

The Colby Echo.

VOL. XII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, JAN. 27, 1888.

No. 13.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

Chief.

WALTER BRASIER SUCKLING, '88.

ALBION H. BRAINARD, '88,	JOHN F. TILTON, '88,
JOHN A. SHAW, '88,	PARKE P. BURLEIGH, '89
CARL E. HOLBROOK, '88,	BEECHER PUTNAM, '89,
WILFRED J. MEADER, '88,	ABRAM WYMAN, '89.

Managing Editor.

JAMES A. PULSIFER, '88.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per year, in advance. Single copies 10 cents.

The ECHO will be sent to all subscribers until its discontinuance is ordered, and all arrears paid.

Exchanges and all communications relating to the Literary Department of the paper should be addressed to THE COLBY ECHO.

Remittances by mail and all business communications should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Box 574, Waterville, Me.

Any subscriber not receiving the ECHO regularly will please notify the Managing Editor.

Printed at the Sentinel Office, Waterville, Maine.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XII., No. 13.—Jan. 27, 1888.

THE SANCTUM:

Our Scientific Benefactor.....	158
Delay of the Echo.....	158
Extemporaneous Speaking.....	159
The Work of the Oracle.....	159
A Review.....	159

LITERARY:

A Ride in an Omnibus.....	160
The Genius of George Eliot.....	161
Communication.....	163
Zeta Psi Convention.....	164

THE CAMPUS.....

EXCHANGES.....	168
COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.....	169
WASTE-BASKET.....	170
PERSONALS.....	171
LITERARY NOTES.....	171

Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
 In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
 And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
 and by whatever name we call
 The ruling tyrant, Self is all in all.



THE ECHO is at present especially fortunate in having such a valuable set of articles to publish as those contributed by Prof. Rogers. The investigations by the Professor are of the most thorough and careful character, and consequently are rich in results. His investigation is, and has been, for the most part along lines which required the utmost precision and exactness in experiments and calculation, as well as the keenest and clearest apprehension in determining results. Much of his work, too, is in regard to questions which other scientists have not generally undertaken to solve. The original work done by Prof. Rogers, resulting in so many hitherto unknown and valuable laws and facts, justly entitles him to the high rank which he holds among scientists, and destines for him an immortal fame as a Physicist.

GENERALLY, we have no fault to find with the promptness of our assistant editors; and we have no fault to find now. We presume it will be sufficient simply to call the attention of some of the departments to the fact that we promise to circulate our paper upon a certain day, and our subscribers look for it, and are naturally disappointed if they do not get it when due. Neither is it the fair thing to rush the printers on account of our own neglect or thoughtlessness.

Now, every difficulty will be cleared out of the way if we will all just attend to business,—have our MSS. ready at the required time, attend immediately to the “proof” as soon as it is delivered, and pass it back again as soon as it is corrected.

In regard to the delay of the last ECHO, we are happy to say that it was no fault of the editors, but was caused by an accident to the press which was a rare one and is not likely to happen often, and since our printers are always so obliging when we get behind, we certainly will not blame them for the last delay.

THE Thursday morning recitation in Elocution has become somewhat more interesting than it was last term. A new feature has been introduced by the Professor of this department, namely, extemporaneous speaking. It was partly an experiment, but as it has been successful we hope that in the future it may become a fixed regulation. Each man is expected to take his turn of five minutes on the stage, extemporizing on the whys and wherefores of his subject. In this manner one gains confidence in himself in speaking, and the audience, if it pays attention, can become acquainted with many facts regarding the leading questions of the day. By each one taking some pains in choosing his subject, this exercise may become the most useful recitation of the week.

THE work of the *Oracle* is unusually well along for the season of the year. The editor-in-chief informs us that already over half of the manuscript for the volume is ready for the printer, and that the rest is pretty well planned. The editor himself will remain a week at the colleges after the term closes to work on the *Oracle*, in order that a good part may be printed this winter vacation. The managing editor, too, has not been idle. A large number of new "ads." have been obtained, besides the larger part of the old ones have been renewed.

With this outlook for the *Oracle* at the present time, we see no reason why it may not have all the finish and polish which time requires, and come out, too, at the appointed time, unless the printer fails to be on time. We have every reason to expect a very unique and interesting publication.

VARIETY is said to be the spice of life; if so, the students' course of study for the present term can not have been very unsavory. The different classes have had a variation in almost every study. For example, the Senior

class was duly warned, by the light skirmishes of the fall term in the Metaphysical department, that it must prepare for a hot encounter this winter. Accordingly the class equipped itself with all the expensive and heavy guns of "McCosh" and "Fisher," some of which are so subtly and obscurely constructed as to be often well-nigh unmanageable and useless. Our commander-in-chief, therefore, said to the company: "Fellow-warriors, I have looked over your weapons carefully, and I have surveyed the whole ground, and I have come to the conclusion that you need to add another weapon to your equipment; and I recommend to you, after due deliberation, this "hectograph," which is the most satisfactory and efficient weapon I know of, for a thorough and absolute outright and downright overthrow and extermination of this monster, Ignorance, whom we are to fight." The company looked at the "hectograph" for a moment in profound silence. Alas, it was a formidable looking object. Stains were upon it, not unlike those of blood. It was also defaced with heavy marks. But, on venturing to examine a little, it did not appear so ugly. It proved to be a much less complicated machine than was supposed, and very strongly and reliably built; and after giving it one or two trials, we always hailed it with joy, and found it to be a far trustier and more feasible weapon for the conflict than the complicated, clumsy mechanisms of "Fisher" and "McCosh."

On the whole we have fought a pretty good fight. Now and then a man is disabled and retires reluctantly from the field, but he is almost certain to recruit by the following day and is ready for service. And here we might aptly remark that, so far as our observation goes, it can no longer be alleged against woman that she can not fight; for in this case, at least, it must be admitted that women are among the best and bravest of warriors.

The History class also has had a field of extended research opened to it. It is doubtless exaggerated that the class has been obliged to pour over so many books in order to make their topics complete, and to keep such a large number of books close at hand, that several of the members have had serious thoughts of cataloguing what books they kept out, and running an opposition library. While this has been going on, the Geology class has also been reading History—that which the earth has auto-

graphically written upon the rocks of succeeding ages.

The variety of study in the Junior class, outside of the History previously referred to, has been considerable. The class has chosen between French, English Literature and Physics, and in the latter study it is known that there is much variation and constant surprises.

The Sophomores, too, have had life made pleasant by a timely joke or a good old story in connection with Lysias and Demosthenes. It is also said that whenever their journey becomes wearisome on foot, they have no scruples at all in jumping on with any fellow who has a smart horse, and will persist in riding for miles, even at their own peril. They have also alternated with French and Mathematics.

The Freshman class has, thus far during the term, pursued an inoffensive, diligent course, so far as we have observed, which is truly commendable. As a result, they have had little or nothing to disturb their happiness; and they lie down to their dreams of home and milking-time, with their pants and boots off, as other men do.

On the whole, the term has been marked for its good work. There is no better time for study during the whole year than the cold winter, when all the attractions to summer leisure and hot weather drowsiness are so remote. And yet our close hibernation has been made cheerful and merry, with many a social event that will make the winter of 1887-8 always to be called up among our pleasantest recollections.



A RIDE IN AN OMNIBUS.

WE were in the rotunda of the largest hotel in the great western metropolis. Our party consisted of fifteen rather strangely-assorted companions—all college men or college graduates. We were all about to take our departure from the great city and return to our eastern homes. Having received from the proprietor of the omnibus line the proffer of a free ride to the railroad station, we determined to accept.

When the omnibus arrived we made a rush for the means of locomotion, just outside the grand entrance.

First came the senator from West Virginia, with a valise but a little smaller than his own diminutive body. He was followed by three more gentlemen, whose names are not unknown in the literary circles of the country. These were all college graduates. The remainder of us were still pursuing our college course. While the elder members stumbled to their places in the "bus," we stood upon the flagstone and gave in succession all the college cheers we had ever heard, and, it must be admitted, many which had their origin at that time and place. The sweetness of our tones and charm of delivery can be imagined best when the reader knows that for one glorious week we had done nothing but banquet and give college yells. It was a raw night, but our throats were in unison with the night. The general air of elegance which marked the dress and demeanor of some of the fellows, alone prevented our arrest as Anarchists.

We clambered in and piled our valises and bundles in beside us. I was the last man to get in. I had in my hands an umbrella, a cane, an extension valise, a hand-bag, a book to read on my journey, and the daily newspaper. I had but just placed my foot upon the steps in the rear of the "bus," when the driver gave his whip a startling snap, whose concentrated energy was so quickly imbibed by the spirited horses that I should inevitably have been thrown into the street, but for the help of a fellow inside, who did not hesitate to seize me by the collar and pull me, baggage and all, into the vehicle. Although I landed in a heap upon the floor, I was not at all disconcerted, owing, probably, to the training I had received formerly in Puritanic methods of chastisement. I got up, put on my silk hat, whose appearance and form had been somewhat modified by the accident, and looked about for a seat in the crowded "bus." Having obtained a seat, and being of course highly pleased with my successful immigration, I looked complacently out upon the lighted thoroughfare, which, in consequence of the plunging motion given the "bus" by its rapid transit over the pavement, appeared to dance in a mad whirl of dizzy show. Inside, the valises tumbled about recklessly. As a precaution against death by pounding, and to prevent them all going out of

the door (which would not stay shut) much faster than their weary owners had been able to get them in, everybody proceeded to hold his dear portmanteau in an embrace, characteristic for its vehemence rather than its tenderness.

While occupied thus, we were brought to a sudden stop. Soon we knew the cause, for we were ordered to make room for more passengers. I looked out into the blackness and saw two women and three children, with baggage enough for a traveling opera troupe. However, the children were innocent and my heart melted; also the mother was very pretty, which may have had some effect. The senator swore in diplomatic language, but put his immense bag in his lap and peered out over it at the newcomers. Every one pushed nearer his neighbor and some sat down upon their baggage. When the ladies were seated, I so far modified my fear of the chaffing of my comrades that I took into my already over-burdened lap one of the innocent kids, while one of the others seized my knees with a death grip. The omnibus rolled on with an infinite variety of movements, and the lights in the shop windows still danced to the rhythm of our motion. Ever and anon the door would swing open and the damp air would sweep in, bringing with it the additional attractions of rain and fog.

In the midst of the silence and gloom, the child, whose nervous grip upon my knees was getting decidedly uncomfortable, lost his hold, toppled over, and was about to leave home, mother, brother, aunt, and dear friends, in a dissolute fall through the open door-way, when I summoned all my reserve power, and, extricating one hand from the conglomerate mass of baggage and humanity in my lap, seized the clothes of the reckless youth, and, assisted by my next neighbor, who held my other arm firmly, succeeded in setting the youthful fortune-seeker upright again. Meanwhile, the promising young hopeful in my lap, doubtless inspired by true sorrow for his brother's wayward course, began a literal interpretation of that time-honored maxim, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Fortunate for us was it that the door was open, for, if it had not been, the pressure of atmosphere produced by the labored action of that young fellow's lungs, must have caused concussion of the brain. The child's mother evidently believed in freedom of speech, for she did not interpose to check the outburst.

When we reached the station and had made our escape from the "bus,"—the senator not without muttering that the driver should receive a call from the Ku Klux Klan before morning,—the college boys very naturally gave three cheers in honor of the magnificent ride we had enjoyed, cheers whose attractiveness undoubtedly was increased immensely by a second outburst from the aforesaid future president of the United States, accompanied this time by his adventurous brother.

The last we saw of our friends—the women and children—they were in wild pursuit of a westward-bound train, whose rear car disappeared much faster than was desirable, if the conductor had any intention of taking them aboard.

We calmly handed our baggage to the porter and bade the driver an affectionate adieu. As our own train drew out of the station we were all agreed that, if we ever returned to the bustling city, we surely would enjoy a ride on the peerless omnibus line. The ring, in my ears, of that infant's yell and the scars on my knees still bear painful testimony to the sublime truth of this story.

THE GENIUS OF GEORGE ELIOT.

IN consequence of the late realistic movement in literature, and the subsequent reactionary impulse, the popular enthusiasm over George Eliot's novels has been waning. We have lately been favored with so many highly-colored, artificially-seasoned confections that we are losing all our healthy taste and relish for wholesome, sound writing. Or, on the other hand, after we have lived on milk and water for some time, meat has ceased to tempt our appetite. This bold and daring experimenting will be productive of some good, if it does no more than teach us our limitations; but as yet, though in this novel-producing age, we have works that declare a liberal education, a broad culture, that proclaim the brilliant brain and careful thought; still, there is no modern writer who paints the world, its follies, its vices, its virtues, with the masterly execution, the divine inspiration, the great-hearted pity and compassion and sympathetic observation that George Eliot shows. We may lay aside Adam Bede and Middlemarch in a dusty corner of the cupboard with The Arabian Nights and Grimm's Fairy Tales, as if we had outgrown their old-fashioned dress and

talk ; but we will never outgrow their love and pity and passion. Sooner or later it will happen that we will recall our banished old-time favorites.

There can be no doubt but that George Eliot's past popularity was based upon the real excellence of her books. In plot, she is versatile ; in style, elegant. Her situations are dramatic, her characters original and well sustained. Her philosophy is sound, her religion sincere, and her morality pure. Her novel is thoroughly harmonious and symmetrical. Its completeness at every point is in part the secret of its power. Not only does she never repeat herself in plot, but each drama that she chooses is interesting and logically sustained. Its progress is not hurried, but carefully and faithfully does she lead up to the final catastrophe. The action is never forced, but natural and inevitable.

In style, she achieves a triumph. She writes so that we forget the stage and the foot-lights : and the play is no longer a play, but life itself. Her pen, too, is elegant as well as graphic ; she maintains the graphic distinctness with elegant forcibleness. Her wit delights us ; we can almost hear the laughter on her pages. Her pathos stirs us ; the sobs are echoed in our own heart. Her tenderness thrills us with its beauty and its sweetness ; her gracefulness charms us by its ease, and her passion moves us by its power.

Her pages are not full of blood-curdling mishaps, startling adventures and wild, hair-breadth escapes, like those of some of our romances ; but her tales do not fall flat from monotony. Her situations and incidents are far from insipid, and are sometimes dramatic. The two women in the prison and the death-bed of Milly Barton are scenes full of quiet tragedy, and likewise the meeting of Adam Bede and Arthur Donnithouse in the wood.

Her people are usually of the middle class. Her love, her pity and sympathy are evidently with the common people. In depicting their characters, she has shown the keenest observation as well as the most delicate discrimination. They are never heavy and stupid creations, but in her tender hands we see the inmost nature, all alive and spirited, of a real being. We know and like them for their homely sayings and honest ways. They are native to the soil, not the conventional figures of romance, transported from east to west, from north to south, to play

their part in the stock novel. Her women are grand and womanly, or tender and motherly, sweet and pure. Their lives are wholesome and good. Her men are honest, upright and vigorous. Neither are idealized, but portrayed in their natural colors, with their follies, faults and failings. They appeal to us because they are of the same kind as ourselves, neither sublimely beautiful and transcendently good, nor abnormally ugly and phenomenally bad ; but just poor, frail humanity, with a due measure of both virtues and vices.

It has been said again and again that George Eliot's books are pessimistic. It may be that they are slightly colored with the gloomy hue that dyspepsia and constant ill-health might tend to give ; but still, in the main, her views of life, its work and its duties, its aim and purpose, are healthy and hopeful, as they certainly are noble. They incite us to work, to make life a grand and holy thing. They urge us on to all that makes life worth the living, the living for our fellow-creatures and the hereafter, and that with patience, abnegation and devotion.

But, however pessimistic she may be, she is full of earnest, religious feeling. We can detect it in every tone. Her own religious views may have been peculiar ; but her works are full of that religion which teaches self-sacrifice, honor, truth and love, glory to God and worship of His name. We detect no false note anywhere. There is no frivolity and flippancy in her attitude toward spiritual things, but always deep earnestness and reverence.

George Eliot is also a pure writer. Unlike some modern writers, she does not believe that she can descend into depths of sin and foulness and still keep herself clean and her book unspotted by mud and mire. So we find only pure morals and clean thoughts. We do not have to wade through rubbish and filth to find the jewel that she has for us.

This author has the soul of a poet, painter, and musician, all in one. She has a mother's tenderness, a lover's passion, a preacher's eloquence and an actor's power. We find no one her equal in modern writers. It may be, without knowing it, we have had in George Eliot the master of the art of novel-writing, as Shakspeare was the master of the drama.

CAN THE VARIATIONS IN THE LENGTH OF A STANDARD UNIT, AT A GIVEN TEMPERATURE, OBSERVED AT DIFFERENT SEASONS OF THE YEAR AND AT WIDE INTERVALS OF TIME, BE ATTRIBUTED TO ERRORS PECULIAR TO THE THERMOMETERS WITH WHICH THE TEMPERATURE IS DETERMINED?

DURING the latter part of the year 1885, the necessity for an organized search for the cause of the abnormal variations in the relative lengths of the bronze and the steel standards became so manifest that it was determined to make a special study of the thermometers employed, considered simply as instruments designed to record the temperature, without any relation to their use in connection with comparisons of standards of length. This necessity will clearly appear from the following relations between the bronze and the steel standards observed between May and July, 1885.

From the comparisons made between May 25 and May 30, the steel bar was 213 millionths of an inch shorter than the bronze bar.

From the comparisons made between May 28 and June 2, the steel bar was 178 millionths of an inch shorter than the bronze bar.

From the comparisons made between June 2 and June 16, the steel bar was 162 millionths of an inch shorter than the bronze bar.

From the comparisons made between June 28 and July 8, the steel bar was 92 millionths of an inch shorter than the bronze bar.

Since the relative lengths of two standards can be certainly determined within about 40 or 50 millionths of an inch, it is evident that we have here a clear case of deviation from the normal relation at 62 degrees. Several instances have occurred within the experience of the writer in which the difference between winter and summer comparisons was considerably greater than that given above.

The problem we have before us is, *Are these deviations real, or are they due to erroneous methods of observation?*

The following working hypothesis with regard to the action of thermometers in giving indications of the temperature, was assumed as the basis of this investigation.

The height of a column of mercury in the tube of a thermometer depends on the quick action of the temperature in expanding the mercury in the bulb, and the slow action upon

the column of mercury which takes place through changes in the temperature of the stem, and especially of the metal framework upon which the thermometer may be supported. The resultant of these forces, acting, sometimes in unison with each other, but more often in opposition to each other, produces slight oscillations in the height of the column, which vary with the relative masses of the bulb including the mercury and the stem. A thermometer whose bulb is composed of a very thin shell may be very sensitive, but this good quality may be neutralized by the liability to changes due to the heat or cold stored up in a thick stem. Pulsations may also occur on account of abrupt variations in the diameter of the bore. The action here indicated is to be distinguished from the instantaneous fall of the mercury column due to a very sudden increase of temperature resulting in an increase of the diameter of the bulb before the change has time to act upon the mercury within the bulb. In any event, any particular thermometer selected is liable to certain idiosyncracies, which must be carefully studied before reliance can be placed upon its indications.

Our first inquiry will be as follows: when thermometers having different forms of construction, different diameters of stems, different forms of bulbs and different forms of metal supports are removed from a room in which a constant temperature has been maintained for several hours, to another room in which a different constant temperature has been maintained, how long time will be required for them to become completely saturated with the temperature of the second room? The answer to this inquiry will furnish us with the desired evidence of the relative sensitiveness of various forms of construction and will also go far towards the determination of the idiosyncracies peculiar to each thermometer. The following plan of observations was adopted: From the avails of an appropriation of \$400, made by the Rumford Committee of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, an equal temperature comparing room was constructed beneath the rotunda of the Observatory of Harvard college. It is situated near the pier of the great equatorial of the Observatory and is besides surrounded by the immense masses of stone composing the walls of the cellar. Variations of temperature were secured by means of a special form of apparatus constructed for me by the Perfect Hatcher Co.,

of Elmira, N. Y. With this arrangement it was found possible to raise the temperature of the room, for example, from 30 to 100 degrees within about 20 minutes, and the latter temperature could be maintained for many hours in succession.

The clock room of the Observatory is extremely well adapted for the maintenance of a steady temperature for a long time. Many instances have occurred in which the extreme variation did not exceed two or three degrees in a month. This room was therefore selected as the companion room to the one above described.

The following method of observation was adopted: The relative errors between two standard thermometers were first determined with great care. No. 1 was placed permanently in the clock room, which we will call room A. No. 2 was placed permanently in the newly constructed room, to which the designation B is given.

The thermometers under investigation were then placed in room A and allowed to remain there until they became saturated with the temperature of this room, when they were compared with No. 1. They were then immediately removed to room B and the times were noted, first, at which they were placed in position, and second, at which they arrived at the temperature indicated by thermometer No. 2. The total number of comparisons made in this series of observations was 22,500. A resume of the results obtained will be given in the next article.

WM. A. ROGERS.

ZETA PSI CONVENTION.

ZETA Psi has just rolled up another secret volume of her venerable history, and at its close she has recorded the crowning event of the year. The forty-first annual convention of the Grand Chapter is memorable for the amount of work done, the excellent character of the work, and the beautiful harmony of all its proceedings.

The honor of entertaining the Grand Chapter this year fell to the lot of the Alpha Psi Chapter, in Montreal, and for this reason the delegates looked forward to the convention with more than usual interest.

On arrival at Bonaventure station, the brothers were heartily received by the Alpha

Psi reception committee, and conveyed to Windsor Hotel, where they were entertained during the convention right royally and in a style that was acknowledged to eclipse that of any hotel upon the Atlantic slope.

There were present over a hundred delegates from the principal universities of the United States and Canada. All the chapters were represented, with one exception. Brothers A. N. Foss, '85, and W. B. Suckling, '88, represented the Chi. Besides the active members of the chapters, there were present a large number of past members,—men who have held the highest positions of state, and men who have appendages at both ends of their names. But here we were one common brotherhood, all distinctions were laid aside and the spirit of our noble motto, "Tau Kappa Phi," pervaded the entire company and actuated every heart. The interest in the social college life of Zeta Psi is not lost among gray hairs and titles of honor.

The convention organized Jan. 6, in Stanley Street Club Room, Windsor Hotel, where the business of the convention was transacted, all of which related strictly to the Fraternity at large and was calculated to enhance its prosperity. But, besides the regular work at the convention, the occasion was one of exceedingly rare and unique pleasure. The entertaining chapter enabled their visitors to see and enjoy, when at their best, those winter sports and entertainments which have made the frosty city of Montreal famous.

At 4.30, P. M., Friday, sleighs left the Windsor for a toboggan party at the Montreal slide. There we were initiated into the mysteries of the "big dip" by Mr. Brown, the enthusiastic president, assisted by several other officers of the slide. The huge toboggan, "The City of Rome," was in great demand. At 5.30, P. M., the shoots were illuminated. As we shot by the flaming torches at almost lightning speed, a most magnificent spectacle was presented, and while the sensation of dropping, as it were, at the rate of two miles per minute, is extremely peculiar, the whole, to the most of us, was very fascinating. After refreshments at the coffee house, the guests returned to the Windsor.

In the evening, a Jousting Tournament and Hobby-horse Competition, the latest skating novelty, was given in Victoria rink. Shortly after 8 o'clock the bugle sounded, and the

knights appeared upon the ice in all the panoply of ancient warfare. At the second note of the bugle, the knights lined up and saluted the visitors, who responded with their own particular cheer. A number of intricate and graceful evolutions were gone through, without the slightest flaw. The skating was perfection itself, and the drill would do credit to a veteran troop. The knights made a gallant show, and the changing hues of the calcium light added much to their picturesque appearance. Throughout the tournament, the Victoria Rifles' band rendered a choice program of music.

At 10, P. M., the party all took a sleigh drive to St. George's Snow-Shoe Club House, at Cote St. Antoine, where a supper was given by the elders of the Alpha Psi chapter. After toasts, music, many a joke and story, and hearty good cheer, we returned to the Windsor about midnight, delighted with the hospitality we had met with on that day of festivities.

On Jan. 7, the two regular sessions were held and business completed. At 6, P. M., the members assembled in the ladies' parlor, where the annual oration was delivered by Brother John A. Miller, of Newark, N. J., and a poem was read by Brother W. H. Bowes, of Toronto, Canada. After the installation of Grand officers, the company adjourned to Ladies' Ordinary, to enjoy the grand banquet. It is enough to say of the banquet that the Windsor even surpassed herself. As the last toast was drunk, and the mystic circle was formed, every heart throbbed with gratitude toward the brothers who had entertained us so royally; and many a word of praise was spoken of the crisp city, glittering with frost crystals and pointed with spires, destined to be almost eternal, from its stately edifices of massive granite; and many a soul was moved in admiration of the honored Queen, in whose dominion and under whose benign sway we were gathered. "God save the Queen." "Long live Zeta Psi."



What are you going to do in vacation?
Yesterday—Day of Prayer for colleges.

Class photographers begin to be talked about. Expect cold weather about this time.—*Almanac.*

The *Youth's Companion* appears again in the reading room.

Student.—"How's the city ballot going?"

Sam.—"Into de box."

There has not been an accident in the gym since we had an instructor.

Dr. Smith has been unable to attend to his duties, on account of sickness.

College enterprises in the quartette and stereopticon direction are below par.

There was a water famine the first of the week. The pump was frozen solid.

It is generally understood that the *Mail* will have the printing of the next *Oracle*.

Twice, lately, Prof. Warren has led the Thursday evening meeting, in place of Dr. Pepper.

Mr. Lawrence, the Maine General Y. M. C. A. Secretary, led the Thursday night meeting last week.

The Senior-Junior History examination is to be in the form of an article upon some historical political subject.

The wife of the late Prof. E. E. Hamlin died at her residence in Cambridge, Mass., Jan. 14. Pres. Pepper attended the funeral.

Thursday—Day of Prayer for colleges. Cut all day. Rev. O. P. Gifford preached in the chapel to a large audience at 11 A. M.

Photographer Carlton recently took the "Lion," with the drapery around it; also Diana and the Stag, and Signing the Compact.

Among the non-resident alumni present at the Senior reception, Jan. 20, we noticed Joseph Ricker, '39, and Rev. C. V. Hanson, '65.

The recent railroad disaster at Haverhill did not leave Colby out. A prominent business man and a person well known in college circles, of the class of '57, was one of the killed.

Prof.—"Write a dactylic hexameter." The student writes.—"I am so tired I want to go home." Prof.—"There's an error; why don't you do it right?" Student—"I am so tired."

The Sophomores in the Rhetoric class are having disputes upon some of the leading topics of the day. The plan works well and the latent argumentative talent of the class is drawn out.

The Y. M. C. A. officers for the rest of the year are as follows: Pres., C. E. Holbrook; Vice Pres., E. L. Sampson; Cor. Sec., L. Owen; Rec. Sec., J. B. Simpson; Treas., Wm. Fletcher.

A Freshman has got a pair of bones, and about all his division hears from morn to night is their infernal rattle. Whether he is trying to make the college emigrate, or is practising for a vacation minstrel troupe we are unable to say.

The Psychology class is the daily scene of deep talk. Such ideas and words were never known to exist, as this winter's work has brought us in contact with. Just now articles on various psychological subjects are being given by members of the class.

This week, Thursday, Rev. O. P. Gifford delivered an address in the chapel. It was a very interesting discourse and well appreciated by the audience. The night before he gave a lecture at the Hall, in the Methodist course, which is very highly spoken of.

A Junior handed in an article with the words, "Continued in the next" at the end. The same appeared at the bottom of the "next." The Prof. began to think that he was going to continue during the whole term, but at the end of the third was the word "concluded."

Say that a college boy don't have spunk. Last Saturday one of the boys, of a clerical persuasion, went away to preach and walked four miles through drifts and blinding snow to his church, and then had no service. Moreover, he came back the same way he went out.

The classes in the gym are now divided up into squads, with a captain for each company. Now several different things can be done at once and thus time saved. While one part is using the clubs, another may have the bells, and still another the chest weights, and so on.

On a very windy night, someone remarked in the reading room "that the wind blew hard enough to blow out the electric lights." A fellow buried in *Puck* was struck; looking up, he questioned in all innocence and a good deal of doubt, "Pooh! the wind can't blow them out, can it?"

Someone was experimenting with a hydrogen flame in N. C., and wishing to see what they *could* do, applied the match in the wrong place. The results were very much mixed: but glass,

acid and some scared boys were plainly visible. Part of the acid went into the hall, part sprinkled a Freshman's overcoat out-doors. It was fortunate no one was hurt.

A case of inopportune happened a few days ago, when there was a season of skating on the river. A fellow noted for a number nine went up to a fellow student, who wears five and a half and six, and wanted to borrow his skates for the afternoon. He thought probably they would be a little small, but "guessed he could make them go."

On one of the pleasant, moonlight nights, a college party, with ladies, enjoyed a sleigh ride to farmer friends in Winslow. A big time was had; the apples and cider were said to be unexcelled; the coffee, cake, nuts and fruit braced them for the ride home. Their pleasure was just a little marred, as a sudden change took place, and the midnight ride was in a cold, driving snow storm.

A Junior in South College has an automatic musical instrument. Over the cracks in his door panels he had pasted narrow strips of paper to keep out the cold. The paste on drying let one edge of these strips free, and the result was, when a draft of air passed through the hall these papers were set in rapid vibration, and the door panels acting as sounding boards, a loud musical sound was produced.

Mrs. Prof. Hamlin died last week. President Pepper went on to the funeral services. Probably about 1200 books, which the Prof. left to his wife during her life, will now come to the library. On Prof. Hamlin's death, many books from his library came here, and these late ones will make a still greater addition. These books are valuable because belonging to Prof. Hamlin and because they are of a careful selection.

The next session of the Monday Night Club will be devoted to Tennyson and the old "Locksley Hall." At the last entertainment a very pleasant evening was spent in the "Wayside Inn." "King Olaf" was especially studied, and a long and exhaustive paper was read, which threw much light on Norse mythology. A good result of this club is already seen in awakening in the boys a desire for wider study in literature.

The Freshmen distinguished themselves one Sunday morning lately. The bell had long

done ringing. Sam had come in, shut the door, and was comfortably seated, with hymn book in hand. A tremendous noise was heard, and in rushed four or five Freshmen, out of breath, eye-balls protruding, and having a decidedly fresh appearance. They tramped round to their seats under the *stern smile* of the President and the subdued *encores* of the assembled multitude.

An old mat in the gym was to be picked to pieces and made into new ones. A student with an eye to business went and obtained the job from the upholsterer, and went to work on it in the gymnasium without saying boo to anyone. The mat was a perfect bed of the finest dust. The result was that the room was filled with dust, which sifted into everything and clogged the pulleys and such like all up. It took nearly a day to set the careless damage right.

The polo game at the rink was a decided treat, as we have had nothing in that line of sport for some time. Of course we wanted the Waterville boys to beat, and we were not disappointed, as, with an exception, they won three straight goals. One or two of the Granite City's are base ball men and were distinguished last fall in the Augusta game, by transforming themselves into the long-eared species of animals. In the polo game it was utterly evident that their ears had not grown shorter.

An under-classman went off on a tangent because some Seniors were singing and laughing in the room above. As pounding on the steam pipes had no effect, he went up to inform them that he was a Sophomore and that the noise must be immediately stopped. The information wasn't appreciated, but the informant appreciated the fact that the best place for him was in his own room. While a Sophomore may THINK he owns the earth, he generally gets his ideas changed in an interview with a Senior.

A student somewhat addicted to the habit of putting *marginal notes* into text books, came near getting into a scrape. He had been studying with several fellows, and when recitation time came he took the wrong book and did not find his mistake till the recitation began. Fortunately the person who had his book was the bell ringer and he had not come in. It required but a moment to leave the room, meet the bell man, exchange books and come back. It is needless to say that the recitation went very smoothly with the hero of these few lines.

A case of absent-mindedness happened a short time ago, which almost equals the legendary grandpa and his glasses. A fellow had come up from down town, and wishing to put his ear protectors in a safe place had sprung them on to his hat. It was not long before he thought he had lost them and was making vain search for them. He even went so far as to impute a Prof. in the theft of them. But the Prof. smiled a knowing smile and the crowd laughed. Finally some one had the courage to suggest that when not in use, ear-caps were sometimes worn on the hat.

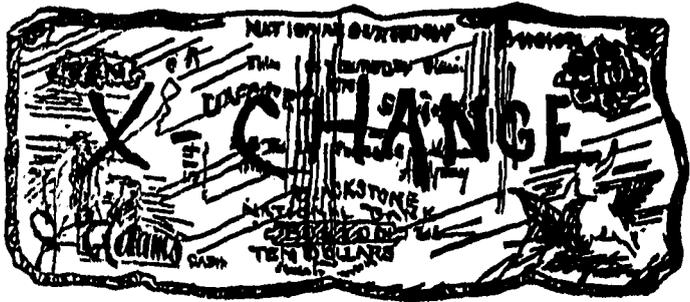
On the night of the reception, a Senior went into one of the leading dry goods stores down town and enquired for a false bosom. As this article is a thing of the past, the lady clerk could think of only one thing which he probably meant. She forthwith directed him to a store above, where all patent dress forms, bustles, skirt supporters, and everything fitted to make the female figure beautiful are kept. The curtain closes on the scene in the "store above;" but we suppose he finally got what he wanted, as he appeared out, arrayed in a magnificent shirt-front.

Friday night, Jan. 14, the Senior class and a few friends assembled at the home of classmate Pepper, it being his last night in Waterville. The next day he started for Boston and Thursday, the 19th, he sailed in the packet "Sarah" for the Azores. He went away cheerful and the last heard from him he was happy and looking forward to a pleasant, healthful trip. As he goes on his ocean voyage, the best wishes and kindest remembrances of the boys go with him. The reception which he gave was enjoyed by all, though perhaps it was saddened somewhat because a beloved classmate was so soon to leave.

A Sunday ago one of the boys preached in a near town and half a dozen of his classmates went to surprise him. They conducted themselves with true gentlemanly dignity, and one of them, himself a preacher, assisted in the services. The sermon was an excellent production, and the boys felt themselves bettered by it, and within, a solemn, Sunday-like spirit. But alas! this vanished when, at some distance from the church, the sermonizer broke out; "Gosh! I stuck it into you a parasang and a half, by making you read the scripture lesson and pray." The one addressed was equal to the occasion.

"Well, I know it; but, by thunder, boys, I laid 'em out, didn't I?" Sunday feelings ebbed still more when the crowd scared a horse, and two or three wanted to wade into its owner for swearing at them.

The Senior reception, which has been so long in preparation by the class, came off Friday eve, the 20th. It was an exceedingly cold night and the wind blew the snow in blinding clouds. But inside everything was bright and gay. About three hundred and fifty invitations had been sent out, but, largely on account of the inclemency of the weather, only two hundred and twenty-five gathered in the Hall. It was a very dressy affair, and many costumes deserve especial compliment. We heard more than one remark, "How nice the ladies look." The musical program was short and of a high order. Mr. Boardman, of Bangor, gave two fine flute solos and responded both times. Miss Jessie Smith, of Boston, entertained the guests with a piano solo, which was exceedingly well received. Mr. W. C. Philbrook, the popular tenor, is always kindly received by Waterville audiences. His solo called forth much applause. After the entertainment, lunch was served in the form of cake, cream and coffee. The interior decorations were quite elaborate and the Hall never looked so well. Draperies were had at all the windows and behind the statues, so that they were shown to the best advantage. Rugs, easy chairs, tables, easels, books, etc., were scattered about the Hall. The elegant draperies around the Lion of Lucern were particularly beautiful, and perhaps added as much as anything to the beauty of the Hall. The reception was a success, and '88 can well compliment itself upon so pleasing a result of its labor.



For some reason or other, many of our most valuable exchanges have not reached us this month; but we hope they will put in an appearance soon.

The *Beacon* for January has reached us and is a very creditable number. It recognizes the

fact that the "editorial department is the most important part of a college paper," and does not allow, as many papers do, the other departments to crowd out and cripple this department. It also contains a very readable literary department, and departs somewhat from the dry articles which fill the columns of the most of our papers.

The editorial department of the *Swarthmore Phoenix* is, as usual, very full. Two or three interesting and instructive articles are also found in its columns, one in particular, entitled "Five Days in Ireland."

The first issue of the *North Western* as a weekly has reached us, and with this issue a new board of editors assumed control. Whether it will be a success as a weekly remains yet to be seen. As far as our observation goes, very few papers are successful weeklies. We hope, however, that the *North Western* will prove to be an exception, rather than the rule.

The last issue of the *Campus* contains a very interesting article on "Volapuk, The Universal Language," in which the plan and outline and a few specimens of the language are given. The article closes with the following words: "Not only will travel and business be facilitated by its use, but political and religious intrigue and hatred, fostered by eastern political chiefs, will be rendered less effective. Diplomatic relations will not, as in the case of treaties, be capable of two or more constructions, as Volapuk is free from ambiguity. In common with everything scientific, it advocates *Menede bal, puki bol*—one mankind, one language."

The *Kent's Hill Breeze* has again made its appearance and is as breezy as ever.

Our old friend, the *Tech*, is on hand, and contains a cute little story, entitled "Our 'Anti' Society."

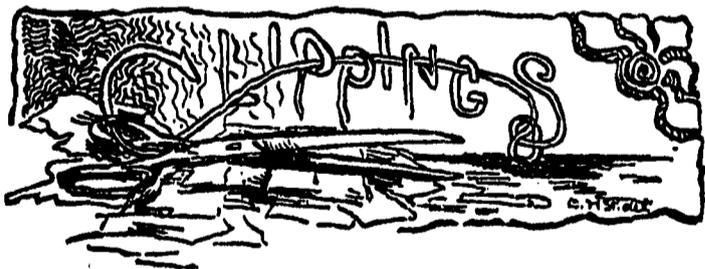
A new magazine called *The Woman's World*, has come to us. If the February number, which, by the way, is only the third number, is a fair sample, it is destined to be a fine magazine.

In the December number of the *College Courier* the ex-editor waxes eloquent and hurls his scathing criticisms at various other papers, without any regard to their feelings or to the exact truth of his statements. In regard to one paper

he says: "Again, there are papers that are loud in their praises and spiteful in their criticisms. They show the desire to gain the goodwill of one paper by hurling some little insignificant criticism at another. The *College Review* almost suits this description." Had he substituted the word *Courier* for *Review*, he would not have been far out of the way.

A new and somewhat unique magazine, called *University*, has just been issued in New York. It began its existence this year and is to be published weekly. Correspondence from all colleges of this country and Canada is solicited, and in brief the whole magazine is devoted to the interests of all the prominent colleges of the country. We hope it will be a success, for it will doubtless be of great benefit to all of the leading colleges. In speaking of its prospects of success, the *Wesleyan Argus* says:

"Still it would appear that its chances for permanent success are rather slim, as it must draw its subscribers almost entirely from the colleges, which are certainly not sparsely supplied with undergraduate publications of various sorts, calling for patronage. Some of these college papers are well edited, and cover pretty well the field the *University* is about to enter. Its advantage lies in the general character of its news, with an elimination of college prejudice."



The University of Michigan is to have a \$10,000 organ.

Michigan University has nineteen students from Japan.

The faculty of the Maine State College indulge in rifle practice.

Yale and Amherst have put the Bible on the list of elective studies.

Seward, of the Athletics, is training the Williams base ball team.

Three Harvard professors are said to be possible Presidents of the new Clark University.

Articles of incorporation of the New York Delta Upsilon Club were filed on Dec. 14th, 1887.

The Freshmen of the University of Michigan are considering the adoption of the cap and gown.

Cornell supports nineteen Greek letter societies, three of which are composed entirely of ladies.

New South Wales has 215 Catholic denominational schools, with a total attendance of 25,000 scholars.

President Fairchild, of Oberlin University, is ninety years old, and talks of resigning next commencement.

The new catalogue of Wesleyan shows an attendance of one hundred and ninety, fourteen of whom are ladies.

Harvard is advocating the alteration of the present foot ball rules so as to require two time-keepers as well as a referee and an umpire.

Amherst gives, annually, nineteen thousand dollars in prizes, and the income of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in scholarships.

There is talk of establishing a new college for women, at Worcester, with a foundation of \$1,000,000. Rev. Edward Everett Hale is interested in the matter.

Prof. Huxley says: "The most valuable thing in education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not."

Dr. Sargent has offered \$1,600 in prizes to persons of either sex who will approach the nearest to perfect physical development. The offer remains open until June 1, 1890.

The students of State College, Pennsylvania, celebrated Halloween by attaching tin horns to their radiators by means of rubber tubes. The night was made hideous by a horrible noise.

A class of over one hundred are taking Loissette's system of memory training, or "shorthand of the mind," at the University of Michigan.

The following telegram was sent home by a member of the Yale base ball nine: "Nose broken—which do you prefer, Greek or Roman? Telegraph answer before doctor sets it."—*Life*.

The two leading colleges of New York, Cornell and Columbia, have abolished the marking system. President Barnard says that no distinction should be made as to scholastic merit except the single one of proficiency and deficiency.

A Vassar girl tells, in the *New York Morning Journal*, of the curious ways in which some of the poorer students at that institution earn their pocket money. Last year a pretty, blue-eyed girl came to college, and stated during the first week that her tuition and board were paid by a kind relative, but every penny for dress, car-fare, and the thousand and one little incidentals, she must earn herself. Soon after her arrival the following announcement appeared on her door:

Gloves and shoes neatly mended for 10 cents each.
Breakfast brought up for 10 cents.
Hair brushed each night for 25 cents a week.
Beds made up at 10 cents a week.

"That little Freshman made just \$150 the first year," continues the account, "and that paid all of her expenses, and a good part of her tuition fees."



COY MAIDEN.

He kissed me, and I know 'twas wrong,
For he was neither kith nor kin;
Need one do penance very long
For such a tiny little sin?

He pressed my hand; that wasn't right.
Why will men have such wicked ways?
It wasn't for a minute, quite,
But in it there were days and days.

There's mischief in the moon, I know;
I'm positive I saw her wink
When I requested him to go,—
I meant it, too, I almost think.

But, after all, I'm not to blame;
He *took* the kiss,—I do think men
Are quite without a sense of shame,—
I wonder when he'll come again?

—E.

God were not God if man could fathom all
His ways.—*Marion Manville.*

Souls have complexions too; what will suit
one will not suit another.—*George Eliot.*

Subjection to the passions is the high road to
ruin. Victory over the passions is the way to
greatness.—*Hindoo Ethics.*

The only freedom I care about is the freedom
to do right. The freedom to do wrong I am
ready to part with on the cheapest terms to
anyone who will take it of me.—*Huxley.*

CHARITY.

A student to his father sent
His third-term Freshman bill;
The statement of the money spent
A page or more did fill.
And as the pater cast his eye
O'er items great and small,
He chanced a little one to spy
Mixed in among them all.

'Twas this: "For charity I gave
Of dollars fifty-four."

At this the father's face was grave,
And looks of sorrow bore;
Till down he sat and wrote, wrote he,
With face suffused with grins,
"I greatly fear that 'charity'
Doth cover many sins."

—*Lafayette.*

Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self to its sphere;
'Tis the brook's motion, clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean, after it's life;
'Tis loving and serving, the highest and best,
'Tis onward and upward, and that is true rest.

—*Gaethe.*

"We may dwell so exclusively on the many
forms of right-doing as to shut from view the
presence of goodness itself."

"The joys of dissipation are like gaudy colors,
which, for a moment, attract, but soon oppress,
while the satisfactions of home resemble the
green robe of nature, on which the eye always
loves to rest."

"A great man under the shadow of defeat is
taught how precious are the uses of adversity;
and as an oak tree's roots are strengthened by
its shadow, so all defeats in a good cause are
but resting places on the road to victory at
last."

Dr. Sargent says in *Scribner's* for November:
"Of all athletic sports, foot ball is the best game
to test a man physically. In the pushing and
hauling, the jostling, trampling struggle for su-
premacy, few muscles of the body are inactive.
In spite of the accidents attending this game as
at present played, no sport affords better oppor-
tunity for vigorous training."

Aristotle holds in his "Ethics" that the chief
good of man consists in an activity of the soul
in accordance with its excellence. Or, to trans-
late his dictum into the language of an even
nobler philosophy, the end of life is to bring
the individual will into harmony with the uni-
versal will, to follow the dictates of that inter-
nal monitor which says, "Thou oughtest."



'37.

Rev. Geo. W. Bosworth, a very prominent Baptist, died at his home in Wakefield, Mass., Thursday, Jan. 19th. He was a firm friend of Colby, and took an active part in securing the endowment of the college.

'57.

Henry Hart died in Haverhill, Mass., from injuries received at the recent Boston & Maine railroad accident.

'59.

Dr. H. C. Vaughan, of Foxcroft, formerly editor of the *Ellsworth American*, has gone to Leavenworth, Kan. It is reported that he intends to enter the banking business.

'62.

Mr. M. C. Mitchell's school for boys at Bilerica, Mass., was burned Jan. 11; loss \$12,000. E. E. Parmenter, of '87, was first assistant.

'72.

Rev. T. J. Lyons, of Friendship, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church in Nobleboro.

'77.

Second Lieut. Chas. L. Phillips was promoted Dec. 31, 1887, to be First Lieut. of the Fourth Regt. of Artillery.

'79.

Charles F. Warner, professor of chemistry and the sciences in the State Normal School at Farmington, has prepared a little pamphlet for the use of teacher and pupils, containing experiments and notes showing the effect of alcohol upon the system. These experiments will doubtless prove a great help in the work, as will the few blank pages to be filled by the pupil with his inferences and observations.

'83.

Dr. A. I. Noble has been made a member of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

'86.

Sheridan Plaisted, who is attending the School of Technology, Boston, returned home the 19th, to spend his vacation.

'88.

Chas. H. Pepper sailed for the Azores, Saturday, Jan. 14.

'89.

Married Jan. 14th, at the residence of the bride's father in Skowhegan, Mr. J. D. Ames, formerly of '89, and Miss Carrie B. Leighton. Mr. Ames and his bride have the best wishes of '89, as well as of the college.

'91.

W. R. Towle will not return to Colby.

Chas. H. Noyes has been very ill with typhoid fever, but is now better.

A. H. Chipman has left college for the remainder of the term. He will canvass in Massachusetts till the last of March.



THE MAGAZINE OF ART FOR FEBRUARY.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for February, is an etching by James Dobie of J. W. Waterhouse's painting "Mariamne," queen of Herod the Great, which is considered by most critics to be this Royal Academician's best work. The literary *piece de resistance* of this number is the opening paper on "The Black Arts," by John Ruskin. Mr. Ruskin alludes to nothing dark or diabolical in his article, which is a reverie in the Strand devoted to the subject of black and white drawings. A number of sketches by the veteran critic are given in illustration of his subject. Mr. Ruskin is followed by a younger critic on art subjects, Frederick Wedmore, who gives the substance of a lecture on "Modern Life in Modern Art," delivered at the John S. Hopkins University. This is followed by an interesting paper on "The Portraits of Napoleon the First," which is illustrated with fac-similes of the portraits described. An account of the "Cedipus Tyrannus," as given at Cambridge, England, at Athens, follows. Then we have a short sketch of M. Pasteur, accompanying an admirable reproduction of a portrait bust by Paul Dubois. Gerald Terburg, the Dutch painter, is the subject of a biographical sketch illustrated with reproductions of his works. A paper of "Notes by an Artist Living in the Country," is in an entirely different vein, but none the less welcome for its variety. "Art and the Common People," is a suggestive paper, while "Art in Christmas Decoration," is full of useful hints. Then come the art notes, which are full and bright and chronicle with an impartial pen the art progress of two hemispheres.—*Cassell & Company. 35 cents a number, \$3.50 a year in advance.*

THE SENTINEL



GILMAN BLOCK, - - MAIN STREET,
WATERVILLE, MAINE.