one disturb you and the sweet co-ord. If any one should happen to be looking for a book in that particular alcove you are occupying, ask them to depart elsewhere. The alcoves were made to promote social intercourse and incidentally fitted with books that one might have the proper environment.

Some of the members of the Men's Division are making a careful study of the dime novel and judging from the extent to which such literature is circulating through the dormitories there is every reason to believe that the subject will be treated exhaustively. For further information apply to "Smut."

We agree with the poet when he says "Ring out the old, Ring in the new," but it is advisable to use the ringing only as an exercise and put in the actual exertion on boat building during this change from spring to winter. Ringing is all right as far as it goes, especially during the spring, but it is nice to have a real tight boat and less wringing.

It isn't hardly Messalonskee weather yet, but it is well to get in form. Pristine skill is all right but it needs occasional polishing.

The member of the Senior class, from Oakland, wishes to inform the opposition that his family affairs can be arranged so that he will be able to attend the class meeting Saturday.

The term is drawing to a close and exams are beginning to loom up like Arctic snow drifts. It is advisable that every one should begin to get his association tracts in working order and build on a few additions. Cramming is bad form, but so are examinations, and a flunk is intolerable.

OF INTEREST.

Stearns, '03, spent Wednesday at Augusta.

Florence Wilkins, '02, has returned to college.

Mildred Jenks and Lydia Foss, both of '03, spent Sunday with Alice Towne in Winslow.

The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held Tuesday evening. Alice Towne was the leader.

Marion Hall and Edith Williams, both of '02, spent Tuesday night at the latter's home in Winslow.

New electric lights have been placed in the gymnasium and are a great improvement over the old ones.

Harry E. Pratt has returned to Sangerville where he will continue his work as principal of the High School.

The Sophomore delegation of Beta Phi was very pleasantly entertained in the room of Miss Martin and Miss Stover at the Dutton House, last Friday evening.

President Butler lectured before the Women's Association and a general audience here in the city last Saturday upon Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." The lecture was well received.

New screens for basketball practice have been placed in the gymnasium which aid the players very much in caging the ball. The 'varsity team plays Bangor at City Hall, Tuesday night, March 12. A preliminary game will be played by the two lower classes.

Prof. Roberts has announced the successful candidates for the Sophomore debate as follows: Wendell Crosby Washburn, Leon C. Staples, Caleb Albert Lewis, Allison Mason Watts, Philip Gilkey Richardson, John Perley Dudley. The speakers have chosen the same subject, "Resolved, That Capital Punishment Should be Restored in Maine." The debate will occur in the college chapel sometime soon.

The Colby discussion calls to mind the rumor current that when the proposal to admit women to Colby was originally considered every member of the board of trustees voted for it in the serene confidence that every other member would vote against it. The result was a unanimity as surprising in case of most of the trustees as it was marvelous.—*Editorial by Colby alumnus in Waterville Mail.*

On Monday evening last was given the fourth of a series of college assemblies. The dance took place in Thayer's Hall and was attended by about thirty couples. Mrs. Warren C. Philbrook and Mrs. James F. Hill were the patronesses present. The last dance in the series will be given early next term. Although the assemblies have not been much of a success financially, yet those who have attended have greatly enjoyed them and express their thanks to Messrs. Dudley and Abbott for their careful management.

Chi Gamma Theta celebrated the bonds of mystic union the evening of March 5th, in the capacious rooms of Misses Cram and Perry at Centre Place. The assembly was called to order at the usual hour and after an extended discussion of the future prosperity and all affairs conducive to the proper demeanor of the sorority, the solemn rites of the society were conformably observed. A sumptuous repast was served too, and profoundly enjoyed by the dignified worthies of the conclave. Songs dedicated to the order were sung and after a compendious recapitulation of the work of the past year the meeting adjourned.

'00. Miss Alice Chase, who is teaching at Good Will Farm, visited friends at the Hall, Saturday.

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The Library contains 36,000 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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PROF. E. W. HALL, Registrar.

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