

The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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"Can Freedom breathe if ignorance reign?

Shall Commerce thrive where anarchy rule?

Will Faith her half-fledged brood retain,

If darkening counsels cloud the school?"



WE are glad to be able to say that our chapel organ is at last pumped by water. The water motor which has been patiently awaited for about six months and which has been almost despaired of, is finally in working order. We expect now, of course, that the melancholy black drapery, which has so long hung in funereal folds beside the organ and which has served, like the curtains in a Spiritualistic seance, to conceal a "dark mystery," by whose efforts the manipulator outside was assisted in his duties, will be forever removed and that our chapel, severely plain as it is, may be relieved of at least one superfluous defect.

OUR last issue announced that an athletic exhibition was to be given by the students at the close of this term, in the City Hall, for the benefit of the Athletic organizations.

All the students seem to be greatly interested in the project and we anticipate a successful exhibition. The annual Field Day has its place in our college exercises; but now that our work in the gymnasium has reached its present proportions, it seems desirable that the amount of time and energy devoted to the work should result in some financial benefit to some of our college organizations at this season of the year. Last winter a slight effort was made in this direction, but more, perhaps, with a view to preparing the minds of the students for such an undertaking in the future than for its immediate realization. This year, however, the way seems clear to bring it about. In order to get up this exhibition a large amount of extra work will have to be done. Students who wish to

take part are expected to devote an hour or more Wednesday afternoons and Saturday mornings to prepare for the contests or exercises which they wish to enter. Accordingly a good deal of extra work is now in progress.

Should this exhibition become an annual institution, it would be a great thing for Athletics at Colby.

We might suggest, not with a desire of setting aside literary exercises to make room for athletics, but to satisfy a feeling which is increasing each year among the students, that an athletic exhibition would be a good substitute for the annual winter exhibition of the Junior class in the chapel. The change would at least be agreeable to Junior classes we guarantee.

THE ECHO has done its best in past years by occasional forcible editorials to arouse the feelings of the students to insist on representative self government, suggesting the organization of a so-called college "jury," or "senate." About two years ago an earnest appeal was made in our columns for more or less authority to be given to the students, on the ground that an institution like a college jury "secures, to the consideration of questions of college discipline, a recognition of the student views, and thus prevents judgments based upon insufficient and invalid evidence, and verdicts dictated by a spirit of ancient bigotry." Things may have happened heretofore which have been ordered by the authorities in a way that seemed unfair, but as a general thing an arrangement different from the present seems to-day wholly superfluous at Colby. All matters between the faculty and students are now handled with a consideration that we are bound to respect, and unjust measures of discipline we have no cause to fear. We were reminded of this subject by an article which appeared in last week's issue of the *Waterville Mail*, on the subject of "College Reforms." It was written by one who, though obscuring his identity by the anonymous designation "Alumnus," we all know to be one intimately connected with our college and its government. In this article the subject is treated briefly, impartially and convincingly, setting forth the imprudence of trying to institute any other system of government than that we now have.

1888 has passed into the pages of history. It is with reluctance that we have let it go. But it was ever thus; time hastens on and classes are turned out of colleges in rapid succession.

The past year has seen many changes, more or less apparent, at Colby, in sanitary arrangements, in water supply, in the gymnasium, in courses of study, in the faculty and others, nearly all of which have been mentioned and approved as they have been made. A good many, it may seem, for one year, but the necessities having accumulated, as many as possible were met at once. Now that we are beginning to get accustomed to them, we wonder how the college could have got along without them in times past.

Many are skeptical whether the human race has been altogether benefited by the modern conveniences and luxurious advantages which increase so rapidly every day. They like to set up as types of American manhood men who grew up under disadvantages—"self-educated" and "self-made" men—comparing them with the American of to-day, who has so many advantages for cultivating mind and muscle.

That we were led to throw in this reflection more in view of the many improvements that we are anticipating for our college than on account of any too great luxury that we now enjoy, we scarcely need to say, though we are "getting on" slowly. The former generation had a greater discipline of patience and endurance, to be sure, by such experiences as six o'clock chapel, summer terms, surface drainage for drinking, and many other things characteristic of the "good old times," than we have; but if we had a choice between the experiences of our predecessors and the race degeneracy resulting from the fact that such experiences are growing more and more impossible, we would be apt to choose the degeneracy every time.

The year which has just opened we hope will see many more changes in our college, and there is a feeling of pleasure in looking forward to things which we have a right to expect. Buildings for the ample accommodation of the Chemistry and Physics departments we anticipate most eagerly. We shall miss, ere long, the little cocoa-box which crowns the eminence of the gravel-pit like a mosque in an oriental landscape, and we shall have an observatory

worthy the name. Bath-rooms in the gymnasium we still talk about, because we know they are coming sooner or later, and many other things which we refrain from mentioning, lest we may seem to have an unlimited capacity for making uncalled-for suggestions.

In this year and in the years to follow the good work which has already taken such a good start will go on in increasing proportions.



CHEST WEIGHTS.

It is Christmas Day, Eighty-Eight,
So warm and peaceful and bright!
All hearts seem merry and thrill'd,
And beautiful carols indite.

The air is so warm and so clear;
The roads snow-covered and smooth;
In Nature nothing seems dark,
But all tends to lighten and soothe.

The sleigh-bells joyfully ringing;
The steeds with trappings to please;
The drivers reining their course
Where naught is apparent but ease.

The footman carelessly whistling;
The small boy shouting with glee:
The youth with maid for a stroll;
The lover and loved one so free!

Oh, happy the picture to-day
Of life in all of its forms!
Would thus it might ever be
And not be disfigured by storms!

Would that the kind wishes express'd
On cards all perfumed and gay
From such as we dearly love,
Made aught but a sweet fairy lay!

To-morrow, the chest weights of life—
To-morrow cares to our fill—
Then will to-day be the past,
And the wheel whir on of Life's mill.

Pull ever and on at the weights
Till ropes are worn and so thin;
But not of *that* we complain,
It is what is passing *within*.

The glory of *labor* is great
And *cursed* be he who *refrains*.
For 'ye within his stale breast
Breeds little but sorrows and pains.

There are weights without and within
The chest of each human soul,
Upward or downward they draw,
But hurry us on to Life's goal.

Some weights are so needless in life,
And so productive of woe!
If One says "Cast them on Me!"
Should we to Him ever say "No?"

GEOLOGICAL FIELD WORK IN THE NORTHWEST.

A TYPICAL DAY'S WORK.

AT about half-past four or five o'clock in the morning the entire camp is aroused by the sound of chopping, the rattling of tin pans, and the growling of an irate cook, who has just arisen to find that a mink or weasel has stolen the fish prepared the evening before for the morning's breakfast.

After a few minutes the noise ceases and all hands but the cook turn over for another nap. Scarcely have their eyes closed, however, before breakfast is announced to the accompaniment of musical notes pounded from the bottom of a large tin pail with the aid of a boot heel. In less time than it takes to write it, everyone has completed his toilet with the help of the delicious ice-cold water, gurgling in a narrow stream a few feet from the tents, and has seated himself upon a log or on the ground, ready to do ample justice to the big kettle full of pork and beans, or rice, as the case might be.

In the mind of a stranger from the city, the spectacle of five woodsmen eating breakfast in anticipation of a hard day's work, would naturally create surprise, if not consternation. After watching them for ten minutes he would begin to wonder what becomes of all the food that goes into their mouths. At the expiration of fifteen minutes he would begin to expect a catastrophe. At the end of twenty minutes he is about ready to pick up the fragments of the first man who bursts. By this time everything is eaten, and everyone has eaten too much for comfort. No cooked food can be carried through the woods, and as it is contrary to custom to throw away anything fit to eat, it becomes necessary to store it away for use during the day. This can be accomplished in but one way, and that is the one which has been adopted.

The order to strike tents is now given. While the packers are busy getting their packs into proper shape, the cook washes the dishes (when water is scarce by wiping off the surplus grease with a piece of moss), the woodsman hunts for the line to be followed, and the geol-

ogist plans the work for the day.

Very soon everything is in readiness. The word is given, and the band starts out in single file, the woodsman leading, with compass in one hand, axe in the other and a pack on his back. Then follows the geologist with notebook, hammer, gun, and perhaps his own extra clothes. The packers and cook bring up the rear.

If the trail is through good hard wood country, where traveling is fair and rocks are scarce, few words are spoken. Each man knows his own duty and is busy with his own thoughts. At intervals the silence is broken by the woodsman calling out his hundred paces, and the reply of "tally" by the geologist. No other sounds are heard save the crushing of the leaves and branches under foot. If the traveling is hard there is usually more occasion for words. It is no uncommon occurrence to be compelled to stop work and go back to give relief to some one of the party in trouble. The little cook, to whom reference has already been made, was apparently always in difficulty. He possessed the faculty of getting into such peculiar scrapes that it often took the combined strength of the entire party to "set him on his feet again." One day while passing through a swamp, a large pine log lay in the trail and had to be crossed. The top of the log was about four feet from the ground and was very slippery. The first four men crossed it safely and were well on their way beyond it when their attention was attracted by some one behind them shouting. Upon turning, it was soon discovered that the cook was missing. The sequel showed that in attempting to cross the log, the little fellow had been compelled to step on it. No sooner had both his feet been planted upon it than he slipped. If he had continued to slip all would have been well, but that was not to be. His downward motion was arrested by a long sharp knot, that stuck through the seat of his strong overalls and held him suspended between the log and the ground. The view that met the eyes of the rescuing party was so droll that it was fully ten minutes before they could offer assistance. When first seen the little cook's arms and legs were describing all sorts of curves, in the vain attempt to reach the ground or the log. To add to his discomfort, an eighty pound pack was still strapped to his

shoulders, preventing his even touching the log with the tips of his fingers. When finally lifted down, he began to swear at his new overalls for not ripping or bursting.

An accident such as this delays work but a very few minutes. Very soon the tramp is renewed, silence again falls upon the party, and minds are again busy with thoughts. After accomplishing a mile, the order "to halt" is given. Packs are thrown off, pipes are produced and lighted and tongues are loosened. If the flies are bad, a circle of fire is built, and wet moss and cedar bark are placed upon it. The stifling smoke that arises from this "smudge" usually succeeds not only in driving off the mosquitoes, but also in driving nearly frantic the men, who, with streaming eyes, alternately put out and re-build the fire in their efforts to secure a little rest. No one, who has not been in the northern woods in fly time, can imagine the intense torture which these little creatures can inflict. When it is remembered that, in addition to mosquitoes, in comparison with whose appetites those of the Jersey gallinippers sink into insignificance, there are always present black flies, deer flies, sand flies, horse flies, dog flies, and any number of other kinds of flies, each one of which seems to bite harder than all the rest, it can easily be believed that the task of defending one's self may become so difficult, that not a few strong men actually break down under the physical and intense nervous strain attendant upon it.

After a few minutes' rest, the party is again in motion. Hills are crossed, rivers forded, windfalls climbed, swamps traversed and lakes rafted. The same monotonous silence again prevails. It remains unbroken until about eleven o'clock, when one after another the men will begin to ask the distance to the nearest stream. This is the signal that the dinner hour approaches. Accordingly at the first water the packs are loosened, dinner is prepared, and an hour's rest is taken.

The afternoon's work is usually less dull than that of the morning. The anticipation of the night's rest acts as a sort of tonic to spur the band to more active exertions. Perhaps it is known that at the distance of three miles there is a trout stream. If so, every effort is made to reach it, since fresh food is a luxury. With the exception of one or two stops made

for rest, or for the purpose of bagging a couple of partridges, nothing is allowed to interrupt the steady plod. On goes the woodsman, reeling off his paces, and on follow the tired packers, bending under their heavy loads, until the stream is reached. Here, after a moment's search, a level space is found and preparations are made to pitch the tents. The cook immediately begins to get supper, one of the packers cuts boughs for the beds, the woodsman and the second packer set the tents, and the geologist, perhaps, goes fishing. So plenty are the fish in the streams flowing into Lake Superior, that, in the course of half an hour, enough are caught for supper and breakfast.

After supper an immense fire is built, blankets are spread out, pipes are lighted, and the weary wanderers enjoy a pleasure unknown to most men—the pleasure of absolute rest. If very tired the men indulge in but little talk. If not entirely worn out, some one will begin a song, or tell a story, and thus will end a day like so many others spent during a long field season in the woods.

A TALE FROM COLONIAL HISTORY.

ON a sunny morning of the year 1665, in front of an old castle in a midland county of England, a young fellow bade his friends good-by and entered a stage-coach which was to take him to the coast. From that point he had engaged passage in a ship for America. His name was John Cosgrove and he was an only son in a family of high rank in English society. Their estate was valuable and needed the care of the son, but he had been so anxious to go to the new colonies in America that his parents had consented, and he for his part had agreed to return before many years. Now this strange request was made by his father,—that he should take and always keep with him the old Iron Box which contained the will made by the founder of the line of Cosgroves. He was a peculiar man, as shown by the terms of the will, obliging him who inherited the estate to preserve the will in the Iron Box, which, according to tradition, was very old and had a wonderful history.

So the young man took this Box with him when he embarked for America. After a quick passage he landed on the coast of Massachu-

setts and soon found a home in a settlement not far from Boston. Those who helped him lift his trunk spoke of its weight; but John Cosgrove kept to himself the fact that it contained the sacred Iron Box. Here he remained for a time, but soon he found pioneer life too dull for him, and leaving his trunk and what extra money he had with his friends in the town, he started on a trip of adventure among the Indian tribes. In the course of his travels one night, as he approached an Indian village, he was taken for a spy and was wounded; but when the warriors found him fine looking and young, they carried him to the wigwam of the Chief, who soon became satisfied that he was innocent, and furthermore allowed the injured man to stay in the wigwam until his wound was healed.

The Chief now intrusted Cosgrove to the care of his daughter whose mother was a white woman, a prisoner from Massachusetts Bay Colony. This young nurse was eighteen, not very dark, while her eyes were jet black and her hair was the straight black hair of the Indians. Cosgrove quickly gained strength—in fact almost too quickly, as he himself thought—and in a few days was able to walk about; however, he did not immediately leave the Indian village, but accepted the invitation of the Chief to remain longer. During these days of ease and pleasure he saw much of his black-eyed friend, and finally yielded to a strong impulse to ask her hand in marriage.

A few weeks later Cosgrove, with his pretty bride, returned to the town where he had first made his home, and settled there. And it was not long before his character and education made him prominent in business and social circles. When he had told his wife the story of the Iron Box he put it away, thinking that before long he would take it back to his old English home; but as the years went by bright-eyed children began to take his attention, and his friends in the town became so many that he entirely gave up the idea of going back.

* * * * *

Let us pass over three generations to the year 1775 and return to England, where the Cosgrove castle stands the same as of old, occupied by a family of the same name, descended from a brother of John Cosgrove. To them the Iron Box is known only through tra-

dition. But they had a certain silver key, fastened by a chain of gold to an old parchment, on which strange characters were written, which no one had been able to read.

In front of the palace is a scene almost like the one observed many years before in the same place. A young officer, who has just received his commission, is taking leave of his friends and is about to go to America, not as a colonist, like John Cosgrove who went before him, but as an officer under General Gage, to help subdue the colonists in the time of the Revolution. Now the father puts into his son's hand the silver key and the parchment, which time has made sacred, and says to him, "You are our only child and the heir to this estate. If you are killed in the war the estate will go out of the family. Take this key, therefore, and the parchment, and wear them on your heart as a charm to preserve you in danger, and may they help to bring you safely back."

The young officer, proud of his commission and conscious of his personal beauty and manly form, took a coach and reached the sea coast in due time. Here his comrades were ready to embark and with them he sailed for Boston. They arrived there in season to go with the force under General Gage, which had been ordered to destroy the ammunition the Americans had collected at Concord. As soon as the British began their march it was announced by horsemen to the settlers along the road. They in a surprisingly short time—the ministers, the mechanics, the farmers, and many boys—took their guns and stationed themselves behind trees and stonewalls and awaited the enemy.

But before the British reached the settlers an incident occurred which is of interest to us. While the column was passing a small cottage a halt was called for some reason, and before they started again, a young officer, whom we recognize as the one who has just left his home in England, ran up to the well, which stood before the cottage door, for a drink of water. Now on the well curb there stood a tall youth with a maiden by his side, anxiously watching the movements of the troops. Who is this dark youth, usually so pale and stern, although just now his features have relaxed their sternness a little as he looks down upon the fair friend at his side? His eye, his hair, his whole

face recall to our minds a likeness we have seen. Yes, he is a descendant of that Indian maid whom John Cosgrove wooed and won in the wigwam of the Chief. His home is near by, where he spends most of his time in the study of History, and he is planning also to do special work in the line of Ancient History. He graduated from Harvard the year before this, and has been constantly helped in his studies since his graduation by one of the Professors there. He detests the sound of war, and, buried in his books, before this day has not acknowledged the possibility of war; but when the messengers reported that the British were on the march he was compelled to admit that the time had come to fight. He had hastily fastened on his sword and hurried down the road to protect, if necessary, this young lady friend, who lived alone in a little cottage with her aunt. She had gladly accepted his protection, a thing which pleased him not a little, for before this she had been too shy and reserved in his presence; thus it happened that the young officer found them standing on the well curb when he went up for a drink of water.

Had the bold officer noticed the dark eye and countenance of the maiden's companion, he might have been more careful, but as it was he drank the water, and then, quick as thought, snatched a kiss from her blushing cheek. This was too much for the Indian blood of John Cosgrove and he struck the officer a blow that knocked him to the ground. The young red coat, in rage jumped up, and both men drew their swords. The officer was too excited to be skilful in the use of his weapon, but he slightly wounded our hero, who was then compelled to run his sword through the officer. He fell and exclaimed, "You've killed me in a fair fight. It was my own fault." Then he took out the key and the parchment and a note book, with his name on the cover, and gave them to John Cosgrove, who was not yet calm enough to be sorry for his deed. When, however, he read on the note book the name, H. A. Cosgrove, he was shocked and quickly looked at the young man before him; but he was past speaking now, and the terrified girl was bending over him and weeping bitterly. When the last signs of life had fled, they tenderly lifted the body and carried it into the cottage.

When the last of the British had disappeared, Cosgrove went home, heavy-hearted and yet very curious to know this young officer's history and family, and also to read the inscriptions on the parchment. For six weeks he studied the parchment with the help of his Professor, and at the end of that time was able to read the characters. The parchment told of a certain Iron Box, which contained the will made by an ancestor of the young officer. A later inscription stated that the Box had been carried to America by John Cosgrove, who had settled in Massachusetts. This last fact assured our hero that he was connected with that family and was a relative of the man he had slain in self-defence. The silver key, it further stated, would open the Box. Now more curious than ever, Cosgrove went immediately to visit an aged Indian relative who, he thought, might know something about the wonderful Iron Box. When he found that she did know something about it, he told her all the circumstances, and then she went to a secret place, convinced that the Great Spirit wished him to have it; for she held it to be a sacred thing and a special surety of the protection of the Spirit. It seemed that the grandchildren of John Cosgrove, the pioneer, had given it to her as a keepsake to recall the memory of their ancestor.

Cosgrove tried the silver key and found that it opened the Box after the rust was cleared away, and there he saw the original will perfectly preserved. He found enough to satisfy him that his ancestor John Cosgrove, as the heir of a great estate in England, had brought the Box to America. He now determined to visit England and the home of his fathers, and if possible to search out the history of the Box which had so strangely come into his possession. He first sent to the Cosgrove family a package, containing the valuables of their son who was dead, and a letter carefully explaining the sad circumstance, and also a full account of the family history as he had learned it. A few days later he himself was well on his way across the ocean, full of anxious thoughts with regard to the letters he had sent before him. He was soon to see this package again under trying circumstances. For when he had landed in England and had taken a coach for his destination, he found that the only other passenger inside was a pleasant-faced old gentleman, with

white hair, who was carrying that same package in his hand. Looking at his fellow-passenger more closely, he saw the same noble and lofty bearing that he had admired in the son, although changed by age and experience. They had already been conversing, but John Cosgrove could hardly conceal his anxiety when he thought how the news of the death of his son would affect the father.

Now by one of those strange accidents, which we call chance, the old gentleman was put under great obligation to his young relative. The coach was upset and Mr. Cosgrove was severely injured, while John escaped unhurt. No inn was near and the coach was unfitted for use. But John, after a long walk, secured a team and carried the injured man to the nearest public house, and cared for him through a week of great suffering. At the end of that time the doctor said that Mr. Cosgrove would never be able to walk again, but that his mind was uninjured. He was now able to hear the reading of the letters which he had not opened. When John had read them aloud, he told his true name and gave the whole history of the family as he knew it. After the story was finished, the sorrowing father asked to be left alone. Soon, however, he called back his relative, took him by the hand and acknowledged him as the heir of the estate and forgave him for the death of his son.

A few days later we find John Cosgrove rambling through the old castle and over the fields which belong to the estate. The old moss-covered castle, overhung by shade trees, is delightful to his retiring disposition. Also he has found in the library great numbers of books and manuscripts which will occupy his time for many days if he stays here. His efforts, however, to trace the history of the Iron Box were fruitless, and after a few weeks' stay he announced his intention to return to America. But the old people had become greatly attached to him and entreated him to stay, in order to manage the property in his own name and to care for them. This pleased the young man more than he was willing to confess. He told them he would remain a few weeks longer and would make his decision during that time. Now it is evident that someone else was to be the real maker of the decision, for he immediately sent a letter across the ocean and in due

time received an answer, whereupon he directly told the old folks he would remain. However, he said he would be obliged to go to America for a month or two, but promised to bring back with him someone to brighten up the old castle. It is almost needless to say that Cosgrove went to America, and brought back as his wife the pretty maiden whom we last saw in Massachusetts, standing on the well curb, when the British marched by on their way to Concord.



'89.

Missle-toe.

Skating.

"Billy do!"

"A Likely Story."

"Be courteous to God and men."

The horse-cars are again on bare rails.

The Junior articles are now due, but where are the articles?

Prof. Smith has the Juniors in Browning Thursday mornings.

The co-eds. gave a reception to their college friends New Year's eve.

Sheldoon has fled to parts unknown and O'Brady is studying music.

The Zeta Psi convention was held at Chicago the 3rd, 4th and 5th of January.

Rev. A. W. Jackson did not lecture in the Chapel Dec. 27, as was expected.

Now that we have a water motor why not dispense with that disgraceful green rag?

The Athletic Association voted to hold an exhibition at City Hall some time this term.

Dr. Pepper delivered a lecture at Oakland, Friday evening, Dec. 28. He took for his subject "Echoes from the Pacific."

Instructor Adams has gone into business with F. H. Dodge, instructor in gymnastics at Bates. They will manufacture gymnasium apparatus and will be prepared to equip gymnasiums. It is to be a Lewiston-Waterville concern, with the firm name Dodge & Co.

Pleasant reports are heard from Mr. Sayford. He had sixty conversions at Hampton, Va., and has now gone to St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Prof. Mathews has made arrangements to have the members of the Senior class at his rooms, one evening, of each week, to study different authors.

The Freshmen must be given credit for genius if not for scholarship. The other day when the Latin Prof. asked the effect of the ending in *quondam*, the *enfant terrible* replied that he thought it added emphasis.

The Sophomores seem to be peculiarly unfortunate in their gymnasium exercise. Bumps not laid down in the phrenologist's chart are numerous, bruises still more so, while, not to be outdone, Mathews and Rogers have sprained an ankle.

A new and commodious desk has just been placed in the Library, directly opposite the entrance. It is of black walnut with veneer finish, billiard cloth top, and has a row of drawers at each side. This new departure is understood to be for the exclusive use of Prof. Hall, while his assistant, Miss Fletcher, will use the old delivery desk.

Skating, good, bad, or indifferent, has not been granted to us this winter, up to within a few days. The last heavy rain, however, flooded the campus and now we have fair skating at our very doors. One has only to look from his window to see this exercise appreciated to the full by its devotees. The river is not entirely frozen over, yet, along the edge, the skating is quite good.

It is now becoming necessary to make an announcement in every "Campus" of a reception at Rev. Mr. McLaughlin's. We say this not because we are unwilling to make such announcements, but because it is becoming impossible to express our thanks for such unstinted hospitality. The evening following Xmas, "The Rectory" was again filled with light, warmth and cheer to receive its friends.

All will be glad to hear from Prof. Small. In a letter dated Dec. 11, he writes, "I am a perfect drudge, but I haven't half time for all I want to accomplish. I haven't a spare fifteen minutes in the day. While I enjoy every moment and the university grows on me with acquaintance, I haven't discovered a symptom

of desire to stay here. The Maine field grows more attractive as I look at it from a distance."

Circumstantial evidence is not wanting that some of the boys must have taken advantage of the Christmas cut to burn a little midnight oil on forbidden indulgences. One reports the following dialogue between himself and room-mate, time 10.30 A. M.:

Mischievous room-mate—"Hulloa, there, Chummy! wake up!"

Chummy (sleepily, returning to earthly things)—"Hulloa, wha-er-what's trumps?"

The superintendent of the International Bureau of Weights and Measures at Paris has directed that a critical examination be made of the results obtained from the experiments of Prof. Rogers during the last two years. This examination is for the purpose of ascertaining whether his conclusion is correct, namely that the relative co-efficient of expansion between iron and steel is constant for all temperatures between the limits minus 5 degrees and plus 95 degrees temperature.

The Junior who is always ready with a repartee was nonplussed at his wit in Prof. Smith's department a few days ago. It seems that he had fallen asleep, and as with relaxing muscles he fell into the arms of *Somnus*, his book dropped to the floor. The Professor, attracted by the noise, watched his audacious pupil with an amused smile for a few moments, and then raising his voice said, "What do you think, Mr. W—?" Now, it also seems that at the moment of falling asleep his neighbor was giving his opinion on a certain subject, with which he happily agreed, so when thus rudely awakened he quickly replied, "I think so."

The new Opera House at Fairfield will be highly appreciated by the theater-loving student. Here he will no longer be compelled to see every indoor scene laid in a kitchen and all out-door scenes in a scrub forest. The business is nearly completed. It is tastily fitted up, has a seating capacity of over eight hundred, a stage 50x36 feet and abundant ante-rooms. Beneath the auditorium is a large room twelve feet high, the length and breadth of the building. The entire cost is estimated at ten thousand dollars. The credit of the beautiful ornament to the town must be given to a few young business men of Fairfield, who persevered, in spite of obstacles and discouragements, and

carried their project through successfully. It was opened January 1st with a grand concert.

All is well that ends well. After several failures the organ is now successfully driven by the power furnished by a water motor placed in the chapel cellar. The motor is known as the "Tuerk" motor and its peculiarity consists in the use of a balance conical valve, to which a lever is attached, by means of which the supply of water used can be regulated according to the work required to be done. This lever is attached to a weight suspended above the bellows of the organ, so that when the top part of the frame work rises it lifts the weight at the point where the bellows are full. As the air is used in playing, the bellows fall away from the weight, which in turn lets on more water. Action is therefore automatic. The cost of using the motor is about three cents per hour.

Professor Shaffer, who holds a professorship in the German department of the Baptist Theological Seminary at Rochester, N. Y., was present at prayers yesterday morning. His visit here is purely a business one. The increasing number of students in the German department, without the essential rudimentary training, has rendered it absolutely necessary for the Seminary to have a preparatory school for German students alone. A building for this use has just been completed, but money is now wanting to equip it. To obtain the requisite funds solicitors have been sent over the country to ask aid from the different Baptist institutions. The glitter of our Coburn bequest has reached even Rochester, and so Professor Shaffer is present, soliciting a moderate(?) sum for this work in which he, a German himself, is greatly interested.

Christmas coming on Tuesday, with Monday granted instead of a cut New Year's, gave a recess from prayers Saturday morning until prayers Wednesday. The long cut thus offered was very acceptable. Some hastened at once to the bounties of the paternal hearth, some aided at the Christmas preparations at the different churches, while others spent their nights in reading (?) and the following days with "tired nature's sweet restorer." The best paid, however, were the church workers. At the Methodist church, Mrs. Dunn presented her assistants with a large cake with a delicious frosting an inch thick, more or less. At the

Episcopal, a student received a nice stick of candy, built on the elephantine plan. And in the midst of all this rejoicing the only dissatisfied student seems to be the one who was presented with a bag of "old maids."

Our sanitary department has been investigated by the faculty, with satisfactory results. A woman is now regularly hired to wash the floor and marble every other day, so that what was once a nuisance and breeder of disease is now indeed a Palais Royal. Is it our duty to see if this shall remain so? Why not? The faculty are ready and eager to look out for all that pertains to our welfare. Everything rests with us. Let us accept the responsibility and by our conduct discourage further vandalism in the few who either have not been weaned from the destructive spirit of childhood, or think that they must, out of custom, take up the mantle of "monkeyism" and wantonly destroy all that is respectable and advantageous in our surroundings.

Colby was so well represented at the recent annual meeting of the Maine Pedagogical Society at Auburn that it was called "The Colby Field Day." Professor Hall, as President of the society for this year, discharged the duties of his office with tact and skill, and in his address gave an able and interesting discussion on the "Teacher and the Library." Professor Taylor read a paper on "Instruction in Latin in Preparatory Schools." The *Lewiston Journal* speaks of it as "witty and bright, full of good thoughts and a model of phrase and epigram." Instructor Adams had a valuable and suggestive essay on "Physical Training in Public Schools," in which he pressed the argument for physical culture as the indispensable accompaniment of mental culture. Mr. Crawford, Superintendent of our city schools, opened the discussion on Geography in a sensible and vigorous speech, which the audience received with marked approval.

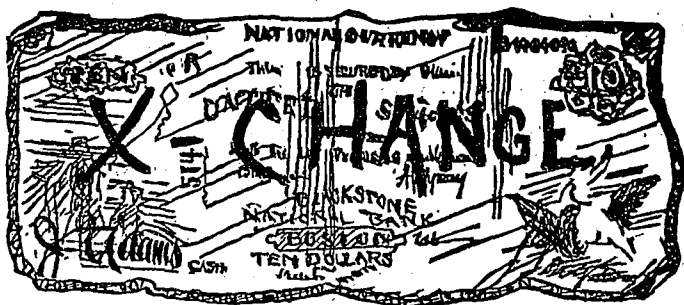
Besides the above, whose names appeared upon the Order of Exercises, there was in attendance a large representation of Colby men who, at the head of Academies, Seminaries and High Schools in different parts of the state, have already acquired, or are rapidly building up, reputations as able and successful educators. Among them were observed Dr. Hanson, of the Institute, J. F. Moody, '67, Principal of the

Edward Little High School, Auburn, in which the meeting of the association was held, Crosby, '80, of Monson Academy, Whittle, '83, Ellsworth High School, Nowell, '82, Rockport High School, Condon, '86, Richmond High School, Webber, '86, Calais High School, Beverage, '87, Hallowell High School, Palmer, '87, Wiscasset High School, Small, '87, Norway High School, and Carl Holbrook, '88, Millbridge High School.

These men, most of them among the more recent graduates of the college, as well as others of the younger element, came to the meeting, brim full of practical ideas direct out of the workshop and hot from the anvil, eager to take part in the debates, and not unwilling, if the chance were given them, to prick by argument some of the theoretical bubbles that are always floating about in the air on occasions of this sort. It was a matter of regret to many that the crowded condition of the programme did not permit the opportunity for making the discussions a more prominent feature of the proceedings, in which some of the younger and brighter talent of the meeting might have made itself heard. Was it due to the astuteness of the managers who were afraid that the state may lose too soon the services of its most promising young men, if the public are allowed prematurely to find them out?

It was one of our coldest mornings. The Freshmen had been dismissed a few moments before bell time, and with ears and noses in hand were hurrying from "the frying pan to the fire." A few had hastened to the warmth of the Boardman Missionary Room. Here, let it be said with disgust, there was no fire and it was a very cold morning. Dismay filled the ranks and "Oh dear! where shall we go?" was excitedly discussed. Eureka! the reading room. Wraps were expeditiously donned, many Oh dear! Oh dears! lisped, and twelve little feet sped over the frost-bitten walk. "Oh? the wild charge they made." The outer doors of the chapel were carried with a bang, the library door gave way with a shrill squeak and—at this point the sporting editor was called in to take notes on the destruction. But they were not so bad. With a bustle (?) and giggle the register near the door was taken possession of, that was all. But as their cold noses and toes succumbed to the heat (?) speech flowed

easily. Relieved of his fear on their entrance, the Librarian's face expanded broadly at their quaint humor. They smiled amicably in their turn. An opening made he approached, and with a very humble "beg pardon" informed them that they were using the cold air register. They still smiled (?) Everybody smiled.



The *College Student* is a very readable sheet, the literary department this week being exceptionally well supported.

The *Dickinson Liberal* contains a masterly article on "America's Goldsmith." This is one of the finest reviews of Irving's character and works we have seen.

The *Hobart Herald* has a very interesting translation of the Chaldean story of the flood. It is from one of the cuneiform inscriptions discovered not long since in the Tigris-Euphrates valley.

The *College Mercury* tells us of an exciting debate that has taken place between the different societies in the University of New York. Much interest was awakened and society pride was aroused to the utmost. A prize was offered to the winner.

We acknowledge the receipt of the *Magazine of Art*, *Electric Magazine*, *Lippincott's*, *University Mirror*, *Phi Rhonian*, *Chironian*, *Hamilton College Monthly*, *N. Y. Mail and Express*, *Waterville Sentinel*, *Waterville Mail*, *Irish World*, *Philosophian Review*, and others.

The *Illini* of the University of Illinois is an interesting sheet. The article on the origin of our Christmas, entitled "Yule," is of especial interest. An unusual thing happened at the University. A student relieved the banks of several thousand dollars and left for *terra incognita*. This gives the editor an opportunity for a strong editorial, disowning the criminal and condemning any sympathy for him.

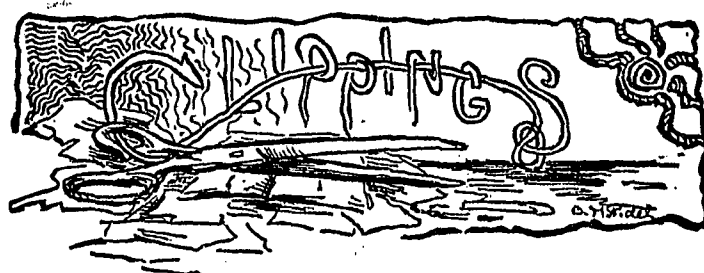
\$100 PRIZE.

I hereby offer to the College and University Students in the United States and Territories,

a *Prize of One Hundred Dollars* for the best Essay on *The Effect of Human Education on the Prevention of Crime*. The Essays must be sent in an outer envelope, enclosing an inner sealed one, containing the name and Post Office address of the writer. These will not be opened until the committee to whom they are referred have decided to which the \$100 belongs. All that do not draw the prize will be returned if writers so request, and inclose return stamps. The writer of the successful Essay, if it is deemed worthy of publication by the Committee, will receive \$100, and the Essay will be widely published with the name of the writer. All Essays must be received at this office, on or before March 15th, 1889.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and of the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk St., Boston.



SOME \$ERIOUS\$ \$UGGESTION\$.

"There i\$ a nece\$\$ary theme
Of which we hate to \$peak;
Becaue, a\$ \$ome wi\$e \$age ha\$ \$aid,
It doe\$ involve \$ome cheek.

Our bu\$ine\$\$ principle\$ compel
The \$ettling of all bill\$;
And how \$hall we perform that ta\$k
Unle\$\$ the fountain fill\$?"

A word to the wise ought to be sufficient.

The Harvard College base ball team cleared \$2,500 last year.

The plan of having Monday for a holiday has proved a success at Cornell.

Gen. Clinton B. Fisk has been offered the Presidency of Dickinson College.

The first foot ball match in the United States was played at Yale college in 1840.

The student at Bucknell who has his room most tastefully decorated receives a prize.

The student who bets on elections does wrong, but the man who never bets is no better.

Before the war seventeen per cent. of the students at Harvard were from the South;

now that section of the country furnishes only three per cent.

Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has received the degree of Master of Arts from Yale University.

Nankin, China, is to have a university costing \$300,000, said sum to be furnished by a wealthy American.

A Freshie, on being told that the photographs would cost \$6 a dozen and \$3 for duplicates, asked for a dozen duplicates.

The class of '75 has decided to establish a new chair of political economy at Yale, at which protectionist theories alone shall be taught.

The Stanford University, of California, has ordered from Clark & Sons, Cambridge, Mass., a lens for their new telescope, which is to be forty inches in diameter. This will be six inches wider than the lens of the famous Lick telescope, making it the largest lens in the world.

Mr. K., a Soph., in Greek recitation—"Professor, I have forgotten the meaning of that word." Prof.—"Did you ever know?" Mr. K. (indignantly)—"Yes, sir, I did." Prof.—"It is certainly a pity that you have forgotten it, because no one else ever knew the exact meaning of it."

A Cornell Freshman was caught recently by the young ladies of Sage College while engaged in a so-called serenade. The ladies led their blushing captive by the ears through the college halls. The Freshman, in addition to this experience, was granted a year's leave of absence by the faculty of Cornell.

On the evening of June 5th, the Bacon-Shakspeare debate, lasting until midnight, was held at Cambridge University, England, by undergraduates. About 500 were present. Ignatius Donnelly, on invitation, opened and closed the debate, which was strongly contested. At the close a vote was taken on the question: "Did Francis Bacon write the so-called Shakspeare plays?" Very many students refrained from voting, showing that their minds were not made up either way, but of 231 who voted, 101 were in favor of Bacon and 130 Shakspeare.

A propos of the alarming increase in the number of cigarette smokers among the students of American colleges, we clip a few sen-

tences from the New York Tribune of Nov. 15th:

"An analysis of a dozen brands of cigarettes has been made in Chicago, and the results are such that cigarette smokers cannot regard them with complacency. Almost every brand was found to have been "doctored" to a greater or less degree. While the injurious ingredients (apart from the tobacco itself) vary somewhat, there is enough in each variety to induce smokers who value their health to give up cigarettes altogether.

Ye students breakethe ye maydene's harte,
He laugheth, unaware;
But eke, she breakethe hys pocketbooke—
Which maketh matters squire.

The jockey's horse has feet of speed,
Maude S. has feet of fame;
The student's horse has no feet at all,
But he gets there just the same.

The Senior hath a solid girl,
The Junior hath a flame
The Freshman has no girl at all,
But he gets there just the same.

There was an old Harvard Prof.,
Of a daughter most fair the Poss.,
But one morning, when lush,
He poisoned her mush,
And now she's an angel, God Bl.
—Harvard Lampoon.



Men who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

When a Freshman doesn't hear plainly the Prof.'s question he says, in a subdued voice, "Pardon me, Professor, but I did not understand you." The Sophomore says, "Will you please repeat your question?" Junior says, "What, sir?" The Senior says, "Huh?"—*Ex.*

John Hunter, in demonstrating the jaw bone, observed that the bone was known to abound in proportion to the want of brains. Some students at the time were talking instead of attending to the lecture, upon which Hunter exclaimed, "Gentlemen, let us have more intellect and less jaw."—*Ex.*

One more unfortunate, lonely and troubled,
Rashly importunate, went and got doubled.

"Have you read Robert——?" Stop!

In mercy spare me, just *this* time,
Ask if I've committed any crime
Since last we met—if all are well
At home—speak of the rainy spell,
Election frauds, Lord Sackville's woe—
"Progressive schemes," perhaps, but, O!
Pray hesitate ere you begin
The same old query that my kith and kin
Have uttered fifty times this year,
"Have you read Robert Elsmere?"

"Have I read Robert ——!" Yes,
Thank Heaven! the deed is done!
At last I've read it, though it weighed a ton
Now when a friend I chance to meet
In church, theatre, or upon the street,
I shall not rush into a store
Or turn aside as oft before,
Lest I should hear that everlasting same—
"Have you read Robert—what's his name?"
But bow and say with eager zest,
"I've read your Robert and he needs a rest."

—*Boston Transcript.*

THE JUNIOR'S CONCLUSION.

I.

You talk as if I'd done a wrong
And merited derision,
But, kindest friend, I've pondered long
And come to this decision—
That if I wish I'll love that girl
And she alone can stop me,
And if she makes my dark locks twirl
"Tom Fool" will not have caught me.

II.

I've been in love up to my ears,
And know how it affects me,
And so has she thro' all these years
And loves it yet—so says she.
In mournful numbers tell me not
That love is not just charming,
But tho' you say it on the spot
I'll not deny an armful!



'47.

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Estes, of Leicester, Mass.,
celebrated the 40th anniversary of their marriage Dec. 18th.

'57.

Rev. A. C. Herrick has just completed the
fourth year of his pastorate in Sacramento,
Cal.

'58.

Rev. C. H. Rowe has accepted a call to the
Randolph, Mass., Baptist church.

'72.

Rev. H. R. Mitchell has become pastor of the
Baptist church at North Uxbridge.

'81.

Prof. Clarence L. Judkins was in town recently.

Rev. F. M. Preble has been visiting friends
in So. Thomaston.

Rev. Isaac W. Grimes has resigned the pastorate of the First Baptist church at West Springfield, Mass.

Rev. J. H. Parshley, of Damariscotta, was one of the speakers at the last meeting of the Philadelphia Baptist Social Union.

'86.

Ralph Pulsifer is, at home for the holidays.

S. E. Webber and R. J. Condon have been in the city for a few days.

H. W. Trafton, Collector of Customs at Fort Fairfield, was on the campus recently.

'87.

N. H. Crosby is teaching at Brownville.

S. H. Holmes is teaching the winter term at Mt. Vernon.

Irving O. Palmer is Principal of the Wiscasset High School.

'88.

E. P. Barrell is teaching at So. Turner.

R. J. Tilton is assistant in an academy in Chester Springs, Penn.

H. H. Mathews, once a member of '88, has been visiting in the city lately.

'89.

N. S. Burbank preached at Litchfield last Sunday.

C. F. Megquier is at his home in East Corinth, dangerously sick with pneumonia.

'90.

W. C. Whelden is teaching at Bristol.

'91.

H. L. Morse is teaching at King's Mills.


E. C. Megquier is teaching at Martinsville.

A. H. Chipman is canvassing in Massachusetts.

'92.

W. L. Bonney is teaching at Deer Isle.

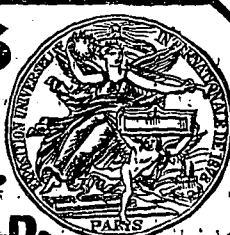
C. A. Merrill preached recently at Norridge-wock.



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NOW IN THE ELEVENTH YEAR OF THEIR POPULARITY, WE THINK
IT ALIKE DUE TO THE PROTECTION OF THE CONSUMER AND OUR-
SELVES, TO WARN THE PUBLIC AGAINST BASE IMITATIONS AND
CALL THEIR ATTENTION TO THE FACT THAT THE ORIGINAL
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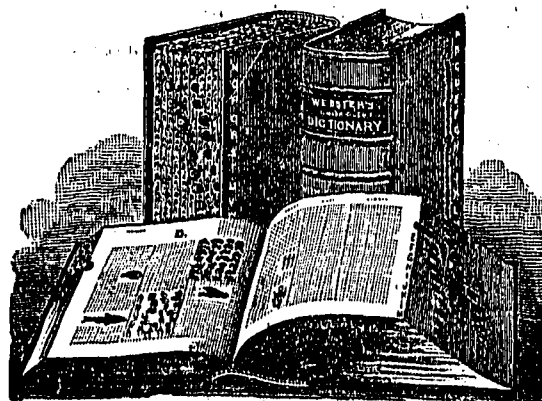
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