

The Colby Echo.

VOL. XIII.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, JANUARY 18, 1889.

No. 11.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

Chief.

EDWARD FRANCIS STEVENS, '89.

H. EVERETT FARNHAM, '89, WILLIAM L. SOULE, '90,
ERNEST G. WALKER, '90, ARTHUR J. ROBERTS, '90,
FRANK A. GILMORE, '90, WILBUR C. WHELDEN, '90,
FRANCIS P. KING, '90, MELLEN A. WHITNEY, '90.

Managing Editor.

JAMES KING, '89.

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 197, Waterville, Me.

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

Printed at the Sentinel Office, Waterville, Maine.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XIII., No. 11.—Jan. 18, 1889.

THE SANCTUM:

Our Mailing List.....	132
The Browning Class.....	132
Relations of the Prof. to the Student.....	132
The Junior Prize Debate.....	133
The Character of College Curricula.....	133

LITERARY:

A Letter from South America.....	134
Geological Field Work in the Northwest.....	135
THE CAMPUS.....	137
EXCHANGES.....	139
COLLEGE CLIPPINGS.....	140
WASTE-BASKET.....	141
PERSONALS.....	142
LITERARY NOTES.....	143



WE were looking over our "mailing list" a short time ago and were surprised to find how few of our alumni subscribe to the ECHO. It seems that the least thing a college graduate can do for his alma mater is to subscribe for the college publication. We *must* have this publication and as its success depends largely upon the support it receives from the alumni, each man on leaving college ought to feel some degree of responsibility to maintain this one of the college institutions. Every one understands the nature of the journal. It has been discussed often in our columns. We try to show up the life and development of our college as the years go by, and all alumni of Colby ought to take a patriotic interest in the college and in the ECHO as its exponent.

THERE is one thing which members of the Senior classes of the last two years have enjoyed which does not appear in the catalogue in the lists of studies. That is, the bi-weekly gatherings with Prof. Mathews for the purpose of the careful and critical reading of English and American authors, readings invaluable to the student of English Literature. This term the Seniors have Browning readings on alternate Friday evenings, at which a rare opportunity is offered to the boys to become acquainted with an author whom most students are likely to neglect to read at all, or at least to fail to read intelligently. We do not need to say that they are appreciated.

THIS matter of having Browning readings reminds one of the contrast between the

Great men are the fire pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind; they stand as heavenly signs, everlasting witnesses of what has been, prophetic tokens of what may still be, the revealed embodied possibilities of human nature!—Carlyle.

social intercourse of Professor and students as enjoyed to-day and the relations which existed between them a generation or two ago, when the students were separated from their instructors by a barrier which it was almost criminal to transgress. Then, with head uncovered, the student who wished to speak with his teacher was to make his communication with all the deference due the difference in their stations. Now, the boys meet in familiar gatherings with the Professor for mutual profit and pleasure. The teacher of to-day has lost much of his character of governor and stands in the attitude of a guide to intelligent followers. How strange do the extreme ideas of past generations seem to us! But now that things are different there occasionally seems to be a slight tendency to take an undue advantage of the relations that exist, so that in the class room and elsewhere a student sometimes oversteps the bounds of ordinary politeness. Lack of attention and order in the class room and small things, which our lecturer last week termed "petty insults," too frequently annoy the Professors, who in their relation as guides devote themselves solely to the profit of the student. A little greater care would do much to blot out this tendency.

THE annual Junior Exhibition, which has been a "weariness to the flesh" to every Junior class since it was first established in 1883, is to be given up this year and we hope forever.

The members of '90 held the position that the exhibition was not ever regarded as up to the standard of the other college exhibitions; that, as no prizes were offered, there was no inducement for the students to make special efforts; that the selection of the speakers, though by a method supposed to be entirely beyond their comprehension, was well known to involve no special honor to the appointees, and that as the exhibition was held in the chapel it was clear that it was not of great consequence in the eyes of the authorities. Having established their position they maintained it, and the general "kick" which followed the appointments was not at all unexpected. In fact it was quite a matter of course, but every one thought it would be as ineffectual as such expressions of dissatisfaction had been in previous years. They were happily

disappointed, for the faculty decided that the regular Junior Exhibition should be dispensed with and that in its stead there should be held a Prize Debate in the chapel. The subject for discussion is presented to the class, the members of which are to prepare arguments on one side or the other, as they have been appointed. The authors of the best arguments will then be selected for debaters. Here we have a refreshing innovation which we expect will become an annual custom. Public debates have not been held by our students for very many years, if ever, and '90's efforts will be regarded by all with a good deal of interest.

SO much is said and written now-a-days in adverse criticism of the modes and character of the education in our schools and colleges that it is worth the while to see what it is that calls it forth. We have seen editorials in newspapers deploring the unpractical nature of our college curricula. We have noticed one article in particular, which appeared not very long ago in one of our most intelligent magazines, headed "Our Colleges Behind the Times." Its character may be seen best if we quote an extract from it: "Our civilization is chiefly industrial and the railway, the factory and labor organizations are the largest element in our social life. Would anyone believe *a priori* that under these circumstances our colleges would still be haggling over the Greek and Latin question and that only one of them in the entire country should give instruction on railway transportation, the most important subject now before the public? This, however, is only one instance of the disgusting narrowness of the professional intellect as stimulated by endowments. Everywhere we find a total want of connection between the colleges and the life of the people."

The writer of this complaint was in all probability not a college graduate, as he fails completely to get the correct idea of the object for which colleges were instituted. He seems to think that colleges ought to be industrial schools or schools of technology rather than what they are, centers of intellectual culture. Here arises the question as to whether utility *per se* is the ultimate object of a true education. There is a cry for the abolition of Greek and Latin, of Philosophy and of everything else

that does not strictly have money in it. If all that was to be derived from a college course was a practical acquaintance with some business or trade, would not an early apprenticeship be preferable to four years in college walls? The tendency of our times is not altogether practical, but more or less philosophical. The aim of a college is to make the most of a man, to refine and broaden the intellectual in him, to make him a being best developed for thought and reasoning. The technical knowledge of some useful art the college does not profess to give; but the graduate who wishes to learn some business is supplemented in his efforts by the peculiar training which the college education alone can give. A training which, though not popularly considered essential, is invaluable to those who have it.

PROF. Bayley kindly presented the ECHO with a copy, in pamphlet form, of an article written by himself which appeared in the January issue of the *American Journal of Science*. It is entitled "Quartz-Keratophyre from Pigeon Point and Irving's Angite-Syenites." The subjects are discussed after personal investigations in the United States Geological Survey in Minnesota. We thank him for the favor.



SANTA CRUZ, W. I., Nov. 30, 1888.

DEAR MR. P—:

So balmy the air, so blue the sky, so odorous the atmosphere, that I hardly feel like the exertion of penning a word, as my chirography plainly shows. We had an eight days' trip of unexampled roughness and were thankful enough to get in this land, "where summer sings eternal." I am writing on the ship's deck and look across the waters, crooning on the white sands, to a range of lofty, vividly green hills, at whose bases the little, ragged, dilapidated town nestles, guarded by a Danish fort, painted pink. Fancy that! Regarding the trip, you may know it was not serene, when I tell you that the captain and five sailors

were lashed to the bridge and wheel to guide the ship. The steam-steering apparatus broke down and a pretty time we had of it. A negro baby died on board and we had the sentimental burial at sea, which is, I assure you, much more poetic in a book or on canvas than on a ship's deck, where everything is tumbling about and one has to cling for dear life to any available support. We have a classmate of Ralph Dabney's on board.

Dec. 1. Would I could paint you a view of this winter-summer day, and the perfectness of the morning, when the sun dripping with freshness comes out of the water and gilds the sea and "jocund day stands on the misty mountain tops." The island of Sabra, a small Pico, lies on our left, a "purple peak remote," half veiled by clouds that linger in defiance of the sun-god's advent. Dimly ahead we see St. Eustatius and beyond the sunrise we know is St. Kitt. Antigua is our next important place, where the lord-governor lives and where there is a wonderful cathedral, built of cedar wood inside and stone exteriorly. The two buildings are separate, so that if a little earthquake comes along and tumbles the stone walls down they fall on the elastic cedar, which protects the congregation. The place is noted for very fine pine-apples, which grow in great abundance and cost four cents apiece!

PORT OF SPAIN, TRINIDAD, Dec. 10. It is a twelve-month since I saw Fayal and here I am in this hot place. I think Columbus was tipsy when he named it Trinidad for it has ever so many more than *three* peaks. The town is flat, unhealthy and uninteresting and has 40,000 inhabitants. All the refuse waste is thrown into the streets to be devoured by long necked, hideous vultures, the real carrion crow of the orient. They swoop down on everything and give one a shudder. If a mule dies, there is nothing left of him in 24 hours. The "Niggers" and Creoles are so superstitious that a law has been enacted to prevent any danger to the vultures.

There are 70,000 coolies here, brought from India at Government expense, to work, as the native negroes are to indolent. They are fine looking, chocolate-colored people, like those who used to serve Col. Pollok in India. Their clothing would put to blush the most abbreviated ballet dancers. They have their own village of huts, their worship and Brahmanistic temple, with "rings on their fingers and bells on their

toes." They carry their wealth on their persons in the shape of bangles and necklaces. It is not uncommon to see a washerwoman with her arms covered with silver, her ears distorted by the same and a huge ring hanging from her nose. In the middle of the island is a pitch lake, where pitch is constantly welling up from the ground. The German Man-of-War "Nixie" is near us, doing her finest drill; her band has just saluted us with "God Save the Queen" and we have dipped our jack in reply.

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, BRITISH GUIANA, SOUTH AMERICA, Dec. 14. That is the beginning of a very flat town of 50,000 people. Not until one travels sixty miles inland does he come to the suspicion of a hill and over all this land grows the succulent sugar cane. Sugar is made here in great quantities and the highest perfection, the "Demerara crystals" being prized the world over. There are dozens of nationalities here, Coolies, Chinese and Portugese. Ever so many things are on sale from Portugal and Madeira, and near by is a steamer just about to start for Funchal. The river here is full of sharks and, once overboard, there is no hope of recovery. The native Indians travel over it very swiftly in small shallops, which they propel with a long three blade with surprising rapidity. The Coolies wear less clothes here than anywhere else I have seen them. An ear-jewel or nose-ring is the conventional garb, but when they get recklessly extravagant they add some cloth apparel, as scanty as it is dirty. As in most colonies, everything is exorbitantly high to strangers. You have to pay at least one dollar for any kind of a lunch. Ice costs a cent a pound and good coffee is unobtainable, whiskey being the chief drink.

A wonderful lily that you may have seen grows here. It is called the Victoria Regina, a sort of huge pond lily, with enormous leaves, whose edges turn up at right angles like a silver card tray. Some of them are fifteen or twenty feet in circumference, and they will support a boy, so strong are they. The foliage is very green, of course, and the flowers gay, but they are well-nigh odorless, due in part to the heat. From 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. no one is out-of-doors, for old Sol is too ardent. They have a great sea wall which reclaims much valuable land from the ocean, a botanical garden, which some day may be worthy the name, and a very

interesting museum of things from South America. There is more sign of progress in the British than in any other colonial land, but I hate to see the bloody flag everywhere. *All* the shipping carries it and rarely, save on the consulates, do we see the star-spangled banner. This is dreadfully galling to a loyal American and my ire is often aroused. I always have to wind up with that chestnut of a hundred years ago. It is too stale, and if you can suggest a better, you will certainly earn my sincere gratitude.

GEOLOGICAL FIELD WORK IN THE NORTHWEST.

A SAD DAY.

FOR four days our party had been lying in camp on the beach at the mouth of Huron Bay, waiting for a storm to cease, so that we might coast along the shore of Lake Superior in a small boat. On Friday, the twenty-fourth of June, we decided to wait no longer. At four o'clock on a bright, beautiful morning, before the wind rose for the day, we struck camp and started with light hearts and a heavy boat to make the mouth of Huron River, some twenty miles distant, before dinner.

Our party consisted of two Canadians, two Indians and myself. One of the Canadians was known as Bill, a stalwart fellow, about six feet five inches in height, and large in proportion. He was a jolly, good natured boy about twenty-one years of age, a member of the Young Men's Christian Association and the principal support of his mother. The Indians were Charley and Sam, the first an industrious, hard-working half-breed, and the latter a man noted for his disposition to do nothing but what was absolutely necessary to prevent starving. At about ten o'clock our destination was reached, the tents were pitched, and dinner was eaten. Immediately after dinner we took advantage of a lull in the storm and ran out to a group of islands about four miles from the main shore, leaving Bill and Sam to finish the camp.

The spot chosen for camping was an ideal one on a level stretch of sandy beach in a grove of pines. On one side of it was the lake, and on the other the river, which flowed eastward and emptied into the lake about a hundred yards from the tents. To the west was a salt-

lick with deer tracks around it as thick as hoof marks in a farmer's barn-yard. No more delightful place could have been selected in the entire lake region. The river at its mouth is deep and sluggish, but very narrow. Its water is of that dark brown, or coffee color, so noticeable in streams that drain marsh lands. Across its mouth there swung an old boom, which had been built to prevent logs from floating into the lake.

After about two hours' work on the islands we started for "home" with hearts beating fast in anticipation of a grand deer hunt at night. When about a mile from camp our attention was attracted to a man standing in front of one of the tents, waving his arms frantically to urge us on at better speed. We set a sail and bent over the oars, and sent our little boat spinning over the big breakers that had suddenly arisen upon a change in the direction of the wind. We finally got within hailing distance of the man, who turned out to be Sam, and could just distinguish the word "Bill." From his pale face and extravagant motions, we knew that Sam was under intense excitement. We sprang into the water, dragged the boat after us and rushed up to the bewildered man to discover the cause of his peculiar actions. He tried to speak, but could not. His voice was harsh and faint. He finally took me by the arm and walked me down to the mouth of the river, and, when we reached it, pointed to an object floating on the water and muttered "Bill." The object was Bill's hat. Instantly the truth flashed across my mind. Bill had been drowned. He had perished within a hundred yards of camp and aid. The man who had eaten with us but a few hours before was at the bottom of the river, perhaps not yet dead, but dying.

We immediately formed a council to decide what was to be done. Sam could tell us nothing, but that Bill had told him he intended crossing the river to cut boughs for the beds. About twenty minutes after Bill's departure he (Sam) had followed as far as the river to help carry the boughs, when he discovered the hat. Terrified beyond measure, he had run up and down the river for miles, yelling at the top of his voice, in the vain hope that his yell would be answered. He knew that Bill was in the river, and moreover knew that he could not

yet have died. He stood looking down at the black water over the very spot where he knew his partner must have disappeared, and was powerless to help. He then ran backward and forward along the river's bank until tired out, when he returned to camp to await our coming.

Evidently nothing could be done but to hunt for the body. No appliances were at hand for dragging the river. We had no ropes, no large hooks and no net, and the nearest house was twelve or fifteen miles away. I suggested taking a fish hook and lashing it to a long pole. We did so, and quietly and sadly punched the bottom with our rude instrument to determine the position of our companion's body. Suddenly Charley looked up from his work and quietly said, "He's in here. I touched him, but have lost him again."

As soon as there was no longer any doubt as to Bill's fate, one of the men was sent off through the woods thirty miles to the nearest telegraph station to notify the coroner. Another one of us went to the nearest house about twelve miles away, to make arrangements for moving the body. The two Indians agreed to stay and continue the search.

It had fallen to my lot to go for aid. I reached the house at about eleven o'clock at night, and had scarcely retired to get some rest after a hard day's work, when I was awakened by the voices of my Indians. They had come to tell me that they had secured the body.

Immediately after my departure they had begun their search anew with the pole and fish hook, and had located the body. They then took two long poles and made a pair of tongs and grappled the clothing of the drowned man. It was then eight o'clock. The moon was shining brightly. The surface of the waters had become as smooth as glass. The dark river looked sullen. At intervals the howling of a wolf, the hooting of an owl or the wailing of a loon broke the dead silence. Not a word was spoken. Slowly and softly the two men raised their burden until, just under the surface of the gloomy stream, they could see the outline of their friend. More and more softly, more and more slowly they raised the body until the staring eyes looked up to them from beneath the water as if in remonstrance at the cruelty which had allowed a friend to die in sight of help. Not a word was spoken. By signs it

was agreed to float the water-logged body into shallow water. This was done. The body was dragged up the bank and laid face downward on the sand. It was now ten o'clock. The moon was still shining. The treacherous water was as calm as if it had never been guilty of taking life. The wolf still howled, the owl hooted and the loon uttered its cry as if in distress.

But there was no time for rest. A scaffold was built and boughs piled on it. The body was wrapped in one of the tents and placed on the platform. Grass and leaves, driftwood and branches of trees were heaped upon it to keep the bears from eating it, and an immense fire was built to drive away the wolves. The two men then took the boat and started to report to me their actions.

On the next day a box was obtained, and with it we started again for the scene of accident, a much sadder and more gloomy party. We reached the camp, placed the body in the box and awaited results.

At about ten o'clock on as lovely a Sunday morning as has ever existed we sighted a tiny tug making in our direction. We watched her in silent expectation. We saw her head toward shore. We heard her whistle and knew we were relieved from our long watch. We placed the heavy box in the boat, rowed out to the tug and lifted our load up upon its deck. We then steamed for Marquette.

But our troubles were not yet ended. A storm arose. The winds and waves battered our little craft as only Lake Superior winds and waves know how. We shipped water, our vessel sprang a leak. The fires began to grow dim and the fuel to give out.

At last, however, we sighted the town. An immense concourse of people was on the wharves and hills watching our actions and speculating as to whether we would float long enough to reach the harbor. We finally ran up to the dock, and transferred our charge into the hands of the coroner.

After a few preliminary questions, the officer decided an inquest unnecessary, and delivered the body into the charge of the undertaker. A solemn procession was formed and marched into the graveyard, where, after several days of suspense and anxiety, we saw our jovial companion consigned to the bosom of that mother who never refuses her children a resting place.



Gretchen!

Bare ground once more.

"The girl was paralyzed."

The latest thing is the Progressive Peanut Party.

What is the construction of that word, Miss *Mysis*?

"I recognized the handwriting of several of the Professors in the book."

Rev. E. F. Merriam, of Boston, class of 1868, has recently given thirteen volumes to the library.

The "Guild" gave an entertainment at the Rectory recently, to defray the expenses of a new furnace in the church. A pleasant time was reported.

Twenty-five volumes of recent periodicals, together with as many of general literature, have just been received from the binder, and now adorn the shelves of the library.

The fact that recently three Colby Professors were absent at the same time, attending meetings of Educational Societies, state or national, to read papers, or give addresses, has occasioned the remark that "the world do move."

Wilton Academy has contributed generously of her graduates to the membership of Colby and the question has been raised by her friends whether there cannot be formed a union by which each shall mutually aid the other.

We notice the following: "There is no college town in New England where the entree into the best circles is more cordially extended to the students than in Brunswick, provided their conduct is such as to command respect."

Although we haven't an official report as yet, still we think we are justified in saying that the Sigma Kappas had an initiation Wednesday evening, Jan. 9. The new members were Miss Gertrude Randall and Miss Mabel Irish, both of '92.

The library has received from Dr. Burrage a little volume of hymns compiled and written by Rev. Enoch W. Freeman, class of 1827.

The book was the property of the late Rev. E. L. Magoon, D.D., whose regard for Mr. Freeman, his former pastor, amounted to veneration.

Prof.—“Who was the founder of that theory?” First Senior—“Jones.” Prof.—“No, not Jones. Mr. P— can you tell?” Second Senior—“I don’t know, unless it is Smith.” The class, after guessing Brown and several others, was kindly informed by the Professor as to the correct name.

It may not be generally known that the words “Colby University” printed on the envelopes used by the students will, in case of non-delivery, bring the letter back to the President or Secretary of the college. The name or number of post office box added will return the letter to the writer.

We were glad to notice such a good attendance lately at the Thursday evening meeting. Dr. Pepper prepares these talks, taking considerable time, and those who miss them do not seem to realize what they are losing. Let us keep up our good resolutions throughout the year and we’ll find that the half hour spent there will be the most profitable of all.

A couple of science-loving Juniors have connected their rooms with a telegraph line. They have everything necessary for sending messages and will soon be expert telegraph operators. A Senior manipulated the wires one night at one end and the Junior at the other end sent back the message, supposing the Junior was still there: “Are you crazy, or has the d—— got you?”

The Seniors welcomed the arrival of ’89 at the restaurant with a turkey supper, toasts, and cheers for the class of Octo-ginta novem, rah! After the supper the class adjourned to the college, and tried to make everybody aware of the incoming New Year. This class prefer turkey suppers to any other kind on the list, and generally manage to have a good time when picking the bones.

The Junior appointments were out and we were about to make record of them, when it was said that some “positively refused to decline” and others “didn’t want to.” The class held a meeting and voted to do away with the old custom of having a Winter Exhibition and have a public debate instead. The question was given out and articles are to be written on the subject and passed in. There will be three

members chosen to speak on the affirmative and three on the negative. We commend this change.

The health of ex-President Henry E. Robins, D.D., has so far improved that he is again doing literary and public work. He has secured the organization of a large and vigorous “Baptist Social Union” in Rochester, N. Y., and is the efficient president of the society. He has an important article in the January number of the *Baptist Review* and has given recently two or three public addresses in Rochester, of marked power.

Prof. Rogers has obtained during the last two months decisive proof of the radiation of heat between metals. This radiation takes place independently of the temperature of the air with which the metals are surrounded. The observations from which this result has been obtained have continued from the opening of the fall term to the present time, the observations of each day extending from 5 o’clock in the morning till 10 o’clock in the evening.

Thursday morning, Jan. 10, we listened to a lecture by Rev. Mr. Seward, pastor of the Unitarian church. Subject, “Recollections of a Student of Some of the Harvard Professors.” To say that it was interesting would be to describe it as we do any lecture, but all agree in pronouncing this lecture as “one of the few.” His description of Agassiz, Hill, and others, was such as could not fail to draw the attention of all, and we are glad that Mr. Seward came to this city while we are in college, so that we may hear more of him.

The *athletes* are practicing for the exhibition with a good deal of zeal so that we may expect a fine display of athletic performances. Prof. Adams has made out the work in hectograph copies, so that each member of the class in drill may know just what he is expected to do. The exhibition will occur Wednesday evening, Feb. 6. The Seniors will give an exhibition of fencing; the Juniors, wand drill; Sophomores, dumb bell exercise, and Freshmen, free hand movement. Some of Prof. Stophie’s pupils will use the boxing gloves, and many new features will be introduced, besides the usual contests on the parallel bars, horizontal bar, etc.

The Geology class think they are getting on to new points that will be of value to those who wish to make a specialty of the work.

One of the bright things was that Artesian wells were *discovered* near Artois. On all the rock specimens are painted figures to number them, on a dark background; one of these had received the latter part, but had escaped the notice of the one who numbered them, and consequently looked rather odd. The Professor had said something about obsidian when the specimen was passed around and one student, desirous to know all about rocks, asked if that "black stuff was obsidian." The Professor put on one of his characteristic smiles and said, "No, that's paint."

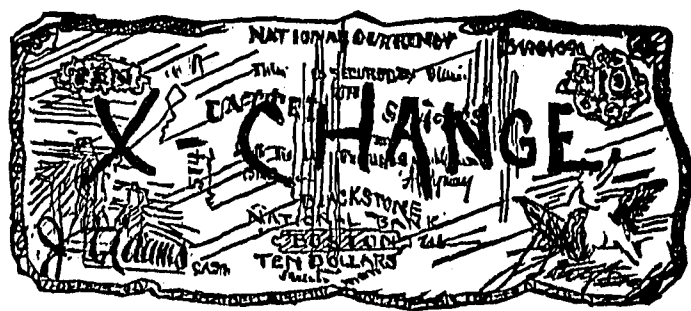
The *Kennebec Journal* devoted nearly two columns, in an issue last week, to Colby. Speaking of Colby's teachers it says: "Colby men make highly successful teachers. Scattered over the whole Union, they do much to spread the reputation of their alma mater. Their influence brings to Colby many students every year. This is well illustrated in the case of E. M. Collins, of the class of '82. Mr. Collins immediately after graduating engaged in teaching in Colorado, and as the result of his influence, the Colby campus has already welcomed three students from that western state." The *Journal* thinks that the success of the Colby men as teachers is due to the influence of the Professors to whom they recite. We can second all that has been said and add that flattering reports are received of those undergraduates engaged in teaching during the present term.

The western sky presented a most beautiful appearance to early risers on the morning of Jan. 14. At five o'clock it was almost difficult to convince one's self that the sun was not soon to rise in the west. There was a condensation of light at a point about 20 degrees north of west, but the whole sky was lighted for a distance of at least 40 degrees along the horizon and it could be distinctly traced to an altitude of about 25 degrees. The phenomenon was probably due to a conflagration at some point in the west, but it is remarkable that in a still air so great an extent of the sky should be lighted with a red so nearly resembling the first approach of dawn. During 5 h. 10 m. and 5 h. 15 m. the point of condensation certainly shifted back and forth several times over a range of at least 10 degrees, while streamers shot diagonally, both north and south of west,

to a height of 25 or 30 degrees, presenting a striking resemblance to the northern lights. The phenomenon was first noticed at 5 h. 0 m. At 5 h. 20 m. it had wholly disappeared.

The co-ed. reception was briefly mentioned in our last issue, but owing to lack of time we were prevented from giving a fuller description of it. Our friends at the Ladies' Hall always make a success of their receptions and surely this was not an exception, as all who attended can testify. No one is allowed to feel that he is a "wall-flower," but everyone is sure that he is the favorite and is made at once perfectly at ease. We noticed several of the Professors there, and one stated that he had kept count of the number to whom he had been introduced; when we left him he had met fifteen.

One group of fellows after leaving the Ladies' Hall went to another reception given by Miss Lang. Here they received a repetition of greetings for the New Year and the usual welcome and good cheer for which Miss Lang is noted. They arrived at the bricks at a late hour and report a happy time with the policeman on their way up. The most of them were very brave until they happened to think of their "plugs," which were quite numerous, when they thought it was a good plan to keep at a safe distance.



The *Bates Student* has few peers among college papers. It bears unmistakable marks of wise editors. The article in the December number on "Romola" is excellent.

The *Tech* for January carries off the palm. Its poem, entitled "In Old Louisburg Square," so nicely illustrated, together with its other subject matter, forms a fitting number for the beginning of the New Year.

One of our exchanges contains the following:

"The *Colby Echo's* place on our exchange list would not be well filled by any paper; it is one of our best exchanges and always contains interesting and instructive pieces."

The *Oracle* contains an outline for study in English History and Literature. It has the

merit of systematic arrangement and no doubt would be exceedingly beneficial to one, if his natural existence could be prolonged sufficiently to allow him to complete the course marked out.

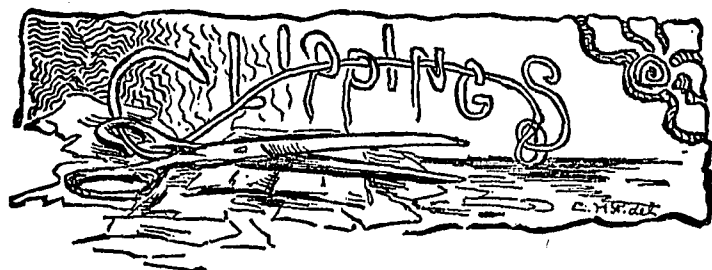
The *Coup D' Etat* is ever welcome and deserves a place among our best exchanges. It has in its last number a very suggestive editorial, the idea of which might be embodied in the words of Carlyle: "A man who cannot hold his peace till the time comes for speaking or acting is no right man." A communication in its columns with reference to daily class room marking contains what we regard a most judicious statement: "The desire to receive a good mark may have some influence upon the preparation and recitation of the lesson, but the true student looks beyond this and seeks only the good he may obtain by mastering the lesson according to his time and ability."

The first number of the *Collegian* is on our table. The design is very tasty and pleasing. The articles are such as to command the interest of all college men, alumni and undergraduates alike. The poems are bright and sparkling. The first article is written by Edward E. Hale. "The Influence of Athletics upon the Curriculum" is discussed in letters from the captains of the Columbia Crew, Dartmouth Eleven and Cornell Crew. The following is taken from the first:

"All men are not made the same. Some are so full of vital activity and animal spirits that they cannot bring themselves to 'grind,' day in and day out, but must have some vent for their pent-up spirits. They must either do this in dissipation or in some form of healthy exercise. It is far better to take this by some systematic method, such as training for any athletic contest necessitates, than in a desultory and haphazard manner, that some advocate in place of athletics. If a man knows he *must* go to his gymnasium every day at such and such a time, and do just so much work, or be 'left' on whatever he is trying, he will invariably comply; but if he intends taking a long walk, or something like that for exercise, he will not do so if it is raining or otherwise unpleasant. Few men can study continuously from the hour they enter college till the hour they leave; they must relax in some way. What can be better than at the same time to improve their bodies? At the average age of American college students their bodies are in exactly the same plastic condition as their minds, and can be formed in any shape in exactly the same manner. No

one disputes the very great advantage to a man in any walk of action or thought of a fine physique. And no one will have more time, nor at any time will so few hours' work a week make such a lifelong impression, as when at college, between the ages of twenty-one and seventeen."

The "Eclectic and Critical" department teems with comments on a large number of college magazines and has many interesting extracts from them. The editor says "There is nothing in the whole routine of the college editor that affords him a more undoubted pleasure than the reading of exchanges. Whether his chair be an easy 'sleepy hollow' or a stiff-backed, split-legged relic of former worth, we do not know. The zest remains the same, be the environments what they will."



It is rumored that there is an article in preparation for the *North American Review*, entitled "The Slow Set at Harvard," by a member of the university crew.

None of the college journals seem to have noticed the fact that Vassar and Wellesley have adopted the cap and gown. We are credibly informed that all the classes there wear them—at night.

The turbulent Freshman class at an Ohio college received several accessions after the holiday vacation. When the college assembled at prayers for the first time, the good president opened to the third psalm and read: "Lord! how are they increased that trouble me!"

The *Colby Oracle*, the annual of Colby University, grows year by year in size, literary excellence and in the popular esteem. The last issue has over two hundred pages, and while it is brimming over with fun, it contains none of the ill-natured and ungentlemanly flings at faculty and students alike, of which the society annuals are too often the medium.—*Mail and Express*.

Many peculiar translations are going the rounds in the college press and a few may not prove uninteresting: For instance, Virgil is

made to say in "Impositi rogis juvenes ante ora parentum," "And the boys were imposed upon by rogues in the very teeth of their parents." Another from the same source, "Hunc Polydorum auri," "A hunk of gold belonging to Polydoris." Horace fares little better when the verse "Parcus deorum cultos et infrequens" is rendered "The park of the gods were not frequently cultivated." Another one, "Exegi monumentum aera apparuit," "Venus appeared to him with a white vest on." Another from the historian, "P. Scipio equestri genere natus," "Publius Scipio was born at a horse race." Plautus also comes in for his share, as follows: "Telephum dives et lasciva puella occupavit," "The rich and lascivious maiden grasped the telephone." Here is one from a civil service reformer: "Homines sensus in officio contincant," "Let men of sense continue in office." "Virtus est vitium fugere," "Virtue is a vice to be shunned." Here are two renderings of apparently cognate origin: "Caesar bonas leges," "The bony legs of Caesar;" "Nunc veridi membra sub arbuto stratus," "He having now stretched his green limbs under the arbutus."



Exercise in translation—*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. Pleasant and unadulterated rum causes in an Irishman a constantly increasing desire for whiskey.

Construed: Dulce—pleasant;

et decorum—and unadulterated rum;

decorum—(de-cor—from the heart, *i. e.*, pure or unadulterated);

est—is; pro pat—for an Irishman;

ria mori—"rye and more rye," *i. e.*, a constantly increasing desire for whiskey.

Jones is a great admirer of the national game and knows as much about base ball as he does about some other things. He walked up street the other day with Smith, who is deeply inter-

ested in politics. "Well," said Smith, after they had exchanged opinions on the weather, "what do you think about admitting Dakota?" "Dakota, Dakota," muttered Jones, as though trying to recall something forgotten, and then said aloud, "Never have heard it mentioned. Have they ever had a first class team there? The league is about large enough, but then—" Just at this point they reached the corner and Smith turned down Cross street very abruptly and without even saying good-day. He looked so pleased all the way home that the neighbors thought he had drawn a prize in the Louisiana lottery.

"How Extensively are Dumb Animals Intelligent?" was the problem that the Boggsville farmers' club tried to solve at its last meeting. Several had given choice bits of information germane to the subject under discussion, and then, just as the president thought every one had finished and was preparing to invite the attention of the members to a consideration of a bill of \$3.07, presented by the janitor, Mr. Greenwood Wontburn, Uncle Goodyield Springtime, of No. Boggsville, arose. The old gent. shifted an extensive quid of tobacco so that it would be on more intimate terms with his two remaining teeth, kicked the cuspidore into easy range and proceeded to tell the results of recent observations on a flock of sheep. "Ye know Levi Windfall worked for me last summer, er, that is, he begun about the middle o' June, jest after my boy got hooked by that 'ere sparked steer Hi Benson let me have. Wall, naow, Levi is the marsterest hand to talk politics you ever seed in your life. He's a norful strong Dimmycrat, and nights at milkin' time he and my girl Sal would do some tall argyin'. My Sal kep' tellin' him that if Cleveland was 'lected farmers would hev' ter quit raisin' sheep and most likely would hev' ter kill 'em all off and salt 'em ter keep from starvin'. Levi couldn't make much of an answer to this and finally acknowledged that the Dimmycrats made a mistake in a-shovin' free wool inter their platform.

"Naow I pastered my sheep along o' the cows, this last summer, and let 'em come up nights into the yard. Up to the time Levi came to my place to work they were as peart lookin' sheep as you ever seed, but jest as soon as 'he and Sal commenced twittin' on politics

and Sal prophesied sich a turrible fate for all sheep, the hull flock got off their feed in no time. They didn't eat nothin' and acted for all the world like human pussons who have somethin' a-prayin' on their feelin's all the time. They kept growin' worse and worse, and jest 'fore 'lection they were the onerest lot o' mutton I ever set eyes on. When the news come that Grover had got snowed in, my gal did give it to Levi onmercifully and was so tickled that she did more hurrayin' than she did milkin'. When Sal fust whooped out 'Harrison's 'lected,' you orter seen them sheep act. Some on 'em blatted and kicked up their heels and one or two on 'em seemed overcome by their feelin's and laid down on their sides, and a contented look came into their eyes that I hadn't seen there all summer. The cutters hev' picked up amazin'ly in the last two months and now they look like other folkses sheep. Needn't nobody tell me that dumb beasts don't know nothin', for I know better."



'58.

Rev. B. F. Lawrence, of Pueblo, Cal., has received a call to the First Baptist church at Jefferson.

'61.

Albert P. Marble, Ph.D., is President of the National Teachers' Association, which meets this year at Nashville, Tenn., July 16—19.

'63.

Rev. C. M. Emery says it wants only \$7,000 more to make Hebron Academy "all right." So easy, only \$1 each for 7,000 men, and yet the money not paid.

'65.

Rev. Wm. T. Chase, D.D., now of Minneapolis, Minn., has received a call from the Ruggles Street Baptist church in Boston.

'70.

Rev. F. H. Eveleth, missionary to Burmah, is now in this country to regain his health. His address is Thorpe Place, Somerville, Mass.

'73.

Rev. David Webster, missionary to Burma, is now at Dumbarton, N. H.

'76.

Prof. A. W. Small represented Colby at the recent meeting of the National Economics Association in Philadelphia.

'80.

Rev. John E. Case, missionary, is now stationed at Myingyan, Burma.

'82.

John C. Ryder, late sub-master of the O'Brien School, has been elected to the mastership of the Mt. Vernon School, Boston.

'83.

Prescott I. Merrill has been elected Principal of the Eastport High School.

'84.

Rufus Moulton is connected with the Worcester, Mass., City Hospital.

Miss S. A. Curtis is State Secretary of the Woman's Mission Society.

Miss N. A. Bragg is teacher of Mathematics in the Roxbury High School.

'86.

L. C. Bridgham has returned to his medical studies.

Byron Boyd is Private Secretary to the Secretary of State.

'87.

Forrest Goodwin is a representative to the Legislature at Augusta.

I. O. Palmer has been elected Principal of the Wareham, Mass., High School, and S. H. Holmes takes his place in the Wiscasset High School.

'88.

Miss A. E. Sawtelle is visiting in town.

'89.

C. F. Megquier, who has been seriously ill, is recovering.

N. S. Burbank has resigned the pastorate of the Litchfield Baptist church.

'90.

J. E. Burke is teaching at Islesboro.

Miss Spear, who has been very sick with a fever at her home, is much better.

'92.

J. B. Foster preached at the Mt. Vernon Baptist church Sunday, Dec. 6.



CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.

Cassell's Family Magazine for February has for its frontispiece a beautiful copy in a terra-cotta tint of "A Girl's Face," after Greuze. It is a lovely thing and gives an unusually good idea of the original. The serial, "Mr. Trench, of Brasenose," is continued, and is followed by a paper from the pen of the author of "How to be Happy, Though Married." "Seeing, Reading and Thinking," is the title of this paper and the matter discussed is the relative value of these three things as sources of education. "Physical Training for Girls," is the title of a paper which illustrates its point with some spirited drawings. "Marie's Bridegroom" is a short story in two chapters which precedes a paper on the interesting subject, "How Children Come to Speak," in which the writer argues that the reason animals do not speak is not because they cannot make the proper sounds, or because they have not the power of oral expression, but because they have not intelligence enough to use it. All lovers of music will be interested in the paper called "Who Reared the Symphony," by Frederick J. Crowest, which is followed by the "Family Doctor's" monthly budget of good advice. The subject this month is on eating and the doctor argues that the civilized world suffers from over-indulgence, and recommends one day of fasting, or partial fasting every week in the year. "An Unsensational Ghost Story" follows this, then comes "A Leaf out of a Young Mother's Journal," which it is unnecessary to say will be read by every mother, young or old, who takes this magazine. Stories long and short, poetry, music, descriptive articles, fashion letters, papers on furnishing and an unusually full "Gatherer" go to make up a rich and full number of this magazine.—*Cassell & Co., New York, 15 cents a number, \$1.50 a year in advance.*

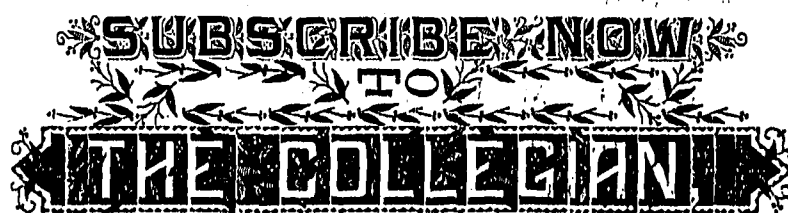
THE QUIVER FOR FEBRUARY.

"Christian Work Among the Cree Indians" is the title of the opening article in *The Quiver* for February, and this is followed by "A Sermon on Salt," by the Rev. Michael Eastwood. The serial, "Miss Hilary's Suitors," of which there is a previous installment, follows, and then we have a paper of a more purely theological nature on "God's Preventing Goodness." "Santa Claus at Clifton Cottage" is a very pretty story, which is followed by a paper on "The Joy of Christ." "On the Lake of Thun" is the title of a rather long poem, with illustration, by John Francis Waller. "The End of an Old Romance" brings us to a paper by Bishop Alexander on "The Seven Leaves of the Vine." Prof. Church's thrilling papers, "To the Lions," are continued, the Hon. Isabel Plunket writes of St. Colomb's Cathedral, Londonderry; Prof. Blaikie writes of "Presbyterians in Council." There is an illustrated paper on "Some Little-Known Biblical Treasures" and a bundle of "Short Arrows" of more than usual interest.—*Cassell & Co., New York, 15 cents a number, \$1.50 a year in advance.*

The *Magazine of Art* for February is a notable number. Its frontispiece is one that every American will want to cut out and frame the moment he sets his eyes upon it, for it is probably the best portrait of Mr. Gladstone that has ever been published. The original is Millais' painting and this has been reproduced by the photogravure process with remarkable accuracy. A few pages further on and we are given a paper on "Mr. Gladstone and His Portrait," by T. Wemyss Reid, which is illustrated with capital engravings from various portraits and caricatures, a full page being devoted to the portraits made by Watts in 1858. The opening paper of the number is a letter written in 1797 by John Flaxman, R. A., and never before printed. This is followed by the first of a series of papers on "The Isle of Arran," after which comes a poem by Algernon Charles Swinburne written in the Scotch dialect and supposed to be a Jacobite's farewell to his sweetheart in 1715. Some "Thoughts on our Art of To-Day," by Geo. Frederick Watts, R. A., are given, in which he takes occasion to speak pleasantly of a little work on art by Verestchagin, the Russian painter whose paintings are now on exhibition in this country. There is a paper on "Art in the Theatre" in general, followed by one on art in the theatre in particular, being a very timely description, fully illustrated, of Mr. Irving's recent revival of "Macbeth." "Art Education," an interesting paper by Wm. P. Frith, and "Illustrated Journalism in England; Its Rise," bring the magazine to a finish with the exception of the Notes, which are full and carefully prepared.—*Cassell & Co., New York, 35 cents a number, \$3.50 a year in advance.*

A New Feature in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.—The publishers of Webster have recently added to the Unabridged a "PRONOUNCING GAZETEER OF THE WORLD," containing over 25,000 Titles, briefly describing the countries, cities, towns, and natural features of every part of the Globe." It covers a hundred pages.

The Scientific American, published by Munn & Co., New York, presents weekly to its readers the best and most reliable record of various improvements in machinery, the arts, and the technical industries, while the scientific progress of the country can in no way be followed so well as by the regular perusal of its pages.



And we will send you the January number
FREE.

A Monthly Magazine of 100 Pages of interesting reading.

\$3 A year.—12 Numbers.

Sample copy sent on receipt of 25 cents in cash or postage stamps, Address,

THE COLLECIAN,

84 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON, MASS.