

THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. VI, No. 12.

WATERVILLE, ME., THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE MEETING OF THE COLBY TRUSTEES.

The trustees of Colby College met at Portland on January the 18th., at 1.30 p.m., in the office of the Union Mutual Life Insurance Company. The meeting was called to order by Hon. Leslie C. Cornish, secretary of the board; and prayer was offered by Rev. George C. Bullen, D.D., of New London, N. H.

After a few tender words calling the attention of the trustees to the irreparable loss that the college had sustained in the death of the chairman of the board, Judge Drummond, Mr. Joseph L. Colby, of Newton Centre, Mass., with very appropriate words nominated Hon. Percival Bonney, L.L.D., as chairman of the board. Judge Bonney's election followed. The new chairman made a brief speech. The president of the college then read his report.

It was voted to have a service, in memory of the Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, L.L.D., during commencement week, and that the president of the college should arrange for the service. An oil portrait of Mr. Drummond will be unveiled at commencement time and placed in Memorial Hall.

The resignation of Professor Warren was read and very reluctantly accepted; and a resolution was prepared calling attention to the noble character, long service, and great abilities of Professor Warren, and breathing a spirit of deep regret that he finds it necessary, after 28 years of consecutive and happy service, to retire from his professorship.

Beginning next September, courses of study tending to familiarize the student with the historical, biographical, literary and ethical teachings of the Bible, will be introduced; this will be continuous through the year. Courses of one hour each week will be offered to the freshman and sophomores, and a two hours' course open to the juniors and seniors, with separate classes for men and women, will also be presented.

A petition was received from the Colby Alumni Association asking for the right to elect nine members of the trustees; it was voted, and a bill will be introduced into the present legislature asking that the charter of the college be amended to this effect.

The president referred to the very efficient work of Professors White and Moore, and spoke in high praise of the ability with which Dean Berry has entered upon her responsible duties.

Attention was also called to the extensive repairs which have been made on the college property and the recent introduction of electric lights into the women's houses.

The story of the destruction of North college by fire was told and attention called to the fitting up of the Horsey house and the generous gifts of the alumni and many friends of the institution.

It was voted to so arrange the term time next year that the college dormitories, with the consent of the students, may be placed at the disposal of the Waterville Board of Trade, for the accommodation and entertainment of the State Grange Association.

The president was instructed to take immediate steps for the rebuilding of North college, for the installation of a heating plant, for the thorough repair of South college, the gymnasium, the library building, Memorial hall, Coburn hall, the Shannon observatory, and

recitation hall, and to make plans for obtaining the amount of money required. It is estimated that \$60,000, in addition to that which we have now in hand, will be necessary to complete the work.

Great interest was shown in the success of the resolve which has been introduced into the legislature by a trustee of the college, Hon. George C. Wing, of Auburn, Maine.

The trustees received, with deep regret, the resignations of Professor Taylor and George K. Boutelle, Esq., from the Prudential Committee. Professor Taylor's department work, which he is now doing without assistance for the first time in many years, and Mr. Boutelle's official duties as Treasurer, have necessitated their retirement from the board.

The president called attention to the fact that the present freshmen class was 50 per cent. larger than the one last year, and to the loyalty and devotion of the college students.

It was also voted that the president obtain an assistant professor in his department, in order that he may devote himself for the time being to the work of building up the material interests of the college.

CONFERENCE OF THE Y. M. C. A.

The Young Men's Christian Associations of the four Maine colleges held a conference here at Colby last week, beginning Friday morning at 9.30 and closing at 9.30 Sunday night. During all three days, there were morning, afternoon and evening sessions, the last being open to the public. The convention was the first of its kind in the state, and marks the beginning of united co-operative Christian work. All the colleges were represented by large delegations, Colby of course by the largest. There were twenty Colby men in regular attendance. Maine had thirteen, and Bates and Bowdoin ten each; Kents' Hill sent three men, and Bucksport Seminary one. Coburn, strangely enough, sent none, though she had a splendid opportunity, being in the same city. Among the delegates were nineteen prospective teachers, ten engineers, four ministers, two lawyers, two doctors, two Y. M. C. A. workers, one agriculturist and one business man. Seventeen were undecided as to their future calling. There were ten Seniors, seven Juniors, twenty Sophomores and fifteen Freshmen. These men comprised some of the most famous athletes, scholars, and debaters of their respective colleges, and were the pick of Maine collegians.

The conference was conducted by Messrs. Williams, Park, and Jays. Mr. Williams has been with us several times and has made many friends here. He is a Yale man, now secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of the United States and Canada. Mr. Park is a graduate of Williams College, and is now a field secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Colby students will remember Mr. Jays as the Englishman who visited us last fall. He has been ten years in the mission field of West Africa, and is now travelling in this country as a field secretary of the Students' Volunteer Movement.

The day sessions were concerned chiefly with methods of Christian work, and the problems that exist in Maine college life. They consisted of discussions by the students, and addresses by the three leaders. On Saturday afternoon President White of Colby gave a

fine address on "Methods of Personal Work."

The evening sessions were given up entirely to addresses, with the exception of Sunday evening's. This, being the last, was devoted chiefly to summing up the work of the conference into portable form, in order that the effects might be powerfully felt in the association work of the coming year. The conference voted to adopt the following platform for its campaign, and the platform gives the best possible idea of what the conference accomplished:

I. VOTED: To make determined effort to secure as new members, men of strong character, especially in the present Freshman class.

II. To study carefully the problems of religious meetings, so as to adapt them to the needs of men.

III. To spend time in thought upon the problems of our work.

IV. Not to allow a single committee to enter upon the work of the new year without special training.

V. To push Bible study with such vigor as to reach men not now reached, and to fix upon more men the habit of daily Bible study.

VI. To begin immediately upon return to college, to open upon lines of approach to non-Christian men and finally to present to them the claims of Christ upon their lives.

VII. To put into operation this term some method of mission study.

VIII. To lay plans for a thorough campaign for new students next fall, and see that it is carried out.

IX. To send a larger and more representative delegation to Northfield, June 26-July 5; and to send the newly elected presidents to Eastern Students' Conference at Harvard, April 9-12.

The conference voted to make itself an annual one, and to accept the invitation to meet with Bowdoin next year.

WHAT JIMMY CAUGHT ON THE ELBOW.

It was a beautiful morning two days before Christmas. The sun rolled up out of his bath in the sea, round and ruddy and smiling. His first rays levelled straight across the water to the little cottage that stood alone on the "P'int," just under the hill and sheltered by the scrubby skunk-spruces. You could tell it was a fisherman's cottage. The eastern side on which the sun was smiling was clap-boarded with old dory-plank; a rusty piece of stove-pipe crooked up through the roof for a chimney, and gave the cottage a sort of rakish appearance—"Kind o' puts the sheer on her," as Uncle Jim said when he built it. And truth to tell, Uncle Jim couldn't build anything without a "sheer to it." He had built boats all his life, when he built anything, and when he came to his little cottage he used "pooty much the same model."

But smoke is beginning to wreath out of the crooked stove-pipe, and it is time for Uncle Jim to come out himself. The door rattles and swings on its hinges, and a weather-beaten old face framed in a "sou-wester" appears. One sniff is enough, the old man seizes his cane and hobbles out into the morning. Uncle Jim has a motion somewhat like the tiller of the old-fashioned pinkey he sailed for so many years. Perhaps he caught it as he layed back and forth across the deck year after year with the tiller between his knees. Per-

haps too, he grew to look like the tiller from constant association with it, for certain it is that as he sways along leaning on his cane it takes no great effort to imagine that his crooked old back is the tiller's, and his knotty old face, the carved head of the same. But Uncle Jim is a very lively and observant old tiller, and his head looks weather-wise as he casts it up to peer at the sky. In two minutes he has collected a surprising amount of information and turns toward the cottage, as if eager to communicate it.

A sturdy, wiry, youngster of about seventeen whoops out over the threshold. He looks like the old tiller, and, before we can guess the relationship between them, addresses him as "Granthier."

"Ye ought ter hear the pigs a squeel in' this mornin', Jimmy, lad. An' its so still I c'n hear 'em choppin' turkeys' heads off over ter Mills's. Somebody's goin' ter have Chris'mus dinner."

"Yes," replied the boy a trifle bitterly, "but I guess 'tain't us, granther. I ain't a beggar, an' I don't do favors f'r pay, but it does seem as if old Mills might ha' given me a chance to pick turkeys an' earn one when he's got so many, an' I saved 'em all for him last summer. Now we ain't got a thing f'r Chris'mus, an' shan't have."

There was a silence of some minutes, and both looked rather sad, for poverty pinched them hard, the two in the little cottage. "Goin' ter be a r'markable low dreen, Jimmy," said the old man at last. "Jest sich a one as it was fifty year ago t' day. An' fifty year ago to-morrer I whaled the codfish. Didn't I never tell ye about it, Jimmy?"

"Yes, granther," said the boy gently, and he smiled a little, for he had heard the story so often that he knew it by heart. "Yes, granther, you've told me."

"Well, well, I s'pose I have. When a man gets old he f'rgets. He f'rgets, an' I'm eighty-six, laddie." Suddenly the old man's face brightened. He stood erect and looked keenly at sea and sky. "Come into the cabin lad," he said. "It's comin' agin. I know it. An' I shan't tell nobody but you."

The boy followed silent and wondering, and sat down on a stool by his grandfather's chair. "Jimmy," said the old man solemnly, "they's two things I never told ye, nor nobody else: I never told ye jest where I ketched them codfish, n'r what I used f'r bait. Now, boy, ye must promise ye won't tell where that place is, n'r what ye use f'r bait, an' ye c'n git us a Chris'mus dinner that ain't ter be sneezed at, yes sir, an' lo'd yer bo't with codfish sich as ye never see in all yer life. Boy, did ye ever hear o' the 'Elbow'?"

"Why, yes, granther, but the marks of it has been lost f'r years, an' folks thinks the shoal is sunk anyhow."

"He! he! No it ain't, an' the marks ain't lost neither, while my old head is clear. Jimmy, I ketched them cod on the Elbow. An' I used quirly wrinkles f'r bait. There, boy, there's the secret. I've kep' all these years, an' now it's yours. I can't go fishin' to-morrer, but you must. I know them codfish is comin' agin. They'll be on the Elbow at daylight to-morrer, an' you must meet 'em there. Don't ask me how I know. I let know that's all."

"But, granther, the quirly wrinkles,

(Continued on third page.)

THE COLBY ECHO.

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With this issue begins the second term of the year, the term of grind, grind, grind. We have been swollen by mumps, blackened by fire, and soaked with city water through a hose, but, as Daniel Webster said, "We still live." A number of rooms have been fitted up in south college, and the majority of the unfortunates are housed there, more comfortably than before, with shower-baths and hot and cold water. The old Hersey House has been rejuvenated, and is made dignified by the name of "Hall." The posts have been removed from the gymnasium and other repairs have been made, so that the ancient prophecy, "The gymnasium has lately been repaired" etc., which has appeared for so many years in the catalogue, is at last fulfilled. So, all in all, we not only still live, but we live well. We are deeply grateful to our many friends who did not forget us in our time of need.

We have been impressed as we have attended the meetings of the conference by the character of the men there. It would be hard to select fifty finer young men from the State of Maine. They were not emotional, they were not impulsive or fanatical, they were calm, serious and deeply earnest. When fifty such young men meet voluntarily to discuss the problems of life in their various colleges, to formulate definite plans for the betterment of conditions there and for moral and religious uplifting, one can not but feel that their colleges are safe. And when one realizes that this same work is being carried on by students all over the world, even in India, Turkey and China, one can not but feel that here is a power for good that will affect the destiny of nations. In proportion as the world grows smaller man grows larger, and, thank God! slowly better too. There is a world-wide significance included in that small, apparently narrow, platform of the Maine College Y. M. C. A. It says little, but it means much. The Maine College Y. M. C. A. has begun to make history, and the history will be grander than the athlete's glory, prouder than the learned's boast. Let us hope that Colby's name may not be written last in the roll of Christian achievement.

CAMPUS CHAT.

Partridge, '04, is teaching at Jefferson, Me.

Towne, '04, is out teaching for the winter term.

Lockhart, '04, will not return to college this term.

Eva Clement, '04, has gone to California for the winter.

Miss Tilley, '06, has given up her college work for this term.

Keene, '04, is working evenings for the American Express Co.

Putnam, '09, is a member of the present House of Representatives.

Tilson, '05, who has been sick with typhoid fever, is reported as better.

Fogg, '02, is a student at the Columbian Law school, Washington, D. C.

Church, '02, has a position in the Bureau of Forestry, Washington, D. C.

Miss Shaw, '05, is attending the Hickok School of Shorthand in Boston.

Millard B. Long of Camden, C. C. I., '09, has entered college in the class of '06.

Miss Loomis, '06, has entered Salem Normal school, and will not return to college.

Dudley, '03, is clerk of the Legislative Committee on the Revision of the Maine Statutes.

Perkins, '04, is taking an extended western trip which will occupy about six weeks.

Craig, '06, has the position of second door-keeper in the House of Representatives at Augusta.

The Palmer House is closed to students, on account of the illness of Hermann Marquardt.

Barker, '02, Principal of the Presque Isle High school, has closed his school on account of smallpox.

F. L. Edgecomb of Auburn is expected here soon to begin rehearsals for the play to be presented by the Dramatic Club.

On Thursday evening the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. gave an informal reception in the Chemical building. The event was principally to entertain the delegates who were in town to attend the Y. M. C. A. convention.

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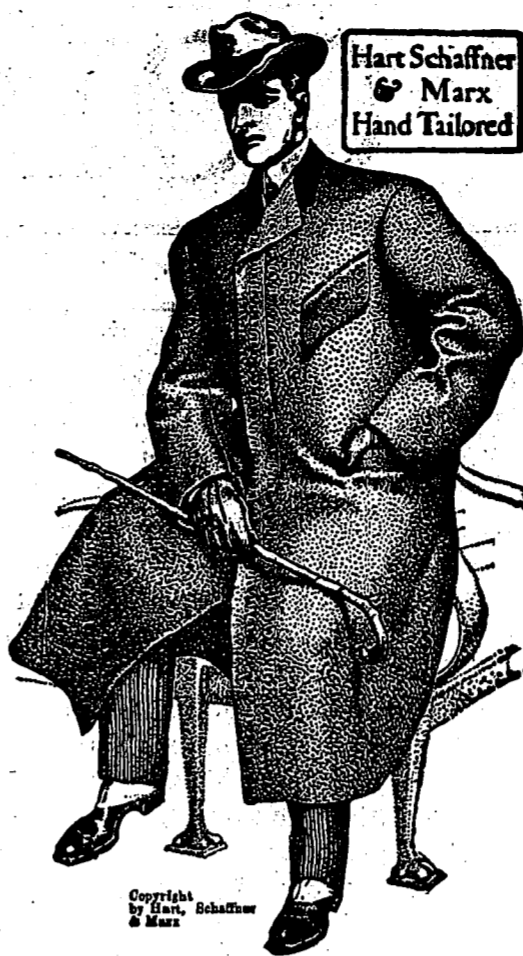
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WHAT JIMMY CAUGHT ON THE ELBOW.

(Continued from first page.)

where on earth can I git 'em? I never saw a dozen live ones in my life."

"He! he? I know where they be. See this low dreen? Well, we must go down under th' P'int here, an' I'll show ye."

Ten minutes later the two were slowly following the receding tide, and Jimmy carried a huge basket. Out, out it crept, far beyond anything Jimmy had ever seen. Was the bay going dry, he wondered. Out, out, still out, until, "There they be!" cackled the old man.

Jimmy looked in the direction indicated but could see only a strip of muddy sand which the tide was just leaving. "Where?" he cried.

"In the sand, lad. In the sand. Dig 'em quick before the tide comes."

And Jimmy dug with hands and feet in the cold, wet sand, while the old tiller swayed and squeaked in high glee. Soon the tide come hurrying, surging back, as if angry at its secrets disclosed, but far ahead, struggling landward was Jimmy with his basket heaped full of quirly wrinkles, while the old tiller steered triumphantly over rocks and honey-pots to safe harbor in the cottage under the hill. And there through all the long afternoon the old tiller and the young one pounded quirly wrinkles, and rigged lines and nippers for the fishing on the morrow. The old sail-boat was made ready, and Jimmy and his grandfather turned in for the night. There was very little sleep in Jimmy's bunk, however, and if the truth were known, I fear there was little in the old tiller's either, though he pretended to snore peacefully whenever he thought Jimmy was listening. At last the little clock struck four and two pairs of bare feet struck the cold floor simultaneously.

"Wake, Jimmy?"

"Wake, granther?"

And then both smiled in the light of "granther's" match.

With a warm breakfast under his coat Jimmy started bravely for the shore, his grandfather's voice following him. "Hoss Head right over the middle of Saddle-Back. Then let her tail down till the light-house shows red out by the Fiddler. That's the spot boy. Be sure you git jist five fa'dom. I'll meet ye at the shore."

The morning was calm and still, singularly warm for the season. Jimmy laid off his coat and pulled stoutly down with the ebbtide. The stars and moon seemed to laugh at him from out the great dome above, and his heart began to fail him a little.

"I 'most believe this is a darn fool's errand," he said to himself with a grin. "There ain't been a fish ketched on a handline here in winter since I can remember. What's that! Well, I'll be jiggered!" And he stared in amazement to see a school of herring begin to flip and dart about his boat. "Well, if you're here, I guess there's codfish too, he thought, and pulled on eagerly.

At last in the growing light he could make out Horse Head, then Saddle-Back, and in an instant the Head rested in the notch of the saddle. He backed water, then let her drift for a moment. The light-house was coming out by the Fiddler. With trembling hands he lifted his "killtick." The light showed red. Splash! One, two, three, four, five, fathoms, and the line stopped running. Jimmy sprang to his feet and shouted like a wild Indian. He had found the shoal. He was on the Elbow. Now for the cod! Were they there? Over went his lead, dragging two quirly wrinkles to the bottom. His reel was underfoot and he stooped to pick it up. A mighty jerk nearly took it away from him, and the line out through his fingers, and sap-

on the gunwale. But Jimmy was a fisherlad, and had the halyard yank in his arms; the big cod had met his master. Hand over hand the line came in until at last the big fellow lay exhausted alongside. Jimmy slid his hand into the gills and drew him over the side. Then he sat down and for fully five minutes he forgot where he was from sheer delight. The great fish lay and stared at Jimmy, and Jimmy stared at him. Jimmy took the gaff and measured him. "Five feet and a half," he announced, "and he must weigh seventy-five pounds. His belly is white. He must be a school fish. School fish! Great guns there must be more!" Over went his line again, and it sang before it struck bottom. Then began the greatest fishing Jimmy ever had or ever will have if he lives to be as old as his grandfather. He fished till his arms ached and his hands were purple with cold. His boat was almost loaded with monstrous splendid cod, but still he wanted more. He rested, sitting on the thwart, and a bright idea struck him. If the ballast were out his boat would carry more cod. He ripped out the ceiling and threw overboard all his rock ballast. Then he went to fishing again. He forgot his aching arms and cold hands. He fished, and fished until his old boat was loaded to the top streak, and the wind springing up, warned him that he must go in. Then Captain Jimmy set his sail, and never a prouder skipper sailed the seas than he, as his old boat wallowed in from the bay and up to the "P'int," where the old tiller was waiting for him, swaying with excitement.

"I knowed it! I knowed it!" he cried as the boat grated on the sand. Now we'll have Chris'mus dinner, I guess, but keep the secret, boy. Keep the secret."

Late that afternoon Captain Jimmy sailed up to the market wharf with his load.

"Where in tarnation did you git them?" cried Collins the fish-dealer.

"Ketched 'em," answered Jimmy laconically. "Want to buy 'em."

"I should say so. I've been out o' fish f'r a week, an' them's the beatenest codfish I ever see." And then Jimmy's fish were taken out and weighed before an astonished crowd. An inquisitive crowd it was, too, but all the information it elicited from Jimmy was that he "Ketched 'em, right off in the bay."

"Bring ye twenty-five dollars in Boston, an' I'll give ye thutty here," announced Collins. "Will that satisfy ye?"

"Would it!" Jimmy nearly fainted, but with true Yankee coolness he, "Guessed it would;" and so three crisp ten dollar bills found their way into his empty pocket. And then what did Jimmy do? He marched up to the store where old Mills was just selling his turkeys, and bought the biggest, fattest one right under old Mills's nose. Then he bought a pound of tobacco for the old tiller and a box of cartridges for his shotgun. "Guess I've got a Chris'mus dinner on my elbow," he chuckled, as he hooked his arm through the basket and started off. No one knew what he meant, but Jimmy knew. When for the second time the old boat's nose grated on the sand at the "P'int" Jimmy hooked the basket over his arm, climbed out, and said again as he passed the old tiller a roll of bills, "Guess I've got a Chris'mus dinner on my elbow, granther." And granther knew what he meant.

THOMAS, '08.

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ANNUAL REPORT Of the Treasurer of the Colby Athletic Association. To the Executive Committee of the Colby Athletic Association:

I herewith present my report of the financial operations of the Treasurer for the year just ending:

FINANCE SUB-COMMITTEE.	
EXPENSES.	
Interest,	\$ 58 50
Printing,	5 00
Postage,	2 05
Incidentals,	3 70
Subs. to Echo,	7 75
Unpaid bills,	10 00
	\$87 00

RECEIPTS.	
From Treas. C. A. A.,	\$77 00
Unpaid Bills,	10 00
	\$87 00

ATHLETIC SUB-COMMITTEE.	
EXPENSES.	
Dues I. C. A. A.,	15 00
Supplies, tennis,	29 43
Supplies, track team,	45 26
Work on track,	19 63
Team to Lewiston,	24 90
Incidentals,	7 90
	\$142 12
Cost Junior Ath. Meet	35 63
	\$35 63

RECEIPTS.	
From Treas. C. A. A.,	\$142 12
Gate Receipts,	23 00
From Treas. C. A. A.,	12 63
	\$35 63
Cost of Track Athletics, \$154 75	

BASEBALL SUB-COMMITTEE.	
EXPENSES.	
Guarantee, Fast Day,	\$35 00
" 1st Waterville,	8 97
" Tufts,	50 00
" Bowdoin,	40 00
" U. of M.,	75 00
Trip to Brunswick 1st,	30 00
" " Mass., net,	19 56
" " Lewiston,	34 90
" " Brunswick 2nd,	36 30
" " Orono,	53 00
Umpires,	49 00
	\$431 73
Supplies,	293 45
Work on diamond,	10 60
Printing,	29 75
Police,	12 00
Incidentals,	8 50
	\$786 03

RECEIPTS.	
Gate, Fast Day,	\$142 48
" 1st Waterville,	28 80
" Tufts,	28 70
" Bowdoin,	43 00
" U. of M.,	50 35
" Bates,	62 70
Guarantee, Brunswick 1st,	45 77
" Brunswick 2nd,	40 00
" Lewiston,	24 38
" Orono,	75 00
" Gerald 1st,	28 80
" Gerald 2nd,	18 50
" Centennial,	30 00
	\$613 48

Sale of balls,	10 00
From Treasurer,	162 55
	\$786 03

Cost of Baseball, \$162 55
FOOTBALL SUB-COMMITTEE.

EXPENSES.	
Guarantee, Bates,	65 00
Trip, New Hampshire,	118 25
" Bar Harbor,	100 00
" Brunswick,	92 50
" Orono,	78 50
Umpires,	21 00
	\$410 25
Coach,	250 00
Police,	4 00
Printing,	10 00
Training table	45 50
Traveling expenses,	17 15
Supplies,	257 80
Incidentals,	20 22
	\$1,014 42

RECEIPTS.	
Gate, U. of M.,	56 25
" Bates,	97 30
Guarantee, Bowdoin,	75 00
" N. H.,	100 00
" Bar Harbor,	99 35
	\$427 90
Subscriptions,	96 70
From Treasurer,	139 65
Unpaid bills,	350 17
	\$1,014 42

Cost of Football, \$439 82
ACCOUNT OF TREASURER.

INCOME.	
Term bill collections,	\$769 00
Membership dues, cash,	95 75
Alumni dues,	98 50
Loan, Oracle Asso.	21 74
Subscriptions,	199 00
Proceeds play	124 04
Proceeds cantata,	25 86
Basket ball profits,	6 75
	\$1,340 64

EXPENDITURES.	
Notes reduced,	\$225 00
Note, assumed and paid,	120 00
Bank, overdrawn,	7 44
To Athletic Committee,	142 12
" Baseball "	162 55
" Finance "	77 00
" Football "	139 65
Expense Jr. Ath. Meet,	12 63
Bills of 1901,	275 89
Loan unpaid,	72 50
Balance on fence,	9 45
Balance in bank,	96 41
	\$1,340 64

During the year the Association assumed responsibility for the balance due on the cost of the track for which a note had been given by two members of the Association. This was for \$270. It is the last outstanding debt of the old Athletic Association. This note was paid off and in addition the notes of the Existing Association were reduced \$75. The present condition of the Association is as follows:

ASSETS.	
Deposit in bank,	\$96 41
On term bills,	1,269 00
Dues,	30 00
Subscriptions,	2 00
	\$1,397 41
LIABILITIES.	
Notes,	900 00
Loan,	21 74
Unpaid bills,	360 17
Balance, (surplus)	115 50
	\$1,397 41

The loss of supplies occasioned by the fire in North College on Dec. 18th last, amounted to \$120. The indirect loss from income for the ensuing year will reach \$200 in addition. Until this deficit is in some way made good, the finances of the Association will be in a crippled condition. The utmost economy must be enforced for several years in all branches of activity, or a large debt must necessarily result.

Respectfully,
W. S. BAXLEY, Treas.
Waterville, Dec. 16, 1902.

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