

# The Colby Echo.

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## The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY

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SENTIMENTALITY is a product of a weak mind. But one may have sentiment without indulging in sentimentality. Certain seasons of the year and indeterminate moods of one's individuality seem favorable to the revel of sentiment. The death of one year and the birth of another usually fulfil the conditions which favor sentiment; and it is at this time that one humors his tendency to retrospection and reflection.

We may, then, be pardoned if we recall to the minds of our readers the words of Franklin which have been surging through our own mind during this period of transition from the old to the new; "Dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of."

THE American civilization seems rushing onward at express-train speed, by natural law gathering impetus and momentum with each decade of the revolving years. For this very reason, each succeeding year is of much more importance than the preceding one; so in regard to the successive decades and centuries. This present decade, only now incipient, will equal in quality of years two decades of a hundred years ago, a century of Socrates' time, and a millennium of Methuselah's. Into it we rush borne on by the accelerated movement of ages, and through it we shall be driven, or carried, in spite of ourselves.

For the most part, however, it depends upon oneself what these last ten years of the 19th century shall be to one. One may, I suppose, be a Rip Van Winkle and pass through this decade under the soothing care of Somnus, or one

may let the spirit of the time drive the lazy blood through his system charged with the pent-up energy of the age. Which shall it be?

It is quality of years, not quantity merely, which makes a life-time. Nothing added to nothing gives nothing. So, if this year be idled away a century of such can not result in "fullness of days." A hundred years of paralysis is not, nor can be, a hundred years of puissance.

Therefore, fellows, let us put ourselves into the spirit of the time and the spirit of the time into our lives, and become the "zeitgeist incarnate."

THE seventieth annual catalogue of Colby University for the academic year 1889-90 is at hand. It is one of unusual interest.

From its summary we learn that the total number of students is 153. These are distributed among the different classes as follows: Graduate students 3; Seniors 28; Juniors 31; Sophomores 42; Freshmen 49. The total exceeds the total of the preceding year by 24. This increase in the number of students must be very gratifying to all friends of the college.

Especial attention is called to the fact that "Colby takes the lead among Maine colleges in offering a practical course in Pedagogy." For the current year this department has been placed under the instruction of Mr. Crawford, Colby '82, superintendent of the Waterville city schools. The catalogue urges that this department be made permanent with a full endowment. Its introduction into Colby is, indeed, most opportune. For many of Colby's men teach either during their college course or after graduation. If the instruction in this department should be extended to all the classes, as an elective for those who must teach during the winter term, the sphere of its utility would be greatly enlarged. This will be done, doubtless, in the process of time.

"The talent for misery is the fulcrum of progress," or in other words, "The fulcrum of social progress is consciousness of misery distributed among the social atoms." If we understand what "talent for misery" is, the present catalogue is the best interpretation of it we know of. Its wants are many; its demands, pressing. The needs of the University are realized in a great measure, and the consciousness of these needs creates a "misery" which must be an importunate "misery" until those needs

are supplied. Herein lie the germs of progress.

"The past of the University is secure. Colby is not to-day a completed educational institution, but a magnificent foundation. \* \* \* There is happily no more uncertainty about the permanence of the basis which has been laid. The life and usefulness of the University are guaranteed by a well invested cash endowment of \$515,000." Every dollar, therefore, added to this fund will only increase "the efficiency of the large capital already invested in buildings, equipment and teachers."

The urgent need of a new chemical laboratory is again made known to the friends of Colby with new force.

The crying want of an increased library fund, so that the facilities of our library along lines of specialized knowledge may be enlarged, should be among the first to be relieved.

Fellowships yielding \$300 a year are noticed as among the things that ought to be. These would give specially gifted, but impecunious, students a much-longed-for opportunity to pursue post-graduate courses.

In a paragraph on the "Development of the Young Women's Department" the catalogue offers a solution of the co-educational problem. If a co-ordinate college of young women be realized at Colby the objections against co-education must cease.

Would that every friend of the college could peruse the catalogue of this year with especial attention to pages 35-42!

The "fulcrum of progress" is, indeed, in place; who will furnish the lever to raise Colby to its ideal?

THE Campus editor in our last issue reminded the students of the Thursday evening meeting. We wish to notice this meeting further. The meeting is conducted by President Small, or if he be absent by some other of the faculty. It is a meeting of special importance and interest to every student, christian and non-christian alike.

The Doctor's talks are conversational and informal; although spiritual, yet intensely practical; in some degree necessarily abstruse, nevertheless sufficiently concrete so that no one may fail to grasp the meaning and application. Their foundation is human experience; their cornerstone, Christ; their superstructure, the uplifting

elements of our humanity; and their copestone, manhood developed, ennobled and perfected.

We have yet to attend this meeting and to depart feeling that no phase of real life has been touched, no depth of our heart stirred, no impulse of good quickened, no new interest in our fellows gained and no truth of God's Word unfolded.

These reasons we urge, why this meeting is of interest to every student of the college, and beg the permission of pressing the invitation to all, "come to this meeting. It will do you good."

IT seems to be a correlate of society that the few must toil for the benefit of the many.

Our readers will readily recollect our earnest appeals for short stories—for the best of which a prize of ten dollars was offered. The response to our importunity has not been all that our imagination conceived. However, deplore as we may the indifference of some and the procrastination of others, we most heartily commend the few who have responded. It is only an illustration of the above axiom. The many wish the ECHO much and long-continued prosperity; they would gladly cry "Io triumphe" should the ECHO attain a rank commensurate with the institution it represents; but they go no farther. They leave the burden and the responsibility of the matter to the few, who, indeed, with Spartan-like fortitude stand in the breach.

In order not to be misunderstood we hasten to add that the few include more than those who have written the stories for our columns.

THE prize story, entitled "Only Mother," appears in this issue, and we recommend its perusal to our readers. It does not, to be sure, discuss Darwinism, Agnosticism, Ingersolism, Socialism, or any other —ism the world has ever heard of. It is a simple, straightforward story, which has its counterpart alas! too often in real life.

"Merry" we have met frequently; and his sisters, too, especially "Marjorie" we have known for years; but they are not always boarding-school misses. A week, or fortnight, in the city will frequently develop just such traits in the character of some girls from the rural districts. They return home, it is true, but father and mother have become too old-fashioned to

please their aesthetic nature. Every such girl, however, does pass through this period of life to develop into the sensible woman "Marjorie" did. For the very reason, perhaps, that a girl of "Marjorie's" inborn nobility of character seldom makes such a fool of herself; and if she does, she only needs to be awakened in some way to see things as they ought to be seen.

The noble mother! who has not seen her! With this character of the story we feel best acquainted. For have we not observed her toiling for those girls and her boy, enduring hardship, pain and heart-agony, dying daily for unappreciative children?

Whether the author intended to characterize the masculine mind as possessing greater strength than the feminine, and accordingly not so easily swerved from its native tendencies, we know not. She has done this, however, in "Merry" in order to make the conduct of the sisters appear the more heinous. Of course all boarding-school misses are not "Marjories," nor all collegiates, "Merrys." The story, notwithstanding, is a representative one. Its chief point is to reprehend and stigmatize that superficialness of character which appears in unnaturalness toward the natural objects of the affections.

The ECHO gladly gives this story to its readers, and with the story, the author's name. The author is Miss Nellie Stuart Bakeman, class of '92.



#### THE ANSWER OF PEACE.

Back in the shadowy ages when time had its first beginning,  
Confronted by sin and its curse, with the footsteps of death close upon them,  
All races of men sought light—for some refuge from sin's hard dominion,  
For a force that was stronger than death or a ruler potent to guide them.  
Some saw God's rainbow of promise, with rays piercing down through the future;  
Vaguely and dimly they saw it, yet stretched forth their hands to the Giver,  
Obeying the impulse within to turn from self and its thralldom.  
Others groped sadly and blindly, with piteous cries in the darkness,

For philosophy's calm resignation and the "daimon" of  
Socrates' wisdom,  
Or looked in the pages of Plato for fruits of his careful  
researches;

While the gods of the Greek and the Roman looked on  
from their shrines and their temples,  
With ears that were deaf to all praying, and hearts that  
were stone to entreaty.

And all men said—Life is uncertain: we know not the  
whence or the whither.

What will avail these searchings when we enter the land  
of the dead?

The pleasures which come to us here can satisfy but for a  
season:

Give us some light, or we perish! Life stands between  
mystery and darkness.

Here in the heart of today, in the midst of life's quick,  
restless fever,

In the midst of its triumphs and pleasures, comes the same  
wail from hearts that are burdened,

There is nothing that lasts for us here: a few days, then  
a leap in the darkness,

Sin keeps dragging us down, while pain eats out all the  
pleasure,

And the answer of peace will not come, though we search  
through the lore of the ages,

Though we grasp at the creeds of the ancients, and try to  
trace out life's beginnings;

We have sat at the feet of keen Science and turned unto  
Reason for refuge,

But the heart must be satisfied now! 'Tis oppressed with  
its burden of sorrow!

We are tired and need to be rested! Lost! and are seek-  
ing for home!

Down from the shadowy ages to Bethlehem's star and the  
cradle,

Back from our restless to-day to the Babe that was laid in  
the manger—

There, at the feet of the Christ, fall the men of all ages  
and nations;

There meet the scholar and child, the blind and the sin-  
stricken there,

Seeking together the Lord,—bowed down with the sorrow  
of living,—

There shall all men forever find answers of peace in Christ  
Jesus.

*Anna Cummings*  
"ONLY MOTHER."

(PRIZE STORY.—BY NELLIE STUART BAKEMAN '92.)

\* IF I were to consult my own pleasure, I never  
should tell this story—no, not one word of  
it should escape my lips. But I send it out  
into the world, every word coming from an  
aching heart, praying that it may meet some  
thoughtless girl or boy who will learn a needed  
lesson from my bitter experience.

I am Marjorie Hamilton. At the time of  
which I shall tell you, my father was a well-to-  
do farmer in a thriving New England village.  
He started out in life a poor boy, but with my  
noble mother at his side, by constant toil and

words of encouragement cheering him on, he  
had risen to an honored position in the commu-  
nity.

My brother Jeremiah—how strange it seems  
to call him anything but "Merry," for he was  
Jeremiah only in the family Bible—was a Jun-  
ior at Harvard. A dear, happy-hearted, lovable  
and loving brother—a favorite with every one.  
Little boys and girls looked up to him as some  
demi-god. The village belles sighed for him,  
and blushed with joy when he came near. Old  
ladies doted on the cheerful boys who would  
always help them and take that deferential  
notice of them, which old people so love. No  
party, or sleigh-ride, or "sing," or prayer-meet-  
ing even, was complete without Merry Hamil-  
ton. And in spite of life at Harvard, he still  
remained the same.

I want you to understand Merry's pure and  
lovely character, so strongly does it contrast  
with mine; and in its golden light, so black and  
wretched seems my behavior then. For I will  
not say much of my sister's part. Alice was  
two years younger than I, and of a gentle, yield-  
ing disposition. My will was strong. I led her  
on without doubt. I am the one to take the  
blame.

Alice and I had attended Madame B's fash-  
ionable boarding-school for a year; and now we  
and Merry were to spend our summer vacation  
at home. Our ideas had gone through a small  
revolution in one short year. We had become  
accustomed to hear the young ladies—at least,  
so they were called—at school, speak carelessly  
of "the old man" and "the old lady." We had  
begun to see that father and mother were only  
convenient articles of household furniture in  
many a home, possessing perhaps the one ad-  
vantage of being able to send money, clothes  
and bon-bons to these same ungrateful girls.

How contagious are girls' ideas! I remember  
saying in a whisper to Alice, as the "hired man"  
brought us up the drive-way in the old family  
carry-all: "How plain mother looks in that  
ugly dark print, with her thin hair in such a  
tight knot, after Madame B's grand black silk  
and silvery coils!" "Yes," she replied, "I think  
she might dress better if she is *only mother*."

How she folded us in her arms, with a happy  
mother-kiss for each, as she said: "My own  
dear girls that I hain't seen for a year! I'd jest  
got spruced up when you hove in sight." I was

disgusted at her homely words, at her idea that she was well-dressed. Think of it, disgusted at my mother! You for whom the word "mother" has a sweet and sacred charm, think of it, and loathe me!

Father, too, seemed hard-handed and coarsely clad, and on both their faces the deep wrinkles—furrows of Care's ploughshare, marks of loving and patient labor to give their children an education—were displeasing to their dainty daughters.

"Alice," said I, when we were alone, "what shall we do with ourselves all summer? Hortense Ellis said she would not be coaxed or hired to go to a poky place in the country." Then I fell asleep, hoping that when Merry came there would be some fun, and never thinking of mother's look of pain when I forgot the good-night kiss I had given every night of the nineteen years of my life—save one.

Next morning we tripped down to breakfast in dainty slippers and wrappers—Alice in white, I in baby blue. After a cheery good-morning, father said: "Ain't ye got on a little too much toggery fer good hard work, gals? I calkerlated ye'd be givin' yer ma a rest this summer. 'Tain't often I see sech a good team—all broke in, too, fer ye used ter work enough 'fore ye went to school." I was uttering some exclamation about my piano master, Herr Richter, and my hands, in an injured tone, when mother, flushed and bustling, brought a plate of golden Johnny-cake and set it upon the table. "Why, Josiah," said she, "I wouldn't have them dear gals workin' 'round the kitchen, gittin' het up, and spoilin' their putty dresses, and gittin' their hands so they couldn't learn pianny, fer nothin'! Girls, yer father warn't thinkin'. I guess I can stan' the work if I know my girls is havin' a right good time." So, wiping her heated forehead with her apron, she bade us "set right down and take hold the food," and we strolled off, after breakfast, leaving "only mother" to work for us.

The next day Merry came. He folded mother in his strong arms, and told how glad he was to see "the dearest woman on God's earth," while the mother-love fairly beamed from her face at his words.

Some days afterward, on a never-to-be-forgotten Friday, Merry came towards us, Alice and me, as we were walking on a shady road

near the house. He looked troubled, and in a pained voice began: "Girls, is it possible that any daughters can be so cruel, so utterly unmindful of what is due a mother? I have been noticing, of late, much against my will, your treatment of our dear mother, but to-day it passed my belief. A few minutes ago you were sitting together in your room; mother and I were in the next, though you probably did not know it. Alice said, as you know, how much she would like to invite Blanche or Lena here for a visit, and your interruption, Marjorie, came to us as plainly as you hear me now—'Yes, but, Alice, mother's solecisms are really too enormous!'"

Girls, I cannot describe to you the dear woman's look of agony as she turned to me and said, in the homely language I love for her sake: "Oh, be they ashamed of me? Ain't I the mother that bore 'em? Ain't I toiled and slaved year in an' year out, to git 'em putty gowns, and to send 'em to git the larnin' I've never had myself? Don't they know the trials an' sacrifices I've ben through for 'em all their lives—for them? Oh, Merry, what be solecisms, what be they? Be my girls ashamed of me—be they *ashamed* of me?"

And only saying: "Girls, I am ashamed of *you*," the manly boy strode off in righteous rage. My sin came before me in all its enormity and blackness. I began to realize the "serpent's tooth" which I had been daily thrusting deeper into my mother's heart.

"O, Alice," I said, my voice choking with sobs, "what have I been doing? How shall I atone? Sister, tell me what to do. I am so sorry, so sorry! O, will she forgive? I have been blind!"

Alice, protesting that she was equally to be blamed, proposed that we go to mother and beg her to forgive us, and that we begin to show our repentance by making her walk in the orchard with Merry, while we got supper ready. This we resolved to do.

The next few minutes are all confusion in my mind. There is a sound of hoofs and wheels—a frightened horse, with foaming mouth, dragging a shattered carriage—he is close upon us. We try to run, or scale the wall—we are held back as in a nightmare—a minute more and he will have trampled us. A piercing cry, and our mother has caught the bridle of the infuriated



beast. Merry hears the cries, and rushing up succeeds in fastening him, all quivering, to a tree. He is too late, for mother has been severely injured. We take her up tenderly and bear her to the house.

The skill of the surgeon and our loving care were lavished upon her. For two hours she lay unconscious, and then, reviving for a few minutes, she bade me come and let her tell me something.

Merry knelt by the bedside, with her hand in his. I came near, and in the awesome stillness she murmured, "Marjorie, I heard ye then—you an' Alice—ye made me glad—I love ye—as—my—life."

She never spoke again.

\* \* \* \* \*

All this happened twenty-five years ago. Marjorie Hamilton kept house for her father until last year. She refused an offer of marriage from a wealthy banker in the city, a man of excellent character, in order that she might stay with her father, and let her brother and sister go to homes of their own. Last November, old and faded at forty-four, she died. In her journal was this story, word for word as I have sent it to you. She evidently intended it to be published. A loose piece of paper in the journal bore these words, hastily written in pencil:

Oh, that young people would not educate their heads at the expense of their hearts! Honor to the young man who comes from college with his head full of languages and "ologies," and still gives his mother the love and courteous treatment which are rightfully hers. And to the young woman who, in the pursuit of a higher education, thinks not herself too nice to learn from an old-fashioned Book this lesson: "Honor thy father and thy mother."

#### BRAZIL.

**W**HILE we are awaiting the result of the recent revolution in Brazil, it is interesting to know something of the country's history. Briefly it is as follows.

Early in 1500 Pedro Alvary Cabral, a Portuguese navigator, while sailing for the Cape of Good Hope, was driven by the ocean currents far out of his course. On the forty-fifth day he saw before him an unknown and unexpected land. The territory on which he landed is now known as Brazil, and this he hastened to claim for the king of Portugal.

Later, Spain attempted to prove a claim to the country by right of prior discovery. But not pushing her claim by colonization and force of arms the Spaniards were, after a number of years, obliged to yield and the enormous territory was recognized as a Portuguese possession.

For three hundred years Brazil remained in colonial subordination to Portugal. Her boundaries were in utter confusion. The Indians were fierce. The French seized Rio de Janeiro. The Dutch conquered large territories in the north. But in the course of years these difficulties were overcome. The natives were tamed, partly by arms, partly by the teachings of zealous Jesuit missionaries. Some progress was made in opening the vast interior of the country, and in developing its resources. On the coast, population increased and numerous settlements sprang up. The cultivation of coffee, which has since become the leading Brazilian industry, was introduced.

From this time until early in the 19th century, the history of Brazil is like that of most new countries and does not interest us particularly. When Napoleon entered Lisbon the royal family of Portugal left the city and country, sailing for Brazil with fifteen thousand persons, and, it was said, with one-half the coinage then in circulation in Portugal.

The presence of the government hastened the industrial progress of Brazil. The Prince Regent, who in a few years became king, began his rule by opening the Brazilian ports to the commerce of all friendly nations.

Seven years later it was formally decreed that the colonial existence of Brazil should cease. She was now raised to the dignity of a kingdom united with Portugal under the same crown. Her commerce and agriculture increased. She began to regard as her inferior the country of which she had lately been a dependency.

The changed relation of the two countries became displeasing to the people of Portugal. They desired to see their king again in Lisbon. The king consented to the wish of the people and reluctantly left Brazil under his son as Regent. The Brazilians resented the departure of the king and when there came an order for the return of the Regent also, to Europe, they urged him to disregard the summons. After hesitating a short time he intimated his purpose of remaining in Brazil, and in a few months was

proclaimed emperor. Thus the union between the two countries ceased. But the administration of the emperor was not sufficiently liberal to satisfy his people. After nine years of increasing unpopularity he resigned his crown in favor of his son, Dom Pedro, then a child five years of age.

Dom Pedro ruled nearly fifty-three years. Under his government the country has been very prosperous and has been steadily advancing.

Brazil covers almost one-half the South American continent—larger than the United States, excluding Alaska. She has a seacoast line of four thousand miles. She has a marvellous system of river communication. The Amazon and its tributaries alone are navigable for twenty-five thousand miles within Brazilian territory. Her mineral wealth is so ample that the governor of one of her provinces was wont, in religious processions, to ride a horse whose shoes were of gold. The diamonds of the royal family were estimated at three million sterling.

Brazil supplies nearly one-half the coffee which the human family consumes. Sugar and tobacco, as well as cotton, coffee and tea, are staple productions. Nothing which the tropics yield is wanting, and in many portions of the country the vegetation of the temperate zones is abundantly productive.

But the scanty population of Brazil is wholly insufficient to subdue and develop the enormous territory on which they have settled. The highest estimate gives to Brazil a population of nearly twelve millions. It is said that no more than the one hundred and fiftieth part of the agricultural resources of Brazil has yet been developed or even revealed.

Brazil suffers not merely from an insufficient population but still more from the reluctance of her people to undergo the fatigues of agricultural labor in the exhausting heat of her sultry plains. The colored population choose other occupations and flock to the cities. Once they were held by compulsion to field work. Not until 1871 was Brazil shamed out of the iniquitous system of slavery. In that year it was enacted that the children of slave women should be free, subject however to an apprenticeship of twenty-one years, during which time they must work for the owners of their mothers. Since that time the emperor's daughter, while acting

as regent in the absence of her father, gave freedom to all the slaves of the country. By this act and her marriage to a French count, she incurred the dislike of the people. Soon after, the Pope viewing her action in a different light, conferred upon her the order of the Red Rose. Upon this the people openly declared that it would bring her misfortune as it had the two other recipients of this honor, one of whom was Josephine.

Since that time the people, while respecting Dom Pedro, have steadily become dissatisfied with the government, so much has the influence of his daughter been felt. We cannot say now when the present revolutionary movement began, but it is certain that Gen. Fonseca organized a military club in Rio and that the government, recognizing it as dangerous to its safety, ordered him to a distant post. Later he was allowed to return. When the time came for the revolutionists to act they seemed to turn to Gen. Fonseca as their leader. The various accounts of the revolution are too familiar to need repeating. How little is really known about the affair is shown by a recent editorial:

"Reports received from Brazil are hardly of a character which will permit them to be used as the basis from which to draw positive conclusions. Statements made by the ex-ministers are naturally colored by their dislike of those who have so summarily driven them from the country, while it is beyond doubt that cable reports received directly from Brazil are only such as the present Brazilian authorities choose to have sent out of the country. Allowing for this want of definite information, it is still permissible to believe from what we do hear that the future of the Brazilian republic is by no means assured. Those now in control represent a military faction which has seized upon the government of the country, and proposes to shape matters to its wishes, if such manipulation is possible. A genuine republic cannot be formed until the people have had an opportunity to express their opinions by their votes, and when they do this they may put an end to what seems to be a military despotism which now has control of the country."

*Dr. Miller -*

The Crouse Memorial College for Women, a department of the Syracuse University, was dedicated at the opening exercises of the university this year. The building cost \$50,000, and is the bequest of the late John Crouse. There are few finer college buildings in the country.



"Happy New Year!"

"Your rank was excellent. Shake!"

"Say, old man, did your wife make that?"

"Did you hang up your pedal protection?"

Lorimer, '88, and Nye, '89, were on the campus this week.

Towne, '93, has been called home by the illness of his father.

Chipman, '92, has secured a good position in a bank at Ocala, Florida.

Colby was well represented at, if not on, the numerous Christmas trees in town.

Roberts spent Xmas at Athens. Everything is green and flourishing there, he says.

Willis Mathews '71, agent for Heath & Co., Publishers, visited town last Wednesday.

Perkins, '93, is to teach school at Brooks this winter. He left for the seat of war Friday.

Burke and Smith of '90, Luce, '91, Dunbar, '92, and Fairbrother spent the "cut" at their homes.

Barnes, '92, and the worthy editor-in-chief of the ECHO spent Christmas at Fairfield with Rev. Mr. Curtis.

Visiting ladies graced the campus one day last week. Again they were teachers on their way to Bangor.

Harvey Eaton '87, was in town Tuesday. He was on his way back to Cambridge Law School after a short trip home.

Freshmen are now eagerly scanning the pages of the new catalogue to see how their names look in print for the first time.

George Hurd and Cohen spent Christmas in Skowhegan. They were both remembered with presents from friends in that village.

Getchell, '93, is clerking for Dolloff & Dunham during the holidays. Arthur Andrews has a similar position with Henrickson.

We are glad to see the number of dress suits increasing in college. Any arrangements by which the ECHO editors can be presented with sample copies of such apparel will be hailed with delight.

We understand from authentic sources that Parsons has a call to preach somewhere, either among the heathen in town or in the Provinces.

Prof. M—— should be cautioned about calling Megquier '91, Mr. Morrill." War has been known to arise from confusion of claims.

Walker, '90, has been appointed principal of the Skowhegan High School. He will endeavor to keep up his college work and graduate with his class.

Reuben spent Christmas in town, returning to his school last Thursday. He would like to have had time to stop over in Bangor and see the folks, but then——

Prof. Elder has been confined to his house by sickness for the past few days; accordingly, there has been no afternoon recitation for the Juniors on Monday and Tuesday.

Those of the students who "trip the light fantastic toe" attended the swell event of the season, the "German," on Thursday evening. They report a perfect success.

The Juniors have handed into the committee their articles for the coming debate. Their breath comes and goes more regularly now that the work is off their hands.

The seniors decided not to have the usual watching for the arrival of their graduating year. It took two class meetings to settle the matter, but it was abolished.

Along with Christmas and New Year's the "McGinty" what-do-you-call-it has reached us. We hoped that none but Freshmen would indulge, but others do, it seems.

"Dellie" has been obliged to give up his school at Northport and return home because of sickness. He does not care so much about leaving the school as *that new acquaintance* of his.

"Johnny," '91, made us a hurried visit last week from his pressing cares at the State House. He promises that the work which he is *overseeing* will be an honor to his class and the college.

Prof. (to student who is taller than his father) —"Good morning, Mr. B. I saw your father yesterday. I was very glad to see him for he was a boy of your height when I saw him last."

The problem in the editorial of the last ECHO was answered in a manner satisfactory to man and beast. The "cut" was 120 hours long and once more the sound of a "wood-up" was heard in the land.



Gilmore, '90, and Wyman, '89, left on Monday for New York. They are to attend the annual convention of the Zeta Psi fraternity. The former delivered in Winthrop, the day before he left, an address before the W. C. T. U.

The air was quite sulphurescent when "Nummy" Wing pointed both feet towards the gleaming stars the other evening on the North College steps. Sam, take pity on the boys and either remove the ice or give them more sand.

President Small, Profs. Taylor and Adams and several of the students attended the sessions of the Maine Pedagogical Society, held at Bangor last week. Prof. Adams read a paper on Physical Culture before the assembled learned ones.

The immense flood of water on the stairs recently was due to the violent exertions of Merrill. He ran upstairs with two pitchers filled, and concluding that the larger was too cumbersome, halved it. He is now hunting for Spaulding's liquid glue.

We would advise the Juniors to keep their shoes on in recitation. If they should be compelled to leave their seat, it might be disagreeable. The editor remembers of being thus caught in school days long ago. The hole in his stocking enhanced the fun for the rest.

It never rains but it pours, in "cuts" as well as everything else. The professors like the students when they once get a taste of liberty do not know when to stop. If they would only scatter their cuts along through the term and not so many at one time it would be more appropriate.

The Juniors are having it hot and heavy for a spell in Political Economy on Free Trade and Protection. The infant "Mills" and other statesmen are lisping their views, while the female portion of the class is smiling, but serenely silent, either from superfluity or want of ideas on the subject.

It was comical to hear H. L. F. Morse talk about putting off the crusades. With a strong tendency to constantly hang fire on the beginning of words it made the class think that the recitation would have to be put off in order to give him time to get out these words without touching upon the crusades.

It was really quite charming to see the bit of romance on the campus recently. One of the

girls in '93 slipped on a soft piece of ice between the Recitation Hall and South college. The gallant George Stoddard of '91

"Sprang to assist her:

He picked up her muff and her wrister.

'Did you hurt you' he cried? 'Do you think' she replied

'That I fell for the fun of it, mister?'"

The collection of Maine minerals belonging to the Geological Department has recently been increased by the addition of a specimen of crystalized calcite from Rockland, donated by Mr. W. H. Snyder of '85, a fine suite of vesuvianites from Sanford, presented by Mr. T. Goodall of that place, and some well crystalized feldspars from Auburn by Mr. J. A. Pulsifer '88.

Ever since coal stoves were invented people have been cautious about the dangers of asphyxia. But one of our Freshmen up to last week had not fully appreciated that fact. He retired supposing his coaler all right but on rising the next morning found himself laboring under a mental hallucination as what to do first. It is reported that he appeared at the door with a stocking on his head and a hat on his foot. He revived however in time to score a ten spot at recitation.

Prof. Rogers is on a week's visit to Washington. He is to attend the reception of the standard units of measurement adopted by the International Bureau of weights and measures. Upon these copies of the original unit, work has been going on for the last ten years. They have been at last distributed to the fourteen nations who have entered into the compact of adopting a standard and those which our government will use are to be unsealed and presented next Thursday evening.

According to the advice of Dr. Small, Grady's speech at Boston has been pretty widely read among the boys. But the tribute which the doctor paid to it does not meet the approbation of every "member of the faculty." For we want it understood that every man, woman and child before he swallows all of the eloquent Southerner's ideas should consult Prof. Samuel Osborne. Failure to hear the dissertation of the last named gentleman given before the door of his rendezvous at North College was a great loss. He says that the speech should be burned, for "'tis corruptin' ob our youth, givin' them wrong ideas about the condition ob the colored people in the South." We think it would be well worth the time and trouble to interview

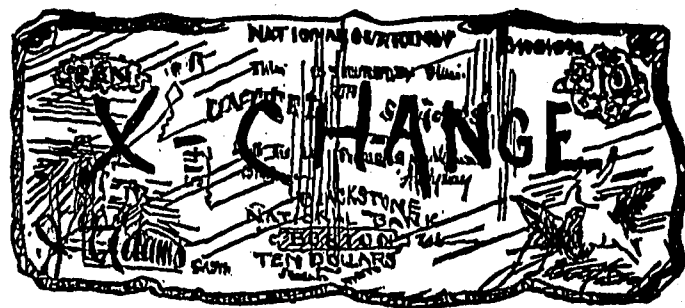
Sam and get his attitude toward such an important subject and give it to the world.

At the first meeting of the Athletic Association last week committees for the preliminaries of the annual exhibition were appointed as follows: On Business, Spencer '90, Chipman '91, Cohen '92, Slocum '93. On Programmes, Hurd '90, Matthews '91, Pierce '92 and Hall '93. A second meeting was called later to consider the question of reviving the old customary "Field-day" hop by making it the closing part of the exhibition. We see no reason why it would not be a good scheme to thus bring the boys into closer relations with the town people. But hop or no hop the athletic part of the programme should be a success. There is talent enough among the boys in this direction, and all that's needed is a good brace and no lack of practice for the next four or five weeks. The exhibition will probably occur Tuesday, Feb. 4.

There are things occasionally done, we are ashamed to say, about the college that come from the foolish ideas which a few of our young *gentlemen* possess. Imagining that they are the wittiest, smartest, most fascinating men about the institution, if not in the universe, they bestow upon the public their conceptions of what is bright in ways that not only disgust those from whom it is their sole aim to draw a smile, but also cast reflections on others as well as themselves. We refer to the scorching of the handsomely finished wood work in the basement at North College. Not knowing when they are used well and when with care and expense some of their demands have been granted, as soon as something has been done for them they want to destroy it. Perhaps they like to see our faithful and hard-working janitor angry. But from his own authority we would tell them that they fail. What difference does it make to him if property not his own and of which he has only the care is destroyed? What matters it if, as soon as the trustees build what is asked for, they immediately become impressed with the uselessness of "casting pearls before swine"? Where will be the bath-rooms and improvements still wanted if what has been done already is not appreciated? Sam says "they can burn the whole building up and it don't hurt Sam. Perhaps they think that they make him mouse round and try to see something, but they don't." We believe that a little forethought before and not

afterwards, as Pat says, would save misdemeanors which wrongly convey the sentiment prevailing among the boys, and which should be heartily "set on" by all.

And in connection with this same spirit of lawlessness is the behavior of certain of the boys during prayers. It matters not whether a man has any religious views of his own and may consider that attendance at prayers is a useless and tedious burden. It matters not whether he considers all religious services a humbug. But if he has any conception of what gentlemanliness is, and when and where that noble trait is to be displayed, be he a christian visiting a Moslem mosque or a non-believer attending the services of a christian church, he ought to consider that there are people present to whom the service is not a bore, and out of deference to their feelings he should abstain from everything that ill-becomes the gentleman. And no gentleman, we believe, would whisper or make any annoying sound during chapel service and above all during the offering of prayer. We trust that whoever they are who have frequently made such disturbances of late, will recall their better nature into existence, and so allow others to possess the undisturbed state of mind that is fitted for such services. "A word to the wise is sufficient."



The *Tech* is one of our most attractive exchanges.

As usual, space forbids the mention of a large number of journals that certainly merit notice.

The *Pleiad* is kind enough to say: "The *Colby Echo* is one of the best journals on our table."

The exchange editor of a New Jersey exponent of college ideas is out of sorts this month. This is the way he speaks of the painstaking efforts of a brother editor:

"Our 'Table,' as the exchange department of the *Niagara Index* is called, is semi-monthly spread with a heterogeneous conglomeration of indigestibles which far eclipse 'Josh Billins'.

definition of 'hash,' and of which we are invited to partake. It's a wonder to us how that literary dyspeptic dare spread such villainous stuff, even on his own table, much more, have the audacity to put it on ours."

This man wields the pen in a manner that entitles him to a position on a frontier news paper—the *Arizona Kicker*, for example, from whose columns the *Boston Globe* gives its readers frequent extracts.

"Tom Reed as a College Boy" is the title of a sketch in the last number of the *Bowdoin Orient*, and the eminent statesman will doubtless smile when he reads this carefully prepared diagnosis of the character of his early youth. It is the necessary penalty of greatness that one has to see an unlimited amount of nonsense published about one's self.

*College Chips*, edited by the students of Decora College, Iowa, has recently been enlarged by the addition of a half dozen pages or so, printed in the Norwegian language. The paper wants to bring the college into closer relations with many of its staunchest supporters who are unable to read English. *College Chips* deserves the highest success for its enterprise.

"A New Crusader" is the title of a very good story and "Jonathan's Christmas Offering" of a fine poem in the last number of the *Brunonian*. Speaking of poetry, the *Brunonian* is the only one of our exchanges that regularly offers any verse worth the reading. In each issue a page or two is devoted to those whom the muse has specially favored and the result is certainly very pleasing.

The *University Beacon*, published by the students of Boston University, has a very interesting symposium in its last issue. The question "Should a Woman Professorship be Established in the College?" was sent to a number of the alumni, alumnae and prominent friends of the University, and quite a good many of the replies received are published. There are certainly some very strong reasons why a co-educational institution calls for representation of woman's thought and influence in its faculty.

American college papers exhibited at the Paris Exposition, excited great interest in foreign education. Undergraduate journalism is practically unknown in Europe, there being but one college paper in England.—*Ex.*



The students of John Hopkins University have repudiated the cap and gown idea. That's sensible.—*Boston Herald*.

Hastings Hall, the new dormitory at Harvard is nearly ready for occupancy. Its cost is estimated at \$250,000.—*Pennsylvanian*.

One of our exchanges contains the following bit of irony in one of its editorials: "Every college to-day has its department of education."

Miami University conferred the degree of LL. D. on President Harrison and Secretary of the Interior Noble, both of whom are among the alumni.—*Ex.*

Pope Taylor of Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tenn., recently ran 100 yards in nine and three-quarter seconds, according to their college paper.

The first college paper was issued by the students of Dartmouth in 1800, and was called the "Gazette." Daniel Webster was a contributor under the pseudonym of "Icarus"—*Ex.*

To the students who are intending to study law, it might be encouraging to state that 19 out of the 23 presidents of the United States have been lawyers, and for 82 out of 100 years that office has been filled by lawyers.

One of Cornell's enterprising Freshman climbed the flag pole on the armory and, after placing a class flag at the top, descended greasing the pole after him. The University authorities were compelled to take down the objectionable object.

The Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute received a grand prize, at the Paris exhibition, which is the highest award given. But two other American colleges, New York University and Johns Hopkins University, are similarly complimented.

Amherst departs a little and it seems to us advantageously from the plan of the "Associated Students." They have a college senate presided over by the President of the College, and consisting of four members of the Senior Class, three from the Junior, two from the Sophomore, and one from the Freshman.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society proposes to offer, in connection with the quadricentennial of the Discovery of America, two prizes, of \$3,000 each, for the best general essays on America's Progress in Science and Art. The committee appointed to take charge of the matter consists of Bishop Potter, Chairman; Pres. Adams, of Cornell; Pres. Gilman, of Johns Hopkins; Pres. Eliot, of Harvard; Pres. Angell, of Ann Harbor; Pres. Northrop, of Minnesota University.



A WARNING TO THOSE WHO WOULD CULTIVATE THE MEMORY.

Once I was a happy college man  
No cares oppressed my mind,  
I ran up bills as well as I went along,  
And left them far behind.

My livery-bills I quite forgot,  
My tailors'-bills as well,  
When asked how much I owed my chum,  
I never quite could tell.

Alas! Alas! now all is changed,  
Altho' I fume and fret.  
Those wretched bills I once ran up,  
I never can forget.

They're with me while the daylight lasts,  
They haunt me in my sleep,  
Their horrid presence fills my mind,  
Tho' rapt in slumbers deep.

I'm now a wretched college-man,  
Thus with my cares beset,  
No longer trifles slip my mind,  
I've taken of *Loisette*.

— *Williams Weekly*.

Miss X.—“Oh, I'm so cold my teeth chatter.”

Miss G.—“Why don't you put on your sack?”

Miss X.—“Because it doesn't match my dress.”

Teacher (to student in geography)—“What group of islands west of Celebes?”

The student is uncertain, and the teacher prompts him by saying: “Think of some natural product.”

“Sandwiches!” replied the eager and hungry student glancing at the clock.—*The Adelpian*.

Junior asks professor a very profound question: Prof.: “Mr. W., a fool can ask a ques-

tion that two wise men could not answer.” Junior: “Then I suppose that's why so many of us flunk.”—*Dickinson Liberal*.



'55.

Larkin Dunton LL. D. addressed the Maine Pedagogical Association “On Primary Instruction.”

'82.

Prof. W. C. Crawford opened one of the discussions at the Teachers' Convention. The catalogue just out gives Mr. C's name underlined as Instructor in Pedagogy.

'86.

Sheridan Plaisted spent Christmas in Waterville.

'87.

Harvey D. Eaton was in town this week.

Married, in Bar Harbor, Oct. 3, Herbert M. Moore and Miss May Sullivan.

Maurice H. Small read a paper on “Greek How Taught and Why” at the Bangor Convention.

Married, in Portland, Irvin O. Palmer, of Wareham, Mass., and Miss Mary B. Cushing, of Skowhegan, Me.

'88.

A. B. Lorimer spent his vacation in Waterville.

At the annual meeting of the Colorado State Teachers' Convention held in Denver recently, W. B. Suckling read a paper on “The Ideal County Superintendent.”

'89.

Frank Nye was on the campus recently.

Married, at Waterville, Dec. 25, Mr. Lincoln Owen and Miss Alice V. Drummond.

'92.

Chaloner Chipman has left his class and accepted a position in a bank at Ocala, Fla.