

The Colby Echo.

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No. 9.

The Colby Echo.

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YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY

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The attention of our subscribers and patrons is called to the fact that, for reasons good and sufficient to the managing editor in counsel with the editorial board, volume XIV of the ECHO, when completed, will contain only fourteen numbers—the same as volume XIII. However much we may regret this, our present financial condition leaves us no alternative.

THE Thanksgiving recess is come and gone, and the college halls ring again with glad-some sounds as friend greets friend. The mid-night air is no longer made dissonant with the discordant salute of horns, but jovial stories of "laid-out Profs." make glad melody as reports come in from the seat of war—that is the examination seat. If rumor is to be credited every one engaged in the last three days' fight in Memorial Hall covered himself with renown.

THE truth of the following paragraph is evident to every one who is acquainted with the history of the past term:

"The fall term just closed at Colby is probably the first in the history of the institution that has not been signalized by some act of hazing. Last September, when Dr. Small took the reins of government, he allowed it to be understood that there should be no more hazing at Colby. It was a bold position for a new president to take, and one that would have resulted in failure for a college officer less firm and less thoroughly in sympathy with the conditions of student life; but it has been maintained to the letter. Colby is to be congratulated on the disappearance of customs that all sensible persons of mature age regard either as barbarous or foolish, or both."—*Lewiston Journal*.

But it tells nothing of the response to Dr. Small's efforts on the part of the students. We students have given our president our hearty support, especially in the direction mentioned

by the *Journal*, not *only* however because he was the executor of law, *as such*, but also, and we believe it the more important reason, because his labors to make college life at Colby all that it ought to be have been seconded and appreciated by us.

A QUESTION "baffles us for the time being." Given a holiday called Xmas. If it occurs in the middle of the week, also called Xmas, what, or *who*, controls the length of the holiday? Shall it be twenty-four, forty-eight, seventy-two, ninety-six, or one hundred and twenty hours long? Any, who can solve this problem to the *satisfaction* of the students of Colby University, will receive their everlasting gratitude.

A Merry Christmas to all our readers!

THE Seniors have effected their class election. But the meeting has passed into history without a parallel—at least in Colby. '90 has been a unique class in many respects, but a class meeting for eight consecutive hours was an unlooked-for prominence.

ONE of our brethren in the editorial line sees fit to discourse upon the "Woman Question."

"The fate of woman in various ages has been a sad one. In the gloom of barbarous heathendom she was man's drudge and slave. In the glittering glamor of civilized heathendom she became his toy, subject to all his capricious lusts. Only in a truly Christian civilization has her rightful position as the helpmeet and companion of man been accorded her.

But now we seem to be going to the other extreme. Woman, it would appear, is to be man's master. Man is to stand back and let woman rule the world. The divine order that man shall be the head is set aside or ignored. Woman shall control the state, the church and the school. The present drift of affairs will certainly place man in an awkward predicament ere long. The saddest feature of the whole business is the position which woman's extravagant idea of her rights must necessarily lead her to take over against the inspired tenets of that religion which has placed her in the exalted place which she now occupies in Christian civilization."

To be sure brother editor! The last days have been represented as full of evil. False teachers will arise. Many will depart from the faith. We had always supposed however that man is to be the chief factor in all this. But we are glad to be set aright and to know that the burden of responsibility for it will pass to others' shoulders.

A GAIN we want to urge the adoption of a plan whereby the large number of college exchanges received every month by the ECHO can be made available to the whole student body. In these papers which come from every section of the country there is almost an endless variety of questions discussed and quite an endless variety of ideas advanced. Athletics, college government, courses of study, college fraternities, hazing, social life in and out of college, in short all questions in which college men are always interested, are thoroughly treated in every possible phase. Not only is the perusal of these various exponents of college life and of college sentiment interesting but it is profitable. We can get a great many new and useful ideas about almost every department of our own college life. New schemes are continually being tried in the large number of institutions represented on our exchange list, and it is worth our while to investigate the causes whereby these schemes succeed or fail.

The boys would be glad to read these papers if they only had the opportunity to do so. Now, why could not the furnishings of the reading room be re-enforced by a table on which the exchanges could be placed after they have been looked over by the editor who has charge of that department of the ECHO? The cost would be very slight and a very large number of college papers, which at subscription rates would amount to more than one hundred dollars, could yearly be placed at the disposal of the boys instead of being wasted as they are now. The days when the reading room and all it contained was considered the legitimate prey of the multitude, have passed and we feel sure that any step toward the increased attractiveness and usefulness of the reading room would be appreciated and respected by the students.

IN connection with the preceding editorial the ECHO gives a communication which explains our need of tables more fully, and at the same

time offers a reason why the need has not been supplied.

"MR. EDITOR,—It is known by the most of the students that an attempt has recently been made to induce the powers that rule over us to supply tables and chairs for our reading room. Several have asked why these have not been secured. If you will allow me space, I will try to explain to those to whom the request was made our reasons in asking for the tables, and to the students, why the request has not been granted.

First, we desire the tables so that we may have a place for the college publications which we receive in exchange for the ECHO. A large number of papers are received in this way, and, so far as the majority of the students are concerned, they are absolutely thrown away, because they go to the room of the exchange editor and are never seen again unless some one happens to call and come upon them by accident. All students are glad to get an opportunity to read these papers, but are deprived of the privilege simply because there is no place for them in our reading room.

Secondly, we desire the tables so that we may have a place for those periodicals which are purchased by the reading room association. It is a fact known only to a few that the association subscribes for, and receives each month, the *Century*, *Atlantic Monthly*, et al. I say known to a few of the students. I was in college more than a year before I knew it, or saw one of them. I have conversed with members of the Sophomore, and also of the Junior, class who were entirely ignorant of the fact. These periodicals come to the president of the association and, since there is no place for them in the reading room where they will be safe, they are taken to his room and kept until called for. Frequently they are never seen except by those who buy them at a reduced price, and thus receive the entire benefit of them. This is not a fault of the president of the association, nor of those who buy the magazines, but a necessary result of not having tables where they may be placed for perusal.

Thirdly, we desire the tables and chairs in order that our reading room may be made more attractive. This, I admit, is the least important reason of all, yet not without some weight.

Our request has not been granted because, it

is said, at some time, away back in the "barbarous ages" I presume, there were tables in the reading room, and they were removed because they were not used for the proper purposes. Very well; perhaps they were not; but we think, however, that this does not prove that such an improvement would not be appreciated at this period of our history. Recently, it should be remembered, there has been a small attempt at civilization, and as far as can be judged from present indications the attempt is bound to succeed. All that is now needed is, that the present sentiment among the better class of the students (and this better class includes nearly all) be backed by *'thus saith the president,'* and all improvement in this, or in any other, direction will be respected.

Only a word more explaining the nature and reasonableness of our request needs to be said. We asked that two tables be placed in the space, now unoccupied, at each end of the room, that they be fastened to the floor to overcome their mobility; also, that there be placed on each side of these tables, and fastened to the floor for the same reason that the tables should be fastened, a convenient number of stools. The tables fitted with the appliances for attaching magazines, together with the stools, would cost only between twenty-five and thirty dollars.

I have not thought it necessary to explain why the college, and not the reading room association, should make this much needed improvement. For I believe that those who have such matters in charge need only be assured that the improvement will be appreciated and respected, and they will be glad to grant the request for the same.

Very truly yours,
—"



THE OLD STORY OF THE INDIAN'S MEMORY.

ABOUT a mile from the populous and thriving city of — on the banks of the —, there stood within my remembrance a small, weather-beaten house without door or windows,

but still having about it a somewhat modern appearance. This small cottage was situated upon a rising mound, the grass in front extending down to the water's edge. There was but one room in it besides a small room in the attic; the huge chimney had fallen and the bricks nearly covered the floor. There was an open cellar beneath, the entrance to it being on the outside, where the ground sloped down gradually into it.

As I have said this was some distance from the city, and had not been occupied for many years. We boys used to wander down that way on warm summer afternoons and I saw and wondered at it so many times that I was much pleased one day to hear an interesting story connected with it.

Many years before, when diligent search might have revealed a few marauding Indians lurking about and no trace of the neighboring city had as yet appeared, a young man named John Churchill, with his wife and one child, had struck out into what was then the wilds of Massachusetts. He made his way up the Merimac a short distance until he found him a pleasant place to clear a spot for a home. Here but a few feet from the spot where the ruins of the old house now lie he hastily threw up a temporary shelter for himself and family.

Then he immediately went to work to build a small house, and being industrious and somewhat ingenious he soon had a pretty, comfortable home, the ruins of which I have attempted to describe. The lumber for his humble mansion he was obliged to bring up the river a distance of some five miles.

Here then they lived in perfect happiness for three or four years. John was occupied in tilling the soil, cutting down trees or in some way or other endeavoring to improve and enlarge his little farm, while his wife found ever-increasing delight in attending to her domestic duties and in teaching their only daughter, who had now grown to be a girl of ten or twelve years.

One afternoon Churchill was busy at work in the garden when he heard a rifle shot. This sound was somewhat unusual, except when caused by his own rifle, so he started at once in the direction of the sound. He had gone but a few steps when he came upon a young Indian, lying apparently dead. He went up to him and finding him still breathing, though insensible,

he carried him as quickly as possible to the house. Placing him upon the bed and proceeding to an examination of his wound, which in his haste to bring him to the house he had not done before, he found a bullet had passed through his neck. Careful nursing for two weeks by both John and his wife restored the young brave to his usual strength. He had been shot, he said after his recovery, in a quarrel, and with rough but sincere thanks left his preservers, reminding them, as he disappeared towards the forests, that an Indian never forgot.

* * * *

Several years passed away and the affair had been almost forgotten. One evening in winter, as they were sitting about the cheerful open fire, footsteps were heard without and in a few moments a rap was heard at the door. Churchill, though by no means a timid man, before opening the door inquired what was wanted. A voice answered him requesting admission, and strangely enough, though he had neither seen nor heard anything of the Indian for years, he recognized the voice of the wounded man whose life he had saved.

The Indian upon being allowed to enter explained in a few hasty words that he had come with three others of his tribe to demand Churchill's daughter as a wife for their chief, who was one of the party. He said however that he was ready to save her, but that the only way he could do it was to remain quietly in the house until they had made their escape through the cellar to the river and into their boat. He added that he had come on this expedition thinking he might have an opportunity to repay them and that he had easily persuaded the chief to allow him to enter the house first, on the pretext that he would frighten them into concession.

With the prospect before them of losing their daughter, Churchill and his wife were not slow in making their escape to the river, which they were fortunate enough to reach without being noticed. They took with them the little pile of money which they had saved and a few other things which they most valued, and made their way down the river to the town about five miles away, where they were accustomed to trade. Here they found friends to keep them.

While they felt sorry to leave their old home, where they had been so many years, still they were glad to return to a place where they might see a human being oftener, and where they

might give their daughter the privileges of a better education.

Their trusty friend, the Indian, they afterwards learned, was murdered by his companions for what they deemed treachery. Everything in the house was destroyed but it itself was left standing.

Even at this day any one who may be fortunate enough to become acquainted with John Churchill's great-granddaughter, a charming young girl of 19 summers, living in —, may hear the same story from her own lips if he can only win her favor.

M. L. Miller.

A DAY IN THE WOODS.

WHEN I was about fifteen years old, I was afflicted with a species of malady which seems to be inevitable to every rightly constructed boy. The disease I speak of was a burning desire to possess and use a gun.

At the age of sixteen I was presented, by my father, with one of the much-coveted articles, and from that time I passed all my spare time in the woods in search of the shy partridge or long-eared rabbit.

Soon after receiving my gun I formed the acquaintance of a man who afterward became the companion of all my hunts. He was a middle aged man and had passed many days in the woods, until he thoroughly understood them and the habits of the shy creatures which live in their leafy depths.

A few days since, as I was looking over the pages of a diary, kept during my sixteenth year, I happened upon a few jottings under the date of Nov. 2, 18—. These jottings recalled the events of a day spent in the woods, the very thoughts of which, even now, cause the blood to circulate more rapidly.

I well remember the day; it was one of those clear-cut early winter, or rather late fall, mornings. A few inches of snow had fallen during the night and when I arose at six o'clock, the ground looked as though it had just donned a clean suit of white.

How my heart bounded with delight! It was Saturday and there was no school. George (that was the name of my companion) and I had planned the night before to start early and to make a day of it. The evening had been cloudy and we had looked with longing eyes at the heavens in hope that it would snow a little. And sure enough it had snowed; just the kind

of a day we would have ordered if the choice had been ours.

By seven o'clock we were well on our way to the woods. Our dogs "Spot" and "Jim" jumped and barked around us as though they fully realized that a day of rare fun was in store for them. They were hounds with slim bodies and long ears.

As we walked along the road we could feel the cool, bracing air filling our lungs and driving the lazy blood swiftly through our veins. Soon we were in sight of the woods, and as we mounted a hill within a quarter of a mile of them, we both stopped to take breath and to gaze upon the beautiful scene before us.

The line of woods stretched away for miles; the deciduous trees had long since shed their leaves and the oaks and maples stood naked and desolate, pointing with their long skeleton branches to the sky. But the evergreens, the pines, spruces and hemlocks were clad in their dark coats of green. The snow lay lightly upon them and as the rays of the morning sun shone upon them they sparkled like a forest of diamonds. A light breeze caused the branches to move slightly and at the same time bore the odor of the woods to our nostrils. Even the dogs felt the exhilarating effects of the scene, for they began to whine as if eager to be on the scent.

In a few minutes we were within the woods and following an old wood road which led to a swamp, the favorite resort of Jack Rabbit. We were obliged to watch our dogs carefully and to command them to "trail" or they would have bounded away on the fresh tracks of fox or rabbit which were plainly to be seen in the light snow.

The swamp was about two miles from the edge of the woods and we had made about half that distance when we saw some fresh partridge tracks, which crossed the road and entered the woods at the edge of a small clearing, partly covered with low scrub and young evergreens. We lifted the hammers of our guns simultaneously and proceeded cautiously forward in the direction of the tracks; George was behind, holding the dogs in check. When about three rods from the road I thought I saw the objects of our search under a monster spruce which grew on the very edge of the clearing. Stooping down and cautiously crawling forward, I soon saw four of these wary birds huddled to-

gether in a slight hollow at the foot of the tree. I had a good opportunity to observe them as they stood there with necks stretched out and wings half open just ready to fly, for they had heard my step as I approached. One of the four was a male bird as was evident by the crest of feathers on his head. He was also darker than the others, his plumage bordering upon the slate, while that of the female bird is lighter.

They looked very pretty as they stood there at the foot of the great spruce which spread out its branches as if to protect them. Soon one of the female birds espied me and, spreading out the feathers of her tail like a fan, she commenced running. The others quickly followed and were in a fair way to get off unharmed, when I fired and killed two as they ran; a thing I never could do before though I had often tried. My joy was so great at the sight of the two birds flopping about that I did not hear the report of George's gun, and I only looked up from admiring their fat bodies and fine plumage at the sound of his voice. He had watched the result of my shot and as the other two birds flew across the clearing, he had shot the male bird on the wing. Thus we had three partridges and quite a respectable bag they made too. I was as proud as an Eastern king as I started after my companion with the two birds in my bag.

Ah! those were happy days and as I sit in my room in college I sometimes cease from trying to analyze the eleventh section of Whately on "Energy," or the vain endeavors to twist my jaws to sound the French *u*, and shutting my eyes I think of the careless days I passed with my dog and gun; when my highest ambition was to shoot on the wing and my chiefest delight the sight of game brought down at the pull of my trigger.

Soon we arrived at the swamp where we loosed the dogs. It is a curious fact that the rabbit lives in a swamp instead of on the higher ground as one might suppose. We took our station in the road and prepared to make a quick shot as the rabbits crossed the road, pursued by the dogs.

As a rule "Bunny" stays at home during the day, getting his food during the night. As I stood in the road listening to the whining of the dogs as they searched for a fresh scent, I could see the twigs of an alder which had been gnawed by the rabbits during the previous night.

Looking into the swamp I could see hundreds of little paths worn by the rabbits. A practiced eye can tell which of these paths is most worn and after a few hunts I could tell pretty nearly which one a rabbit would take when pursued by the dogs.

As I stood there looking carefully around me, I heard the loud bark of "Spot." I knew she did not speak in vain and soon Jim broke in with a roar. A bush stirred behind me and I turned just in time to see a big rabbit go flying across the road, followed the next instant by another. Another second and the dogs came bounding down; they had both caught the scent and were now making the forest ring with their deep melodious baying.

Another curious thing about the rabbit is that when pursued he invariably runs in a circle, so that if one can only ascertain where the chase has passed, he needs but to station himself there and he will surely get a sight of the game. This is true also of the red fox, the subtle "Reynard" as he is called, though he runs in a much larger circle.

After listening to the dogs a few minutes, I judged they were turning and that the chase was drawing near, so I placed myself in such a way that if the rabbit crossed the road I could not help getting a shot at him. Soon the report of George's gun rang out and while I was wondering if he had shot anything, I heard the sound of rapid running in the bushes just ahead, and in less time than it takes to write it, a strapping big fellow, white as the snow over which he seemed to fly, came bounding into the road. I was ready for him and at the flash of my gun he rolled over in the snow. The dogs came tearing through the bushes and would have torn him in pieces if I had not driven them away.

Time forbids that I should dwell longer on the incidents of that day's hunt. We came out of the woods at dark with three partridges, four rabbits and a coon, which George shot at the foot of a hollow tree in which it lived.

Often since that time have I had the satisfaction of seeing some cherished plan fulfilled, but that satisfaction was tame and paltry compared with the eager excitement I felt at the sight of game and the fresh, wild thrill of delight as it fell before my aim. I know of no medicine superior to a tramp in the forest. With cares aside one may there seek the good old-fashioned

remedies of mother nature; he may breathe in the elixir of life from the vast distillery of the woods. These remedies are beneficial to tired Prof., languid student and careworn merchant alike. I would advise them each and all to try a few doses of "A day in the woods."

J. A. Gilman



Vacation.

Thanksgiving.

"Now expand."

"Glad to see you back."

"That 'pinano' is mine."

"Did you see that beetle?"

"That will do, Mr. Foster."

"Crib" is now the popular game.

Have you got your term bill yet?

"What did you have for dinner?"

Your theses for last term are now due.

Frank Nye spent Thanksgiving in town.

Prof. Mathews spent his vacation in Boston.

Campbell made good use of the early sleighing.

There are some papers that are not fit to be read.

Sam is opposed to the adoption of the new ballot system.

Tim. is teaching a class in astronomy in his district school.

G. O. Smith is suffering from the effects of a fall on the ice.

Beverage, '87, spent his vacation in special study with Prof. Bayley.

Bonney represented Colby at the reception and ball of the Canibas Club.

Carl and Tate, our noted reporters, occupied distinguished positions at the recent term of court.

The *Oracle* board is made up as follows: Cary, Miller and Wyman, '90, Leadbetter and Dick, '91.

Cuts and electrotypes of the Shannon Observatory will be printed in the annual publica-

tion of the Astronomical Society of the Pacific coast.

Spencer has just recovered from a severe attack of gout, that enemy to the happiness of great men.

Graves was somewhat surprised to find a letter in his P. O. box addressed to the Undertaker of Waterville.

The Sophs. have become tired of gum and the toughest of them have taken up with a child's tobacco—licorice.

Dunbar is with us once again and will remain if his eyes permit. He is needed at the Institute as a director of their new society.

Judging by the number of Colby boys at the recent term of court the legal profession has its due percentage of followers among us.

One of the poor unfortunates who *stayed in* during vacation lost the run of the days of the week and was found hopelessly inquiring, "What day is it?"

Wadsworth has left a fine position at Winthrop, to renew his search for knowledge. No doubt the studious habits of his class will be an inspiration to him.

The history classes are urged to make liberal use of the library. They will need to take the proffered advice if they are to keep up the work marked out for them.

The movement of Bates towards securing better accommodations for Y. M. C. A. is worthy of emulation. We need very much a new, cheerful room for our meetings.

Prof. Rogers spent vacation in Peabody, Mass., making final tests of a circular and line graduating engine that has been constructed under patents secured by him.

A sufficient number of the boys attended the High school sociable to give tone to the occasion. They report an excellent entertainment and a pleasant social at the close.

The Juniors are looking up their friends who are type writers. The successful ones will not forget the admonition, "Have them addressed to me if your debates are copied out of town."

The Junior "debates" will be due the first Thursday in January. The same will be passed in (?) on the first Saturday of the month. It is important that no mistake be made in this matter.

Perhaps it is unnecessary to remind the fellows of the meetings of the Y. M. C. A. The meeting on Thursday evening is worthy the attention of all and is becoming more and more popular.

It is well-nigh time that class elections were freed from all society influence. The feeling that exists in each of the classes now in college is detrimental to the best interests of both college and class.

F. T. Johnson and C. H. Dodge have returned to college, after more than a year's absence. The former will drop from '90 to '92, while Dodge will join the ranks of the numerous Freshmen.

The fellows hailed with pleasure the second visit of Sam Small. It is sufficient to say concerning him that he fully sustained the high reputation which he made for himself on his preceding visit.

The ladies of the college gave a candy party at "The Hall," Nov. 30. The impromptu entertainment embraced among other things a mock trial, which was a very unique affair and highly amusing.

Junior—"Ah, Senior, what blacked your eye?"

Senior—"Single stick. What smashed your chin?"

Junior—"Single stick."

A Senior thus expresses himself: "This term it will be misery, starvation and death. I shall study hard enough to be miserable, lose enough breakfasts to cause starvation, and fail so in 'exams.' that death will follow."

Did you ever hear of a "whisker trust?" No? Well, that is what the Juniors call their agreement to raise beards, or, rather, not to shave for a few days or weeks. Already several of the men have *razed* theirs.

Editorials on admonitory subjects are seldom heeded, but the one on sociability is certainly an exception to the rule. It appeared in the ECHO of Saturday, and on Sunday Sam ('93) attended church accompanied by *seven* ladies.

Bassett and Mathews will take the place, on the ECHO staff, of Johnson and Caldwell, during the winter term. Dell is to teach, while Johnnie has secured an "honorary" position, as secretary to a prominent government official at the capitol.

Professors Taylor and Warren will represent the faculty on the much talked of conference committee. All the members have now been elected and all that is needed is organization. This should furnish at least one more item for the Campus.

J. R. Mott, an International College Secretary, visited our Y. M. C. A. toward the close of last term. Two meetings were held by him, one of which should be fruitful in results. We refer to his talk on methods of work, which was a very instructive, helpful one.

The thin coating of ice that covered the river for a few days was used to good advantage. The first game of polo was characterized by the regular number of falls and the ever interesting side issue, a contest of tongue and stick with the juvenile element of our foreign population.

The work of the new term moves harmoniously along. All the Profs. are in usual good health and are more eager than ever to get good, solid work out of each class. We see no reason why the term should not prove highly successful in all the departments of our work.

The carpenters at work on the new building are becoming acquainted with our methods of work. The other day three fellows were surprised to find the door locked against them. The man whom they saw enter before them was probably surprised in turn when he found himself locked in.

It is to be regretted that the president of the "Anti-Feminine Society" has been disqualified for office. Such a blow was wholly unexpected by the members of the young and promising society of which he was so important a member. Possibly a worthy successor can be elected from the Freshman class.

Sam should not *spring* it on us so suddenly. It is decidedly jarring to our natures to be unceremoniously hustled by a chapel door acted upon by a patent appliance. But we will get used to it, even though it disturbs the hats of the unsuspecting co-eds as they follow one another to morning service.

President Small read a paper before the fall meeting of the Maine Historical Society on "The Premises and Method of American Constitutional History." Dr. Burrage, of *Zion's Advocate*, also read an article on "The Beginnings of Waterville College," and gave a sketch

of the life of our first president, Rev. Dr. Chaplin.

First Junior—"Say, old boy, have you seen Fake?"

Second Junior—"No, what is the matter with him?"

First Junior—"Oh, nothing, only he has got his thesis done—thirty-four hundred words—happiest fellow you ever saw."

The walls of the observatory have been erected under the personal supervision of Hurd, Miller and Smith, of '90. Pease and Cottle claim to have devoted considerable time to the inspection of the work. We are pleased to announce that all the gentlemen regard the building as "admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was intended."

The Freshmen are so orderly and regular in all their doings that they have not even been assigned definite seats in their quarter. This is hardly as it should be for, though guileless now, there may come a time when they will endeavor to persuade the monitor that the absences marked against them are explainable on the ground of change of location.

It is quite the popular thing to partake of a "home made stew" before retiring at night. A pint of oysters, or clams, a pint of milk, a pound of crackers, a pinch of salt, and an iron spoon furnish the material for a repast that amply satisfies two hungry souls. An oil stove is an essential that should be added to the above, but Cohen uses a frying pan over hot coals.

The Prof. evidently intended the connection to be plain, but this is the way his typewriter arranged it: "Dr. Small's lectures. I wish to acknowledge once for all my constant use of these admirable lectures. Cf. the sarcasm of Dante's Inferno, 19—90: 'I pray thee tell me how great a treasure our Lord demanded of St. Peter first before he put the keys into his keeping.'"

The interest which centred in the Yale-Princeton contest, on Thanksgiving day, indicates clearly that there are men here who are admirers of foot-ball and who would give their support to a home team. While it is useless to talk of a team this year, or next, yet the time will surely come, and that too in the near future, when Colby will win honors in sports other than base ball.

First Freshman Co-ed—"I met Mr. C. on the street today and would not recognize him."

Second Freshman Co-ed—"Why not?"

First F. C.—"Because he had a cigarette in his hand."

The above is not manufactured, but a real incident that occurred on our streets. Query—Is the act an evidence of "upishness" or of genuine opposition that will be continued in maturer years?

The annual Athletic Exhibition, which will occur at the close of the term, should be made a success. In order to do this it will be necessary for all who have any pride, or even the smallest degree of interest in our standing in this direction, to give early attention to the practice of their particular parts. Let us have an exhibition worthy of support from the town, one that will bring a few dollars into the ever-empty treasury.

Sam gave his usual Thanksgiving dinner to the students who remained in town and *were not otherwise provided for*. The feast was, like all that have preceded it, a royal one. Sam was in his best mood. His jokes were good and his confidential remarks on professors and classes were well timed. He does not understand how Prof. Rogers can "swell a piece of steel by keeping it in an awful hot room." All his 'sperience in machine shops tends to show him that the action of heat on steel is extremely slow. He says the Prof. burns more wood than all the others put together.

It is claimed by a few pessimistic cranks, who never see good in anything, that the college spirit of former days has left us and that we are rapidly degenerating. They have even grown so bold as to declare that musicians do not think of coming to Colby now that the famous glee club is a thing of the past. We admit the first, with qualifications, and regret that such is the case. The latter statement we utterly disbelieve and, to prove that it is untrue, submit the following information: In one division of North College your ears are greeted, at all hours of day and night, by the strains of melody from three guitars, one cornet, two banjoes, one flageolet, one flute, one humstrum and Tim's violin. If you add to the above list a spring chair that can be made to squeak in a most diabolical though scientific manner, and a rehearsing clergyman, with a cracked voice, you

will not longer doubt the musical ability of one corner, at least, of our college.

The following are the names and addresses of some of the men who will be absent from college during the term:

'90—C. W. Averell, King's Mills; A. B. Patten, Springfield; W. C. Whelden, Franklin.

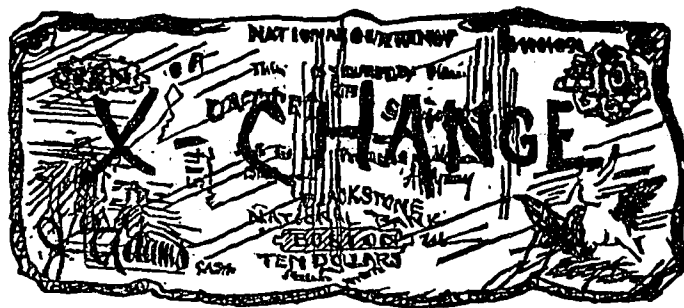
'91—A. F. Caldwell, Northport; R. L. Ilsley, Northport; F. W. Johnson, Augusta; C. F. Leadbetter, Wayne; H. R. Purington, Richmond.

'92—E. L. Chaney, Livermore; C. O. Chipman, Alfred; W. N. Donovan, Springfield; H. L. McCann, N. Wayne; F. B. Nichols, Round Pond; E. F. Osgood, Ellsworth.

'93—N. G. Foster, Webb; John Butterfield, No. Chesterfield; E. L. Torrey, Dixfield; S. L. Shearid, Biddeford; L. P. Neal, East Madison; I. C. Hight, Harmony; S. D. Graves, South Thomaston.

The Senior exhibition occurred on Nov. 20. The articles, while short, were of unusual interest because they dealt with every-day topics in a common-sense manner. Notable among the productions of the evening was that on the Race Question, by Simpson. It was an able article in every sense of the word, and the speaker well merited the hearty applause which the house so abundantly bestowed upon him. The article by Miss Spear, on "Imagination in Literature," was one of the best. The Junior parts were of a high order of excellence. The programme:

MUSIC.	PRAYER.	MUSIC.
*Latin Version from the Greek of Demosthenes,	NORMAN LESLIE BASSETT.	
National Education,	HUGH ROSS HATCH.	
Imagination in Literature,	CORNIE MAYNARD SPEAR.	
	MUSIC.	
*Greek Version from the Latin of Cicero,	ARTHUR KENYON ROGERS.	
Province of College Journalism,	ELWOOD TAYLOR WYMAN.	
*English Version from the French of Jules Grevy,	FRANKLIN WINSLOW JOHNSON.	
	MUSIC.	
*French Version from the English of John Stuart Mill,	EMELINE MARBLE FLETCHER.	
Elia,	GEORGE NORTHRUP HURD.	
Facts Concerning the Race Question,	JOSHUA BAKER SIMPSON.	
	MUSIC.	
*Junior Parts.		



Our exchanges come to us this month loaded with foot-ball notes. Some are exulting over victory, others are trying to explain defeat and all have suggestions in abundance for the future. Even the staid *Bates Student* indulges in a dissertation upon the joys and sorrows of foot-ball and ends with the modest prediction that Bates will sometime have an all-conquering team. Colby must take her place in the procession next year, no matter what may be the cost in broken noses and sprained ankles.

Last year the Pope of Rome was pleased "to erect the University of Ottawa to the rank of a Catholic University," and the last number of the *Owl* is entirely devoted to an account of the inauguration which recently took place, together with the unveiling of the Tabaret statue, erected in honor of a former president of the institution who had been most instrumental in its upbuilding. The exercises were of the most interesting character, but were overcast with gloom because of the tragic death of Judge Oliver, president of the alumni, who died a very few moments after he had finished his response to a toast assigned him at the banquet.

We notice that the *University Monthly* has lately added to its editorial staff one of the lady members of the college. Other co-educational institutions have done the same thing and we are of the opinion that the *ECHO* would not be of less interest if representation on its board of editors were granted to the ladies of Colby.

W. F. Sewall in the *Tuftonian* makes a savage attack upon our venerable friend—Greek. Mr. S. thinks the study of Greek not only useless but positively injurious, and characterizes it as a "College fetich," and exhorts us to no longer bow down and worship it. The essay is readable but we doubt if its arguments prove convincing in many cases.

We insert a portion of an editorial in the *Campus* which we are sure voices the sentiments of the poor unfortunates here in Colby who, using the bill board as a medium, are continually acquainting the college public with the

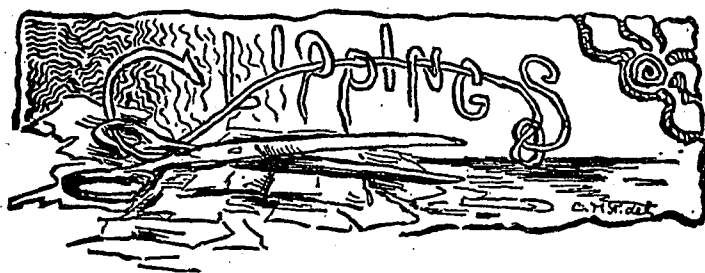
extent of their material losses. Colby kleptomaniacs, however, do not have the courtesy to leave an old umbrella or an old pair of rubbers in place of the newer articles which they appropriate. They leave a man only the sad recollection of that which once was his.

"We do not wish to say that there are thieves among the students of the University of Rochester. 'Thief' is a hard word. 'Kleptomaniac' may be more euphemistic, yet we would prefer not to make use of that covered by-road to the truth. But when a person finds a pair of last year's rubbers where he left a new pair, when by some mystery of prestidigitation his oxidized silver-handled umbrella is changed into a rickety frame-work of rattan covered with tarpaulin, when his new Dunlap is replaced by something blocked out on a scraggly pine stump, and whose brim is frayed like a tattered ensign, he would fain recite one of Bjoernestern Bjoernsen's poems till the firmament loosens and rolls together like a scroll. No euphemisms then! filcher, pilferer, pirate, guerrilla! anything expressive of foul, nasty, niggardly, squalid, diabolical sneak thieving."

The *Polytechnic*, published monthly by the students of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute of Troy, N. Y., has a long account of a flag rush, which is without exception the most blood-curdling college "scrap" we ever read of. According to the rules governing rushes of the kind the Freshmen must unfurl their flag within three miles of the Institute and if it remains undisturbed for twenty-four hours the Freshmen win the rush, but if the Sophomores discover the bunting and are able to haul it down they win the rush. In the recent affair at Troy the Freshmen chartered a tug and sailed up the Hudson with their colors flying. Of course the Sophomores secured another tug and went after them. The Freshman craft drew less water than any which the Sophomores could secure so the '93 men, thinking discretion the better part of valor, kept in shoal water for a whole day and though the Sophomores, by means of row boats, approached the Freshman stronghold in large numbers, yet they were unable to board it. After the required time had passed the Freshmen landed, secured a brass band and began to parade the streets. The Sophomores proved more than a match for the Freshmen on *terra firma*. With clubs and knotted ropes they put to flight the Freshmen, the musicians and even the whole Troy police force, which had turned out to preserve order. The account of

the affair as it appears in the *Polytechnic* is certainly very amusing.

The *College Transcript* has some very interesting matter that we would be glad to notice at length, did space permit. Among the exchanges with which we are specially pleased we may mention the *Weekly University Courier*, published by the students of Kansas University, and the *Hamilton College Monthly*, edited by young ladies. The *Brunonian*, *Tuftonian*, *Williams Weekly*, *Lafayette* and other papers of their class need no repeated mention of their excellencies.



The Chautauqua Literary Circle boasts of 27,000 members in Japan.

At St. Joseph's Academy elocution is taught by means of a phonograph.

The Princeton Glee club will visit Florida during the Christmas season.

A \$20,000 building is being built for the Y. M. C. A. at Johns Hopkins University.

Japan has thirty-one schools of medicine, one of dentistry and two of veterinary surgery.

Johns Hopkins proposes to apply for admission to the Intercollegiate Lacrosse League.

A Cornell Architectural Sketch club has been organized for the advancement of original designs.

Over 600 teachers are attending the course in Pedagogy at the University of the City of New York.

The rowing tank in the Yale gymnasium has been filled with water, and will soon be ready for use.

The Harvard Freshman foot-ball team played with the Yale Freshman eleven at New Haven, Nov. 30.

Harvard has one hundred and eighty-nine courses of study; Ann Arbor two hundred and forty-two.

A base ball team is to be organized soon at Johns Hopkins and the men will train during the winter.

Ex-Minister Phelps, on the first of January next, will again take his chair among the professors of Yale.

Edward Bellamy, author of "Looking Backward," was a member of the class of '68 of Union College.

The Intercollegiate Lacrosse League is composed of teams from Princeton, Harvard, Lehigh and Stevens Institute.

The \$250,000 building erected by Miss Mary Garrett for the new college for women in Baltimore is almost completed.

The faculty of Harvard is considering seriously the advisability of reducing the college course from four to three years.

The new building of the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York, is the largest and handsomest of the kind in the world.

At Harvard the number of Seniors is 279; Juniors, 244; Sophomores, 282; Freshmen, 324; specials, 143, making a total of 1,272.

President Adams of Cornell has resigned his professorship of history and will henceforth devote himself entirely to administrative work.

A "Woolsey" professorship in Biblical Literature has been founded at Yale, and Prof. William R. Harper has been chosen to fill the chair.

The faculty of De Pauw has decided that the system of prizes and prize contests is vicious and discourages all efforts to increase the prize list.

The Freshman class at Yale will soon be examined in the compulsory dumb-bell exercise. The men will be examined in nineteen movements.

It has been decided to make the term of the full course of electrical engineering two years, and that of the special course one year, at Columbia.

Vassar would like to have its new gymnasium ready for the opening of its athletic season this November, but needs \$2,000 more to complete the building.

One hundred and one colleges were represented by delegates at the Northfield convention. Japan sent twenty men and Great Britain a like number.

The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have decided to open an "annex." Col. J. M. Bennett kindly donated property adjoining

the university, upon which will be erected a college building for the ladies.

The American school in Athens stands outside the city, about a mile from the palace of the king. From its roof can be seen the most famous places in Greek history.

Illinois Wesleyan has been offered a farm valued at \$12,500 provided that the faculty raise \$25,000 additional by January 1, 1893. The offer was accepted and the money will be raised.

"I am glad of every college that is endowed, no matter who endows it. Every institution of learning increases the culture, which I believe will build up the government of this great country of ours, under which all are free and equal."
—James G. Blaine.

The very latest application of the electric motor is in salmon fishing. A small motor, worked with a pocket battery, is to be used to run the reel of a salmon fishing-rod and play the unruly inhabitant of the water by motor force instead of by hand.



Oh, the whiskers will grow long
In Colbi,
Oh, the whiskers will grow long
In Colbi.
Oh, the whiskers will grow long,
For they'll not cut them at all
Won't the whiskers then grow long
In Colbi?

CHARGE OF THE "WHISKER BRIGADE."

Whiskers to right of them,
Whiskers to left of them,
Whiskers in front of them,
Grew and looked horrid.
Scorned now with laugh and yell,
Boldly they grew and well;
Into the class room work,
Into society's swell,
Strode the twelve Juniors.

Prof. of German—"Mr. W., please translate, I went down street yesterday to buy a cane."

Mr. W.—"Do you want me to translate it into English?"—*College Student.*

"Mr. C., you may discuss the process of digestion." "The food is taken into the mouth

and masticated and then passes down the Erie canal." "That is sufficient, Mr. C."—*Dickenson Liberal*.

Prof.—"You shouldn't yoke the horse and the ass together; it doesn't make a good team." Student unconsciously thinks of the many times he has been with his "horse," but isn't quite sure of the truth of the statement.—*Tech*.

Mr. Burdette has concluded that "The eminent scientist who discovered that heat is only a mode of motion, did it by sitting on a hot stove in the dark. The motion he discovered was a motion to adjourn, carried by a rising vote."—*College Transcript*.

Class in history.

Prof.—"What are constitutional changes, Miss Blank?"

Miss Blank (hesitatingly)—"Why-er"—(suddenly brightening)—"Why, constitutional changes are changes in the constitution, of course."—*Vassar Miscellany*.

Prof.—"Are you prepared this morning, Mr. —?"

Junior—"Yes, sir; kind of prepared."

Prof.—"Please explain what you mean by 'kind of prepared.'"

Junior—"Well, I thought that between myself and yourself we might make a recitation."

Prof.—"That will do, thanks."—*University Mirror*.



'46.

Hon. Josiah H. Drummond, LL.D., recently delivered a lecture before the Portland law students, on Corporation Law.

'49.

Hon. Mark H. Dunnell has been elected to the Fifty-Sixth Congress.

'50.

E. Hunt, LL.D., has been elected superintendent of the schools of Medford and Winchester, Mass.

'59.

Hon. A. E. Buck has received an appointment as U. S. Marshal in Georgia.

'73.

Lieut. J. H. Philbrick, U. S. A., has been appointed adjutant on the colonel's staff.

'75.

Rev. S. A. Read has accepted a call to go to Agawam.

'81.

Rev. Isaac W. Grimes, formerly of West Springfield, Mass., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Pittsfield, N. H.

'83.

Rev. H. H. Manser, of Wales, Mass., has accepted a call to the pastorate at East Jaffrey, N. H.

'89.

Chas H. Pepper was in town recently. He intends to spend the winter in Augusta, pursuing his art studies.

'90.

A. B. Patten is preaching at Springfield, Me., this winter.

E. G. Walker has been elected principal of the Skowhegan High School.

W. C. Whelden has a good position as principal of the Franklin, Me., High School.

'91.

F. W. Johnson is clerk for Franklin county on the Valuation Commission now in session at Augusta.

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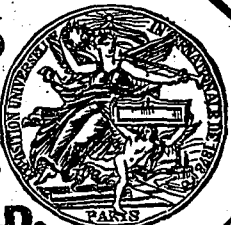
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