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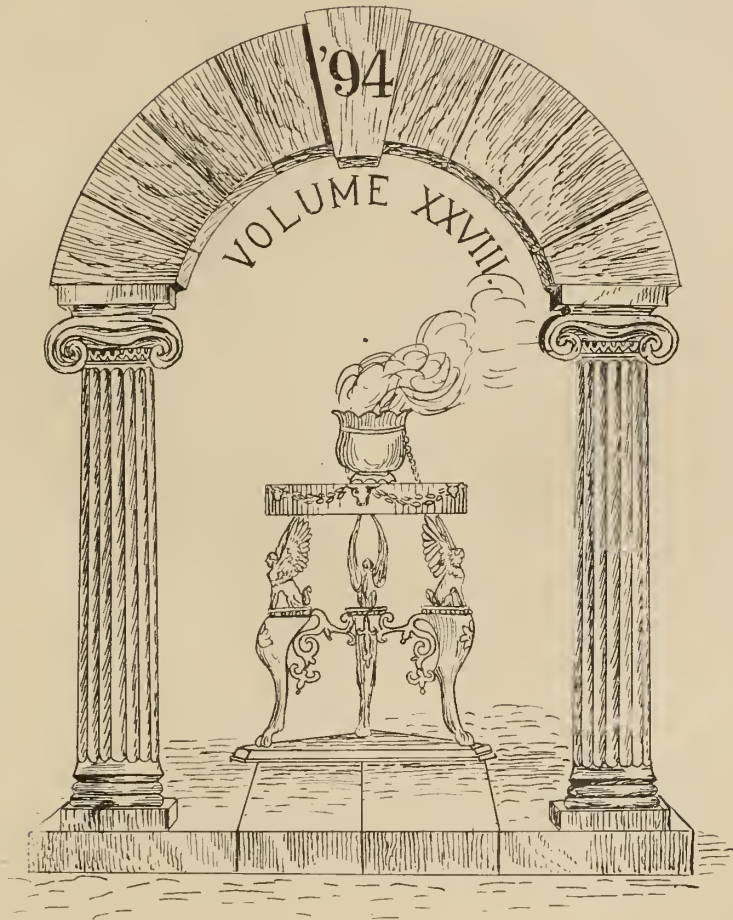


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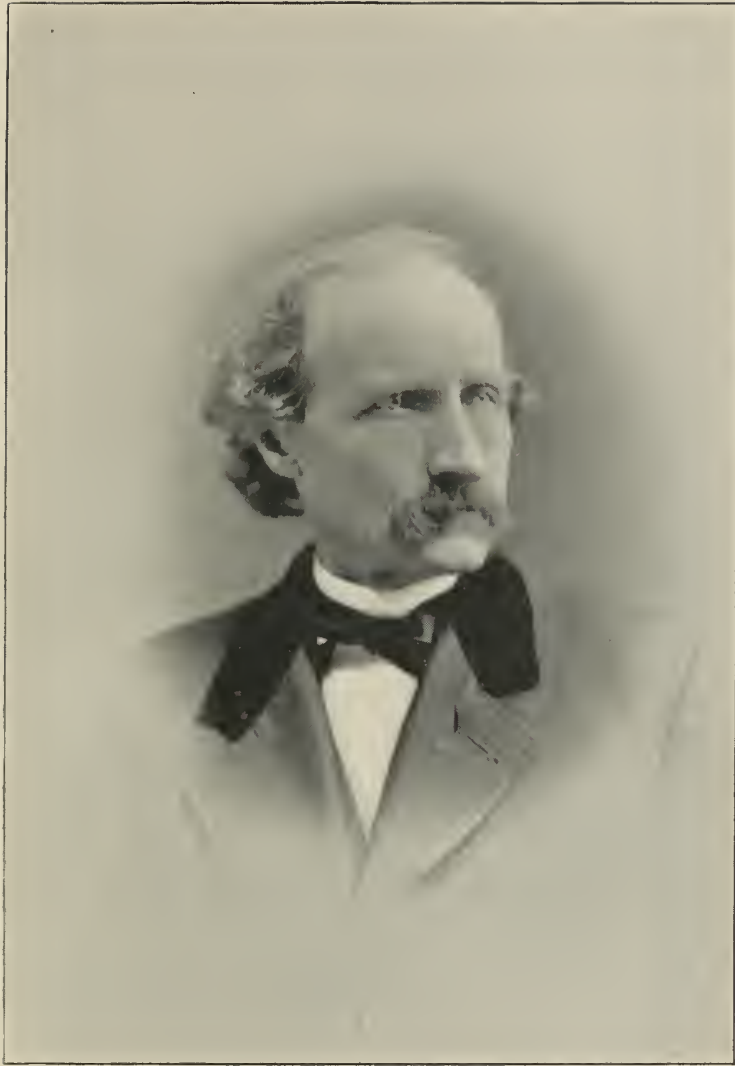
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TO


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THE GREEK LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE HAVE  
ENDEARED HIM TO FACULTY, ALUMNI  
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THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.





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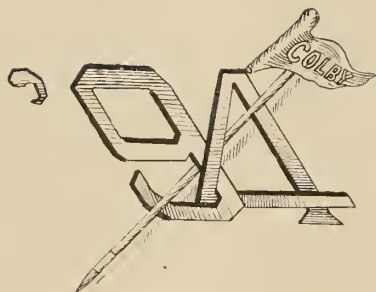
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✦ EDITORIAL .....

“T is not what man does which exalts him, but what man would do.”

• • • • •

CCEPTING this proposition as true, the '94 Oracle Editors feel that there is no place on earth sufficiently elevated to afford them a suitable resting-place. If our readers will but promise at the outset to give us full credit for our good intentions, we are perfectly agreeable that, in their judgment of this volume, they should eliminate all consideration of what we have actually accomplished.

Perhaps some cynical person will observe that a quotation better suited to our case is Browning's famous couplet, —

“What I aspired to be,  
And was not, comforts me.”

But right here we shall raise an objection; for while we are willing to enjoy all the comfort arising upon the consciousness of high aspiration, we are in no-wise ready to admit to the public that we have failed. If such is the case, it will be speedily discovered without our emblazoning the fact in this preface.

But allow us just a word of exhortation. If you want to enjoy this book, keep an eye out for the good there is in it. We are sure there is some here; and you can find it if you try. Moreover, when you find a good thing, don't hesitate to remind us of it. We need all the praise you can give us, to compensate for the onerous labor we have performed.

But don't get out your pocket-lenses, microscopes, field-glasses, and other critical paraphernalia, and go to seeking flaws. However, if your case is one of chronic querulousness, and your mind persists in its acerbity, even while you are reading this book, will you please bestow the curdled product of your pungency upon a bit of paper, carefully lay it away in your waste-basket, and generously dedicate it to next year's Oracle Board. We are willing that they should profit by our example; but our work is done once for all, and you will find it impossible to help us, no matter how valuable may be the deliverances of your judgment.

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Alexander	Wis.	Nov. 21, 1870	5 ft. 10 in.	142	Stoic	Democrat	Law	D—— it!	Alec	D—— it!
Ames	Me.	April 8, 1872	5 ft. 7 in.	139	None	Democrat	Law	Oh now.	Amos	Relic of barbarism
Berry	Mass.	Mar. 30, 1872	5 ft. 11 in.	143	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	Rats!	Beri	Useless
Blanchard	Me.	Oct. 17, 1868	5 ft. 4 in.	135	Unitarian	Democrat	Law	By crow.	Blanch	All right
Burleigh	Me.	Nov. 27, 1870	5 ft. 9 in.	175	Congregationalist	Republican	Travelling	Dammit!	Sam	D—— P.
Clark	Me.	June 26, 1867	5 ft. 9 in.	197	Epicurean	Republican	Law	Fine as silk.	Fatty	Unconcerned
Coleman	N. Y.	Dec. 12, 1867	5 ft. 9½ in.	131	Presbyterian	Republican	Undecided	Darn!	John	39-1-11=50
Evans	Mass.	July 17, 1872	5 ft. 7½ in.	135	Baptist	Ind. Rep.	Medicine	'Nawthin'.	Freem	Necessary evil
Freeman	Me.	Mar. 10, 1874	5 ft. 9 in.	145	Congregationalist	Republican	Mech. Eng.	Gosh!	Drew	D—— P.
Harthorn	Me.	June 1, 1871	5 ft. 7 in.	110	Baptist	Republican	Law	Darn it!	Hodgkins	A farce
Hodgkins	Me.	Jan. 6, 1870	5 ft. 7 in.	170	Universalist	Republican	Law	Sugar.	Hoop	Despicable
Hooper	P. E. I.	Oct. 22, 1864	5 ft. 9 in.	125	Baptist	Not Civilized	Ministry	Great Scott!	Freel	Good for a few
Hoxie	Me.	May 30, 1870	5 ft. 9 in.	145	Unitarian	Republican	Pedestrianism	By Jove!	Tom	Demoralizing.
Jones, A. M.	Me.	April 15, 1872	5 ft. 9 in.	169	Baptist	Republican	Business	You re right there.	Georgie	Undoubtedly good
Jones, W. L.	Me.	Nov. 5, 1867	5 ft. 6 in.	135	Friend	Republican	Teaching	Got darn it.	Tommy	<i>Exclus est</i>
Kerrick	Me.	Dec. 8, 1872	5 ft. 6 in.	144	Congregationalist	Republican	Undecided	Ah! Ha!	Billy	Of little moment
Kinney	Me.	April 8, 1869	5 ft. 9 in.	133	Baptist	Republican	Undecided	Is that so?	Dan	A misfit
Kleibans	Me.	Dec. 24, 1869	6 ft. 1 in.	173	Baptist	Republican	Undecided	Jumping Judy!	Kim (ney)	An experiment
Kinney	Penn.	April 13, 1864	6 ft. 2 in.	198	Baptist	Prohibitionist	Ministry	Jim Hill!	Jack	Useless
Kleibans	Me.	Sept. 7, 1872	6 ft. 11 in.	135	Therist	Independent	Law	By Jove!	Roxy	Demoralizing
L'Amoureux	Mass.	Jan. 24, 1872	5 ft. 9 in.	155	Baptist	Republican	Undecided	Cuss!	Teddy	Bad tendency
Lytle	Me.	Dec. 18, 1872	5 ft. 9 in.	133	Catholic	Democrat	Law	On your taps.	Jack	Rank failure
Lytle	Mass.	Mar. 14, 1869	5 ft. 5 in.	138	None	Democrat	Law	Christmas!	Percy	Strong
Mahan	Me.	Oct. 27, 1867	5 ft. 8 in.	145	Congregationalist	Democrat	Medicine	Bet your life.	Rod	Not up to co-ed
Merrill	Me.	Nov. 2, 1873	5 ft. 9 in.	133	Unitarian	Republican	Medicine	Nothing bad.	Feles, Jr.	Don't give a d—
Osgood	Me.	May 5, 1871	5 ft. 8 in.	145	Unitarian	Republican	Undecided	Godry!	Frank	A roving farce
Padgett	Me.	April 6, 1872	5 ft. 10 in.	145	Baptist	Democrat	Study	Great Scott!	Tom	D—— P.
Prece	Me.	Jan. 16, 1871	5 ft. 8 in.	220	Baptist	Democrat	Medicine	Ge Whiz!	Prout	A farce
Rollard	Col.	Aug. 4, 1873	5 ft. 5 in.	130	Christian	Ind. Dem.	Medicine	You make me tired.	Tom	Proper
Pratt	Me.	Sept. 14, 1871	6 ft. 6 in.	165	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	Je Whiz, etc.	Barney	<i>Good thing</i>
Purinton	Me.	April 20, 1872	5 ft. 7 in.	140	Baptist	Republican	Business	Gosh!	Rob	Adverse
Robbins	Me.	Sept. 24, 1871	5 ft. 10 in.	140	Baptist	Republican	Teaching	Huh!	Corporal	Library too small
Rowley	Mass.	July 31, 1868	6 ft. 7½ in.	182	Methodist	Republican	Ministry	My stars.	Tot	Bad thing
Totman	Me.	Dec. 19, 1872	5 ft. 10 in.	167	Baptist	Republican	Medicine	H——!	Toz	Adverse
Tozer	Me.	Jan. 7, 1870	5 ft. 8 in.	155	Baptist	Republican	Medicine	Be have!	Tut	All a name
Tozer	N. Y.	Oct. 7, 1868	5 ft. 11 in.	150	Presbyterian	Republican	Medicine	Conshound it!	Whit	Good in its place
Tuthill	Me.	Aug. 6, 1870	5 ft. 8 in.	134	Baptist	Republican	Mission-work	Now, man.	Verne	A fake
Whitman, H. L.	Me.	May 14, 1871	6 ft. 7½ in.	175	Unitarian	Republican	Law	Inexpressible.	Nummy	D—— P.
Whitman, V. M.	Me.	May 6, 1872	5 ft. 8 in.	147	Baptist	Republican	Law			

STATISTICS OF THE LADIES OF THE CLASS OF '94.

NAME.	STATE.	DATE OF BIRTH.	WEIGHT.	HEIGHT.	RELIGIOUS PREFERENCE.	FUTURE OCCUPATION.	OPINION OF CO-ORDINATION.	HOW WE LOOK.	WHAT THEY CALL US.	HOW WE 'LL DIE.
Miss Brown	Me.	Feb. 22, 1870	106	5 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	Baptist	"Tell Later"	Much of wild and wonderful	Cute	Serai	Of ennu!
Miss Carleton	Me.	Nov. 2, 1870	115	5 ft. 4 in.	Unitarian	Don't know	Good in theory	Demure	Mollie	In accidental haste
Miss Chuter	Eng.	May 6, 1870	119	5 ft. 4 in.	Congregation- alist	Teaching	Good thing	Roguish	Fan	Smiling
Miss Hazelton	N. H.	Nov. 29, 1869	125	5 ft. 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	Baptist	Teaching	Won't tell	Sad	Hazel	Doing her duty
Miss Hunt	Me.	Dec. 21, 1871	115	5 ft. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	Unitarian	Undecided		Happy	Kleine	Punning
Miss Jones	Me.	Dec. 12, 1872	118	5 ft. 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	Baptist	Teaching	Mighty poor in practice	Determined	Cad	Teasing lambs
Miss Merrill	Me.	Oct. 12, 1870	105	5 ft. 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	Baptist	Teaching	Retic of barbarism	Sarcastic	Arnee	Von Deutsche
Miss Clara Morrill	Me.	July 6, 1870	111	5 ft. 2 in.	Baptist	Teaching		Calm	Clara	Moralizing
Miss Frankie Morrill	Me.	July 17, 1873	120	5 ft. 3 in.	Baptist	Teaching		Hübsch	Frankie	Happy
Miss Richardson	Me.	April 17, 1871	132	5 ft. 5 in.	Congregation- alist	Teaching	Bad! Bad!! Very Bad!!!	Serene	Nan	Studying archi- lecture.



# Summary . . .

## GENTLEMEN.

WHOLE number at beginning of the course, fifty. Present membership, thirty-nine.

Twenty-eight reside in Maine; five in Massachusetts; two in New York; one in Pennsylvania; one in Wisconsin; one in Colorado; and one in Prince Edward's Island.

The age of the oldest man in the class is thirty years; of the youngest, twenty years. The average age is twenty-four years.

The heaviest weighs 220 pounds; the lightest, 125. The average is 147 pounds.

The tallest man stands six feet, four inches in his stockings; the shortest, five feet, five inches. The average height is five feet, nine and one half inches.

Eighteen of the class are Baptists; four are Congregationalists; four are Unitarians; two are Catholics; two are Presbyterians; one is a Methodist; one is a Universalist; one is a Christian; one is a Friend; one is a Theist; one is an Epicurean; one is a Stoic; and two have no religious preference.

There are twenty-eight Republicans, eight Democrats, one Independent, one Prohibitionist, and one Unnaturalized.

Ten expect to practise law; seven, medicine; four will teach; and three will enter the ministry. The rest will be engaged in various occupations.

## LADIES.

THE whole number at the beginning of the course, sixteen. Present membership in the regular course, ten.

Eight are from Maine; one is from England; and one from New Hampshire.

The oldest is twenty-four; the youngest, twenty-one; the average age is twenty-three years.

The heaviest weighs 132 pounds; the lightest, 105 pounds; the average weight is 117 pounds.

The tallest is five feet, six and three-fourths inches; the shortest, five feet, one and three-fourths inches; the average is five feet, four inches.

Six are Baptists; two are Congregationalists; and two are Unitarians.

Seven will teach, and three are undecided as to their future occupation.



# Class of '94.



## GENTLEMEN.

CLASS YELL : — Boomerang, Boomerang, Zip, Boom, Roar !  
 Colby, Colby, Ninety-Four.  
 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah ! Rip, Ray, Roar !  
 Bomerang, Bomerang, Ninety-Four.

Class Colors, White and Old Gold.

## OFFICERS.

- E. C. CLARK, *President.*  
 W. F. KENRICK, *Vice-President.*  
 D. T. HARTHORN, *Secretary.*  
 P. S. MERRILL, *Treasurer.*  
 V. M. WHITMAN, *Orator.*  
 F. L. AMES, *Poet.*  
 J. KLEINHANS, JR., *Historian.*  
 S. A. BURLEIGH, *Prophet.*  
 W. L. JONES, *Address to Undergraduates.*  
 A. L. BLANCHARD, *Parting Address.*  
 H. L. WHITMAN, *Marshal.*  
 A. H. BERRY, *Statistician.*  
 W. F. ROWLEY, *Chaplain.*

## Executive Committee.

- A. H. EVANS.                      M. C. FREEMAN.                      T. A. POLLARD.

## Committee on Odes.

- A. E. HOOPER.                      F. HOWE, JR.                      W. B. TUTHILL.

# ❖ History ❖

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NO HISTORIAN ever took up his pen in a nobler cause, or ever wielded it with more pride, than do I in publishing to the world the grand and glorious career of the class of '94: so full of achievement and success, and the promise of truly marvelous things.

Four years ago we were freshmen—the largest class that ever entered Colby. We were not, however, the freshest class by any means, as our predecessors could well testify.

We have had our share of trials, but we have borne them nobly, and as befitted such a class. Co-ordination had its inception with us; and if anyone thinks it a success, it is because “Cupid” is among us.

We have always done just about as we pleased; and it is needless to add that we have never stained our fair escutcheon with the slightest blot. In Athletics we won the inter-class base-ball cup as Freshmen, and never since has it left our possession. In rushes we never failed to hold our own, even when all the other classes were combined against us. That we excel in the class room, “Santa” can testify; for we “pulled” the best rank ever taken by a class in Mechanics.

And so it has been all through our course. Volumes would not contain all that could be said. As we prepare to leave these loved scenes, never to return as students, we bear with us remembrances of the happiest days of our lives, and as we pass out over the threshold of our Alma Mater, amid the plaudits of professors and underclassmen, may these four college years prove golden links to chain together the memories of our lives.



*W. A. Phelps*





# Class of '94.

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## LADIES.

CLASS YELL :—Τέσσαρες καὶ ἐνεήκοντα,  
Dux femina facta, 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah.

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Class Colors, Olive and White.

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## OFFICERS.

ELINOR F. HUNT, *President.*

FRANCES H. CHUTTER, *Vice-President.*

FRANK H. MORRILL, *Secretary.*

ANNIE M. RICHARDSON, *Treasurer.*

ELINOR F. HUNT, *Historian.*

ANNIE E. MERRILL, *Prophet.*

ANNIE M. RICHARDSON, *Parting Address.*

SADIE L. BROWN, *Statistician.*

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## Executive Committee.

ANNIE M. RICHARDSON.

ANNIE E. MERRILL.

FRANK H. MORRILL.

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## Committee on Odes.

ANNIE E. MERRILL.

MARY L. CARLETON.

FRANCES H. CHUTTER.

## ❖ History ❖



EVERY class follows pretty closely in the steps of its predecessor, doing nothing to distinguish itself materially from scores of other classes who have come and gone.

We, however, claim the distinction of being the first "co-ords" to graduate from Colby. To be sure the honor was thrust upon us, and we are not perfectly sure that it is an honor. Still, it is something to be distinct from the proletariat.\*

Entering as one of two separate classes, among conditions which had heretofore done duty for but one, we were obliged to make the conditions fit the case. To attain this end they had to undergo an unmerciful stretching; and sometimes feminine '94 could hardly find room to place her foot beside her brother's broad one. That she succeeded, is due to the fact that he has always been a most courteous big brother, never crowding her unduly.

We numbered sixteen on entering, but have dwindled to ten. Three out of the ten are only halves, too. We have worked and played, laughed and cried, pretty much like average college girls.

Well, we are drawing near the close of the "co-ord" stage of our existence. As we leave Memorial Hall at "Last Chapel," the way will be lined with other "co-ords," our successors. If, by watching our preliminary skirmishes with stubborn situations, they avoid our mistakes, and improve upon our successes, we shall feel that we have neared the "absolute standard" of co-ordinate life.

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\*Shailerism for "common herd."

• | | | |  
**Class of '95.**  
✦

**GENTLEMEN.**

CLASS YELL: — Whoop-a-la-la! Whoop-a-la-la!  
Zip, Zim, Zi!  
Colby, Colby, Ninety-five!  
'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!  
Zip, Zim, Zi!  
Colby, Colby, Ninety-five!

**Class Colors, Pink and White.**

**OFFICERS.**

- J. F. PHILBROOK, *President.*
- H. T. WATERHOUSE, *Vice-President.*
- ARCHER JORDAN, *Secretary.*
- R. V. HOPKINS, *Treasurer.*
- A. T. LANE, *Orator.*
- W. L. WATERS, *Poet.*
- R. V. JEWETT, *Historian.*
- P. M. WARD, *Awarder of Prizes.*
- J. COLBY BASSETT, *Toast Master.*
- H. T. RIGGS, *Marshal.*

**Executive Committee.**

- F. E. NORRIS.
- E. L. ATWOOD.
- S. R. ROBINSON.

**Committee on Odes.**

- A. W. SNARE.
- T. E. HARDY.
- M. E. SAWTELLE.

## \* History \*



THE Junior Year! Visions of canes, tall hats, dances and receptions rise before my eyes. "Junior ease"! "Cuts" and "snaps" are suggested in multitudinous profusion. But we have earned it. As Freshmen we have labored hard; as Sophomores, harder; and it is certainly most fitting that we should have our due reward. But I hear you mutter: "Chemistry"! "Physics"! Oh! but these are mere trifles. Ask the professors, and you will find that we have won our laurels.

It is said that "Junior ease" is a thing of the past. This is partly true; but '95 has done such marvelous work in the Freshman and Sophomore years, that the Junior year has been a perfect snap.

We have also taken a prominent place in athletics. No other class can compete with us on the football field. We established football at Colby, and its success is largely due to the efforts of the class which gave it existence.

But now, light hearted and *perhaps* free hearted, what care we for such slight things as recitations and professors? We are *Juniors*. We cannot even take the trouble to bestow pity on our unfortunate classmate who committed the heinous crime of matrimony and is now paying the penalty. No! Let us enjoy the present. The morrow is coming, and we shall soon be grave and dignified Seniors; then may we more fittingly take up the burden of a *true* class history.



*Drehs. P. 100*



# Class of '95.

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## LADIES.

CLASS YELL:—Colby, Nostram Dulcem Spem,  
Semper, Semper, Carpe Diem.  
May Our Alma Mater Thrive ;  
Colby ! Colby ! Ninety-five.

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Class Colors, Pink and White.

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## OFFICERS.

ALICE M. BRAY, *President.*

BLANCHE LANE, *Vice-President.*

EMMA FOUNTAIN, *Secretary.*

MADGE S. WILSON, *Treasurer.*

ERMINA E. POTTLE, *Orator.*

LILA P. HARDEN, *Poet.*

BLANCHE LANE, *Prophet.*

EMMA FOUNTAIN, *Historian.*

CARRIE M. TRUE, *Toast Mistress.*

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## Executive Committee.

CLIO M. CHILCOTT.

CARRIE M. TRUE.

CLARA B. TOZIER.

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## Committee on Odes.

ERMINA E. POTTLE.

LILA P. HARDEN.

MADGE S. WILSON.



## Select Mediaeval Document.



[Annales Colbienses : Oraculum Rerum Gestarum.]

LIBER III. (1895.)

AUTEM the maidens profectæ from Sapientia Sophomorica ibant to the country that is called "Otium cum dignitate."\* Cumque they perceived that the porta was guarded by an immani lion; id est, Chemistry. Sed cum the maidens touched him, ille erat stone. So they riserunt, and went their way; for they had feared him multo.

Moreover, the maidens had a festum, quod est appellatum "peanut party," et divers and sundry pueri, qui had evaded the lion in quo modo, came also. Next had they cibum of various sorts. Autem they guessed upon tabulas in muro, quæ sunt appellatæ "silhouettes."

Et duo pueri went home, enriched cum prizes. †

And the puellæ plugged ‡ multo, and played parvo; dum the pueri played multo, and plugged parvo. Et omnes fuerunt happy.

Autem a certain Professor dedit festum to the classes—a great festum. Multi were bidden, et multi went, et enjoyed sese immane.

Puellæ sunt shy, et when besought to have a Junior Debate, omnes refused, except a parvus, though fierce minority.

Puellæ planned a sleigh ride, but were so mortuæ †† slow, that the nix went off, priusquam they did.

So they waited for dulcis spring quando they should have a festum, quod est appellatum "picnic"—on the ripa Messalonskeei.

Puellæ look back on annum '94, et dicunt mournfully:—  
"Vere it was an annus mirabilis for study."

\* Land of Junior Ease.

† A peanut man and a bow of ribbon.

‡ Plug—a mediæval word, meaning "intense application to study."

†† Mediæval slang, decidedly incomprehensible now.



• | | | | |  
Class of '96.

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**GENTLEMEN.**

CLASS YELL :— Rah ! Rah !  
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !  
Colby, Colby,  
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !  
Hiyi ! Hiyi ! Hiyi ! Hix !  
Rah, Rah ! Rah, Rah ! Ninety-six.

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**Class Colors, Golden Brown and Light Blue.**

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**OFFICERS.**

CHARLES W. TURNER, *President.*

H. WARREN FOSS, *Vice-President.*

JOHN B. MERRILL, *Secretary.*

ALBERT S. COLE, *Treasurer.*

HARRY E. HAMILTON, *Toast Master.*

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**Executive Committee.**

FRED W. PEAKES. C. BENJAMIN FULLER. THOMAS C. TOOKER.

# \* History . \*



**A** stands for the Annals that here are begun.  
**B** stands for that Ball game that '95 won.  
**C** stands for the Cider they could n't get near.  
**D** stands for the Duckings we dodged all the year.  
**E** stands for our Enemies, Sophomores gay.  
**F** stands for their Fun while we were away.  
**G** stands for the Gym., where they piled all our things.  
**H** stands for the Howl when their own beds took wings.  
**I J** is the Indecent Joy displayed

When under the pump our leader was laid.

**K** stands for Kane-rush when we were the winners.  
**L** stands for our Luck in beating the sinners.  
**M** stands for the Mourning of the sports of the college,  
When our vote against hazing came to their knowledge.



**N** stands for the New class that came in last fall.  
**O** stands for their Overthrow when we played ball.  
**P** stands for the Pity we've had for their youth.  
**Q** stands for their Queer ways and manners uncouth.  
**R** stands for the Rush when we got the cane,  
And gave them a lesson that may not prove vain.  
**S** stands for the Spelling Rob says we can't do.  
**T** stands for the Trials he's made us go through.  
**U** stands for our Unity, quite unsurpassed.  
**V** stands for our Victories, future and past.  
**W** stands for our Wonderful gall.  
**X** stands for the X's we've got, one and all.  
**Y** stands for the Years that yet are before.  
**Z** stands for the Zenith, to which we shall soar.

96





# Class of '96.

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## LADIES.

CLASS YELL: — 'Rah, 'Rah! 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah!  
Colby! Colby! 'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah!  
Hiyi! Hiyi! Hiyi! Hix!  
'Rah, 'Rah! 'Rah, 'Rah! Ninety-six.

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**Class Colors, Golden Brown and Light Blue.**

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## OFFICERS.

OLIVE L. ROBBINS, *President.*

FLORENCE E. DUNN, *Vice-President.*

FLORA M. HOLT, *Secretary.*

ETHEL M. PRATT, *Treasurer.*

FLORENCE E. DUNN, *Orator.*

ETHEL E. FARR, *Poet.*

MARY S. CROSWELL, *Prophet.*

EDNA S. MOFFATT, *Historian.*

JESSIE E. PEPPER, *Toast Mistress.*

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## Executive Committee.

ETHEL GOLDTHWAITE.

AUGUSTA COTTLE.

MYRTICE CHENEY.

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## Committee on Odes.

ADA E. EDGECOMB.

ETHEL GOLDTHWAITE.

ETHEL M. PRATT.

# History



OUR history, like all ideal history, is a compound of Poetry and Philosophy. But we object to writing Poetry, and our Philosophy must not be revealed until our Senior year; so we cannot tell you our history, after all.

But we are not going to keep still about ourselves. We want to say, in a modest way, that in our Freshman year we studied Browning, and Matthew Arnold, and Biblical Literature — a thing unprecedented!

When we entered, the Faculty deemed it wise to make some changes in our curriculum.

First of all, that department which should never be omitted — cuts — was taken out of our course, and Greek and Latin substituted.

[But just here we wish to insert a card of thanks to the Weather Bureau, George Washington, and other friends, who have so kindly aided us in our time of need.]

That we have been deceived and misled at times, is only a proof of our ingenuousness. Sadly do we recall that “Philosophy of Style” which gave no new fashions; those “briefs” — twenty pages long; that Dramatic Instinct which kept us two whole terms assimilating Marnion.

But vain thoughts are not ours. Deep abstractions fill our minds; scientific problems claim our attention. Now we lovingly linger in Memorial Hall for a few days, present our autographs again to our learned friends, then go out, and free from care, gather once more under the blue and brown.

Then, as the last act to mark our Sophomoric reign, we call our younger sister, and in her presence give the last clarion call, and in her hand place our emblem — still radiant with the glory of '96.

✦ | | Class of '97. ✦

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**GENTLEMEN.**

CLASS YELL : — Ninety-seven, 'Rah, 'Rah ! Ninety-seven, 'Rah, 'Rah !  
Cholly Wolly ! Razzle Dazzle ! Sis, Boom, Bah !  
Colby, Ninety-seven ! 'Rah ! 'Rah !! 'Rah !!!

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**Class Colors, Orange and Black.**

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**OFFICERS.**

G. K. BASSETT, *President.*

C. A. CHAMBERLAIN, *Vice-President.*

D. L. FLINT, *Secretary.*

C. A. COX, *Treasurer.*

C. H. WHITMAN, *Poet.*

H. B. WATSON, *Prophet.*

W. H. HOLMES, JR., *Historian.*

F. A. ROBERTS, *Toast Master.*

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**Executive Committee.**

F. B. BRADEEN.

F. E. TAYLOR.

H. S. CROSS.

## ❖ History ❖



[*Surreptitiously abstracted from the Diary of a prominent member of the Freshman Class.*]



WATERVILLE, ME., Sept. 20, 1893. Got here all right. The night before I left home, I heard Pa and Ma talking about "fiendish performances" of Sophomores. You bet I was tickled to-day, when I got off the train and heard a fellow, who had spectacles and a silk hat and a cane, say, "The Sophomore class is dead. The spirit of  $\Phi X$  is departed." I wonder who killed the Sophomores, and what was  $\Phi X$ .

Sept. 23. The fellows that sit next to us in chapel invited us to play ball against them this morning. They were in a hurry, so we went right out with them. They beat our nine; but it made us so darned mad, we pitched in and had a fight with them. I guess we licked, because they have n't bothered us since.

Oct. 29. A very proud fellow in our class got some water on him to-day. A Senior did it by accident — so he said; but I did n't hear him say he was sorry.

Jan. 22. We had a class meeting to-day, and made up our minds to raise a fuss if the other fellows in college don't treat us better. They keep saying we're too "fresh." I don't see why we ain't just as good as anybody else, except the oldest men on the Faculty. They do stick us sometimes in the class.

April 1. Nice warm day. While I was sitting on the steps in the sun, I began to wonder what killed the Sophomore class. I am beginning to think those fellows who sit next us in chapel are Sophomores, from what I heard a fellow say. But there's no way to tell for sure.





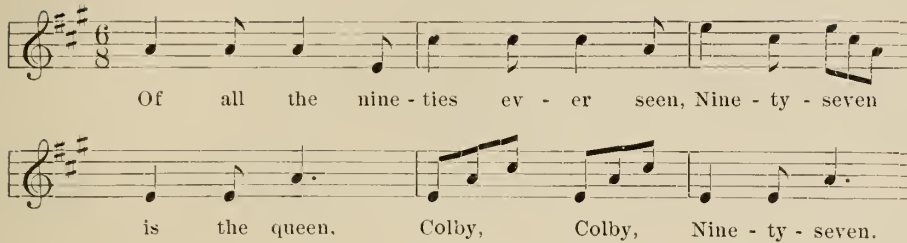
*Irish Print*



# Class of '97.

## LADIES.

### CLASS YELL:



Of all the nine - ties ev - er seen, Nine - ty - seven  
is the queen. Colby, Colby, Nine - ty - seven.

### Class Colors, Lemon and Lavender.

## OFFICERS.

GRACE GATCHELL, *President.*

ANNIE L. KNIGHT, *Vice-President.*

EDITH B. HANSON, *Secretary.*

EDITH M. LARRABEE, *Treasurer.*

ALICE L. NYE, *Orator.*

ELMIRA S. NELSON, *Poet.*

ANNIE H. PEPPER, *Prophet.*

LUCY E. CROSBY, *Historian.*

NELLIE M. NICHOLS, *Toast Mistress.*

## Executive Committee.

OCTAVIA W. MATHEWS.

MINNIE E. GALLERT.

HATTIE B. VIGUE.

## Committee on Odes.

ELMIRA S. NELSON.

HELEN M. HANSCOM.

ANNIE H. PEPPER.

## ❖ History ❖

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THE members of the Colby family hailed with delight the advent of a lusty pair of twins, and amused the newcomers with horns and other playthings for a time ; then they had to look out for themselves.

These little twins were christened "'97," and it is about the little girl '97 that I wish to tell you.

Mother Colby had already brought up a large family and knew what their training should be ; so, almost as soon as they made their appearance, the twins were sent to school. Now when the family assembled for prayers, the twins were not allowed to mingle with the rest, but were placed by themselves on the farthest side of the room.

The little girl '97, though, nearly as large as her brother, sometimes almost pushed him out of his seat ; so he had to go and sit on an old settee. The maiden got along very well, for she was obedient and studious ; but when she heard that she must be matriculated, she was greatly frightened. She wondered what it meant, and if it was anything like what her sister, '96, did to her Halloween.

'96 reassured her, and said that she had been through the experience, and it did not hurt. Thus encouraged, she went to the chapel, where a kind gentleman patted her on the head, and told her to write her name, or print it if she could not write, in a big book, and promise that she would be good as long as she went to his school. Then she wished it was like Halloween, for then '96 gave her some nice things to eat and this gentleman did n't ; but he gave her a big piece of paper, with writing and printing on it, certifying that she was a good girl and might attend school there.

By and by Mother Colby thought '97 was studying too hard and needed exercise ; so she sent her to the gymnasium. There a teacher showed her how to do

all sorts of wonderful things. At last she got so she could throw her clubs nearly the length of the room, swing way across the rings, if some one pushed her, and even vault over the bar when it was up real high, if there were plenty of mattresses underneath.

So little '97 grew to be the envy of her brothers and sisters, and the pride of her mother's heart.

When her first term at school was through, and she brought home her first "Reward of Merit," Mother Colby patted her on the head and told her friends that undoubtedly her youngest was going to be the smartest in the family.

Whether this will prove true or not we cannot tell ; but certainly her future is promising, for one of her teachers has said, "She is a very homely little girl, but she does study her book well" !





\* Senior Class Day \*



June 27th, 1893.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.  
AT THE CHURCH.

	MUSIC.	
	PRAYER.	
	MUSIC.	
History . . . . .		JOEL B. SLOCUM.
	SINGING OF CLASS ODE.	
Poem . . . . .		HELEN R. BEEDE.
	MUSIC.	
Oration . . . . .		DENNIS E. BOWMAN.

ON THE CAMPUS.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Prophecy . . . . . GEORGE O. SMITH.

PIPE ODE.

SMOKING PIPE OF PEACE.

MUSIC.

Address to Undergraduates . . . . . ALBERT H. BICKMORE.

FAREWELL ODE.

Loved Colby! thy halls are deserted and drear,  
 And sadness has settled o'er thee;  
 No more will thy bell, from its tower peal forth  
 A summons to old Ninety-three.  
 We've basked in thy smile for four pleasant years,  
 Each day made the durance more sweet,  
 And now, as we leave thee with one last farewell,  
 We would render the homage that's meet.

Our pathways will part as we sadly step forth,  
 No more shall we walk side by side;  
 Our destinies beckon us smilingly on  
 For the future bright prospects provide.  
 Thou still art our joy; our hearts fondly turn  
 To the precepts that thou hast instilled;  
 Wherever we roam, may our lives ever show  
 That our souls by thy teachings were filled.

Old Colby! thy sons and thy daughters go forth  
 To teach others thy lessons of truth;  
 May they never forget to give honor to thee  
 For the guide thou hast been to their youth.  
 Then fortune to thee, and once more, farewell!  
 May success ever wait at thy side,  
 May thy walks and thy halls ever point to the way  
 Where the portals of heaven stand wide.

Parting Address . . . . . HARRY M. CONNERS.

CHEERING THE HALLS.

CLASS OFFICERS.

President . . . . . LEON O. GLOVER.  
 Vice-President . . . . . CHARLES N. PERKINS.  
 Marshal . . . . . CHARLES F. SMITH.  
 Chaplain . . . . . JOEL B. SLOCUM.

# Seventy-Second Commencement.

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Wednesday, June 28th, 1893.

## APPOINTMENTS.

1. HELEN REED BEEDE,  
"On — to Nature."
2. CYRUS FLINT STIMSON,  
"The Unsocial Sociality of the Soul."
3. EVA MARION TAYLOR,  
"The Reformation in the Netherlands."
4. DENNIS EVARTS BOWMAN,  
"Washington."
5. LEON OTIS GLOVER,  
"Man's Creation."
6. JESSE HOSMER OGIER,  
"A Financial Crisis."
7. GEORGE OTIS SMITH,  
"Man and the Universe."
8. JOEL BYRON SLOCUM,  
"Poetry in Education."
9. GRACE MAUD COBURN,  
"The Home Idea for Society."



# Degrees Conferred.

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## BACHELOR OF ARTS.

On the members of the Graduating Class.

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### MASTER OF ARTS.

#### IN COURSE.

ANNA SARAH CUMMINGS . . . . .	Class of '90.
JEREMIAH EDMUND BURKE . . . . .	“ “ '90.
DANA WARREN HALL . . . . .	“ “ '90.
HUGH ROSS HATCH . . . . .	“ “ '90.
ARTHUR BARDWELL PATTEN . . . . .	“ “ '90.
MELVIN MONROE SMITH . . . . .	“ “ '90.
ADDIE FLORENCE TRUE . . . . .	“ “ '90.
WILBUR CHARLES WHELDEN . . . . .	“ “ '90.
MELLEN AUGUSTUS WHITNEY . . . . .	“ “ '90.
CHARLES WILSON AVERILL . . . . .	“ “ '90.

#### OUT OF COURSE.

JOSEPH AUGUSTUS ROSS . . . . .	Class of '56.
JONATHAN TITUS MACDONALD . . . . .	“ “ '80.

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### HONORARY DEGREES.

#### *Master of Arts.*

JOSHUA W. BEEDE.

J. O. SMITH.

#### *Doctor of Divinity.*

ADONIRAM JUDSON PADELFORD.

#### *Doctor of Laws.*

LABAN E. WARREN.

W. J. CORTHELL.

# Presentation Day.



June 26th, 1893.

## ORDER OF EXERCISES.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

CLASS ODE.

Oration,—The College Man in Politics . . . . .	J. S. LYNCH.
Poem,—The Sage and the Shepherd . . . . .	W. F. KENRICK.
History of Gentlemen . . . . .	F. S. LATLIP.
History of Ladies . . . . .	SADIE L. BROWN.

MUSIC.

Awarding of Prizes . . . . .	J. B. ALEXANDER.
'94's Aspiring Politician,—A Wire for Pulling . . . . .	J. S. LYNCH.
The Biggest Dig—A Spade . . . . .	W. F. KENRICK.
Fat Musician,—A Swinette . . . . .	E. C. CLARK.
Our Class Leg Puller,—Tongs . . . . .	A. E. HOOPER.
Our Phenomenal Linguist—A Ball of Yarn . . . . .	A. L. BLANCHARD.
Pastoral Maiden,—A Lamb . . . . .	MISS JONES.
'94's Successful Sportsman,—A Toy Gun . . . . .	V. M. WHITMAN.



THE LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



# Presentation of Statue—Sophocles.

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## PRESENTATION ODE.

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AIR, "*Eton Boating Song.*"

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Beside the blue Ægean  
His rose-walled garden lay ;  
To him we sing a pæan  
Of memory to-day.  
Sing, sing together,  
O, June-day bird and breeze !  
Sing, O class of '94,  
A song for Sophocles !

Those sweet Ægean waters  
Weep low beside his tomb,  
While Colby's sons and daughters  
To-day for him make room.  
Within our halls immortal,  
With loving memories,  
Sing, O class of '94,  
Welcome to Sophocles !

Take him, O loving mother,  
And set him up on high !  
Add to your gems another  
Fair name that cannot die.  
Sing, sing together,  
O, holy memories !  
Sing, O Colby, '94,  
Welcome to souls like these !

# ❖ Junior Exhibition ❖

BAPTIST CHURCH,

June 26th, 1893.

## PROGRAMME.

Annexation of Canada . . . . .	JOSEPH B. ALEXANDER.
Phillips Brooks . . . . .	ASA. M. JONES.
Letters and Life . . . . .	ANNIE E. MERRILL.
Individuality . . . . .	WILLIAM B. TUTHILL.
John Greenleaf Whittier . . . . .	THEODORE H. KINNEY.
My Ideal . . . . .	CLARA G. JONES.
Conversion of Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh . . . . .	DANIEL W. KIMBALL.
Satolli's Mission and Its Significance . . . . .	WILLIAM L. JONES.
A Character in History . . . . .	FRANK H. MORRILL.
Ignatius Loyola . . . . .	WALTER F. KENRICK.



# Senior Exhibition, with Junior Parts.

Baptist Church, Dec. 15th, 1893.



## PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Faith and Science . . . . .	JOHN SARSFIELD LYNCH.
*Greek Version from the Latin of Cicero . . . . .	LINDA GRAVES.
†*Greek Version from the Latin of Tacitus . . . . .	J. COLBY BASSETT.
Soldier Saints . . . . .	MARY LANE CARLETON.

MUSIC.

Arnold of Rugby . . . . .	ROBERT MOWE MAHLMAN.
*Latin Version from the Greek of Lysias . . . . .	JOHN HEDMAN.
†*Latin Version from the Greek of Demosthenes . . . . .	CARRIE MAY TRUE.
A Higher than Beauty . . . . .	ANNIE ELIZABETH MERRILL.

MUSIC.

University Extension . . . . .	FRANK LESTER AMES.
*French Version from the English of Phillips . . . . .	CLIO MELISSA CHILCOTT.
†*French Version from the English of Everett . . . . .	ALBERT TURNER LANE.
*English Version from the French of Guizot . . . . .	JOHN FOSTER PHILBROOK.
†*English Version from the French of Madame De Stael . . . . .	MARY BLANCHE LANE.
A National Question . . . . .	THEODORE HARDING KINNEY.

\* Junior Parts.

† Excused.

# ❖ Junior Prize Debate ❖

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Baptist Church, March 9th, 1894.

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## PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

## DEBATE.

QUESTION: *Resolved*, "That all Railway and Telegraph Lines should be owned and Operated by Government."

### AFFIRMATIVE.

Ralph K. Bearce.

John Hedman.

Walter L. Gray.

### NEGATIVE.

Samuel R. Robinson.

Fredolfo O. Welch.

Frederick E. Norris.

MUSIC.

DECISION OF JUDGES.

MUSIC.

*Judges*: — Hon. S. S. Brown. Prof. J. D. Taylor. Prof. G. D. B. Pepper.



# Sophomore Prize Declamation.

Baptist Church, June 2d, 1893.

## PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Eulogy on J. G. Blaine . . . . . *Hon. W. P. Frye.*

JOHN FOSTER PHILBROOK.

Selection from "Mill on the Floss" . . . . . *George Eliot.*

LINDA GRAVES.

Civil War and its Effects . . . . . *Hon. O. L. Jackson.*

JOHN HEDMAN.

MUSIC.

Reply to Senator Butler . . . . . *Hon. J. C. Spooner.*

J. COLBY BASSETT.

"The Wreck of Rivermouth" . . . . . *John Greenleaf Whittier.*

ANNIE MABEL WAITE.

Eulogy on Senator Kenna . . . . . *J. D. Alderson.*

ALBERT TURNER LANE.

MUSIC.

Extract from a Speech on the Pension Question . . . . . *Hon. Robt. E. Doane.*

FRED BRYANT.

How Randa went over the River . . . . . *C. C. Coffin.*

LILA PENDLETON HARDEN.

The Fishery Treaty . . . . . *Hon. W. P. Frye.*

HARRY TILDEN RIGGS.

MUSIC.

# Freshman Prize Reading.

Baptist Church, May 19th, 1893.

## PROGRAMME.

MUSIC.

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

How Salvator Won . . . . . *Anon.*

HARRY EDWARD HAMILTON.

Jamie . . . . . *Anon.*

MYRTICE DEERING CHENEY.

Extract from "Hypatia" . . . . . *Kingsley.*

EVERETT LAMONT GETCHELL.

The Judgment Day . . . . . *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

AUGUSTA COTTLE.

MUSIC.

The Blacksmith's Story . . . . . *Frank Olive.*

FRANK LINDLEY PURINTON.

Jack, the Fisherman . . . . . *Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.*

FRED MORGAN PADELFOED.

How Tom did n't get his Holiday . . . . . *Mark Twain.*

MARY SIBYLLA CROSWELL.

MUSIC.

The Blue and the Gray . . . . . *Bushnell.*

CHARLES WINSLOW TURNER.

The Maiden Martyr . . . . . *Anon.*

ETHEL ELIZABETH FARR.

The Hero Woman . . . . . *George Libbard.*

LEVI PARKER WYMAN.

MUSIC.

# Awards for the Year '93-'94.

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## Class of 1893.

### SENIOR EXHIBITION.

Prize for excellence in composition to Grace Maud Coburn.

### GERMAN PRIZES.

First Prize to Leon Otis Glover ; Second Prize to Eva Marion Taylor.

## Class of 1894.

### JUNIOR PRIZE DECLAMATION.

Gentlemen : First Prize to William Bodle Tuthill ; Second Prize to Daniel Webster Kimball.

Ladies : First Prize to Annie Elizabeth Merrill ; Second Prize to Frank Horton Morrill.

### JUNIOR PRIZE DEBATE.

To George Henry Dwight L'Amoureux, Verne Mortier Whitman, and William Bodle Tuthill, speakers appointed on the negative of the question : " Resolved, that a law embodying the principle of license affords a better means of dealing with the liquor traffic, than does a law embodying the principle of prohibition."

## Class of 1895.

### SOPHOMORE PRIZE DECLAMATION.

Gentlemen : First Prize to J. Colby Bassett ; Second Prize to Fred Bryant.

### HAMLIN PRIZES.

First Prize to Lila P. Harden ; Second Prize to Linda Graves.

### HONORARY JUNIOR PARTS.

Gentlemen : *Greek*, J. Colby Bassett ; *Latin*, John Hedman ; *French*, Albert Turner Lane ; *English*, John Foster Philbrook.

Ladies : *Greek*, Linda Graves ; *Latin*, Carrie May True ; *French*, Clio Melissa Chilcott ; *English*, Mary Blanche Lane.

### Class of 1896.

#### HAMLIN PRIZES IN READING.

Gentlemen : First Prize to Harry Edward Hamilton ; Second Prize to Fred Morgan Padelford.

Ladies : First Prize to Augusta Cottle ; Second Prize to Ethel Elizabeth Farr.

### Class of 1897.

#### ENTRANCE PRIZES.

First Prize for superior excellence in preparation for college, to George Kemble Bassett, from the Coburn Classical Institute ; Second Prize to Fred Elmer Taylor, from Bath High School.





GREEK  
LETTER  
FRATERNITIES

ΕΚ

ΑΠΛ

ΔΤ

ΘΔΘ

ΔΚΕ

ΖΨ

S. N. L.

# Fraternity Conventions.

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## DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN. . . . . Oct. 11, 12, 13 and 14, 1893.

*Delegate* : F. W. PADELFOED, '94.

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## ZETA PSI.

ITHACA, N. Y. . . . . Jan. 5 and 6, 1894.

*Delegate* : S. A. BURLEIGH, '94.

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## DELTA UPSILON.

MADISON, WIS. . . . . Oct. 4, 5 and 6, 1893.

*Delegate* : J. KLEINHANS, JR.

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## PHI DELTA THETA.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND. . . . . May 7, 1894.

*Delegate* : E. C. CLARK, '94.

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# Delta Kappa Epsilon.



Founded at Yale University, 1844.

## ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

PHI . . . . .	Yale University . . . . .	1844
THETA . . . . .	Bowdoin College . . . . .	1844
XI . . . . .	Colby University . . . . .	1845
SIGMA . . . . .	Amherst College . . . . .	1846
GAMMA . . . . .	Vanderbilt University . . . . .	1847
PSI . . . . .	University of Alabama . . . . .	1847
UPSILON . . . . .	Brown University . . . . .	1850
CHI . . . . .	University of Mississippi . . . . .	1850
BETA . . . . .	University of North Carolina . . . . .	1851
ETA . . . . .	University of Virginia . . . . .	1852
KAPPA . . . . .	Miami University . . . . .	1852
LAMBDA . . . . .	Kenyon College . . . . .	1852
PI . . . . .	Dartmouth College . . . . .	1853
IOTA . . . . .	Central University of Kentucky . . . . .	1854
ALPHA ALPHA . . . . .	Middlebury College . . . . .	1854
OMICRON . . . . .	University of Michigan . . . . .	1855
EPSILON . . . . .	Williams College . . . . .	1855
RHO . . . . .	Lafayette College . . . . .	1855
TAU . . . . .	Hamilton College . . . . .	1856
MU . . . . .	Colgate University . . . . .	1856

NU . . . . .	College of the City of New York . . . . .	1856
BETA PHI . . . . .	University of Rochester . . . . .	1856
PHI CHI . . . . .	Rutgers College . . . . .	1861
PSI PHI . . . . .	De Pauw University . . . . .	1866
GAMMA PHI . . . . .	Wesleyan University . . . . .	1867
PSI OMEGA . . . . .	Rensselaer Polytechnic . . . . .	1867
BETA CHI . . . . .	Adelbert College . . . . .	1868
DELTA CHI . . . . .	Cornell University . . . . .	1870
PHI GAMMA . . . . .	Syracuse University . . . . .	1871
GAMMA BETA . . . . .	Columbia College . . . . .	1874
THETA ZETA . . . . .	University of California . . . . .	1876
ALPHA CHI . . . . .	Trinity College . . . . .	1879
PHI EPSILON . . . . .	University of Minnesota . . . . .	1889
SIGMA TAU . . . . .	Massachusetts Institute of Technology . . . . .	1890









## XI Chapter.

Established in 1845.

### FRATRES IN URBE.

APPLETON A. PLAISTED, '51.	Prof. CARLTON B. STETSON, '81.
HON. REUBEN FOSTER, '55.	Prof. SHAILER MATHEWS, '84.
Prof. EDWARD W. HALL, '62.	WILLIAM PULSIFER, M. D., '86.
Rev. ASA L. LANE, '62.	HARVEY D. EATON, '87.
HON. FRED A. WALDRON, '68.	ALBERT F. DRUMMOND, '88.
HORACE W. STEWART, '74.	ELWOOD T. WYMAN, '90.
FRANK K. SHAW, '81.	Prof. NORMAN L. BASSETT, '91.
Rev. W. H. SPENCER, D. D., UPSILON, '66.	DANA P. FOSTER, '91.

### FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

1894.

DREW T. HARTHORN.	GEORGE H. D. L'AMOUREUX.	NAHUM M. WING.
FREELAND HOWE, Jr.	HARRY W. OSGOOD.	VERNE M. WHITMAN.
	FRANK W. PADELFORD.	

1895.

J. COLBY BASSETT.	HARLAN P. FORD.	ARCHER JORDAN.
RALPH K. BEARCE.	WALTER L. GRAY.	HENRY W. NICHOLS.
FRED BRYANT.	STEPHEN H. HANSON.	HARRY T. WATKINS.
	JOHN HEDMAN.	

1896.

RICHARD P. COLLINS.	HOWARD C. HANSCOME.	CHARLES E. SAWTELLE.
H. WARREN FOSS.	WALTER L. HUBBARD.	JAMES L. THOMSON, Jr.
HASCALL S. HALL.	FRED M. PADELFORD.	

1897.

GEORGE K. BASSETT.	ALBERT R. KEITH.	FRED E. TAYLOR.
HANNIBAL H. CHAPMAN.	HERBERT S. PHILBRICK.	CHARLES H. WHITMAN.
ARTHUR J. DUNTON.	HENRY H. PUTNAM, Jr.	

# Zeta Psi.

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Founded at University of City of New York, 1846.

## ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

PHI . . . . .	University of City of New York . . . . .	1846
ZETA . . . . .	Williams College . . . . .	1848
DELTA . . . . .	Rutgers College . . . . .	1848
SIGMA . . . . .	University of Pennsylvania . . . . .	1850
CHI . . . . .	Colby University . . . . .	1850
EPSILON . . . . .	Brown University . . . . .	1852
RHO . . . . .	Harvard University . . . . .	1852
KAPPA . . . . .	Tufts College . . . . .	1855
TAU . . . . .	Lafayette College . . . . .	1857
UPSILON . . . . .	University of North Carolina . . . . .	1858
XI . . . . .	University of Michigan . . . . .	1858
PI . . . . .	Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute . . . . .	1865
LAMBDA . . . . .	Bowdoin College . . . . .	1868
PSI . . . . .	Cornell University . . . . .	1869
IOTA . . . . .	University of California . . . . .	1870
THETA XI . . . . .	University of Toronto . . . . .	1879
ALPHA . . . . .	Columbia College . . . . .	1879
ALPHA PSI . . . . .	McGill University . . . . .	1883
NU . . . . .	Case School of Applied Sciences . . . . .	1885
ETA . . . . .	Yale University . . . . .	1889
MU . . . . .	Leland Stanford, Jr. University . . . . .	1891
BETA . . . . .	University of Virginia . . . . .	1892





# Chi Chapter.

Established 1850.

## FRATRES IN URBE.

HON. SIMON S. BROWN, '58.	THOMAS W. KIMBALL, Δ, '81.
COL. FRANCIS A. HEATH, '58.	WARREN C. PHILBROOK, '82.
HON. NATHANIEL MEADER, '63.	FRANK B. HUBBARD, '84.
FRANK A. SMITH, '64.	SHERIDAN PLAISTED, '86.
FREDERICK C. THAYER, M. D., '64.	WILLIAM W. MERRILL, '88.
R. WESLEY DUNN, '68.	STEPHEN STARK, '92.
J. B. ATWOOD, Δ, '72.	DENNIS E. BOWMAN, '93.

## FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

	1894.	
JOSEPH B. ALEXANDER.		AUSTIN H. EVANS.
SAMUEL A. BURLEIGH.		WALTER F. KENRICK.
		CLARENCE W. PIERCE.
	1895.	
THEODORE E. HARDY.		CLARENCE E. TUPPER.
ROBERT V. HOPKINS.		PARKER M. WARD.
HUGH D. McLELLAN.		WILLIAM L. WATERS.
	1896.	
BENJAMIN R. CRAM.		ELFORD L. DURGAN.
HARRY W. DUNN.		CHARLES B. KIMBALL.
		CHARLES W. TURNER.
	1897.	
ROY M. BARKER.		CHARLES A. COX.
FRED B. BRADEEN.		J. FRED HILL.
		FRED M. MANSUR.

# Delta Upsilon.

Founded at Williams College, 1834.

## ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

Williams College . . . . .	1834
Union College . . . . .	1838
Amherst College . . . . .	1847
Hamilton College . . . . .	1847
Adelbert College . . . . .	1847
Colby University . . . . .	1850
University of Rochester . . . . .	1852
Middlebury College . . . . .	1856
Rutgers College . . . . .	1858
University of the City of New York . . . . .	1865
Colgate University . . . . .	1865
Cornell University . . . . .	1869
Marietta College . . . . .	1870
Syracuse University . . . . .	1873
University of Michigan . . . . .	1876
Northwestern University . . . . .	1880
Harvard University . . . . .	1880
University of Wisconsin . . . . .	1885
Lafayette College . . . . .	1885
Columbia College . . . . .	1885
Lehigh College . . . . .	1885
Tufts College . . . . .	1886
De Pauw University . . . . .	1887
University of Pennsylvania . . . . .	1888
University of Minnesota . . . . .	1890
Massachusetts Institute of Technology . . . . .	1891
Bowdoin College . . . . .	1892





— 1888 —



# Colby Chapter.

Established 1850.

Re-established 1878.

## FRATRES IN URBE.

PRES. B. L. WHITMAN, *Brown*, '87.

HON. EDMUND F. WEBB, '60.

JOEL F. LARRABEE, '87.

GEORGE S. FLOOD, '61.

HERBERT R. PURINTON, '91.

HORATIO R. DUNHAM, '86.

LELAND P. STURTEVANT, '91.

ALBERT M. RICHARDSON, '86.

ALBERT H. BICKMORE, '93.

## FRATRES IN UNIVERSITATE.

1894.

ALBERT L. BLANCHARD.

PERCY S. MERRILL.

JOHN T. COLEMAN.

FRANCIS B. PURINTON.

DANIEL W. KIMBALL.

WILLIAM B. TUTHILL.

JACOB KLEINHANS, JR.

1895.

JOHN F. PHILBROOK.

MELVIN E. SAWTELLE.

CHARLES E. PURINTON.

FREDOLFO O. WELCH.

HARRY T. RIGGS.

1896.

BENJAMIN COFFIN.

EVERETT L. GETCHELL.

ALBERT S. COLE.

ORVILLE J. GUPTILL.

CHARLES E. DOW.

HARRY E. HAMILTON.

CHARLES B. FULLER.

HAVEN METCALF.

1897.

GEORGE L. BAKER.

ERNEST E. NOBLE.

CHARLES L. CHAMBERLAIN.

HOWARD PIERCE.

WILLIAM H. HOLMES, JR.

CHARLES L. SNOW.

NEWHALL JACKSON.

HARRY B. WATSON.

◆ | Sigma Kappa. |  
+

Founded at Colby University, 1874.

**SORORES IN URBE.**

EMILY P. MEADER, '78.

LUCIA H. MORRILL, '93.

JENNIE M. SMITH, '81.

EMMA A. KNAUFF, '95.

JESSIE M. BUNKER, '94.

**SORORES IN UNIVERSITATE.**

Alpha Chapter.

1895.

ALICE M. BRAY.

ERMINA E. POTTLE.

CLIO M. CHILCOTT.

CARRIE M. TRUE.

LINDA GRAVES.

LILY S. PRAY.

LILA P. HARDEN.

MADGE S. WILSON.

1896.

MARY S. CROSWELL.

ADA E. EDGECOMB.

FLORENCE E. DUNN.

ETHEL E. FARR.

EDNA S. MOFFATT.

1897.

MERCY A. BRANN.

OCTAVIA W. MATHEWS.

EDITH B. HANSON.

ALICE L. NYE.

ANNIE L. KNIGHT.

ANNIE H. PEPPER.

## Beta Chapter.



1894.

SADIE L. BROWN.  
MARY L. CARLETON.  
FRANCES H. CHUTTER.  
LILLA M. HAZELTON.  
ELINOR F. HUNT.

CLARA G. JONES.  
ANNIE E. MERRILL.  
CLARA P. MORRILL.  
FRANK H. MORRILL.  
ANNIE M. RICHARDSON.

GRACE C. ILSLEY.

1895.

ABBIE E. FOUNTAIN.

MARY B. LANE.

CLARA B. TOZIER.

1896.

MYRTICE D. CHENEY.  
CLARA L. HOXIE.

GERTRUDE L. ILSLEY.  
ETHEL M. PRATT.



## Gamma Chapter.

1896.

AUGUSTA COTTLE.  
EDNA F. DASCOMBE.  
LUTIE M. FRENCH.  
ETHEL GOLDTHWAITE.  
FLORA M. HOLT.  
SARA B. MATHEWS.

JESSIE E. PEPPER.  
LILLA A. PRAY.  
OLIVE L. ROBBINS.  
CHRISTINE F. TOOKER.  
NINA G. VOSE.  
EVELYN M. WHITMAN.

# \* Phi Delta Theta. \*



Founded at Miami University, 1888.

## ROLL OF CHAPTERS.

OHIO ALPHA	. .	Miami University	. . . .	1848
INDIANA ALPHA	. .	Indiana University	. . . .	1849
KENTUCKY ALPHA	. .	Center College	. . . .	1850
INDIANA BETA	. .	Wabash College	. . . .	1851
WISCONSIN ALPHA	. .	University of Wisconsin	. . . .	1857
ILLINOIS ALPHA	. .	Northwestern University	. . . .	1859
INDIANA GAMMA	. .	Butler University	. . . .	1859
OHIO BETA	. .	Ohio Wesleyan University	. . . .	1860
INDIANA DELTA	. .	Franklin College	. . . .	1860
INDIANA EPSILON	. .	Hanover College	. . . .	1860
MICHIGAN ALPHA	. .	University of Michigan	. . . .	1864
INDIANA ZETA	. .	De Pauw University	. . . .	1868
OHIO GAMMA	. .	Ohio University	. . . .	1868
VIRGINIA ALPHA	. .	Roanoke University	. . . .	1869
MISSOURI ALPHA	. .	Missouri University	. . . .	1870
ILLINOIS DELTA	. .	Knox College	. . . .	1871
GEORGIA ALPHA	. .	University of Georgia	. . . .	1871
GEORGIA BETA	. .	Emory College	. . . .	1871
IOWA ALPHA	. .	Iowa Wesleyan University	. . . .	1871
GEORGIA GAMMA	. .	Mercer University	. . . .	1872
OHIO DELTA	. .	University of Wooster	. . . .	1872
NEW YORK ALPHA	. .	Cornell University	. . . .	1872
PENNSYLVANIA ALPHA	. .	Lafayette College	. . . .	1873
CALIFORNIA ALPHA	. .	University of California	. . . .	1873
MICHIGAN BETA	. .	Michigan Agricultural College	. . . .	1873
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MASSON'S BANNER





PENNSYLVANIA BETA . . .	Pennsylvania College . . . . .	1875
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BETA BETA	.	Southern University	.	.	Alabama.
BETA DELTA	.	University of Alabama	.	.	Alabama.
BETA PSI	.	Leland Stanford, Jr. University	.	.	California.
ALPHA OMEGA	.	University of Florida	.	.	Florida.
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BETA NU	.	Middle Georgia M. and A. C.	.	.	Georgia.
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ALPHA MU	.	Adrian College	.	.	Michigan.
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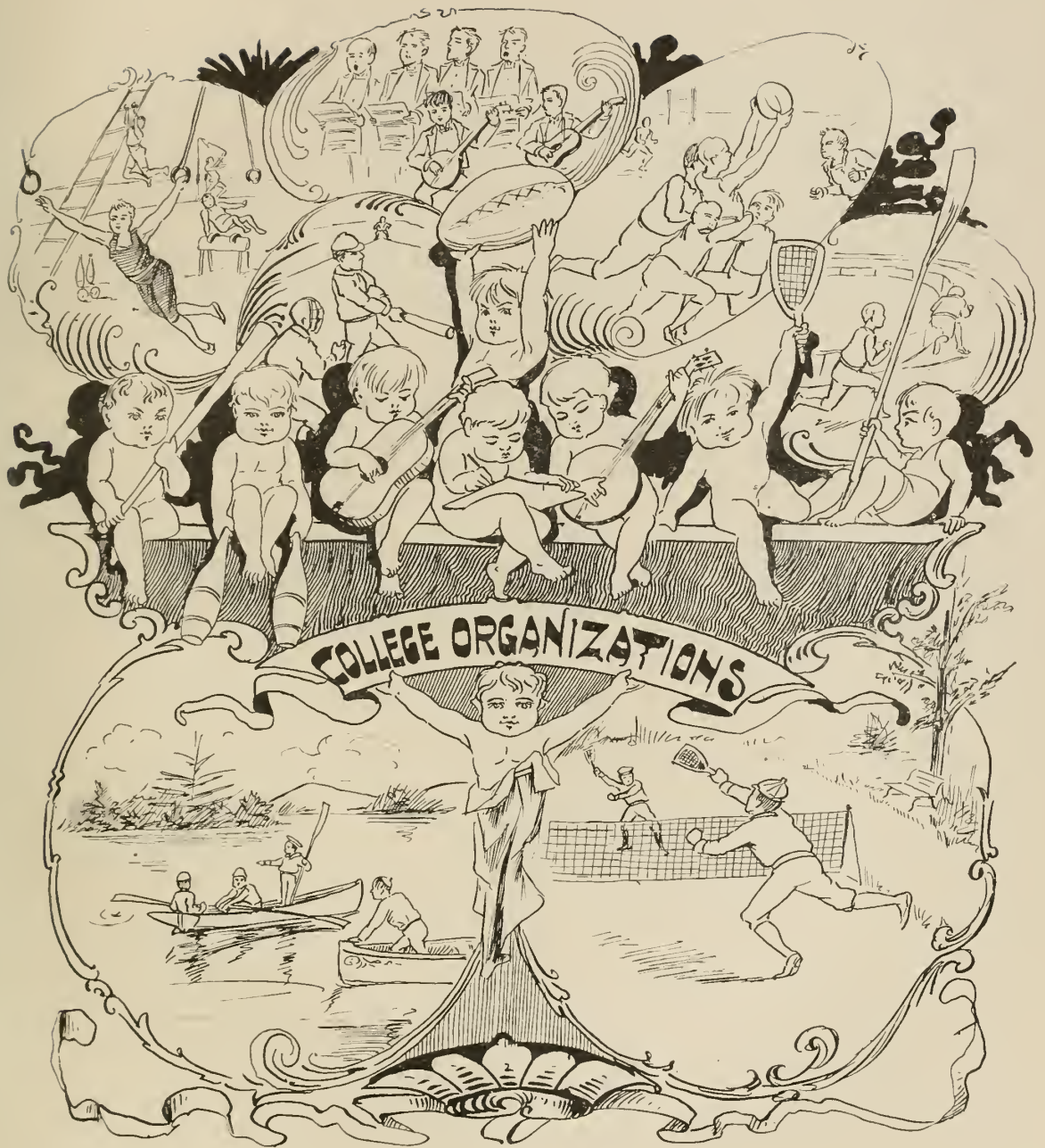


## Summary



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### DAILIES.

Boston Journal.	Portland Advertiser.	Eastern Argus.
Boston Herald.	Kennebec Journal.	St. Croix News, Calais.
Boston Globe.	Lewiston Journal.	Biddeford Evening Times.
Portland Evening Times.	Bangor News.	

### WEEKLIES.

Harper's.	Young Men's Era.	Waterville Sentinel.
Frank Leslie's.	Zion's Advocate.	Bangor Commercial.
Judge.	Zion's Herald.	Bangor News.
Puck.	The Watchman.	Aroostook Times.
Portland Advertiser.	Young People's Union.	Eastport Sentinel.
Portland Herald.	Courier-Gazette.	Oroville Register.
Portland Sunday Times.	Oxford Democrat.	American Cultivator.
Portland Transcript.	Norway Advertiser.	Ellsworth American.
Scientific American.	Farmington Chronicle.	Somerset Reporter.
Christian Leader.	Calais Times.	Fairfield Journal.
Gospel Banner.	Waterville Mail.	Belfast Age.
	Journal of Education.	

### MONTHLIES.

Harper's.	Century.	Musical Record.
Belfast Teacher.	Missionary Magazine.	

# The Reading Room.

---

THE Reading Room. Ah! Could I have struck a more responsive chord? For instantly there comes up to the memory of alumnus and upper-classman alike, distinct visions of revels and episodes of the past. Perhaps he remembers how he used to borrow the contents of the self-replenishing oil tank. He sees in memory the reading room thronged with a crowd eager to reach some aged barrel fresh from the quiet recesses of the Winslow cider mill. He perceives, in recollection, an atmosphere dim and hazy with nicotine vapors, and a floor deftly strewn with bits of paper, worn out peanut shells, and the like. Such was the reading room of the past, hallowed by the impressive rites of the Ah. Skyward Society and the mystic strains of Phi Chi, whose sweet spirit is now at rest.

But let us turn the page and behold the reading room of to-day. A bit of history. In the early part of the present college year, it became the general opinion of students and faculty that the reading room of the future must be a reading room in fact, as well as in name. A reform movement was agitated, and heartily supported by all. Officers were chosen; funds were subscribed; work was begun in earnest; and the result is the improved reading room of the present, one of the most important innovations of the year. As you step into the room, pleasantly tinted walls meet the eye. *Whole* papers adorn the racks. You notice, too, that the list on file has been improved and enlarged. Long tables loaded with the best illustrated weeklies and monthlies invite you; while the most notable feature of all is the many comfortable chairs scattered here and there. The whole room is well lighted by electricity, and the oil tank is no longer a disturbing element in the oil market.

Such is the reading room of the present. It might be better, for the ideal has by no means been reached; but notable progress has been made, and the reading room of to-day plays an important part in our college life.

W. L. J.

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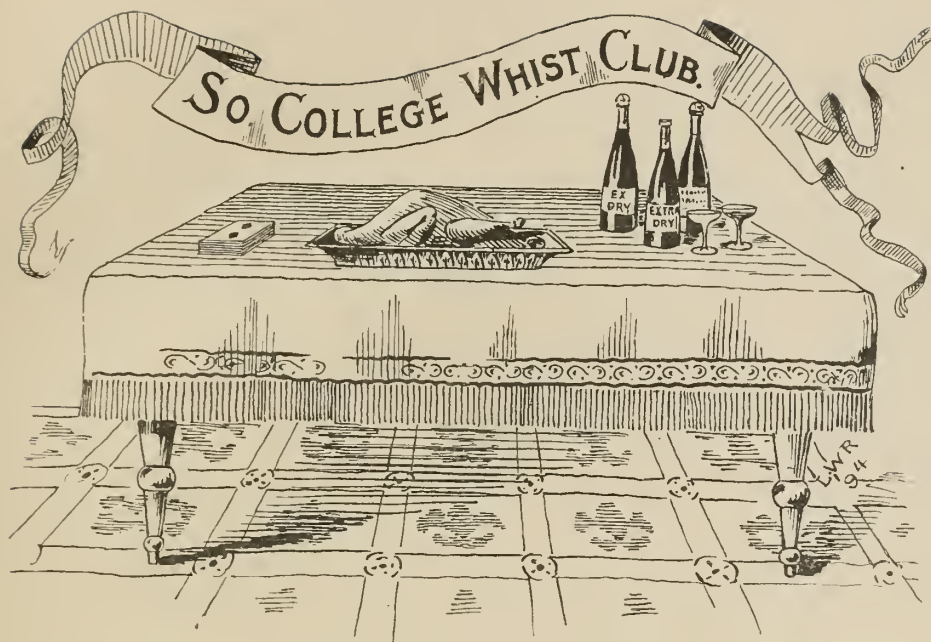
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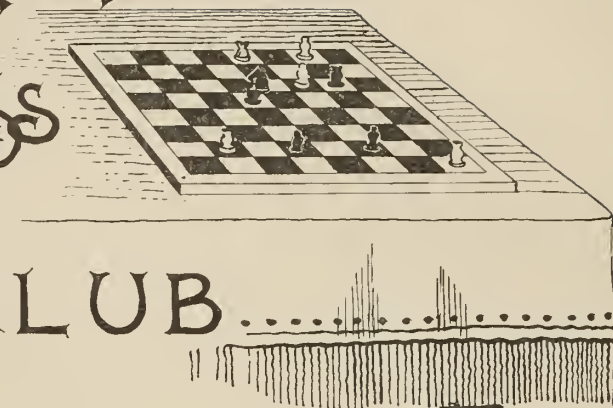
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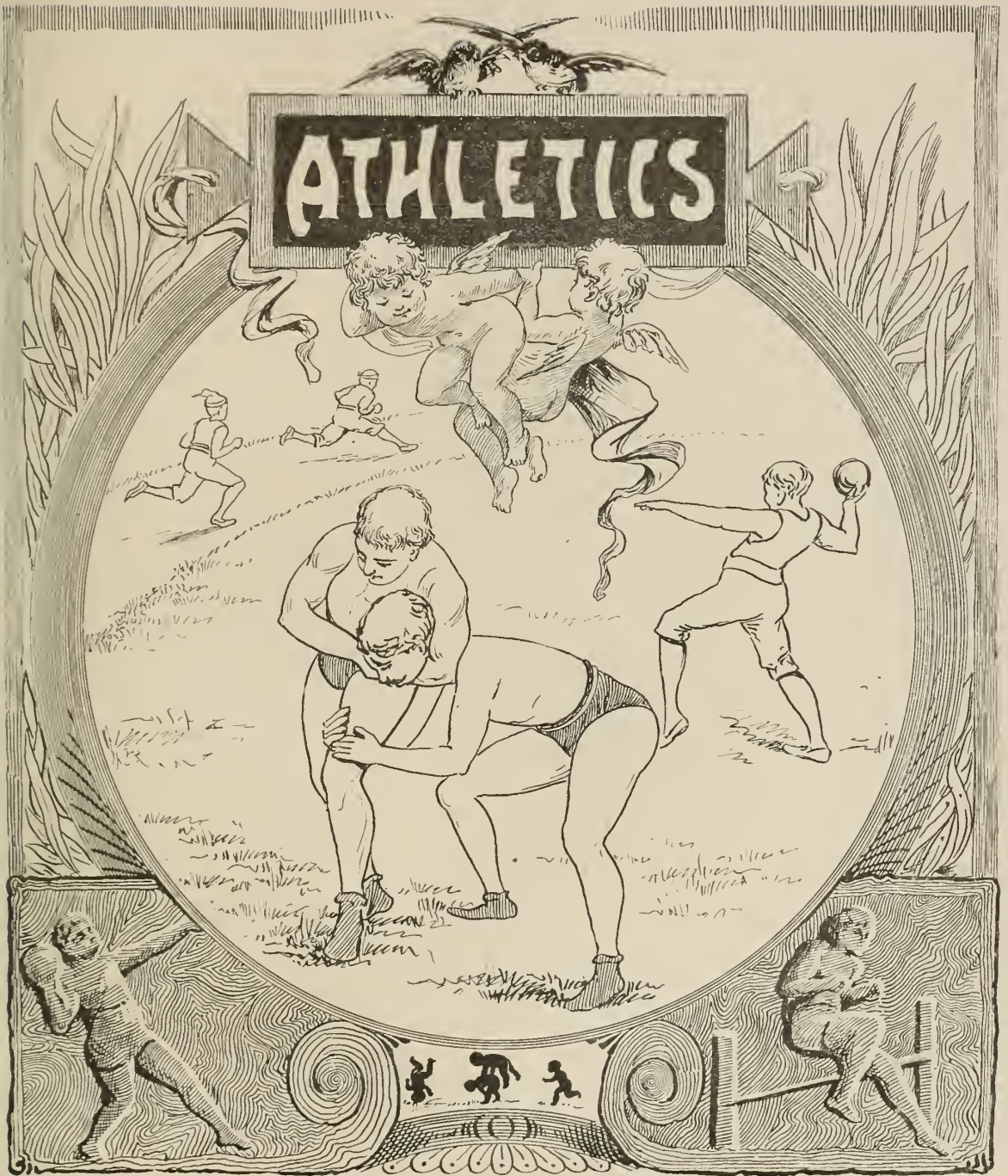
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# Annual Athletic Exhibition.



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A. JORDAN, '95 . . . . . Leader.

W. L. HUBBARD. F. B. BRADEEN. D. T. HARTHORN. H. H. PRATT.

### SPECIAL CLUB SWINGING.

V. M. WHITMAN, '94. F. M. PADELFORD, '96.

MUSIC . . . . . ORCHESTRA.

### HORIZONTAL BAR.

R. V. HOPKINS, '95 . . . . . Leader.

F. HOWE, Jr. A. JORDAN. R. P. COLLINS. L. P. WYMAN.

B. R. CRAM.

### SPECIAL EVENTS.

FENCING . . . G. H. D. L'AMOUREUX, '94, and H. C. HANSCOM, '95.

SINGLE STICK . . . H. T. RIGGS, '95, and J. F. PHILBROOK, '95.

BOXING . . . J. S. LYNCH, '94, and A. W. SNARE, '95.

MUSIC . . . . . ORCHESTRA.

**INDIAN CLUB DRILL.**

Class '96 . . . . . F. M. PADELFORD, Leader.  
R. P. COLLINS. H. W. DUNN. C. B. FULLER. H. S. HALL.  
W. L. HUBBARD. C. B. KIMBALL.  
H. H. PRATT. L. P. WYMAN.

**SPECIAL TUMBLING.**

C. E. PURINTON and CHARLES WHEELER.  
F. HOWE, Jr., and A. JORDAN.  
W. L. HUBBARD and H. W. DUNN.  
H. H. PUTNAM, Jr.

**SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT.**

FLYING TRAPEZE . . . . . MR. JAMES BROWN.

**FLYING RINGS.**

H. S. HALL, '96 . . . . . Leader.  
B. R. CRAM. H. L. SWAN. A. R. KEITH. W. L. HUBBARD.

**POLE VAULTING.**

V. M. WHITMAN. S. H. HANSON. A. E. HOOPER. H. L. SWAN.

**PYRAMIDS.**

E. C. CLARK, '94 . . . . . Leader.  
F. HOWE, Jr. A. JORDAN. W. L. GRAY. C. E. PURINTON.  
H. W. DUNN. H. E. HAMILTON. W. L. HUBBARD.  
F. B. BRADEEN. H. H. PUTNAM, Jr.  
H. S. HALL. B. R. CRAM.  
R. P. COLLINS. CHARLES WHEELER.

**JUDGES.**

E. T. WYMAN. A. F. DRUMMOND. J. F. LARRABEE.

Prize for Class Drill awarded to '97.



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# The Athletic Exhibition.



FOR the last two or three years the conviction has been gradually forcing itself upon the minds of undergraduates and alumni, that athletic work at Colby is on the decline. It is not the purpose of this article to engage in a discussion of the causes leading up to this condition, but simply to describe the effort which has been made, the past winter, to revive interest in this branch of college work. Since 1889 Colby has given no public Athletic Exhibition, although it has been the fond hope and pet scheme of the Gymnasium Instructor each year. As to the causes, there is a diversity of opinion; but the chief reason seems to have been a gradual death of athletic spirit among the boys. This year, as usual, Prof. Currie began, at the opening of the winter term, to talk and work for an exhibition; and, as usual, little heed was paid to his exhortations. At length, however, his earnestness and enthusiasm enlisted the interest of the upper-classmen. After considering the matter, it seemed that if an athletic exhibition could be worked up, it might carry with it enthusiasm enough to revive athletic spirit along other lines. Accordingly the matter was laid before the Athletic Association, and it was voted to assume the responsibility for an exhibition to be given toward the close of the term. J. L. Pepper, '89, was secured as trainer for the bar-men and tumblers, with good results. Considerable enthusiasm was aroused among the boys at large; and during the time that Mr. Pepper was with us, a number of new athletes were developed, while the old ones showed rapid improvement. Some new tricks were learned, the old ones were perfected, and the whole systematized. At the end of two weeks and a half, the opening of the Brunswick Medical School deprived us of the services of Mr. Pepper, although he continued to come up twice a week, to criticise and suggest, until the time of the exhibition.

The exhibition itself, which was given in the City Hall, March 6, was on the whole successful, though a failure from a financial standpoint. Although well advertised, the attendance was much smaller than might have been expected, and

in consequence the Association failed to cover expenses. The performance went off with scarcely a hitch from start to finish, remarkably well in view of the fact that most of the men were passing through a new experience. The competitive class drills were decided in favor of the class of '97, which presented a dumb-bell drill. One of the features of the exhibition was the club swinging, by Whitman, '94, and Padelford, '96. Their exhibition of torch-club swinging was the first of the kind in this part of the country, and was very finely executed. Another feature was the performance of Mr. Ed Brown, of Bath, in his trapeze act. Mr. Brown is an expert in mid-air acrobatics, and his work on the trapeze called forth considerable applause from the audience. The pyramids, with which the exhibition closed, went off very smoothly, and much credit is due to the leader, Clark, '94, for the success with which this part of the programme was carried out. A dance at the close of the exhibition finished the evening very enjoyably.

On the whole, the outlook for another year is very encouraging. Much good material exists in the college, which will, at the beginning of another year, be in better shape to work up an exhibition. Much valuable experience has been gained, and an enthusiasm remains which should ensure, for another year, an exhibition which will be as much better than that of this year, as that was better than none. In closing, we would express our heartiest thanks to Mr. Charles Wheeler for so kindly assisting us in the tumbling, and also to Prof. Currie, whose untiring enthusiasm and devotion contributed in no small measure to the success of the exhibition.

G. H. D. L'A.



# Fifteenth Annual Field Day.

Island Park, June 16th, 1893.

## FIELD OFFICERS.

<i>Master of Ceremonies</i>	J. H. OGIER, '93.
<i>Referee</i>	Prof. A. J. ROBERTS, '90.
<i>Judges</i>	J. F. LARRABEE, '87, F. J. GOODRIDGE.
<i>Starter</i>	O. L. HALL, '93.
<i>Time-Keeper</i>	H. K. KALLOCH, '92.

## EVENTS.

	<i>One Hundred Yards Dash.</i>	
HOXIE, First.	11 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.	F. L. H. PURINTON, Second.
	<i>Putting Shot.</i>	
PERKINS, First.	30 feet.	FORD, Second.
	<i>Hurdle Race (220 yards).</i>	
HOXIE, First.	28 $\frac{1}{4}$ seconds.	LATLIP, Second.
	<i>Foot-Ball Kick.</i>	
ROBINSON, First.	160 feet.	ROWLEY, Second.
	<i>Pole Vault.</i>	
*STIMSON, First.	8 feet, 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.	V. M. WHITMAN, Second.
	<i>Half-mile Run.</i>	
STIMSON, First.	2 minutes, 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ seconds.	JORDAN, Second.
	<i>Throwing Hammer.</i>	
ROWLEY, First.	68 feet, 10 inches.	HAMILTON, Second.

LATLIP, First.	<i>Hurdle Race (100 yards).</i>	HOXIE, Second.
	15½ seconds.	
HOOPER, First.	<i>Running High Jump.</i>	STIMSON, Second.
	5 feet.	
HOXIE, First.	<i>220-Yards Dash.</i>	LATLIP, Second.
	25¾ seconds.	
*HANSON, First.	<i>Running Broad Jump.</i>	LATLIP, Second.
	18 feet, 6¾ inches.	
SNARE, First.	<i>Bicycle Race.</i>	NICHOLS, Second.
	3 minutes, 51¾ seconds.	
HOPKINS, First.	<i>Base-Ball Throw.</i>	OSGOOD, Second.
	293 feet, 6 inches.	
STIMSON, First.	<i>Standing High Jump.</i>	HOOPER, Second.
	4 feet.	
JORDAN, First.	<i>Mile Run.</i>	STIMSON, Second.
	6 minutes, 23 seconds.	
*STIMSON, First.	<i>Standing Broad Jump.</i>	JORDAN, Second.
	9 feet, 2¼ inches.	
	<i>Tug O' War.</i>	
Class of '95 . . . . .	FORD, WATERS, McLELLAN, SNARE.	
Class of '96 . . . . .	HAMILTON, PURINTON, TOOKER, THOMPSON.	
	Won by '95.	

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Class cup won by '94.

Best individual record won by C. F. Stimson, '93.

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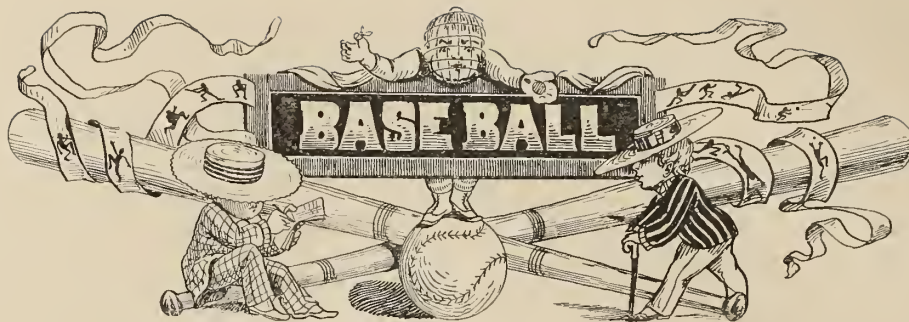
\* Best Colby record broken.

# New England Inter-collegiate Records.

EVENTS.	RECORD.	CHAMPION.
100-yards Dash,	10 1-4 sec.	H. S. Patterson, Williams.
220-yards Dash,	22 3-5 sec.	Ide, Dartmouth.
440-yards Dash,	50 1-5 sec.	Shattuck, Amherst.
Half-Mile Run,	2 min., 1 2-3 sec.	Dadmun, Worcester.
Mile Run,	4 min., 32 1-5 sec.	J. O. Jarvis, Wesleyan.
Two-Mile Run,	10 min., 8 2-5 sec.	J. O. Jarvis, Wesleyan.
120-yards Hurdle,	16 3-5 sec.	S. Chase, Dartmouth.
220-yards Hurdle,	26 sec.	Ide, Dartmouth.
Two-Mile Bicycle (ordinary),	5 min., 50 3-5 sec.	E. M. Bliss, Amherst.
Running High Jump,	5 ft., 9 in.	Abbot, Dartmouth.
Running Broad Jump,	21 ft., 1 1-2 in.	Potter, Dartmouth.
Pole Vault,	10 ft., 9 in.	Towne, Williams.
Throwing Hammer,	98 ft., 3 1-2 in.	J. S. Ellis, Brown.
Putting Shot,	38 ft., 3 1-2 in.	Alexander, Amherst.

## Best Colby Records.

EVENTS.	RECORD.	CHAMPION.
100-yards Dash,	10 sec.	Emerson, '84.
220-yards Dash,	23 sec.	Emerson, '84.
440-yards Dash,	53 sec.	Andrews, '82.
One-Mile Run,	5 min., 6 1-2 sec.	Nowell, '84.
100-yards Hurdle,	14 4-5 sec.	Parsons, '91.
Running High Jump,	5 ft., 4 in.	Trask, '80.
Running Broad Jump,	18 ft., 6 3-4 in.	Hanson, '95.
Pole Vault,	8 ft., 11 1-2 in.	Stimson, '93.
Putting 16-pound Shot,	32 ft.	Foster, '91.
Throwing 16-pound Hammer,	77 ft.	Hight, '94.
Hop, Step, and Jump,	41 ft., 1-2 in.	Emerson, '83.
One-Mile Bicycle Race,	3 min., 23 sec.	Lombard, '93.
Throwing Base-Ball,	314 ft., 7 in.	Larrabee, '87.
Standing Broad Jump,	9 ft., 2 1-4 in.	Stimson, '93.
Foot-Ball Kick,	160 ft.	Robinson, '95.



## Base-Ball Association.

<i>President and Manager</i>	J. S. LYNCH, '94.
<i>Vice-President</i>	H. D. McLELLAN, '95.
<i>Secretary</i>	F. O. WELCH, '95.
<i>Collector</i>	W. L. GRAY, '95.
<i>First Director</i>	G. H. D. L'AMOUREUX, '94.
<i>Second Director</i>	H. T. WATERHOUSE, '95.
<i>Third Director</i>	T. C. TOOKER, '96.
<i>Scorer</i>	A. JORDAN, '95.

### UNIVERSITY TEAM FOR 1894.

G. W. HOXIE, '94	Captain and 2nd B.
V. M. WHITMAN, '94	P. C. E. PURINTON, '94 . 3d. B.
B. COFFIN, '96	C. L. T. PATTERSON, '94 . L. F.
E. S. OSBORNE, '97	1st B. V. C. TOTMAN, '94 . C. F.
F. B. PURINTON, '94	S. S. H. W. OSGOOD, '94 . R. F.

### SUBSTITUTES.

C. A. STURTEVANT, '97.	F. A. ROBERTS, '97.
------------------------	---------------------



Totman, '94  
C. E. Purinton, '94

Lynch, '94, Mgr.  
Coffin, '96  
Roberts, '97

Osborne, '97  
Hoxie, '94, Capt.

F. B. Purinton, '94  
Whitman, '94  
Osgood, '94

Sturtevant, '97  
Latlip, '94

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# ❖ Class Teams ❖



'94

G. W. HOXIE . . . Captain and C.	
V. M. WHITMAN . . . P.	J. KLEINHANS, JR. . . S. S.
F. S. LATLIP . . . 1st B.	H. W. OSGOOD . . . L. F.
F. B. PURINTON . . . 2d B.	P. S. MERRILL . . . C. F.
V. C. TOTMAN . . . 3d B.	A. H. EVANS . . . R. F.

'95.

H. W. NICHOLS . . . Captain and P.	
H. T. WATKINS . . . C.	FRED BRYANT . . . C. F.
JOHN HEDMAN . . . 1st B.	H. D. McLELLAN . . . 3d B.
ARCHER JORDAN . . . 2d B.	S. H. HANSON . . . L. F.
J. COLBY BASSETT . . . S. S.	R. V. HOPKINS . . . R. F.

'96.

B. COFFIN . . . Captain and C.	
J. L. THOMPSON . . . 1st B.	F. I. BURTON . . . P.
H. C. HANSCOM . . . 2d B.	T. C. TOOKER . . . L. F.
C. B. KIMBALL . . . 3d B.	L. P. WYMAN . . . R. F.
C. L. CURTIS . . . S. S.	R. P. COLLINS . . . C. F.

'97.

W. H. HOLMES . . . Captain and P.	
C. A. STURTEVANT . . . C.	G. K. BASSETT . . . S. S.
E. S. OSBORNE . . . 1st B.	W. F. TITCOMB . . . L. F.
H. H. PUTMAN . . . 2d B.	H. S. PHILBRICK . . . R. F.
F. A. ROBERTS . . . 3d B.	C. H. WHITMAN . . . C. F.





Hopkins, '95      Putnam, '97      Thompson, '96      Gray, '95      Hamilton, '96      Sturtevant, '97  
 Ford, '95      McLellan, '95      Alexander, '94, Mgr.      Turner, '96      Hanscom, '96      Bradeen, '97  
 Jordan, '95      Waters, '95      Robinson, '95, Capt.      Snare, '95      C. E. Purinton, '94

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# Class Elevens.

'94.

*Captain and Quarter Back, C. E. PURINTON.*

RIGHT.		LEFT.	
E. C. CLARK.	Guards	W. F. ROWLEY.	
R. M. MAHLMAN.	Tackles	F. L. TOZIER.	
J. S. LYNCH.	Ends	T. A. POLLARD.	
G. W. HOXIE.	Half Backs	F. S. LATLIP.	
<i>Centre, C. W. PIERCE.</i>			
<i>Full Back, V. C. TOTMAN.</i>			

'95.

*Captain and Full Back, S. R. ROBINSON.*

RIGHT.		LEFT.	
H. T. RIGGS.	Guards	H. P. FORD.	
H. D. McLELLAN.	Tackles	W. L. WATERS.	
A. W. SNARE.	Ends	R. V. HOPKINS.	
H. T. WATKINS.	Half Backs	ARCHER JORDAN.	
<i>Centre, W. L. GRAY.</i>			
<i>Quarter Back, S. H. HANSON.</i>			

'96.

*Captain and Centre, H. E. HAMILTON.*

RIGHT.		LEFT.	
T. C. TOOKER.	Guards	L. P. WYMAN.	
J. L. THOMPSON.	Tackles	C. L. CURTIS.	
H. C. HANSCOM.	Ends	W. L. HUBBARD.	
C. W. TURNER.	Half Backs	E. L. DURGAN.	
<i>Quarter Back, A. S. COLE.</i>			
<i>Full Back, BENJAMIN COFFIN.</i>			

'97.

*Captain and Centre*, H. H. CHAPMAN.

RIGHT.		LEFT.		
G. L. BAKER.	. . .	<i>Guards</i>	. . .	F. E. TAYLOR.
A. J. DUNTON.	. . .	<i>Tackles</i>	. . .	HOWARD PIERCE.
H. B. WATSON.	. . .	<i>Ends</i>	. . .	F. M. MANSUR.
C. A. STURTEVANT.	. . .	<i>Half Backs</i>	. . .	H. H. PUTNAM.

*Quarter Back*, F. B. BRADEEN.

*Full Back*, W. H. HOLMES.

## After the Ball.

[Revised for the ORACLE.]

A little Freshman climbed a Senior's knees,  
Begged for a story — "Do tell me, please,  
Why are you lame so — can't walk at all?  
Why are n't you out with us, playing foot-ball" ?  
"I used to play it, long years ago ;  
Why I can't now, dear, you soon will know.  
I had a leg once — broke it, that's all ;  
I did it *playing* after the ball."

After the game is over, after the crowd has fled,  
After the dead are buried, after the wounded, dead ;  
Many the bones are broken, if you could count them all,  
Many the heads that are aching, after the ball.

"Bright stars were flashing through my battered brain,  
Kicks and blows upon me fell like dashing rain ;  
Then came a blank, dear, I took a fall,  
And sighed for water, after the brawl.  
When I came to again, there stood a man  
Sawing my leg off, as doctors can.  
So now I'm crippled — no leg at all —  
Which comes from playing after the ball."

H. M.



## Tennis Association.

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	A. H. BERRY, '94.
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	R. V. HOPKINS, '95.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	F. B. PURINTON, '94.
<i>First Director</i>	. . . . .	F. L. AMES, '94.
<i>Second Director</i>	. . . . .	J. F. PHILBROOK, '95.
<i>Third Director</i>	. . . . .	H. W. FOSS, '96.

### WINNERS OF '93 TOURNAMENT.

#### *Singles.*

First, C. N. PERKINS, '93. Second, C. F. STIMSON, '93.

#### *Doubles.*

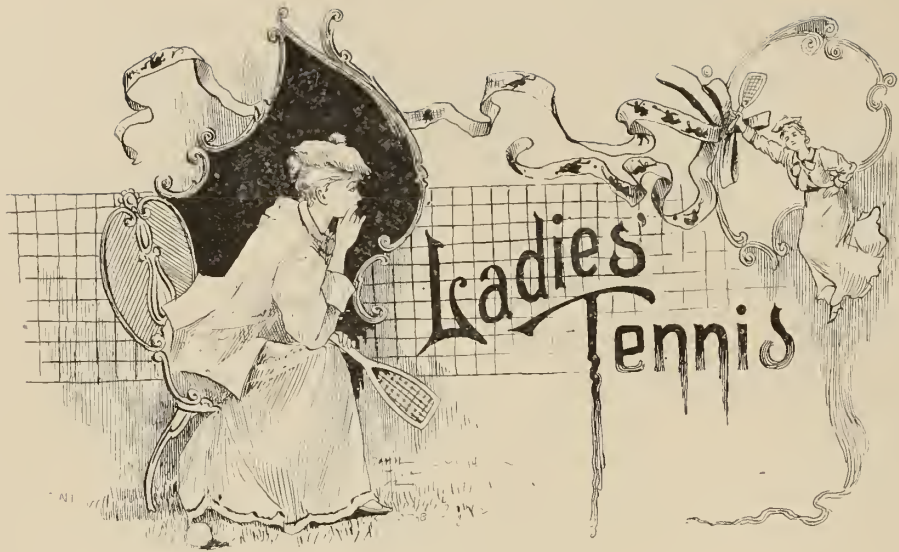
First, C. N. PERKINS, '93, AND H. M. CONNERS, '93.

Second, C. F. STIMSON, '93, AND R. N. MILLETT, '93.

Representatives at the Intercollegiate Tournament, Portland.

*Singles* : C. N. PERKINS, '93, C. F. STIMSON, '93.

*Doubles* : C. N. PERKINS, '93, H. M. CONNERS, '93.



## Ladies' Tennis Association.



<i>President</i>	. . . . .	MADGE S. WILSON.
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	FLORA M. HOLT.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	ETHEL E. FARR.

### Executive Committee.

ALICE M. BRAY.	MARY S. CROSWELL.	ELMIRA S. NELSON.
----------------	-------------------	-------------------

Winner of Tournament, 1893.

KATHARINE BERRY, '93.





## Colby Cycle Club.

<i>President</i>	. . . . .	S. A. BURLEIGH.
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	F. W. PEAKES.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	E. L. DURGAN.
<i>Captain</i>	. . . . .	E. C. CLARK.
<i>First Lieutenant</i>	. . . . .	FREELAND HOWE, JR.
<i>Second Lieutenant</i>	. . . . .	P. S. MERRILL.
<i>Bugler</i>	. . . . .	A. W. SNARE.

### MEMBERS.

T. H. KINNEY.	FRED BRYANT.	C. B. KIMBALL.
W. F. ROWLEY.	S. R. ROBINSON.	C. W. TURNER.
L. W. ROBBINS.	C. W. PIERCE.	ARCHER JORDAN.
R. M. MAILMAN.	F. B. BRADEEN.	W. F. TITCOMB.
A. E. HOOPER.	C. E. PURINTON.	

### HONORARY MEMBERS.

PROF. W. A. ROGERS.	PROF. J. D. TAYLOR.
PROF. W. S. BAYLEY.	PROF. SHAILER MATHEWS.



<i>President</i>	. . . . .	CLIO M. CHILCOTT.
<i>Vice-President</i>	. . . . .	JESSIE E. PEPPER.
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	. . . . .	MIRIAM F. GALLERT.

MEMBERS.

CLIO M. CHILCOTT.	ELMIRA S. NELSON.
JESSIE E. PEPPER.	HATTIE B. VIGUE.
EVELYN M. WHITMAN.	MIRIAM F. GALLERT.
FLORENCE E. DUNN.	MINNIE E. GALLERT.
CHARLOTTE S. YOUNG.	NELLIE M. NICHOLS.
ANNIE H. PEPPER.	FANNIE M. PARKER.



## Boat Clubs.



### Δ K E CLUB.

H. W. OSGOOD.      N. M. WING.      R. K. BEARCE.      H. T. WATKINS.

### Z. Ψ. CLUB.

R. V. HOPKINS.      C. W. TURNER.      W. L. WATERS.      E. L. DURGAN.

### J. Ψ CLUB.

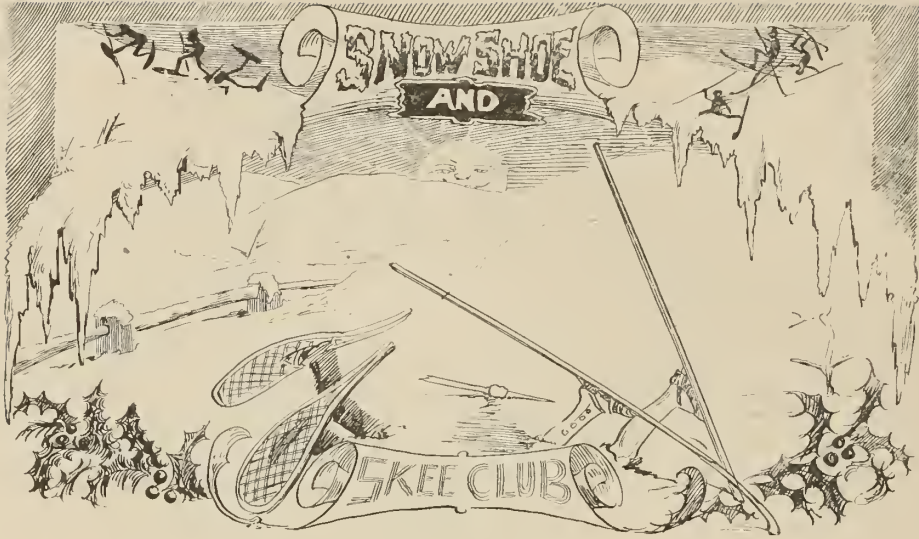
J. T. COLEMAN.      J. F. PHILBROOK.      H. T. RIGGS.      W. H. HOLMES.

### Φ Ψ Θ CLUB.

T. A. POLLARD.      F. W. PEAKES.      E. C. CLARK.      D. L. FLINT.

### CO-ORDINATION CLUB.

V. M. WHITMAN.      G. H. D. L'AMOUREUX.      ELINOR F. HUNT.      CLARA G. JONES.



*Captain* . . . . . JOHN HEDMAN.  
*First Lieutenant* . . . . . FREELAND HOWE, JR.  
*Second Lieutenant* . . . . . T. C. TOOKER.

MEMBERS.

G. H. D. L'AMOUREUX.	F. M. PADELFOED.
H. T. WATKINS.	H. S. HALL.
H. W. DUNN.	G. L. BAKER.
R. P. COLLINS.	A. W. SNARE.





# \* Musical Association. \*



<i>President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	E. C. CLARK.
<i>Vice-President</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	V. M. WHITMAN.
<i>Secretary</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	R. K. BEARCE.
<i>Treasurer</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	F. B. PURINTON.

## DIRECTORS.

<i>First</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	J. KLEINHANS, JR.
<i>Second</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	J. COLBY BASSETT.
<i>Third</i>	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	H. C. HANSCOM.



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Hamilton, '96    Cram, '96    H. L. Whitman, '94    Harthorne, '94    Snare, '95  
 Waters, '95    Riggs, '95    Hanscom, '96    Hanson, '95  
 Clark, '94, Mgr.    Bearce, '95    Kleinhaus, '94  
 Baker, '97    Howe, '94    C. H. Whitman, '97    V. M. Whitman, '94    Hodgkins, '94    Bradsen, '97  
 Bassett, '95



# Glee Club.



E. C. CLARK, '94, *Leader and Manager.*

## FIRST TENOR.

E. C. CLARK, '94.

H. E. HAMILTON, '96.

D. T. HARTHORN, '94.

C. H. WHITMAN, '97.

## SECOND TENOR.

F. B. PURINTON, '94.

H. C. HANSCOM, '96.

B. R. CRAM, '96.

H. L. WHITMAN, '94.

## FIRST BASS.

S. H. HANSON, '95.

R. K. BEARCE, '95.

W. L. WATERS, '95.

A. W. SNARE, '95.

## SECOND BASS.

V. M. WHITMAN, '94.

J. KLEINHANS, Jr., '94.

H. T. RIGGS, '95.



# Banjo and Guitar Club.

V. M. WHITMAN, '94, *Leader.*

## BANJOS.

J. COLBY BASSETT, '95.

F. B. BRADEEN, '97.

G. L. BAKER, '97.

## GUITARS.

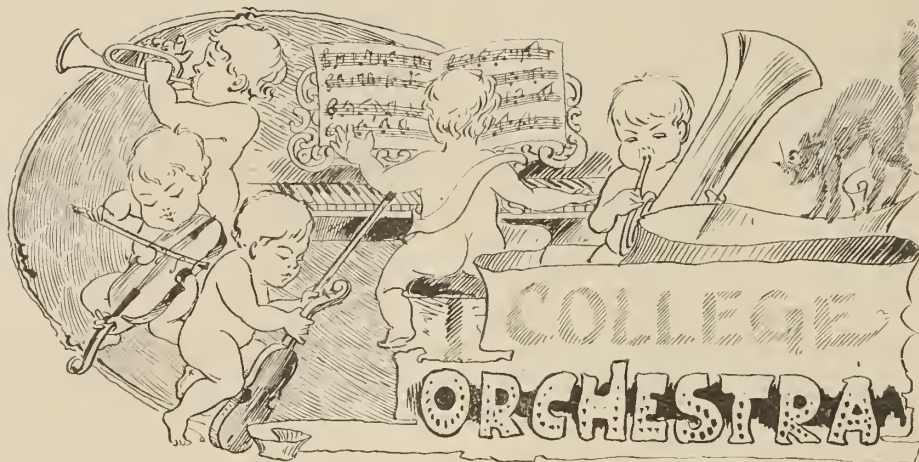
V. M. WHITMAN, '94.

H. C. HANSCOM, '96.

WELLINGTON HODGKINS, '94.

## MANDOLIN.

FREELAND HOWE, Jr., '94.



V. M. WHITMAN, '94, *Leader.*

<i>First Violin</i>	. . . . .	V. M. WHITMAN, '94.
<i>Second Violin</i>	. . . . .	H. T. RIGGS, '95.
<i>Cornet</i>	. . . . .	A. W. SNARE, '95.
<i>Bass</i>	. . . . .	E. C. CLARK, '94.
<i>Pianist</i>	. . . . .	C. H. WHITMAN, '97.

Furnished Music for College Hop at Soper's Hall, March 2, 1894.

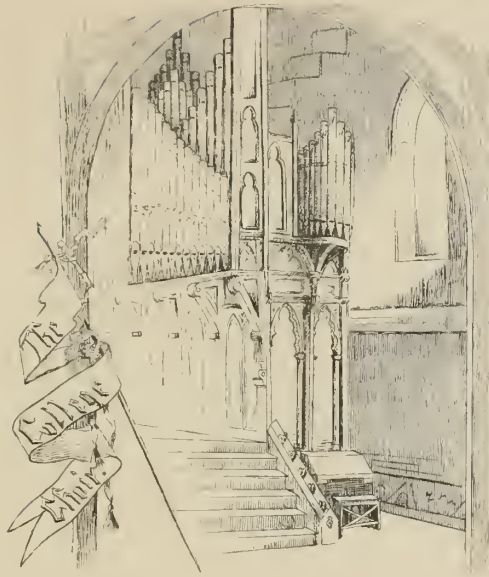
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## Ladies' '96 Quartette.

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ETHEL GOLDTHWAITE, *Leader.*

<i>First Soprano</i>	. . . . .	ETHEL GOLDTHWAITE.
<i>Second Soprano</i>	. . . . .	ETHEL E. FARR.
<i>First Alto</i>	. . . . .	JESSIE E. PEPPER.
<i>Second Alto</i>	. . . . .	SARA B. MATHEWS.



*Director* . . . F. B. PURINTON, '94.

**FIRST TENOR.**

E. C. CLARK, '94.

S. R. ROBINSON, '95.

**SECOND TENOR.**

F. B. PURINTON, '94.

D. T. HARTHORN, '94.

**FIRST BASS.**

W. L. WATERS, '95.

S. H. HANSON, '95.

**SECOND BASS.**

J. KLEINHANS, JR., '94.

V. M. WHITMAN, '94.

E. L. DURGAN, . . . *Organist.*



\* '94 Quartette \*

	E. C. CLARK . . . . .	<i>Leader and Business Manager.</i>
<i>First Tenor</i>	. . . . .	E. C. CLARK.
<i>Second Tenor</i>	. . . . .	F. B. PURINTON.
<i>Baritone</i>	. . . . .	V. M. WHITMAN.
<i>Basso</i>	. . . . .	J. KLEINHANS, Jr.

Engagements for the Season of '93 and '94.

Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, May 25 and 26, '93.

Waterville, Thayer's Hall, Oct. 26, '93.

Norway, Feb. 2, '94.

Augusta, Feb. 9, '94.

Sangerville, Feb. 20, '94.

Guilford, May 20, '94.

Assisted Glee Club on Spring Tour of 1893.

## The '94 Quartette in Retrospect.

“ In sweet music is such art,  
Killing care, and grief of heart,  
Fall asleep or, hearing, die.”

THE '94 Quartette ! To four of us, at least, these words bear a world of meaning. What a host of pleasant memories is associated with them. They speak of happy college days, so fair and yet so fleeting, of friendships dear and gay companions, of charming acquaintances, and of jest and jollity unstinted.

Many other quartettes have existed, but none quite like the “Colby '94 Quartette.” It was a red-letter day in the history of the college, and one of auspicious omen for the musical public, which marked the advent of the class of '94; for besides displaying other marked accomplishments, it was musically inclined. In this line '94 early began to attract more than ordinary attention; so that, when it became heralded abroad that the Freshmen had organized a class quartette, the news was not in the least astounding, but was received as a matter of course. That the musical nature of the class should attempt to realize itself in some such form, was to be expected; and so we find the '94 Quartette in the first stages of its evolution.

No quartette, perhaps, ever had so remarkable a *personnel*. The short, the tall, the fat, the lean are here represented. Its end men, besides being extremes in position and in vocal range, are extremes in personality. They possess only two characteristics in common,—both have exceedingly *sensitive* voices, and both are very *fluent linguists*. The middle men are extremes in height, and are usually more taciturn than the voluble “ends.” Great diversity of sentiment has always prevailed; each member has an opinion on every matter, and is perfectly free to express it. Exceeding frankness is another general characteristic of the Quartette which serves to show its members their weak points. Each has many times viewed his true image in the mirror of criticism, and nearly all have some weaknesses. Profoundly impressed with what he *seemed* to know about music, we *unanimously* elected the corpulent tenor to the responsible position of leader, and we never have had occasion to regret our choice thus made.

Once organized, the progress of the Quartette was swift and sure, being materially hastened by our leader's long musical experience with a country band.

Our first rehearsals were held in the college dormitories; and during these performances the Quartette would be roundly anathematized by those studiously bent. But with minds wilfully oblivious of all invective, doubtless well merited, and with hearts equally impervious to piteous pleadings for cessation, the singers would continue to let their sweet voices be heard upon the air. Only good results could be the outcome of such assiduous practice, and, in the minds of the Quartette at least, a high degree of musical excellence was quickly attained. At last, when that degree of proficiency was arrived at that a selection could be completed only two tones flat, and the First Tenor could remember a few of the words, we began to frame the bold project of giving public concerts. A church sociable was the scene of our maiden attempt, on which occasion we performed our part with credit to ourselves, gaining the gracious applause of our indulgent audience, which, in the belief of the writer, was the only thing we gained. The future success of the Quartette was now fully assured. It had actually secured an opportunity to sing before the public, had made its *début* without breaking down, and its incipient fame began to be heralded throughout the college town. Laudation greeted us on all sides, and our leader's pomposity began to develop. After we had thus amply demonstrated the fact that we could sing, our services were in great demand, and in many a local entertainment did the Quartette participate. Nor was our fame confined to our college town. As, when a stone is thrown into the water, the wavelets recede in undulating circles from the centre, so the circle of our renown set in motion by a Baptist sociable, spread far and wide. Neighboring towns heard of our vocal ability, engagements resulted, and ere long we were giving entertainments in remote sections of the State. We were everywhere kindly received (before the concert).

In the midst of such success we could not forget that, while we were a quartette, we were a class quartette. Hence every call made upon us by our class met with loyal response, and at reception or banquet our strains of rippling melody oft were heard, and '94 gloried in her quartette. So passed our Freshman year. The summer vacation necessitated a temporary disbandment, but the opening term of our Sophomore year brought us together once more with the determination to outdo, in the year that lay before us, all our former efforts in the musical line. We were no longer a Freshman quartette. As Sophomores, larger fields and new conquests awaited us.

We applied ourselves to practice with renewed zest, and soon had a full and varied *répertoire*. Thus equipped, we sallied forth prepared to furnish music of all kinds, "funer(e)al music a specialty." The fiat had gone forth, and the Glee Club which, during the past year, had existed in an embryonic state, and of which the '94 Quartette was the nucleus, was to take an extended tour throughout the State. A programme was drawn up, and the Quartette, its merit duly recognized, was assigned a selection. Right well did we sustain the confidence placed in us, and night after night the soothing strains of "A Father's Lullaby" calmed many a troubled heart. The trip was a grand success every way but financially, and the Quartette won fresh laurels. Thus the months glided by and the Commencement season was at hand, during which we reaped a rich harvest. The pleasing recollections of our experience at Houlton and Foxcroft are still fresh within our minds. The close of another college year brought a suspension of our labors.

During the Junior year the "Colby Quintette" was formed, and flaming posters dotted the landscape announcing "Grand Concerts"! and cautioning the public not to fail hearing "Prof. Kleinhans, the Whistler, and J. Colby Bassett, Banjo soloist." All our concerts given during the season of '93 were of a high order, thus ably assisted by the above-mentioned celebrities.

In the winter Jake left us to assume the duties of a pedagogue and "Parme" substituted, performing his part in a highly efficient manner. The year was marked by many strange exploits, the Glee Club's tour "down East" being very prolific of adventure. Our Junior year passed all too soon, and the curtain rose on the final act in the college drama.

The Glee Club has not been reorganized since its disbandment, and the Quartette is now left sole musical factor, of true *note*, of the college.

Thus far the year has been fraught with more than ordinary success and pleasure. The faithful practice of four years is beginning to bear fruit, and the Quartette is shedding its mantle of amateurism for one of professionalism. Our work shows more finish, and our voices, they tell us, blend finely.

Without doubt, could we remain together, the Quartette in a few short years would establish for itself a world-wide reputation; but all earthly things have an end, and in a few short weeks the Colby '94 Quartette will have ceased to exist as an active musical organization, and its deeds will have passed into history, furnishing traditions for future college generations. With genuine sadness do we contemplate the separation which soon must take place. For four years we have

been almost inseparable partners in prosperity and adversity. We have been active in the interests of church and school; we have raised our voices in the house of festivity and the house of mourning, in the concert hall and about the banquet table. Kindness and consideration have everywhere been shown us, which we truly appreciate; and we have greatly widened the circle of our acquaintances. Our earnest hope is, that people have enjoyed hearing us sing as much as we have enjoyed singing together for their benefit. In no case have we acted with malicious intent.

And now the Quartette makes its bow, and bids its patrons an affectionate farewell.

V. M. W.







1894.

## Annus Mirabilis.

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### THE CLASS TO THE YEAR.

Oh, welcome thine appearing, wondrous year,  
Now come to place thy seal upon our past ;  
To close the records of our history,  
Thyself its token while its pages last !  
Thou dost fulfil — a task not always sweet ;  
For hope fulfilled is to the future lost.  
Our work achieved — so, too, our ways must part ;  
Our work achieved — and severed ties the cost,  
And yet but speak thy name, most wondrous year,  
Old friends and faces must again appear.

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## Decus Dulce.

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### THE YEAR TO THE CLASS.

Truly the guardian of thy treasured past,  
I give to thee a never-dying name.  
My pride art thou, since from the maze of years  
My fame with thine will memory reclaim :  
Like deeds with thine, alone make me sublime,  
Fixing a herma in the blank of time.

W. F. K.

## Prof. J. B. Foster, LL. D.

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THE retirement of Prof. John Barton Foster from the chair which he has so long held in Waterville College and Colby University is an event of deep significance, since it calls to mind an impressive life work. In this world of many changes it is quite unusual for a person to remain in one official position for a period of thirty-five years, and especially so, when the position is a trying and responsible one. There is no severer test of what is in a person than *time*. A superficial nature may endure for a season, but many years draw upon the *depths* of a man. Prof. Foster has triumphantly stood the test of long service.

The recent successes of Colby University are popularly traced to the large financial endowments which the College has been fortunate enough to receive from noble benefactors. And such endowments have indeed been the immediate occasion of the great progress realized in these latter decades; but not all, even of the friends of the College, duly remember that Colby's chief endowments have been men and not money. It is through her earlier professors, their devoted piety, robust endurance and conspicuous ability, that the institution survived at all, and at length, after the long, patient, heroic struggle, was endowed with generous means. It is really these men who had stuff enough in them to weather the long gale of adversity that brought the money in later years. They proved to sagacious men of wealth that there was something here to endow. From the standpoint of future years it will be seen, if it is not already perceived, that on the whole the survival and the fame of our beloved Alma Mater are pivoted, not so much upon money endowments, as upon such men as James Tift Champlin, Samuel King Smith, Charles Edward Hamlin, John Barton Foster, Moses Lyford, and others of their mould. And as the older graduates, residing in all parts of this country, have learned of the retirement, one after another, of these veterans of the Faculty, until now the last one has gone, we find a mingling of gratitude and regret in our hearts. We rejoice in the brilliant successors that have been found for them, but this does not hinder the sadness we feel that *they* are gone. With each such change the College is other than it used to be to *us*. We feel something as the country has done — indeed, as the soldiers of the Grand Army have,

as the heroes of our Civil War—Grant and Logan and Garfield and Sherman, have been removed, one after another, from the “land they have helped to save.” They were no longer really necessary to our existence, as they have been, but we hate to spare them from the large places they have occupied in the Union and in our hearts. So, it is with reluctance that we see our veteran professors yielding the chairs they have so long occupied and so long honored. Prof. Foster’s resignation of the chair of Greek at last Commencement occasions a renewal of the regret felt in previous years as others of the old Faculty have in turn retired from their respective chairs. But our natural regret at these changes is not our theme. We, the older graduates, increasingly feel the debt of gratitude which we owe to these men who have so ably served us and the University of which we have occasion to be proud.

This brief notice of the life and work of our reverend teacher of the ancient languages is expressive of our desire to recognize his great service and to do him honor for the same. We are not attempting to estimate what has been accomplished by this useful life, which happily for us is not yet ended, but only to put forth such reflections as his pupils and friends naturally cherish on the event of his ceasing his active connection with the College as Professor of Greek.

John Barton Foster was appropriately born in the “Athens of America,” early in 1822. At the age of six or seven years he came from Boston to Waterville, where he has spent nearly the whole of his life. He received his early education in the public schools of the town and in Waterville Academy. He was one of the first pupils in this latter institution, which was opened in 1829 with the late Hon. Henry W. Paine, of Boston, as Principal. Between the years of 1836 and 1838 he had a taste of the practical by working at a mechanical trade. In 1838 he began to prepare for College in the local Academy, then under the tuition of Principal N. G. Rogers. In August, 1839, he was admitted to Waterville College, and was graduated in 1843 in the same class as the late Prof. Moses Lyford. For the two years succeeding his graduation he was engaged in teaching in the academies of China, Maine, and Lexington, Mass. A sense of duty pressed him, in 1846, to resign his position at Lexington and enter at once upon the work of the Christian ministry, to which he had devoted his life. The Baptist Church, of Gardiner, claimed his first services as minister of the Word. Unhappily for all concerned the young pastor’s health failed, and he was compelled to resign his work in April, 1847. He sufficiently regained his health, however, after a few months’ respite, to enter Newton Theological Institution in the autumn of 1847. Before his graduation, in August of 1850, he was called to take the editorial

charge of the *Zion's Advocate*. He continued at this important post of service with much credit to himself for eight years, when in September, 1858, he was called to Waterville College to assume the duties of the chair of Greek and Latin, vacated by the accession of Dr. J. T. Champlin to the Presidency of the College. This position he held until 1873, when the department was divided, and from that year he occupied the chair of the Greek language to the time of his resignation, in 1893.

As incidental to his college duties, the main work of his life, Prof. Foster has done valuable service for the educational and religious interests of the community in which he has lived, and of the State at large. As teacher of an adult Bible class for more than thirty years--as member of a standing committee of the church for about the same length of time--as treasurer of the church for several years--as supervisor of the public schools in Waterville--as occasional preacher in the various pulpits of the State--and especially as treasurer of the Baptist State Convention for thirty years, he has accomplished an amount of good that is not easily measured and should not be forgotten because it has been subordinate to his great life work. The service done the State Convention is noteworthy for unflinching fidelity and efficiency, and the Convention on accepting his resignation as treasurer, last year, very appropriately puts on record that he "has ever been an able and faithful custodian of his great trust. His self-sacrificing labors have easily made him one of the conspicuous benefactors of this missionary body, and have placed the denomination under great and abiding obligations to him for his untiring zeal and ceaseless vigilance in the discharge of his arduous duties. His accounts have been models of neatness and accuracy, and he has enjoyed the unshaken confidence of all those who have been intimately associated with him in the work of this organization." The last sentence of this minute recalls to the mind of the writer the enthusiastic appreciation, often privately expressed, of the reverend former Secretary of the Convention, the Rev. Dr. Ricker, of Prof. Foster as an officer who firmly guarded the resources of the Treasury and wisely cherished its efficiency.

In looking back to college days, we, his pupils, remember Professor Foster as a man of large mental integrity, of broad and balanced conceptions, and of thorough culture. Before coming to his Professorship he had had the advantage of a varied experience--as a student, a teacher, a preacher and a journalist, and all through his life he remained in contact with the practical matters of business and of life generally. These varied elements of culture and experience formed the basis for his well-rounded character. There were no gaps in his

thinking — no soft spots in his make up. His learning seemed faultless. *Solidity* and *grace* were the great factors of the man. In him were mingled the prose of the soundest common sense and the poetry of transcendent thought. He had the modest sobriety of his adopted State and the elegance of his native Boston. Without doubt the long study of the Greek language developed the innate polish of his mind. He drank continually at the Pierian spring. His lips were ever wet with Castalian dews. He wore the robes of classic learning with a native ease and dignity. He carried a delightfully cool brain over a warm heart. An air of scholarly leisure characterized his hardest work. No confusion ever entered his brain nor communicated itself to other minds. Nineteenth Century hurry never lost him his splendid mental poise, nor tangled the precise thinking of his orderly brain. The extent of his mental furnishing and acquirements was remarkable. He was not merely a Greek scholar, but was acquainted with a wide range of learning and literature that was at all times at hand for use. He could quote *ad libitum et literatim* from Latin, Greek and English authors, and to fit any thought or occasion. His memory never seemed to yield what was once in his possession. Prof. Foster ought to have been famous — he would have been, but for the limitation of physical infirmity — he *is famous*, so to speak, to all who know him.

In the class room Dr. Foster was uniformly polite in his address to students. No snarling words ever came from the chair of Greek. The polish of our Professor's mind and the kindly grace of his heart controlled his manners. While communicative and measurably familiar, he never lowered himself to engage in any undignified discussions. He possessed a rare ability to regulate the decorum of his classes. Only a very few were obtuse enough ever to presume upon his genial bearing and the general freedom of his class room. It was far more easy in his presence to be gentlemanly than ungentlemanly. But if one was perverse enough to be boorish or disrespectful, he was sure to meet with an unpleasant fate. No storm cloud of wrath ever arose in that room, but a certain noiseless lightning glimmered — certain flashes of wit and sarcasm played about the offender which effectually discouraged any further experiments in that line. Prof. Foster's method of defending himself and maintaining his dignity before his classes, in the rare cases when it was necessary, was unique. We have never seen the like. He had learned the rare art of wielding satire — that dangerous weapon — with safety and effectiveness. He could administer the aforesaid in doses just suited to individual cases, and at the instant needed. Few cared to run against the oily edge of his wit more than once or twice. His power in this

respect, as well as in others, put him at ease in matters of class-room discipline. He never feared being imposed upon. He was never solicitous about his standing with his classes. They were compelled to respect him. And this is saying a great deal. College boys are proverbially sharp in detecting and making a target of the faults and infirmities of their teachers. They recognize no obligation to be charitable in this regard. He is a rare man who can command the respect of one college class, to say nothing of thirty-five classes.

In conducting examinations upon the text of the various works studied by the department, Prof. Foster was kind, stimulating and thorough. He keenly appreciated faithful, energetic students, and put manifest sympathy into his corrections and comments on their recitations. He was never nervous or irritable, but genial and cheery. If the apprehension of the pupil was too soporific, he carried a spur whose application generally produced the desired awakening effect. But with native slowness he was kindly patient. To a stranger he might not seem enthusiastic. But he was. His own broad understanding of the works studied, his keen relish of the thoughts expressed, and of the *minutiae* of linguistic excellence therein were never in doubt. He rolled the gems of the Greek and Latin languages as a sweet morsel over his tongue. His enthusiasm for the beauties of ancient thought was contagious. Through him, better than in the books before us, could we seem to feel the meaning of their authors. Sometimes, as we would struggle with those long classic sentences, with subject, predicate, modifiers and connectives scattered like *dissecta membra* through several square inches of printed space, without any very definite result, he would quietly come to our rescue and comfort us with the much-needed assurance that the *writer did really mean something* by what he wrote—that there was sense in the passage if we only knew how to find it, and so the Professor's faith was to us the "evidence of things *not seen*."

Beyond dealing with the text as such, he had fine aptitude in leading his pupils into the deeper waters of thought that lay around the immediate point in hand, and great would have been their benefit if they could have gotten leisure from the technicalities of the language to follow him. Principles, civil, moral, and philosophical, were often traced from their ancient sources to their place in our present civilization. Niceties of speech were pointed out and emphasized—laws of language, running through all tongues, were attended to—until this class room became no mean annex to the department of Rhetoric. An exquisite imagination in the teacher adorned the dry-looking pages of Latin and Greek that came before the pupils, and made them glow with poetic beauty. A delicious humor

often brought out to sight the quaint and ludicrous cast of the passage studied. The Professor, moreover, had an unusual sense of melody. He was really a born musician, and though not claiming a technical knowledge of the art, was a close and intelligent critic of the same. The music in his nature came out in his translations and accompanying comments thereon. Since graduation the writer has not infrequently visited his recitation room simply to listen to the *music* of his talk. This point is not insignificant. No writer or speaker can afford to neglect melody of style, and less and less as time passes. Excellence of thought demands musical expression. The final speech of mankind in heaven will be song. As the world approaches perfection its utterances should be more songful.

The space allotted will allow us to speak but this once more of Prof. Foster as a Christian teacher and friend. He was no mean theologian. He had a theological as well as a logical mind. His early training in a thorough school of Sacred Learning, gave him a relish and preparation for the study of theological questions. Many of us have happy recollections of his instructions to an adult Bible class in the Sunday School of the Baptist church of Waterville. Being thoroughly at home in the original of the New Testament, he was wont to grasp and handle its great truths with ease and address. His natural poise and temperateness of mind made him a choice religious guide. No fanatical interpretation of Scripture could pass muster with him, however popular it might be at the time. He gave his pupils grand seed thoughts, which have stood the siftings of subsequent years. Before the results of the Higher Criticism were much known he anticipated some of its best utterances. His mind naturally went towards the pith of truth. Errancy and digression and vacillation were foreign to his mental constitution.

As a personal friend to his pupils, Prof. Foster was one of the wisest and best. He was not a man to pat on the shoulder, but he was a man to trust implicitly. His sagacity was unerring, his faithfulness unceasing. He excelled as a religious adviser, for he had carefully traversed the various experiences of the human heart, and readily divined the cautions and incitements that each one needed. In the practical matters of life he was equally at home, and gave with fine discrimination the appropriate word of counsel.

In general, our teacher was a man of broad, intelligent sympathies, patriotic, philanthropic, devout, the friend of all, the enemy of none. No one had a higher sense of honor than he. He detested with a perfect detestation every mean, dishonorable thing. His soul gloried in everything lovely and lofty. The dews of a rare domestic bliss have long rested upon him, and lent an inspiration



to the fine capacities of his nature. No one can measure the results of his work upon the thirty-five classes that have come under his instruction and personal influence, and upon vastly greater numbers through them.

Prof. Foster's life has been a triumph. He is entitled to boast as one that putteth the harness off. He has endured "as seeing him who is invisible." Length of service has not wearied him, but rather called forth his reserved power. On the best of testimony it may be asserted that the department of Greek has realized a crescendo of excellence up to the very end. This proves the extreme of merit. Many grateful hearts rejoice in what Prof. Foster has been able to accomplish and will wish for his life a long and golden sunset.

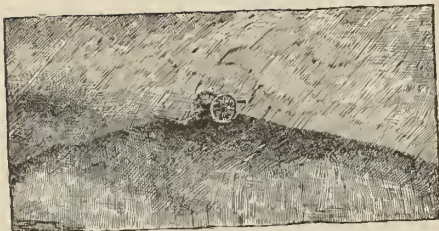
*Serus in coelum redeas.*

[For this article the ORACLE Board gratefully acknowledges its indebtedness to Horace W. Tilden, '72, of Des Moines, Iowa.]



# The Cannon's Frolic.

Dark and misty was the night,  
Faded all the stars from sight,  
And the earth's proud satellite,  
When the cannon took its flight.

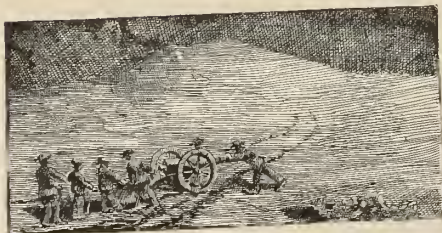


It had shared in campaigns three ;  
That which made our country free,  
Buena Vista's victory,  
Sherman's ravage to the sea.

Now, before its owner's gate,  
Gravely solemn and sedate,  
Rests it in majestic state,  
Some new conflict to await.

Down upon it with a swoop,  
With a dreadful warlike whoop,  
Through the tangled hedge's loop,  
Bursts a Sophomoric troop.

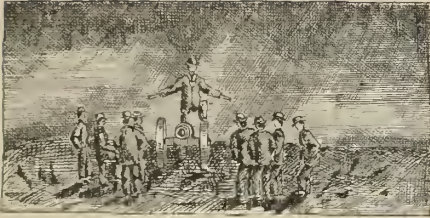
Past the cedar'd colonnade,  
'Neath the elm-tree's sullen shade,  
O'er the open, grassy glade, —  
Then, the avenue invade.



To the campus' upper side  
With their prize the spoilers glide ;  
Underneath the grandstand hide  
And explosives there abide.

Sudden, through the midnight drear,  
Rings a shout, intense and clear,  
Startling every soul with fear ; —  
“ Boys, light out, the cops are here ” !

Helter-skelter, wide they fly,  
 As the watchmen twain draw nigh ;  
 One Soph, ling'ring boldly by,  
 These policemen seize and tie.



O'er the gun one copper stands,  
 Filled with pistols both his hands ;  
 Round him throng the Sophs in bands,  
 As he "Order here" ! commands.

Down the street the other speeds,  
 By the wrists the captive leads,  
 Prayers, nor threats, nor curses heeds,  
 But vows vengeance on such deeds.

Hastily they wend their way,  
 But the watchman, strange to say,  
 Tripped, and as he supine lay,  
 Slipped his comrade lithe away.



On the east horizon low,  
 Beams the dawn's first crimson glow,  
 While back past the cedar row,  
 With the gun the watchmen go.

F. L. A.

✧ DRAMA.....

Illustrating the Evolution of the College Graduate.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OBADIAH FRIEZE, a farmer.  
CAROLINE FRIEZE, his wife.  
ABRAHAM LINCOLN WARREN FRAZER FRIEZE, called "Abe" Frieze for short, their son.  
CEDILLA, a college widow.  
STUDENTS AND OTHERS.

ACT I.

SCENE: A farm in Pumpkin Hollow, Squash County, home of the Friezes, who have just arisen from the breakfast table on the morning of their son "Abe's" first departure for college.

CAR'LINE. — Come, hurry up, Abe, and git that old hair trunk down stairs; the keers go in about four hours, and they say they won't wait a minute for ye, though I think they might be more accommodatin'. (*Abe, an awkward, overgrown boy, clad in pepper-and-salt trousers, shuffles off and soon returns, bringing a little hair trunk, covered with dust, and much the worse for age. His mother continues, while she proceeds to "pack his things."*) Now, Abe, you be sure and take good care of this trunk, for it's one your old grandsir' Frieze brought from Bosting, where they do say he was one of them Injuns that fired the Britishers' tea overboard. Now you'll want some soap, and here's a little piece of that real nice "Welcome Soap," and here's some mutton taller I'm goin' to put in for ye to grease your boots with, when ye go in company. Always remember your manners, for I've brought ye up well. Say "Yes sir," and "No sir," and turn your head when ye cough at the table, and be sure and take off your hat when ye go into anybody's house. I've put in a little Testament, and you'll be sure and read it every day, won't ye Abe? Now write to us real often and tell us all about how ye're gettin' along, 'cause I'm proud of ye Abe, and you'll be sure to be president some day, like him I named ye after. Your pa and I hev' worked hard all these years and saved up, but we know you'll make good use of it, Abe.

[*At this moment a cry of "Whoa, Liza" is heard at the door, and Farmer Frieze enters, whip in hand.*]

FARMER FRIEZE. — Come, Abe, hurry up, we've got to be movin'. Got this trunk packed marm? [*Produces a bit of clothes line with which he ties the trunk.*]

ABE. — Good bye, ma; I'll be real good and I'll try and remember all you've told me; but I shall be awful lonesome. Tell Susy [*his best girl*] not to go with that Sproul feller. [*Aside.*] If she does I'll punch his face for him when I get back. Come pa, let's go. [*As father and son leave the humble home, the mother may be seen wiping the trickling tears from her eyes with the corner of her apron.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE: One year later. A college room. Within, the air is redolent of tobacco fumes. "Abe" and his companions are in the midst of the time-honored game of "poker."

ABE. — Jack pot! Here's the buck! Come, ante Bill! Five call ten! Can't open it. Chip! I'll stay. Cost you five. Raise you ten! Raise you ten more! Ten better!! Raise the limit!!! What you got? Aces over Kings? Aces over Queens, confound the luck! I'm strapped! That old hair trunk and my French Grammar have gone into the business. I'll write the governor to-morrow that these Y. M. C. A. dues have completely cleaned me out, and that a little lucre will come in handy. Wonder what I'll work next? I've tried board bill, wash bill, reading room, foot-ball and base-ball dues, and next comes Y. M. C. A. Well, here's hoping for better luck next time! Good night!

## ACT III.

SCENE: A ball room. Abe, now in his Junior year, appears in full evening dress paying court to a college widow of uncertain age.

ABRAHAM. — Cedilla, shall we not retreat to the inviting shade of yonder festal bower, where, in befitting words, I may speak that which nearly drives me mad? [*They retire, and Abe with this Hamlet air continues.*] For months, Cedilla, this passion has been burning at my vitals, and now, I swear it, unless you promise to be mine, to-morrow's sun shall behold a bloated corpse drifting on the crest of yonder current to the sea.

CEDILLA. — Rash boy, listen! Twenty years ago, I, a simple, trusting maiden, became a victim to the charms of a college youth. A rival came, and I

was rudely left "A College Widow." Since then I have lived for revenge, and each succeeding year I have gloried in another scalp, to hang with those already on my girdle. Yours is but another. Go! return to Susie! As for me, I shall never think of marriage. Adieu!

ACT IV.

SCENE: Abraham Frieze, A. B., has returned to his rural home, and proceeds to enlighten his astonished parents in the sciences.

ABRAHAM. — In psychological materialism, a form of monism, Lucretius appears as advocate. Hobbes, Vögt, Moleschott, and Büchner appear as later expounders of sensualism. Mind in its faculties, Intellect, Sensibility and Will, is merely the consequence of a mode of material organization. The same *mutandi smutatis* is true of the other modes of cognition. The phraseology and nomenclature declare pure truth an induction or generalization from sensuous experience; and it is a metaphysical thesis to discover the relations between sensible phenomena and supersensible entities. *A priori a posteriori. Ne vous étonnez pas s'il ne raisonne pas bien à présent.*

CAR'LINE. — My! can't Abe spin off the larnin'?

ABE (*Continuing*). — *À la* Arogadro's law of inverse proportions, we may transmute potassium oleate palmetate and stercate into a deliquescent citrate, and render them graphitical by the superincumbency of hydraulic hydrostatics. In testing the combustibility of *hydric phosphide* [H<sub>3</sub>P] the combustible must be kept to its temperature of ignition. *Aussitôt dit, Aussitôt-fait*, we have [Ca CO<sub>3</sub> + 2HCl = Ca Cl<sub>2</sub> + H<sub>2</sub>O + CO<sub>2</sub>]. And do not forget that the law of the galvanometer differs somewhat from that of Ohm.

CAR'LINE. — My, ain't he larnt? I guess I'm proud of my boy.

ABE (*Decides that they shall be informed in political economy*). — Over production and under-consumption are due to the same considerations. The struggle is not so much between capitalist and laborer, as between laborer and *entrepreneur*. I believe in distributive co-operation, arbitration, profit sharing, and the socialistic tendencies set forth in the doctrinal teachings of Henry George and Edward Bellamy. Further, a monopoly means a scarcity value, and in no way can the safety of future legislation be assured except by resorting unrestrainedly and unlimitedly to high tariff, reciprocity, unlimited coinage of silver, and bimetallism; but the votes of factions should never predominate over internal suggestions and the bias of jurisprudence.

[*Farmer Frieze, who has been listening uneasily to this tirade, blurts out at this point.*]

FARMER FRIEZE. — Larnin's a very fine thing, Abe, but I can't see what it's got to do with "Judy and Prudence." Leastwise, they've both got fellers, and no chance for you. Anyhow, it's gettin' chore time, and you might lend a hand. Hain't forgot how to milk hev' ye?

[*Abe, somewhat crestfallen, proceeds to do his father's bidding, yet continues to indulge in dreams of future greatness, to be realized only by beginning at the bottom of the ladder, and by climbing slowly, yet persistently, toward the top.*]

CURTAIN.

W. H.





## The Dying Lion.

Sometimes I have thought of the lion,  
 The lion there is at Lucerne,  
 Rough-hewn in the sandstone unquarried,  
 His face so pathetic and stern.

Grand names there are carven below him,  
 Of men who in guarding a queen  
 Gave all. In the city of Paris  
 Their blood on the pavement was seen.

We have in our Hall of Remembrance  
 A lion like that of Lucerne;  
 Grand names there are carven below him,  
 Of those who will never return.

For more than a queen or a kingdom  
 They gave up their lives in the fight,  
 And even for more than their honor,  
 These soldiers who died for the right.

They died that the wrong might not conquer,  
 Their names that are carven in stone  
 Were written in blood on the greensward,  
 And they did not perish alone.

The lion in fierceness and anguish  
 Is dying with low-lying head,  
 And right shall have other strong weapons;  
 The lion of war shall be dead.

F. E. D.



## Reflections.

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IT isn't always an easy matter to collect ideas, even when you have them. Some men never have them. Curious fact, ever think of it? Some don't, and they're mostly the men without ideas. Then, too, there are men who have ideas, and never can get near enough to them to put salt on their tails, and never catch them. They are the men who like to tell you last week's news. There was a man once had an idea he could n't catch — but I won't expose him here. He went to college, and was always asking the professors to "please repeat the last sentence." They hated him.

—was trying to collect ideas for a recitation in Psychology. He had thirty pages of abstract reasoning from which to collect the most ideas possible in thirty minutes. Ever notice how much better work a man does in the last thirty minutes? He'll sit round and read one line in five minutes, talk girl and athletics, or the last dance, or the next reception, or the state of the universe in general, and the country in particular for the first hour-and-a-half, and then be surprised to find that he has yet to capture his ideas. Most men are built just that way; it's in them, and they can't or don't get it out. A man tried it once and he became a dig. He took an X every term, and exiled himself from society. When he got through he went off and hung himself.

—had harvested an idea or two in as many pages, when there was a rap on the door; it opened, and in came a man who wanted to know where the next day's lesson in history began. Some men always depend on their friends for ears in class. They never know when a lesson is given out. It's good training, though, for the men with ears. Perhaps that's why the other fellows don't listen. The history lesson disposed of, courtesy demands that the visit be not too abruptly broken off. Then, too, the universe would go to the dogs if the weather did not come in for discussion on every available occasion. Exit history man with five minutes of the thirty. — tore his hair, muttered something about "— deaf hitching post," and settled down for another wild struggle with abstractions.

Five minutes is the duration of this spasm, interrupted by the blasts of a cornet trying, vainly, to rival the united howlings of a menagerie of wild beasts. If you ever lived near a man with a cornet you know —'s feelings. A more or

less lurid, sulphurous struggle, and the patient is quieted for the present. Sulphur and brimstone are the best opiates in such a case.

Fifteen minutes gone, and — returns to the task with peace of mind gone, hair on end, and an expression of long-suffering determination on his countenance. But there's no rest this side the grave. Five minutes more of undisturbed application is ended by the unannounced and somewhat violent entrance of a couple of men who have a Greek lesson to recite the next hour. Communism is a splendid ideal. Do you know, I believe college life in dormitories comes nearest the communistic state of any institution I know. Why, everything is common, your room, your wood, your coal, your oil, your neckties, sometimes even your shirts. I bought five gallons of oil one Saturday — but that's another story. I borrowed after that. Perhaps you've noticed that a man can always do better in a language class, if he reads over the lesson aloud with a friend some time during the last ten minutes. The more hurriedly done the better. That's what these fellows did. Three minutes to bell-time. Queer what a difference there is in minds. Some men can take in Greek roots with their ears, and Psychological abstractions with their eyes, and never once get them mixed. — could n't. There's a limit to most men's patience. — rose, and was just removing his coat, when the bell rang. Sadly and in silence — put on his coat again and took his way to recitation. Do you know, there are times when a man's vocabulary seems awfully limited?

G. H. D. L'A.





## The Chapel Bell.

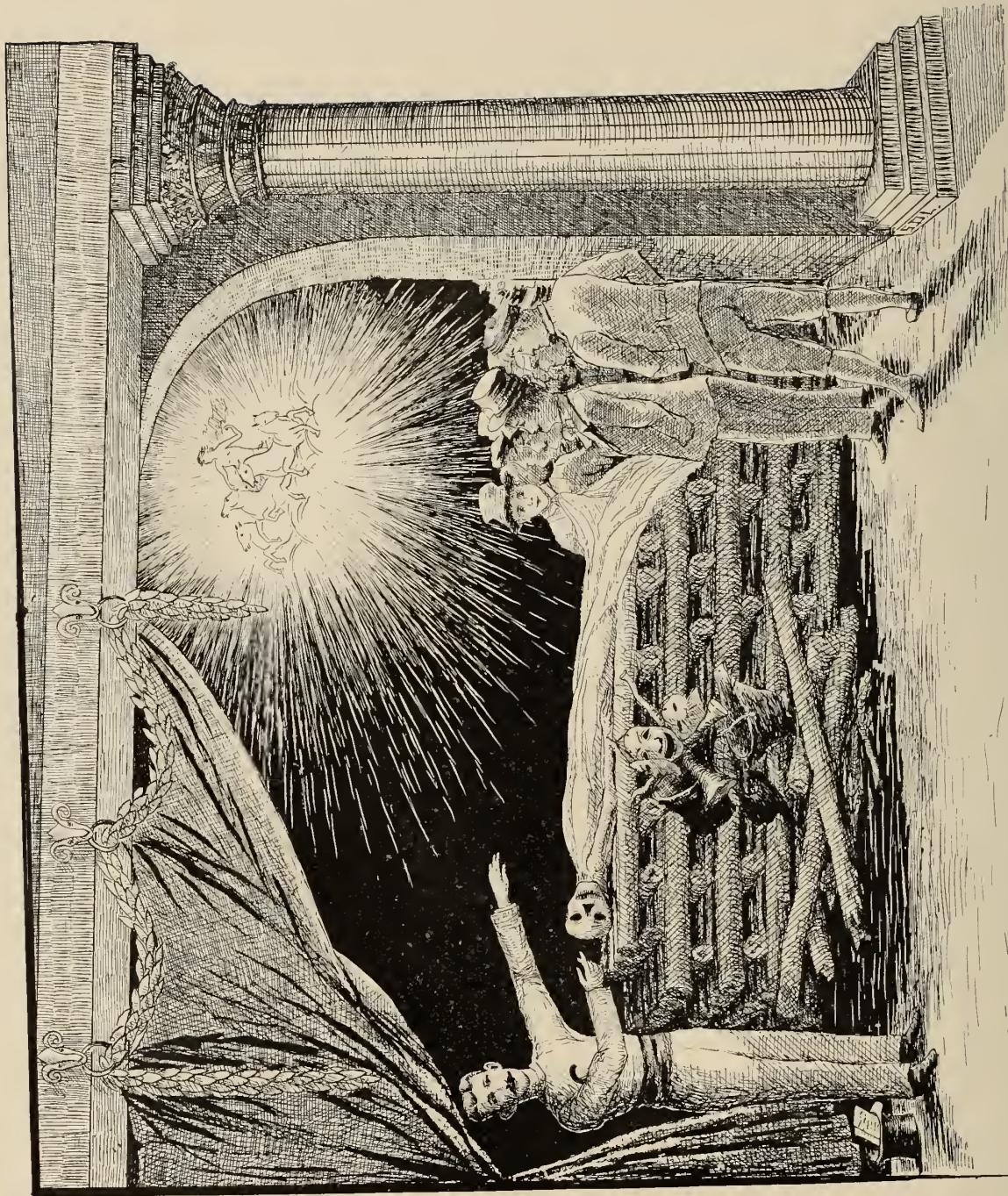
'Mid drowsy beamings  
 Of pleasant dreamings,  
 Or sleep entranced by some morbose nightmare,  
 Worst of offences  
 To jaded senses,  
 The Chapel Bell chimes out upon the air.

Procrastinating  
 With much debating,  
 I rouse from slumbers and my peaceful lair,  
 Don swift my vestments  
 'Mid vexed arremstments,  
 And issuing forth descend the winding stair.

'Mid helpless ravings  
 And sweat-drop lavings,  
 Back, back I turn and miss my morning prayer;  
 Nineteen already!  
 Loud heart, beat steady!  
 How, how can I do else than tear my hair?

Not hesitating,  
 Speed unabating,  
 A down the dormitory halls I tear,  
 Slip on the door-stones,  
 Bark both my shin-bones,  
 Then swift my oaths wax apposite and rare.

Wrath luminating,  
 Gall ruminating,  
 I reach the chapel doomed to blank despair;  
 A dark form beckons  
 And says: "I reckons  
 You 's too late, sah, to git er seat in there"!



MORTUUS EST

# PHI CHI

MDCCCXCIV.

FUNUS PUBLICUM.

## POMPA FUNEBRIS.

Dominus funeris . . . . .	C. E. Dow.
Lictores . . . . .	Conference Committee.
Magistratus . . . . .	Faculty.
Milites . . . . .	Rowley Guards.
Cornicines } . . . . .	Clark's Band.
Tibicines } . . . . .	
Praeficae . . . . .	Co-ords.
Histriones . . . . .	{ E. L. Hall.
Liberti . . . . .	{ R. M. Barker.
Corpus . . . . .	'97.
	Phi Chi.
Fili et Consanguinei . . . . .	{ H. C. Hanscom.
	{ J. L. Thompson.
	{ C. E. Sawtelle.

## SUPREMA OFFICIA

IN FORO.

Orationes e Rostris: Laudatores . . . . .	{ Wellington Hodgkins.
	{ Frank L. Ames.
Condemnatores . . . . .	{ W. F. Rowley.
	{ W. B. Tuthill.
Carmen Funsbre . . . . .	'94 Quartette.

Hoc est funus Phiae Chiaie,  
 Caesae viva voce die  
 Quo Sophmori sic dixerunt:  
 "Freshes posthac salvi erunt."  
 Dies lunae tam cruenta,  
 Ubi Freshes sic torquentur,  
 Dies irae et terroris,  
 Nunquam posthac, puer, noris.  
 Erat vetus; opus mori.  
 Nunc dedamus nos dolori,  
 Vale, vale, nos cantemus,  
 Flammis dein corpus demus.

Corpus Effertur ad Pyram.

## The Vision of Hamul Ben Adam.

An Oriental Tale.



THE tale of my vision? An old story, but I will tell it, for it is not long. One sultry June evening, years ago, I had encamped for the night with my caravan train some thirty leagues south of Bagdad. As I lay lulled into sweet repose by the refreshing breezes gently wafted from the boundless Southern Ocean, I had a most beautiful vision. My unchained imagination, enchanted by the brilliant stellar expanse of a cloudless Arabian sky, flew far, far away toward the Western World, passing the

Pillars of Hercules, over which the tide of Arabian culture had rolled on to meet with cold rebuff. Then, gliding on and on over the watery waste, I came to a great and prosperous country in the eastern part of which, far toward the land of Boreas, a noble river flows gently to the sea. Up this stream I wended my way to a fair country where once peacefully dwelt the dusky tribes of the Ticonics.

Here I saw such a sight as oriental eyes scarcely ever beheld; for I gazed upon a great course of four stages, ever thronged with youths and maidens. Gates guarded its entrance, where those who could not give a good account of their journey thither were not allowed to enter. Those who entered, however, were first called "*Freshes*," and, having threaded the by-ways and shunned the frequent quagmires called "*Flunks*," they came at length, wearied and foot-sore, to a bluff-like wall, which those who had trained themselves easily scaled. But those who had been indifferent, could get no foothold and fell rolling and tumbling to the foot of the cliff. Those, also, who made little *cribs* and tried to cast up ropes to haul themselves over the wall, fell with a mighty crash; while those who tried to scale it with their prancing *steeds* were thrown from their horses and fearfully mangled.

After the youths and maidens had passed three of these tangled paths, and scaled three of these walls, and gathered what they could of that peculiar fruit called "X's," they became *Sophomores*. Then, after a time of sweet rest in a pleasant grove, they again continued their journey along the winding paths of knowledge, shunning half hidden stumbling blocks and toiling up the steep ascents of their path. The walls, also, they scaled as in their former path; but on the whole fewer were turned back to travel the way anew. Next they proceeded on through the pleasant dales and over the sunlit hills of the land of the *Juniores* and *Seniores*, spurning that gorgeous but worthless phantom called "Rank," jumping numerous half concealed *dark lines* that were stretched across their path, and scaling skillfully and gracefully the walls that barred their progress.

Beyond the twelfth and last wall was the goal of their striving, and after they had scaled this wall, I beheld them resting in a lovely grove called the "*Grove of Graduation*," where they were eagerly gathering *Diplomas, Degrees, Honors*, and the like, for which they had worked so well through the four long stages of their toiling up the ascents and threading the labyrinths of the intricate pathway called —.

The dream-like mists of fancy vanish in thin air; the golden chains of sentiment are rudely relaxed; and my eyes open to disclose the deft fingers of Dawn painting the eastern horizon, the hazy outlines of my caravan train, the burning sands of our own Arabia of the east.

W. L. J.



# Who Is She?



She's pert and fair,  
With winsome air,  
And birthdays all gone by ;  
She handles boys  
Like candy toys ;  
And flirts some on the sly.

Ah ! she is cute —  
A little "beaut" !  
And no one will deny  
She likes a treat,  
When on the street ;  
And always says : " O my " !

She reads good looks,  
But not good books ;  
And primps much at the glass ;  
And every year,  
This anxious dear  
Ransacks the Freshman class.

Her brain is filled,  
And sternly drilled  
With all flirtation's arts.  
Her game is whist,  
And in her fist,  
Is always *queen of hearts*.

Some will deplore ;  
Some will adore ;  
And others, scarcely blame ;  
But years have told  
This story old :  
*She plays a " losing game."*



# A Banquet of the Gods.

IT was evening, and the full moon bathed the mountain tops of high Olympus in radiant splendor.

From the depths of a gently-swaying hammock, hung on the southern piazza of his palace, Jove arose, yawned, and throwing away his half-smoked cigarette, said to the slave who had been keeping the mosquitoes away from his master with a tennis racket: "Call Mercury, and tell him to bring his pneumatic sulky."

Mercury soon appeared — though not in a very amiable state of mind, for he had been interrupted in the midst of a flirtation with the chief dish-washer of the inner court. To him Jove said:

"I want you, kid, to tell the gods that my wife is visiting her mother, and I am going to have a little blow out. Tell them to come up to the rear entrance, and to be very quiet, as I don't want Juno's maids to get on to the affair. Do you tumble"?

"Verily, I do," said Mercury.

"Well, get a wiggle on; and tell Orpheus to bring along his lyre, for we shall want some music."

The faithful messenger vanished to do the royal bidding, and Jove settled back in his hammock to smoke another cigarette and await developments.

The time for the feast arrived, and the guests were all in their places. Bacchus was chosen toast-master; and when the more substantial viands had been disposed of, a huge cask of Milwaukee nectar was rolled in and placed on tap.

Jove pressed an electric button with his foot, and once more Mercury appeared in answer to his summons. "Merc., my boy," said Jove, "hie thee quickly to the region of the north star, and bring me the big dipper for a punch bowl; and you may as well bring along the little one for a ladle."

Again the messenger was gone; and while they waited, Orpheus tuned his harp, and the company joined in the refrain, "Here's a health to jovial Jove, drink it down."

This was followed by several copious libations and a brace of stories by different ones concerning their amours, Jove every now and then interrupting to warn Bacchus to keep the glasses filled.

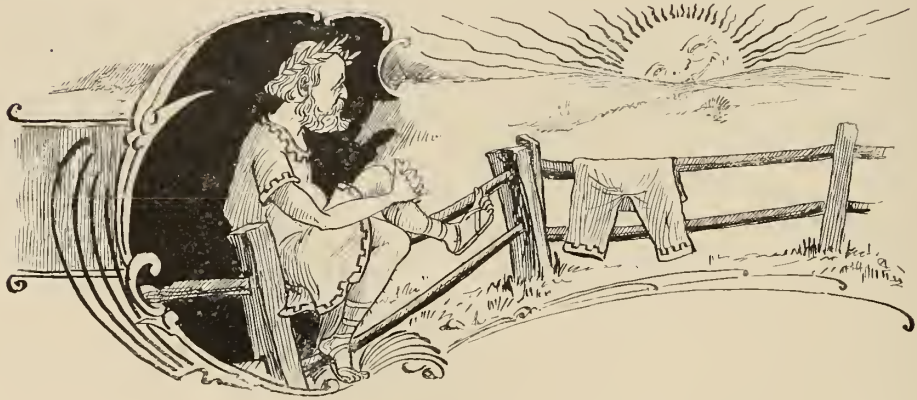
The fun waxed fast and furious, and a song being called for, Orpheus was about to let himself loose in that old, familiar melody, "It won't be a stylish marriage, for I can't afford a carriage," when the door of the banquet hall opened with a crash, and Juno plunged into the room like an old war horse, with hair dishevelled, and a bed post in hand.

Jove, who was opposite the entrance, immediately caught the unmistakable gleam of his spouse's eye, and at once concluded he was wanted elsewhere. With a hoarse cry of: "All-down-b'nine-se'em-up' gin," he made a wild plunge for the nectar cask, and disappeared within its murky depths.

Juno, seeing that the object of her wrath had escaped, vented her anger upon the guests. Having driven them all out with the aid of her pet monster, the hundred-eyed Argus, she retired to wait for her delinquent spouse.

When all was once more quiet, Jove emerged from his liquid retreat, dripping as to his flowing locks and silken beard. Not daring to brave the Junonian wrath that night, he stealthily turned down the gas and perched himself on a friendly fence, where he might ponder on the evil of his ways, and give the moisture a chance to evaporate from his best pants.

S. A. B.



# A Sweet Retreat.

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WHERE HARD-CAST RULES  
ARE USELESS TOOLS.

---

Charming spot!  
Cosy cot,  
Woodbine round the door;  
Co-ord club,  
Daily grub;  
Over lessons pore.

In the eve,  
Guests receive:  
Seniors short and tall;  
Wit with wit,  
Bit by bit,  
Learn their lessons all.

Then a walk,  
Or a talk  
Around the cheerful blaze;  
Little sparks;  
Sly remarks;  
Dream-like faces gaze.

Lights are low;  
For these beaux,  
Love's sweet vows have paid.  
Drawn portières,  
And close-drawn chairs,  
Show they 're not afraid.

This is bliss!  
'T were better miss  
Art lectures, "Psy.," and more;  
Than lose the lass,  
Of such a class  
As courtly Ninety-four.

## Table-Talk of the Co-ord Club.

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DURING the winter term an overwhelming desire possessed certain of the dwellers on the campus to know what the members of the famous Co-ord Club talked about in the tri-daily sessions. To be sure these meetings were not secret. Visitors had been frequently admitted, and on such occasions, of course, girls never talk of anything but fashion and boys. But curiosity was not quite satisfied until, by the aid of a phonograph, the table-talk of the Co-ord Club was reproduced. Some of the investigators had fondly expected to hear their own names in a sweet, well-known voice, float from the magic instrument. What they did hear, is this:—

“These searchings after truth agitate my soul to its very depths. Utilitarianism is *not* necessarily connected with the psychological theory that the moral sentiments are derived from experiences of the now moral pleasures or pains. Could beings, as enlightened as we, believe such an anachronism?

“*Très bien dit! Très élégamment!*”

“Such a statement only goes to prove that the clearest testimony of the most unimpeachable witness may be quite inconclusive as to the objective reality of the thing in question.

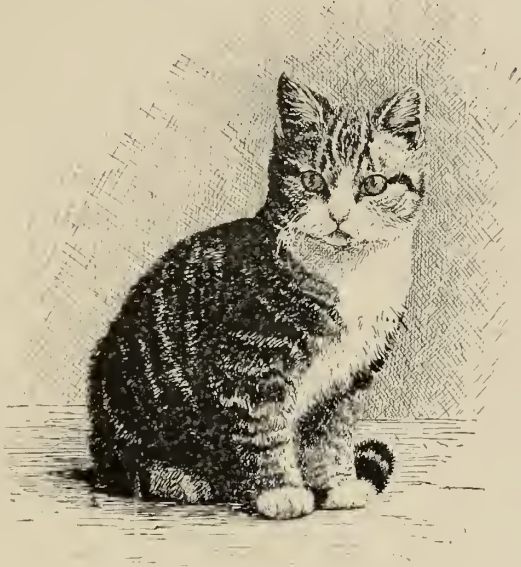
“Yes, and the Bellinger remedies alone can cure such difficulties.”

“Your remark concerning objective reality leads me to speak of what has been seething in my cerebral hemispheres all day. Tell me, oh my friends, *bitte*, tell me whether or no the word which denotes a general idea presents a real object to the mind, a real subsisting entity, outside of a mere conception of the intellect? Is there, can there be such a thing as a universal man, for instance? There is presented to my visual and auricular sensorium —”

But the listeners staid no longer. The innocent, frivolous prattle of the gentle, charming creatures was locked up forever, and history cannot even guess how it ended.

A. M. B.

# The Co-ord Club.



*President* . . . . . TIBERIUS GRACCHUS REINHARDT.  
*Treasurer* . . . . . DIE KLEINE.  
*Business Manager* . . . . . PA.

**MEMBERS.**

POLLY. GIRL-WITH-A-LAMB. KLEINE. MONITOR.  
 MODERATION. INFANT. SCRIBE.

**MATRONS.**

MOTHER F. MOTHER B.

ATTENDANT SPIRIT.  
 FREDERICK THE GREAT.

**HONORARY MEMBERS.**

? ? ? ?

# Confessions of a Bookworm.



HOW displeasing, how disgusting is a confession of weakness to a nature permeated with a sublime egotism and a strong conception of its own vast erudition mirrored in the clear-cut outlines of its own conceit! "Why then," you ask, "do you snatch away those concealing veils meant to hide from vulgar view the inherent weakness of your own nature"? My simple friend, it is that you may avoid the dry and barren deserts of a bookworm's life, that you may shun those terrible Maelstroms, those whirling eddies that mete out intellectual death on every hand.

But wait. Nature, life, man, and I was about to say the "bonnie lassie," once had their charms for me. I was not always a wrinkled, white-headed, withered up, old biped, a plant, wilted through a disastrous attempt at overculture. Why, even the sparring match and the race course, the minstrel troupe and whist table once had some charm for me. Yet I had never viewed these maligned diversions of life with the cynical eye of the philosophical fool, choked with the mummified dust of ethics and metaphysics; nor had I beheld their misty outlines with the double vision of the too eager devotee of Bacchus.

But at this critical point, however, when I bade fair to pilot my frail craft safely between the hidden shoals of pedantic pedantry and the wave-beaten rocks of frivolous frivolity, I took a "header," to use the cut-and-dried phrase of the cyclist; and from the shock it gave me I have never recovered. It was thus: a young clerical friend of mine asked me to glance through some of the voluminous works of one of the founders of Ratiocinationism, Dr. Magnus Polemicus, F. R. S., Fellow of the Ratiocination Society. I did so, and, strange as it may seem, I also soon became fairly enamoured of this mystical trash. Time went on and gradually I became more and more ensnared. Here, I fancied, must be the original source, the fountain head of a sublime and refulgent science, a field as yet little tilled by that featherless biped, man. Perhaps, thought I to myself, I may become as famous in this field as Dr. Polemicus himself. Matters went on from bad to worse; I gnawed, gnawed, gnawed day and night. Nor can I any more explain the cause of this strange infatuation than I can account for the entrhralling power of the cup or the deadly grip of opium. When not under the spell of the dusty mustiness of Polemicus and Ratiocinationism I suffered the most excruciating tortures. I was an agitated, throbbing, palpitating,

shattered bit of humanity. On one occasion, indeed, when asked by a friend the cause of the look of pensive imbecility and owl-like serenity on my marbled features, I told him it was occasioned by indigestion, brought on by too great attention to the pursuit of phantoms over the dusty wastes of Ratiocinationism.

Yet I did nothing, could do nothing, would do nothing else. For years I sought far and wide for further traces of Polemicus' inspired works. I ransacked Europe and America, tried to rouse the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, burrowed with the Mud Flat Indians of Venezuela, investigated the royal archives of Terra Del Fuego, and revelled in the priceless private collection of Ex-Queen Liliuokalani, of Hawaii, for she excels both as a *dilettante* and a *connoisseur*. Vain! Vain! Vain! No trace; no whisper; no footprint. Could I but grasp, for one short moment, one of his manuscripts; could I but read the title, even, of his last onslaught on the untenable position of Cuckooism; nay, could I merely inhale the dust gently wafted from the sacred folds of his precious volume; the elixir of life would be mine. What torment! What torture I suffered! The gorgeous visions of Ratiocinationism no longer darted through my fevered brain. The deadly stupor was gone. The spell was past. I pined and languished until I could hardly drag my emaciated form through the narrow alleys of libraries and book stalls, but — sad to tell, I survived.

At last, however, despairing of gaining any more of the dusty relics of Ratiocinationism, despairing of Herr Polemicus, despairing of myself unless my slavish appetite could be sated by some ancient tome, I fled, as a last resort, to other fields, just as a toper deprived of one kind of drink seeks another. I spent hours over elementary kindergarten and its correlative, abstract and abstruse theological theorizing. Exhausting these, I rummaged old garrets for works on progressive laughter and farming on the half-shell. Next, perhaps, I would delve into comparative hypocrisy and intensive peanut culture.

Thus I roamed and wandered hither and thither, o'er that trackless intellectual desert whose accursed boundaries I shall never recross. And here I am now, as unsaved as ever, suffering acutely when not revelling in literary dust, and in a deep mental stupor when under the spell.

Oh, terrible intellectual fate of the bookworm, to be as warily shunned as slavish devotion to the wine cup or the insinuating snares of opium. It may smack of knowledge; it may be arrayed in the gaudy vestments of a specious wisdom; it may gambol before you as the personification of the intellectual ideal; but — beware. Take, then, this sage advice of a confirmed inebriate, an unsaved bookworm still in the tangled mazes of his snare, for he gives to you the product of years of suffering, sublimated by the flight of time.

W. L. J.



## The Willows.



The singing of the river  
Comes softly up the hill  
To where the drooping willows  
Stand motionless and still.

Their massive trunks no longer  
Are quick to bend and sway ;  
Their restless youth is over—  
Long past it seems to-day.

They feel the summer sunshine,  
They hear the singing birds,  
They watch the rippling river ;  
What need have they of words ?

And so in golden silence  
They wear the crown of years ;  
Their calmness is unbroken  
By any hopes or fears.

And in the summer twilight,  
When lengthening shadows creep  
Up through their leafy branches,  
They softly fall asleep.

F. E. D.



# The Co-ord Base Ballist.

---

THE following dialogue was overheard at the Dunn Mansion on the evening after a game on the diamond.

HE. — Do you enjoy base-ball?

SHE. — Oh, don't I? I think it is perfectly lovely, and how pretty the boys look in their new knickerbockers. I really understand the game, too. Mr. — has told me all about it. I wanted to go terribly this afternoon, but I had to do some reading for Mr. Currie, and could n't.

HE. — It was exciting in the ninth!

SHE. — Ninth what?

HE. — Why, inning, of course.

SHE. — Certainly! how stupid of me.

HE. — They led us one score, and their turn at the bat. The first man led off with a sky scraper.

SHE. — Oh Mr. — you must be fibbing! But what is a "sky scraper"?

HE [*A little impatiently*]. — Why, a high fly!

SHE. — How funny! Is he a student of Natural History?

HE [*Continuing*]. — Tot cabbaged it, and we had one out.

SHE [*Innocently*]. — Was Mr. Totman really obliged to use a cabbage?

HE. — No! No! Grabbed it! Caught it! Then the second man came up and fanned twice.

SHE. — That was nice; it was such a warm day.

HE. — The next was a beaut, right over the plate, and he banged a hot grounder to Burney at short. He assisted to first and we had two out.

SHE. — Out! Where?

HE [*A little savagely*]. — Oh, knocked out! Caught out! Put out! The third man stepped in and shoved a liner to second, which was folded in prettily and the side was out.

SHE. — Side! What side?

HE [*Contemptuously*]. — Oh, the inside, the outside, or the other side! just as you please. And then we took our turn.

SHE. — How exciting !

HE. — Burney was at the bat, and sent the sphere out for a single, and then stole second on a fumble.

SHE — Stole ! Stole ! *Did Mr. Purinton steal ?*

HE [*Wearily*]. — Oh, ran down to the next corner ! Got there safe ! Was n't caught ! Then Verne came to bat and lined the sphere out for two bags.

SHE. — Bags ? Bags of what ?

HE [*Discouraged*]. — Bases ! Goals ! Burney slid in home and the score was a tie. Verne then went to third on Coffin's muffed pop.

SHE. — How discouraging ! I should n't think they would muff any pops. I would n't !

HE. — Charlie bunted to short and was put out. Eddie pounded the atmosphere. Then Teddie hit safe, Verne came home, and the game was over.

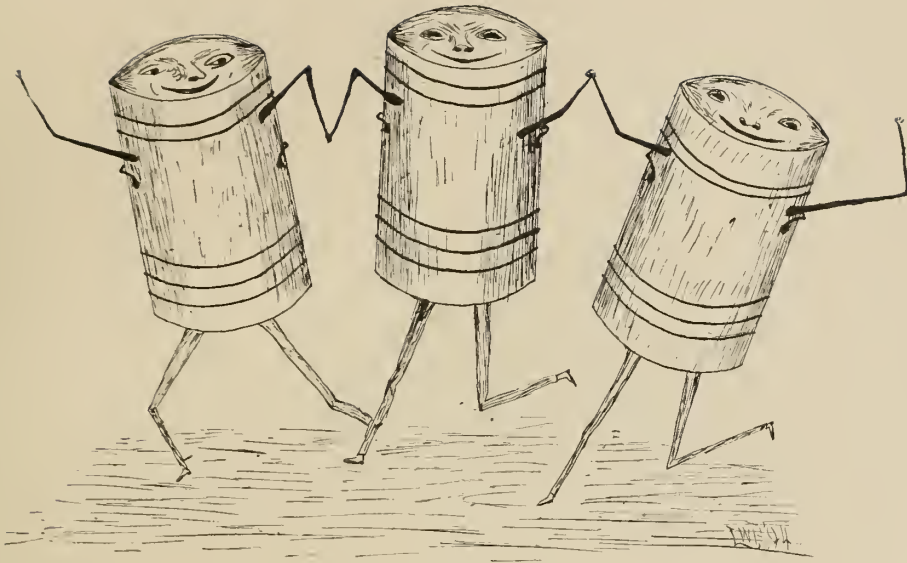
SHE. — How perfectly lovely ! I must not miss another one of those games. Does n't Mr. Lynch make a nice little manager ? I think he has a perfect love of a moustache, too ! don't you ?

I am very much interested in the game, and don't you think I understand it quite well ?

HE. — Quite well ! Oh, perfectly ! Good evening.

W. H.





## The Ash-Can "Can-Can."

In the college, hushed in slumber,  
A dreamer listens to the thunder—  
Rolling, rumbling, deep-voiced thunder,  
With lightning splitting oaks asunder,  
Crashing midst the mountain boulders.

Half wakened by his dream's confusion,  
Rising in his bed with fear,  
Listening, looks out through the darkness,  
By instinct feeling danger near.  
A sudden strange and weird sensation  
Chains his half recovered senses—  
A chilling, weakening, ghostly feeling.  
As again that sound commences.

Then by some strange fascination,  
Drawn by agencies supernal,  
Forth he goes into the hall-way  
To witness ash-can tricks infernal.

What a sight ! strange shapes and antics,  
Mystic circles, jigs and reels,  
Fancy dances, swinging, changing,—  
Each an inspiration feels,  
As, perched upon an elevation,  
The fiddler grinds out music, sweating,  
Puffing, rocking, stamping, laboring,  
But ne'er a whit his toil abating.

But afar the "cock's shrill clarion"  
Now proclaims that day is nigh,  
When by laws forever changeless  
They must human dwellings fly.  
Yet the music, charmed, compels them  
Still to dance, till inclination  
Moves the fiddler to abstain ;  
But instantly wild consternation  
Seizes every dancer there.

Aurora, light-winged, enters angry  
At her warning disobeyed ;  
So, in mad confusion gathered,  
All rush down the stairs dismayed.

The student, faltering 'mid the shadows,  
Monstrous grown to eyes of fear,  
Bolder grows as twilight's phantoms  
At Dawn's approach all disappear ;  
Loiters by some heap of rubbish,  
Or wall of badly broken plaster,  
Where, tumbling, leaping, rolling, crashing,  
Headlong going faster, faster,  
The ash-cans struck with woeful clashing.

On the floor, disfigured, battered,  
Lay the ash-cans, headless, armless.  
They no more can dance a can-can :  
They lie legless, lifeless, harmless.

A. E. H.

## A Senior's Reverie.



YES, here I am, and what am I? I am a Senior, a College Senior, nay more, a Colby Senior, a being just now languidly enjoying all the elegant and voluptuous pleasures so deftly entwined in the few short days of a Senior's vacation, that pleasing oasis of life when one's Alma Mater, having freed him from the tasks of the past four fleeting years, stands with wistful look and beckoning hand to grant to him the culminating token of her bounty, a sheepskin. What time more fitting for reverie and reflection? What opportunity for dreamy, yet half serious musing on the fast-flitting sketches of the past, and the yet more hazy outlines of the future? Ah, none. But at what halting place, at what mile-stone along the winding path of life's span am I now so leisurely and half unconsciously resting?

As a mariner on the vast and trackless deep, let me gaze about and try to gain my bearings. But haste. How the past flashes through the echoing halls of memory. How imagination paints with deft fancy the bald and scattered outlines of the scenes of old. Why, even I, a Senior wise in my own conceit, was once a romping youth playing in childlike glee around the old red school-house by the turn of the road, and chasing butterflies over the downy meadows. And yet, in my breast was enkindled the desire for knowledge, and a longing to sip at the refreshing fountains of classic lore. Ah! I see now the flame bursting forth and burning with brighter glow, as for a few years I tripped more or less lightly over the tangled mazes of Euclid, and wandered here and there through the groves consecrated to the song and story of ancient Greece and Rome. Indeed, not aimless wandering this, for there ever arose before me, in a sort of enraptured vision, a majestic arch on whose rustic gate I saw in dream-like fancy the phrase, "Knowledge and The Fulness of Life," above which imagination had woven the mystic sign, "Colby University."

Can all these fancies crowding the tablet of time be real? Are all these figments true to life? With a hasty "Yes," my thoughts run on and on; and

through the vistas of the last four fleeting years, I see myself a Freshman, yea, a Colby Freshman, on the lowest step of the college ladder. Ah! can it be that I, a noble Senior, was ever a Freshman simple! But the months roll swiftly on and on; and years to mystic four glide on and on; and memory in winged flight sweeps on and on. I behold, in rapture, my Sophomore days and my Junior days; my days of labor and my days of rest; my days of profit and my days of loss. But hush! I feel even now the soft and gentle zephyrs freshly wafted from hours of Senior pleasure. I muse with mild delight over years of advancement and progress, over pleasant tasks, with hopes blasted and desires fulfilled. I feel the conscious throbbing of growth and expansion, of broadening and deepening, of realization and idealization. Ah! yes, and I feel the friendships that four years of pleasant association have formed and ripened into tender recollections of regard for that group of instructors who have been our guides, and for that band of classmates, as good, as true, as loyal as ever pursued the by-ways of knowledge by the historic Kennebec. I see, I behold with well nigh inspired vision, the mile-stone and eminence of my halting place in life's march. O, glorious sight! O, splendid panorama! Would that you might ever remain in your pristine loveliness, a dream, a fancy, a reverie of exquisite beauty.

But from the gorgeous fantasy of this musing reverie, I must shake my enthralled senses. My Alma Mater invites me with winning grace to receive her final charge and "God Speed." I cannot, should not, *must* not tarry. Brush away the angelic fancies of sentiment with the rough wand of rude reality, and let me hurry forth into the world of action, into the arena of life.

W. L. J.



# A Suggestion.

---

. . . . .

[*Written after reading "The Lost Chord."*]

Seated one morn in the Chapel,  
I was weary and ill at ease;  
The organist's fingers wandered  
Over the noisy keys.

I knew not what he was playing,  
I thought I was dreaming then,  
For he struck one chord of music  
Like the sound of a great A - men.

It came o'er my soul like magic,  
Then as quickly it went away;  
That such a thing seldom happened,  
It is needless for me to say.

Now came the sound of discord,  
Such as always causes strife;  
But somehow it seemed the echo  
Of our discordant life.

It brought all perplexed meanings  
*Not* into perfect peace,  
And it trembled *not* into silence, —  
I thought it would never cease.

How I hoped; but I hoped in vain  
For the one lost chord divine,  
Which had come from the soul of the Organ  
And entered into mine.

It may be that the Chapel Organ  
Will some day be in tune;  
I hope for those who listen,  
That it will be very soon.

D. T. H.

# The Sophomore's Lament.



NOT many generations ago, where you now sit circled with all that exalts and embellishes college life, our university existed with men only as students, and hazing was at its height. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head, the college man celebrated the offices of Bacchus; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Sophomore revelled in his peanut drunks.

Once the water gently descended on the tender and helpless Freshman; suspicion eyed him on every side. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death song — all were here; and when the Sophomoric exploits were over, here curled the smoke of peace.

All this is passing away. There grew up a tender plant, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for woman; the latter sprang up in the path of man. A few years have changed the character of Colby, and the braves of Phi Chi are fast disappearing. Co-ordination has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there a stricken few remain, but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. The Phi Chi brave of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching war-song, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone; and his degraded offspring crawl upon the ground, where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is the Sophomore, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a body, they have withered from the land. Their tin horns are broken, their squirt-guns are of no use, their tall hats are in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out, and their yells are fast dying away. Slowly and sadly they climb the stairs of their abodes, and read their doom in the setting sun.

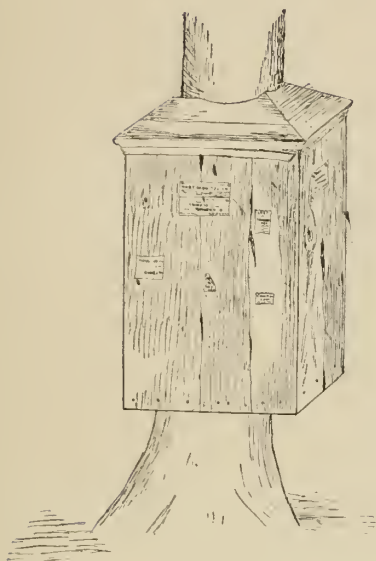
Years hence, the inquisitive co-ords, as they stand by the dormitories, will ponder on the deeds of their predecessors, and will wonder what manner of men these were who live now only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators.

C. E. H.



# The Old Bill-Board.

o  
o  
o



If scars and seams give glory,  
And age ekes out a story,  
    Its battled form reveals a grand career ;  
For 'gainst its side-boards olden,  
There long has been beholden  
    The trace of bills, tacked up from year to year.

Reports of *ten to zero*,  
With Colby as the hero,  
    And sometimes with the zero for *her* lot,  
Have long been nailed there,  
And long been hailed there,  
    With ringing bell, or looks with sadness fraught.

The marks of times historic,  
The signs of feuds Soph'moric,  
    Lend prestige to this ancient relic rare ;  
Bill-posters of orations,  
And other celebrations,  
    There long have hung to catch the public stare.

The tailor's yearly coming,  
And oft the drummer's drumming,  
    The "shows" and every "ad." that one may ken,  
Are common things to see, sir,  
Yes, common as can be, sir,  
    But commonest is — "LOST, A FOUNTAIN PEN."

# THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

---

HAVE YOU HEARD IT? WHAT?

THAT

FRANKLIN WILL HAVE

THE GREATEST CELEBRATION

Since 1393.

---

FLIP McGINNIS

—AND—

PHIL NORCROSS

WILL BE THERE WITH THEIR FAMILIES.

---

Races of all descriptions, in which animals from the Mouse to the Ox  
will take part . . . . .

---

ORATION BY

F. O. WELCH, OF COLBY UNIVERSITY.

---

COME ONE! COME ALL !!

This "Ad." is inserted by Fredolio's request.

October 6, 1893.  
To Night.  
One of those Baptist Sociables  
J. L. Thompson

June 2, 1893  
Miss Fountain ~~is~~ Lost.

Jan. 14, 1894  
Meeting of secret conference  
Called at 9.30 P.M.  
Bring your chips,  
Per Order, J. S. Lynch.

Feb. 20, 1894

— Lost —

Fell asleep coming from breakfast  
Lost hat and watch.  
Finder will be suitably rewarded  
T. A. Puccard

April 6 1894.

The chance of a lifetime!!  
The lucky man draws a suit of clothes!  
So not fail to take a chance.  
Tickets on sale at Reading Room  
J. B. Alexander

## In the Library.

---

Here 's where the " Co-ords " meet,  
" Co-ords " so saucy, sweet ;  
'T is here they study and converse with boys.  
Gathered in cozy knots,  
They talk and giggle lots ;  
And fill the classic hall with lovely noise.

The 'fessor minds it not ;  
His is a charmed lot ;  
And since the days of " co-ords," yields to fate.  
His castle has been stormed,  
Although he had been warned ;  
And now, the girls have come, *it is too late.*

---

## Juniors in " Lit. "

---

In critic penetration  
There are Juniors so adept,  
That classic veneration  
Is quite often overstept.  
Read them a sonnet,  
Keep back the writer,  
Lo ! they are on it  
Like a grim fighter.  
Right and left they slash it,  
Up and down they gash it,  
All together smash it,  
In and out then hash it,  
Then completely crash it.  
When they 've wholly frayed it,  
Tell them *Shakespeare made it.*

## Notes from the Journal of a College Girl.

---

*Thursday, Jan. 4th.*

I hereby make a solemn covenant with my conscience to keep the rules formulated by the Conference Board for the young women of the college, so far as my mental faculties and bodily powers permit.

Witness my hand and seal,

MAY BEE.

*Friday, Jan. 5th, 9 A. M.*

Heavens! Have I broken a rule already? The matron is coming, anyhow, and I can't find those rules anywhere. Ah! here they are in the waste-basket. Let me see—"Inspection of rooms to be made at discretion of the matron." If I had only swept up those peanut—come in!

10 A. M. I hoped she wouldn't notice them, but she did, and said in a tone which caused the thermometer to give a convulsive shudder, "Can you conscientiously allow a peanut shell to linger on your carpet"? *Tableau!*

*Saturday, Jan. 6th.*

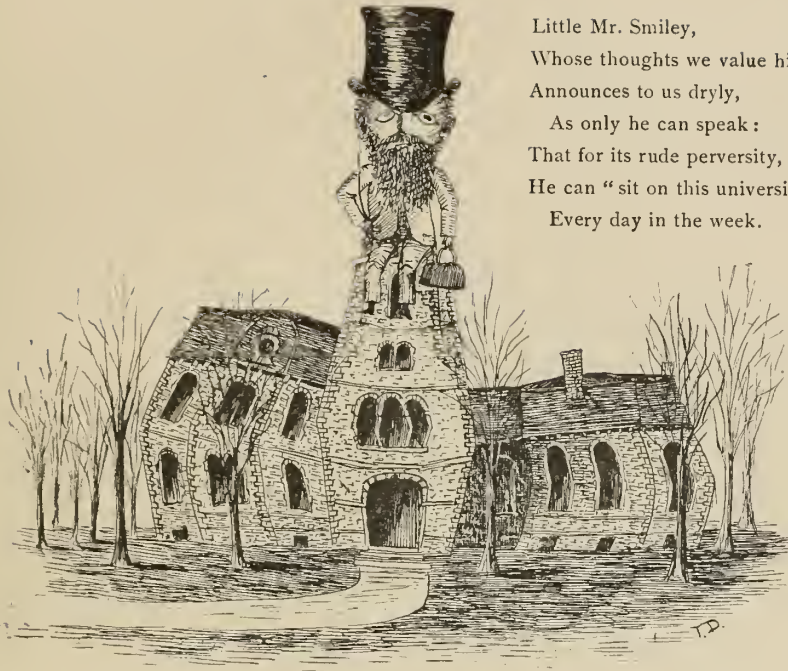
This afternoon I took my guitar and began to sing a favorite song of mine, "Two Little Girls in Blue," when somebody rapped on the door and said frigidly, "If you never study yourself, you might at least observe study hours. Please look at your copy of Rules, Section II, Rule II." I didn't sing any more just then. Tom called on me this evening, and, after the matron admitted him (he's awfully nice), she told me to see that he removed his rubbers, to leave the reception-room door ajar, to ask him for his references for proof of good character (if he had any), and to entertain him half an hour if we were engaged, ten minutes if not, and perhaps twenty if we had arrived at an understanding. What hair-splitting distinctions! I found a gray hair to-night.

*Sunday, Jan. 7th.*

I dragged my weary limbs to church to-day, and heard a sermon about that time when "The wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." I have

been unfortunate, certainly, in the results of my endeavors to keep the rules ; but I capped the climax to-night. Harry walked home from church with me, and stepped in for a moment. It was the most natural thing in the world for us to discuss the sermon, and time flew. Suddenly a tall form appeared in the doorway, and said, "I am afraid, my dear, you do not apprehend that this is not a reception night." It is so discouraging! I have tried to remember to report every time I have turned around, but there is a point beyond which, etc. I can't decide whether it is all a farce or not. Well, time will tell.





Little Mr. Smiley,  
 Whose thoughts we value highly,  
 Announces to us dryly,  
     As only he can speak :  
 That for its rude perversity,  
 He can "sit on this university"  
     Every day in the week.



Dainty little Co-ord in ethics heard one day  
 Not in moral conduct all her duty lay :  
 To enhance her beauty was a duty plain.  
 Dainty little Co-ord " hopes she is n't vain."

Dainty little Co-ord bought a rubber brush,  
 Inwardly resolving " she will be a crush ";  
 Scrubbed and scrubbed and scrubbed until her  
     face was sore;  
 Dainty little maid looked just as she did before.



“What a curious cart,” said he with a start,  
“With a queer little seat on behind.”  
“Oh! in that,” she replied, “College boys and  
girls ride;  
And that seat’s for their matron so kind.”

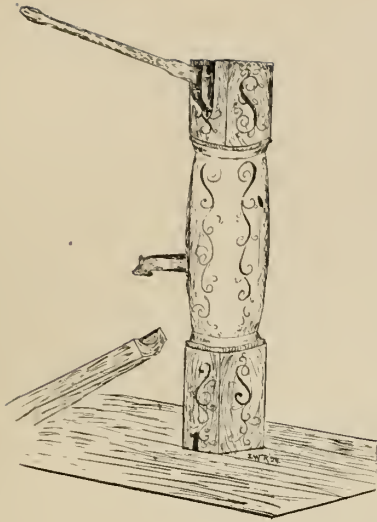


### Fragment of an Epic Poem.

THE L'AMOUREUXIAD.

He said; and straightway left the blushing fair,  
Soon to return with an umbrella there.  
The rain in torrents fell; the maid did homeward run;  
For getting wet she said was not much fun.  
When George arrives, his goddess he espies  
Far on her homeward way. He shrieks, he sprints, he flies,  
And overtakes her in a little while.  
The world then basks in George's happy smile.





## The College Pump.



You would like to have described a few events?  
 How these dents,  
 These tattooings on my body have been made,  
 While I've stayed  
 Here with soldier-like erectness on this curb?  
 Who disturb  
 My diurnal meditations, come to slake  
 Thirst, and shake  
 With a strong and hearty grasp my single arm?  
 Well, no harm.  
 Here is what occurred upon one sunny day  
 Of last May :

“ What's the matter with this thundering old pump?  
 Give the blamed, dumb thing a double-extra thump.  
 Hang it, pard, it must be; yes, the thing's run down!  
 This's a pretty how d'ye do. Ransack the town —  
 Huh! My kingdom for a pint of water! shucks!  
 Take a brace, we don't need much, or these young bucks,  
 These fine-faced, sweet-voiced young Freshmen, sleek and pat,  
 May have just a grain of sense and smell the rat ”!

“ I'm the son of a, son of a, son of er — bum,  
 Er — I wish I were soaked in a barrel of rum —  
 Hallelujah, we've sighted the pump, my pal,  
 Pour away, I'm almost dead;  
 If there is such a thing as a hell on this earth,  
 By cracky, it's in my head ”!

“ What a beautiful and strangely odd old pump!  
 Come girls, jump  
 Over on those boards around the other side.  
 There now, Mide,  
 You just hold the dipper, while I work the brake;  
 Bess, you take  
 That long waste-spout there and hold it up a while;  
 That's the style!  
 What an — Oh! just look out there and see those boys!  
 We're no toys:  
 Let us go, girls; brazen-faced young scamps, how dare  
 They stand there,  
 Looking at us with that irritating stare!

Is my hair  
Not done up just as it ought to be, dear Bess?  
Well I *guess*,  
That we *won't* stay here and bear their *chaffing flings*,  
*Hateful things*”!

---

“ Now you 'se all of you, my dear young fren's, aware  
Wid what care  
I 'se endeav' rin' all de time so 's not ter seem  
Wid a beam  
In my own eye, when I strives ter hit de mote,  
Big's a boat,  
Sailin' roun', an' stoppin' up my brudder's sight;  
How I fight  
So as not ter seem two-faceted here on earth —  
Young men, *worth*  
An' strick temp'rance, I tell you, is what yer need!  
Ye muss feed  
Jes's yer pocket-book speaks up and says yer muss;  
An' I truss  
Dat ye 'll be jes strick, and temp'rate, an' 'll drink  
What I tink  
Dat dere 's nothin' else so good as in dis land;  
What 'll stand  
Through de ups an' downs, an' ins an' outs of life,  
Snug's a wife;  
*Dat's jes what I 'se pumpin' now out of dis well,*  
*Clear's a bell*”!

---

“ Oh! The many, many long eventful years,  
Smiles and tears,  
That have been my lot since I, a student here,  
To this dear,  
Quaint and faithful, staunch, old mem'ry-laden well,  
Ran pell-mell,  
And my pitcher filled from out its sparkling fount;  
Then did mount  
Sprightly-stepped aloft the stairs of yonder hall!  
I recall  
How varied was the use that water served;  
I deserved  
All the harsh rebukes the Faculty decreed.  
What a meed!  
Once again, as in my youthful days to quaff,  
Think and laugh  
'Mongst the memories that cluster in a clump,  
Round this pump ”!

## Tempus Fugit.

---

“Tempus fugit,” dicunt Romans,  
“What is first shall soon be last”;  
Semper coming,  
Semper going,  
Tempus brevis, soon 't is past.

But quum I think of next vacation,  
Poring super lessons huge,  
Semper harder,  
Semper longer,  
Dico only “Let 'er fuge”!

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## Briefs.

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[DEDICATED TO PROF. “ROB.”]

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A day and a night they labored,  
Their eyes were swollen and red,  
Their hands in the writing faltered,  
Their brains were ruined, they said.  
I asked them what task so lengthy  
Had wearied hand and head;  
They lifted their closing eyelids,  
“It's *called* a ‘brief,’” they said.

# Colby Days.

---

AN ACROSTIC.

Close by the river that rushes along,  
Close to the railroad with engines so strong,  
College walls rise in the morning air clear,  
Campus and ball field and curved walks appear—  
    Commonly known as “old Colby.”

Often the traveller on the through train  
Out of the car looks again and again ;  
Objects of interest sees o'er the street,  
Or from the station loud cheers his ears greet  
    Of “rah ! rah ! rah ! rah !” for old Colby.

Long has the bell called to class with its chime,  
Long have those walls been exposed to the clime ;  
Long do the winters cling around them each year,  
Lowering clouds send their snow storms so drear,  
    Laying their drifts on old Colby.

Boatmen may sing of the ocean's bright gleam,  
But Messalonskee's meandering stream  
Bears for the student far greater delight,  
By moon-gleam or star-gleam or holiday bright,  
    Beckoning forth from old Colby.

Years ago Colby boys heard the war's call—  
Yonder their monument, up in the Hall ;  
Young were their hearts, and in God was their trust,  
Yearning to raise from dishonor and dust  
    Your emblem, O Country and Colby !

Diligent students these men from the North—  
Do you, Chicago and \*Hopkins, speak forth!  
Doubts set at rest! Better men, near or far,  
Descry if you can! So if sluggards there are  
    Don't think they are relics of *Colby*.

Also the "co-eds" must have a brief space.  
After large numbers came into the place,  
Added plans changed them to "co-ords" instead.  
Ask not the sequel, for much might be said  
    As to this plan for old Colby.

You well remember the chapel each morn,  
You've not forgotten the jubilant horn,  
"Y. M." reception, church social, or call,  
Yielding an evening's requital; these all  
    You class with the name of old Colby.

Sun of life's summer its west'ring will find,  
Shadows will come, many scenes slip from mind—  
Still shall the days that in Colby we passed  
Stay with us, clear and undimmed, to the last—  
    So shall we honor our Colby!

W. F. R.

\*Not "Van" but Johns.







# Erotology.

For the Degrees of Doctor of Erotology, Master of Flirtation,  
Bachelor of Coquetry.

*Professor in Charge, J. D. TAYLOR.*

## COURSE I.

ACQUAINTANCE.

*Freshman Year.*

- PREPARATORY WORK . . . Reception at Memorial Hall.
- REQUIRED WORK . . . Fifteen minutes exercise in the library before chapel every morning.
- PROF. IN CHARGE . . . "Teddy."
- ASSISTANTS . . . "Rob." and "Celia."
- ELECTIVE . . . Light work at Baptist sociables.

## COURSE II.

FRIENDSHIP.

*Sophomore Year.*

- REQUIRED WORK . . . Two hours laboratory work per week at the Ladies' Halls. Session, 7.30 to 8.30 P. M.
- ELECTIVE WORK . . . "Home Runs" Saturday night. Skating.

## COURSE III.

LOVE.

*Junior Year.*

- REQUIRED WORK . . . Six hours heavy work per week (arm exercise) on stream during Fall and Spring terms. Two hours per week at the Ladies' Halls, 7 to 10 P. M.
- ELECTIVE WORK . . . Trips to Bradley's, with moonlight accompaniment. Evening promenades to Oakland. Snow-shoeing.

COURSE IV.

“BUSINESS” OR “GIT.”

*Senior Year.*

REQUIRED WORK\* . . . . Ten hours per week at the Halls, by permission, if engaged. Strolls to Beulah “Land of Promise.”

FRATRES IN URBE.

N. L. BASSETT, E. D.      A. J. ROBERTS, E. D.      W. S. BAYLEY, E. D. †

GRADUATES.

“CUPID,” B. C., M. F., E. D.

F. W. PADEFORD, E. D.      D. W. KIMBALL, E. D.      V. M. WHITMAN, E. D.  
G. C. ILSLEY, E. D.      LINDA GRAVES, E. D.      E. F. HUNT, E. D.  
G. H. D. L'AMOUREUX, E. D.      C. G. JONES, E. D.      D. T. HARTHORN, E. D.

UNDER GRADUATES.

SADIE L. BROWN, M. F.	W. F. KENRICK, B. C.
LUTIE M. FRENCH, B. C.	FREELAND HOWE, M. F.
MYRA S. NELSON, M. F.	H. L. SWAN, B. C.
CLIO M. CHILCOTT, E. D.	HAVEN METCALF, E. D.
ANNIE E. MERRILL, B. C.	G. K. BASSETT, M. F.
MADGE S. WILSON, M. F.	J. B. MERRILL, E. D.
EVELYN M. WHITMAN, E. D.	S. H. HANSON, E. D.
ANNIE M. RICHARDSON, E. D.	F. W. PEAKES, B. C.
CHARLOTTE S. YOUNG, M. F.	FRED BRYANT, M. F.
ALICE M. BRAY, B. C.	H. S. HALL, M. F.
FLORA M. HOLT, E. D.	F. M. PADEFORD, M. F.

E. D. Doctor of Erotology.  
M. F. Master of Flirtation.  
B. C. Bachelor of Coquetry.

\* Embraces all prior courses.

† Honorable mention for recent work.



# Department of Elocution.

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## ETHICAL CODE.\*

1. LEARN well the art of simulation. Often must thou voice more learned truths than thou canst comprehend.

2. Create within thee a vivid imagination. Then wilt thou need nor Grammar nor Dictionary. Then may'st thou destroy language itself, and in its place may'st substitute expressions quite thine own.

3. Fix as thy highest maxim this, and let be known that it is thine :  
"Curry favor, and Currie will favor thee." Him who this rule obeys, do thou deem *excellent*.

---

## CLASS-ROOM REMINISCENCES.

MR. K. (*In Shakespeare class*). "Professor, will you please give me the syntax of the relative pronoun in the sentence just read"?

PROF. (*Anxiously*). "What do you mean by syntax"?

MR. K. (*With patronizing air*). "The grammatical construction—that is all."

PROF. (*Relieved*). "Oh, it has n't any! Its occurrence is to be explained only by an appeal to dramatic instinct."

MR. B. "Would you regard Shakespeare as a plagiarist to any considerable degree"?

PROF. (*Somewhat disconcerted*). "On the whole, I should not. I think that the most intelligent critics of the present day declare William Shakespeare to be a dramatist."

PROF. "Is there any point in my lecture which any of you failed to get"?

STUDENT. "Please, what was the subject of the lecture"?

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\* Made known to Professor of Elocution by introspection.

## EXAMINATION PAPER.

QUES. 1. Is an orator born or made?

ANS. He is born, but he is also fearfully and wonderfully made.

QUES. 2. What would you say of the arrangement of sentences in my fifth lecture?

ANS. The climax seems to be suppressed, and the lecture arranged after the manner of an extended anti-climax.

QUES. 3. How does Astronomy stimulate the imagination?

ANS. It makes us see stars.

---

## HELPS BY THE WAY.\*

LEC. I. "Emphasis is the manifestation of the concentration of the discrimination of the mind."

LEC. III. "Expression is the manifestation of the emotions and psychic nature of man, made manifest by the inflection of tones and the various undulations of the voice."

LEC. V. "Spontaneous action is the external manifestation of the internal plenitude of life and force."

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\* Extracted from lectures in Elocution, and printed for the help of amateur readers.





## Boardman Missionary Society.

### OFFICERS.

<i>Chef</i>	. . . . .	S. H. HANSON.
<i>Steward</i>	. . . . .	A. L. BLANCHARD.
<i>Caterer</i>	. . . . .	H. P. FORD.

### PLUMP ROASTERS.

C. W. PIERCE.	E. C. CLARK.	J. L. THOMPSON.
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### TENDER BROILERS.

A. W. LORIMER.	E. C. ATWOOD.	M. E. SAWTELLE.	A. T. LANE.
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### STILL LEAN AND ON HEAVY FEED.

W. F. KENRICK.	S. A. BURLEIGH.	C. L. CLEMENT.	PROF. STETSON.
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### STILL TOUGH AND ON PROBATION.

H. C. HANSCOM.	R. V. HOPKINS.	C. E. PURINTON.
G. K. BASSETT.	F. B. BRADEEN.	R. K. BEARCE.

Applications for Professorships, received by the President  
of the Board of Trustees.

---

*Dear Sir:*—Doubtless you have long felt the need in your curriculum of a course in the profane languages. It is a lamentable fact that but few scholars of the present day have attained to sufficient proficiency to give instruction in this sadly neglected branch of learning. Colby would do well to secure the services of a *connoisseur* who can teach the clear, forcible, and elegant use of the profane languages. The importunities of the undergraduates of Colby have induced me to propose the establishment of this chair, and make application for it. For references, see below.

Very respectfully yours,

HUGH DEAN MCLELLAN, P. P.

\* \* \* \* \*

We, the undersigned, heartily endorse the proposal to establish a professorship of profanity at Colby, and gladly recommend the above applicant as peculiarly fitted by natural talent, careful training, and constant practice for giving instruction in this branch.

E. C. CLARK.

J. F. PHILBROOK.

E. L. HALL.

J. COLBY BASSETT.

H. T. WATKINS.

G. L. BAKER.

A. W. SNARE.

J. B. ALEXANDER.

M. E. SAWTELLE.

*Dear Sir:*—Feeling that the present incumbent in the department of Elocution is in need of an assistant, I hereby make application for the position of assistant professor in Elocution. My experience in the Calais high school, together with the instruction which I have for the past year gratuitously given in the college, renders me eminently fitted for the task. I give no references: my past work recommends me.

Yours,

H. L. SWAN.

*Dear Sir:*—The better class of our alumni and students are mourning over the innocuous desuetude into which our most glorious customs have passed. Since entering Colby I have quietly labored to revive those ancient practices which in former days kept college spirit alive; but owing to the obscurity of Freshmanhood, I have not been alarmingly successful. Hoping that the dignity of a professorship will materially aid my efforts, I hereby apply for the position of Doctor of Deviltry.

Yours truly,

ROY M. BARKER, D. D.

Upon application, the following professors have been chosen:

J. S. LYNCH, Prof. of Drawing (to a flush).

H. C. HANSCOM, Prof. of Painting (the town red).

# An Extract from the Minutes of the Board of Conference

October 5, 1894.

MEETING of the Board of Conference called to order by President Whitman, who spoke as follows :—

Probably such a fine body of young men was never before assembled for the regulation of college affairs. Probably no college was ever before in such a prosperous condition. However, a little judicious legislation cannot be amiss, and will undoubtedly effect more desirable results.

Well-calculated legislation is at all times perfectly legitimate. Even if a law covers no existing abuse, yet it can work no harm to any one, and, indeed, may be of service in some future contingency. On the other hand, if a law makes provision against a present evil, it serves a most commendable purpose. Young men, you are sent here to legislate ; and the student body, which you represent, expects you to fulfil your obligation.

PROF. MATHEWS. Permit me to add that it is in the nature of the Saxon race to assemble and make laws. I quote for my authorities on this point, Lodge, Fiske, Bryce, Freeman, Taylor, and others too numerous to mention.

PRES. WHITMAN. Quite right, Professor Mathews, quite right.

MR. PURINTON. In behalf of the Student Committee, I will say that we want to do something to make the “bums” of the college come to time ; and we have framed the following laws, worded as carefully as possible in order to avoid any misunderstanding :—

*First.* Each and every student shall, each and every day, before the hour of (ten) 10 A. M., carry out and deposit in a certain receptacle or repository (made of zinc, slightly larger than a barrel and somewhat smaller than a hogshead, known by the appellation of “ash-can”) all ashes, cinders, clinkers, and any other refuse from his stove, if there be any.

Said student shall, before the process of deposition of said refuse, carefully remove the lid, cover, or top of said ash-can ; and, after said refuse is emptied, he shall as carefully replace the separable, movable, or detachable upper portion of said ash-can.

It shall likewise be incumbent upon said student to wipe up with handkerchief, towel, or other dry-goods, any sediment, molecule, or atom of powder, dust, or other pulverized substance, however minute, insignificant, or invisible, which may

become settled upon the ceiling, walls, or floor of the hall in which said ash-can is located.

All of which obligations, requirements and requisitions shall be fulfilled on pain of instant exile from this institution.

*Second.* Every student shall, after sweeping, dusting, or otherwise cleaning his room, remove the refuse consequent upon such operations, to the ash-can, in the manner hereinafter carefully designated, specified, and particularized :—

Said individual shall gather, collect, and place the hereinbefore mentioned refuse upon a dust-pan, shovel, or other suitable utensil, and carefully, cautiously, and circumspectly carry, convey, and transport said refuse to said ash-can and deposit it therein, taking due care that no sediment, molecule, or atom of powder, dust, or other pulverized substance may become attached to the ceiling, walls, or floor of the hall in which said ash-can is located.

All of which obligations, requirements and requisitions shall be fulfilled on pain of instant and forcible ejection from this institution.

*Third.* No student shall touch, handle, or in any way disturb the peace of the ash-cans in the several halls, on penalty of one dollar (\$1.00) fine for the first offence, five dollars (\$5.00) fine for the second offence, and expulsion for the third offence.

*Fourth.* No student shall at any time, for any cause, or under any consideration, speak above a whisper while on the campus, above an ordinary tone of voice within one hundred yards of said campus, or use boisterous language within one mile of said campus.

Any student feeling a desire, impulse, or constraint to sneeze, cough, or make unseemly noises of any sort whatsoever, shall hurriedly, hastily, and percipitately depart beyond the one hundred-yard limit.

If any student shall, at any time, find it necessary, needful or essential to pass, walk, or otherwise transport himself through the halls, vestibules or corridors of any of the dormitories of this institution, it is herein ordered that he shall take off, remove, or withdraw his boots, shoes, slippers, moccasins, or any other exterior apparel of his pedal extremities, and proceed, advance, or perambulate solely and alone in his hose, stockings, socks, leggings, or other interior apparel of his pedal extremities.

All of which obligations, requirements and requisitions shall be fulfilled on pain of instant banishment from this institution.

These laws are respectfully submitted by the Student Committee for the approval of the Board.

MR. WATERS. If any argument is needed to justify our position in the proposal of these laws, I would advance the following points, which will effectually squelch all opposition.

These laws ought to be adopted, *first*, because they are necessary (*a*) to the faculty, (*b*) to the Conference Board.

*Second*, because they are needful (*a*) to the Faculty, (*b*) to the Conference Board.

*Third*, because they are essential (*a*) to the Faculty, (*b*) to the Conference Board.

*Fourth*, because they are requisite (*a*) to the Faculty, (*b*) to the Conference Board.

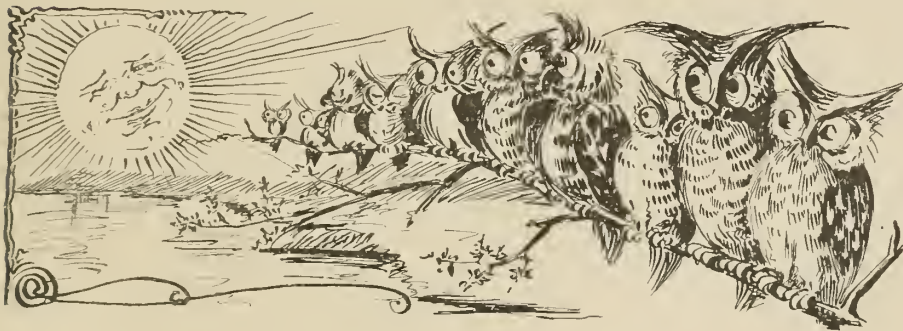
*Fifth*, because they are indispensable (*a*) to the Faculty, (*b*) to the Conference Board.

I present my argument only in outline ; for it is so clear, cogent, and convincing that it needs no explication.

MR. F. M. PADEFORD. We all realize the force of Mr. Waters' remarks and I move you that these laws be adopted as a whole without discussing them in detail.

Prof. Mathews seconded this motion, and it was unanimously carried.

*Adjourned.*



## POINTERS.

111

LIBRARY: "One omnipresent, damned, eternal noise."

During an animated conversation between "Rob" and Shailer, the former was heard to say:—"If I had your power of sarcasm, I would spend my life in making people miserable."

DR. W——, professor of mathematics, to a verdant Freshman from the wilds of Aroostook, who is demonstrating a geometrical proposition in a somewhat interrogative tone:—"Your rising inflections, Mr. Barker, make me tired."

"For God's sake, Currie, call me *Baker*."

JEWETT: "Argue, would'st thou? Lacking brains, how canst thou belch forth aught but wind"?

METCALF: "But in my breast the serpent Love abides."

TURNER: "Well-oh-ah-er-um-what-er-time-ah-is-hem-it"?

PROF. STETSON: "Long and lean, lank and thin,  
As one of Satan's cherubim."

'95 QUARTETTE: Hark! from the bricks a doleful sound.

A certain student named Cram  
Was invited one night to a party;  
But early he murmured, "How sleepy I am,"  
And deserting his girl, he de-partied.

Y. M. C. A. "They were the men who stole the livery of heaven to serve the devil in."



# Why I Came to College.

---



- Alexander* : To attend chapel and collect neck-ties.
- Ames* : By request of the selectmen of Skowhegan.
- Berry* : To show my shape on the tennis court.
- Blanchard* : To prove that donkeys can bray.
- Burleigh* : To contribute to the support of my friends.
- Clark* : To blow, to blast, to bluff.
- Coleman* : The Mohawks wanted an educated medicine man.
- Evans* : To work the stereopticon for the Profs.
- Freeman* : So I could wear long pants.
- Harthorn* : Only the co-ords know.
- Hodgkins* : To graduate with '94.
- Hooper* : To learn the deaf and dumb alphabet, so I can make myself understood in civilized society.
- Howe* : To elongate and beautify my drawl.
- Hoxie* : To help Totman study.
- Jones, A. M.* : My wife wanted an educated husband.
- Jones, W. L.* : Crops were good, and Pa wanted me to git an eddicashun.
- Kenrick* : To play with the other co-ords.
- Kimball* : To obtain polish and display my innocence.
- Kinney* : To follow in the footsteps of "Old Sleuth," the four-eyed detective.
- Kleinhaus* : To disseminate a knowledge of Dutch profanity among the students, and swipe anything not nailed down.
- L'Amoureux* : To cultivate beauty and mash the girls.
- Lattip* : To learn to walk.
- Lynch* : Because Grover would not give me the post office.
- Mahlman* : Because I had outgrown the *crib* of my infancy.
- Merrill* : To spend Pa's money.

- Osgood* : To be a pitcher (?).
- Padelford* : To assist the faculty in weeding out wickedness.
- Pierce* : So that I might be near Oakland.
- Pollard* : To learn French from original sources.
- Pratt* : Because they had no use for me at home.
- Purinton* : To fill brother Bert's shoes.
- Robbins* : Because Bates was too small to contain me.
- Rowley* : To be taken for Father Charland, and to become a soldier.
- Totman* : Because a sweater is the proper garb, and my linen shirt was covered with brown spots.
- Tozier* : To get the proper training for a jockey.
- Tuthill* : To reform the college.
- Whitman, H. L.* : To take in washing.
- Whitman, V. M.* : To cultivate cranial development.
- Wing* : No reason is apparent.



# LATEST POPULAR SONGS.

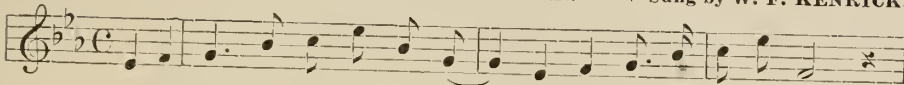
Try these on your piano.

## MOLLIE DARLING.

Music, J. T. COLEMAN.

Words, D. T. HARTHORN.

Sung by W. F. KENRICK.



If you love me Mollie darling, put your little hand in mine;  
For your old Platonic friendship is enough to make one pine.  
With your tender moderation, think of me, friend, when alone;  
I am jealous of the others who would fain call thee their own.

## CHORUS OF VICTIMS.

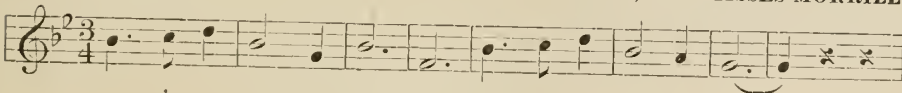
I.



*Fin de siècle* siren is Sadie B.  
Cruel, treacherous methods are hers we see.  
Limping, cynical, sore we've left the fray;  
Sadie, once our Sadie, may you e'er be Sadie B.

Music, THE PROFS.

Words, THE MISSES MORRILL.



Two little girls have X's;  
Two little girls have X.  
Morals excellent, studious their bent,  
Two little girls have X.

Music, Miss HUNT.

Words, ONLOOKERS.



Anxious little maiden,  
With fear and hope she's laden.  
Little heart goes pit-a-pat  
When the pitcher's at the bat.

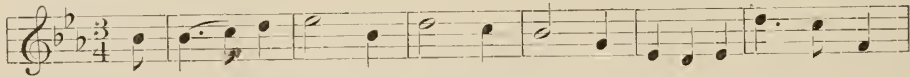
Composed by Miss MERRILL as a tribute to Browning.



Tell me one thing, tell me truly,  
Why rebuff my efforts so,  
Why, when asked your slightest meaning,  
You relentless answer no.

Music by the "LATEST."

Words, Miss RICHARDSON.



She hears his slow retreating steps,  
She pensive mounts the stair.  
"Heigho," says she, "Who the next will be  
I neither know nor care."

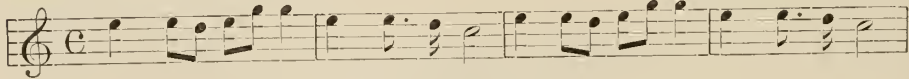
Dedicated to Miss CHUTTER by the Echo Contributors.



She's a tirelessly pen-driving maid,  
A "Please write for the Echo" young maid,  
A gently beguiling, items e'er filing,  
Haunt you for pointers young maid.

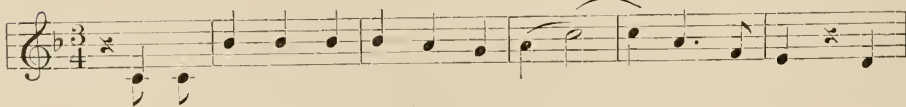
Music, CONFERENCE BOARD.

Words, Miss HAZELTON.



There is a happy land, far, far away,  
Where maids with scruples stand, far, far away.  
O what regulations there,  
Iron-natured, made to wear  
Centuries for aught I care, far, far away.

Words and Music by Miss JONES.



I care not what others may say;  
I can never say him nay.  
An angry frown can never down  
One with so persevering a way.

## Things that the Class of '98 Should Know.

---

That your studies should be of but secondary importance.

That successful leg-pulling is the one art to be acquired.

That freshness is always a sign of worth.

That card-playing, drinking, smoking and swearing are the accomplishments of a gentleman.

That the co-ords do not have an exclusive right to the library.

That it is never good form to be seen in chapel Sunday morning.

That you must furnish oil, wood, and minor articles to upper-classmen.

That anything taken from your room is not stolen, but borrowed.

That you must join every college association.

That '97 will never haze you.

That the Ah Skyward society is no more.

That you need not tip your hat to Sawtelle, '96.

That Whitman, '97, is not the President.

That Wyman can't help it.

That Collins forgets at times his own importance.

That Hardy is not as tough as he looks.

That Hubbard's head is only swelled.

That Dunn has not yet bought the campus.

That Fredolfo is not a Freshman.

That "Sam" is the Freshman's friend in time of trouble.

# \* Annales \*



- May
1. Ames and Clark treat the class in Oratory to bursts of eloquence.
  3. Ball team goes to Bowdoin. Telegram from Manager Jordan says, —  
“Bowdoin 10, Colby 1. Boys played good ball, but hard luck.”
  6. Colby plays Bates on the campus. Bates wins, 15–8. Cold showers interrupt the game. Rocky playing, and much kicking.
  9. “Robbie” sits heavily on Literature “Babies” for keeping books out.
  10. Colby *vs.* M. S. C. at Bangor. Grounds in horrible condition. Exhibition game; Colby 8, M. S. C. 9. Our boys begin to think they can’t play ball.
  12. Arbor Day. Cuts in afternoon. Bowdoin Freshmen play Colby Freshmen on campus. Score: Bowdoin 23, Colby 4.
  13. Ball team goes to Lewiston to play Bates. No game on account of rain and muddy grounds. Team returns in disgust.
  14. Co-ords hold *full houses* to-night.
  15. “Little Wanderers” sing in chapel.
  18. Quartette rehearsal. Leader late, as usual. Linguistic agility.  
“D — fool! d — fool!! d — fool!!!”
  19. Freshman Reading. Sophs and Freshies have cane rush on campus. Juniors sit on fence and let the good work go on. Waters and Hamilton scrap. Two downs for Hamilton, one for Waters. Upper-classmen take a hand. Ground strewn with dead and dying. Welch, Waters and Getchell *hors du combat*.
  20. *Echo* Association elects officers. Colby plays Bowdoin on campus. Bowdoin never in it. Colby wins, 9–2. Allen gains the *sobriquet* of “Lemon.” Colby men and cranks wild over the game.
  24. Bates and Bowdoin men flood the city. Bates plays Bowdoin on the campus. A very ragged exhibition of ball playing on both sides. Bates 24, Bowdoin 13. Pennant looks brighter for Colby. Bates men jubilant. Bowdoin men find solace in the flowing bowl.

- May 25. "Clark's Sextette" goes to Charleston on the morning train to furnish Commencement music at Higgins Academy. Clark (humming), "Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus"; (speaking in the same breath) "these are the —— shoes I ever wore"!
26. Sextette returns, and eats up Murry's restaurant. Clark (in answer to the inquiry of a by-stander): "We sang like he —— roes."
27. Colby *vs.* Bowdoin at Lewiston on Sabattis Street grounds. Dutchy and Rob in attendance. Bowdoin wins, 9-4, and the pennant is lost.
30. Memorial Day. Bates *vs.* Colby at Lewiston. Bates 8, Colby 5.
31. Prof. announces from the chapel pulpit the *annual* meeting of the Y. M. C. A. Colby defeats M. S. C., 15-4, on the campus.
- June 1. Sheldon addresses the cotton mill strikers at City Hall.
2. Sophomore "Dec." Fire alarms. Lights extinguished in the midst of Riggs' declamation. Sophs excited, and accuse Juniors and Freshmen indiscriminately.
3. Class games begin. 10 A. M., '95 *vs.* '96. Victory for Freshmen. 2 P. M., '94 *vs.* '96. Juniors win. 3.30 P. M., '93 *vs.* '95. Sophs win.
5. Chas. Sawtelle, Verne, Colby, Steve and Jake go to the Poor Farm in ten cent team to serenade the inmates. On return they do up Waterville with shout and song.
7. Purinton, '96, and Kimball, '96, collide on the diamond. Kimball's cheek is materially damaged.
9. Bates *vs.* Colby on the campus. Bates 11, Colby 10. Bowdoin and Bates tied in the pennant race.
10. '94 *vs.* '96 on campus. '94 shuts out '96, 23-0. Mollie goes to ride with Drew and loses her hat. Unaccountable. Many and diverse opinions expressed on Co-education in Oratory.
12. Scientific copper pitching in front of South College. Cupe has bad luck and withdraws.
13. Everybody flunks in "Lit." Rob bounces class unceremoniously; Dutchy asks Cupe meaning of *femme Francaise*. Class smile audibly.
14. Colby defeated by M. C. I. at Pittsfield, 19-6.
15. Watkins and Cupe have a slight disagreement.
16. Field Day sports at Island Park. '94 wins class cup. Several records broken. Bradley's in the evening with "the beautiful."

- June 17. Cupe and Jack plan to go to Oakland, but *don't go*.
19. Two of our students brought to justice by Crowell for riding bicycles on the sidewalk. Fined \$5.88 each.
21. *Exams!* B. B. A. elects officers.
22. EXAMS!! '94 banquet at Bay View.
23. EXAMS!!! Freshmen go on exit to Augusta. Sophs cap the climax of a bloody career by stealing one of George Alden's hay cocks. Hunger doubtless the cause.
24. '94 Co-ords agitated over Presentation Day programmes.
25. Prexy's Baccalaureate sermon at Baptist church.
26. Junior Class Day. Junior exhibition in evening. Grand Concert by Germania, and College Hop at City Hall.
27. Senior Class Day. Exercises at church and on campus. Alumni ball game. Walk-over for college team. Oration in evening by Rev. H. L. Wayland, D. D. Society reunions.
28. Commencement Day. Promenade Concert on the campus. Herr Mollenhauer and his band. "Uncle" locks up refreshments in Memorial Hall. Sequel.
29. Going!
30. Going!!
- July 1. Gone!!!
- Sept. 21. Fall term begins. Thirty Freshmen girls. Prof. Stetson in the Greek chair. Prexy requests seniors not to be Freshmen. Announces cut of two weeks. Sensation.
22. Foot-ball practice begins in earnest. Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. reception in Memorial Hall.
23. Soph-Fresh ball game. Elegant scrapping and plucky Freshmen. Sophs win at ball; Freshies at scrapping. Festivities end with grand cane rush in which Freshies are victorious. '96 treats '94 in reading room, and '95 banquets '97 at Elmwood.
25. Bloody Monday night. No festivities.  $\phi$  X dies to-night.
27. Colby defeats Augusta on the diamond, 10-9.
29. Workmen begin fixing up reading room. Students forage for wood.
30. Foot-ball Eleven plays Portland Highs on the campus. No score.
- Oct. 2. Folding bed falls down and mangles Co-ord.



- Oct. 4. Nine goes to Augusta, and Eleven to Lewiston to play Bates. A double victory; at Augusta, 26-9; at Lewiston, 4-0. General rejoicing. Old reading room transformed.
5. "Pat," our star pitcher, gets homesick and leaves college. Hopes of base ballists rudely shattered.
7. Big day. First "shout" in feminine '94. New matron arrives—an inauspicious event. False fire alarm empties the "bricks."
10. Dunton breaks his nose playing foot-ball. Co-ords begin to "canvass for the canvas."
11. Bricks turn out *en masse* to attend fire in the French quarter.
13. Delegations from the Fraternities attend initiations at Bowdoin. Phi Delta Theta initiates.
14. Eleven goes to Portland to play P. H. S. Eleven. Colby 10, P. H. S. 2. College Hop at Soper's.
17. Tommy's forehead is graced by an infantile bang.
18. Eleven defeated at Brunswick by Bowdoin, 42-4. Robbie makes a "tooch down."
20. D. K. E. initiation.
21. Colby Eleven defeats Hebron Academy on the campus, 22-16.
22. Averill gets married and leaves college.
25. Alpha Tau Omegas initiate.
26. Colby Eleven plays Boston University on campus, and is defeated 10-6. Hot game. "Jeddie" plays great ball. '94 Quartette sings in Thayer's Hall.
27. Delta U. and Zeta Psi initiate. Burleigh makes an analysis in Psychology which "turns out to be a boomerang." Baptist sociable.
- Nov. 1. Eleven defeats M. S. C. on the campus, 30-4.
4. Freshman Eleven defeats W. H. S. on campus.
7. Girls placed under new and stringent legislation by Conference Committee. Boarding-house rules. Prex reads them to the Ladies' College. Rather tough on some of our gallants.
8. Freshmen Eleven defeated at Augusta by Bowdoin Freshmen, 18-4.
11. Colby plays Bowdoin on the campus. Slugging match. Snare thumps Stevens and Quimby blacks Purinton's eye; everybody's fighting blood up. Even the good Dr. gets excited. Bowdoin wins 40-0.

- Nov. 15. Freemie settles a Psychological issue for Prexy — “My dear Man”!  
Eleven goes to Orono to play M. S. C. No game on account of snow.
17. Cupe labors under difficulty in Psychology. Thinks of “fear and sympathy.”
18. ORACLE Board holds its first session.
19. Dr. Seward preaches his farewell sermon in Waterville. Church is packed.
20. Seniors elect class officers.
21. Dr. Seward holds reception at Ware Parlors. Largely attended by students.
24. '94 banquets '96 on oysters at City restaurant. First lecture in ORACLE course by Pres. Whitman.
25. '96 gentlemen give reception to '96 ladies. Ditto '95 ladies to '95 gentlemen.
27. La Grippe descends on the college.
29. College closes for Thanksgiving recess. Portland and Bangor High Schools play foot-ball on campus; B. H. S. wins.
- Dec. 4. College reopens.
5. Santa rebukes the graceless rioters in the back seats at chapel. Senior articles due.
6. Senior appointments out. Everybody goes sleighing with his wife.
8. Sigma Kappa initiation.
9. Shailer lectures in ORACLE Course.
14. Pepita presented at City Hall, and students well *represented*.
15. Exams. begin. Senior exhibition with Junior parts.
18. Baptist sociable. Old-fashioned spelling school.
19. Last exam: over and term ends.
- Jan. 4. Winter term begins. Nummy returns to college.
5. Cobe gets a letter from his “little Jennie.”
8. Hooper edifies the class with his theory of evolution.
10. Ball men begin work in the Gym.
12. History class displays a lamentable geographical lameness.
16. Shailer's books disappear. Freemie talks in Ethics and says — nothing.
17. “Chap” treats on his engagement. Others earnestly requested to do likewise.
19. Term bills out. Falling off of X's in Senior class.

- Jan. 22. The '94 heavy weights have a mill in Recitation Hall. Clark puts Cupe's head through the window, and the glass suffers in consequence.
23. "Beppo" is executed with appropriate ceremonies upon the frozen Kennebec.
25. Day of Prayer for colleges. Cuts!
30. Depredations made upon Shailer's private property. Shailer expresses his opinion of marauders.
31. Everybody goes to hear Bill Nye and Wm. Hawley Smith. Ash-cans have a seance on the campus.
- Feb. 1. Sam declares that he "esteems" the Seniors. Deutsche Gesellschaft formed.
2. '94 Quintette gives a concert at Norway.
3. Epic and Stoic do battle in the library.
5. Clark conducts examination in Ethics.
6. Prof. Bayley lectures in ORACLE course.
7. Shailer to Pollard: — "Mr. Pollard, you turn up tardy or absent almost every day."
9. Quintette performs at Augusta.
11. Major Whittle speaks in Chapel.
15. Swell German at Soper's Hall.
18. Chapel exercises omitted for the first time in history of the college.
20. Quintette starts for Guilford and reaches Sangerville. Many exciting adventures. Clark (*loquitur*): "I wish you'd smoke a better pipe." Dramatic scenes with the Guilford lawyer.
22. Washington's Birthday. Cuts!
27. Steve stars in "Rosedale."
- Mar. 2. College hop at Soper's, at which college orchestra officiates. Prof. Warren lectures in ORACLE Course.
3. ORACLE and *Echo* Boards sit for pictures. Mysterious disappearance of George.
4. George found in a languishing state. Has placed himself *à la* Frank, under the care of a competent nurse. Receives a testimonial from sympathizing friends.
5. Election day; Waterville goes Republican and wild. People show their joy in the usual way. George's pulse a little stronger.

- Mar. 6. Class debate on Utilitarianism *vs.* Intuitionism. Athletic exhibition at City Hall proves a grand success.
7. Glee and Banjo Clubs sit for ORACLE pictures. George returns to the every-day world with a far-away look in his eyes.
8. Diamond clear of snow.
9. Exams. begin. Junior Debate at Baptist church. Republican celebration.
10. Exams.
12. Exams. concluded, term ends, and students desert the halls of learning.
29. Spring term begins. Plank sidewalks grace the campus. Chap gets lost trying to find new boarding place. To pedestrian. — "For God's sake, show me Main St."
30. Dutchy dons spectacles and creates a sensation. Prof. Bayley follows the way of the world.
31. "Golden Cross" sociable at Thayer's Hall. Students in full attendance. Ghost party "over home."
- April 1. A cloud passes over the sun, and George displays marvelous springing ability.
2. Out-door ball practice begins. Caps and gowns for Seniors arrive.
3. Dr. Dunton lectures in chapel. Sidewalk becomes disarranged. Settees in Recitation Hall and Dutchy's stove pipe take an outing.
4. Visiting committee go the rounds. Mr. Dunton continues his lecture.
6. Seniors attend chapel in caps and gowns. A rare treat to rest of college.
7. Prof. Bayley serenaded. Single cop, unarmed, frightens away serenaders. Term bills out.
10. Prexy fittingly rebukes chapel rioters.
11. Bob Ingersoll lectures at City Hall.
13. Senior ladies give a reception to Senior gentlemen.
14. All over to station to see "Venus Company." Daring deeds of chivalry. A few of our swells take "Venus" at Augusta by storm.
16. First practice on the diamond. Glee Club reorganized. Waters' engagement out.
17. Shailer becomes the happy father of a son and heir.
18. Ball team goes to Exeter. P. E. A. takes Colby into camp 15-9.
19. Fast Day. Colby defeats M. C. I. on campus, 13-11. 500 people witness game.

- April 20. Bacchanalian orgies celebrated in South College.
24. Ball team goes to Portland. Rain interrupts game. 4-0 in favor of Portland in three innings.
25. Freshman team defeats W. H. S. in a very loose game. Score mounts into the hundreds.
27. Colby defeats Boston University on campus, 18-8. Hand-organ seance at Palmer House.
28. First league game at Lewiston. Colby vs. Bates. 15-12 in favor of Bates. Colby plays a great up-hill game. "Tot" stars.
30. Cupe presents Dutchy with a trinket bought from an itinerant peddler. Donation conferred by the peddler.



## ‡ MANY THANKS. ‡

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\* To all members of the college who have furnished us with material, whether intentionally or unintentionally.

To Mr. J. B. Slocum, '93, for several valuable contributions.

To Mr. L. W. Robbins, '94, and to Miss Sara D. Lang of this city, for art work.

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\* Special mention is due Mr. Wellington Hodgkins, '94, and Mr. F. L. Ames, '94. The former's article, entitled "The Evolution of the College Graduate," secured the ORACLE prize offered by the Board of Editors for the best prose contribution from the Student body.

The ORACLE prize for the best poem was awarded to Mr. Ames' "College Pump."

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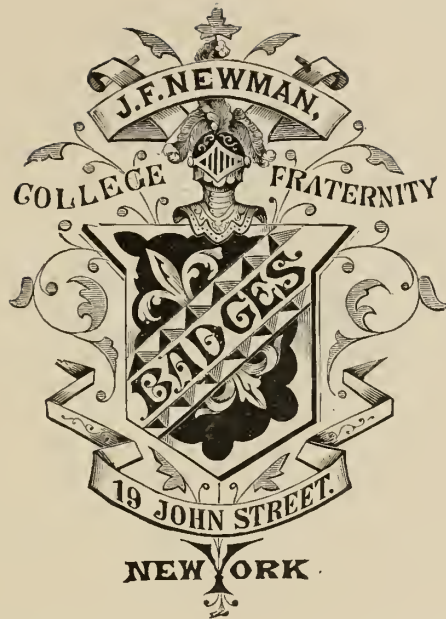
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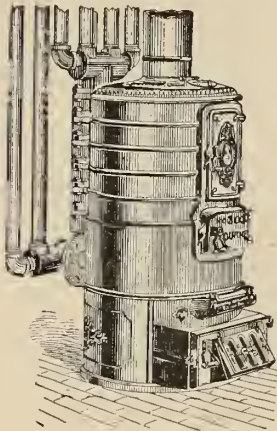
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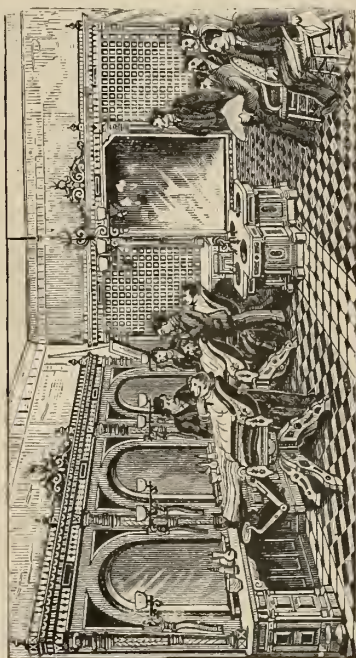
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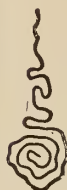
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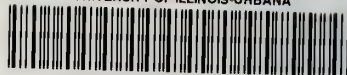








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