

The Colby Echo.

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No. 8.

The Colby Echo.

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"Yet not afar, meanwhile, there faltered feet
Like mine, through that wide mystery of the snow,
Nor could the old accustomed paths divine;
And erst as mine, unheard spake voices low,
And hearts were near, that as my own heart-beat—
Warm hands, and faces fashioned like to mine."



WE should show ourselves disloyal to the most sacred traditions of this Sanctum, did we allow the anniversary, whose occurrence is the primary cause of our vacation, to pass unnoticed and disregarded. If the historical suggestions which Thanksgiving Day gives rise to are not appreciated, at least we can assert with confidence that its gastronomic features still maintain their hold upon the hearts of New England's sturdy sons, and the fat turkey has yet to be dislodged from a foremost place at the feast which, more than anything else, marks the character of this annual celebration. And there is something charming and delightful in the homely rites which we observe in thus remembering the traditions of our forefathers. The bleak New England autumn, with its golden abundance and gathered harvests was well calculated to open the hearts of the staid old Puritans in joyous thanksgivings.

There is a flavor of antiquity which clings around these solitary relics of our earlier and colonial existence, marvelously sweet to us who enjoy most the pleasures and delights of domestic life. We find a sweet relief to the hurrying rush of every-day life in these time-honored festivals, with their quaint suggestions and pleasing memories. It is a birthright of every New-Englander, a goodly heritage of his pious ancestors, and we feel a touch of local pride when we see this glorious custom invading the domains of the Sunny South, and gratifying the hospitable hearts of Western hosts.

AND in this connection it may not be unfitting to say a little about the Harvard celebration, which is also a festival of New

England as well, and which has for us a subtler charm for that very reason. We see so many of American lives and American interests finding their orbit in the western and middle portions of our country, that we still cling most fondly to our literary and intellectual influence, which still remains to remind us of our departed glory. And yet, why departed? For the traditions of our earlier and more material eminence are constantly afforded us in a more delightful vein, because they are traditions. The anniversary at Harvard affords us all a genuine pleasure, and we begin to feel and realize the greatness of her work, and its effect upon the character of her environment.

As an exponent of New England thought, aiding the making and growth of this nation, Harvard needs no defender. Her record approves her position, and is marked by all the characteristics of growing progress. From a college where "The Juniors knocked about that Freshman class of one," it has grown to a great university, to which all honor is due for so early establishing the spirit of culture, and encouraging its growth in the strong and vigorous atmosphere of New England.

But in her course we see only the old truism exemplified, that "perseverance is the key to success." And we cannot but believe that strong and steady growth is more favorable to the development of a great university than any sudden increase of the material foundation. We believe also that she is only the forerunner of other equally great and worthy institutions, which shall perpetuate still further the glories of New England, and enshrine her culture in the literature of the world.

We can then say that Colby is heartily proud of her sister college, and congratulates her upon her success. It is a product of the growth of the country, and equally with that growth, is the rightful boast of every patriotic heart.

MENTION was made in the last ECHO of the lecture of Col. Smith, in the chapel, on "Journalism as a Profession." To say that it was thoroughly enjoyed would be superfluous, since it was a witty and earnest production of a man thoroughly acquainted with his subject. That journalism is to be regarded as a profession, equally with the so-called learned professions, is a fact generally appreciated by

the public. As the lecturer said, the day of Bohemianism in journalism is past, and this most useful profession is now prosecuted by earnest, sincere, and intelligent scholars, instead of dissolute and impoverished wretches. And with its added dignity, it makes severer calls upon its servants.

A successful journalist of to-day needs a solid foundation of knowledge with a superstructure of culture, which no frenzy of the delirious devotee of the opium habit can afford. And nowhere else can be obtained the training of mind necessary to secure success in the profession, than within college walls. Engaged in study and thought, and surrounded by an atmosphere of culture and refinement, the future editor, it may be, receives just the preparation which he needs for his work.

Nor can it be doubted that college journalism can afford good discipline to the intending height of the quill. For however incidental and unimportant in a newspaper light, such work may appear, it will make the workman prepared to endure with patience unpleasing and distasteful necessities. It will accustom him to the performing of irksome tasks, and train him to ease in expressing his thoughts and clearness in his diction.



PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS.

HORACE, LIB. I., CAR. XXXVIII.

I hate your Persian finery, boy,
Wove wreaths of philyra me annoy;
Leave off seeking in every spot,
Where th' last rose of summer lingers not.
See that nothing to the myrtle's placed,
Which in its own simple beauty graced,
Befits you, a servant, very well,
And binds me, a master, by its spell.

DELTA UPSILON CONVENTION.

IT was a gay and happy crowd of fellows that met in the usually quiet village of Hamilton, N. Y., on the 27th of October. Gladness beamed in the countenance of every one, for he had come to pay honor to that institution

dear to the heart of the college man, his Greek letter fraternity.

The Delta Upsilon Fraternity was founded at Williams College in the autumn of 1834. Among the founders who are still living are Hon. Stephen J. Field, Hon. Frances W. Tappan, and Hon. Wm. Bears. The business sessions were held in the Madison Chapter house, which is a model of architectural beauty. It was built in 1882 and is located in the central part of the town, in the midst of a spacious lawn, dotted here and there with evergreen and encircled by a dense, cedar hedge. Over the entrance to the grounds is an arch supporting a Delta Upsilon monogram in stained glass; noticeable at all times but especially pretty in the evening when it gleamed with the light of welcome.

The convention first listened to addresses of welcome by T. B. Caldwell, Madison, '64, and Dr. Dodge, President of Madison University. Every chapter was represented, and the nearer by large delegations, which, added to the alumni, swelled the number to 150. The report from the chapters showed a year of unparalleled success. The report of the business manager showed that the *Quarterly* is on a sound financial basis, with a constantly increasing circulation. A resolution reaffirming allegiance to the great cardinal principle of non-secrecy was adopted. The matter of establishing new chapters created a long and earnest discussion, showing that the spirit of the convention was strongly opposed to indiscriminate extension.

If Delta Upsilon would maintain the high moral, social, and literary standard of the present she should avoid the mistake of granting charters to any except standard men in standard colleges. Thursday evening the Madison chapter gave a grand reception to the friends of the fraternity. The lawn and exterior of the chapter house were illuminated by Japanese lanterns of every shape and color, while within the lamp shone upon a scene of gayety and beauty. The evening was given up to music, song, and social chat. It was an occasion ever to be remembered with pleasure. Friday evening a large audience assembled in one of the churches and listened to a rare literary treat from the lips of the orator, Rev. A. W. Bourn, Madison, '76. The poem by S. J. Murphy, Amherst, '81, was sparkling with fun and wit.

At eleven the boys, young and old, assembled at the banquet hall where each tested his gastric capacity to its fullest extent. After solving the mysteries of the *menu* card, toasts were given and responses, full of cheer and encouragement, made by the alumni. The rest of the morning the neighboring hills flung back echoes to "'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah, Vive la Delta Upsilon," until train time when we reluctantly separated, each believing that the 52d convention was a great success, and all were unanimous in the opinion that we had been royally entertained by the Madison boys.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "LINES TO A CO-ED."

Youth with aspirations high,
In whose fancy deep there lie
Visions dear of cake and pie.

Bard of gastronomic lore,
Who dost pastry cooks adore.
Findest other men a bore.

Poet that dost e'er aspire,
Soul aglow with flame no higher
Than the prosy kitchen fire.

Urchin that wouldst stand and stare
At the baker's windowed ware,
Hungering ever for a share.

Fellow who wouldst be a chum
Of Dyspepsia weak and numb,
'Mid all healthy mortals dumb.

Challenger, whose dreadful eye,
Nurtured though it be on pie,
I can meet without a lie.

Rhymer, thou who dost me weary,
With thine everlasting query
And its emptiness so dreary.

I will squander no more time,
Lover of things sacharine,
O'er thy shallow, pasty line.

When thou takest 't in thy head,
E'er to kill a poor "co-ed,"
Try it with a loaf of bread.

Ask her for a juicy steak,
Bid her nutrient foods to make,
Anything but pies and cake.

Heed the moral and apply,
Life will teach thee bye and bye,
Brains were never fed with pie.

MOOSEHEAD LAKE.

THIS beautiful lake—the largest body of fresh water in New England—lies embedded among some of the loftiest and most picturesque mountains in the State of Maine; it lies at the elevation of one thousand feet above the level of the sea, is forty miles in length, and varies in width from four to twelve miles; it is almost completely hemmed in by chains of beautiful and lofty mountains. On the south and west, Big and Little Squaw cleave the blue ether above with their crested peaks; Wily Bay Mountains on the southeast, and Big and Little Spencer on the east, break the symmetry of the observer's horizon; on the north and northeast loom up in bold prominence Big Kineo and Little Kineo; and the western horizon is broken by the Blue Ridge Hills.

Coursing along the base of the Blue Ridge Hills flows the beautiful Moose River, as it wends its tortuous way from Brassua Lake for the nobler Moosehead. Between Big Squaw and the Blue Ridge Hills, the west outlet of the historical Kennebec has its rise, and after flowing through Indian Pond, a series of nine lakelets closely connected, begins its march toward the sea in good earnest. The coast of the lake is beautifully indented with bays and coves, the most beautiful of which is Wily Bay, at the foot of a mountain of the same name. The water of the lake is clear, sweet, and pure, and is a great depository for fish. Its surface is broken here and there with many islands, there being at least one for each day in the year; many of these are very large. Capen's, perhaps ten miles long and four wide, Sugar, somewhat larger, Farm, and Hardscrabble are among the largest. A hotel is in process of erection at Capen's which promises to do a fair business in the near future.

Perhaps the next thing of importance to see, after having taken a general survey of the lake and its surroundings, is Mt. Kineo, which is elevated about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, two thousand feet above the surface of the lake, and is composed wholly of horn-stone or flint-rock; it is said to be the largest flint-stone mountain in the world; it rises up gradually from the north and west until it symmetrically completes its apex, but on the south and east breaks away very abruptly,

showing that, at some time away back in the paleozoic ages, some awful convulsion of nature had uttered its fiat—that its symmetry should no longer be. At the eastern base of the mountain are Cliff and Pebble beaches, "The Door,"—a great opening in the side, "Devil's Delight," and the "Echo." Just under the eastern cliff the mountain juts out several feet immediately over the lake. My guide and I paddled our canoe right under it, and were literally covered by the brow of the mountain; just at this point it is said to be eight hundred feet high, and the water under it eight hundred feet deep, by actual measurement. The feeling is perfectly sublime as you sit there, gazing upon the giant above you, and thinking too of the depth of the water beneath you. It is a feeling that can be better felt than described.

On the south side of the mountain is the Indian Face, which can only be seen from the west, as you gradually approach it from the lakes; as you carefully observe it from an approaching distance, it undergoes a variety of pleasing and displeasing attitudes—now it is pleasant and lavishes upon you a kindly smile; now angry and scowls with true Indian force and vehemence; this interplay of grave and gay, of anger and mirth, is kept up until the face is transformed into some jagged and o'erhanging rock on the brow of the mountain.

Judging from the sessile form of the accessible sides of the mountain, there is all the evidence needed that, in the dim past, long ere the white man disturbed the peaceful homes of "the children of the sun," or desecrated their happy hunting grounds, the red man had obtained flint for his arrow-heads from this source.

There is an Indian legend to the effect that, many, many, long years ago, an old squaw, Maquaso by name, and her chieftain son, Kinneho, lived together in peace and happiness around this region; but as the son grew to manhood he became morose and taciturn, more than was the Indian's wont; he lived secluded, having very little in common with his mother. One day Maquaso disappeared, and the other Indians, suspecting foul play, excluded Kinneho from the council-fires of their tribe; he then retired to this mountain, and here in solitude and loneliness, kept his solitary watch-fires. Kinneho had a vague feeling that he should, at some time, see his fond mother again, and so

every night he kept his vigils for her. His watchings were not in vain; one night he saw in the south a bright light, about twenty miles away, and at once the thought of his long-lost mother came to him, and without a moment's delay he started off towards it. After traveling for several nights, he at last reached the spot, and there truly was his own dear mother; he rushed into her arms, with all the love of a devoted child, just in time to receive her last death-blessings. Kineo (Kinneho) immortalizes the name of this warrior chieftain, while that of his mother, Maquaso, is revived in the "Squaw Mountains," of which mention has already been made.

We visited about all the inlets of the lake: the Tomhegan, on the west side of the lake, and six miles from Kineo; the Socatean, four miles from Tomhegan, on the same side, and ten miles from Kineo; this is one of the prettiest streams that empty into the lake; its water, near the mouth, without perceptible current, is black and apparently deep, and its banks are gracefully besprinkled with beautiful hackmatacks, and fringed with bright-hued grass, mingling at the water's edge with lily-pads; and the Moose River, perhaps the largest, which has its rise in Brassua Lake, a sheet of clear and sparkling water, and brim full of fish. Brassua is from six to seven miles long, and from one to two miles wide. It is about six miles from Kineo.

Any description of the lake and its surroundings would be utterly incomplete without making mention of the Kineo House, and its excellent proprietor, Mr. A. O. Dennen, and his clerk, Mr. George A. Bemis. The Kineo House is situated just at the foot of Mt. Kineo, and is one of the best-furnished and well-ordered hotels in the country; all the modern appliances—elevators, electric bells, well-furnished reading and smoking rooms, ample and tastefully-arranged parlors, barber shops, Indian and American guides, and what not?—are here to be found. Mr. Dennen is one of the pleasantest and most obliging gentlemen one would care to meet anywhere, and he leaves nothing undone that would contribute to the comfort and happiness of his guests. Mr. Bemis, his clerk, is not less pleasant than Mr. Dennen himself, and takes especial pleasure in making guests feel at home. Search where

you will, in any portion of New England, two more thoroughly practical, Christian gentlemen can no where be found.

Mt. Kineo House is capable of accommodating from six hundred to eight hundred guests, and it promises, under the efficient management of Mr. Dennen, to be, before a great while, one of the most popular summer resorts in the country.

TWO OF A KIND.

THE WAY THE POET SAYS IT.

It dies, it dies,
Its faint life flickers and is gone;
Yes, from my sight my pet is torn;
It dies, it dies.

It's gone, it's gone
With all its warmth and all its grace,
E'en though I breathed soft in its face
It's gone, it's gone.

It's lost, it's lost.
It's bright and tiny life has fled;
I've not the flame to quick the dead,
It's lost, it's lost.

THE WAY THE SMOKER SAYS IT.

That blasted cigarette is out;
I've nursed that spark nigh half an hour.
Confound my luck! A grind like this
Would make a white-robed angel sour.

THE SPIRIT MAIDEN.

Out from the northward,
Out from the darkness
Borne on the chill winds
Moaning and sighing,
Drear in its sadness
Sad in its weirdness
Cometh this legend.
Not of great Odin,
Thor and his war bolts,
Not of great armies,
Victors and conquerors,
But of a maiden
Telleth the story:

IN the days of old, the Vikings ruled the Norsemen, and the Norsemen ruled the seas, lit by the mystic torch of the Aurora. Proudest and most potent of all the Vikings was Harold the Red, and Harold was ruled by Helva. Helva was young. Helva was fair of hair and blue of eye. And Helva was proud and right worthy to be queen of the North, for she was the only one that ever called the mighty chief "Father." Helva's mother lived only in her daughter's heart and memories of

her childish days. This mother had taught deep lessons to the girl's ready mind. The oft-repeated runes and tales of the sagas and scalds, held up many a brave example that Helva meant to follow; and the mother was wont to smile when, as she told of deeds, she saw the child's soul well up in her eyes. Helva knew no companions of her youth, save the misty characters—loyal maidens and chivalrous warriors—who gazed at her from the lines of story and rune. And of all these shadowy beings she loved most that noble and lauded maiden who dwelt in her father's castle, and comforted with filial devotion and love the broken and disappointed warrior, until the gods, watching from the skies, took both home, and left only their immortal name on earth. Helva loved her loving father; she never thought of life elsewhere than in the castle that had ever been her home; she longed to emulate the heroine of her reveries, and so often she said, "My father, we can never part."

Suitors came and suitors plead, yet none were ever more than suitors in the end. Fair-haired Waldsen, the pride of Norway, proffered soul and heart, and in return, perforce, he bore away "No." Rudolph, the stalwart baron from the Rhine, came, sighed, and asked, and received the guerdon, "No." And so Helva was toasted in hall, as "The dove of Norway, never to be caged."

She was loved for her beauty—adored for her grace

But none could deserve her devotion;

She spurned the bold suitors who, charmed by her face,

Dared dangers of tempest and ocean.

Priest and saga sang her praises, and her name went forth in song as "The Wraith Maiden, chosen goddess that should reign among the immortals." Poor Helva! your fond romance and love for home and father thus gave you fame, and your fame brought Basil. In the land of his home, he found no worthy objects for chivalrous daring and devoted love; the Southrons were at peace; song of harper, chase of quarry, wassail in hall, could not excite the lagging spirits. But when the wandering minstrel sang in hall of Helva, and gifted her with name of spirit and goddess of the North, Basil listened with his soul in his eyes, and the smile of triumph dawning on his lips. Suns gaze not many times upon prows pointing steadily northward, and then the warder of Harold's

castle is called to open for "Basil from the South." The long, Northern day has come but twice, and Harold, tender warder of his daughter's heart, is called to open for "Basil from the South."

The grave old chief stretched forth an ungloved hand,
And spoke in kindly tones, "My noble friend—
For never can I call thee aught than friend,
Forsake this idle quest for one whose heart
Can welcome nothing else than love of home.
But lay thy plea before my child and I
Will be content with what that heart may prompt."

Basil was brave, fair of form and feature, and earnestly he plead, but small tribute for it all he received, and Basil, like Waldsen and Rudolph, could boast only of "No." The Southron heart is quick in impulse, and passionate in act. A struggle between guards; a crushing down of warders, and Harold saw, ere his axe could be grasped, the Southron bearing away his child.

That night a storm roared wild from the north, and drove before it along the Norway coast the ships of the hunted and pursuer. A wild and gusty morning showed the one his danger, the other his quarry, but to both a dreadful peril—the Mælstrom, with its frothing, roaring waves. No longer Harold thought of vengeance, but of forgiveness to the despoiler, in return for the life of his daughter.

Veered he to eastward, then veered he to westward,
Beating his steel-clad chest—mail against mail,
"Bring back my child to me, passionate mariner,
Ho, turn to northward," loud came his hail.

But ear could not hear the plea, pardon could not restore the maid, hand could not stay the tempest-driven ships, and the mighty whirlpool carried them all away from mortal vengeance or pardon. Thus, on that stormy morning, Helva became in truth the spirit maiden of Norway.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. offers a prize of \$50 for the best article written by an undergraduate on "Social Life at Cornell." The essay must contain at least 4,000 words and must be forwarded to the publishers by April 1st, and the successful article will be published in the June number of their magazine. This is to be one of a series from the chief colleges of the country the publication of which will begin in January.—*Cornell Era*.



"O, the long and dreary Winter!
O, the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village."

Samology.

"Dad's Girl."

Ei-gh-ty-seven!

"Our Darkey Cat!"

Bridgham, '86, was recently on the campus.

Prof. Lyford has moved to Springfield, Mass.

Eleven Colby alumni are at Newton Theological Institution.

There is great need of organizing another "Anti-Lingo League."

Miss Bertha Soule, '85, came up from Bath to attend the Senior exhibition.

It is rumored that we are to have one, and perhaps two new professors next year.

The managing editors report good success in getting subscriptions for the *Oracle*.

It wouldn't be a bad plan for some one to revise the directories in the college halls.

Fifteen of the boys remained at the "Bricks" during the Thanksgiving recess.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity had an oyster supper at Hotel Crockett recently.

The catalogue for 1886-7 is not out as we go to press, but will probably be out this week.

Cole, '88, will take C. E. Holbrook's place on the ECHO board, while he is absent teaching.

The students of Bates have found that Colby is not a receptacle for their unfortunates.

At the Senior exhibition each faction in college was represented by one, and only one member of the Senior class.

J. F. Tilton, '88, who was confined to his bed for five or six weeks, last term, by the typhoid fever, is about again.

The return of a certain *historic* exile was

greeted with tremendous applause in chapel, a few weeks before the end of the term.

The class of 1862, though very widely scattered, hope to hold a reunion at their twenty-fifth anniversary next Commencement.

At the graduating exercises of Freedom Academy, Nov. 18th, Prof. Small delivered an address on "Knowledge Worth the Getting."

A Senior refers to Horace as drinking old Flanagan. He has evidently got his classical knowledge, in some unaccountable way, mixed with the Celtic race.

Miss Kingsley, '87, will remain at her home in East Machias this winter, but at the opening of the spring term will return to college to complete her course.

Is Colby to have no Glee Club this winter? There is no question about the material for a good club, if the right ones would only manifest sufficient interest.

Four new hanging lamps have been placed in the chapel in consequence of the earnest solicitation of our janitor for more light. Sam says he wants just two more.

President Pepper delivered an address on the "Inspiration of the Scriptures," the third week in November, before the Baptist Congress in session in Baltimore, Md.

By a sort of inspiration, the Seniors invented a class yell on the night of their banquet. This is the only thing of the kind in college, since the lamented "Duf-duf-duf" of 'eighty-six.

At a class meeting, the last of last term, the Senior class made their nominations for Commencement orator. The nominations are to be kept a secret until some particular one is secured.

A Freshman, recently, was heard anxiously inquiring of Sam if he roomed in North College. The reason given was that he saw a room assigned to him in the directory. Were we ever thus—

The Salvation Army people were as active as ever last term. It is inferred that the last stronghold attacked was the co-ed mansion, as a representative of the organization was seen to call there the other day.

Work on the *Oracle* has already begun, and indications point to a good number. In point of literary ability the board is fully up to any

of past years, and besides, an usual amount of interest is manifested in the work.

Merrill, '88, who has been at home for several weeks, suffering from a lame knee, so far recovered, that he was able to take his examinations. He hopes to be able to pursue his studies with the class the present term.

Our thanks are due Professors Hall and Rogers for several items of interest contributed to the ECHO. If the other members of the Faculty would manifest a like encouraging attitude our columns would be more readable.

Polo in the "gym" still continues to flourish. As a pleasing variation of this, the clubs of 'eighty-seven and 'eighty-nine played a series of goals in the rink, a week before the end of the term. As usual 'eighty-seven was victorious.

The Managing Editor of the ECHO expects to reap an abundant harvest of subscriptions, from the extensive advertising it has received through the columns of the Bowdoin publication. The last issue of the *Orient* is full of quotations from the ECHO.

Some of the boys were puzzled recently by the word *das* written by a co-ed over her problem on the board. Some thought it was meant for an abbreviation of "Daisy," written as a *nom de plume*. The explanation, however, solved the difficulty. The word meant *days*.

A new road is being built near a house which a Senior—not unnoted for favorable propensities toward the opposite sex—is wont to visit. This fact, associated with the alarming frequency of a certain colored mud upon his rubbers, causes grave apprehensions to arise in the minds of our janitor.

The third entertainment of the Stockbridge Course was given Nov. 12th, by the Arclamena Ladies' Quartette, of Boston, assisted by Miss Bell Bartlett, soprano, Mr. Will H. Stockbridge, tenor, and Miss Annie L. Stockbridge, pianist. The artists were somewhat unfortunate in choosing selections for the evening.

The report comes from Orono that the Faculty of the State College have decided not to allow the nine to enter the intercollegiate baseball league next spring, because it interferes too much with the college exercises. This action is to be regretted, as it is prejudicial to

the best athletic interests of the Maine colleges. After taking active participation for two years in the contests for the championship, the Maine State College boys will be reluctant to withdraw.

At the close of last term a petition for the extension of the vacation to two weeks was presented to the Faculty. Although it was signed by a large number of the students, yet "the powers that be" did not see fit to interfere with the provision made by the Trustees for one week only.

The long-looked-for book of poems, by Watson, of the Senior class, has at last arrived. It is a most tastily-gotten-up volume, and contains much of interest to other than college men. The poems are most of them familiar to us, but will no doubt be re-read with interest, when presented in this new and attractive form.

It is not generally supposed to be possible for a person to become so familiar with a dead language as to absent-mindedly use it for one's own mother tongue. An incident of the kind is related, however, of a Prof. in our college who, it is said, sometimes addresses a Freshman rejoicing in a name suggestive of night as *nox*.

Ignorance of college slang sometimes occasions queer mistakes. A male member of '90 whose associations had given him an opportunity to catch on to the terms most in vogue, tenderly inquired of a lady classmate after examination, if she laid the Prof. out? "When I left him he was standing," was the innocent and surprised reply.

The attractiveness of the Reading-Room has been still further increased recently, by the hanging upon its walls of an engraving entitled "The World's Exchanges," and representing the great money marts of the leading commercial nations. This engraving was executed for Messrs. Moore & Schley, Brokers, of 26 Broad Street, New York.

After the exhibition, Monday eve, the Seniors held at Crockett's, what must be considered one of the most enjoyable suppers of their course. After the usual bountiful supply of food had been successfully disposed of, a most agreeable substitute for the usual *dry* toasts was furnished, in the shape of cigars, stories,

and songs. The only thing to be regretted was that so large a part of the class were unable to be present.

One of the provisions of the new constitution of the Athletic Association was that the election of officers should be held in the full term. This fact everybody must have forgotten last term. It was perhaps the duty of the officers elected last spring to call the meeting, but possibly they thought that by remaining silent their term of office would be extended.

The Coburn Classical Instituturs have fully decided to publish a paper and have elected editors. D. M. Bangs and A. P. McDonald are the managing editors, and J. P. Perkins editor-in-chief. The first number will be issued December 10, and will contain eight pages. They intend to issue eight or ten numbers during the present school year. The paper is to be printed at the *Sentinel* office.

Although the boys not infrequently annoy our obliging janitor through thoughtlessness or love of fun, yet Sam is always ready to forgive and forget. This fact was brought home to the forlorn-looking denizens of the "Bricks" on Thanksgiving Day, when they received an invitation to eat Thanksgiving dinner with him. They found no limit to his hospitality and good cheer.

Adam has abandoned "the Negro of the South," and now proposes to enlighten Maine's citizens in regard to the brute creation. The past vacation he has visited Athens, Madison, and surrounding towns with the lecture, and next spring proposes to visit Biddeford, Alfred, and other towns of western Maine. As soon as the new town is completed, the lecture will be delivered in Ticking.

The order of recitations for the present term is as follows:

	8 A.M.	11.30 A.M.	4.30 P.M.
Seniors.			
First course.	History.	History of Philosophy.	German.
Second course.	Geology.	History of Philosophy.	German.
Juniors.			
First course.	Latin.	Physies.	Physiology.
Second course.	French.	Physies.	Physiology.
Sophomores.	Greek.	Rhetoric.	French and Analytical Geometry.
Freshmen.	Algebra.	Livy.	Odyassey.

On Mondays and Saturdays the Seniors have Zoölogy at 8 A.M.

The Senior Exhibition, which occurred Nov. 22d, was a complete success. Excellent

music was furnished by Philbrook's Quartette. Below is the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

- * Latin Version from Greek of Æschines. Lillian Fletcher.
- Napoleon the First. Winifred H. Brooks.
- * † English Version from Latin of Lucan. Charles H. Pepper.
- Necessity of Party. Charles E. Cook.
- MUSIC.
- * French Version from English of Edward Everett. Alice E. Sawtelle.
- Peter the Great. Fred K. Owen.
- * English Version from French of Coquerel. Henry Fletcher.
- Study of Mind as a Discipline. Charles C. Richardson.
- MUSIC.
- Industrial Co-operation. Appleton W. Smith.
- * Greek Version from Latin of Tacitus. Mary E. Farr.
- Perpetuity of Influence. William F. Watson.
- * Junior Part. † Excused.

The names of the students who are to be out teaching this winter are given below and in most cases their proper addresses for the same period:

CLASS OF '87.

- O. L. Beverage, Cooper's Mills.
- Woodman Bradbury, East Friendship.
- N. H. Crosby, Brownville.
- H. F. Day, Vassalboro.
- H. D. Dow, Clinton.
- S. H. Holmes, Bristol Mills.
- E. W. Jewett.
- C. C. Richardson, Friendship.

CLASS OF '88.

- E. P. Barrell, South Turner.
- B. P. Holbrook, Mount Desert, Indian Point P. O.
- C. E. Holbrook, (Eden) Salisbury Cove.
- J. A. Pulsifer, Buxton Centre.

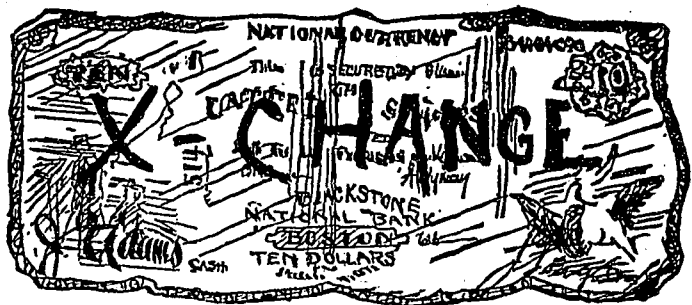
CLASS OF '89.

- P. P. Burleigh, Linneus.
- C. F. Megquier, Northport.
- Beecher Putnam, Danforth.
- D. F. Smith, Cary.
- Lillian M. Toby, Norridgewock.
- Abram Wyman, Skowhegan.

CLASS OF '90.

- C. W. Averell, Alna.
- F. A. Gilmore, Belfast.
- F. J. Johnson, North Berwick.
- H. C. Knight, Freeport.
- P. B. Merchant, Carthage.
- E. G. Walker, North Anson.

The President of the Glee Club offers a prize of \$50 for the best original college song, with music.—*The Pennsylvanian*.



After more than twelve years beneath the sod the old *Miami Student* has been again resurrected under the title of *The Miami Journal*. It is a small-sized sheet, published monthly by the students of Miami University, Oxford, O., and contains some sixteen pages of reading matter. Vol. I., No. 1, contains interesting letters from Harvard, Indiana University, Dartmouth, Princeton, University of Michigan, and University of Wooster. These are to be followed, in subsequent issues, with letters from other prominent colleges, and this college correspondence is intended to be a leading feature of the *Journal*. This is a very fine idea, and if persisted in, will add interest to the publication. Too much space, however, ought not to be given to these letters, for the main object of a college journal is to represent the literary ability of its student supporters, and this should never be lost sight of. The present number also contains a very readable sketch of the "American School at Athens." A column devoted to alumni personals should have as prominent a place as any other department.

The *Hesperus*, from the University of Denver, Col., comes to us now for the first time. Though still in its infancy, this being one of the earliest numbers of the second volume, yet it has set out as a semi-monthly publication. It presents a very neat appearance, and we wish for it a successful career. If it profits from the experiences through which it may pass, it will undoubtedly take rank among the better class of college papers.

The seminaries established or about to be started by several professors, are valuable channels for the acquisition of knowledge that cannot be obtained from text-books. Besides this, they encourage individual research on the part of students, and induce them to follow up lines of thought that are merely hinted at in their books. That these seminaries have become so popular speaks well for both students and professors. It shows that the former appreciate what they are here for, and desire to make the best use of their opportunities; and that the latter are wide-awake and progressive men, who keep pace with the times.—*Swathmore Phoenix*.

If we understand rightly the term "semi-

naries," they are societies of students, who have banded themselves together, and under the guidance of a competent leader, meet for the purpose of carrying a given line of study beyond the work of the class-room. We consider this an excellent scheme and would be heartily in favor of such an arrangement being made at Colby. With such an able corps of professors as we have, there is no reason why, if such societies were formed, they might not prove of very great benefit. In most technical schools such societies are formed, and the knowledge gained through them is no doubt inestimable, and we see no reason why the same principle would not work well in literary institutions. The mere study of a subject in a text-book or from lectures, while it may be faithfully performed, rarely awakens the enthusiasm and interest which independent and extraneous research will arouse. And yet, without the stimulus given by some such society, the tendency of the average student to outside work is very rare. Let us have something of this kind here.

The *Chironian*, published semi-monthly by the students of the Homeopathic Medical College, New York City, is another new exchange, recently received. Its columns are devoted to subjects which are of interest principally to medical students or to prospective "medics." It is apparently a well conducted paper, and we shall count it no slight addition to our exchange list.

The volume of songs known so well and favorably here, under the title of "Students' Songs," has a history which may not be known to all, and yet is an interesting one, and so we append the following:

EARNING COLLEGE EXPENSES.

Two persons, Wm. H. Hills and Moses King, demonstrated a few years ago, at Harvard University, in their own way, a fact which President Eliot incessantly tries to impress upon those who are timid about entering Harvard, from fear lest they may not have money enough to carry them all through the course. The president says regularly in the University catalogue, "The experience of the past warrants the statement that good scholars of high character, but slender means, are seldom or never obliged to leave college for want of money." That is to say, with due economy there is help enough at hand in the way of scholarships, prizes, deturs, loans, gifts, etc., as well as innumerable opportunities for earning money as tutoring, copying, stenographing, journalism, carving, singing, and other means. Messrs. Hills and King earned their way—the former to some extent by reporting for newspapers,

and the latter wholly by publishing books. At graduation, Hills entered the editorial rooms of the *Boston Globe*, where he has remained ever since, and King established himself as a publisher, in which line he still continues. While at college, Hills got together the words and music of all the best and most popular songs that were then current at all the colleges in America, and King published them in handsome book form, under the title of "Students' Songs," and this one book has been so successful—the sale already reaching almost fifty thousand copies—that King has paid over as a royalty to Hills, more money than the entire cost of his college course, and has enough left in profit to reimburse himself for all his own college outlay. And the probability to-day is that this peculiar and refreshing collection of "Students' Songs" will continue to allure the public into buying copies of it for many years to come.



Harvard has two Japanese students. University of Pennsylvania has three.

The University of Georgia is the first Southern college to issue an annual publication.

The prize article on "Social Life at Yale" will appear in the February number of *Lippincott*.

The University at Lewisburg has become Bucknell University, in honor of a liberal Philadelphia donor.

A college base-ball league between Columbia, Dartmouth, and University of Pennsylvania, is talked of.—*The Chronicle*.

Princeton College has been presented, by the class of '76, with the sum of \$1,000, the interest of which is to be devoted to a prize debate.

The Yale corporation has directed the editor of the annual catalogue to use the name of Yale University hereafter in that and other official publications.

Harvard College is to publish a *Journal of Economics* monthly. A fund of \$15,000 has been created for the purpose by the gift of a graduate of 1885.

The demand for technological schools is spreading. The State of Georgia has decided to locate its school of technology, with building and equipments costing \$100,000, at Atlanta.—*The Tech*.

In the United States every two hundredth man takes a college course; in England, every five hundredth; in Scotland, every six hundredth; and in Germany every two hundred and thirtieth.

The gymnasium has been illuminated by incandescent electric lights, power being furnished from the laboratory. Some of the rooms in the Medical building are to be lighted in the same manner.—*Bowdoin Orient*.

A satin banner, suspended by ribbons of carnelian and white, bearing the names of the nine, together with the words, "Cornell's record for the season—won every game," is a testimonial of the work done by the nine last season.

It makes us tired to see our exchanges full of rumors that Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, Dartmouth, etc., are going to form an I. C. B. B. League. If Columbia enters any intercollegiate base-ball league, it will be the one in which Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are represented, and no other.—*Columbia Spectator*.

German universities are overcrowded with aspirants for the professions. At the National Convention of German Physicians, lately held, it was resolved to attempt to dissuade young men from the study of medicine. In Berlin, in 1876, there were 281 medical students; now there are 1,279, and the increase is correspondingly great at the other places.

Twenty fellowships are annually given by the Johns Hopkins University to the graduates of that University or another, who expect to devote their lives to special branches of learning, or who are desirous of becoming teachers of science or literature. The holder is exempt from all tuition, and receives \$500 per annum.



'68.

L. D. Carver, Esq., has been appointed trial justice by the governor.

'77.

Geo. B. Young has secured a high position as teacher in one of the best schools in Washington, D. C.

'83.

Chas. D. Edmunds was elected to membership in the Penobscot Medical Association, Nov. 16th.

'84.

F. D. Mitchell, formerly of '84, is now holding position of division superintendent in Boston City Hospital.

B. F. Turner is settled over the Baptist Church at Middleboro, Mass.

'86.

Married in Waterville, Nov. 10, H. R. Dunham of Paris, Me., and Miss Etta E. Hodgdon of Waterville.

L. L. Dick is in the employ of a prominent Boston publishing house.

J. R. Wellington will supply the place of his classmate, R. J. Condon, as superintendent of the Richmond High School during the attendance of the latter at the Legislature.

Colby is represented among the classes at Newton Theological Seminary by the following: Foster, '77; Baker, '83; Cummings, Dearing, Dexter, Matthews, Turner, '84; Berry, Snow, '85; Ramsdell, Sanderson, '86. Owing to ill-health, Burt has not returned. Turner, though in charge of the church at Middleboro, is continuing his studies, and will graduate next summer with his class.



SENIOR ASTRONOMY.

When they were but youths, precocious,
They would tie the noisy tin pan
To the caudal extension
Of the country-bred canine;
But now that they are Seniors,
They attempt to tie the dipper
To the tail of Ursa Minor,
With the equinoctial line.

—The Dartmouth.

A rousing speech—"Get up—breakfast's ready!"—*Ex.*

How is this for '90? Freshie—"What is CO F₂E₂?" Senior—"Carbonic Oxide—." Freshie—"No, you dunce, coffee." The Senior Lee-aves.—*Ex.*

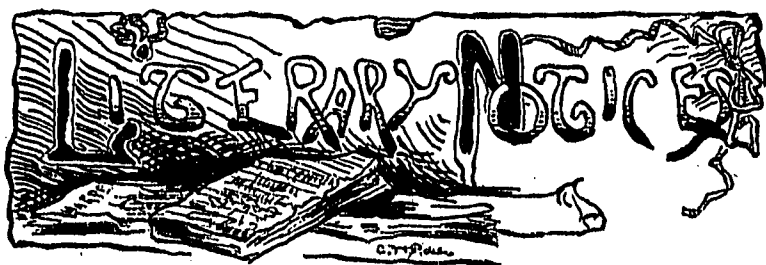
"Nehemiah, compare the adjective 'cold,'"

said a school mistress to her head boy. "Positive cold, comparative cough, superlative coffin," triumphantly responded Nehemiah.—*Ex.*

THANKSGIVING.

I well remember it of old,
When but a child we used to fat
The stately sacrificial fowl;
Then out we'd bring the guillotine
And quickly amputate his head.
Through various processes he passed,
Until at last, he found himself
Upon a table close surrounded
By pies untold, and other dainties
Which had abundantly before
Been cooked. Then down we all would sit
Around the feast and eat. Meanwhile,
We'd talk of the potato crop,
Of what our neighbor's prospects were,
And other things of interest.
Thus would we while away the time
Till appetite was fully sated.
Then tipping back our dining chairs
We long would chat around the board.
Thus passed the glad Thanksgiving time
Amid the plenty of a rural home.

The deacon's wife wanted to jot down the text, and leaning over to her scape-grace nephew, she whispered: "Have you a card about you?" "You can't play in church," was his solemn, reproving answer; and the good woman was so flustered that she forgot all about the text.—*Ex.*



The most noteworthy part of the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, is its Supplement, which contains Dr. Holmes's poem at the 250th anniversary of Harvard University, and Mr. Lowell's oration, delivered on the same occasion.

In the regular number itself there is a story over the signature of Harvard B. Rooke, entitled "The Strange Story of Pragtjna," which is the most interesting and thrilling study of Eastern occult science that has lately appeared. A paper by the late Elisha Mulford on "The Object of a University," is a scholarly consideration of the subject by a man who was one of the deepest thinkers of his time. Miss Harriet Waters Preston has an amusing and carefully thought-out criticism on "The Church of England Novel"; and Edmund Noble, who will be remembered as the author of a little book entitled "The Russian Revolt," contributes a travel paper, "Up the Neva to Schlüsselburg," which is of rather unusual interest. The two political papers in the num-

ber are an account of Mazzini as a man and a statesman, by Maria Louise Henry, and an article on "The Dream of Russia," which is particularly timely in view of the recent encroachments of Russia in the East. A long poem by Helen Gray Cone, entitled "Madonna Pia," is charming in its way; and there is also some remarkably good verse from Louise Imogen Guiney and Julia C. R. Dorr. Miss Murfree concludes her serial, "In the Clouds," and Mr. Bishop brings "The Golden Justice" to a termination. Some criticisms and the Contributor's Club complete the number. In the latter department the little paper "On Being Ignorantly Praised" will be read with sympathetic amusement. The number, taken as a whole, is an unusually good one for a time when most publishers keep their best material for the opening of the new year. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

To the December number of *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett contributes the complete novel, "Miss Defrage," a study of life in the household of a dissolute, spendthrift English lord, which affords ample scope for both pathos and humor. E. P. Roe, the most popular of all American novelists, contributes a story in his characteristic vein, entitled "A Ghost on Christmas Eve." A delightful little extravaganza is Seawell Sidney's "Maid Marian." The literary autobiography is furnished by John Habberton, who writes with modesty and dignity, and with a humor and good humor that are very captivating. Another autobiographical sketch of unique interest is that in which Charlotte Adams tells "How I Became an Artist's Model." Junius Henri Browne, in "Newspaperism Reviewed," makes a very clever, entertaining, and good-tempered answer to Condé Pallen's article on "Newspaperism," in the November number. Frank G. Carpenter discusses "The Presidents as Gastronomers," and gives a good deal of curious information gathered from authentic sources. The departments of Monthly Gossip and Book-Talk are as bright as ever. The poetry is furnished by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Charles L. Hildreth, William H. Hayne, Mark Mallow, and Helen Gray Cone. "A Bachelor's Blunder," by W. E. Norris, is concluded in this number, and in future the publication of serial stories will be entirely discontinued, a complete novel being furnished with every number.

Readers of *Cassell's Family Magazine* will regret to find that the serial story, "A Wilful Young Woman," is concluded in the December number. "Harlowe's Helpmate," a shorter serial, is also concluded. A paper on the "Library of the British Museum," written by Dr. Richard Garnett, the assistant keeper of printed books, is as interesting and as accurate as might be expected from such a source. This is followed by a poem, "A Girl's Story," which has the honor of a frontispiece illustration. "The Family Doctor," this month, discourses on rheumatism, its causes, and cures. As usual, what he says is as sensible as it is simple to act upon. In the series of papers on "Stirring Scenes in Stirring Lives," the adventurous career of David Livingstone is set forth for our admiration. "A Tour through Little France" describes an old part of London, around Soho Square, once so fashionable, but now given over to foreigners

and pawnbrokers. "The Giant's Bones" takes us from London to Persia and introduces us to one of the fascinating stories of that far-away land. "Mirror and Crystalline Painting" tells how one may decorate one's windows and looking glasses, and make them blossom as the rose. A. G. Payne gives his second and last paper on "Cooking at Sea." "Amongst the Lead Mines," introduces us to a class of workers quite new to us. There are short stories and pictures, and the two fashion letters from London and Paris, which the lady readers of this magazine have learned to depend on. Cassell & Co. 15 cents a copy, \$1.50 a year in advance.

The Quiver for December is one of the brightest numbers we have had in a long time, it is opened by Prof. Roberts, D.D., who in his papers on "Some Great Biblical Scholars," discusses the late Archbishop Trench. Prof. Roberts reviews Archbishop Trench's connection with the New Testament revisions which he adjudges, "the greatest literary shipwreck of the century." Following this is the beginning of a new serial, "Miss Willowburn's Offer," by Sarah Doudney. There is a very lively paper, the fruit of two, called "With the London Busmen," in which the hard lives of those expert whips and over-worked men is brought before us in graphic pictures. The first chapter of "Painting the Bramble" by the Rev. P. B. Bower, is given, as is also the first paper describing "A Boat Journey Eight Hundred Miles Over-Land," by Capt. E. C. Hore. A paper on Church Porches tells us with pen and pencil of some of the prettiest of these sorts of ecclesiastical architecture. Then comes the three first chapters of a serial "The Faithful Heart," "The Sunshine of the Christian's Heart," by the Rev. W. M. Siratham, will fill many a heart with the sunshine it distills. Stone's Theological Articles, Scripture lessons, poetry and pictures go to make up this attractive number. Cassell & Co., New York; 15 cents a number, \$1.50 a year in advance.

A new edition of *Representative Poems of Living Poets* has just been ordered for the English market. Messrs. Cassell & Co. have in press a holiday edition of this unique volume, which will be published with a new and elaborate cover, making it peculiarly suitable for a Christmas present. It would be hard to find anything in the way of a poetic anthology more satisfactory than these poets' selections from their own poems.

The two next and last volumes of Matthews' and Huttons' popular series, *Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States*, will be issued this month. In the first will be found Mr. Lawrence Barrett's paper on Edwin Booth, which will prove only second in interest to Mr. Booth's essay on his father, Junius Brutus Booth, which appeared in the third volume of this series. The large paper editions of these books are now on the press. They are handsome folios prepared in the interest of those fortunate beings who have the time and the money to devote to "extending" and "extra illustrating." This large paper edition is limited to one hundred signed copies of each volume.

A Plucky One (Cassell & Co.) is the first volume that its author, Mrs. George E. Spencer, the wife of the ex-Senator from Alabama, has put her name upon. Mrs.

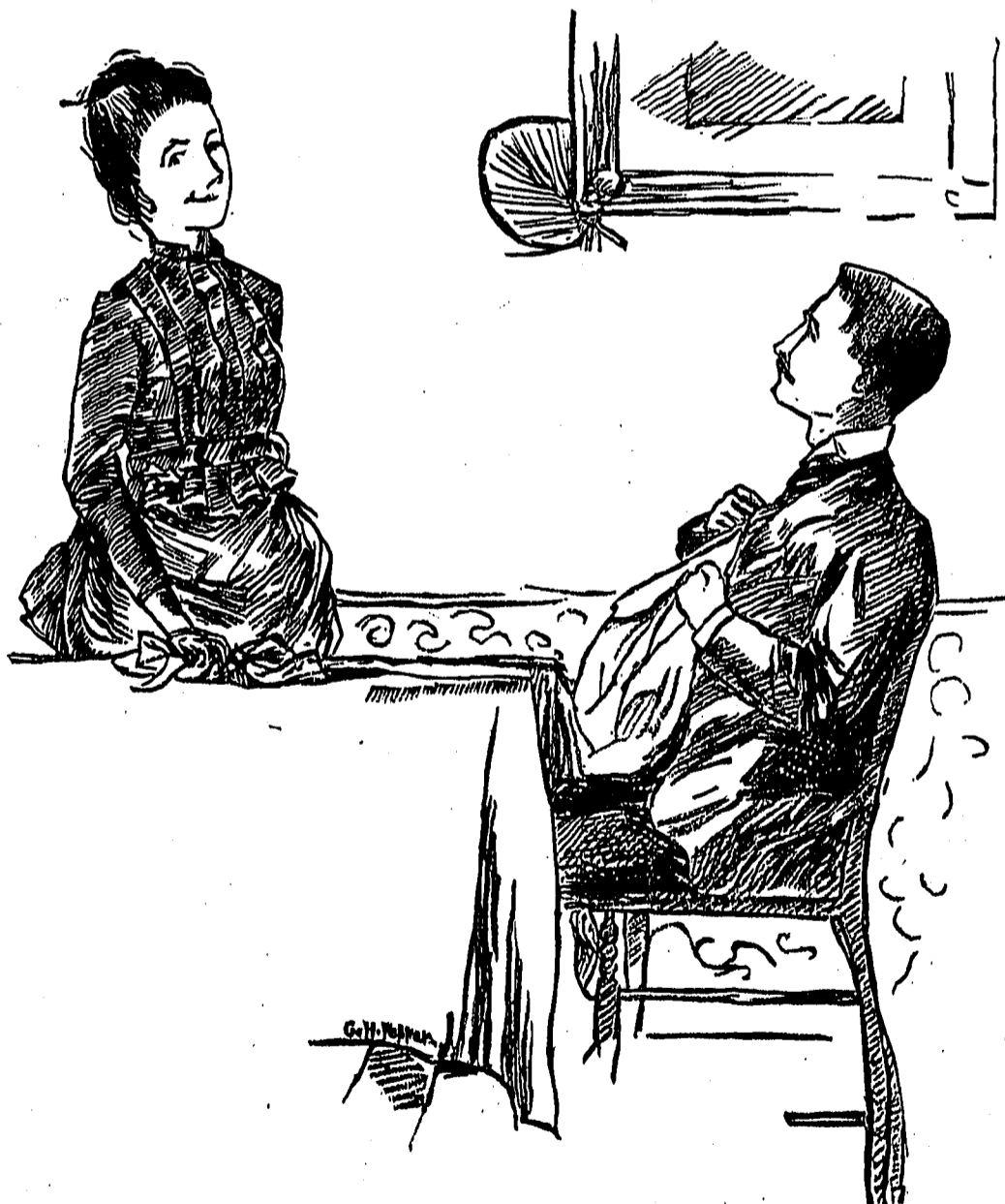
Spencer is the author of two successful books, "Salt Lake Fruit," and "The Story of Mary," both of which appeared anonymously and attracted wide attention. "A Plucky One" is the story of a mining camp and is supposed to be founded upon some of the author's own experiences in the neighborhood of Leadville, where she spent many months in looking after her husband's mining interests. Mrs. Spencer has written on the Mormon question, of the unreconstructed South, and of the Mines, it now remains for her to write of the Stage of which profession she was at one time an ornament.

Mr. Frederick Barnard, whose "Character Sketches from Dickens" have done so much to bring the living, breathing men, women, and children of that immortal novelist before us, has turned his talented pencil in the direction of another and no less immortal novelist. His latest portfolio is devoted to the creations of Thackeray's genius, and is also published by Cassell & Co., limited. Here we have the pathetic "Little Sister," from the Virginians, and her opposite, the volatile, reckless, fascinating, "Becky Sharp." Pendennis has furnished the artist with some of his best material. There is a portrait of the Major himself in all his glory, and of "Capt. Costigan," beery and loquacious, sitting among the lares and penates of his daughter's profes-

sion. Then we have the dignified and elegant Col. Newcomb, prayer-book in hand, just leaving the church door, and the gentle Major Dobbin with the baby on his knee. Mr. Barnard has worked with an appreciative spirit, and put more of the novelist than of himself in these admirable sketches. The photogravure process is seen at its best in these reproductions, which form a portfolio that no lover of Thackeray can afford to be without.

Nearly every man, and certainly every woman, is fond of taking the words of wisdom and of comfort dropped by those best fitted to sow the seeds, in small bits. Cassell & Co. made no mistake when they put up four little books in four little boxes, in which are rung "Holy Chimes," "Old World Chimes," and "Bible Chimes." Each lilliputian volume is bound in red crepe cloth, and filled with inspiring words and appropriate illustrations and decorations.

In this age of skepticism it is well to read such books as are printed in Cassell's "Helps to Belief" series. In these five little volumes the most famous divines have given us the result of their convictions on the "Miracles," the "Creation," the "Morality of the Old Testament," "Prayer," and the "Divinity of Our Lord." The books are of a handy size for ready consultation, and should prove a tower of strength for the doubters.



HE—"Say, waiter, have you got a whole ox out there for me?"

SHE—"No, sir; but we have got a bale of hay."