

# The Colby Echo.

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No. 12.

## The Colby Echo.

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YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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Chill airs and wintry winds! my ear  
Has grown familiar with your song;  
I hear it in the opening year,  
I listen and it cheers me long.



AND still the good work goes on in the gym. This week, a new bar, a tumbling-mat, a rowing-weight, a fore-arm machine and a quarter-circle, for the development of the muscles of the chest and the abdomen, have been added to the apparatus.

Prof. Adams reports that there has been no disposition, thus far, to shirk gymnasium work, and that the classes are making very good progress in the drill. We are glad to see that the compulsory system takes so well with the boys. Such exercise, pursued systematically, will make a vast difference in our physiques at the end of the college year.

Now is the time for those who intend to compete, on Field-day, to begin their preparation. If all the contestants would take their exercise this winter, with a view of preparing themselves for the contests of that day, we would have a general lowering of records next June.

THERE are times when, to the student, and especially to the board of editors, many things in the life of a college man seem burdensome. But if we compare our lot with that of hundreds of other men in the world around us, we see that in comparison, our position is a bed of roses. While the student sleeps comfortably in his bed till seven or half-past, the milkman is getting up at four or five, milking his cows and driving to town before light; the laborer is eating his breakfast and starting away in the cold to a hard day's work, and the woodsman is driving away to the woods in the gray of the morning, to eat a cold dinner and return home after ten hours of solid labor. Or, think of the

people toiling in the stores, the shops and the factories, for whom there are no "cuts" and no excuses. It is very much pleasanter to sit studying in a warm, cheerful room than to be out working on the railroad with a pickaxe or hauling wood four or five miles to town. Our situation as students is an agreeable one, and compared with the ordinary tasks of men we have an abundance of leisure. We can well say, with the psalmist of old, "Surely the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places."

THE Thursday morning lectures given last term by Prof. Taylor, and this term by Prof. Foster, have been highly appreciated by the Sophomores. Prof. Taylor's lectures treated of Comparative Philology, and opened up an interesting field of study, besides giving many valuable hints to the student of the languages, ancient or modern. Prof. Foster has taken up the Political and Judicial Systems of Athens, and considering them from an historical as well as a critical point of view, examining also their relation to modern institutions, has added valuable stock to the student's fund of information.

There are many points in the history and institutions of the Greeks and Romans which one must know, in order to read intelligently their works, and which the average student generally remains in ignorance of. These lectures supply these points, and we see no reason why the Thursday morning lecture should not become a part of the course of the Sophomore year.

THERE seems to be, in every class in college a tendency to inattention in the class-room. We do not speak of this as anything new or as being peculiar to present classes or to this college. A habit of listlessness during recitations would seem to be true of almost any class in any college. This inclination is seen more especially in the study of the languages. As soon as a student has translated a passage the rest of the class no longer listen, but are looking over the review or gazing into space and thinking of anything except the lesson. During this time the Professor is explaining the passage and giving much valuable information, grammatical, critical or historical. And it is here that the evil of inattention comes in. These important points in syntax and history are what

give sense and life to a passage. With their aid every page is luminous with meaning and the true inwardness of a language is learned; without them, translation is often an uninteresting, mechanical process.

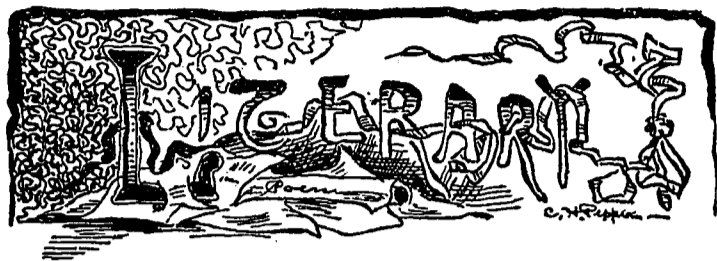
This carelessness in the class-room is a bad thing for another reason. It gets one into a listless way that remains with him even after he has left college. When the young lawyer tries his first case he cannot be careless; when the young doctor is learning his profession he cannot be indifferent. Yet it seems a fair inference that both will find difficulty in concentrating and applying themselves just in proportion as they have been inattentive in college. There may be times when the recitation is dry and it is next to impossible to follow it, but he who can and will do this will surely receive a benefit in his increased power of application.

NOT long ago we heard one of our Professors remark that the only thing he regretted in his college course was that he had not spent more time in general reading. Most college students make this same mistake. Could they but realize it, the opportunity for general reading offered him is among the most valuable privileges enjoyed.

We have at our disposal the best books on all subjects. Few of us will have such convenient and immediate access to a good library after we have left college. We should then make the most of our advantage. It may, perhaps, be urged that the faculty, in laying down our curriculum, seem to have overlooked the fact that a student should have some time to devote to reading, outside of his regular studies. While it is true that the time left for such work here in Colby is very limited, yet there is no one in college who could not spare half an hour a day for this purpose.

Every minute spent in the company of good books is well spent. A college man, especially, should be familiar with the best works on all subjects. He should be a cosmopolitan in literature; he should be on familiar terms with the best authors, ancient and modern, and when a literary question comes up, if not able to settle it and give the authority he should at least know where to look for authority. A short time spent each day in general reading would make a vast difference in one's literary attain-

ments, besides adding greatly to his stock of general information. We cannot urge too strongly upon the under-classmen the adoption of such a course.



### OBITUARY.

The death of Fred Miller Perkins, Jan. 2, 1888, brings home a pang of grief such as Colby's present students never felt before. Only a term since he was present with us on the campus. Now he is gone, to be with us no more forever.

Four years ago he came among us, frail and delicate in health, but attracting all by his pleasant, winsome manner. Soon, by patient, careful exercise, he attained much greater strength, and even the highest excellence in some athletic sports.

In the winter of his Senior year he experienced a severe illness, but had long since regained his wonted vigor; and the blow which at length struck him down was as sudden and unforeseen as it was terrible and crushing. His disease was congestion of the brain, which proved fatal in twenty-four hours.

As a student, he was careful, accurate and painstaking to a degree that was the wonder of his associates. Every written exercise, even those that were not to leave his own hands, would be carefully re-written and copied. And this was but a type of the thoroughness with which he performed every duty. In response to a compliment for a heroic effort, which few saw and less appreciated, he modestly replied, "Oh, a fellow feels better to do as well as he can." His fond parents, of whom he was an only child, would have pardoned almost any fault of omission or commission on his part, but never did he commit the slightest trespass on their indulgence.

But it was as a classmate and friend, in his room, on the campus, and in the recitation room that we chiefly knew him, and here his virtues shone with peculiar excellence. Many a time, when some rash piece of folly was proposed, has

his good sense been a check to his less thoughtful associates. But when once his sympathy was enlisted in behalf of a projected enterprise, he gave to it his assistance with a heartiness that knew no reserve. There was no half-way work with him. He approved and gave active aid and sympathy, or he disapproved and left entirely alone. More than a year ago he pledged his life for the upbuilding of Christ's cause in heathen lands, and was patiently preparing himself for that most noble purpose.

His kindly thoughtfulness for others was ever noticeable, and is remembered here not only by his intimate friends and associates, but by all with whom he came in contact. Speaking of his class in a letter written to a classmate a short time before his death, he mentioned with kindest feeling the successes and prospects of those near him, inquired about those of whom he did not know, and then added, "Won't we have a jolly good time if we are spared to meet in reunion three years hence?"

Alas! Not till we, too, are done with all that is earthly shall we "meet in reunion" the hearty, whole-souled boy, the earnest, patient student, the devoted Christian man, Fred Miller Perkins.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to take from earth our brother, Fred Miller Perkins, we, the XI chapter of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity, do resolve:

*That*, while we humbly bow before the will of Him, who doeth all things well, we deeply mourn the death of our beloved brother, whose genial disposition, true nobility of character, and devotion to the fraternity, bound him to us by the strongest ties.

*That*, while feeling deeply the loss of an alumnus whose influence among us was ever ennobling, we would not forget those to whom he was nearest and dearest, and

*That* we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the afflicted parents and friends.

*That*, while we believe we can best do honor to his memory by ever carrying in our hearts his excellent example, yet in token of our sorrow we drape our hall and fraternity badges.

*That* a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents of our late brother, and to each of our sister chapters.

C. E. HOLBROOK.  
LINCOLN OWEN.  
D. W. HALL. } Committee.

XI of D. K. E., Jan. 3, 1888.

## IN SYMPATHY.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to visit with the hand of affliction our beloved classmate, William L. Soule, in depriving him of his father, we, the class of '90, of Colby University, do resolve:

That we express our heartfelt sympathy with our classmate in his serious loss, and

That a delegation representing the class attend the funeral services.

That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our classmate, and to the Colby Echo for publication.

J. E. BURKE.  
F. P. KING.  
M. L. MILLER. } Committee.

Colby University, Jan. 3, 1888.

## "THE FRESHMAN'S HOSS."

Of all the horses for a race,  
The Freshman's "hoss" is greatest;  
With every movement full of grace,  
He ne'er comes in the latest.

O'er many a dark and dismal path  
His rider safe he carries;  
He shies not at the tutor's wrath,  
At not a *bridge* he tarries.

He seems to know what he should do,  
As if by intuition;  
To bring his owner safely through  
His lesson, is his mission.

And if the truth were told today,  
Hush! (for *grief* in some is pent);  
The "hoss" *alone* sped on his way,  
He made the road too *excellent*.

His sad, sad fate, I can but mourn;  
In all the college races,  
Of all *his* merit he'll be shorn,  
Of all his many graces.

He answered well his master's need,  
Yet all his glory loses;  
A poor, a worn-out, worthless steed  
Is buried 'mid abuses.

## THE DESERTED CLAIM.

**F**AR up on the southern slope of Mount Bross there is a deserted miner's cabin. The huge logs of which its walls are built, have settled and fallen apart in several places, and the roof of earth, weakened by the breaking of rafters, presents many a gap for the rays of the summer sun to peer through and for the snows of winter to penetrate and lie heaped upon the broken floor. The door, hanging by one hinge, swings creaking to every gust that comes down from the pine forest above.

A short distance from the cabin, there is a great heap of white rock at the mouth of a dark hole in the mountain. This opening, now al-

most hidden by the growth of vines and shrubbery, is the entrance to a silver mine. A path, once well worn, leads from the cabin to the mine. I came upon this cabin and learned its history during my last vacation, which I spent in that western state.

Uncle Jack and I had been prospecting. We had been out two days and had intended to get back to Silver Cloud that night, but here we were, on the top of Mount Bross, darkness fast coming on, and the village five miles below us. Uncle Jack scratched his head for a moment and then grumbled: "Wall, I guess we'll have to bunk at the 'Jessie M. Claim,' to-night. The boys say it is ha'nted, but I know better," and with that he shouldered his blankets and trudged down the mountain, through the pines. I followed him, and after a short scramble we found ourselves at the old cabin. We pushed open the door and built a fire in the huge fireplace, and soon dispatched our scanty meal. Then Uncle Jack, after lighting his pipe and smoking thoughtfully for a while, told me the story of the "Jessie M. Claim:"

"When we came by that heap of rock an that hole in the mountain beside the cabin, you didn't imagine that there was a pocket of ore down there, rich enough to make us all independent, did you? Wall, there is, an' I am the only person that has ever seen it. For twenty years it has lain there in the darkness, just as it looked on that fatal day. Poor Dudley, poor Dudley," and a tear ran down the old man's weather-beaten cheek. He brushed it away and resumed:

"Nearly twenty-three years ago, me an' Dudley Sanborn came up from the valley below an' staked off this claim an' built this cabin. We were young an' full of hope. Dudley had just graduated from an eastern college an' was posted on all that foreign lingo you was a readin' to me the other day. An' he had a girl 'way back there in the east. He just worshipped her, an' her picture, a little ambertype of a laughin' face, with pretty, wavin' hair, used to hang over that window there. We named our claim after her, the 'Jessie M.' Dud. used to get a whole batch of letters from her every time the stage came into the Cloud, an' the way he used to waste good paper an' stamps in writin' to her was a caution. Dud was as jolly an' cheerful a chap as you would find in a year's prospectin'.

He was the truest an' best man I ever struck. The rock was med'um soft an' so we worked along quite happy. We had traced the lode from the other side of the mountain, an' felt quite sure of its 'pannin' out' well. We used to lie awake in our bunks at night an' make plans for the future. But Dud.'s plans always centred around that one pair o' blue eyes in the picture, an' he was continually telling how happy he would be with his little wife, if he could only 'strike it' rich in the 'Jessie M.'

"We had been expectin' to cut the vein for some time. Every shot we put in we thought would open up our bonanza. We had gone ten feet beyond where we had cal'lated to find the lode, an' still no ore in sight. It was about six o'clock in the evening. We had been workin' hard all day and had just got a hole drilled for a blast when I slung down my hammer an' says, 'Let's quit for tonight.' 'No,' says Dud, 'I think this shot will tell the story. You go out an' get supper while I load an' fire this blast. If this don't show us some ore, I have lost all faith in 'Jessie M.' I left him cutting the fuse and came out to the cabin. I had just got the coffee-pot to b'ilin' an' supper under way when I felt the jar of the blast. The picture of Dudley's girl was shaken from the wall an' fell an' broke in a thousand pieces. An irresistible impulse came over me to see the result of that last shot. I left the cabin an' started on the run for the mine. Just before I reached the tunnel, the wail of a mountain lion came down from the pine forest above an' set me all a tremblin'. I entered the passage an' hurried along, scarcely notin' the feeble rays of my candle. I knew every foot o' the ground, an' when, in my haste, I put the light out entirely, I pressed on in the darkness. I looked ahead, in the hope of catching the rays of Dud.'s candle, but in vain. I knew by the feelin' of the walls that I was nearly at the end of the tunnel, where I had left him at work. I tried to call his name, but a cold hand seemed clutchin' at my throat. I finally mustered courage enough to light my candle, an' O, God, what a sight met my eyes! Silver? Yes, the mine seemed full of it. It shone an' sparkled in the rays of my candle, but there, half buried in that pile of richness, mangled and blackened with powder smoke, lay poor Dudley Sanborn, his young life battered out by that cold, white ore we had

toiled so long for. Blown up while putting in the blast which would have made him happy and rich for the rest of his days! My grief was bitter. I cursed the ore his warm, true blood was staining. I blamed myself for leaving him alone, and I thought how near he had come to reaching the height of his earthly hopes; but ah! lad, little do we know of the ways of Providence. Even then there was lying, down at the office, at the Cloud, a letter from that false Jessie M. that would have cut him deeper than those cruel rocks, could he have lived to read it.

All night long I spent in that dark tunnel, weepin', an' cursin', an' prayin', but when morning came I grew calmer, an' when I saw the first gleam of morning light I carried him through that long passage, which no foot has trodden since. An' there was another miner's funeral from the little chapel at the Cloud."

#### ARE THE DIMENSIONS OF MATTER AFFECTED BY ITS AGE?

PRIMARILY, the investigation described in the last article was undertaken with a purpose quite different from that which directed the experiments there described. The conclusion reached with respect to the constancy of the relative coefficients of expansion of the metals selected was certainly unexpected until near the conclusion of the series of observations. In order that the comparisons might not be affected by a knowledge of expected results, the observations were not reduced until after the series as far as 65 degrees had been completed. A preliminary reduction made in May, 1887, gave the first intimation that the law of constancy was likely to be established.

This investigation was, in the first instance, undertaken for the purpose of ascertaining whether standards of length vary in their dimensions with their age. Accordingly the plan of the investigation consisted in repeated determinations of the relative lengths of the standards selected, the observations being arranged for continuance through a series of years. It is obvious that if we find that the steel yard is, for example, one ten-thousandths of an inch shorter than the bronze yard at 620 degrees Fahrenheit, as the result of *every* series of observations undertaken, whatever the interval of time elapsed between the series, we may fairly

conclude that the relative lengths of these standards do not change with their age.

There have been many instances in which *apparent* variations of length have been observed. In the fifth report of the Standards Commission of Great Britain, an account is given of the apparent change in the relative lengths of two meters belonging to the Royal Society of Great Britain. Between 1818 and 1869 the observations show a change nearly one-hundredth of a millimeter.

The Russian standard of length used in the earlier Geodetic surveys presents the most authentic instance of a well defined change of length of which we have any record. This standard bar is made of iron, and has a length of seven feet. I am not certain whether it was forged or drawn through dies. Conical end-pieces of tempered steel were inserted in each end. In the course of two or three years, this bar was transported a distance exceeding 8,000 miles, being supported in a packing of feathers. At the end of this time it was found by Prazmowski to be one-thirteenth of a line, or about six-thousandths of an inch shorter than at the commencement of the expedition, the two sets of comparisons having been made at the same temperature.

If it can be established that no permanent flexure of the bar took place, we have here an authenticated instance of an actual change of length. Upon the discovery of this change, from whatever cause produced, a new standard was constructed, also made of iron. It was allowed to anneal for eight days after being forged. It is understood that no change of length has ever been detected in this bar. Against this somewhat doubtful evidence we have the positive evidence by Chisholm, that Bronze No. 6 showed no evidence of a change in length in fourteen years, and of Baeyer that the precise mean length of Bessel's standard bars at 13 degrees Reaumeur had not altered in the twenty years from 1834 to 1854.

It is well known that Mr. Sheepshanks, who was entrusted with the preparation and verification of the present yard of Great Britain was so deeply disturbed by his inability to obtain an accordance between the comparisons of the bronze and steel bars investigated, that he actually contemplated the rejection of the work of several years and its commencement *de novo*;

but as the discordances did not seem to exist between the several bronze bars compared, the final result obtained in 1855 was allowed to stand.

The present working standard yard of the United States is known as "Bronze II." It was presented to the U. S. Coast Survey in 1856. At that time it was declared to be about one eight-thousandth of an inch too long. Within a few years this yard has been three times compared with the Imperial Yard. The first two sets of comparisons agree in giving a value of 88-millionths of an inch too short, but the third series made in 1885 gave the result 22-millionths of an inch too short, hence if these observations can be relied upon, we have here a change in two directions.

My attention was called to this subject as early as 1880, but in 1884, the observed tendency of the comparisons to make the steel relatively shorter than the bronze standard during the spring and summer of that year became so marked that a deliberate search for the cause of this change was undertaken. It was continued for many months without satisfactory results, and it was not until the conclusion of the observations in July last, that I became fully satisfied that nearly or quite all of the discordances hitherto noted, including my own apparently abnormal results, are traceable to a common cause, and that when certain conditions are fulfilled in the comparison of standards of length, a constant relation will be found to exist. An account of the way in which this discovery was made is reserved for the next article.

WM. A. ROGERS.



Leap year.

Sam has been looking rather tired recently.

Dr. Pepper went on and was at the funeral services of Perkins, '87.

Work upon the *Oracle* is progressing. The managing editor reports very good business with ads.

The college quartet sang at Newcastle, last Monday, Mr. W. C. Philbrook assisting in Mr. Suckling's absence.

The boys have made new sets of good resolutions all around, and are now proceeding to break them as fast as possible.

The invitations for the Senior reception have come out. The reception will be held in Memorial Hall, Friday evening, Jan. 20th.

Mr. Folsom, who was with us a month or so ago, and who did such good work in our midst, has gone with Dr. Pentecost. He will travel as general worker and as an agent of the Doctor's books.

On Tuesday, Jan. 3rd, the Sophomore class suspended their regular afternoon recitation and sent a delegation of five men to represent the class at the funeral of Hon. J. G. Soule, the father of W. L. Soule, of '90.

At the opening of the term the Seniors and Juniors took their gymnastics together; but, the faculty kindly consenting to allow the afternoon recitation to come half an hour earlier, the Juniors now exercise at 5, P. M.

The storm door which has been built for the gymnasium is a good idea. Previously, the influx of every class into the gym. let in sufficient cold air to completely chill the room, whose temperature is seldom as high as 50 degrees.

Why is a moustache like a base-ball game? Because there are nine on a side. No, three out, all out. This joke, which will be readily recognized by many, is inserted for the sake of its rare appropriateness in the case of several in college.

Thursday morning, Jan. 5th, W. B. Suckling, '88, left for Montreal, Can., where he represented the Chi chapter of Zeta Psi at the Forty-first Convention of that fraternity, which was held with the chapter at McGill University, Jan. 6th and 7th.

We expect soon to see the gymnasium lighted in a manner befitting the transformation which has taken place there in other respects. The main room will be lighted by electricity, while the torches now in use will be for the benefit of the boys behind the locker cases.

Prof. Adams has called in the anthropometric charts which the boys obtained last fall, in order that lists of special exercises may be made out

for each student. The boys will now be able to develop their weak points intelligently, by having specified just what apparatus to use and how to use them.

Prof.—“Why, Miss B—, I am very glad to see you; hope you have fully recovered from your accident, and”—The Prof. didn't go any further in that line, but changed his remarks to a craving for pardon, as he perceived he was not addressing the lady supposed, but a sister, entirely unknown to him.

A little of the Sophomoric spirit, which has slumbered so long, became rampant the other day and a vigorous attempt was made to fasten the Freshmen into the chapel; but it failed, on account of the weakness of the rope and the wide-awake suspicions of the Freshmen.

The abdominal apparatus, rowing machine, and new horizontal bar mentioned in the last ECHO as expected, have arrived and been set up in the gymnasium. The new bar has a special feature in having a steel core, rendering it extra strong. A fourth piece of apparatus, just received, is a machine for exercising the wrists.

The appearance of the campus during the last few weeks shows the great need of grading, which we hope will be accomplished next spring. The frequent rains of three weeks ago made better skating on the college grounds than could be found on the river itself. We think that the manager of the open-air rink would have found it profitable to have leased the campus for a few days.

The members of the history class, under Prof. Small, are beginning to grow solicitous about their fate in examination. The Professor has announced that the usual examination paper will not appear, but that a subject, involving some part of the term's study, will be given to each student, upon which he will be expected to write a political discussion. We fear some of those discussions will be rather crude.

The appointments for the Junior exhibition, to be held in the College Chapel, Wednesday, Feb. 1st, are as follows: Minnie Bunker, N. S. Burbank, P. P. Burleigh, H. W. Frye, Lincoln Owen, J. L. Pepper, H. W. Tappan, M. L. Tobey, H. B. Woods. This list seems to conflict with one heretofore published, but this one is, nevertheless, authorized and correct.

One night last week some one got a gallon of old cider, which was quickly diminished to small proportions. A Sophomore was easily persuaded to drink six glasses, and as this seemed to have no effect on his nervous system, two glasses more of *cider split* were set before him and drunk. After waiting a whole hour for this mixture to work, his friends came to the conclusion that the boy was proof against any intoxicants.

Memorial Hall was entirely covered with frost during the rainy spell two weeks ago. As the sun came out, the building looked very pretty. The different colors of the stone shone through the transparent frost with a subdued tone, making a pleasing and soft contrast. During the same time the superiority of steam over stove heating was very marked in North and South Colleges. While South College was nearly all covered with frost, North College was as free from it as in summer.

The first meeting of the Monday Night Club occurred Jan. 2, at Prof. Mathews' study. All the members were present. The subject of the evening was our own poet Longfellow, and after a very fine article on the life of Longfellow, a general discussion disclosed many new facts and incidents. The study of the "Psalm of Life" took up the whole evening, and so interested were the club that it was decided to take another evening on the same author. Lunch was served about ten, and at half past the club disbanded.

The President was calling in one of the rooms a few afternoons ago, and it had begun to grow dark, so that his stalwart form was not very plainly visible. A distinguished smoker of N. C. came into the room, puffing away at a long German student pipe. He bade the proprietor "good evening" and sat down for a comfortable talk. There was a stir, and for the first time he noticed that there was some one else occupying the room. On investigation he found the head of the institution, and it is said there were mute explanations going on when the curtain dropped.

New Year's eve was a happy one for the ladies at the Hall, and also for those who called. The reception lasted from 8 to 11, and during that time the rooms were filled with a gay throng. With one exception the ladies were in white and their costumes, with the evergreens,

made the scene very pretty. In the hall, with spruce and hemlock and bells, was the familiar line, "Ring out the old; ring in the new." During the time while one staid, he could but have a pleasant hour, and in going wish, from his heart, the ladies a Happy New Year. Refreshments were served in the dining room in *tete-a-tete*.

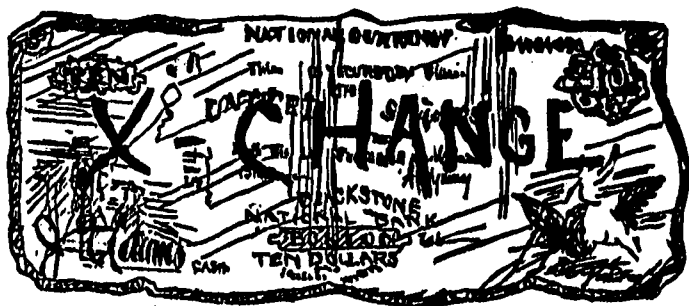
Many of the boys who room down town and who pay regularly the reading room tax, often wonder what they are paying for, and there is good reason for it. They see in each year's *Oracle* various magazines mentioned as taken by the reading room, but they see them nowhere else. The reason is obvious to all who understand the present system of doing things. The down town boys have no chance at all. Why not have a table or two in the reading room where the magazines may be seen, as has often been suggested? It will help to make the room more attractive and will give all the boys a fair chance to get their money's worth. This is the "public sentiment" of a by no means insignificant element in college, viz., the town boys.

Monday night, Jan. 2, the Seniors had a little spread at Crockett's. While the banquet was not elaborate, it was enough to make wit and pleasantry go round, and all took part. A few extemporaneous toasts were in order, and after cheering the proprietor of the saloon the class marched to the bricks, singing and giving class yells. Night was made hideous for an hour through the halls of the college, and although forty-eight hours late the boys of '88 brought in the new year in a royal manner. For once, at least, in its history the college bell was rung at midnight. After everyone had yelled themselves dumb and got completely tired out, they went to bed, thinking that this was the last year beginning they would ever have at Colby.

Prof. Hall kindly took the trouble, the other day, to show to one of the Campus editors the admirable system he is adopting of arranging books, pamphlets and papers on the shelves of the upper floor of the library. He uses a large and comprehensive printed scheme, in which all sorts of subjects, topics and sub-topics are numbered, general subjects having certain numbers, and specific ones under them having an additional decimal figure. The system is doubly convenient, since the Professor adapts the numbering of the subjects to the numbers of the

alcoves. Thus the mystery as to how the innumerable pamphlets could be stowed away so that they could be found again was cleared away, and it is now the simplest thing to find any pamphlet, catalogue or anything of the kind by going to the alcove which corresponds to the number of the general subject and finding the book with the decimal figure of the special subject looked for.

Professor Rogers' chronograph has arrived and been set up in the apparatus room adjoining his recitation room. It is a very valuable and interesting piece of apparatus. The machine consists simply of a cylinder, around which is wrapped a sheet of paper, and a pen connected with an accurate chronometer. The cylinder is kept revolving by an electric battery, and the pen, which is connected with another battery, traces a line upon the paper as the cylinder revolves; but the chronometer is so constructed as to break the circuit every two seconds and a jog is thus made in the line traced by the pen. Each minute is also indicated in a similar manner. By tapping a key connected with the machine, at any distance off, additional jogs are made on the cylinder without interfering with those regularly made. Thus, when making any observation, by simply tapping the key the exact moment of the observation is recorded.



The *Miami Journal* is a very small publication for a monthly, but considering the fact that there are only two editors on the paper, we think they do very well. The last issue contained a very fine engraving of the president of the college.

The last issue of the *Association Notes* contains, as usual, a great many items of interest to every Y. M. C. A. This paper is published by the Y. M. C. A. of New York City, and every issue contains accounts of the good work which is being done every month.

The Christmas number of the *Polytechnic* has come out with a very fine and attractive cover. The color of the cover appears in cherry, which

is the Institute color, while the design is very appropriate. In this number scientific subjects are excluded, while subjects of a lighter and more interesting nature are substituted. The article on "Man's Onward is Upward" is especially fine.

The *Philosophian Review* always contains a great many spicy articles. The last number contains an article on a "Plea for the Classics." In speaking of the classic languages it says:

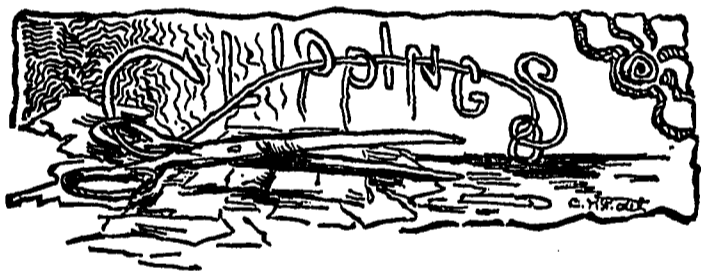
"The classics are the source of many European languages, and, therefore, are a key to a thorough knowledge of them. The inflection, rules of syntax, thought and ideas of all languages are classics; therefore, if we wish to enter the profession, or if we wish to learn a foreign tongue, we will find the classics facilitate their study, and so are indispensable. No languages ever were, none ever will be, as polished as the Latin or Greek. One reason, therefore, why we would cling to the Latin and Greek is because they happen to approach most nearly a proper development according to the rules of perfect art."

The last issue of the *Ariel* contains a very interesting article on "Notes from Mexico." In another article, in speaking of the game of football, it says: "As foot-ball is played in the East, it is on a par with the barbarous sword contests of the German students, upon which we refined and enlightened Americans are wont to look with horror and disgust." Another department in the *Ariel*, called the Note Book, contains some short, spicy and instructive articles. In speaking of the graphic translations given by a certain professor, who has evidently adopted slang, it says, "His Latin classes receive their daily instructions as regularly in this as in the classics they come to recite to him." A few of his translations are good enough to keep. For instance, *Facete dictum*, which most students would translate merely, "very good of you, indeed," or words to that effect, the professor can find no parallel idiom in English for, except "bully for you!" *Hoc age* is simply, "get there!" Another forcible and elegant translation which he is fond of bringing in is, "do you catch on?"

Among the new exchanges appears the *University*, which is a weekly publication, identified with the general interests of all higher seats of learning, aiming to present an accurate and impartial reflection of all events and questions of the college world. The first number, of course,

is not a sample of what the paper will be, but it contains a number of editorials, which are both newsy and instructive. It also contains a fine picture of the Yale champion foot-ball team, 1887, and admirably condemns an article published in a New York weekly in regard to the game of foot-ball. We quote the following final remarks:

"We feel safe in saying that among no class of young men in this country is the same high plane of morals reached as among the undergraduates of our collegiate institutions. The average per cent. of Christian men in every class is over thirty,—men who take an active part in religious work; while the morals of a large majority of the rest are far above those of the average man. Take a community containing, for instance, 1,000 young men, and we have no hesitation in affirming that the immorality practised is 100 per cent. greater than in a college community of the same number. One thing we do know, that no college man pretending to write in a Christian spirit would take such a narrow, prejudicial, spiteful or ignorant view as that shown in the article which has excited the condemnation of all fair-minded and justice-loving people."



The Princeton examinations are held in the gymnasium this year.

Within five months Harvard has received gifts aggregating \$3,000,000.

Bates College will receive from the estate of the late Sarah S. Belcher the sum of \$50,000.

Miss Rose Cleveland is teaching American History in a young ladies' boarding school in New York.

The Harvard Freshmen have declined the challenge of the Yale Freshmen for a boat-race next summer.

Prof. Gray, the venerable American botanist, has been stricken with paralysis, and is not expected to recover.

The students of the University of Minnesota have a skating rink which they intend to run during the winter.

It is rumored that John L. Sullivan has been invited to give an exhibition before the students of one of the English colleges.

F. M. Russell, of Bowdoin College, has made a lift of 1,170 pounds, which is the best ever made under the Sargent System.

A Yale student without a cape overcoat is like California champagne without a bottle label printed in French—no good.

The freshman class of the University of Wisconsin has adopted a blue felt hat with gold trimmings, as the official hat of the class.

The outcome of a recent lecture by Henry George at Cornell, as been the forming of a Henry George club, which discusses his land theories.

Bishop A. N. Littlejohn, of Long Island, has accepted an invitation to preach before the University of Cambridge, England, on the second Sunday of Trinity, next year.

The student is said to love poker; and it is the opinion of Andrew D. White of Cornell, that in due season a knowledge of poker will be more necessary to a classical education than even rowing or baseball.

Two-thirds of the Dartmouth students work their way through college. A few years ago a certain student's principal source of income was from sawing wood. At present the same man draws a salary of \$5,000 a year as a civil engineer.

A Harvard professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel, there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a University of Pennsylvania paper.

Of six young ladies whose education at Vassar cost \$10,000 each, five married one-horse lawyers and have to give music lessons to make a living for the family. The other one is still single, but leaning toward a country parson on a salary of \$320 per year.

The proposed new gymnasium for Yale will be built of brown stone trimmed by some lighter material, and will cost \$300,000. The plans have been approved, but President Dwight has not definitely granted the proposed corner lot diagonally opposite Peabody Museum.—*Ex.*

A Harvard sophomore suicided recently in his room. After closing doors and windows, he turned on the gas jet and then emptied a vial of *nux vomica*. No explanation of the cause of the act was found except an open encyclopedia.

with the words, "I think I must be crazy," written at the top of the page.

The University of Pennsylvania has \$40,000 on hand for the erection of a classical theater, which is to be built adjoining the new library following the precedent of the University of Oxford. In this theater it is proposed to hold the commencements, lectures, concerts, and arrangements will be made to produce classic plays.

J. J. Harkins, who was one of the best pitchers and the short-stop of the Holy Cross College team last year, is registered at the Harvard Law School. Harkins is a splendid ball-player and will be a candidate for the 'Varsity nine in the spring. He may try for the position of twirler, but will probably look for some other infield position.—*Sporting Topics*.

Phillips Brooks spoke as follows of voluntary prayers at Harvard: "Instead of seven or eight hundreds as formerly, there are now one hundred and fifty; but those one hundred and fifty are animated by a sincere spirit of devotion. The constraint and formality has passed away. And (whether or not as a consequence of the change) the general religious tone of the University has been of late greatly elevated and improved.—*Exchange*.



#### AT THE RESTAURANT.

Blankety, Blinkety, Blank, Blank, Blink,  
I wish I could swear cuss;  
I'll raise a terrible row and I think  
I'll make an abominable fuss,

O, wherefore the which, and whence the why?  
A fit of the jims, I deem;  
Oh, no, my friend, you are off your base,  
It's only a fly in the cream.

O, why, my friend, do you look so wild  
And tear your curly hair?  
You look as though you were very sick  
Or had been on a three weeks' tear.

Oh, I am misfortune's unhappy child,  
And where can I find relief?  
I told the waiter to bring me lamb,  
And of course he has brought beef.

#### THE CO-ED.

She is only nineteen  
And as sweet as the rose,  
With soft, wavy hair,  
And eyes black as sloes;  
Her motion is music,  
Her speech a sweet lay  
That rivals the song birds'  
Who usher the day.  
So much for her charms,  
But one fault I deplore,  
She always leaves open  
The class room door.

#### THE YOUTH'S REQUEST.

Barber, spare that moustache,  
Touch not a single hair!  
It's cost me lots of cash,  
I want to keep it there.  
'Twas Dame Nature's hardest task  
To grow that shadow there,  
Such again I could not ask,  
'Twere more than she could bear.

A pretty, blue-eyed maid  
Has toyed around that spot;  
She would be much dismayed,  
Then you shall harm it not.  
"You look so like a man,"  
She says, with gleeful air.  
Then think you that I can  
Find e'en one hair to spare?

Each of the jealous youth  
Would find his greatest joy,  
If thou shouldst hap, forsooth,  
Make me again a boy.  
I ne'er again could stand  
The gibes and cruel jeer  
I received at every hand  
When these did first appear.

I've tried the skill and art  
Of barbers all in town,  
Each tried to make it start  
Then wouldst thou cut that down?  
Move, then, thy blade with care,  
Be careful of each end.  
For I'll not lose a hair  
Whilst I've a dime to spare.

—*The Polytechnic*.



'35.

The fifty-eighth thousand of Prof. William Mathews' "Getting On in the World" is about to be published by Messrs. S. C. Greggs & Co. There have been numerous editions of the book

in England, and it has been honored by translation into Swedish, Norwegian and French.

'54.

Labor Commissioner S. W. Mathews is hard at work on his report, which is likely to be issued within a short time. Mr. Mathews has given the labor problem in Maine the closest attention during the past year, and his report undoubtedly will be of unusual interest to Maine people.

'57.

Died, January 1st, of heart disease, Hon. J. G. Soule, of Waterville.

'62.

Prof. E. W. Hall was elected president of the Maine Pedagogical society, also chairman of the executive committee for the ensuing year.

'71.

D. W. Campbell, of Cherryfield, member of the Board of Agriculture, while attending the Farmers' Institute in this county last week, improved the opportunity to visit Colby.

'79.

Dec. 31st, Allen P. Soule, of Boston, and Mrs. Hattie L. Reed, of Hingham, Mass., were united in marriage.

'83.

Dec. 31st, Benjamin F. Wright and Miss Lura M. Clay were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's father, in Waterville. The couple received numerous presents, among them a purse of \$100 in gold from the business men of the town, as a token of their esteem for the bride.

'84.

Sunday evening, Jan. 1st, Prof. Shailer Mathews gave an address in the First Baptist church, Bangor.

'86.

Parker, formerly of '86, passed through Waterville a few days ago, on his way to Newton, Mass.

'87.

Died. Jan. 2nd, of congestion of the brain, Fred M. Perkins, of Somerville, Mass.

'88.

Walter B. Suckling was elected delegate to the National Convention of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, which occurred Jan. 6th and 7th.

'90.

Mellen A. Whitney is teaching school at Sullivan.

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