

The Colby Echo.

VOL. VIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, JUNE, 1884.

No. 9.

The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED ON THE 30TH OF EACH MONTH, DURING THE COLLEGIATE YEAR, BY THE STUDENTS OF COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

Literary.

J. C. KEITH, '84..... Editor-in-Chief.
HENRY KINGMAN, '84..... Campus.
W. C. EMERSON, '84..... Exchanges.
EDWARD FULLER, '85... Waste-Basket and Personals.

Managing Editor.

JOHN L. DEARING, '84.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, *in advance*. Single copies 15 cents.
The ECHO will be sent to all subscribers until its discontinuance is ordered, and all arrears paid.
Exchanges and all communications relating to the Literary Department of the paper should be addressed to THE COLBY ECHO.
Remittances by mail and all business communications should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Box 442, Waterville, Me.
Any subscriber not receiving the ECHO regularly will please notify the Managing Editor.

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Me.

CONTENTS.

VOL. VIII., No. 9.—JUNE, 1884.

THE SANCTUM:

A Hint to '84.....	121
Completion of Volume VIII.....	121
Base-Ball at Colby.....	121
Commencement Number.....	122
A Hand-Roller for the Campus.....	122
A Bulletin-Board.....	122
Notice of ECHO in the Catalogue.....	122

LITERARY:

The Maiden of Lorraine (poem).....	123
An American Characteristic.....	123
Heredity (poem).....	124
Emerson.....	125
The College Republic.....	126
Memory's Treasure (poem).....	128

THE CAMPUS.....

EXCHANGES:

Other Colleges.....	133
---------------------	-----

THE WASTE-BASKET.....	134
-----------------------	-----

LITERARY NOTICES.....	135
-----------------------	-----

THE SANCTUM.

WE wish to give '84 a reminder of what is the proper thing for every alumnus. Before going from college, every member of the class, should, if possible, subscribe for the college paper. We do not urge this on the

ground of benefit to the paper. That has demonstrated its ability to pay its own way. But if a graduate is going to keep up—not his connection merely, but his acquaintance with his *Alma Mater*—he must read the college publications. It is needless to go into detail in this matter, for the utility of the paper is, on a moment's reflection, apparent to every student.

WITH this issue, the ECHO completes the most prosperous year of its history. Under the outgoing management, the paper has steadily grown and improved, we think. This has been due to the efficiency of the financial management, the support of students, and the interest of those outside the college. We wish to express the thanks of the editors to those who have contributed to our literary columns. For the most part, the matter for that department has been furnished promptly and cheerfully, but a greater number of articles from which to select, and more care in their preparation, would increase greatly the excellence of the paper.

We are desirous of rendering honor to whom honor is due, in one particular, a little out of the ordinary line. The typographical appearance and punctuality of issue have been very favorably commented on during the past year. These excellences are owing very largely to the admirable manner in which the printers have done their work. The courtesy beyond the bare demands of business, shown by the *Journal Office*, has been such that dollars and cents alone will not satisfy the claim.

AMONG our college sports, none receives so much attention, nor such hearty support, as our base-ball. In this line we have a very good record, but we feel confident that even better results may be reached. The results of severe training and rigorous discipline of the University nine have shown the value of order in play, as well as in work. The nine this

year, taken all in all, has been the best that we have ever put in the field.

In our view, however, a mistake has been made this year, as in the past, in concentrating all our energies, financial and disciplinary, upon the University nine, and neglecting the Reserve team. The latter should be (1) a practice nine for the benefit of the University club, and (2) a fitting school, whose graduates shall be worthy of positions upon the first nine. Both these ends will be accomplished at once, if the right course is adopted. After the University nine has been selected, let the Reserves be chosen with equal care from the available material remaining. Then let the latter go into as vigorous and strict training as the former. It will require hard work to accomplish this, but the results will warrant the effort.

Note a few of the advantages. In the spring we would put two nines in the field, each of which would be in good form. Frequent and earnest matches between them would be the best possible preparation for the inter-collegiate games, that we could give the University club. Again, the Reserve nine would bring into notice and develop good players who would be available for the next first nine; for almost every year, from three to five players in that team, graduate from college. When the new nine is formed, its players will have had some experience. They will have learned to play a certain position, and will have found out the value of playing in harmony with the rest of the nine. The importance of the last is understood by every ball-player. Another great advantage in such a course as we suggest, is that if a player upon the first nine should be disabled (and such an accident is likely to occur at any time), there would be a man trained for that very position, all ready to fill the vacant place.

In order to accomplish all this, more money and a great deal more time must be expended upon the Reserves, than has been customary. But if the players are properly interested, they will take hold of the matter heartily, and by arranging games with local clubs they might become self-supporting, instead of being a continual expense as hitherto.

WITH the full sanction of the Publishing Association, we have the pleasure of announcing a commencement number of the

ECHO. Such an issue has never before been attempted, all the commencement news and notes being carried over to the first issue of the fall term. There are many serious objections to this practice, and this year we hope to put at the service of our readers a full, fresh, and convenient account of the occurrences of commencement week. The extra will be out just as soon as possible after commencement, and will probably contain more than the usual number of pages. For the Manager's announcement, we refer our readers to our advertising columns.

A VERY useful, and in some cases necessary implement on the college grounds, is a small roller for levelling and smoothing. Heretofore when such work has been done, a roller has been borrowed. This has involved no little expense, and often considerable trouble. Inasmuch as a good roller can be obtained for a few dollars, it seems as if the college could afford to provide itself with such a convenience, to be kept on the premises. If the college authorities cannot furnish the article, the B. B. A. and tennis clubs might co-operate in the purchase of an implement so necessary in keeping their grounds in good order.

FROM time immemorial, notices of all kinds have been wont to be posted on a much-enduring elm by south college. The suggestion that a bill-board would afford a much neater and more secure background for the announcement of meetings and for the various "lost, strayed, or stolen" notices, which the students are invited to read, has been oft repeated, and as often disregarded. For the outlay of a very few cents each, the students might have a bulletin-board, that would be a convenient and safe place for the posting of notices. Will not some one take the matter in hand and carry it through?

IF it will not seem presumptuous, we should like to ask a favor of the compiler of our annual catalogue. Thus far, we believe, that volume has never taken any notice whatever of the ECHO. Now the paper is just as much a part of the college as several other things mentioned in the catalogue, and it seems to us that it is worthy of mention, at least. We ask that the matter be considered, at any rate.

LITERARY.

THE MAIDEN OF LORRAINE.

When the warrior's deeds are ended and his spirit
soars away,
Then his people never ceasing, to their knight fond
tributes pay.
Worthy he of highest honor, worthy of immortal
praise,
Noble matrons, blooming maidens, chant his deeds in
sweetest lays.
But for thee fair maid of Daring, no array thy triumphs
mark,
No one weaves fresh garlands for thee, noblest thou
Joan of Arc.
In thy cottage home so lovely in the valley of Lorraine
Where the flowers bloom forever, there content
wouldst thou remain,
But mysterious voices called thee, voices from some
angel band,
Called for thee at morn and noonday, bade thee save
thy native land.
Domremy, however charming, with its moss and ivy
vine,
Could not turn thee from thy duty, could not hush the
call divine.
Ah! thy deeds were e'er the bravest, for they showed
a heart humane;
When the field was all in carnage, wept thou sadly
o'er the slain.
Songs belong to thee fair maiden; songs of praise and
loud hurrah,
For thy victories grand and noble, on the banks of the
Loire.
But alas! no laurels greet thee when thy conquests all
are o'er;
In the silent church-yard sleeping, we shall see thee
never more.
France may sing her own redemption in the halls of
Vaucouleurs,
But for thee no songs are chanted, through the mist
of fleeting years.
Cruel Fate for thee had destined, never here to reap
reward,
For how often choicest jewels, rest unseen beneath the
sod!
When thy hand, fair France had rescued from the
power of English sway,
When her king, well nigh an exile, reigned once more
in grand array;
Then the voices ceased to charm thee, for thy cher-
ished work was o'er.
Gladly in thine own sweet valley wouldst thou dwell
forevermore.
But alas! most gentle maiden, flower and bud bloom
not for thee.
Domremy, thine own loved birth-land, thou on earth
no more shall see.
Harsher scenes than these must greet thee, fiercer con-
flict must thou know,

For in dubious tide of battle, fall'st a captive of the
foe.
Thine no more the smiling valley, nor the hill-side of
Lorraine,
But for thee the fiery scaffold and the tyrant's cruel
reign.
Maddened were those English nobles in the fury of
the strife,
When they sought with ruthless hatred such a guilt-
less maiden's life.
Oh! what fierce, wild, raging passion, as if Satan's
force were nigh,
When that mad throng met at Rouen, there to see a
hero die.
Thou hadst known full many a conquest, thou hadst
won an envied name,
But thy death, how far excelling every brave knight's
courted fame!
Yet t'were not for thee to revel in the glow of mortal
praise.
Thou shalt know far greater honors through the
dawning future days.
But if France should call her heroes, and to these
choice crowns proclaim,
Thine would be than all more precious, gentle maiden
of Lorraine.

AN AMERICAN CHARACTERISTIC.

LAST year when that eminent and world-
respected thinker and philosopher—Her-
bert Spencer—was in this country, he was
entertained at New York, by a company com-
posed mostly of distinguished Americans. In
an unconventional, after-dinner speech, he first
briefly, but sincerely, extended his thanks for
the proffered hospitalities and the attention
paid him, and then immediately plunged into a
discourse, which he termed fault-finding, but
which in reality ought to be considered as
highly eulogistic of a characteristic, which has
given America in her infancy such signal suc-
cess, and of which every American ought to
feel proud. The sum total of his remarks is as
follows: "You Americans are too energetic.
This high pressure life brings on gray hair. It
sends you hurriedly to the grave, leaving in
your children damaged constitutions." All of
which ought to give rise to a great deal of seri-
ous thought on the part of all Americans, who
are hastening to an early grave through the in-
fluence of enterprise and energy.

Now it is but the primitive man who lacks
energy—or rather whose energy is only convul-
sive. He knows not how to apply himself.
His passion, whatever it may be, spurs him on

only for a time. A feeling of danger, for instance, rouses the dormant energy of his nature but for a brief period, and he again sinks into his customary and natural inertia. Life with him is but a series of spasms, each in itself incomplete, all resulting in an infinite number of embryo successes.

Along with the development of his other faculties, there came the gradual unfolding of such an inherent power as should produce an appreciable effect. And as he advanced, the stern discipline of the social life, for which he seemed created, demanded a disposition for persistency and industry. And now if this energetic aptitude seems to have been more fully developed in the American, indulgent foreigners will pardon us if we claim it to be an advancement in civilization. It is the savage, the barbarian, who looks only to the gratification of his immediate desires, while it is the civilized man who seizes and makes the most of all present good, and at the same time looks beyond, and prepares for future life. The result would be beyond the powers of the imagination, should man rest upon what he has done to-day, and think not of to-morrow. The struggle which our forefathers experienced in laying the foundation for the new world might have overtaxed their energies, but if it did, instead of leaving in posterity damaged constitutions, the next generation was born with new and more active energies, in order to build upon the work of its ancestors—and most glorious have been the results. Habitual diligence and perseverance have become a nature with the American, and to allow energy to sleep is war against nature, and war against nature is sin. That idea prevalent among impracticable Europeans, who know little or nothing of American character and tendency, that we are drifting through a boundless mistiness of liberty, without aim or purpose, is void of reason, and is prompted more by jealousy than by a true spirit of unprejudiced criticism. We are not a convention of fifty millions of people in pursuit of some political or social sensation, but a nation with energies bent on national existence, and an endeavor to elevate the type of human society. As a result of this energizing, we can point to our position of advancement in government, to the high standard we have reached as a social as well as a political organization, and to a progress more

remarkable by far than that of any other nation on the globe. It is with pride that every patriotic American points to his country as the youngest and greatest of nations. Such an habitual diligence is undoubtedly uncommon and peculiar, but it is purely American, not borrowed from trans-Atlantic nations—America's superiors only in years.

It is the violin whose strings are always kept tight that gives the best music; it is the man whose energies are always tense who lives the best life.

And is this energy blameworthy? Is not such brilliant success more than a compensation for whatever strain on the constitution an energetic life may produce? What if it does bring on gray hairs? Gray hairs are not unbecoming, for they are indicative of enterprise and industry. And does this American energy break down the health? We ask candidly where is there a healthier, happier race than here in active, energetic, enterprising, industrious America?

HEREDITY.

I have questioned learned scholars,
I have read in books of lore,
I have tried to solve the problem
Which escapes me o'er and o'er:
"Blood will tell," yet all creation
Asks the simple question—why?
Is not man a moral agent,
Given freedom from on high?
Ages, ages since, the prophet
Thus for every people wrote:
In your children thrice descended
Ye their fathers' sins shall note.
In the mind or in the body,
In the depths of secret thought,
By the deed or by the spirit
Is the curse forever wrought.
Have you dreamed what awful meaning
Lurks beneath each crimson line,
How the fearful edict spoken
Works through endless years of time?
Listen! Up from dismal alleys,
Out of dens that reek with crime,
Out from lanes of filth and fever,
Up from cellars damp with slime,
Forced from hearts with anguish stricken
And from lips that gasp for breath,
Comes a wall of choking sorrow,
Comes a cry that prays for death.
Oh, ye gods! Did ancient prophet
Dream of this what time he said:

Be thy sins upon thy children,
 Guiltless even be the head.
 And above the stifled dwellings,
 Gloating o'er the fearful sight,
 Floats the demon of that edict,
 Floats, and watches day and night.
 Have you thought what wealth of pleasure
 Lies enfolded in that speech,
 Not of sins but if of virtues
 We construe the words to teach?
 Sit beside a happy hearthstone
 And observe the perfect rest,
 Then you see the prophet's moral
 Working out its mission blest.
 In the father's every feature
 Note the manly self-control,
 On the brow the lines of wisdom
 And the tokens of the soul;
 Full and finely-chiselled lips;
 Noble purpose moulds the chin,
 While the eye reflects the nature
 Of the heart that lies within.
 How can pen of mortal poet
 Draw a mother's face divine,
 Though he know a hundred measures
 And the Muses guide the line?
 Love eternal, virtue, beauty,
 Beauty such as gods bestow
 On the pure, chaste, and holy,
 On the ones they love below.
 Eager, 'round the parents gathered
 Sports the happy little throng.
 Hear their cries of joy and gladness,
 Blending with the cradle song.
 How the boy reflects the father
 In the chin and forehead high,
 While the beauty of the mother
 Curves the lip and trains the eye.
 See what grace and sweet demeanor,
 Like a veil from fairy loom,
 Softly drapes the little daughter;
 Mark the glow of health, the bloom.
 Blessed thrice in all their children,
 Life for them is full and bright,
 Just reward for faithful minding
 Of a law severe, but right.
 Thus heredity transmitting
 Traits of parents, good or bad,
 Makes the fruit of love a blessing,
 Or may blight and render sad.
 'Tis a demon for the sinful,
 Cursing them with native crime;
 For the chaste a guardian angel,
 Making all their life divine.

As a reminder of her base-ball victories, Yale has sixty-nine base-balls won from clubs. All are painted the color of the losing teams and inscribed with the time and place of winning.—*Mirror*.

EMERSON.

WHAT is now the thriving and populous city of Boston not many years ago was comparatively a dull and countrified town. In such a community as this, in 1803, was born Waldo Emerson, whom now the world looks upon as one of the most brilliant lights of modern literature, and the present century has not by any means been destitute of men of genius. It is right, perhaps, to look with awe and admiration upon the ancient writers, but we ought not at the same time to undervalue those of the present generation. Emerson called forth admiration during life, although he was of a modest and retiring nature. His life was exceedingly uneventful. At the age of eighteen he graduated from Harvard, and after spending five years in teaching, entered the ministry, but his labors in this field were short; he soon visited England, but returned ere long to find a quiet retreat from the busy world in the old historical town of Concord, and there began and ended that peaceful literary existence which was so productive of knowledge and interest to the world.

His early career was fraught with difficulties. The American people had no literature of their own, unless a few political speeches of Patrick Henry's and others could be justly called a literature.

Emerson did not believe in a country's depending on another across the waters for its reading, so he set himself to work and started a new era in literature.

His writings throughout are distinguished for their clear, marked individuality and truthfulness. Their peculiarities have called forth many severe criticisms, and the bluntness which characterizes them all has not failed to make him enemies.

Emerson took no part in politics; he never belonged to any political party, but was an earnest abolitionist, as his poem delivered in Boston in honor of Emancipation Day testifies. He was also a philosopher, and his first duty as such was to "cut the cable which bound his countrymen socially and intellectually to English thought." This he did successfully.

When he spoke before the Harvard students, how earnestly he besought them to assert their independence in literature, holding up Nature as the prime teacher, and the study of the past as recorded in books as second in importance.

To quote his words: "We had better never see a book than to be warped by it out of our own orbit. Life is our dictionary and our grammar; colleges and books only copy the language which the field and work-yard made."

It is encouraging to the young man striving to rise in the world of the journalist or man of letters to know that Emerson was one of the most unsystematic of writers. His essays and poems are bundles of ideas and proverbs, gathered together under one name, but for all this they seldom fail to impress the reader most forcibly. He was exceedingly fond of contradiction, but not of continued argument. He said: "Others may wrangle; as for me, I will wonder."

Emerson is noted for the direct and decisive way in which he expressed himself. It is said that he did not admit of "but" and "however," but insisted that "yes" and "no" were sufficient. Another ray of hope for the aspiring genius is found in the fact that even Emerson sometimes used bad grammar, although one of the first scholars of his age; and English critics affirm that he misapplied terms. Almost impossible is it to comprehend and appreciate many of his soliloquies on Nature, so deep and intense is the feeling contained in them; in fact, one can not appreciate them unless he feels something of the same awe and admiration in the presence of nature as the writer himself.

One of his most interesting essays is on that old, time-worn subject, upon which every school-boy has written at least one composition—Friendship. But whenever we peruse Emerson's "Friendship" a feeling of appreciation steals over us from the first, and a reputation of masterly judgment is won for the writer in a moment. His works, prose or poetry, are never dull, and although they cannot be read fast, it is because of quantity of thought and not obscurity of meaning. Take up his writings when you will and in any mood; in a short time you will find that you are completely taken away from yourself and transported into the realm of the author.

The American people will ever cherish the name of Emerson as a pure, honest, straightforward writer of truths worthy to be known; and the quaint old straggling town of Concord, in addition to its Revolutionary fame, will be held dear as the home of America's Philosopher and Poet.

THE COLLEGE REPUBLIC.

PERSONS OF THE DIALOGUE.

SOCRATES, who is the narrator.

ZENO.

LEONTINUS.

PHILETUS.

PYTHAGORAS.

And others who are mute auditors.

I WAS going slowly down the road to the Piræus, on my way to the temple of Artemis of Thrace, when some one touched my shoulder. I turned and saw a slave of my friend Philetus. He immediately explained the cause of his sudden appearance by saying that his master, seeing me moving so slowly down the way, thought that I might be persuaded to come and join a company of friends assembled at his house.

Remembering that I had not seen Philetus for some little time, and that I had considerable leisure before the hour appointed for the procession, I followed the slave.

On entering the house, I found there Philetus, crowned with bay, surrounded by a little company of friends of whom I especially noticed Zeno the Stoic, Leontinus of Samos, Pythagoras of my own deme, and several others whose names I do not now recall. Philetus made room for me at his side, and commanded the slaves to attend to my wants.

Perceiving that my entrance had interrupted their conversation, I begged them to continue as if I had not joined them.

Philetus then addressing me said: We were discussing, Socrates, as to what was the best method of governing the schools, which are now becoming so numerous throughout the city. Leontinus and Zeno maintain that their government should be wholly in the hands of the board of instructors, while Pythagoras holds that the students should be their own and only masters.

Indeed, said I, and what reasons do Leontinus and Zeno bring to support them in their belief?

Before Philetus could make reply, Zeno, with more impetuosity than is his wont, said, I believe, Socrates, that the instructors should alone concern themselves about the governing of those who are learners, for this reason. The students come from home at a very early age, and demand an authority similar to that which they would have received, had they remained at home. Now as this latter government is wholly in the hands of the parent, it seems

to me that in the schools the government should be, as it were, in the hands of a foster-parent; that is, the instructor should assume an absolute control similar to that of the parent.

That seems very reasonable, I said, but still I hardly understand fully the nature of this relation, which is to be between instructor and student. The instructor surely will not clothe the learner?

Assuredly not.

Nor supply him with food and the other necessities of life?

No.

In the family the son's every action is subject to the parent's control. Shall it be so in the school?

Certainly not.

Then the instructor does not represent the parent in all respects, but only in a few?

Only in the matter of discipline.

Now I understand, I said. The teacher is only to instruct and discipline the student. Is this your view, Zeno?

That is my view.

But now in regard to this discipline, I am also a little uncertain. The parent punishes from the love he bears to his child. Will the instructor be guided by the same spirit?

He ought so to be guided.

By the Dog, this is most assuredly so, I replied, but will it be possible? The parent, to whom the son owes his very life, sees his child growing up from earliest infancy to childhood, from childhood to youth; he sees his nature day by day unfolding; his plans become centered in the future of that child; his life and his child's life become, so to speak, one. Can this ever be true of the teacher?

It would seem impossible.

But the relations between the student and teacher must ultimately be grounded upon the same principles as those governing human relations in general.

So it appears.

If then, this unity of interests, this love of parent and child is the foundation of all parental authority, how can there be parental authority without this basis? Does it not seem to you that the real essence of all such government is removed when the love which only the parent can have is taken away? And does it not also seem to you that all claims to that kind of authority made by instructors, must be

from the very nature of the case false?

While Zeno was considering what answer he should make to this question, Leontinus, who had already several times tried to get the argument into his own hands, assailed me thus:

That the government of the schools should be entirely in the hands of the instructors, seems to me evident from this. The instructors are persons of experience. They spend their time and lives in teaching and disciplining the young men who flock about them. How fitting is it then that they should use the rich store of knowledge they thus gain, in moulding the characters of their disciples. How right it seems that there should be those removed alike from the passions of youth and the anxieties of mature life, who should dispense justice to all! Moreover, the instructors are best able to enforce law. They are its best representatives. Should the student have a part in the governing of the school, how soon would the course of law be stopped, how soon would every youth act according to his own wish! Each one would be his own lawgiver, and the only law that should then be given, would be the law of pleasure. Sophist and Epicurean could not imagine greater confusion!

Having delivered himself of this speech, Leontinus gazed upon us with the air of one who has completely overcome. He had however aroused Pythagoras to such an extent that he could no longer restrain himself, but shouted out:

And so, my good and noble Leontinus, you believe that the student is not capable of administering law. And why, forsooth? For this only that he is young! And is not youth as obedient to law as old age? Have there never been aged traitors? Have there never been young patriots? Are not young men allowed to plead before the council, and are not young men chosen as dikasts? I say rather that the students should themselves govern themselves, as they did in former times, and even as they do now in places not so very distant from our State. Suppose that the young man is impetuous, when a number of youths assemble to take counsel, they will be but little more rash than a council of elders. Could the school exist without the scholar? Do not the scholars hire the teacher, and should they not make the rules under which they should live? Are we not a Republic, and should not our youths be educated in little Republics

as it were? No, most excellent Leontinus and Zeno, the teacher should have nothing to do with governing, his duty is to teach. The students only are the ones governed, and they should be the only ones to govern.

Perceiving that this retort of Pythagoras had somewhat incensed his friends, I ventured to interpose a few questions.

I judge, I said, my dear Pythagoras, from what you have said, that you have a knowledge of the founding of these schools; would you kindly tell us which is the more common occurrence, the forming of a board of instructors and then the gathering of students, or the gathering of a body of students and then the choosing of a number of instructors?

If my memory serves me aright, Socrates, I should say the former.

You would say then that the board of instruction was in existence before it had those whom it might instruct?

I should.

Would not then this body of would-be teachers, or the persons whom they represented, have a right to make laws and conditions under which they should receive persons under their charge?

Most assuredly.

And those persons who did so come under their instruction, did they not by their very act make themselves conformable to those laws administered by the board of instructors?

Yes.

Then according to your own admission, the instructors do have a right to administer the law to the students?

At this, Leontinus gave a loud laugh and said: You see Pythagoras, you cannot argue for yourself without pleading for me.

And yet, my honorable Leontinus, Pythagoras is not entirely wrong. For of what does a school consist? Not merely of instructors?

Certainly not.

But of students also?

Of course.

Does it not then seem fitting to you that the students should have a part in the caring for that of which they are a part? Moreover, for what purpose are all schools? To make youths better or worse citizens?

Better, by Zeus.

Will they not then be fitting places to in-

culcate the first principles of the plan of government which has been adopted by the State of which they are to become members? If, as you say, they are to be governed by law, is it not fitting that they should be governed as they will be in future life—by themselves co-operating with the representatives of that law? If, as is often the case, while in school they become of an age suitable to help govern their country, does it not seem that they are of suitable age to attend, in some degree, to the government of their school? It seems to me, then, that you all are right, and yet all are wrong, in that you each claim that the government of the school should be entirely in the hands of the one or the other. Rather let teacher and pupil be complementary, each aiding the other, and then as it seems to me, shall the school be best and most wisely governed. So saying, I took leave of them, as already in the distance I heard the noises of the procession at the temple.

MEMORY'S TREASURE.

Scenes of student life, each daily
With its wealth of studied lore,
And the active sports as gaily
Shared in as so oft before,
Soon will be in recollection's
Treasured casket placed secure,
Naught shall then from true affections,
To forgetfulness allure;
Nor a grateful recognition,
Aught the tide of years shall check,
Of the willows in submission
Bowed to sovereign Kennebec.

Other scenes shall give their greeting,
Other duties claim their part,
Other conflicts bravely meeting,
Other joys a counterpart;
Yet a deep, abiding motive,
As the years glide on apace,
And as Truth by altars votive
Trains her ivy vine of grace,
Memory amid Life's billows,
Still the topmost wave shall deck,
As the foliage the willows
By the royal Kennebec.

Of the 320 colleges and universities in the United States, but 24 have more than 200 students, and only 17 have more than 20 teachers. Many of them, especially in the South and West, furnish no better education than can be got in a high school of the first-class.

THE CAMPUS.

Vale!

Finis est.

'84 must go—*ὡς γεναὶ βροτῶν.*

Commencement concert is already an assured success.

It's an '86 man who says that the music of a flute is produced by a reed.

A fine bust of Mercury has been added to the art collection of the college within the past month.

Mr. J. L. Dearing has been chosen to deliver the address to the Undergraduates upon Class Day, in place of C. W. Morrill, resigned.

The Junior Class indulged the other day in an excursion to the Hallowell granite quarries to study the geological formations with Prof. Elder.

The engraving for '84's class-day invitations and programs was this year done by E. A. Wright of Philadelphia, and has given unusual satisfaction.

A large and enthusiastic Blaine and Logan club has been formed in college, and there is prospect of an unlimited amount of fun for the boys next fall.

The Freshman class had its exit at Augusta on the night of Friday, June 27th. The Sophomores have voted to have neither class exit nor class supper.

The reading-room is at last resplendent with its new carpet,—a pleasing contrast to the few shreds of matted rags that have for years served to obscure the board floor.

The public spirit, first of the town and next of its property owners, in keeping College Street sprinkled in dusty weather, is beyond praise—yes, far beyond.

The "Campus" this month is necessarily abridged to make way for the base-ball and field-day matter, which is presumed to be of greater interest to the students.

The Freshmen and Sophomores have again endeavored to demoralize each other by a match game of base-ball. The result was as it should be, and was highly satisfactory to all parties concerned, except the Freshmen, the score standing 26 to 22 in favor of '86.

The two half-ripened crows, so long the pets and playmates of the South College Freshmen, were consumed the other night upon a funeral pyre of kerosene barrels, burned in honor of Blaine and Logan. Their bones were raked out from among the ashes next morning, and given an honorable interment by members of '87.

The meeting of the Y. M. C. A., for the election of officers for the ensuing term, was held in the Boardman Missionary Room, on the evening of June 19th: President, B. S. Annis, '85; Vice-President, T. J. Ramsdell, '86; Corresponding Secretary, C. P. Small, '86; Recording Secretary, F. M. Perkins, '87; Treasurer, Woodman Bradbury, '87.

A large painting of the colleges, as they appeared fifty years ago, was received the other morning at the library. The view is taken from the other side of the river, a little above the bridge and is interesting as showing the changes that time has wrought both in the town and on the campus. The painting was presented by the wife of Prof. J. E. Farnam, of the class of '33.

The stream has this year claimed more than the usual number of victims. This year it was not a single couple floating aimlessly about amid the ice-cakes, but the proud the beautiful and the strong have all at times disappeared beneath the waters of the Messalonskee, clad in full apparel, and in certain cases attended by fair companions. Full particulars may be had upon applying to the interested parties.

The meeting of the Base-Ball Association, held on the morning of June 21st, resulted in the election of the following officers: President, Chancey Adams, '85; Vice-President, G. E. Googins, '86; Treasurer, W. H. Snyder, '85; Secretary, W. P. Morton, '86; 1st Director, A. M. Foss, '85; 2d Director, S. B. Overlock, '86; 3d Director, M. H. Small, '87; Scorer, C. P. Small, '86; Captain of the nine, H. L. Putnam, '86.

The annual meeting of the Colbiensis Publishing Association was held in the chapel on the morning of June 7th. The most interesting feature of the meeting was the report of the managing editor, which was quite lengthy, and was received with loud applause by the students. The causes for expenditure have never before been as heavy as in the present year, yet the

accounts of the Association reveal a large balance in the treasury. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: President and Managing Editor, F. H. Edmunds, '85; Vice-President, R. A. Metcalf, '86; Treasurer, B. S. Annis, '85; Secretary, J. R. Wellington, '86; Board of Auditors, W. H. Snyder, '85, T. J. Ramsdell, '86, F. M. Perkins, '87.

The Colby Reading-Room Association held its annual meeting for the election of officers on the morning of June 14th. The following men were chosen: President, B. S. Annis, '85; Vice-President, O. M. Foss, '85; Secretary, S. B. Overlock, '86; Treasurer, H. F. Curtis, '87. Like the other organizations of the college, the Reading-Room Association is in a flourishing condition. Numerous additions and improvements have been made to the reading-room during the past year, and the treasury is in a good condition.

What we feared has happened. The Western papers with an eye like an eagle's for scenting out excruciating misstatements, pounced upon the unlucky item in the *Bates Student*, against which we especially warned them in the last month's "Campus," and came out with the following card, which has been widely distributed through the Northwest: "Prof. Lyford has been elected professor of Physics at Colby. When elected to this position he was teaching in the normal school at Cortland, N. Y." This is a mistake—it is untrue—it is false—it is from the father of lies. The first paragraph might have appeared with truth some years ago, but the second and final sentence must be branded as a willful and malicious falsehood. It is to be hoped that the author of this cruel joke will make a full retraction at the earliest opportunity next fall.

The two unsightly blotches of bare dirt and gravel on either side of the recitation-hall entrance to the campus, continue to excite the astonishment of passers-by, the amazement of the students having given way to a stoical determination to "stand it for one more week, anyway." Even the two or three students, who at first said that it "wouldn't be so very bad, after all," have disappeared, their visions of a blooming jungle of rare plants having been rudely dispelled by the developments of the past month. If we may once more have green turf, instead of the two shrivelled and dusty

circus rings that, under the *non de plume* of "flower beds," now adorn our campus, we will guarantee that never till the class of '92 enters Colby, will any man be found bold enough to again tear up the campus, even for "flower beds." It was a noble experiment, but a gigantic blunder.

A game of base-ball between two picked *(p. v.) nines from North and South College, respectively, was played upon the home grounds upon the afternoons or evenings of June 19th, 20th, and 21st, an average of three innings, strange to relate, being played each day. The game was called at the end of the fifth inning on account of darkness, the score standing 24 to 18 in favor of South College. Their manifest superiority in the in-field was largely due to the terrific delivery of their pitcher, E. F. Fuller, and the phenomenal playing of Sandie on second-base. The victory for South College was complete and decisive. It was thought best, however, to continue the game on the following day, and owing to the utter demoralization of both nines, the scores piled up with incredible rapidity. South College was unfortunate enough to lose her strongest man, Trafton, at this juncture, and in consequence North College climbed steadily ahead, the game terminating with the disgusting score of 51 to 37 in favor of the North College nine.

The following is the program for the present Commencement week:

SUNDAY, JUNE 29.—Baccalaureate Sermon by the President, at 2.30 P.M., at the Baptist Church. Annual Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society and Young Men's Christian Association, by Rev. Joseph F. Elder, D.D., (class of '60) of New York, at 7.45 P.M.

MONDAY, JUNE 30.—Ivy-Day Exercises of the Junior class at 2.30 P.M., on the campus. Junior Exhibition at 7.45 at the church. Meeting of the Board of Trustees at Champlin Hall, at 7.30 P.M.

TUESDAY, JULY 1.—Class-Day Exercises: at 10.40 A.M. at the church; at 3 P.M. on the campus. Annual meeting of the Alumni Association at Alumni Hall, at 2 P.M. Dedication of Coburn Classical Institute: Oration by President S. L. Caldwell, D.D., of Vassar College (class of '39), at the church, at 7.45 P.M. Society reunions at the halls at 10 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2.—Commencement Day. Exercises of the graduating class and conferring of degrees, at the church, at 10.30 A.M. The procession forms at Memorial Hall at 10. Commencement dinner at Alumni Hall at 1 P.M. Library and cabinet open to visitors from 3 to 5. President's reception in the evening. Commencement concert at Town Hall, at 8 P.M.

*Pumpkin vine.

The Senior class celebrated the completion of their course by a final banquet at the Elmwood, on Wednesday evening, June 4th,—the last in a long series of class-banquets, and the jolliest of them all. The tables were arranged with admirable taste, and the *menu* was the finest which a college class in Waterville has ever seen. After the banquet, the class was called to order by Dearing, toastmaster, and the following toasts were proposed and responded to amid unbounded enthusiasm and applause:

TOASTS.

The Banquets of '84. Response by A. L. Doe.
Those "Lost to Sight." Response by W. C. Emerson.
'84 in the Class-Room. Response by C. S. Estes.
'84 on the Campus. Response by Shailer Mathews.
The Quill-Drivers of '84. Response by H. M. Lord.
The Dilemmas of '84. Response by H. F. Dexter.
The Girls. Response by J. E. Cummings.
Our Profs. Response by W. K. Clement.
Our Alma Mater. Response by Henry Kingman.
Our Past. Response by J. C. Keith.
Our Future. Response by E. P. Burtt.

After the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" the assembly broke up, and after a few manifestations of hilarity upon the campus, peace again settled over the members of '84.

Lewiston, 7; Colby, 3.

LEWISTON.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Nevins, c. f.,	3	2	0	0	1	0	0
Parsons, p.,	5	0	0	0	2	6	0
Wilbur, 2b.,	4	1	0	0	6	0	1
Coyne, l. f.,	4	2	1	1	1	0	0
Nickerson, r. f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
O'Connell, 1b.,	3	1	1	1	5	1	1
Scannell, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	1
Bates, c.,	4	1	0	0	8	1	0
Lord, s.s.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals,	34	7	2	2	26	10	3

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Doe, p.,	3	0	1	1	1	12	1
Mathews, 3b. & c.,	4	2	1	2	2	1	0
Emerson, 1b.,	4	1	0	0	14	0	3
H. L. Putnam, c. f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
T. P. Putnam, r. f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Larrabee, s.s.,	4	0	1	1	2	1	1
Goodwin, c. & 3b.,	4	0	0	0	2	2	4
Whitten, l. f.,	3	0	0	0	2	0	0
Small, 2b.,	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Totals,	32	3	5	5	24	17	9

First base on errors—Colby 2, Lewiston 8. First base on called balls—Colby 2, Lewiston 4. Balls called—on Doe 69, on Parsons 39. Strikes called—off Doe 15, off Parsons 6. Struck out—Colby 2, Lewiston 3. Passed balls—Goodwin 4, Bates 2. Wild pitches—Doe 2, Parsons 1. Time—1 hour 33 minutes. Umpire—E. P. Burtt.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Lewiston,	3	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	—7
Colby,	0	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	0—3

Bowdoin, 6; Colby, 3.

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barton, l. f.,	5	0	0	0	6	0	1
Dearth, c. f.,	5	1	1	1	1	0	0
Torrey, 2b.,	5	1	1	1	3	4	0
Cook, 3b.,	5	2	2	2	0	1	1
Talbot, r. f.,	5	1	2	2	0	0	0
Wright, p.,	4	1	0	0	2	6	0
Waterman, c.,	4	0	0	0	4	1	1
Pushor, 1b.,	4	0	1	1	11	0	0
Davis, s.s.,	4	0	0	0	0	2	2
Totals,	41	6	7	7	27	14	5

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Doe, p.,	4	0	0	0	0	6	1
Mathews, c.,	4	2	2	2	2	2	1
Emerson, 1b.,	4	1	0	0	16	0	0
H. L. Putnam, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
T. P. Putnam, r. f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Larrabee, s.s.,	4	0	0	0	2	4	2
Goodwin, 3b.,	4	0	1	1	0	3	2
Whitten, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	2	1	0
Burtt, 2b.,	4	0	1	1	4	3	5
Totals,	36	3	5	5	27	19	11

First base on errors—Colby 4, Bowdoin 10. First base on called balls—Bowdoin 1. Balls called—on Doe 61, on Wright 36. Strikes called—off Doe 9, off Wright 8. Passed balls—Mathews 4, Waterman 2. Wild pitches—Doe 1, Wright 2. Struck out—Colby 5, Bowdoin 2. Time—1 hour 25 minutes. Umpire—Barrett Potter.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	5	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—6
Colby,	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	0—3

Colby, 2; Bowdoin, 1.

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burtt, 2b.,	4	0	1	1	2	0	0
Mathews, c.,	4	0	0	0	12	1	0
Emerson, 1b.,	4	0	1	1	8	1	1
H. L. Putnam, c. f.,	4	0	1	1	2	0	1
T. P. Putnam, r. f.,	3	0	0	0	0	0	0
Larrabee, s.s.,	3	0	0	0	0	2	0
Goodwin, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	0	3	0
Lord, l. f.,	3	1	1	1	1	0	0
Doe, p.,	3	1	1	1	2	9	1
Totals,	31	2	5	5	27	15	3

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barton, l. f.,	4	0	2	2	2	0	0
Dearth, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Torrey, 2b.,	4	1	1	1	3	4	0
Cook, 3b.,	4	0	1	1	1	1	1
Talbot, r. f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Wright, p.,	3	0	0	0	1	8	0
Waterman, c.,	4	0	1	1	5	3	1
Pushor, 1b.,	4	0	0	0	11	0	1
Davis, s.s.,	3	0	0	0	1	1	1
Totals,	34	1	6	6	24	17	5

First base on errors—Colby 4, Bowdoin 2. First base on balls—Bowdoin 1. Balls called—on Doe 72, on Wright 29. Strikes called—off Doe 18, off Wright 8. Struck out—Colby 3, Bowdoin 7. Double play—Wright, Torrey, and Pushor. Time of game—1 hour 20 minutes. Umpire—W. C. Philbrook.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby,	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	— 2
Bowdoin,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—1

CHAMPIONS AGAIN!

"FOUR STRAIGHT!"

Colby, 4; Bowdoin, 0.

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Burt, 2b.,	4	1	1	1	2	3	0
Mathews, c.,	4	1	0	0	9	2	0
Emerson, 1b.,	4	2	2	2	11	0	2
H. L. Putnam, c. f.,	4	0	1	1	4	0	0
T. P. Putnam, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Larrabee, s.s.,	4	0	1	1	0	1	1
Goodwin, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	0	3	0
Lord, l. f.,	3	0	1	1	0	0	0
Doe, p.,	3	0	0	0	1	10	2
Totals,	33	4	6	6	27	19	5

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barton, l. f.,	4	0	0	0	4	0	2
Dearth, c. f.,	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Torrey, 2b.,	4	0	0	0	8	2	0
Cook, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	2
Talbot, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wright, p.,	3	0	0	0	0	6	0
Waterman, c.,	3	0	1	1	5	3	0
Pushor, 1b.,	3	0	0	0	6	0	2
Davis, s.s.,	3	0	1	1	0	3	1
Totals,	32	0	3	3	24	15	8

Earned runs—Colby 1. First base on errors—Colby 6, Bowdoin 4. Balls called—on Doe 69, on Wright 36. Strikes called—off Doe 11, off Wright 5. Struck out—Bowdoin 6, Colby 4. Passed balls—Mathews 1, Waterman 1. Wild pitches—Doe 2, Wright 1. Double play—Burt, Emerson, Wright, Torrey, and Pushor. Time of game—1 hour 20 minutes. Umpire—P. S. Lindsey.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby,	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	3	— 4
Bowdoin,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Bowdoin, 13; Colby, 9.

BOWDOIN.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barton, l. f.,	5	1	0	0	4	1	1
Dearth, c. f.,	5	2	2	1	1	0	2
Torrey, 2b.,	5	2	1	1	4	2	0
Talbot, r. f.,	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Wright, p.,	5	2	3	3	1	11	1
Waterman, c.,	4	1	1	1	3	2	3
Cook, 3b.,	5	2	2	2	2	2	2
Pushor, 1b.,	3	1	0	0	11	2	1
Davis, s.s.,	4	1	0	0	1	2	0
Totals,	41	13	10	10	27	22	10

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	1B.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Boyd, 3b.,	5	3	1	1	3	2	2
Mathews, c.,	5	0	0	0	5	2	1
Emerson, 1b.,	5	0	0	0	9	1	2
H. L. Putnam, c. f.,	5	0	1	1	4	0	1
T. P. Putnam, r. f.,	5	1	1	2	0	0	1
Larrabee, s.s.,	4	3	2	2	0	3	2

Goodwin, 2b.,	4	1	2	3	1	4	0
Lord, l. f.,	4	0	1	1	1	0	1
Doe, p.,	4	0	0	0	2	5	1
Totals,	42	9	9	10	24	17	11

Earned runs—Colby 1, Bowdoin 1. First base on errors—Colby 7; Bowdoin 5. First base on called balls—Bowdoin 2. Balls called—on Doe 82, on Wright 51. Strikes called—off Doe 10, off Wright 8. Struck out—Colby 6, Bowdoin 3. Passed balls—Mathews 4, Waterman 3. Wild pitches—Doe 2. Double plays—Goodwin and Boyd, Barton and Pushor. Time of game—1 hour 45 minutes. Umpire—P. S. Lindsey.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bowdoin,	0	0	6	1	1	5	0	0	—13
Colby,	1	0	1	1	0	2	0	2	2—9

The following are the averages for the season:

	GAMES.	A.B.	1B.	P'RCT.	P.O.	A.	E.	P'RCT.
H. L. Putnam, c. f.,	9	42	13	.309	16	0	2	.889
Lord, l. f.,	3	10	3	.300	2	0	1	.666
T. P. Putnam, r. f.,	9	41	12	.292	2	3	1	.833
Goodwin, c., 3b., & 2b.,	9	38	11	.288	17	30	8	.854
Boyd, 3b.,	5	23	6	.260	8	3	7	.610
Burt, 2b.,	3	12	3	.250	8	6	5	.736
Emerson, 1b.,	9	42	10	.238	108	1	11	.900
Doe, p.,	9	39	8	.205	13	82	11	.896
Larrabee, s.s.,	9	35	7	.200	8	22	12	.715
Mathews, 2b, 3b., & c.,	9	41	8	.195	44	18	2	.968
Whitten, l. f.,	6	27	3	.111	5	1	4	.600
Small, 2b.,	1	3	0	.000	1	1	0	1.000

BATTING AVERAGE.

	GAMES.	A.B.	1B.	PER CT.
Colby,	9	356	84	.236
Opponents,	9	329	54	.164

FIELDING AVERAGE.

	GAMES.	P.O.	A.	E.	PER CT.
Colby,	9	234	167	64	.862
Opponents,	9	233	148	69	.846

The following are the records of the members of the Bowdoin and Colby nines in the four championship games of last month:

Name, Club, and Position.	Games.	At Bat.	Base hits.	Average.	Put out.	Assists.	Errors.	Fdg. average.
Moulton, B., c.,	1	4	2	.500	4	1	3	.625
Lord, C., l. f.,	2	6	2	.333	1	0	0	1.000
Emerson, C., 1b.,	4	17	5	.292	48	0	4	.923
Burt, C., 2b.,	3	12	3	.250	8	6	5	.736
H. L. Putnam, C., c. f.,	4	17	4	.235	12	0	1	.923
T. P. Putnam, C., r. f.,	4	15	3	.200	1	0	0	1.000
Cook, B., p., 3b.,	4	17	3	.176	4	11	5	.750
Dearth, B., c. f.,	4	17	3	.176	1	0	1	.500
Torrey, B., 2b.,	4	18	3	.166	20	14	0	1.000
Barton, B., l. f.,	4	18	3	.166	13	0	3	.801
Talbot, B., r. f.,	4	18	3	.166	0	0	1	.000
Waterman, B., 3b., s. s., c.,	4	15	2	.133	16	9	2	.926
Doe, C., p.,	4	15	2	.133	3	38	5	.891
Whitten, C., l. f.,	2	8	1	.125	3	1	0	1.000
Mathews, C., 2b., c.,	4	17	2	.117	24	7	1	.968
Davis, B., s. s.,	3	10	1	.100	1	6	4	.636
Wright, B., 3b., s. s., p.,	4	12	1	.083	4	21	4	.888
Goodwin, C., c., 3b.,	4	14	1	.071	4	13	2	.894
Pushor, B., 1b.,	4	15	1	.066	36	0	4	.900
Larrabee, C., s. s.,	4	15	1	.066	2	8	5	.666
Boyd, C., 3b.,	1	4	0	.000	2	0	0	1.000

CLUB AVERAGES.

	A.B.	1B.	Per ct.	P.O.	A.	E.	Per ct.
Bowdoin,.....	144	22	.161	99	62	27	.856
Colby,.....	140	24	.171	108	73	23	.887

PITCHERS' AVERAGE.

	Games.	A.B.	1B.	Per ct.
Wright, B.,	3	100	16	.160
Doe, C.,	4	144	22	.161
Cook, B.,	1	40	8	.200

SIXTH ANNUAL FIELD DAY.

Field Day was a success. The records were in most cases excellent. The attendance was large, and the Association for once is solvent. The omission of the time-honored "Pumpkin-Vine-Scare-Crow" base-ball match, was a source of great regret to the "yaggers" and eighteen aspiring base-ballists, but the college at large rejoiced at their escape.

The afternoon's exercises on the Park showed, in a few cases, the results of honest work, but in others a lamentable lack of preparation. We have, however, good reason to be proud of the records made in the 220-Yards Dash, the 100-Yards Dash, while in the Running High Jump, the Pole Vault, and the Stilt Race, good records were made. The running of Emerson, the vaulting of Morton, and the beautiful spurt of Pulsifer deserve special mention. The following are the records made:

Mile Run—Won by H. M. Small. Time, 5 minutes 28 seconds. R. Moulton, second.

Standing Long Jump—F. H. Edmunds. Distance, 10 feet.

Pole Vault—W. P. Morton. Distance, 7 feet 8 inches.

One Hundred Yards Run—W. C. Emerson. Scratch start, time, 10 seconds. E. W. Frentz, two yards start, second.

Horizontal Bar Contest—C. P. Small. W. W. Whitten, second.

Hurdle Race—Tie between Whitten and Bickmore.

Running Broad Jump—W. C. Emerson. Distance, 17 feet 7 inches.

Throwing Hammer (17 lbs.)—H. M. Moore. Distance, 74 feet.

Putting Shot (16 lbs.)—W. W. Whitten. Distance, 26 feet 6 1-2 inches.

Running High Jump—C. P. Small. Distance, 4 feet 9 1-2 inches.

Bar Vault—Tie between Brown and Morton. Distance, 5 feet 11 inches.

Potato Race—J. F. Larrabee. Second, E. W. Frentz.

Bicycle Race (1 mile)—R. H. Pulsifer. Time, 3 minutes 58 seconds.

Three-Legged Race (100 Yards)—Webber and Dunham in 13 1-2 seconds.

220 Yards Run (to beat a record of 25 seconds)—Won by W. C. Emerson. Time, 23 seconds.

Stilt Race (100 Yards)—C. C. Brown. Time, 31 seconds. Second, La F. Townsend.

Throwing Base-Ball—La F. Townsend. Distance, 289 feet 5 inches.

Archery Contest—E. W. Frentz.

EXCHANGES.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Amherst Art Gallery has been the recipient of a \$5,000 gift.

The average salary of all college professors in the United States is \$1,530.

A costly sidereal clock has been placed in the observatory of Columbia College.

The State College of Alabama, situated at Auburn, Ala., has followed the lead of Vanderbilt in repealing its anti-fraternity laws.—*Beta Theta Pi*.

Candidates for the position of overseers of Harvard College have been called upon to express their opinions in regard to the much mooted question of compulsory attendance at chapel.

There is but one periodical published by the students of colleges in Germany. This is the *Allgemeine Deutsche Studentenzeitung*, which appears weekly in Berlin; yet this is not considered strictly as an undergraduate paper.

According to the report of the United States Commissioner of Education for 1882, the value of the grounds, buildings, and apparatus of Pennsylvania's 26 colleges is \$4,000,000; of Ohio's 35, \$3,200,000; of Illinois' 28, \$2,500,000; of Indiana's 15, \$1,220,000; of Massachusetts' 7, \$1,310,000; of Connecticut's 3, \$478,000; of the 375 in the United States, \$43,500,000.

After much opposition on the part of both the professors and the students of the Canadian universities, the Ontario legislature has decided that women shall be admitted as students in the Toronto Provincial University, which is the leading seat of learning in Canada, and it is looked upon as a certainty that most of the universities in the other provinces will follow the example.—*Ex*.

We notice that among Western colleges there is a custom of holding State oratorical contests once a year. Each college in the State holds a preliminary contest to select its representative to the State contest. This is the custom in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, and several other States, and having for its object the cultivation of oratory and composition, should be imitated by some of our Eastern colleges.—*University Quarterly*.

THE WASTE-BASKET.

"But, my dear fellow, you must send us in a communication once in a while, next year."
 "No," said M'Ginnis; with a weary sigh. "I've been investigating some hitherto unknown fountains of song among the lower classes, and am confident that the beloved little sheet will have abundant contributors for years to come. Through your kindness in inserting a few of my light effusions in your column, I have acquired a halo of fame, which I can wear as a hat-band for a long time to come." Here he drew forth a scrap of manuscript and passed it over. "My last favor to the little paper is to present this morsel from a youthful pen, and gracefully retire from the journalistic profession. Indelibly engraved in my heart of hearts are the many pleasant chats which we have had in that upper corner room. But my many dear and appreciative friends have seen for the last time the name of their passing acquaintance, M'Ginnis." And here is the morsel. We haven't had time to search out the author, but some one on the next "board" may disclose his name to eager hundreds:

THAT PIANA.

Music hath charms, I will admit,
 When circumstances favor it.
 To pass the merry hours along
 I love the sportive college song,
 The locust on the railway tie,
 Or "U-pi-dee" or old "Phi Chi,"
 And with my spirits blithe and gay,
 I love the festive pīanā.

At thirty minutes after ten
 We tumble into bed, and then
 Just as we glide in sleep elysian,
 The 'habitants of South Division,
 We rouse, an audience to be
 To strains of midnight melody.
 Great Zeus! I think the devil must play
 That number 'leven pīanā.

O! give the Thomas cat instead,
 That used to warble on the shed
 And try with super-feline power
 To render terrible the hour.
 He howled so loud in midnight calm,
 I thought he'd bust his diaphragm.
 Yet give him back but take away
 That sleep-distracting pīanā.

Or give the hurdy-gurdy man,
 Surrounded by the yagger clan,
 For he comes only in the day,
 Yea, give a cent and let him play
 And let him turn with all his might.
 But in the stillly hours of night
 Don't oaze my sleep, Orpheus, I pray,
 With that confounded pīanā.

It isn't that I mind the song,
 Which may flow merrily along,
 In fact it may be most divine,
 With "Bingo Farm" or "Baby Mine,"
 Or "Bonnie on the Sea" so grand,
 And rendered by a Dexterous hand,
 Yet agony no tongue can say
 Lurks in that hideous pīanā.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a Tecumseh, Neb., lawyer last week, "there was just thirty-six hogs in the drove. Please remember the fact—just three times as many as in the jury box, gentlemen."—*Ex.*

The same man who christened his pig Maud, because she went into the garden, and his cat Misery, because he loved company, and his wife Crystal, because she was always on the watch, has now purchased a brace of fine hunting dogs for the sole purpose of baptizing them Two for a Scent, and publishing the fact in a comic almanac.—*Ex.*

They were standing at the front gate. "Won't you come in the parlor and sit a little while, Georgie, dear?" "N-no, I guess not," replied George, hesitatingly. "I wish you would," the girl went on, "it's awfully lonesome. Mother has gone out and father is upstairs, groaning with rheumatism in the legs." "Both legs?" asked George. "Yes, both legs." "Then I'll come."—*Ex.*

The following old-time Harvard regulations will be of interest: "No Freshman shall wear his hat in the college yard unless it rains, hails, or snows, provided he be on foot and have not both hands full. Freshmen are to consider all the other classes as their Seniors. No Freshman shall speak to a Senior with his hat on; or have it on in a Senior's chamber, or in his own if a Senior be there. All Freshmen shall be obliged to go on any errand for any of his Seniors, graduates or undergraduates, at any time, except in studying hours, or after nine o'clock in the evening. The scholars shall never use their mother-tongue, except that in public exercise of oratory or suchlike, they be called to make them in English. They shall honor as their parents, magistrates, elders, tutors, and aged persons, by being silent in their presence (except they be called upon to answer). None shall pragmatically intrude or intermeddle in other men's affairs. No scholar shall buy, sell, or exchange anything, to the value of sixpence, without the allowance of his parents, guardians, or tutors."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Magazine of Art for July is at hand, and is a number of unusual interest and variety. The frontispiece is an excellent engraving of "The Gladiator's Wife," from a painting by E. Blair Leighton. It is an original and admirably executed conception. The opening paper is an illustrated article, entitled "By River and Sea," which is a critical review of the life and work of William Lionel Wyllie, who, as a painter of marine views, has come to the front more rapidly than almost any other living artist. The article is illustrated by engravings from some of his best paintings, conspicuous among which are "Black Diamonds," "The End of Day," and "The Herring Fishery." Students of Grecian art will be interested in the fourth paper on "Greek Myths in Greek Art," by Jane E. Harrison. This paper is an especially interesting one, devoted to "Theseus and Ariadne." David Hannay opens in this number a series of papers on "The Travel of the World." The first paper treats upon Seville, in an appreciative manner; and among other illustrations a fine view of "The Giralda" is given. The excellently illustrated series of articles on "Fontainebleau; Village Communities of Painters" is continued with interest. A paper full of unwelcome, but just criticism on "Current Art," is one of the features of the number. Published by Cassell & Co., 739 & 741 Broadway, New York. Terms: \$3.50 per year; single number, 35 cents.

The July number of *The Manhattan* comes to us laden as usual with good things. The continuation of "Trojan," is one of the features of the number. This serial from every standpoint, whether literary, political, or social, possesses a deep interest. Founded on an episode in the social history of New York, the action carries the reader through the brilliant Court of the Empress Eugénie to the siege of Paris, and the reign of the Commune. The interest is well sustained in the present number. The Shakespeare controversy is continued in a paper, entitled "Shall We Open Shakespeare's Grave?" by J. Parker Norris. Frank Vincent, Jr., has an interesting article on "White Elephants." A characteristic story of "Plain Fishing," by Frank R. Stockton, is appropriate to the season, and will be enjoyed by all. The number is graced by several poems—"Dawn," by Berry Benson being especially fine. The department of "Recent Literature" gives a full and careful review of recent publications. The engravings of the current number are excellent. Published by The Manhattan Co., Temple Court, New York. Terms: \$3.00 per year; single number, 25 cents.

The *Monthly Continent* is received. The series of articles "Too True for Fiction," attract considerable attention, and the interest in them grows deeper as they continue. There are four of these short stories in the current number, and they are all interesting of themselves. The curiosity which the plan of the publishers excites, of course attracts extra attention to them. The illustrated article on "Tenants of an Old

Farm," by Henry C. McCook, presents three additional chapters of well-sustained interest. The number has a large assortment of short articles, both prose and poetry, which will be found very entertaining. Migma discusses with spirit various topics of the day, which are attracting the attention of the people. Published by Our Continent Publishing Co., 27 Park Row, New York. Terms: single number, 35 cents; weekly *Continent*, \$4.00 per year.

Cassell's for July maintains the usual standard of excellence of this popular magazine. It seems to be the aim of the editor to give one long paper of interest and many short ones in each number. This month we have "Within the Clasp" continued with unabated interest. A new serial, "John Ford; His Faults and Follies, and What came of Them," by Frank Barrett, is begun in this issue. The plot is laid in England, and the first chapters deal with the country life there of a generation ago. Among the shorter articles is a paper "On Letting Off the Steam," by Prof. Blaikie, that suggests some helpful thoughts regarding daily life. Under the title "The Real Cost of Coal," J. W. Steel presents an array of facts not widely known. "The Garden in June," "Little Lessons in Household Surgery," "How to Paint Door Panels," "Remunerative Employments for Gentlewomen," and "How We Entertained Our Elders," are very sensible and useful little articles. "The Story of Auld Robin Gray," "The Folk-Lore of Colors," and "A Pilgrimage to Holy Island," are pleasant sketches of diverse character. Light fiction is well represented in "Mr. Browne's Heiress," and "Maddalena's Lovers." The "Gatherer" is full of notes on current topics. 15 cents monthly; \$1.50 per year. Cassell & Co., 739 & 741 Broadway, New York.

On opening the July *Eclectic* we are greeted with a very fine steel engraving of Gen. Gordon, the renowned Asiatic and African warrior. Perhaps the most important paper is Richard H. Hutton's essay upon Cardinal Newman. The fame of the subject of the sketch will attract many readers. A fine sample of Prof. Freeman's historical writing is furnished under the caption "Some Neglected Points in History." An interesting paper is a reprint of Matthew Arnold's lecture on Emerson, delivered during the author's visit to this country. Swinburne's admirable criticism of "Wordsworth and Byron," is concluded in this number. Among lighter articles are "A Strange Story" from the pen of the late Russian novelist, Turgeneff, and a satirical sketch from *Blackwood's*, entitled "Fashionable Philosophy." There are several other papers of great interest. E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond St., New York, \$5 per year; single numbers, 45 cents.

Lippincott's for July opens with an entertaining and prettily illustrated article on "Some Suburbs of New York," in which the author takes the reader to the few remaining relics of colonial times about the metropolis. Travel receives its full share of attention in the "Three Months in Chili," and "Life in a Russian Province." Both articles are instructive as well as readable. "Two Miles of the Shenandoah" is a

charming out-door sketch of a fishing jaunt, by Edward Bruce. The new serial, "Aurora," by Mary Agnes Tincker, promises to be full of interest. In the line of short stories we note a rather disappointing, frivolous society sketch by Harriet Spofford, entitled "At the Princess Ida's." "Dick" is a somewhat strained, but quite entertaining bit of fiction whose scene is laid in China. The best story of the number is "The Romance of the Elm." Something about it recalls Hawthorne's style. Of a more solid character are Frank Bellew's "Recollections of Ralph Waldo Emerson," and Dr. Oswald's sensible article on "Healthy Homes." The editorial departments are unusually interesting this month. Terms: yearly subscription \$3.00, single numbers 25 cents. J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 & 717 Market St., Philadelphia.

The July number of the *Outing* ought to stir an out-door fever in any one. The frontispiece is a fine engraving of the "Iron Duke," a famous crag of the Catskills. Then follows a charming paper descriptive of some of the attractions of that wild mountain range. "Grandmamma's Bonnet" is a pretty little story of a Revolutionary maiden and her trials. Part II. of "En Province à Cheval Mécanique," and "Walking in Belgium" portray the incidents of continental wheeling. "A Canvas Canoe" is the heading of a timely article giving detailed directions for the construction of a light, serviceable, and cheap canoe. President Bates has a racy little paper, entitled "My Wife's Tricycle." Maurice Thompson's somewhat sensational serial, "Summer Sweethearts," is concluded in this number. There are several short sketches of varying interest and the usual departments. Terms: \$2.00 per year, 20 cents per number. The Wheelman Co., 175 Tremont St., Boston.

The *Foreign Eclectic* for July appears with an addition to its pages in the shape of a department of literary notices and book reviews, a feature which adds not a little to the value of the magazine; the aim being to present the criticisms of the foreign press upon standard works of the day. The regular literary departments of the magazine are made up of poems, short sketches, and serial stories, all interesting and affording a variety of light and easy reading, vastly more attractive, for a change at least, than the ordinary French and German works which the average student is likely to find at hand. The French department of the present number opens with the continuation of the serial story, "A Melody of Schubert." There is also an excellent tale from the *Figaro*, "The Curé of Manneville," and an exciting story of Provence by Noël Blache. The *Figaro* also contributes a second article of considerable interest. "How I Took My Bachelor's Degree," translated from the Provençal. Several short poems and a bright little description of the library and house of the French novelist, Daudet, make up the remainder of the French part. The German part opens with a long chapter, the first one of a serial story, bearing the somewhat unique title of "A Frozen Kiss." Like the French department, it also contains several poems, notably a ballad by Felix

Dahn, "The Old Fiddler," and two or three short sketches: one "Heine's Recollections of His Boyhood," and a second upon Emanuel Geibel. It concludes with a parable from *Von Fels zum Meer*, entitled "Who Was It?" Published by the Foreign Eclectic Co., P. O. Lock Box 1800, Philadelphia. Either French or German part, \$2.50 yearly; double number, \$4.00.

The *Atlantic* for July opens with a capital short story by W. H. Bishop. It is entitled "Choy Susan," and relates graphically Pacific coast adventures and love-making, and its interest is much increased by the introduction of a Mormon girl. Dr. Mitchell's excellent serial, "In War Time," progresses satisfactorily, and will be, when completed, an unusually good and readable novel. Mrs. E. D. R. Bianciardi describes "The Haunts of Galileo." The classic article is by William C. Lawton, "The Underworld in Homer, Virgil, and Dante." O. H. Durward contributes a striking story, "Beaten by a Giaour." Harriet Waters Preston in "The Gospel of Defeat" writes of Amiel, Senancour (author of "Obermann"), and Biran. Bradford Torrey has a charming out-door paper on "Bird-Gazing in the White Mountains." "A Cook's Tourist in Spain" contributes the first of two papers of travel. "The Growing Power of Chile" describes succinctly the growth and audacious pluck of the South American Yankee state. A. F. Mathews writes of "Chimes, and How They are Rung." There are poems by Mr. Aldrich and Eliot C. True, a full chapter of reviews of new books, and seven brief essays in the Contributors' Club. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

One thousand dollars in money is awaiting the reader of *The Continent* who has sufficient literary acumen to discern the style and name the names of the writers of a series of short stories published anonymously, so far as each story is concerned, but with the names of all the authors attached to each, now appearing in this Magazine. If there should be a number who succeed in this attempt to justify their claims to the critical faculty, the thousand dollars will be divided among them. But if the possessor of such skill should be a *rara avis*, and his name should be not legion, but one, the entire thousand dollars is his reward—although all will be sure to find much profit in the undertaking, since it involves the reading of a lot of good stories by the very best American authors, under the general title of "Too True for Fiction."

At the University of Virginia there is no regularly prescribed course of study, no entrance examinations, no vacations except the summer one, and but six holidays.

The De Pauw University in Greencastle, Ind., is to have eight more buildings. One each for the departments of law, medicine, and theology, two dormitories, and other structures. They are to be erected immediately.—*Ex.*