

The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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EDITORS.

Chief.

WALTER BRASIER SUCKLING, '88.

ALBION H. BRAINARD, '88,	JOHN F. TILTON, '88,
JOHN A. SHAW, '88,	PARKER P. BURLEIGH, '89
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Managing Editor.

JAMES A. PULSIFER, '88.

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Why should not conscience have vacation
As well as other courts o' th' nation?
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint appearance and return?



ANOTHER cry is heard, and perhaps not a strange or unexpected, either. "Why have we not had water brought into the buildings?" and "why have those basemental apartments not been constructed?" With regard to the former question, we doubt very much whether the prudential committee could frame a plausible excuse, even though they were to resort to logic and search it through, for not giving us decent water before now. But with regard to the latter question, we should like to suggest, without wishing to disturb any one's feelings, that there are evidently more "base mental apartments" now in college than is well for us. Some of us have proven, and are continually proving, that what we already have is better than we deserve.

If any one is inclined to take opposite ground to ours, let him try to show what encouragement the authorities have received from us to give us better privileges than we have had. Let him remember his little conflagration, which he so gloriously achieved upon the river bank. Oh yes, that was "fun;" it made a very exciting scene—a brave deed—a great victory! Everybody has great hopes centered in the parties concerned with that act; they are types of magnanimity; they are evidently on the right track to—cause improvements to be made in the college, of course.

So it continues. The many must suffer for the deeds of the few. The only thing we can do is to yield a graceful submission and be resigned to drinking campus drainings, dry baths, and other cool impositions.

PHYSICAL training in our college now begins to look like a business. The opportunity of using the means for maintaining a healthy, strong and vigorous physique is laid before us,—yes, more than this,—we are enjoined to use the opportunity.

Now that this work has become compulsory, it is earnestly hoped that nobody will be known to "kick." Do not try to be excused from the drill, which is the thing you so much need. We hope that no sudden developments of heart disease, kidney trouble, or constitutional torpidity will appear in the line of excuses. Do not be out-done by the female "co-eds.," who are evidently brave enough to be our rivals, and are the more to be respected for it.

And, modest as they are, perhaps they would permit us to say that the innovation introduced by the young ladies of our college this fall, is truly a very proper and commendable one. They surely need physical training, and in many cases perhaps they need it quite as much as the young men do; outside appearances count for nothing. Perhaps it seemed like quite a departure from some of the habits of former terms; but so did the question of co-education seem a little incongruous when it was first proposed. In fact, who is prepared to say that it is any more unreasonable or improbable for us to think that, in years hence, male and female "co-ed." shall strive in contest in the open field, than for our fathers, years ago, to think that co-education would now exist in its present supremacy (?) ? We prefer, however, to think of co-education and all its attendant innovations as reaching only a golden mean.

SCARCELY is there any perceptible change in college matters since the expiration of last term. However, we found our Thanksgiving recess an exceedingly agreeable respite after a term which has been marked for its solid work, though it does not follow from this that there are any more "X's" taken than usual. Labor and "X's" are often incommensurable. "Never mind," says one, "the sooner we learn how little meaning there is attached with the way our 'standing' is represented, the sooner we shall cease to plug for rank."

We concur with our friend, in part, at least. The idea of working for rank is as false and dangerous a notion of the object of study as ever tainted the mind of a college student. He or she

is but a slave who entertains and works with such a view. If we are to observe and fulfil our obligations to self, for whom or what can we less selfishly or more consistently and profitably work than for ourselves? What we are after, here at college, is to do the most for ourselves in the time of our course that is possible for us to do. The value is for us to receive. Therefore we should make ourselves the end for which to work, and conform everything so far as possible to that end. Why do we select one study for pursuit, in preference to another? Is it because one is easier than the other or that we can obtain more forbidden aid in one than in another, or because we think we shall get better *rank* in the one than in the other? Certainly the student who makes his decision on these grounds has become alarmingly depraved. Our choice should be made up by what, in our candid and well considered judgment, will be of most value to us, either as mental discipline or as being particularly adapted to future pursuits.

Our method, also, in study should be in harmony with this idea. Of methods, each must choose his own or invent for himself; but if we were called upon for advice in regard to the matter, we should warn against compelling the memory to do the work that reason ought to do. If we are able to make a happy combination of the two for the sake of a brilliant recitation, so much more to our credit; but to adopt a limber, flippant, parrot style, merely for the sake of making a pleasing recitation, for incurring official grace, for obtaining favor in the sight of the chair, to get high "marking"—if that is what you wish to call it—that, to speak in mildest terms, is to do great injustice to ourselves, even though we appear at short sight to be getting pay for our mimicry. We do not wish to disturb anybody's peculiar, established belief as to what end they think it is best to study for; but at the same time it is our humble opinion that not a few do work with false notions in mind. Moreover, it is our honest conviction that one of the most disastrous of these notions, one that must sooner or later lead us to disappointment and chagrin, is to make simply rank our hobby.

Cornell has a Camera club which will soon give a lantern-slide exhibition, with views of Ithaca scenery.



WINTER.

The winds are blowing chill and wild,
The ground is bare and bleak;
The trees, of all their green despoiled,
Are seen in vale, on peak.

Not in a cheerful, soothing voice,
As in the early spring,
Doth Nature everywhere rejoice
And only pleasure bring.

But stern and grim her features are,
And, with austere commands,
Doth she of every joy debar
Extensive subject lands.

The leaves that once were fresh and fair
Do speedily decay;
The flow'rs, with all their tincture rare,
Have fully passed away;

The rocks stand boldly forth alone,
Undecked by clinging green;
The wind repeats a sullen moan
The stony peaks between.

Not growth, but swift decline we see;
Not joy, but grief is here;
A sloth, and not activity,—
All desolate and drear.

But is the life of trees extinct?
Are flow'rs no more to bloom?
Is there in Nature's wide precinct
For joy no further room?

Ah no! the earth is clothed with life
Which seemingly has fled;
She hides the germs with power rife;
She sleeps, but is not dead.

And hoary Winter fills the air
With sparkling crystals bright;
They shelter, with a vesture fair,
The earth from frost and blight.

And when the sun again shall find
The equinoctial line,
The earth, with herbage fresh entwined,
Shall in new glory shine.

Thus Nature clearly speaks the truth:
Life is not *all* a joy;
In ways unwelcome and uncouth
Doth it our hopes destroy.

And while we search for jewels rare,
We find a worthless dross;
The gardens, that rich fruits might bear,
Are filled with weeds and moss.

Yet, hidden 'neath the surface gloom,
Are germs with blessing rife;
Which, seemingly from out the tomb,
Shall break to glorious life.

Our cherished hopes may pass away,
Life may seem all awry;
The prospect bright of many a day
May blossom but to die.

Yet, where by us no life is seen,
Is vital energy,
Which slumbers but to wake again
With full activity.

A COMMUNICATION.

Editor of the Colby Echo:

IN your last number there appeared an article on "Compulsory Exercise," which somewhat interested me, as one of your casual readers, and with your permission I would like to make a few suggestions in reply to some remarks made by the writer of the article. I may not be exact in the terms employed, but hope to be able to be understood.

The writer is evidently sadly deficient in gymnasium work and equally unfamiliar with its objects. He speaks of the "drudgery to swing the dumb-bells." In this we agree, but take Indian clubs and the drudgery becomes a fascinating pleasure, giving, at the same time, ease of motion and strength of muscle. "Agonizing contortions over the bars at the risk of making loose some screw of your body" is a feature of systematic gymnasium training entirely unknown to modern instructors. Did not the author have in mind some one of his attempts to vault a fence, when he trusted to his puny arms and soft, untrained muscles to take him over gently, but instead, found himself piled up in the dirt, brush or briars, decidedly sadder and possibly wiser? Surely he would have been spared this little lesson, had he been a worker in the "gym." To wrench the muscles is no harm. How can we walk even to his happy hunting grounds without wrenching our muscles and straining our lungs, and who is there that does not know by experience how full of bruises and unpleasant jars a tramp in the swampy woods about Waterville is sure to be? He assures you that a whole afternoon can be spent hunting, without anything to hunt, and naturally you shoot nothing. When back in your room you take account of stock, and it will usually be about as follows: game-bag, empty; feet, wet; clothes, torn; hands and face, scratched; sore muscles, and a rousing cold set in. By morning, you are so lame that it is only by the kindness of your friends that you are not breakfast-less. You are disgusted

to think that you did not spend your time reading or in some other pleasant employment, which you could have done, had you been a regular attendant at the gymnasium, and not only have had a better time, but preserved your health and strength.

The weakness of the writer's argument is too apparent to need mentioning. He yields the whole ground by admitting that we need a "gym" for "the nine to practice in during the winter" and "an instructor to train them." The base ball nine is usually composed of strong fellows, who are the least in need of training, so far as general good health goes. Now, if it is such an excellent idea to have the nine work, why not good for the rest of the students? We are not aware that the nine have any more time or shorter lessons than their classmates. If they can find time for regular exercise, surely the rest can do as much. He seemingly pays a most fitting tribute to the lectures on Hygiene, but, if he will recall those lectures, he will find himself obviously violating them. In them, he was explicitly told that irregular and occasional exercise was worse than useless. How often does he take his gun and roam the woods? Perhaps, in the past four months, he has spent as many half-days in this fruitless toil. How many Saturday's will he spend, hunting say during this winter term? Naturally so irregular a disposition would recoil at the thought of taking regular exercise. He prefers weakness and general languor to strength and action.

After attempting to present arguments, he entirely deserts his purpose and wanders off to vent his ill humor upon the ranking system. He attacks the only object of his labor and mourns over the time he will spend in the gymnasium as if sure to cause a decrease in his standing. Examples of great mental development, to the entire neglect and even ruin of physical powers, are not wanting in recent members of the college. In the class of '85 the second *highest* man in standing was the *lowest* in physical development. This came about from different causes, to be sure, but the one great cause of his weakness was lack of exercise. When he entered, he was of medium constitution and good health. Naturally inclined to books, he soon buried himself in them, sacrificing health, strength and even life to his college work, so that when he received his degree he was literally exhausted, and after a

year's work, fell an easy victim to disease. Heeding the warning of such cases and the general tendency of literary fellows to neglect proper exercise, the college has offered a course of instruction in physical development, so that mind and body may be built up together, and not one at the expense of the other. This object was not wholly achieved by voluntary attendance at the gymnasium, and so, that the object for which the "gym" is being fitted up and for which an instructor has been secured may not be evaded, the college authorities have rightly decided to require all students to attend, regularly, their class exercise in the "gym." It must be obvious to all that this is the only way to reach those most in need of physical training; and we venture to say that, after a term's work in the gymnasium, the writer of the article referred to will be convinced of the value of such work. At least he will then *know* what he is writing about and be in a better condition to argue a subject with which he, at present, is disgusted, simply because he is entirely ignorant of its advantages.

THE DRAMA OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE history of dramatic art does not present a regular series in the steps of its development, from the tragedies of Eschylus and Euripides up to the plays that are enacted in the theatres of today. For in no sense is the drama of the middle ages the offspring of the classic drama of Greece and Rome. In the early Christian centuries, the stage of Rome had become so corrupt that the church could do no less than strenuously oppose it. But eventually, by some strange turning of the wheel of fortune, that same hand which had so violently closed the old Roman theatre, created the "Mysteries" and "Miracle Plays," which constituted the curious drama of the Middle ages.

In these plays we have an interesting and thoroughly characteristic picture of an age long past. They had their beginning back in the dark ages, but just when and where we do not know. This, only, is sure,—that they were played as early as the eleventh century in England, France and Germany. Probably they were first written in Latin, but even that is uncertain. In these plays the Bible narratives and the lives of the saints were dramatized. They were performed by the monks in the churches and by the nuns and their pupils in

the convents; later, in the churchyard and in the public street.

The Romish church has always delighted in material representations; pictures, processions, elaborate ceremonials, everything that could appeal to the senses. In these plays we find the expression of this tendency more pronounced than elsewhere. And the same plea which defended the pictures in the churches would apply to these other representations as well. We quote the words of an old writer and saint: "I am too poor to possess books; I have no leisure for reading; I enter the church, choked with the cares of the world; the glowing colors attract my sight and delight my eyes like a flowery meadow, and the glory of God steals imperceptibly into my soul; I gaze on the fortitude of the martyr, and the crown with which he is rewarded, and the fire of holy emulation is kindled within me and I fall down and worship God."

The miracle plays gained their greatest popularity when taken up by the trade guilds, who acted them in the streets of the cities at fairs and religious festivals. They were performed upon movable stages, which passed in order through the principal streets, each stage exhibiting one act, until the play had been performed in all parts of the town. They often consisted of a connected series of several plays, including the whole range of Bible history and saintly lore, from the Creation to the day of judgment. Thus their performance would frequently occupy several days, and we can easily imagine how these great spectacles would call together immense crowds of people from all the surrounding country.

The stage arrangements were very peculiar. There were generally three platforms, one above another, the upper one occupied by the Heavenly hosts, the second by saints and glorified men, while the lowest represented the earth, with its living creatures. At one side of the stage was a flaming, pitchy cavern, from which issued dismal cries and groanings, supposed to be uttered by souls in torment. The costumes were partly conventional. A saint wore a gilded wig and beard. Herod was figured as a fierce and bloody Saracen, the angels with gilt bodies and wings. The souls wore white or black coats, according as their natures were good or bad, while demons were represented in the most hideous costumes that could be invented. In

the performance, the inhabitants of the upper, terrestrial and nether worlds would be indiscriminately mingled, while the whole was the most curious mixture possible of drollery and solemnity.

The most celebrated of these plays now extant are the Towneley, Chester and Coventry series. The Towneley and Chester plays were acted by trade companies, and as we read how the different portions were assigned to the different trades, we cannot help fancying some appropriateness between the subjects and the professions of the actors. So we learn the creation was acted by the drapers; the deluge by the dyers; the killing of the innocents by the goldsmiths, and the descent into Hell by the cooks.

The plays of Coventry were the most successful, being honored with the patronage of Royalty and retaining longest the support of the clergy, who, in the early days of the Reformation, used them as an argument against Wycliffe. These plays were performed with great magnificence, and, as an ancient writer says, "the yearly confluence of people to see that show was extraordinary great and yielded no small advantage to the city." The plays reached the height of their popularity during the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII.

Longfellow has preserved for us, incorporated in his "Golden Legend," a specimen miracle play, that of the "Nativity." It seems like a rude old painting, which some modern artist has retouched and set in a beautiful frame. If we subtract from it the grace and charming flow of words and fancy which belong to our poet, we have a fair example of a mediæval play with all its superstition, its coarse, material conceptions of spiritual things, and rough handling of sacred themes. Considered as a work of art, a relic of former times, it is interesting, but when we consider that such plays were presented to the people as facts, and that their purpose was to instruct in Bible history, they seem like stones in place of bread. But, nevertheless, we should remember the difference in the education and tastes of the people, and though we may prefer Wycliffe's plan of giving them the Bible in their own language, still those quaint old Latin plays must have been much pleasanter than stupid Latin sermons, and doubtless there was shown the same simple, serious reverence which the peasants of Ober-Ammergau now

display in their decennial representations of the Passion Play. But gradually allegorical representations of the virtues and vices, "Moralities," as they were called, pushed the mysteries and miracle plays from the stage.

In Elizabeth's time, though the moralities were losing their place upon the boards by the introduction of real types of life beside the abstract personages, they had not lost their popularity, for they had been taken home to the hearts and fancies, not only of the poets, but also of the people. We find the writings of Spenser and Sidney abounding in personifications of Purity, Temperance and fidelity, and everywhere the queen went she was greeted by the people with grotesque pageants and allegorical welcomes. Scott gives a very pleasant picture of such a scene in his description of her approach to Kenilworth Castle.

This age was distinctly one of great intellectual and literary activity. And not the least marvelous of the transitions in that wonderful time was the change from the "Moralities" to the plays of Shakespeare. At last the regular drama in its modern form was upon the stage, and the day of the mysteries and miracle plays was past.

MADAME DE STAEL.

IT has been said by one who knew her well that Madame de Stael was one of the few people who surpass expectation. For almost a century her parentage, her genius, and the peculiar times in which she lived, have served to keep this remarkable woman before the eyes of the reading public. As is usually the case, her decided virtues were offset by faults as pronounced; but, in spite of her failures, of which she surely did not have more than her share, the genius of Madame de Stael was a never-failing source of wonder and delight to the many great men who were admitted within the circle of its dazzling brilliancy.

In passing sentence upon any character, it is always fair to take into consideration the times which helped to mould that character. It would not be right to measure an Alexander by the standard of the middle ages. Neither would it be just to turn upon the life of Madame de Stael the light of the peaceful times of our own century. In studying any life, we should not seek to take it from its own times, its own envi-

ronment, but should rather transport ourselves in fancy to those times and that environment, and, as it were, make ourselves a part of them for the time being.

Let us, then, take ourselves back to the close of the eighteenth century in France. Let us tear apart the dark curtains of those troublous times, and entering, mingle among the frightful scenes of the French Revolution. Upon the throne we find a weak and vacillating monarch, supported by a court remarkable only for its corruption, and all about the restless, turbulent sea of an enraged and fickle populace, madly beating against the ship of state, while men look on with bated breath, expecting momentarily to see it go under. It was a time when, to have an opinion and stand by it, meant, in many cases *death*,—a time when, as has been said, the sons and daughters of France slept under the guillotine. The evils of centuries had been slowly accumulating over France, until they had formed a hideously dark cloud, which all of a sudden burst. For a time the blackest chaos prevailed, and even the wisest could not predict that order would ever again be restored.

It was in the twilight of this gathering darkness, when already the mutterings of the Revolution were heard from afar, that Anne Louise Germaine Necker, afterwards Madame de Stael, was born. Her father, James Necker, was, as the popular minister of finance, one of the foremost men of his times. During his eventful life he tasted many of the sweets of honor and distinction, drank deep at the fountain of popularity; but, as he himself realized, his greatest blessing, his crowning distinction was in his gifted and devoted daughter, Madame de Stael, who, perhaps, of all women, was most intimately associated with the politics of her times. "Oh, horror of horrors," says some New England housewife, "a woman dabbling in politics!" But Madame de Stael did not dabble in them. With her clear, logical mind she took hold of their intricate problems, and comprehended where many a man failed. Then, too, she lived in a time when everybody was interested in politics, from the monarch on his throne to the commonest fishwoman in the market. It was a time when not to have an opinion implied a strange lack of patriotism. From her childhood, too, Madame de Stael had heard the politics of her country discussed as the principal topic of

conversation at her father's table and in the salon. They might almost be said to have formed her alphabet. She inhaled them in the very air she breathed.

Perhaps nothing so clearly shows the various attitudes of men's minds at that period as the different interpretations put upon the word "liberty," the key-note of the Revolution. Necker and his daughter, too, have been censured as instigators of the Revolution; but it was not so. They espoused the cause of national liberty, of a constitutional monarchy, and were as deeply pained by the horrors of the Revolution as were all who were devoted to the best interests of France. It was her belief in liberty for France that made Madame de Stael look with such aversion upon the policy of the despotic Napoleon. While she recognized the wonderful ability of the man, she saw through his designs from the first. But though she might have wielded a powerful pen against him, she treated him with absolute silence in all her writings. This was what piqued Napoleon, and he hated her accordingly, though it was no doubt a satisfaction to Madame de Stael to know that he feared her, too. She probably, however, took no pains to conceal her dislike for him, for Napoleon says: "They pretend that she neither talks politics nor mentions me; but I know not how it is that people like me less after visiting her." The story of his revenge is only too well known—how, always without the instincts of a gentleman, in a position where he could tyrannize over her and make life a burden to her, who, after all, was only a defenceless woman, he banished her for ten years from her beloved Paris; and not only that, but persecuted the friends who dared to stand by her.

"Her beloved Paris," he says, and it was so. It was there that most of her life was spent, and thither her fond eyes ever turned when forced to leave it, for the quiet of the country-seat at Coppet. It was Paris she sighed for when, during her banishment, she wandered an exile from home over the face of Europe, fearing at any time imprisonment for the rest of her life. The gay scenes of the capital suited her, perhaps, too restless nature, which could not endure solitude, even though it were the solitude of romantic Switzerland. It was in her salon, surrounded by such characters of note as Lafayette, Benjamin Constant, Narbonne, Talleyrand,

Madame Recamier, and others, that Madame de Stael was in her element. Conversation was her life, her passion, and her acknowledged ability in the art drew to her salon, as by a magnet, the intellectual people of all countries, who listened, spell-bound, while she discoursed upon some subject of interest to all. Listened? Yes, and talked, too, for Sir James McIntosh said that Madam de Stael was not a good neighbor; there could be no slumbering near her; she would instantly detect you.

But it is not as the brilliant star of the salon that Madame de Stael appeals to our hearts. It is when we think of that life-long devotion to her father, her respect for her mother, and the tender love and care that she bestowed upon her children that we recognize the true woman, whose heart was, after all, larger than her intellect.

And then there is Madame de Stael, the authoress, whom a critic of her own times gives precedence over all other women who had won a name in authorship. Her books which, according to our different taste, would probably be considered dry, were then said to be characterized by a vigorous, brilliant style, which takes the reader up and hurries him along under the spell of its power. "Corinne" is the best-known of her works in our day, though her "Allemagne" was most enthusiastically received at its appearance, and everywhere welcomed as a most wonderful production. Thus in Madame de Stael as politician, conversationalist, authoress, daughter, mother, friend, and foe, we see one who combined a heart of tenderness with an intellect of strength.

Near the shores of Lake Lemman, in Switzerland, under the shadow of Mt. Blanc, travellers of to-day tell us of an old, time-worn chateau,—the country home of the Necker family. Once it was an intellectual centre for all Europe, and was a welcome and welcoming haven for many a one whom the world delights to honor. To-day its halls are silent. The drowsy portraits on the wall look down only upon empty chairs and deserted fire-places; but travellers tell us that still through the old house there seems to walk the spirit of her who was once its mistress, Anne Louise Germaine Necker, afterwards Madame de Stael.



Examinations.

Thanksgiving.

Term-bills.

Less wide-spread thanksgiving.

"Am slyness on de road ter wealth?"

'Ere long tuques and toboggans will be all the rage again.

The catalogues for 1887-8 may be expected about this time.

Conundrum for Juniors: Which is it, R 2-R 3, or R 3-R 2, or neither?

Wednesday evening, Dec. 7th, the Chi chapter of Zeta Psi initiated into its fraternity Edw. D. McArthur, who is taking a special course of study at Colby.

The local Y. M. C. A. has fitted up new rooms in Boutelle block. The second floor will be used as before, while the third floor will be fitted up as a gymnasium, and our instructor, C. E. Adams, is expected to take charge of it.

Quite a number of new text books have been introduced this term. The Seniors have new Psychologies and Geologies, the Juniors, new Physics, the Sophomores, new Rhetorics, and the Freshmen must forego the advantages of the well-cribbed Wentworth's Algebras, and fight their way through another book.

The studies of this term have been arranged as below:

	8 00 A.M.	11.30 A.M.	2.30 P.M.	3.30 P.M.	4.30 P.M.
SENIORS.	History.	Psychology.	Geology.		German.
JUNIORS.	History.	Eng. Lit.			Physiology.
	French.	Physics.			
SOPHO.	Greek.	Rhetoric.		French.	
				Trigonometry.	
FRESH.	Algebra.	Latin.			Greek.

Rev. Geo. F. Pentecost, formerly pastor of the Tompkins avenue Congregational church in Brooklyn, N. Y., now engaged in evangelical work, at the invitation of Dr. Pepper came here, just after the term opened, from Augusta and gave the boys a valuable talk in Prof. Warren's recitation room, and in the evening of the same day held a meeting in the chapel for the benefit of all who would be interested to hear him. He was accompanied by George C. Stebbins, the composer of many familiar tunes in "Gospel Hymns."

A week ago last Wednesday afternoon the campus seemed to be "invested with Indians," so to speak, judging from the noise, crowd and excitement back of Coburn Hall; but it was only a Junior endeavoring to instruct the Freshman class in the art of foot-ball playing. The game was a success in every particular, even to the severely injuring of one of the players, something indispensable in foot-ball, and Mr. Mathews was tenderly conveyed to his room, with a leg both broken and dislocated below the knee. Foot-ball is very interesting to watch, so is a slugging match and a bull-fight, but we would not recommend it as a means of getting wholesome exercise.

The addresses of the boys who are out this term are as follows:

'89.

Megquier, C. F., Islesboro.
Smith, D. F., Cary.

Putnam, Winthrop.

'90.

Averell, Alna.
Johnson, F. T., No. Berwick.
Patten, Monmouth.
Walker, Embden.
Wyman, E. T., Readfield.

Hatch, Islesboro.
Merchant, Weld.
Smith, M. M., Wayne.
Whelden, Bristol.
Whitney, Sullivan.

'91.

Caldwell, Norway.
Gorham, Houlton.
Megquier, E. C., Friendship.
Berry, Litchfield.

Cottle, Littletown.
Morse, H. L. F., Norway.
Noyes, E. Northport.
Leadbetter, Wayne.

The majority of the second division of the Junior class, at the close of last term, petitioned the faculty for Constitutional History of the United States with the first division of the two upper classes, in preference to French, and so the French class was diminished to three. One of these being out, the other two recite each morning for half an hour in the library. "I wish I had taken French," a "Constitutional History" boy is occasionally heard to mutter to himself as he claws over the books of the library to find the references in his topics.

The boys all signed a petition last fall for bath rooms in the basements of the dormitories, a most imperative need in our college, and their hearts were cheered when, at last, the campus was dug up and the buildings were skewered with pipes; but they began to grow proportionally disheartened when nothing further was done, and although private residences in town are being piped and fitted with bath rooms, the boys still look forward to the cheerless prospect of being obliged to paddle 'round in diminutive wash bowls during the coming winter. Our

readers will begin to think that the water question is one of the chief strings of the Campus fiddle ; but the boys are getting impatient.

The bowling alleys, that is, the plank sidewalks in the rear of the gym that were bowling alleys in days gone by, have been torn up and that part of the gymnasium will be used for lockers and for practicing the battery of the base ball nine, and in time the bowling alley will be placed in the basement. An immense improvement. The gymnastic exercises, notwithstanding the remonstrance of a certain Senior, who advocated the rather vague and unsatisfactory alternative of wandering about the country, climbing fences, jumping ditches, etc., for exercise, have been made compulsory, and now the gymnasium will be, as never before, a real source of benefit to the students.

One of the most interesting innovations made in our curriculum has been begun this winter by the second division of the Junior class, under Professor Rogers. They are studying experimental physics. The division has been separated into subdivisions, consisting of three members each, who are set at work at separate tables, experimenting in different lines and making their own investigations. One table is prepared for experiments on weighing, another for experiments on electricity, another for measuring time, etc. No preparation for class room recitation is required ; but two hours of each morning are spent in the room at work, and the remaining hour is given to the student, in which to sum up his investigations and the conclusions he has drawn from them. The different pieces of apparatus are at the disposal of the students, and the Professor is expecting an instrument for measuring time called a "cronograph," to cost four hundred dollars, which will also be used by the students.

Few boys are blest with the good luck which befell a Junior a short time ago. While looking around Prof. Rogers' room, his eye fell on a long brass tube, which he mistook for some kind of an optical instrument. As he was holding it to his eye to get the correct focus, a slender glass rod slid out of the supposed telescope, and, falling something like four feet, struck the floor with sufficient force to smash many substances less brittle than glass. The Professor, in horror, rushed to the spot and tenderly picked up what he supposed was the hopelessly shattered

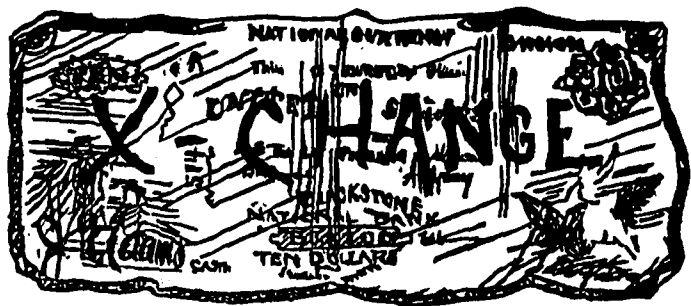
remains of his pet standard thermometer, which, he affirmed, he would not lose for five hundred dollars ; but it was found to be not even cracked. The lucky student was most heartily congratulated by his classmates, and now whenever the boys see a brass rod in any way resembling that mysterious one which so unexpectedly explained itself, they let it severely alone, lest, by some accident, they find themselves minus a few hundred dollars.

During the last vacation, a Junior made a call on Professor Rogers, as he was in the act of having his rooms cleaned up a little, who suggested to the Professor that it would be quite a scheme to have the cabinet, in which all the scientific apparatus was kept, cleared out, and all the apparatus rearranged and replaced on the shelves systematically. The idea was met with hearty approval and the astonished Junior was immediately designated as just the man to do the job. Accordingly, with the help of a classmate, all the shelves, with the exception of the topmost, were emptied and the cabinet was turned over to a buxom *femme francaise*, who made a vigorous application of soap and water. Meanwhile the pieces of apparatus were dusted, and as soon as the shelves were dry they were replaced in order, being separated into apparatus for light, sound, hydrostatics, statical electricity, dynamical electricity, magnetism and miscellaneous apparatus. Some pieces of apparatus which had been overlooked were brought to light, the ones most used were made most easy of access, and a general change was made all round. The boys enjoyed the job and the Professor seemed to take a good deal of satisfaction in the result.

A Senior came very near graduating and returning to his native wilds without ever having even tasted celery, but was spared that misfortune by taking his Thanksgiving dinner at Sam's, where bunches of the aforesaid weed reposed before his eyes in tempting luxuriance. Having inquired confidentially as to the correct method of eating the strange vegetable, he accepted the information given him, and, in accordance with it, carefully buttered the stalks, applied a good proportion of pepper and salt and enjoyed it hugely. The interesting event above, occurred at the annual Thanksgiving dinner at the Janitorial mansion, given for the benefit of the boys who remained at the "Bricks"

during the Thanksgiving recess. The boys welcomed Sam's generous invitation and to such as had a previous knowledge of Mrs. Osborn's cooking ability a second invitation was, to say the least, unnecessary. At the appointed time the representatives of the four classes found themselves seated in Sam's dining room, and a dinner was served there fit for a king. The feast was followed by the customary singing of college songs, which the boys were compelled to admit was not of the best quality. Then, full and cheerful, they returned to their respective rooms, with a hearty appreciation of Sam's magnanimity.

D. W. Parsons and D. P. Foster of '91 were initiated into Delta Kappa Epsilon, Saturday evening, December 10th.



Again we welcome our numerous exchange brothers, after our short vacation, and we shall endeavor to give good, fair criticisms.

The *Chronicle* contains a very interesting series of articles on "Learning the Languages Among the Natives."

The last number of the *Lafayette* is before us, and contains a good editorial department. The editorials are, as they should be, devoted to matters of interest to the college.

The *Indiana Student* contains a very spicy article on "Naples and Vesuvius." The local department is also conducted in a very able manner. The *Indiana Student* has made the most improvement of any college paper since we have been upon the editorial staff.

The *Dartmouth* contains the usual number of items of interest to the college. They have departed from the usual custom of choosing editors, making the positions on the college paper a matter of competition. We think this an excellent idea, for you are sure of getting the best men to fill the vacant positions.

The last number of the *Clinonian* contains five pages of literary matter, while the remainder of the paper is filled with a prospectus of

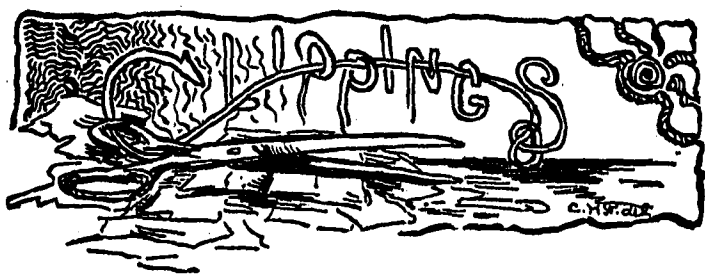
their new college library. No wonder you do not get the support of the alumni, if this is the way you believe in conducting a college paper. We do not hold ourselves up as models, by any means, but this much is certain, we get the support of our alumni and are on a good financial basis.

We notice an excellent editorial in the last issue of the *Brunonian*. In speaking of examinations it says: "In certain subjects, especially those taught by lectures, examinations are essential. They are the only basis upon which the professor can form his estimate of the student's proficiency. The recitation is not a fair test; the examination, much as may be said against it, is a far more just one, for it shows whether or not the student possesses the broad and general knowledge of the subject which he is expected to have."

Since our last issue we have received the November number of the *Hebron Semester*, which is published at the close of the fall and spring terms by the students of Hebron Academy. The *Semester* is a very interesting and well written publication and reflects much credit on the editors, and we cannot forbear to suggest here that it would be far better for the journals of high schools and academies to limit the number of issues to two and have those creditable, than to get out, as many do which we might mention, more issues, and consequently inferior ones. We are pleased to see that the *Semester* is wise in this respect. We congratulate you, brother *Semester*, on your bright prospect of having a new and much needed building in the near future. May your anticipations soon be realized. This number of the *Semester* contains a very full report of the commencement exercises at Hebron last June. The editorials are good and there is some very good literary matter. In fact it is, in our judgment, a first class paper, and especially suited to represent such an excellent fitting school as Hebron has come to be. It shows that the students, as well as their institution, are alive and in a prosperous condition.

The *Pleiad* contains a very able article on "Infidel France; Christian America." In speaking of the French Revolution it says: "This Revolution, while proving a purifier and strengthener to surrounding nations, for a time plunged its own country into an abyss of misery which can scarcely be comprehended by an

American, and while with pleasure we contemplate those blessings of liberty and political freedom which it gave the world, it is but just that a thought should be given to the other side. Not merely in politics and government was this a Revolution, but in the customs, the religion, and the very spirit of men. A Revolution, indeed, which might have been expected, for the social and spiritual institutions of Europe, and especially that church which held particular prominence, were, by their corruption and hypocrisy, wasting their power. People were taught that the idea of moral obligation is a myth, and those who believed in the existence of truth, justice or morality were to be regarded as wretched idiots. While liberty, equality and reason were held aloft on the banners of the Voltaires, the Robespierres and the Mirabeaus, its pretended advocates, beneath these banners marched, with mad thirst for blood and annihilation of reason, the seething multitude, armed with the sword, the bayonet and the guillotine."



'91's class yell, at Cornell is Whoo! Rah! Ri! X! C! I!—*Ex.*

There are 837 Freshmen in Cambridge University, England.

The study of Psychology has been removed from the required course at Amherst, and placed among the electives.—*Ex.*

James Russell Lowell has been invited by Harvard students to give a course of Lectures on English Literature this winter.

The scheme is on foot at Columbia to establish a "Senate," with the object of bringing the faculty and students into closer relations.

Governor Foraker, while lately addressing a body of students, said: "I would rather be a Sophomore in College than Governor of Ohio."

Prof. Robinson, of Brown, believes that men should be admitted direct from preparatory schools, without entrance examinations at the college.

The class in Assyrian at the University of Pennsylvania is growing, and gives promise of

outnumbering those of more famous seats of advanced learning.

The 300 women of Wellesley College do the house work of the College on the co-operative plan. It takes each one of them forty-five minutes a day to do her share.

The students at the University of Penn. are preparing a petition to request the faculty to annul the law recently passed forbidding smoking on the campus.—*Princetonian.*

The first Chinese lawyer who has practised in this country, was lately admitted to the New York bar. He was graduated from the Columbia Law School in the class of 1886.

At the New York Athletic Club meeting on Saturday, October, 15, for club trophies, H. H. Baxter broke the world's record in the pole vault, by vaulting eleven feet five inches.—*Princetonian.*

Boating circles at Yale College are discussing the question of a race between the Yale and Oxford (Eng.) crews on the Thames. They are however awaiting the backing of the Alumni before sending the challenge.

The following is the Freshman yell at Williams: Hella-ba-loo-who-rah; hella-ba-loo-who-rah; whoo-rah-ra: mia-kai-enon-a-konta; I want-to-go-home-boo-hoo; mam-ma, pa-pa; mia-kai-e-non-a-kon-ta.—*Occident.*

There has been considerable trouble at Yale recently in regard to the stealing of the signs by the students. A few nights ago, because of a contemplated raid by the police, 279 signs were turned over to the authorities.

The darkey "from Yale," who borrowed money from the various students to start a newspaper stand, boot blacking, etc. in the University Hall, has been working the same game on the students of the University of Wis.

Politics has reached a fever heat in the Ohio Wesleyan. The three parties have organized themselves into clubs. The Republicans predominate, and the Prohibitionists are close behind, while the Democratic club is insignificant in point of numbers.

A new paper called the "*Columbia Law Times*" has been started at the Columbia Law School. The editors for the first year are Mr. Paul K. Ames and Mr. T. G. Frost, of the Senior class. Among the contributors are Professors Dwight and Burgess, of the Columbia Faculty, and S. V. White.

Princeton students are agitating the subject of building a base-ball cage, or winter house, for practice. The use of such a building at Princeton is evident to every one who knows the rank that college holds in athletics. Yale has such a "cage" for winter practice, while Harvard uses her gymnasium.

Dr. Lucy Hall, resident physician at Vassar college, in comparing its statistics with the health tables of Amherst College for last year, finds that the list of ailments of the Vassar girls was far shorter and the number of days lost by illness far less than by the young men supposed to be so much more sturdy and robust.—*Ex.*



This is a truth deserving credit,
A headlong man is not long-headed.

Puck.

THE PEDAGOGUE'S SONG.

I'm gwine away to the country soon,
Want all your prayers for to follow me;
On the youngsters' hides I'll play a tune,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah.
I'll stand the small yags in the floor;
I'll have all the big ones to obey me,
If I have to wade through a sea of gore,—
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah.

CHORUS.

O the big girls, big girls in the country,
My heart will hate the big girls in the country.

When the day is done and the bell is rung,
And the school all flock around me,
Somehow I feel like Brigham Young,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah.
That they may save a cent or two,
All the "deestriot" are for to board me;
They have plenty of pork and "taters," too,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah.

CHORUS.

O the big girls, sweet girls in the country,
My heart hates not the sweet girls in the country.

And when at last the time has come
Back to college for to hie me,
Somehow I feel a little glum,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah.
My ohum asks what my sighing means,
When back to the college I've hied me;
I say I miss my—pork and beans,
Halle, halle, halle, hallelujah.

CHORUS.

O the big girls, sweet girls in the country,
My heart doth miss the sweet girls in the country.

"What kind of boys go to heaven?" asked the Sunday school superintendent.

"Dead boys," yelled the youngest member of the infant class.—*Jordon (N. Y.) Times.*

Through by daylight—the night.—*Puck.*

A POOR UNFORTUNATE.

Gus—"Aw-er-yes, Cholly is-er-chawming fellah, but he is so *awfully* defawmed, y' know."

Willie—"Poor fellah! What's the mattah with him?"

Gus—"Why-er-aw-y' know, his mouth is so awfully small-er he cawn't get his lips over the-er-head of his cane!—*Life.*



'54.

Hon. S. W. Matthews will deliver the first lecture in the academy course, Bangor, some time this month. His lecture will be upon matters connected with his work as Commissioner of Labor Statistics, and will no doubt be instructive as well as interesting. Mr. Matthews is popular at his old home. He also attended a dinner given on Saturday, Dec. 3d, by the typographical union of Portland.

'63.

Rev. S. L. B. Chase, late pastor of the Baptist church in Methuen, Mass., has accepted the unanimous call of the Baptist church at Great Falls, N. H., and will shortly enter upon his work there. This brings him near his old friends in Maine,

'76.

Prof. A. W. Small will lead a discussion on history at the Maine Pedagogical Society, to be held at Meonian hall, Augusta, Dec. 29, 30, and 31.

'77.

The friends of Rev. John M. Foster recently received a letter from him, written at Kansas City, where he has been tarrying with friends, previous to his sailing for Swatow, China, from San Francisco. He reports himself in good health and spirits.

'84.

E. E. McIntire has accepted an editorial position on the *Union Star*, Union, Iowa.

'85.

Chancy Adams was in town recently, visiting his many friends.

'86.

Randall Condon and wife have been spending a few days with their relatives in town.

Mr. George Phenix, assistant principal of Hebron Academy, made us a short visit a few days ago.

Byron Boyd was lately seen on the campus.

Ralph Pulsifer is at his home in Waterville, on a vacation from his medical studies at Boston.

'87.

O. L. Beverage, principal of Hallowell High school, has been in town during his vacation. He has taught a very successful term and will shortly return to continue his labors.

H. F. Day, of the *Fairfield Journal*, spent his Thanksgiving vacation at his home in Vassalboro.

Forest Goodwin has signed with the Salem base ball club, to play third base in the New England league contests for the season of 1888.

N. H. Crosby was recently seen on the campus.

C. C. Richardson is teaching school at Wayne, Maine.

'88.

Charles H. Pepper intends to make a voyage to the Azores the last of next month. He will be gone some time.

'89.

Beecher Putnam is teaching at Winthrop.



NATIONAL BUREAU OF UNITY CLUBS.

Plans of Study and Work for the Season.

This Bureau was born in Boston during the anniversary week of the American Unitarian Association, and had its christening on the 26th day of May, 1887. It was organized with Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., as President, and with a Board of Directors of twelve men and women, residing east and west. It has at present two head centers, —at Chicago and Boston. Its object is to render assistance in the social, literary, philanthropic and religious work of churches and communities. It is divided into thirteen sections, viz., Art, Biography, History, Fiction, Poetry, Science, Charity, Social and Political Science, Religious History and Thought, Music, Dramatics and Lectures, Amusements, and Organization and Method, with a gentleman or lady at the head of each section, some of whom are preparing Plans of Study for the season.

Prof. W. F. Allen, of Wisconsin University, is the first to present his plan, which has been carefully prepared, on

the *History of Ireland*, adapted to classes or clubs desirous of pursuing an elaborate course, and to younger readers who need something more simple. It is a timely topic, and will be eagerly accepted by clubs and reading circles for the winter's literary occupation in all parts of the country. The list of reference books is valuable, and no less useful will be the hints on the study of history and of reading in the preface. This leaflet will be mailed to any address for 10 cents by the Unity Club Bureau's publishers, CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago.

The first number of the American issue of *The Woman's World* lies before us. It is a handsome volume of the size of *The Magazine of Art*, profusely illustrated with full page pictures, and smaller ones sprinkled through the text. The topics are, of course, such as women are interested in, and while fashion plays an important part it is not to the exclusion of matters of general interest to women. The opening article is entitled "The Woodland Gods," and in it the forest heroes and heroines of the poets are described at length by pen and pencil. This is followed by a paper on "The Position of Women." "Madame de Sevigne's Grandmother," is the subject of the next paper, and Annie Thackery, the daughter of the novelist, is the author. Violet Fane follows with one of her pretty verses, and then we are introduced to the first chapters of a new serial, "The Truth about Clement Ker," which certainly opens with a great deal of spirit. "Above the Cloud Line," is a graphic description of the beauties of the Engadine by Marie S. Bancroft. The first of a series of papers on "The Children of a great City," is given, then there is a short story and a paper on "The Oxford Ladies' Colleges," by a member of one of them, which is a bright account of an interesting subject. Then come a batch of "Literary and other Notes," by Mr. Oscar Wilde, the editor, and last but not least are given the London and Paris fashions for the month.

Cassell & Company, Limited. 739 & 741 Broadway, New York, 35 cents a number, \$3.50 a year in advance.

A new edition of "Ten Great Novels," a 24-page pamphlet sold at 10 cents, has just been issued by Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn street, Chicago. It embodies the replies to a circular letter sent out two years ago to more than 70 literary people, including James Freeman Clarke, Robert Collyer, Prof. W. T. Harris, Edward Everett Hale, Dr. F. H. Hedge, and Edwin D. Mead, asking for an opinion as to the ten noblest novels available to English readers. Three editions of the published correspondence have already been exhausted, and the demand continues.

The same firm have ready a brief guide to the study of George Eliot's prose and poetry, designed especially for reading clubs and classes in literature. It gives a concise outline of a course of study to be followed in George Eliot's works, and an exhaustive list of books and magazine articles affording collateral information. Price, 10 cents, post paid.

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TO THE CLASS OF '87:

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