

# The Colby Echo.

VOL. XI.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, APRIL 29, 1887.

No. 15.

## The Colby Echo.

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER FRIDAY DURING THE COLLEGIATE  
YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

### COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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And now what rests but that we spend the time  
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,  
Such as befits the pleasure of the court?  
Sound drums and trumpets! farewell, sour annoy!  
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.



THE ECHO will be conducted during the coming year by the following board of editors:

W. B. SUCKLING, '88, Chief,  
A. W. BRAINARD, '88,  
HENRY FLETCHER, '88,  
C. E. HOLBROOK, '88,  
W. J. MEADER, '88,  
J. F. TILTON, '88,  
P. P. BURLEIGH, '89,  
BEECHER PUTNAM, '89,  
ABRAM WYMAN, '89.

IN another column of this issue will be found an interesting communication on the subject considered in the last number, the present method of conducting the ECHO. The writer of the communication takes decided ground in opposition to the position assumed in the editorial under discussion. We are pleased that he does not assume a flippant tone in his treatment of the question, but we are pained that he is so illogical as constantly to misinterpret our position while making extensive use of our words. We are sorry that time does not allow us to comment upon this article, especially as we shall never have another opportunity to reply in this sanctum. But we must pass over it with the hope that its sophistry will deceive no one, and that its writer may be "convinced" of his errors by reading his own production.

WE have already made several remarks upon the coming championship contest, and indicated with considerable force our own

opinions. We have now but a short time before the regular season commences and the active struggle begins. Already the nine has played several games, and we can judge in some degree of our prospects of success.

The contest of this year is narrowed down to the two clubs, Bowdoin and Colby. The struggle will be intense and vigorous, and neither team will relax its efforts in the least to obtain the pennant of '87. Bowdoin has a strong team, with strong batters and good fielders. The men mean to play ball and are working hard. We must oppose to them the strongest efforts that Colby is capable of making.

We are gratified that this year at least our college contests will be free from any taint of professionalism, and we feel pleased that the disgraceful controversy of last season cannot be renewed. For with the new agreement of the managers, everything will be fair and above board. This will add to the interest of the struggle, and the satisfaction of the contestants.

The schedule is eminently satisfactory to Colby men, and we believe that having the deciding game played in Bangor is a most excellent idea. That city is not the home of any college, and is most enthusiastic in base-ball matters. With the new agreement, the present able management, and the good material in the nine, we ought to win the pennant, and with hard work on the part of our men we shall surely do so.

OUR dissolution is at hand and our farewell expected. Our successors have been chosen and our editorial work is done. We linger but to make a decent withdrawal and these columns will soon know our editorial quill no more. Our struggles are over, and we now can look with interest upon the strenuous exertions of the next board in their efforts to make the ECHO a good bi-weekly publication. The cry for "copy" will no longer trouble us, and we can enjoy for the rest of our college life a period of luxurious ease.

We have worked hard this past year to win success in the field of college journalism, but we must confess ourselves disappointed. Our high expectations have been blighted and our aspiring hopes severely crushed. Our great moral reforms have not been effected, our ad-

vice has not been heeded, and the dull old article to which we thought we had bidden a final farewell, has come back to adorn once more the literary department of the college paper. "The light sketches and delicious verses" which we prophesied, have coyly slunk into seclusion, and the new ECHO has not been any improvement upon the old.

The students who were so desirous of changing the ECHO into a bi-weekly have been satisfied, but they have failed to offer it any support other than the material and prosaic dollar. Our contributors have not been innumerable nor their productions incomparable. There is not a man in college who writes articles for the ECHO except in answer to most urgent appeals of the editors, and even then some cast-off essay of the rhetorical department has been foisted upon the readers of the ECHO simply to pad the literary department. It is unjust of the students to expect all the work to be done by the editors, and they must not be dissatisfied when they do not lift a finger to better the situation.

We think that one hindrance in the way of literary contributions to the ECHO, on the part of the students, is the lack of interest in the governing body. No concession is made to a man who does literary work, and so much time is used up in regular class-room work and preparation, that the average student has no opportunity to do such work, even if he has the disposition. It is by no means a novel idea to make such literary work count for something in the rhetorical departments and we wish that such a plan would be adopted here.

We have agitated several college issues during the past year, but we do not remember of a single point which we have won in all our fighting. That abuses exist in the college administration is certain, but our best efforts have proved unavailing to remedy them. But our courage is still good, and we expect to see even a "conference committee" by the time we send our children here, while the Thursday-morning recitation will have been omitted for many months. But we do not regret our efforts, and can look back upon continuous and overwhelming defeats with a satisfied as well as cynical smile.

We have learned from our experience, and we think that our successors can easily avoid

many of our mistakes. Let them offer prizes for literary contributions and stimulate the literary geniuses of the college into active work. The almighty dollar is always more potent than the most effective and earnest appeal. Let them organize the editorial board as a whole, subject to competent and intelligent direction, and fully realizing the necessity of hard and positive work. Let the men be chosen to places they can fill, and let no precedents or individual desires interfere with the general efficiency of the editorial staff. We shall say nothing as to the printing, as a competent committee has been chosen to look into the matter, but we have suffered inconvenience in being forced for time.

Our connection with the paper has been on the whole satisfactory, and our memory of the work will be pleasant. The boys have well supported the paper financially and have not complained of its character. We have done what we could, and we complete our work with satisfaction—that it is done.



### FORGOTTEN.

SIDE by side near the northern end of Pine Grove Cemetery are four neglected graves, each marked by a plain marble slab. Upon these the moss of years has gathered and the effects of weathering is very noticeable. The surroundings show no signs of care. No loving hands plant flowers over the dust of the sleepers there. None seek to freshen the memory of old-time associations by visiting the spot where they lie. They are forgotten; or if they still live in remembrance, it is only in the dreams of the aged, or the rarely repeated story of their life and death which has been handed down to others.

But there are other neglected graves around them. In fact, we find them in every burial ground. The dust of others has mouldered longer in the earth. The last resting place of many is unmarked even by a stone. Then why speak of these? Simply from the fact that they were students. Many years ago they en-

tered Waterville College. Like us to-day they delved into the mysteries of ancient tongues or grappled with the problems of science. Like us, no doubt, they enjoyed the sports and associations of college life, loved their prospective *Alma Mater*, and looked forward with bright hopes to the future. But before their course was completed Death seized upon them, and they passed away. For some reason, now unknown, their friends did not remove their bodies for burial, and they were interred here. From the tombstone on one side we read the following inscription:

JOHN GAGE,

Son of

JOHN AND MARY GAGE,

Adopted Son of

GEO. STEVENS, of Bluehill,

Was Drowned, May 7, 1833,

Aged 21 yrs. & 5 mos.

Here let affection's warmest tear be shed,  
We mourn the lovely, but too early dead.  
Heaven to his youth kind benefactors gave,  
He came an orphan—here he found a grave.  
Rich were his talents, deep the love he won,  
Bright his career, now so untimely done.

The accident which caused the death of this young man occurred in the Kennebec, just back of the college. He carelessly fell overboard while boating, and was drowned. From the next stone we read as follows:

J. M. FORBUSH,

Died Mar. 24,

1836, aged 21 years.

He rests from sadness by his classmate's side,  
Earth lost an angel when meek Forbush died.  
Much he loved learning, but religion more,  
Their truths with modest zeal did he explore.  
Worth was his wealth, God knew his value best  
And took a loved one to eternal rest.

Could the epitaphs which friends inscribe to the dead be accepted as trustworthy evidence, we might declare this person to have been of the purest and holiest character. But we turn our eyes again and read,

BENJAMIN F.,

Son of

JOHNSON AND SUSAN PRIBLE,

Died Oct. 18, 1840,

Aged 20 years 10 months.

In slumber deep and calm  
Brother and classmate rest.  
Bright was thy course, and soon fulfilled,  
Thy Master's high behest.  
Pure was thy faith that cheered life's even,  
Earnest of perfect bliss in Heaven.

And now a slab more mossy and defaced

than the others meets our eye. With a little effort we decipher the following:

SACRED  
To the Memory of  
FREDERIC WILLIAM BLISH,  
of  
BARNSTABLE, Mass.,  
A member of the  
SOPHOMORE CLASS  
in  
WATERVILLE COLLEGE,  
Who was drowned while bathing  
in the  
Kennebec River —

But the stone has sunk into the ground so as to conceal the rest of the inscription.

This much we know about this silent group. Who can say more? Who in another half a century will be able even to tell us this? Ere then their tombstones will have crumbled, and the last bond of remembrance be severed.

We are told that there are voices of the past. How much they teach us, we cannot tell. We stand by some rock-bound coast. Its loosened boulders and fissured cliffs tell us of ages past; its fossil contents give us lessons of early life. We gaze upon some ancient structure and every brick, every block of stone seems replete with the stories of human progress. We open the pages of history; we hear the orator's pleadings, we listen to the poet's strain, while the immensity of human accomplishments present themselves to our view. Thus, by its experiences and examples does the past prepare us for the work of the future.

So we cannot stand at the graves of these, our predecessors in these hallowed halls, without heeding their silent teachings. They represent to us the college of an earlier date, with all the changes the hastening years have brought as they have lain peacefully mouldering back to dust; besides, connected associations mark the contrast in life and learning between now and fifty years ago. They tell us more; of happy days made bright by earthly pleasure; of ripening manhood with increasing cares; perhaps of struggles against poverty and affliction; at least of seasons of toil and study, cheered by the hopes of youthful ambition; yet but a little and those hopes are blasted, the uncertainty of our earthly hopes exemplified; while their unspeaking eloquence impresses upon us that greatest lesson, and yet the hardest for us to learn, man's mortality.

### SPRING.

From leafing dell,  
With magic spell,  
Sweet Flora's voice methinks I hear,  
With birds, and flowers,  
And joyous hours,  
And sunshine streaming bright and clear!

An icy cold,  
With frigid hold,  
Has cruel Hiems kept her long;  
In pensive mood,  
Long has she stood,  
But gladsome now bursts into song!

Now from the clay  
Seek light of day,  
Blue-bell and tulip springing;  
Violets bright  
Quick come to light,  
While happy birds are singing.

Cape jessamine  
And eglantine  
Now spread their odors round;  
Sweet roses red  
Glad lift their head,  
Arbuti trail the ground.

Ceres benign,  
Her tasks assign  
To ev'ry faithful swain;  
She breathes a prayer  
Upon her care,  
And fructifies his grain.

With joyous glee,  
And heart full free,  
She leads him to his daily toil;  
She gives him health,  
She gives him wealth,  
And doubly blesses all his soil.

Pomona, too,  
With much ado,  
Her gems leads forth to light;  
The apple, peach,  
The chestnut, beech,  
All decked in colors bright.

With fruits in showers,  
With birds and flowers,  
Pomona soon shall bless our lot;  
Cruel Hiems' pains,  
And ice, and rains,  
In joyous mirth will be forgot.

### MY PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.

BY A SENIOR.

LAST week as I was looking over the picture list, wondering how many photographs my poverty would allow me to purchase, and whether I could afford an album to put

them in, it occurred to me that I already had a bookful of pen-portraits taken from time to time during my course. I pulled down the note-book, and was quite interested in turning over the pages. Beloved reader, perhaps you too would like to look at a few of these pictures; and if, perchance, you find your own likeness peering out at you, it may not hurt you to catch a glimpse of yourself as others see you.

*The Obtrusive Freshman.*—This animal is an unmitigated nuisance. He is a monstrosity, a violation of the normal laws of his being as a Freshman. That was a wise saying of Socrates when Plato, who has just entered the Socratic University, asked what was his first duty: "The first and last duty of a Freshman," replied the sage, "is to be as inconspicuous as possible." The obtrusive Freshman acts upon just the contrary principle. He is usually one who was pretty prominent in the preparatory school, and expected to create a sensation at college. He does, but it is not of the sort he anticipated. He does his best to let the whole college know that he is no common Freshman—and they soon know it. He talks loudly in the reading-room; favors its occupants with his views on European politics, throwing in by the way some allusions to show that he has heard of the French Revolution and the Crimean War. It never occurs to him that his involuntary audience may be more interested just then in the papers they are trying to read. If two Seniors are discussing psychology, he joins them and kindly assures them that they are on the right track. On the ball-ground he is very free with his criticisms and advice about the management of the nine, before he has been two days at college; and in all meetings his voice is a weariness to the flesh. There is but one good thing about the obtrusive Freshman: unless he is so intoxicated with the desire to attract attention that he may be said, metaphorically, to be suffering from delirium tremens, there is hope of a change for the better. When he finds himself talking to backs or to empty air, when he learns that no one attaches the smallest importance to his views, when he sees quiet fellows whom he has patronized taken into societies which he is aching to join, a change is apt to come over the spirit of his dream. He wakes up to find himself a very ordinary being, and in consequence

becomes quite a pleasant fellow. But until then he is a thorn in the flesh.

*The Fresh Sophomore.*—The fresh Freshman is bad enough, but the fresh Sophomore is an abomination unto the Lord. It does sometimes dawn upon the former that he is akin to the grass in spring-time, but the latter is invulnerable. He fresh! Is he not a Sophomore? Has he not been through the mill? Can not he talk college slang, get off a college joke, and cut chapel with the best of them? Yes, my dear fellow, but just therein consists your freshness. You are fresh in your very consciousness of non-freshness. To speak plainly, you are odious in that easy, go-as-you-please, old-hand-at-this-business air. You give some upperclassman, who hardly knows you, a familiar slap on the back with a "how are you, old boy" on your lips and a "we know how to do this thing, don't we?" in your manner. But 'tis not quite fair to be hard on you. The freshness is tattooed in, not painted on; and it would hardly be polite to ask you to do what the Bible declares is impossible for the Ethiopian. Besides, the removal of one layer of freshness would only reveal another; and if all the layers were removed, you would be reduced, like a peeled onion, to a mathematical point. For you, to be and to be fresh are synonymous expressions; and 'tis hardly in good taste to ask a man to commit suicide. Only please emigrate to the Sahara desert and make it blooming as the rose.

*The Brilliant Junior.*—Never studies, O no! Doesn't need to. Knows the facts of history by intuition—intuitive faculty works best, in recitation, when book is open. Doesn't care for marks, O no! Crams ten hours a day for two weeks before examinations, just for the fun of the thing, you know. But is a great reader—of novels; English literature, you know; "Called Back," "An Awful Secret," "The Phantom Bridegroom," and similar classics. Brilliant fellow. Might go ahead of everything if he would only work; is going to when he gets out of college. Have another cigarette?

*The Important Senior.*—Feels the responsibility of his position deeply. Repels familiar advances of underclassmen. Aims always to enlighten their darkness by his conversation. Talks fluently about the "fundamental principles of psychology" and the moral law as the

"mandatory declaration of indubitable truth." Has more gift at this in the presence of Freshmen than in recitation or in the hearing of other Seniors. When floored in argument by underclassmen, falls back on the assurance that the latter "will see these things differently when his mind is deepened by the Senior studies." Might be classed with the genus *equus*, if his ears were not so long.

*The Dig*—Happily becoming extinct. Often wrongly described in professorial talks. The "dig" whom students sneer at, is not merely a hard worker. The laziest student speaks respectfully of hard work. The dig shuts himself into his room. Life is an awful grind. Thinks it is wicked to spend more than ten minutes watching a ball game. Will leave a tie game in the ninth inning to get out some extra Greek. Even the study of the dig is narrow. Prefers looking up the quantity of every vowel in a satire of Horace to reading Momsen's History of Rome. Ought to be stuck into an underground dungeon and fed on Greek roots until he is willing to live the life of a human being.

*The Ministerial Student Saved by Faith, not Works*.—Low brow. Big jowl. Predestined devourer of Sunday-School "collations." Very zealous in religion. Attends all college prayer-meetings and several outside; has plenty of time for it; cribbing, horsing, "suping" Profs. are great savers of time. Has genius for owing debts. Owes one student seventy-five cents for five months, while taking girl to theatre every week—parquet seats. Enraged student finally gets pay only by threatening to attach ministerial student's limp Bible. Promises good old ladies in the church, that gives him money, never to go to theatre again! Goes to the opera instead. Glowing reports of his seminary course reach college. Still owing, still cribbing, still mashing. An appropriate text for his maiden sermon: "The ass knoweth his master's crib."

*The College Reformer*—Has strong sense of right and wrong, small sense of humor. Takes college life with all the solemnity of a Puritan. Sees divers grave wrongs in college customs. With prosy sternness sets to work to right them. Gets laughed at. Accomplishes nothing. A martyr. Looks down from his lofty pedestal upon the other fellows; thinks their

moral natures lamentably shallow. Needs to read *Puck*, *Life*, and *Judge* through every week.

*The Drifter-with-the-Tide*—Admits evils in college customs. But no use. Can't do anything. Just be laughed at; called goody-goody. May as well give up and float along with the current. Public opinion is too strong—though to be sure we help to form it. "That's all well enough to talk about, but I tell you it won't work." Needs to buy a pound of red pepper and take it in allopathic doses.

*The Joy of the Liber Board*.—Man who is so afraid he shall get into the *Liber* that he furnishes material for several pages.

*The Hopeless Case*.—Fellow who reads all these criticisms and never thinks of applying them or any others to himself. Had better apply for election to the *Liber* board.—*Brunonian*.

### WHO IS THE GREAT?

To touch with master hand the hearts of men,  
And cause the blood to pulsate, firm and strong,  
And tingle with the inspiration caught  
From genius' own, the heaven-inspired song.

To nobly scale the ramparts bloody height,  
To fight, to die, and win an endless name;  
To shine, with luster unbedimmed by time,  
Upon the highest pinnacle of fame;

To win the love of nations disenthralled,  
By breaking shackles that oppression wrought,  
Or to adorn and beautify an age  
With fervent pencil or with chiseled thought

Is not permitted to the common run:  
But though they most do draw the public eye,  
And though immortal by decree of fame,  
Think not that in them all the honors lie.

The most heroic lives have lacked a bard;  
The grandest thought the poet cannot chain;  
Nor can the marble 'neath the sculptor's hand  
Transmit the ideal outline in his brain.

The great unlettered poet ne'er has sung,  
For genius often tattered clothes conceal;  
Nor is't in skillful hand nor fluent tongue;  
The great is he, though mute, who most can feel.

### ONE OF THE FOOLS.

IT is the last night in the fall term, and we are all sitting around the stove. Examinations over, term completed, no bell to rouse us in the morning! Then why not smoke—just to celebrate, you know? What hinders us from having a jolly good talk over old times and



being perfectly happy in each other's company? It is a roaring, blustering night; draw up your chair a little nearer to get out of that cold draught. There! now I should be serenely comfortable to-night, were it not for one th— Why, haven't you heard about it? Is it possible? Dear me, I thought every one in college knew I was going to teach school this winter.

By the way, got any suggestions to make? You ought to be able to give some good advice, you've taught so much. What's that! Mustn't wear gloves? Whew! that's pretty steep; what next? Build my fires, you say? and draw my water and sweep the school-house? By Soc, I shall rebel. And so I mustn't look too often over the girls' seats, and especially at that large girl, rather pretty (don't you know her?—"Been through the 'rithmetic.")—the one that always comes up to the desk the very first recess (you remember *that!*) and turns her eyes full upon you (why do you glance away?) and asks some trivial question; and then away she lightly trips—what a pretty slipper!—to the crowd of giggling mates, to receive the homage and envy due her because she has had the first word with the "master." And you say I can't have much to do with that scholar, not even to look that way when the A, B, C class is reciting? You're cruel, man!

And thus it was that, chock-full of good advice, I came away to teach my first district-school. I thought I knew enough to open it like an old hand; and surely, if ever in a multitude of counselors there is safety, I was secure. They had warned me against the boy who pulls the blocks out from under the stove; of the girl who clutters her seat with pieces of notes; of the mischievous youth who saws the legs of the master's chair nearly off, and his cousin who carefully places the pump-tack, point up, in the place where it will do most good; of the little lad in the front seat who will ask me to spell Kamtschatka the very first thing; of the boy who "didn't know that was against the rules," and his sister who always says "the other teacher used to let us"; of fires by night and smoke by day; and especially did they counsel me not to be spending my time head down in a deep snow-drift, while the "big boy" mounts guard with the bull-dog, and the other scholars play blind-man's buff in the school-house.

But there is one point at which I am especially vulnerable; and, alas! against such an attack they forgot to warn me. It was on my first Friday night. "One week ended! It isn't so bad after all! I can see that I might conceive quite a liking for some of my scholars." So I sat musing, heedless of the pranks and noise of the scholars as they put on their wraps and caps. "Please, teacher, will you write in my autograph album?" Why, how startled I was. It was the same voice that unconsciously I had been thinking about. I glanced up in the speaker's face—a bright, pure, girlish face, in which some thirteen or fourteen summers had left their sweetness. The very first day my attention had been drawn to this pupil by her quiet deportment; on the second by her quickness and brightness in her lessons; and little by little my eyes became accustomed to wander down the aisle and rest at her seat, when the small scholars were unusually mischievous or dull in their lessons. And whenever I looked there I invariably saw her in the attitude of study, eyes on her book, and a white, broad forehead, and golden-brown hair brushed plainly back, turned toward me. In some mysterious way it was a rest for my nerves; and I turned to my urchins with fresh vigor.

And so I was touched and pleased that she should ask me to write in her album; and gladly promising, I took it home with me. Why was I light-hearted? Why did the birds seem to sing a little more sweetly, and the sun to shine a little more brightly than I had noticed before? Was it because one week of school was safely past? That must be it—she was such a little girl!

With many a flourish, and after many trials, I succeeded in getting an autograph that suited me. I surveyed it with satisfaction; I hoped she would be pleased. Then carelessly I turned the leaves to look at the other names. The title-page caught my eye. O, horror! "To my little pupil, with the best wishes of H. B." Did I not know him, my predecessor, how he had been the lion of the town society, and how he had captivated the hearts of all the fair maidens? I saw it all. *He* had recognized her smartness, had ingratiated himself in her favor, and she had recipr— Perish the thought! There was an eclipse of the sun that day.

Slowly and drearily I wended my way to

the school-house on Monday morning, built my fire, and tried to read. She was the first one to come that morning. With a pretty bow and many thanks, she took the album, while I, poor, benighted being that I was, stood and gasped, and turned red; and at last managed to stammer out, "Did—did you like him *very* much?"

Fifteen years have gone by since then—years that have brought their full complement of pain and joy, sorrow and gladness,—and experience. I don't think I am the fool that I once was. If you don't believe that, cultivate my acquaintance. Come and take dinner with me. I will introduce you to my wife—not Mrs. H. B.—and we will have a social time. I am very, very fond of her; but even in my tenderest moments, I have to smile when I remember the look of amazed bewilderment on her face when I blurted out that absurd question; and to laugh outright when I think how I, in my midwinter day-dream, unwittingly gave new testimony to the truth of the saying, "What fools these mortals be!"

#### A COMMUNICATION.

*To the Editors of the Echo:*

IN the last issue of the ECHO there appeared an editorial severely denouncing the present management of the ECHO. It was ably written, the subject matter well presented, and deserves more than a passing notice, if the allegations contained therein are true.

Is it true that many of the students of Colby never stop to inquire into the origin or history of the ECHO, but "accept it as an existing institution, and are willing to support it with other college institutions"? Is it true that they are careless and indifferent to the best interests of one of the most important institutions in college? Is it characteristic of Colby students not to care whether they are receiving the best return for the money expended or not? If we were considering the present Freshman class this might be true, otherwise we question it.

We agree with the writer in regard to the founding of the ECHO, unless a question arises as to what is meant by the founding. According to the "agreement" it was not, strictly speaking, founded by the societies, but it was first *published* by the societies; the first number

was issued under the management of the societies. Now on this assertion rests the "chain of argument," and not on the grave assurance that it was founded by the societies; still no one argues that because it was published by the societies it should continue under their management; but for reasons stated further on.

With much interest *we also* await the "frantic struggles" of "reckless advocates." We never heard of any advocates, reckless or otherwise, "who assert that the societies should manipulate this organization, even if it were to ruin the paper," nor even any one "who declares that the ECHO is strictly a society institution, pertaining incidentally to the college at large." There may be a few "reckless advocates," but it is not the general sentiment of the societies. They have far too great an interest in the welfare of the paper to ruin it. There is certainly nothing in the ECHO itself which would lead one to think that it represented the societies rather than the college in general; so we must look in some other direction for that. Let us turn our attention to the different factions themselves, and see whether or not it is "the best way," "the honest way, the true way." They each elect two editors (with one exception): they each select the best men, men of undoubted "fitness and ability." The societies have better opportunities for selecting men of "fitness and ability" than the college at large, because the men who compose the different factions hold a closer intercourse with each other than they do with the college at large, hence their peculiar "fitness and ability" is better determined.

We deny that any "erroneous idea" is the direct consequence of "a machinery for conducting the ECHO at once absurd, unjust, and pernicious." It is not absurd, because it provides for the election of the editorial board, instead of having them chosen by competition; for have we not already as competent an editorial board as could be chosen by competition? Have not the societies elected men of "fitness and ability," fit to occupy the position, able to carry out the designs for which the paper was established? If not then it is absurd.

The exception above referred to is "the rest of the students," and although it comprises thirty students and embraces some of the brightest writers in college, yet it has but



one representative. Why? Because of any unfairness or injustice?

That faction which embraces some of the brightest writers in college may be divided into two very natural divisions, viz., ladies and gentlemen. The ladies have no representative on the editorial board; the gentlemen numbering about nine have one. They belong to none of the Greek letter fraternities; their representation is just and fair, as they embrace none of "the brightest writers in college," it must have been the ladies who were referred to in the editorial. This faction then which "embraces some of the brightest writers in college has never asked for a representation on the ECHO board. Is it unjust or unfair to deprive one of a representation which he has not asked for or even shown any signs of caring for? If it is then the "machinery for conducting the ECHO" is unjust.

In the light of the above facts this system can scarcely be pernicious. We fail to see wherein the machinery for conducting the ECHO is "at once absurd, unjust, and pernicious." Perhaps further light will enable us to see further into the essential elements of the question.

We agree as to the principle of choice for such positions, but still hold that the societies are highly responsible and are those most fitted to decide in such cases. The three advantages to be gained by such a course as that laid down in the editorial, we already have; the ablest men for the editorial staff, the best contributions, and the editorial board is a unit. The societies control the paper not because they have controlled it in the past but because it is the best course to pursue.

If the machinery for conducting the ECHO is at once "absurd, unjust, and pernicious," it would be at once thrown away and a better machine put in its place. People do not generally tolerate anything very long which is "at once absurd, unjust, and pernicious."

We do not wish to be placed in the position of the man who was extremely willing to be convinced but never could find the man who could convince him, however fair the argument employed, but on the contrary are ever ready to yield to a fair and unperverted statement of facts. We offer this as the candid expression of earnest and sincere convictions.



Some of the Juniors sigh. Alas! there's Mathematics in the Heavens.

The campus looks as though it might be improved somewhat by Seco and Rabbit.

The report comes from Hebron Academy that four from that school will enter Colby next fall.

Ricker, Day, and Eaton, of '87, are studying stenography under the instruction of Mrs. S. G. Crosby.

The new base-ball uniforms are a great improvement on the old ones, and add a great deal to the looks of the nine.

Hotel Crockett has a full share of the college boys this spring, and such a dining-hall as Mr. Crockett keeps deserves liberal patronage.

The annual meeting of the Colby University Alumni Association, of Western New England, will be held at Springfield, Mass., April 29th.

The treasurer of the college has been notified of a legacy of \$450 bequeathed to the college by the late Mrs. S. H. Hersom, of Santa Anna, Cal., formerly of Lewiston.

The business manager of the ECHO can probably secure another "ad" if he calls on W. W. Merrill soon, as the latter wishes to advertise a wonderful pair of boots which he has.

Several Instituturs have an inclination to attend prayers at the college. This is a very good sign, and we hope their inclination to attend prayers will be none the less strong after they enter college.

The metallic bar, which Prof. Rogers returned a short time ago to the English Board of Trade, has arrived safely in London. The professor is now anxiously waiting to hear the result of its comparison with the standard yard.

The directors have already made their plans for Field Day, and they intend that the exercises shall surpass those of former years. And well they should, even though our past record has been high, for the training of a careful and thorough instructor like Professor Follen will

give our college a more brilliant showing when Field Day comes, than it has ever had before.

The class in Astronomy, after wandering around among the stars with the solution of the spherical triangle under their arms for about four weeks, are now content to come back to earth and to things more within our natural realms.

At the regular annual meeting of the Tennis and Boating Association, held Saturday, April 16th, the following officers were elected: President, F. M. Perkins, '87; Vice-President, W. B. Farr, '87; Secretary and Treasurer, J. F. Tilton, '88.

Prof. Wadsworth has been away to rest for a week; his classes, however, have not had their work suspended during his absence. It seems very reasonable that the professors should have a little rest when they need it, but as for ourselves—it is a peculiarity of students that they never need any rest.

The Botany class will soon have quite an extended knowledge of the plant Ipecacuanha if the Prof. continues to give them gags so lavishly. It is to be feared, however, that they may get an incorrect idea as to the expensiveness of Ipecac if it is administered in such large and frequent doses.

The Freshman Prize Reading will occur on Wednesday evening, May 11th. The following members of the class have been appointed to read: F. A. Gilmore, Geo. N. Hurd, E. G. Walker, M. L. Miller, Dana W. Hall, A. B. Patten, C. W. Spencer, J. E. Burke, Mary N. McClure, Lucy A. Winslow, Addie F. True.

The young ladies of the college were recently the recipients of a beautiful gift presented by Prof. and Mrs. Foster. It is a fine large etching, entitled "The Gleaners," from a painting by Millet. The picture is handsomely framed and will be a much-needed addition to the interior furnishing of Ladies' Hall.

The co-eds of '90 have invented a new scheme for keeping the score of a base-ball game. When a home run is made they put down a  $\square$ , because it has four sides, when a player reaches third base they make a  $\nabla$ , when second,  $=$ , when first,  $-$ . This shows the practical use to which they put their knowledge of Geometry.

The first scene of the season with traveling

musicians occurred recently on the campus. The scene opened pleasantly enough, but very soon several new features were added to the background, some of which were very dark and striking, others appeared to be trying to identify the crowd of joyous listeners who were welcoming the return of the festive bagpipe.

On the evening of April 16th, the young ladies of the college held a "Rainbow Party" at the L. H., to which a fortunate few of their gentlemen friends were invited. The character of the entertainment was novel in the extreme, but none the less enjoyable on that account. The ladies deserve to be complimented upon their skill in executing the whole affair.

The Colby Quartette and the Boy Elocutionist gave an entertainment in Skowhegan recently for the benefit of the Skowhegan High School Library, which drew a large and appreciative audience. It is reported that the people were charmed with the singing of the Quartette, and the wonderful little reader delighted especially the younger portion of the audience.

It is very much to be hoped that the harmony and good-will which has existed between the two under classes during the winter term, and spring term so far, will prevail during the next few weeks. We trust that '89 will profit by their last year's experience, and not attempt to circulate any bad literature. The disposition for peace which now exists is very commendable in both classes.

The following is the schedule of base-ball games between the Colbys and Bowdoins as arranged by Managers Small and Austin:

Saturday, May 14th,	at Brunswick, 2 P.M.
Saturday, May 21st,	at Waterville, 2 P.M.
Saturday, May 28th,	at Brunswick, 2 P.M.
Monday, May 30th,	at Waterville, 2 P.M.
Saturday, June 11th,	at Bangor, 3 P.M.

All these games are to be played according to the old rules.

We are glad that no feelings of resentment has been shown, on account of all the college lectures coming on Wednesday evenings; but it does look as though the Faculty are utterly ignoring a wish which the students have been, and still are, trying to impress upon them, that is, that the college fraternities wish to have their meetings on Wednesday evening. The lectures are a treat and highly appreciated by the stu-

dents, and can they not as well be arranged for some other evening besides Wednesday, when nearly all of the students wish to attend society meetings?

At the annual meeting of the Colbiensis Publishing Association, held April 16th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, J. A. Pulsifer, '88; Vice-President, James King, '89; Secretary, D. F. Smith, '89; Treasurer, J. F. Tilton, '88; Auditors, M. S. Howes, '88, Lincoln Owen, '89, and W. R. Curtis, '90. The best of feeling pervaded the meeting, and matters were discussed which will doubtless prove of the greatest importance to the ECHO. The report of the treasurer showed that the Association stood well financially.

The Commission of Colleges, in New England, on Admission Examinations, held its third meeting in Boston, on Friday, April 22d. The principal subject under discussion was the requirements in English. No decision was reached, and the matter was postponed for further consideration at the next meeting. Officers chosen for the ensuing year are: President, President Capen of Tufts; Secretary, Professor Poland of Brown; Executive Committee, the President and Secretary, with Professor Newton of Yale. All the colleges in New England are now represented in the Commission, with the exception of Bates, and the colleges in Vermont.

The Sophomore Prize Declamation occurred Wednesday evening, April 20th, at the Baptist church. The following was the programme:

MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

Eulogy on General Logan.—Perkins.

Nelson S. Burbank.

Our National Defenses.—Hale.

Henry W. Tappan.

Sentiment of the South During the War.

—Vance.

Frank E. Nye.

MUSIC.

The New South.—Grady.

Henry W. Frye.

Oration at Harvard.—Lowell.

Edward F. Stevens.

Kentucky Belle.—Woolson.

Minnie Bunker.

The Signs of the Times.—Brown.

Fred V. Mathews.

MUSIC.

Address to the Maine Cavalry.—Kilpatrick.

Abram Wyman.

The Ride of Jennie M'Neal.—Carleton.

Hattie M. Parmenter.

Influence of Poetry in War.—Robertson.

Henry B. Woods.

MUSIC.

The selections were all finely rendered, and

although one could hardly be said to have done better than another, the prizes were awarded: 1st to Fred V. Mathews, 2d to Edward F. Stevens. To the young ladies: 1st to Hattie M. Parmenter, 2d to Minnie Bunker. The music was by the Colby Quartette, which is so popular now. They delighted the audience and responded cheerfully to several encores.

BASE-BALL.

Colby vs. Maine Central Institute.

The first game of the season with a nine from abroad was played on the diamond, Fast-Day, with the Maine Central Institute boys. The weather was fine and the ground in good condition. That there was much interest in the game was shown by the large crowd which assembled to witness it. Although not a few errors were made, and there was room for improvement on both sides, yet a good game was played. Goodwin and Larrabee were the battery for the Colbys. The new men did all that could be expected of them at that time, and a noticeable feature of the game was the batting of Megquier. At the end of the eighth inning the Maine Central Instituturs had to leave to catch the train. The score:

COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Goodwin, p., . . . . .	5	2	2	2	0	17	1
Larrabee, c., . . . . .	5	2	1	2	13	3	0
Pulsifer, s. s., . . . . .	4	1	2	2	1	2	4
Gibbs, l. f., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Wagg, 2b., . . . . .	3	2	0	0	4	0	1
Roberts, 3b., . . . . .	4	2	0	0	0	0	3
Gilmore, 1b., . . . . .	4	1	1	1	5	0	1
Megquier, r. f., . . . . .	4	1	2	4	0	0	1
Bradbury, c. f., . . . . .	3	1	0	0	1	0	1
Total, . . . . .	36	13	8	11	24	22	12

M. C. I.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
L. E. Groves, s. s., c., . . . . .	4	3	1	1	2	5	4
Libby, 3b., . . . . .	5	1	2	3	3	1	2
Pushor, c., p., . . . . .	5	2	1	2	1	4	1
Shaw, p., s. s., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	1	4	0
Barrows, 1b., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	10	0	1
L. H. Graves, 2b., . . . . .	3	0	0	0	7	3	1
Giles, l. f., . . . . .	4	0	1	1	0	0	1
Bean, c. f., . . . . .	4	0	0	0	0	2	0
Woodruff, r. f., . . . . .	4	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total, . . . . .	37	8	6	8	24	19	10

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Colby, . . . . .	0	0	1	3	5	1	2	1—13
M. C. I., . . . . .	0	0	2	0	1	1	2	2—8

Runs earned—Colby, 1; M. C. I., 2. First base on errors—Colby, 8; M. C. I., 8. First base on balls—Goodwin, 2; Pushor, 2; Shaw, 2. Total balls called—Goodwin, 79; Pushor, 31; Shaw, 40. Struck out—Goodwin, 12; Pushor, 4; Shaw, 1. Total strikes called—Goodwin, 15; Pushor, 4; Shaw, 5. Passed balls—Larrabee, 2; Pushor, 3; L. E. Groves, 4. Wild pitches—Goodwin, 2; Shaw, 1; Pushor, 1. Time of game—2h. 15 min. Umpire—H. M. Moore, '87.

*Colby vs. Portland.*

The Colbys played their second game for the season, at Portland, Saturday, the 23d inst. The day was very unfavorable owing to a cold, raw wind from the bay, but the boys came up on time and practiced well. "Yes," said Capt. Spence, of the Portlands, in answer to Goodwin's request that the restrictions of the "new rules" be not so rigorously enforced, "My men shall play as usual, only face the batter."

The Portlands went to the bat and the umpire called "play." In an instant the voice of the Captain of the home team went up in a protest against Goodwin's position and delivery. This was the key-note to continuous "chin" throughout the game, though all was good-naturedly given.

Our boys played a steady, even game throughout, and considering the fact that they had to face three pitchers during the game, come home well pleased with the results of the game against Maine's "boss nine."

That Portland's favorites are not proof against ruses, was conclusively shown, when two of their men were enticed off third by a feint from pitcher to second, and then run down by Goodwin and Larrabee.

The verdict of former players on our Colby nine was that the Colbys of 1887 may be trusted for good work this summer in the contest for the college pennant. The score:

## COLBY.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Goodwin, p.,	5	2	1	3	0	9	1
Larrabee, 3b.,	4	1	1	2	3	3	1
Donovan, c.,	4	2	1	3	7	1	1
Pulsifer, s. s.,	3	0	1	1	1	2	3
Gibbs, l. f.,	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Wagg, 2b.,	4	0	1	1	4	1	2
Megquier, r. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Gillmore, 1b.,	4	0	0	0	10	0	1
Bradbury, c. f.,	4	0	0	0	1	1	1
Total,	33	5	5	10	27	17	10

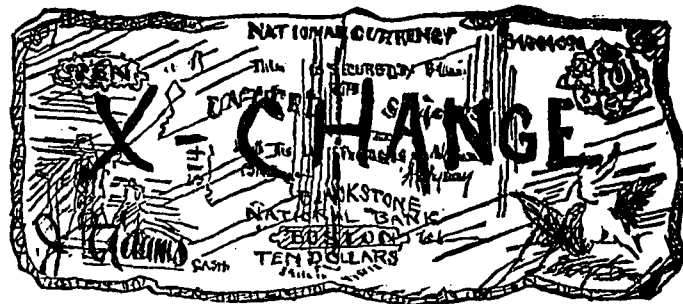
## PORTLAND.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Andrus, r. f.,	6	2	2	3	0	0	1
Dickerson, l. f.,	6	2	2	3	0	0	0
Quinn, p.,	2	1	1	1	1	1	1
Small, p.,	2	1	0	0	0	2	0
Barber, 3b.,	2	0	1	2	1	1	0
Hatfield, 3b. and p.,	5	2	1	1	1	2	0
Schoenach, 1b.,	6	0	0	0	11	0	0
Duffy, c.,	4	2	3	3	3	4	1
Thayer, c.,	0	2	0	0	4	2	0
Davin, c. f.,	5	1	3	5	0	0	0
Lufbery, s. s.,	5	1	3	3	2	2	2
Spence, 2b.,	6	1	1	1	4	6	1
Total,	40	15	17	22	27	20	6

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Colby,	0	0	3	0	1	0	0	0	1-5
Portland,	2	0	3	4	0	1	0	5	0-15

Runs earned—Colby, 1; Portland, 9. First base on errors—Colby, 5; Portland, 7. First base on balls—by Goodwin, 6; Quinn, 4; Hatfield, 2. Total balls called—on Goodwin, 63; Quinn, 36; Hatfield, 28; Small, 14; Struck out—by Small, 1; Hatfield, 2. Total strikes called—on Goodwin, 16; Quinn, 10; Small, 6; Hatfield, 13. Double plays—none. Passed balls—Thayer, 1. Wild pitches—Quinn, 1; Hatfield, 1. Time of game—unknown. Umpire—Barton.



With this number of the ECHO we shall do what many of our editorial friends have already done,—bid adieu to those whom we have so often greeted with pleasure through the columns of their respective publications during the past year. In doing this we have some regrets, but on the whole we are glad to lay the work we have been accustomed to sweat under on other shoulders,—may the burden be no more unpleasant to them than it has been to us. Advice is something we seldom deal in from a subjective stand-point, but as an editorial sanctum is a subject that has been frequently discussed in the columns of the ECHO in times past, we will venture now to offer a few suggestions in behalf of the Exchange column, in hopes that the spirit of enterprise may be started among the incoming editorial board, and good results emanate therefrom. We frequently have had calls from students who desire to look over our exchanges, especially those of our neighboring colleges. These requests have always been cheerfully granted as far as it was in our power, and we have often thought that it would be much better if there were some place fixed upon where the exchanges might be left, so that all the students could have free access to them. There are two ways of accomplishing this. The editors might procure one of the vacant rooms of North College, and use it as a sanctum where the exchanges might be kept (as they should be) on file, or a small table could be placed in the reading-room and the exchanges or the most desirable ones placed upon it. Either of these devices would accomplish the desired end, and give the students a far better chance than they now have of finding out what is taking place in other colleges.

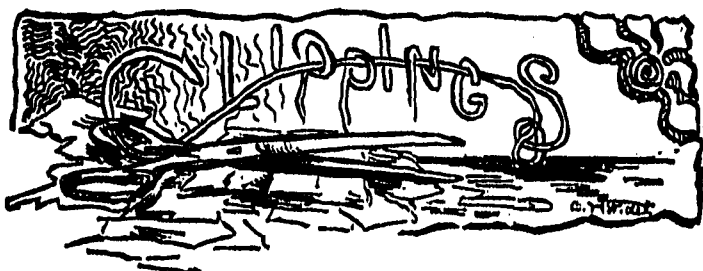
Among the exchanges that have reached us

since the last issue is one that puts in its appearance for the first time. It is the *Miami Journal*, Vol. I., No. 6; published monthly at Miami University, Ohio. It seems to be quite a tastily gotten up and readable publication. The ECHO wishes it success.

The *Lafayette* is quite well gotten up in general, but it seems to us that the title-page might be somewhat improved by adding the name of the State in which it is published, not to mention the town in which the college is situated. One wishing to send a communication to it would have hard work to find out how to address it. The reading matter of the *Lafayette* is of an excellent quality, sound and sensible.

We notice in the *Bethany Collegian* the old chestnut which has been going the rounds of college journals for the past six months, to the effect that two young ladies were suspended for hazing at the Maine State College. The ECHO has denied this statement once, but it seemed to do no good. Once more let us say that the statement is *false, and should be corrected* by those who have published it.

We were very much interested in the exchange column of the *Vanderbilt Observer*. The editor wields a ready pen and talks to the point. In speaking of an article in the *Alabama University Monthly*, he says: "We are not Northerners; we are not Southerners; we are *Unionists*, and proud of it. We will beard the lion in his den if Johnny Bull oppresses our seamen." Such sentiments as these, coming as they do from a Southern college, have their import, and show us where we would find the far-famed Southern Chivalry, should we ever be compelled to cross swords with our haughty English brethren.



The Harvard library contains at present 818,950 volumes.

Phillips Andover Academy has furnished fifteen college presidents.

The Utah State College, a Mormon institution, is the best endowed college in the West.

Every candidate for the Yale team is required to practice batting for ten minutes every day.

The "student cards," given to students entering German Universities, admit their holders to the theatres at half price, shield them from arrest by the civil authorities, and give free admission to many of the galleries and museums of Europe.

Harvard new system of graduation is arranged as follows: A, above 90 per cent.; B, 90 to 78; C, 78 to 60; D, 60 to 40; E, failure, below 40 per cent.

Trinity College offers an English Literature prize of \$65 that has been awarded but once in five years because of the lack of competition.

Ann Arbor is to have a theological seminary. It is to be a Presbyterian institution, known as Tappan Hall, and its purpose will be to convert and draw university students into the ministry.

Thirty-eight students of the Annapolis Naval Academy have been expelled, being unable to master their courses.

Yale's title has been changed from that of college to university.

A perfect recitation is called "tear" at Princeton, "squirt" at Harvard, "sail" at Bowdoin, "rake" at Williams, and "cold rush" at Amherst. A failure receives the title of "slump" at Harvard, "stump" at Princeton, "smash" at Wesleyan, and "flunk" at Amherst.

John M. Hill, the student expelled from Dickinson College, has secured a verdict against the Faculty. The facts in the case were these: While the Faculty were discussing the action of some of the Freshmen, the students gathered around the office and attempted to intimidate the Faculty by shouting, singing, and stone-throwing. Hill was seen on the outskirts of the crowd, and was said to have acted in an excitable manner. He was, therefore, called before the Faculty, was told to make a statement, and was then expelled. For two days the entire college was in court. The judge, in charging the jury, said, "The trial of Hill was irregular and not consonant with the law of Pennsylvania, and conviction under it was void." He directed the jury to find a verdict for Mr. Hill.—*The University*.





"Be sure and stop at Chestnut Street, conductor," said an old lady in a Charles Street car. "Beg pardon, ma'am!" replied the ticket-puncher, bending over. "Chestnut!" croaked the old lady, loud enough to crack the ventilators, and the conductor eyed her sadly and passed on.

"I want a wife with flashing eye—  
But one that can look melting, too,—  
An oval face, brow arched and high,  
Long ringlets of the raven's hue,

A manner neither bold nor shy,  
A dimpled hand, a heaving breast—  
The form of Helen. Lastly I  
Will take a fortune with the rest."

Just such I met. "She'll do," said I.  
But O, alas! I found, you see,  
She too for beauty had an eye,  
And wouldn't even look at me. —Ex.

Prof. (about to write the questions for examination upon the blackboard)—"You will not need your books in this examination." Voice (somewhere in the rear)—"How do you know we won't?" Prof.—"I was speaking of the average, not of you, sir." The voice is silent. —Ex.

A playful struggle in the boat,  
As Bess, with courage fine,  
Declared that she knew how to row,  
And seized that oar of mine.

A few weeks later I made bold  
To seek her father's door.  
An interview—'tis well; I haste  
To clasp my mine of ore. —Ex.

"Hail Columbia" as sung by a six-years-old girl, "because that's the way they sing it in my school."

Hail Columbia, happy land!  
Hail, ye heroes, her born land,  
Who forth and bladey freedan Scotland.  
And when the scone or war was gone  
Enjoyed the peas your valor wen. —Ex.

Miss X. (explaining to Mr. Y. the beauties of the syllogism)—"If Y is X and Z is Y then Z is X. Do you see?" Mr. Y.—"No, I don't see; I might were I wiser." Miss X. (in dis-

may at this unwonted display of wit)—"Why you deserve to be extinguished!" —Ex.

Now doth the April bobolink  
Bobble all the day;  
Now doth the festive sprinkler sprink  
Up and down the way.  
And the enterprising maiden  
Mends her Saratoga trunks,  
And the dudelet takes his overcoat,  
And hies him to his "Unc's." —Ex.

The following is an example of a brave attempt to assist nature in her economy: There was a lame rooster about the farm, and whenever the rooster sat down from exhaustion, a little boy would poke eggs under him. When asked by his mother why he did so, he replied: "Why, rooster lame and can't do anything else, so I let him hatch eggs."

TOE POLLIE CONNE.

Beshrewe me, thoughe I'me forced toe Woo  
Miss Poll, I love Her notte;  
For all She talkes of ys Wage due,  
Rente, Profit, & all thatte.

I write toe Her? Credit me, Noe!  
Toe saye soe were a Fibbe;  
The onlie Wrytinge yt I doe  
Is inne ye lytel Cribbe. —Dartmouth.



'29.

Dr. Robert W. Wood, of Jamaica Plains, Mass., has recently presented about sixty volumes to the library of Colby.

'34.

In preparing the second General Catalogue it has been ascertained that Joseph C. Loring, Esq., a retired lawyer, died at his home, May 14, 1885.

'36.

Also, that Rev. F. A. Wadleigh, rector of the Episcopal Church at Enosberg Falls, died at that place March 25, 1884.

'40.

At the hundredth anniversary of Columbia College, April 18th, President M. B. Anderson, LL.D., of Rochester University, received the degree of Doctor of Letters.

'41.

Hon. John L. Moses died at his home in Knoxville, Tenn., April 2, 1887, after a short sickness with pneumonia. He was Treasurer and Superintendent of the Knoxville & Ohio R. R. Co., also President of the Trustees of the University of Tennessee.

'49.

Hon. M. H. Dunnell is a member of the firm of Dunnell, Curtiss & Paxton, Attorneys, Washington, D.C.

'53.

Rev. S. F. Smith, D.D., honorary graduate, is engaged to furnish the poem for the fiftieth anniversary Commencement at Holyoke Ladies' Seminary, Mass.

'54.

S. W. Matthews, Esq., of Caribou, Me., has been appointed Commissioner of the Labor Bureau by Governor Bodwell.

'62.

Col. R. C. Shannon has visited in his trip around the world Japan, China, Anam, the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, and India. He was in Alexandria, Egypt, March 27, and intends to spend April in Upper Egypt and May in Palestine.

'68.

The health of Rev. W. O. Ayer, pastor at Everett, Mass., is re-established.

Rev. A. M. Hopkinson, of Perkinsville, Vt., who has been reported as dangerously sick, is improving and his recovery is expected.

Prof. J. D. Taylor attended the meeting of the Commission of Colleges in New England on Admission Examinations, in Boston, April 22d.

'69.

E. W. Norwood, M.D., is practicing medicine at Spencer, Mass.

'70.

Alfred E. Meigs is resident manager of the Western Newspaper Union at Detroit, Mich.

Rev. F. H. Eveleth is residing at Thorp Place, Somerville, Mass.

'73.

Jefferson Taylor, of the Skowhegan High School, will become principal of the Waterville High School next year.

Geo. M. Smith is principal of Manning School, Ipswich, Mass.

Rev. David Webster, missionary, is on his way home from Burma. His address will be 79 Summer Street, East Boston, Mass.

'78.

The Nealey Rifles, of Lewiston, have secured the services of Lieut. C. L. Phillips, of Maine State College, formerly of '78, as instructor, preparatory to entering the national military drill at Washington, D. C., this summer.

'83.

Rev. E. C. Stover, formerly of '83, preached his farewell sermon as pastor of the Franklin (Mass.) Baptist Church, April 10th. He has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Belvidere, Ill.

'84.

H. M. Lord, of the *Courier-Gazette*, will deliver the address at Rockland, Me., on Memorial Day.

J. E. Cummings, of the Senior class at Newton, intends to enter the Baptist Foreign Missionary field. He will probably go to Japan.

G. W. Singer, formerly of '84, has returned to college and resumed his studies in the class of '89.

'85.

Rev. F. G. Chutter, formerly of '85, after graduation from Andover Theological Institute, will preside over the Littleton (N. H.) Congregational Church.

'86.

H. R. Dunham is principal of the High School at Livermore Falls, Me. The term opened April 25th.

Byron Boyd will have charge of the Green Mountain Railway office at Bar Harbor the coming summer.

It is reported that H. L. Putnam will play left field on the Bangors during the summer.

L. C. Bridgham is for the present local editor of the *Waterville Sentinel*.

Rev. C. M. Emery, '63, J. B. Bryant, R. J. Condon, and G. P. Phenix, '86, were in town recently.

Dr. Pepper will deliver the annual address before the Bible Society of Maine at the Free Street Baptist Church, Portland, May 16th.

Prof. L. A. Butterfield, formerly instructor of elocution at Colby, will be instructor of visible speech and articulation at the summer session of the Monroe College of Oratory which opens in Boston, July 12th.



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