

The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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IN another part of this issue the coming athletic exhibition is mentioned. Before the next issue appears it will be a thing of the past. In the meanwhile something must be done, and that something is work plentifully applied.

The exhibition this year will have many new features and the aim of its promoters is to give the greatest pleasure and to show the best performances in the shortest time. Taking note of the mistakes in our last exhibition we intend to remedy the long delays between the performances which tend to make any entertainment tedious. The committee of arrangements, as may be seen from the Campus item, intends to leave out none of the pleasing exercises of preceding exhibitions and has added several new features in the single stick class-drill by the Juniors, the broadsword and single stick contests, the pyramids and the music.

The single stick drill has never been given here before, since it has been introduced by Prof. Adams only recently. The contests with single sticks, broadswords and foils will be very interesting if anything is to be inferred from the contestants.

Last year, it will be remembered, the boys were obliged to omit the pyramids because of the length of the program. This exercise is full of life and action and will make a pleasing addition.

The music by the "Colby Banjo and Guitar Club" will also furnish diversion and a resting spell from watching the exertion and toil of the athletes.

No club of this sort has been developed by the boys for several years and it is sincerely

hoped that their efforts in this direction will be appreciated.

The program as above mentioned if carried out in first class style is good enough for any but the chronic fault-finder, who can never be pleased by the efforts of another. The manner in which it shall be presented must be determined by the boys. The leaders of the squads are ready and willing to help all they can, but it is rather discouraging when, after personal appeal, only a few men can be collected in the gymnasium for work. The boys *must* take hold of the work with more spirit, for a few cannot do all the work.

There remain but two weeks in which to perfect matters and what is needed is that the boys show their interest. Show your college spirit and personal interest, fellows, by coming to the gymnasium promptly at the time appointed by the leaders, prepared to do your level best.

Clayton Mathews

AFTER careful deliberation, a great deal of provocation and several narrow escapes, we have decided to call the attention of the college public to the deadly spring on the chapel door.

It would be amusing, were it not for the element of danger, to watch one effect an entrance into the chapel. A mighty tug, a leap for life, a vicious bang—and one is inside. Up to date the spring is responsible for no loss of life or limb, but only agility, continued vigilance and wondrously good fortune have saved us from serious disaster. The ECHO without any reservation whatever pronounces the innocent looking iron arrangement over the chapel door a most magnificent nuisance, a standing menace to personal comfort and safety, and advocates its speedy removal.

OSTENSIBLY, the ECHO is a vehicle for the expression of the honest thought of all the students, and its columns are ever open to receive communications from the students which make known their opinions. But only so far as any communication is believed to be the candid view of its author, and considered an indication of the thought among certain of the student body, will it receive any attention whatever.

Furthermore, the right of comment, adverse or favorable, is always reserved. This privilege is assumed on the ground that certain communications may not accord, in the Chief's view, with the prevailing thought among the students,

and that the Chief does not wish to be held responsible for the sentiments of any communication the ECHO may publish.

THE following communication on "Compulsory attendance at prayers" has been received and is given in full:

"We take a pardonable pride in the many college reforms that have been and are now being introduced into Colby, both in the matter of student government and in general methods. Colby can in most respects lay claim to being a thoroughly modern and progressive institution. Without aping the larger colleges of New England, she has succeeded in keeping pace with them in advancement on nearly all practical and important lines. Should not one step farther be taken in response to the spirit of the times? I refer to the abolishment of compulsory attendance at religious exercises as a part of the college program.

"If certain ancient ideas are to prevail that a college differs little from any other public school where unshaped and undeveloped minds must be guided in matters of religious opinion as well as in mathematics or philosophy, then there is little to be said, perhaps, against our present custom. But if we accept the more modern, liberal and correct view, that the students of a college are a body of young men who as a rule have already formed their religious opinions, then we should decide against a useless relic of the past. [No one could possibly object to deciding against a useless relic unless by "useless relic" the author means "prayers." Then the concurrent testimony of millions would make it appear that prayers are anything but a useless relic.]

"It is but a mark of the strong liberal thought of our land that government and church are as widely separated as possible. However much this spirit may be the reflection of a reaction against the trammelled opinion of earlier periods in the world's history, it is real and prevailing and has a substantial apology in the favor of majorities. Colby is no longer a theological seminary but a college, the sole purpose of which is to impart instruction in the various departments.

"Does she not go beyond the bounds of her recognized duty in peremptorily summoning students of every and of no religious belief to an exercise which is pleasant or distasteful no-

according to each man's personal opinion? And this, too, on pain of loss of rank and scholastic position if attendance is refused. Against the claims on the part of a college that a student shall possess a good moral character in order to receive the benefits of the institution, no one would urge an objection. But all compulsory demands should stop short of the student's religious life.

"From the different nationalities which make up our complex population, students come to college with as many different beliefs. Some, in all honesty, object to the Protestant Scriptures, others to the popular construction put upon their passages, while still others, whose opinions may be equally worthy of respect, denounce all current religious forms and doctrines.

"If there are students who are disposed to devote a portion of their time every day to listening to Scripture reading and prayers; and if there are college presidents and professors who have a disposition to read the Scriptures and to offer prayer, then let these two classes come together, but allow men of different tastes to engage in some more congenial task. Religious truth is seldom forced upon men's minds and it would be unreasonable to expect a college student to get profitable impulses, or experience, from a religious exercise which he attends against his will. Indeed, the only object which the present system could hope for, would seem in the eyes of an unprejudiced observer to be defeated.

"A large number of the students dragged from other and more congenial tasks answer the summons of the chapel bell with greater or less reluctance. The moments are grudgingly given to the exercises and their close is eagerly looked for, as an escape from a monotonous and wearisome exercise. This forced attendance, moreover, begets a spirit of irreverence, and of carelessness to whatever truths may be presented. Nor does the undesirable habit of inattention to moral or religious truth thus formed confine itself to the exercise in question.

"The student who unwillingly listens to a religious service every day is quite sure to find that he has a disposition to subject himself in general to as little religious influence or instruction as possible. The modern theory of college government tends to allow the student the widest possible personal freedom, tends to make

him his own guide and not the childish follower of some authoritative leader.

"Let this theory govern all as well as a part of the departments of the student life's activities, and let the man guide his own religious as he does his own intellectual life."

WITH all respect for opinion of the author of the above communication we offer the following objections:

(a). The writer states that the institution has the right to inquire the moral character of those who desire to enter its halls of learning. Whence this right? for self-protection. But should self-protective acts cease with this inquiry, then were such inquiry vain. The institution has the right of this initiatory act of self-justice, then it must have the right also of subjecting the students who enjoy its advantages to any law which is considered not only self-protective, but also conducive to the moral and religious lives of these same students.

(b). Is it true that the body of college students have formed their religious opinions? This may be true of the author of the communication, and also of the oldest of the students. But it can not be true that the majority of students, at the time of entrance into college, have settled for themselves all moral and religious questions. Their fundamental principles may be vaguely defined, or perhaps somewhat clearly, but only the narrow-minded and the bigot has fully determined his religious principles ere he has reached the maturity of twenty years (there is no class at present in Colby whose average age was not less than twenty years at time of entrance) and has closed his heart against the reception of any moral and religious truth. To such a one doubtless the religious exercise denominated prayers unless it accords with his preconceived notions must seem more or less of a farce. Student majorities, however, belong neither to this latter class, nor to that class whose members have passed their first quarter of a century, but are composed of individuals whose characters are in the state of formation and will be determined very largely by the four years of college life. To these, we maintain, a religious service is most beneficial, and has ever proved to be such.

(c). The chief force of the communication, as we understand the author, appears in two

things which he would have us accept as true.

1. A compulsory exercise is disagreeable to the college student.

2. By compulsory attendance at prayers the very end of the exercise is defeated, and a spirit of irreverence and carelessness is engendered.

As to the first. A compulsory exercise may be disagreeable, it is true; but all law, that man is amenable to, is compulsory, otherwise it is no law at all. Now, if a compulsory college exercise should not exist because it is disagreeable to some college students, then no law ought to exist because it must be odious at least to a few men. And if a college oversteps her prerogative in summoning its students to prayers, then society must overstep its indefeasible right in circumscribing the action of any of its members in such a way as shall be distasteful to the one circumscribed, however much it may benefit the majority.

As to the second. It is true, doubtless, that the external influences in which one may be placed have a large share in shaping one's character, but to maintain that these external influences are efficient causes, is to make character the product of circumstances and to take away man's self-determining power.

The fact that one in the presence of law becomes irreverent of the law is no fault of the law, but of the person himself. So if by attendance at chapel one imbibes a spirit of irreverence for what chapel exercise means, neither the law which calls to chapel nor the nature of its services can be blamed as the cause for such spirit of impiety, but one's own tendencies.

Moreover we have yet to learn of a single case where one's irreligious and irreverent trend of disposition has not grown far more rapidly apart from religious worship than in connection with it.

The liberal mindedness, which will not allow its possessor to subject himself fifteen minutes per day to a religious service without begetting inattention and indifference to moral truth and an irreverence for sacred things, must be vile stuff, from which one should seek to be delivered. And he, who tries to show that attendance at prayers is harmful, only proves himself to be out of harmony with religious worship.

Columbia supports eleven Greek letter fraternities. The first was established in 1836.



A NEW PONCE DE LEON.

THE son of an eminent physician, Clarence Holland, manifested in early youth a liking for his father's profession. His precocious attempts at surgery, to which the family cat fell a victim, greatly delighted Dr. Holland, and the old gentleman determined to give the boy as good a medical education as the world afforded. Accordingly young Holland was sent to one of the large European universities. He was of a peculiar studious and reflective temperament and a confirmed book-worm. Old books were his delight and he spent much of his time rummaging among the tattered and yellow relics of past ages, which he found in the university library. One day when near the end of his course he came upon an ancient volume which interested him exceedingly. Not a volume either but rather a fragment, for the title page, name of the author and part of the text were missing. Written in Latin, the work had evidently been composed some time in the 12th century, as the style of the hand-printed characters and of the illuminated initial letters testified. Taking the book from the shelves, where it had been undisturbed for a quarter of a century, Holland was soon absorbed in its queer contents. It fascinated him and gained a hold upon his mind such as no other work ever had. This power was in a measure due to the vigorous and pleasing style of the forgotten author, but chiefly to the nature of his subject and his enthusiasm over it. He treated of an elixir of life, and fondly believed that such a rejuvenator was to be found and even imagined he had discovered it. Among other passages that especially impressed the mind of the student was this one anticipating Harvey:

"The blood is the life. It circulates through the members of the body, feeding the parts, furnishing nourishment for brain, flesh, bone, muscle and skin. As long as the blood is vigorous and alive, so long will the vigor of the body be kept up. In time the strength of the blood becomes impaired, then the senses begin to fail, the brain refuses to act, the muscles will not perform their functions, the hair is no longer supplied with

coloring matter and old age ensues. Now the true elixir of life must be a method of keeping up the strength of the blood. When we find this, all will be secured and there is no reason why man should not live on as long as he can escape the shafts of disease and the perils of accident."

Surely the thought was a fascinating one, and it took full possession of the undeveloped mind of the young doctor. During the rest of his stay at the university, he spent much of his time in fruitless attempts to produce the magic fluid of which there were hints in the book. After obtaining his degree he entered his father's office, but even when carrying on a large practice which his father turned over to him, he still continued his experiments in search of the mysterious elixir and on several occasions forgot and neglected patients while engaged in his experiments. As might easily be seen the old doctor could not endure this, and after repeated quarrels young Holland was sent out from his father's office. Coming to New York he opened an office upon a back street, and hanging out his shingle he managed to make a living, but like Ponce de Leon the fountain of perpetual youth still continued to allure him and threatened to be his ruin. At length he hit upon a new idea, and following out the thought he succeeded in procuring a fluid which certainly had remarkable powers. When administered to animals it had a strangely intoxicating effect and to the enthusiastic student it seemed that they actually grew younger under the influence of the cordial; but while its effects were so beneficial when first administered, if he persisted in using it for any length of time the death of the subject always put an end to his hopes.

His experiment had reached this stage when an event occurred which gave him a further opportunity to test his fluid. Returning to his office one day, he was attracted by an excited crowd gathered in the street. Elbowing his way through the mass he found a poor old woman prostrate upon the pavement. She had been run over by a rapidly driven hack. The driver had shouted to her, but on account of her deafness and blindness she had been unable to hear or see the horses until they were almost upon her, when her feebleness made escape impossible. Dr. Holland caused her to be carried into his office and set to work to restore her to consciousness. He found that no bones had

been broken, but that the shock had been so great that there was little prospect of recovery in one so old and feeble. Clad in miserable rags, toothless and wrinkled, shriveled and helpless she lay, with only a few years to live at best; surely medical skill could do little for her. The physician tried all the restoratives usually employed in such cases, but to no purpose. Her breathing grew fainter and fainter. The feeble beatings of the heart could scarcely be heard and it was evident that life would cease in a very short time unless something extraordinary could be done. Then for the first time the doctor thought of the fluid he had been experimenting with and he resolved to try its effects upon his patient. Carefully preparing the mixture he laid bare one of the shriveled arms, introduced a small quantity of the fluid into an artery and anxiously noted the result.

The change in the woman was instantaneous and wonderful. Her heart gave a great leap and beat furiously for a few minutes, as if it would pound itself to pieces, then quieted down and beat full and strong. Color came back to her cheek; her breathing became deep and regular and she fell into a profound sleep. After a few hours, to the doctor's great joy, he saw signs of reawakening consciousness. Opening her eyes in a bewildered way the woman asked, "Where am I?" The doctor quieted her and after a few minutes she fell asleep again. From this time her recovery was rapid. Next day she was able to talk and Dr. Holland questioned her about her relations and her place of residence. To his astonishment she could tell him nothing of either. The events and surroundings of her past life were a perfect blank to her. She could recall nothing that had happened to her previous to her waking in the doctor's office. Either by the shock she had received or from the effects of the medicine, her memory of events previous to that time seemed to have been destroyed. Dr. Holland caused inquiries to be made by the police department and inserted an advertisement in the papers asking for information in regard to the woman's friends. Meanwhile she remained in his office, he continued to administer the fluid with still more surprising results and became more and more fascinated with this first test of the strange effects of the elixir upon a human being. A week passed and there were no tidings of her relations. She seemed to have lost friends, mem-

ory and even her name, for that was also a blank to her.

Thus it came about that Dr. Holland had in his power a human being upon whom he could put to a full test his discovery. The woman was perfectly pliable in his hands and for a time was unconscious that she was being experimented upon. As he continued to administer the medicine to her, her mental powers seemed to improve and before she had been many weeks under Dr. Holland's treatment she surprised him by regaining fully her powers of sight and hearing. There was a remarkable change in her personal appearance too. The bent form straightened up, the hollow and bloodless cheek regained its color and fullness, the eye its brightness, and the woman seemed to have gained a new lease of life. Toward Dr. Holland she showed a veneration that was akin to worship; a deference and respect strange to see a person so old manifesting toward one so much younger. Soon too, she began to manifest an independence of spirit and insisted upon supporting herself. As Dr. Holland was poor and could ill afford to maintain her he assented to this and secured employment for her. But before she left his office he confessed to her the experiment he had been making and asked her permission to continue it. She surprised him by saying that she had for some time been aware of the test he was making upon her and that she was as much interested in it as he. Even now, although only a few months had gone by since the accident, there was a wonderful change in the woman—a change that could only be explained by saying that she was growing younger. So Marion (for so the doctor had named her) left the office, but every day, as the years went by, the physician called upon her and administered the life-giving fluid and with wonder and delight watched the strange transformation that was going on. And she, the once feeble and decrepit woman, as she received that strange ruby colored fluid each day and felt the warm blood of health and strength and youth course through her veins, as she neared for a second time that spring-time of life to which perhaps no human being had before returned, there grew up within her a love for her preserver, a love that was akin to sacrilege, for it made him her hero and her god.

Ten years have gone by. To-day a careworn and gray-haired man sits alone in his office. Ten

years of practice, worry and study have aged Clarence Holland, but practice and patients have not drawn those deep lines upon the doctor's face nor so silvered his hair; it is his secret, his elixir which he has been brooding over so many years. Ideas make wrinkles; ideas that take hold of a man's soul and cling and brood there, refusing to be dislodged. Before him is the paper upon which he is to write the story of his experiment, that secret which will revolutionize the world. To-day Clarence Holland realizes that his experiment is at an end. He places a tiny vial in the sunbeam and watches the play of colors. Yes, the ruby fluid has done all in its power! Mysterious power of restoring youth! A second youth! Where and under what circumstances had Marion passed her first youth so many years ago?

The shadows fall and still he dreams on. He is about to publish his secret. Surely fame and wealth will come to him and then the long, happy life he will lead. How pleasant to live on and on with Marion at his side; why not forever?

There is a light step at the door, a soft voice calls him, but he hears not. Over-worked and exhausted the physician has fallen asleep. His name is repeated and when he does not answer, a beautiful girl comes into the room. She bends over the sleeper, and when he does not awake she drops a kiss light as dew upon the furrowed forehead. "Poor Clarence, you have worn yourself out in restoring me to strength and youth. Why do you not partake of the elixir yourself?"

Still the doctor sleeps on. The woman's eye falls upon the vial upon the desk. She recognizes it in an instant and a happy thought enters her head. Taking from its case the little hypodermic syringe with which the doctor has administered the elixir to her so many times, she forces a small quantity of the contents of the vial into a vein of the wrist, which lies bare upon the table. The sleeper starts and she trips out of the room. But she need not have hastened, for he does not wake. With head bent forward upon his breast the doctor dreams on. Yes, he sits motionless and dreams, but his sleep is that from which there is no waking in this world. Clarence Holland thought to have discovered an Elixir of Life, let us call it rather an Elixir of Death.

* * * * *

In the asylum at Ayondale there is a poor

maniac. A beautiful woman, were it not for the inexpressibly weary look which shadows her features. Within the depths of her dark eyes there is a world which is pitiful and horrible; age and grief and regret and loneliness; carelessness of all earthly and heavenly things except her one idol. She is never violent. The keeper says "She rambles on and on about her hobby, an Elixir of Life or some foolish thing like that, and she is always upon the watch for some one who will come and make her young again." But she watches in vain.

Wm. W. Wood

COOPER AND HIS POSITION AS AN AUTHOR.

ON the fifteenth of September, 1789, in Burlington, N. J., was born the novelist, James Fennimore Cooper. He entered Yale college at the age of thirteen, remaining for some time the youngest student enrolled. Three years afterward he joined the U. S. Navy, but after a few voyages he resigned the commission of lieutenant which he had obtained, and in 1811 he married and settled for awhile at Westchester.

Here ten years later he published anonymously his first novel, entitled "Precaution." His next work was "The Spy," one of his most popular novels; this was followed by "The Pioneers," the first of the Leatherstocking Series; and in 1826 appeared "The Last of the Mohicans," which has justly been called his masterpiece.

The seven years between 1826 and 1833 he spent in Europe, where he figured quite conspicuously in the columns of a Parisian journal, *The National*. On his return home, he published "Homeward Bound and Home as Found," which contained a highly idealized portrait of himself. His last work was "The Ways of the Hour" (1850). He died at Cooperstown, N. J., in his sixty-second year.

With this brief sketch of Cooper's life, let us proceed to inquire what position he holds as an author.

To define the position any one author holds in literature is a difficult task. We have to rely only upon the judgments and criticisms of other literary men, and the opinions of different men of equal authority may vary considerably. Especially is it hard to define the position of the American author, Cooper, for no author has been praised more freely by some or condemned more severely by others.

By Victor Hugo he was called "greater than the great master of modern romance;" Balzac, the French novelist, was also an admirer of Cooper, though perhaps more sparing of his praise; and very many of his less-renowned readers have been satisfied with no less title for their favorite than that of "The American Scott."

On the other hand, James Russell Lowell calls him simply "Cooper, who's written six volumes to prove he's as good as a Lord," and says "he need take no pains to convince us that he is *not* the American Scott." Other critics have found fault with his weakness for going too much into the details. He describes all the geography of each scene in his stories, even to the shape of the surrounding rocks; or when speaking of an Indian chief stops to tell us how his button-holes were made. While he goes into these particulars the story stands still. In fact, he ceases for the time to be the story-writer and becomes the artist.

Nearly all critics admit that the most of Cooper's characters, although well delineated, have nothing in common with real life. They have been called "painted cloth and cardboard" rather than as anything approaching the nature of real men and women. But the character of Leatherstocking must be excepted and also, perhaps, that of his friend, Big Serpent. They were real and original. Even Lowell admits that

"He has drawn you one character though that is new,
One wild flower he's plucked that is wet with the dew."

Summing up then the opinions of different critics we must draw the following conclusion:

Cooper was certainly one of the most popular authors that have ever written. His stories have been translated into nearly every language of Europe and into some of those of Asia; and even now they are found worthy the honors of cheap reprints. Although perhaps we cannot justly call him a Scott, yet the American people have reason to be proud of their Cooper.

The "enormous vanity and irritability" which some critics have been pleased to ascribe to his character can easily be overlooked when one is following the adventures of Cora and Alice, while in the power of the wily chief La Renard Subtil, through the pages of "The Last of the Mohicans." The author of such a book has a right to the esteem of his countrymen; and if he had left us only this one volume, the brilliant way in which that chain of episodes is related

would serve to keep his memory green forever. We can safely predict then that the name of James Fennimore Cooper will never be forgotten.

Andrews



Cuts.

Cold snaps.

Knapp helped "Tate" receive.

"Mine grippe!" "Mine Grippe!"

Pease, '91, preached at Pishon's Ferry Jan. 12.

Prof. Elder has recovered from his recent illness.

Read the Exchange comment on Adam Green's poem.

Cary has been elected editor-in-chief of the *Oracle*.

Hatch preached in Gardiner on the first Sunday of the month.

The ladies of the college are quite proficient in the art of skating.

Gilmore has returned from New York with a fresh supply of stories.

Still another addition to the Freshman class, Wellington Hodgkins, of Lamoine.

Purington has completed his term of school at Richmond and returned to college.

Dr. Whittier, instructor in the Bowdoin gymnasium, has been visiting Prof. Adams.

Rodney Welch, an early graduate of Colby, contributes a racy article to the January *Forum*.

Aspiring politicians in our midst can learn lessons in wire-pulling by reading the city papers.

Stoddard, '91, has secured a school in Aroostook. How many pedagogues that district does require.

History outlines for the Juniors will be printed, during the remainder of the term, instead of type-written.

The treasurer of the Reading Room Association reports the usual condition of finances at this time of the year.

Once more the funny man makes himself obnoxious, this time by taking a lamp from South Division of North College.

Hand-ball is the popular sport in the "gym." Prof. Adams is himself an expert at the game. He pronounces it good exercise.

Our readers will be interested to learn that the story published in this issue is another of the prize stories in the recent competition.

Smith, '93, is sick at his home in Skowhegan. He is but one of the many victims of "La Grippe" which is no discriminator of persons.

Bowman's face is badly scarred from contact with a hanging lamp. Two stitches were taken in the cut before the application of court plaster.

The gymnasium is a scene of activity from nine to ten each evening. We are glad to see that interest is manifested by many of the fellows.

Fake's Kennebunkport Parker House yell is well-nigh inimitable. It is a cross between the whoop of a "Soo" Indian and the "holloo" of a cow-boy.

The ladies occupy the gym. on Saturday mornings. It would rejoice the heart of Mrs. Livermore could she see their common-sense costumes.

A walk under the windows brings to light a few turkey skeletons and a number of dilapidated boxes. Christmas cheer evidently reached the bricks.

The gymnasium porch has been repainted and placed in position. The old color was very *striking*, but the new one matches that of the observatory.

Whitney eagerly watches the river in these days of changing temperature. Drift ice puts out the electric light. No light, no evening school for him.

A choir is a very ornamental thing even if it can't sing. Generally it does "discourse sweet music," but when the water motor freezes up then it is completely at sea.

Rob came upon some Freshmen playing cards, on Sunday, and these were his words: "Well! this is a sight, in a christian college, in this enlightened nineteenth century."

Patten paid us a short visit a few days ago. He expected to meet here, and assist, Mr. Speer,

who has charge of the missionary movement in American colleges. Mr. Speer was prevented from coming by the sickness of his father.

It is quite a pleasant surprise to a fellow to receive a letter addressed to his wife. The Junior who was thus fortunate regretted that it was a case of mistaken identity.

Given on good authority that McGinty perished from cold during the recent severe weather. It is to be hoped that no restorative will bring him back to life again.

A witty Junior, when signing his debate, used the following *nom de plume*: "Nihil ex Nihilo." Under the circumstances perhaps he may be excused for underrating his abilities.

Prof. Hall and wife celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage on the evening of Jan. 3. A number of friends aided in making happier the happy occasion.

A man reciting Physiology failed to give the whole of the paragraph. Speaking of this to the next man the Prof. said: "Oh, the only thing he left out was the essential part."

What if that story of the dam should be true? Would the flood of water from Moosehead Lake reach and engulf these noble buildings, or are they proof against such trivial forces?"

Sam smiles when he hears any allusion made to the lamented Henry W. Grady. He is evidently pleased that a man whose influence he regarded as injurious has been called to his reward.

When Sam hurries the men into chapel he should be careful to note whether the Profs. are among them. It often happens that they have been delayed by questions until the last minute.

A Freshman was translating in Greek and, coming to a line that he could not render, hesitated until the bell rang. Then the Prof. translated for him: "and that man had no longer control of his tongue."

Fletcher and Chipman have been appointed delegates to the New England College Y. M. C. A. Conference. The representatives of the various colleges will meet at Wesleyan, Middletown, Conn., on Jan. 24.

Rogers can give the facts of the case when asked to tell about Dante and Beatrice, but he says that he doesn't exactly understand what sort of feeling it was that existed between the two.

This is a strange statement to come from a member of college that opens its doors to both sexes.

We have still another accident to report. Mathews had to resort to medical aid for an injured member of his left foot. It is the same old story of reckless disregard of chairs, in rapid transit across a dark room.

The *Lewiston Journal* prints a column in French, for the benefit of its correspondents who cannot read English. It furnishes a good test of a student's knowledge of that language, and is generally read by the fellows.

A number of the co-eds met with a disappointment on New Year's night. They supposed that midnight mass was to be celebrated at the cathedral, but on visiting the building found that they had been misinformed.

Dr. Pepper experienced a very stormy passage on his return to this country. His letter to the *Sentinel* gives evidence of his power of adapting himself to all circumstances, and his readiness to sacrifice himself for the good of others.

Jay P. Perkins, now of Harvard Medical School, visited the campus on his return to Boston at the close of the holidays. Judging by the rapid growth of his scraggy beard he is making good progress in his chosen line of study.

The judges appointed to pronounce upon the merits of the Junior debates found marked correspondence between the different productions. It was really unfortunate that so many men happened to read, and make use of, the same article.

"Florida on wheels" is quite an attraction. The baby alligators, the stuffed fish, and the photographs of tropical scenery cannot fail to exert an educating influence. The reports are all in and we have not yet heard of a Soph. who brought home an orange.

The prize promised the Freshmen for note-taking, last term, has not yet been awarded. Some of the mathematical men think of it as possible remuneration for twenty hours of work. But, boys, the rate is a paying one. If you doubt this, ask the fellow who captures the five dollars.

It is very injudicious for a man to go to sleep in class without first laying his books one side. If he does not take this precaution he generally

wakes, with a start, to find his books on the floor and himself a laughing stock. Such was the case with a well known man from South College.

Bowdoin is again agitating the organization of an Intercollegiate Athletic Association for Maine. This is not a new idea by any means, but one which has been considered, at least by three colleges, for some time. We see no reason why the support of Colby should not be given to the movement.

The heating apparatus in the new Laboratory has been tested, since our last edition, and found most satisfactory. The class in Physics visited the building in a body and carefully followed the professor as he explained to them the different appliances by which heat is produced and carried into the building.

A frosty morning develops a spirit of lawlessness, or rather, fun. The Prof. who led at prayers must have noticed this for, after a disturbance, due to the above cause, he commenced his prayer thus: "We thank thee, Lord, that there is no anarchy in heaven, that there is submission to law in thy heavenly kingdom."

Watson, '91, met with a painful accident in the gymnasium, a few days ago. In turning a "back somerset" his ankle came in violent contact with an iron hook which holds the supporting wire of the horizontal bar. The wound confined him to his room for a time, but it has now healed and Billy will be able to "tumble" at the coming exhibition.

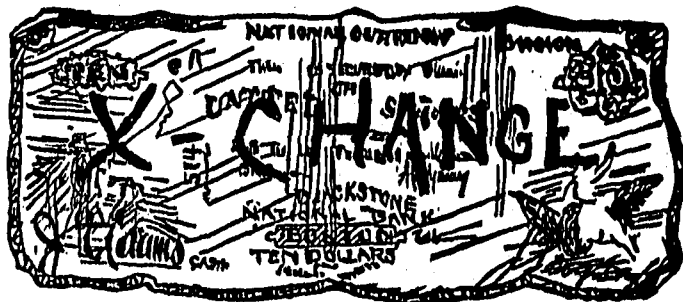
The stillness of South College is frequently broken by the voice of a Soph. who spends his spare time in rehearsing his sermons. Occasionally he invites a few Freshmen to be present, and proceeds to lay before them, in bursts of eloquence, (?) the product of his hours of toil. On one of these occasions he electrified his hearers by pausing, after a well rounded sentence, and exclaiming, "Gosh, wasn't that eloquent, though."

If President Small meets all the demands made upon him he will find himself a very busy man. On January second he delivered an address before the Pine Tree Club of Boston, and one week later he was to have preached the dedication sermon at the new Baptist church in Brunswick. "La Grippe" kept him from filling this last appointment. At the present time has an urgent invitation from a Southerner to canvass, in his own neighborhood, for a publication

on Baptist doctrines. Possibly the ambitious publisher learned of the varied talents of Dr. Small through our old acquaintance, Joshua Burnside Foster.

The Sophs. had a happy time in South College a few nights since. It seems that two Freshmen had secured a good supply of popcorn, and courtesy, in the form of eight or ten Sophomores, demanded they should share the treat. This they willingly did, popping corn and passing it to their friends until even a Soph's appetite was satisfied. Only one thing marred the happiness of the occasion and that was that Dunbar's corn-popper was minus a cover. During the exercises the clergyman was called upon for a sermon, but about this time Carl was accidentally hit on the head by a tennis shoe and retired, out of humor.

The Athletic Exhibition will be given in City Hall, Jan. 31. Through the chairman of the committee on program we are able to give the leading parts of the entertainment which will in no sense be a repetition of the performance given last year. Different men will take part, new features will be introduced that cannot fail to please. Haley's orchestra of seven pieces will furnish the music. Kindly consider the following order of exercises and make up your mind to aid the association in every way possible: Class drills: Seniors, fencing; Juniors, single stick; Sophomores, wands; Freshmen, calisthenics. Contests with foils, single sticks and broadswords. Club swinging by class. Pyramids. Horizontal bar, class. Tumbling. Music by banjo and guitar will be given during the evening.



Considerable space in almost all the recent issues of college journals is devoted to La Grippe and its effects. The epidemic seems to regard college professors as specially shining marks and is very widely attacking them. College boys all over the country, who are not themselves coughing and sneezing and shivering, are enjoying a large number of "cuts."

The *Academy*, published monthly at Worcester, is one of the best papers that come to us from the fitting schools.

The ECHO has just received the January number of the *American Geologist*, an attractive magazine of 60 pages or so and one of great usefulness to all who are interested in the study of Geology. Among the many good things in the current number is a portrait of Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, an eminent American Geologist, followed by a short sketch of his life; an illustrated article on "Extinct Volcanoes of Colorado;" and "Classification and Origin of the Chief Geographic Features of the Texas Regions." The journal is published monthly by the Geological Publishing Co., Minneapolis. Yearly subscription, \$3.50.

Mr. Adam S. Green, Colby, '87, treats of the "Negro's Past, Present and Future" in a poem lately published by him in pamphlet form. After acknowledging the magnitude of his theme and invoking the assistance that poets always seek, the author somewhat elaborately reviews the part which the sons of Ham have played in the great drama of the past. In glowing lines he speaks of the Pharaohs, of Sesostries, of Hannibal, of Toussaint L'Ouverture—negroes all, but men whose achievements are among the grandest of all history. Mr. Green claims that hundred gated Thebes, Memphis, Alexandria and even Athens were built by members of the negro race. Of the negro's "Present" the author says much that is encouraging and dwells at some length on the mighty advances, in every department of human life and activity, that American negroes have made during the past quarter of a century. For the "Future" of the negro the poet has reserved most of his enthusiasm and closes his task with a prophecy of all sorts of honor and glory for coming colored men. We are of the opinion that a great many of Mr. Green's historical and ethnical statements will not be accepted by his readers as facts, but inaccuracies of that kind are to be pardoned in poetry, we suppose. The lines of the poem that seem to us the best are the dozen or so in eulogy of Toussaint L'Ouverture:

"Sleep calmly in thy dungeon tomb,
Beneath Besancon's alien sky,
Dark Haytian!—for the time shall come,
Yea, even now is nigh,
When everywhere thy name shall be
Redeemed from color's infamy;

And men shall learn to speak of thee
As one of earth's great spirits, born
In Servitude, and nursed in Scorn,
Casting aside the weary weight
And fetters of its low estate,
In that strong majesty of soul
Which knows no color, tongue or clime,
Which still hath spurned the base control
Of tyrants through all time."

Mr. Green's closing stanza forcibly reminds one of fireworks:

"He is rising! rising! rising!
Upward! Upward!! See him go!!!
Growing better, growing wiser,
Till he perfect bliss shall know."

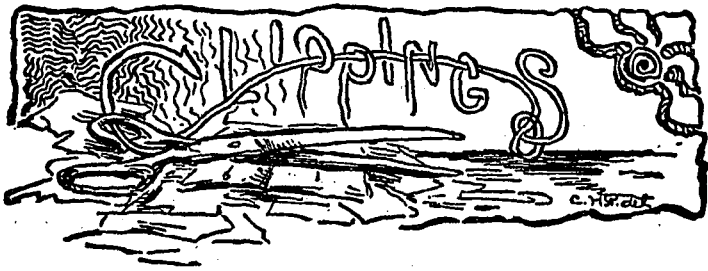
Using the license that poets claim, Mr. Green has employed quite a good many words that we are unable to find in a late edition of Webster's dictionary, for example, "Kleptomaniacal" and "Pecunical." The price of the pamphlet is 25 cents.

In the November number of the *Bates Student* the exchange man very eloquently urges all editors of college journals to publish only poetry that has some real merit, if they propose to indulge in poetry at all. The *Laurentian* evidently thinks there is a beam in the *Bates Student's* eye, as the following extract from the last issue of the *Laurentian* shows:

"What is the matter with the exchange man of the *Bates Student* in his opening article in the November issue? We are unable to determine whether he is in earnest or endeavoring to spring upon us a deeply hidden joke. If he is in earnest and is really endeavoring to raise the standard of college verse he does not need to pay out anything for traveling expenses in order to commence his task."

The exchange editor of the *Central Collegian* is in the habit of visiting severest chastisement on editors far and near who, in his estimation, are in any degree unfortunate in the sentiments they express. After a careful study of this man's literary efforts and editorial attempts we have reached the conclusion that he cannot afford to spend much time in instructing other people as to the best methods of managing their own affairs. It is a noticeable fact that the weakest college papers have the most to say about the chances for improvement that other journals have.

The Y. M. C. A. at Dartmouth are making active endeavors to secure sufficient funds for erecting their proposed building next year.



Education is compulsory in Sweden.

The University of Michigan has 2100 students.

The negro class orator at Harvard has resigned.

Bismarck fought twenty-eight duels while in college.

Clarkson will coach the Harvard nine during the winter.

Bancroft, the historian, is the senior alumnus of Harvard.

Mr. Blaine is the only college graduate in Harrison's cabinet.

Ex-minister Phelps will resume his professorship at Yale next January.

Columbia has three literary societies besides two fraternities, so Ed told us.

The Argentine Republic has two government universities which rank with Harvard and Yale.

The University of Pennsylvania has 1200 students. The Freshman class in Arts numbers 140.

The captains of next year's elevens will be Cumnock of Harvard, Poe of Princeton, and Rhodes of Yale.

"Thesaurus of Writings, Ancient and Modern," is a Chinese encyclopaedia, one hundred years old; required forty years in compiling, and contains 5,020 volumes. It is about to be re-written and brought down to date.

The new catalogue of Brown shows an attendance of two hundred and eighty-five; that of Amherst an attendance of three hundred and thirty-four—a decrease of thirty-five. The University of Michigan has another increase, two thousand and thirty-eight men taking courses.

The following colleges were founded before the Revolution: Harvard, 1638; College of William and Mary, 1693; Yale, 1701; College of New Jersey, 1748; University of Pennsylvania, 1749; Columbia (formerly King's) 1754; Brown University, 1765; Dartmouth, 1769; Rutgers, 1770; Hampden-Sidney, 1775.



'76.

Rev. A. E. Woodsum, formerly of Milford, N. H., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Cary Avenue Baptist church, Chelsea, Mass.

'81.

Married at Louisville, Ky., Sept. 4, 1889, John F. Davies to Miss Blanche M. Ross.

'84.

John L. Dearing has arrived in Japan, where he will be stationed as a missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union.

'86.

S. E. Webber was in town a few days recently. He reported a successful term.

'87.

Fred R. Bowman is studying at the Harvard Medical School.

Horace D. Dow has been appointed first assistant in the Chambers Street Hospital, New York city.

E. F. Goodwin passed through the city recently on his way to Boston, where he is studying in the Boston University Law School.

'88.

E. B. Gibbs is studying law in the office of J. Willard, School street, Boston.

B. P. Holbrook is having good success as sporting editor of the *Boston Evening Record*.

Solomon Gallert has lately joined the city staff of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* and *Evening Record*.

J. A. Pulsifer has received an appointment under the Civil service Law to a clerkship in the Census Bureau, Washington, D. C.

'89.

Miss Alice E. Sawtelle is undergoing treatment for her eyes with Dr. Derby, the eminent Boston oculist.

Harry W. Tappan, formerly of Colby, '89, has accepted the position of musical reporter on the *New York Sun*.

C. F. Megquier was on the campus recently. He was on his way to Northport, where he will finish the school which Caldwell, '91, has been obliged to give up on account of illness.