

# 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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THE American Protective Tariff League offers to the undergraduate students of Senior classes of colleges and universities in the United States, a series of prizes for approved essays on *The Application of the American Policy of Protection to American Shipping engaged in International Commerce.*

Awards will be made June 1st, 1890, as follows: For the best essay, one hundred and fifty dollars; for the second best, one hundred dollars; for the third best, fifty dollars. And for other essays, deemed especially meritorious, silver medals of original and approved design will be awarded, with honorable mention of the authors in a public notice of the awards.

Competing essays not to exceed eight thousand words, signed by some other than the writer's name, to be sent to the office of The League, No. 23 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, on or before March 1, 1890, accompanied by the name and address of the writer and certificate of standing, signed by some officer of the college to which he belongs, in a separate sealed envelope (not to be opened until the successful essays have been determined), marked by a word or symbol corresponding with the signature to the essay.

Shall Colby be represented in the competing list? Colby could be well represented, and shall it not be, classmates? The essay, it is true, would require much hard work, but the effort would more than repay the labor expended.

THE Vice-President of the Athletic Association has received the following communication from the Bowdoin Athletic Association:

"The Bowdoin Athletic Association has decided to formally ask the Athletic Associations of the three other colleges in the state to join

with it in forming an Intercollegiate Athletic Association, the purpose being in general, to cultivate our interest and skill in athletics, and in particular to hold an Intercollegiate Field Day each year, at which representatives of the various colleges shall contest for the championship of their particular college, and for individual prizes.

"It is the opinion of many men, that we are far behind the times in not having such an association; for in Massachusetts, and in all other localities where colleges are so placed that there is natural rivalry between them, such associations exist, and are productive of much pleasure and profit to their members. Moreover, we believe that with proper management, such a meet,—say at Lewiston, or at Bangor, or even here at the Topsham Fair grounds—could be made a source of profit, as our athletic exhibitions are at present.

"Finally, we would urge that your Association consider this plan, which is not at all a new one, and if possible take favorable action upon it.

"We think if the discussion of this matter should be started early in the season, no college would feel that she could not fairly represent herself on account of lack of time for preparation.

"Should you decide favorably on this idea, we think it would be well for delegates from the colleges to meet, about the close of the term, in order to draw up a constitution, arrange place and date for our first meeting and decide other details which would naturally occur.

JON. P. CILLEY, Jr.,

1st Director of B. C. A. A."

The subject is not a new one. It has been often talked of among our boys and nearly a year ago we advocated the plan in the ECHO. Our views have not changed. We believe that the formation of such an association would be an excellent thing, and we urge upon the boys the seconding of Bowdoin's efforts in this direction.

Base-ball is a fine sport. Our intercollegiate games, played each year, furnish much amusement and the rivalry engendered is an excellent stimulus for physical development, but base-ball does not fill all the demands. It is good in its place but it is one-sided and makes one-sided men. The best base-ballists are not the best athletes and the games of the nine only give

practice for perhaps a dozen men, while a much larger number of good, all-around athletes have no opportunity of taking part. An intercollegiate field day with various contests—running, jumping, vaulting, throwing hammer, weight, etc.—would give an opportunity for those who are good at any branch of athletics to distinguish themselves; it would furnish an excellent exhibition of amateur athletics once a year; it would result in a much greater interest in field sports and in a lowering of records in all the colleges. For these reasons we advocate the formation of an Intercollegiate Athletic Association.

In regard to the details of the scheme. Of course the meet should be held in the fall so that it would not interfere with the base-ball interests. It should be held in a place of some size so that it could be as nearly as possible self-supporting. Each college should be allowed a certain number of competitors. The several colleges should be equally represented in the Board of Directors, the Chairman, President or Master of Ceremonies to be chosen by the Directors.

These in brief are our views on the subject of Mr. Cilley's letter. We believe also that if such an association should be formed, Colby would maintain her reputation of producing men as good as the best, physically as well as mentally.

*C. N. Hurd*

THE ECHO is glad to be able to give a partial prospectus of the work to be carried on in the department of Pedagogy during the spring term.

The work, in general, will be the application of Psychology to the particular art of instruction. The beginning of the work and the rate at which it can be pursued depends upon a knowledge of Psychology. The larger part of the work will be of a character that will make it most valuable to the real student whether he intends to teach or not. It purports to be an investigation and systematization of the mental phenomena which underly the mind's processes in the development of the reasoning faculty. Any student should know the fundamental principles through which he has been and still remains a student.

At the later part of the course the work will have reference to the methods of giving instruction in the different subjects taught in the pub-

lic schools, that is the representative branches of the different studies. In this connection the work will be of incalculable worth to the one who is to enter the school room after leaving college. The principles already learned will be brought into requisition, and the mass of fact acquired from previous training, observation and experience will be sifted, sorted and stored away in proper combinations for use. In other words the work purposes to help one digest and assimilate what he has already in mind.

Sufficient observation work will be done to show the main points evinced in the lectures of the modes of instruction in the different branches. Methods, illustrating the processes of a child's mind in grasping certain elementary data—as for example the development of the mathematical faculty—will be shown. This work, possibly, will not be required, but optional for those whose specialty is teaching. The others, however, will not be slighted while this work is prosecuted, but will be allowed to take work in other directions.

As a mental discipline for the development of the reasoning faculty we can conceive of no better in any department of college work.

A text book will be used, probably White's *Elements of Pedagogy*; but the work will also be carried on by lecture.

The ECHO takes just pride in the introduction of this department at Colby, and begs this opportunity to urge the election of it, not only by those who expect to teach but by those as well who feel the need of a drill in generalizing and applying knowledge previously gained.

THE whole nation is mourning the death of the South's illustrious son, because it felt that in that man was the divine, unknowable power which appeals to all that is best and truest and holiest in mankind.

In every age and among all peoples eloquence has compelled the admiration and enchained the affections. If we glance, ever so carelessly, over the pages of the world's history we shall find that the orators are the men who have swayed peoples and nations, who have changed the current of events, who have moulded the world's social, moral and religious thought. At the present day, in individual experience we find innumerable examples of the orator's power.

Numberless men can trace back to the glowing words of some gifted speaker the birth of new, life-lasting aspirations, the formation of

firmer resolves to struggle unweariedly on to the accomplishment of something worthy of themselves and their generation. An hour in the lecture room has been the turning-point in many a young man's life.

Could the students of Colby have the opportunity of hearing frequent lectures from the foremost men of the country, from leading statesmen, economists, scientists and literary men, the benefit would be incalculable. The faculty have recognized the great advantage to be derived from such lectures and have done their best for us in the past, but the lack of available funds makes impossible anything more than occasional lectures from the best men. We would suggest that here is a grand opportunity for some wealthy friend of the college to establish a lecture fund, the income of which should be devoted to the securing of first-class men to lecture to the students of Colby upon questions that from time to time occupy the public attention and upon subjects of special interest to educated men. A regular lecture course embracing half a dozen lectures per year would be a very attractive advantage that Colby could offer to the world, that would most honorably perpetuate the memory of its founder and be a blessing to the coming generations of students.

THE nearness of the end of this term reminds us of the three hours' test which all must soon undergo. We have no quarrel with the idea which is presented in the word examination. We simply question whether better results could not be reached by a mitigation of the present law of examination in some respects.

The real work of the term is the every day class-room work. Let the examination be on a par with class-room work and we have nothing more to say. If a man does good work through the term, that is carries a fair per cent. of rank and then fails in the examination, why should not the examination mark—provided it is proportionate, not disproportionate, to class-room work—be averaged with the term work, rather than that a student, who after maintaining marks above the required average fails in the examination merely, be turned in deficient. If this scheme were adopted then the student whose term mark in any study is deficient would be obliged to pursue that study again in course. A different plan however would have

to be followed in examining those students who are absent during term time.

Another plan which has been adopted in certain colleges seems to us fair and good. This plan provides that if a student attains a certain per cent. of rank during any term he shall be exempted from a final test. We believe that such exemption would occasion no loss either to the student or to the institution. On the contrary would not such a scheme produce beneficial result in that every student would try to raise his term average to the required standard? We think it would, and besides, that present pernicious practice called "cramming" would be stopped on the whole.

A college professor in one of our exchanges has spoken in the following manner in regard to examinations, and his words make us sensible of their own weight:

"Not only every schoolmaster of the slightest competence, but even every lecturer and professor who has received essays from his hearers knows perfectly well who are the best boys or men, and does not require to confirm his estimate by examinations which, if they do confirm it, are superfluous, and mischievous if they do not."

As a spur he claims that examinations can be only artificial and do not in any way develop, or tend to develop, true scholarship, but rather deaden scholarly impulses. They bring into pre-eminence matters of lesser importance and thus keep wrong ends in view. We are not to understand him as inveighing against all modes of examination, but only against the prominent place which college examinations occupy at present in most colleges. He concludes by saying:

"If I may be allowed to speak from my own personal observation, I desire to say that one of the most confident convictions resulting from my own experience as a teacher of history, is the belief that, as a rule, the best work has been done where there has been the largest freedom, and the least satisfactory work where there has been the most rigid system of examinations and marks."

~~We~~ We suggest the reference of this matter to the Board of Conference for discussion and revision.

"Much has been said and written in regard to the use of translations by college students. Probably that practice was never more prev-

alent in all colleges than at present. Our own college, I fear, is badly afflicted with the prevailing malady.

"If every student on entering college could understand as well as he does who has completed the college course what is for his own advantage, and learn before he passes along the road what he ought to observe; if he could know what he ought to do and what he ought to leave undone, many things, which now occur every day, would never happen.

"But to resume. No student can use a translation without serious loss to himself both mentally and morally. Much might be said upon their use as an immoral, or, at least, as a non-moral practice. Leaving that, however, for one's own reflection, allow me just a word on their use as a detriment to the mental faculties.

"It must be admitted that the mental faculties can not be abused without weakening them. Every time a student uses 'surreptitious aid' in his studies, he abuses his mental powers and therefore weakens them. These faculties once abused do not act so readily on other occasions and more aid must be sought, or else more work must be done. On the other hand, if a student does his work without such aid he strengthens his mental faculties and they are accordingly better fitted to perform their functions. Take an example. Single out a man who has never used a translation and notice whether at the end of his course his intellect is not more acute than the intellect of that man who has been accustomed to their use, other things being equal. It is a fact that the majority of the ladies in college are remarkable for their keen mental vision. Some may be disposed to sneer at this example and say that they too use translations. But I am informed by one who knows and whose word I would no more doubt than I would my own identity, that translations of any kind are practically unknown to them. Yet their work in most cases is far superior to his who tries to ride past them. Why is it? Simply because the ladies have worked faithfully, gained the valuable mental discipline therefrom and as a result are able to outstrip the majority of us.

"One great cause of opposition to co-education among the students has been attributed, whether justly or unjustly I will not attempt to say, to the fact that the ladies have gained a reputation for excellence in scholarship which the majority

of the boys have failed to gain. What's the remedy? Shall the ladies be driven from the college because they carry off the X's and prizes? Would it not be more sensible to create the insignia of the 'equestrian order' and go to 'plugging'?"



### A "PRACTICAL JOKE."

WEBSTER Hopewell was a college graduate; he had passed successively through those four stages of verdancy, arrogance, self-conceit and lordliness, in company with scores of other men. But, while the majority of men outgrow the last of these college characteristics after a very short acquaintance with the jostling, disrespectful world, Mr. Webster Hopewell, although more than two full years had elapsed since his graduation, still retained all four of them.

Watch him, then, as with a firm, self-confident step he is walking down the main street of the city of P——, on a frosty morning in December. He is reading law with Lawyer Whipple, one of the leading lawyers in the city, and he holds his head so high and erect upon his broad, square shoulders that not only do the importunities of street-beggars, hoot-blacks and newsboys entirely escape his notice, but also he as easily overlooks several acquaintances, who have the misfortune of passing their days behind counters in large, airy stores instead of at a desk in a small, dingy, lawyer's office.

Once, however, he nods familiarly to a physician of high reputation and with a large practice, who returns his bow with a cool stare; he didn't remember that he had ever met that prim-looking young man, and, in fact, he never had. He also inclines his head very slightly to that young Mr. Whitkins, who is a "gentleman of leisure," supported by his father. But to Miss Amelia Joopson, the daughter of a millionaire, he politely lifts his tall, silk hat; she meets him with a sweet smile, which is immediately changed to a sarcastic one the instant his back is toward her. "Such a self-conceited fop as that young Hopewell is!" But he is in "the best society"

of P——, and as a member of that society she is bound to recognize him. Such men are almost invariably in "the best society." They climb in upon the ladder of cheek.

There was a self-satisfied smile on Mr. Hopewell's face as he seated himself by the stove in Lawyer Whipple's office. He was thinking,—not of the jocose remarks made at his expense by the store-clerks he had so coolly slighted; not of the indifferent stare the busy physician had given him; nor yet of the muttered observation of Mr. Whitkins that he "should like to take that fellow down a peg." Such trifles did not disturb Mr. Webster Hopewell in the least. He was thinking of the sweet smile with which Miss Joopson had greeted him. For, be it known that Mr. Webster Hopewell was deeply in love with Miss Amelia Joopson; and he sincerely believed that she cared for him in return.

The arrival of a note from Mr. Whipple, stating that he had unexpectedly been called away from town for the day, left Mr. Hopewell in sole charge of the office; and, as he stretched himself to his full height, he felt fully competent to give legal advice to all the inhabitants of P—— in a body. But only two callers came to test his legal powers.

The first was an old lady from the country, who, feeling that she "wa'nt long fer this world," wanted "it all fixed in writin' so they couldn't cheat her bye out of his lawful pruperty." Her will was made out in due legal form.

The other caller was a tall, well-built, elderly gentleman, with long, gray whiskers and with shaggy eyebrows shading a pair of blue eyes, that had a remarkable twinkle in them for a man of his years, who had called upon a lawyer on perfectly serious business. He burst into the room without any warning, and began to talk as soon as he was fairly inside the door.

"I've been served an outrageously mean trick," he said, as he impatiently walked the floor. "And I'll make her pay for it, if it takes the last cent I've got to pay you rascally lawyers."

Mr. Hopewell bowed; but whether in acquiescence to the fact that it was perfectly right to "make her pay for it," or to the more general statement that lawyers were rascals, I am unable to state.

"Now, I want to suppose a case with you," continued the agitated old gentleman. "Suppose a man should meet a pretty girl at a fash-



ionable summer resort; suppose he should fall in love with her, and at last should offer to marry her; and she, instead of saying 'yes' right off, should tell him to wait four months for her answer. Well, suppose that man, at the end of those four, long months, comes to her home for her answer, and then she tells him that she likes somebody else better,—that a mean, sneaking, villainous lawyer has got in ahead of him." (The man had evidently forgotten that he was talking to one of that villainous class of men.) "Now what I want to know is, can that man make that heartless flirt pay? That's the question." And he concluded with a thump of his fist upon the table that nearly upset the inkstand.

Now it happened that Mr. Hopewell had as large a bump of curiosity as the majority of young men (and of young ladies, too.) Hence he was seized with an intense desire to find out who that "villainous young lawyer" and that "heartless flirt" were, and so, hoping to draw the man out, he replied with a smile:

"That depends upon whether the lady in question has any money to pay."

The angry old gentleman caught at his bait at once.

"Money to pay!" he ejaculated. "If Jacob Joopson's daughter hasn't the money to pay I should like to know who has. Oh, curse the luck! I might have had that fortune myself if it hadn't been for that snivelling young Hooperand, or Hooplant, or some such outlandish name. I should like to break his neck. Oh, excuse me, Mr. Whipple, I forgot myself."

Mr. Hopewell could well excuse his forgetfulness. He saw it all, now. Miss Joopson had, perhaps, flirted a little during the summer with this man evidently old enough to be her father. But that was all right. It was the custom for young ladies at summer resorts to flirt with old gentlemen. That she had given him any real encouragement, Mr. Hopewell did not believe. And now, when the foolish old fellow came to claim her, to get rid of him she had told him the truth, viz., that she was in love with himself, Mr. Webster Hopewell. Well, he had suspected as much for a long time. But this angry old man, who had mistaken him for Mr. Whipple, he must get rid of him in some way.

But this last was not so difficult a task as he had anticipated; for right in the middle of a long explanation of the law to the effect that,

as the lady had made no promise, there could be no case made against her, the old man darted out of the door as suddenly as he had appeared. He forgot to pay his fee, too, but Mr. Hopewell thought he could well afford to lose a fee that morning.

That day was to be the turning-point of his life, he told himself, as he stood before a large mirror, stroking his mustache. He would call on Miss Joopson that very evening; he would ask her to be his wife; and that she would not refuse him, he had just had abundant proof.

The remainder of the day passed away somehow, as all days have done since the creation of the world. Mr. Hopewell spent fully an hour and a half in dressing, and at precisely eight o'clock he stood upon the marble door-steps of Mr. Joopson's fine mansion.

Now Miss Amelia was very much provoked when her caller was announced. She was going to the opera that evening with Mr. Whitkins, and it was very exasperating to have to stop to entertain that conceited Mr. Hopewell. But she met him with a smile, for it is one of the rules of polite society that you must smile outside, no matter how you may feel within.

Was there ever a man who asked that most momentous of all questions in exactly the way he had planned? Now Mr. Hopewell had even decided upon what words he should use in asking that fateful question. He had pictured to himself, too, how she would fall into his arms and whisper that one word so pleasing to a lover's ear. But alas! How different from dreams is the reality!

In her presence he forgot all of his nicely-chosen words, and after a good deal of commonplace talk, he blurted out his question as abruptly as most men do in like circumstances. And she—walked away haughtily to the farthest corner of the room.

"Mr. Hopewell!"—there was no sweet smile on her face now, and the tone of her voice fairly froze him in the half-kneeling posture he had unconsciously assumed—"Mr. Hopewell, you have made a great mistake. I do not love you; I believe at this moment I almost detest you. And now, will you please excuse me?" And before he could recover his equilibrium or his power of speech, she had fled.

A minute later Mr. Whitkins was ushered into the room by a servant.

"Why, Hopewell, you here?" he exclaimed in well-feigned astonishment. "Why, what makes you look so pale, old fellow?" But there was a merry twinkle in his eye, for he rightly guessed the cause of that paleness.

Hopewell looked at him sharply. Yes, it was true. That eye was the same that had twinkled under those shaggy eyebrows in his office that morning. And in a frenzy of rage and despair, Mr. Webster Hopewell rushed out into the cold, night air.

And now to the readers of this anecdote, who perhaps are saying that my character is over-drawn, and are fondly believing that there are no such fools in the world, I am glad to be able to say that there was a little common-sense even in him.

That day was the turning-point in his life, after all, for the memory of its experience took away from him those objectionable college traits he had been so long in out-growing. Ever after that December day, Mr. Webster Hopewell was noted for an unpretending, almost humble, bearing; and, improbable as it may seem, two years later he was married to this same Miss Amelia Joopson, whom he had won by his modest demeanor. It was one of those extremely rare cases when a "practical joke" is of any practical benefit to anybody.

Mr. Whitkins, the perpetrator of the joke, after his suit had been rejected by Miss Joopson, left the city and was soon forgotten.

*Andrew*

#### FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL CONVENTION ZETA PSI FRATERNITY.

THE forty-fourth annual convention of the Zeta Psi fraternity was held under the auspices of the Alpha chapter of Columbia College, New York city, Jan. 3rd and 4th, 1890.

At 9.30 Friday morning, Jan. 3rd, the delegates and visiting brothers assembled in the elegant and commodious rooms of the Zeta Psi club, 8 West 29th street. An hour was passed in introductions, making acquaintances and exchanging the grip. The grand officers were then called to order by the Phi Alpha and after the delegates had presented their credentials the convention was formally opened for business, which occupied the rest of the day with the exception of an hour's recess at noon.

At half-past six P. M. an informal dinner was served in the hall of the Zeta Psi club. Here

many of the brothers of the Alpha and Phi chapters were present, where not in attendance at the business meeting, together with many elders and graduate brothers from all parts of the country, who were living in New York or had come there expressly to attend the convention.

Three long tables were ranged around as many sides of the hall, which is carpeted and furnished in the finest style. During the dinner, which consisted of six courses and lasted an hour and a half, an orchestra discoursed music. After appetite's keen edge had been removed an air familiar to every man present was played; instantly the tune was caught up and the deep chorus of more than a hundred voices filled the hall with the words of the old song,

"Zeta Psi we pledge to-night  
Ever more to love thee, etc."

Brother Duryea of the Phi, the author of the song, sat at one of the tables.

At 8 o'clock the brothers adjourned in a body to the Madison Square theatre, where the lower boxes, together with the front half of the pit, had been reserved for them. After witnessing the performance of "Aunt Jack," the brothers betook themselves again to the club rooms, making the streets of the metropolis ring with the songs and yells of Zeta Psi.

At the rooms an informal supper was served, after which a most enjoyable two hours was passed in conversation, listening to the orchestra or singing fraternity airs. In these songs many an old brother felt the days of his college life rush back upon him as a flood, and in the curling smoke of his cigar he seemed again to see the old faces and hear the old voices which he used to see and hear when an undergraduate.

The business of the convention was resumed the next morning and carried on without cessation, save for dinner, 5 o'clock P. M., when the work was completed.

At 6.30 all were again assembled in one of the superb parlors at Delmonico's, where they listened with deep interest to a masterly address by the Phi Alpha, brother William L. Pierce of Chicago. Here the installation of those grand officers who were present took place.

At 8 o'clock the annual Grand Chapter banquet was served in the banquet hall. Five long tables were decorated and arranged with all the taste and skill of Delmonico's famous establish-

ment. Beside his plate each brother found a neat morocco leather case, containing the menu, list of toasts and list of officers and committees, and having stamped upon it, "Zeta Psi. Delmonico's, Jan., 1890." Thanks to the boys of the Alpha chapter, these were given to the brothers as souvenirs.

I may be excused from giving a description of the banquet and the magnificent room in which it was held. The many and varied courses of food, the music, the electric lights softened with vari-colored shades, the great mirrors, the gallery draped with many folds of the stars and stripes, all combined to produce a brilliant effect and one much easier felt than described.

After the banquet "a feast of reason and a flow of soul" was enjoyed in the form of responses to the toasts, of which the following are a few: "Our Universities," Dr. Wm. Pepper, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania; "The Fraternity," Harrison E. Webster, President of Union College; "Zeta Psi War Reminiscences," Gen. Livingston Satterlee.

At 11.30 Hon. Austin G. Fox, the Phi Alpha elect, entered the hall and was greeted with rousing cheers. Three cheers were also given to the Alpha chapter for the royal way it had entertained the convention and just as the stroke of midnight sounded, the forty-fourth Grand Chapter came to an end.

*J. A. Gilmore*



#### AN ODE TO LA GRIPPE.

A bit of a cold in the head, do ye say, -  
Oh, kerchew-eu, kerchew-eu, kerchew-eu!  
Bedad, it's enough to make a man gray,  
This sneezing, kerchew-eu, kerchew-eu, kerchew-eu!  
You may tell me it's Russian, I'm convinced not a bit,  
Bi'me way of thinking the devil owns it;  
Oh, kerchew-eu, kerchew-eu, kerchew-eu!  
And nary a part of the land will he lave  
Till he has plunged it all into this sniffing"grave.  
Oh, kerchew-eu, kerchew-eu, kerchew-eu!

"Corporations."

"Where's Pinkerton?"

"And then they giggled."

How did you like the Exhibition?

Ex-President Pepper has been advised by his physicians to rest for a year.

We hear that there is a Mr. Calvin in '91. He is no doubt the redoubtable John.

A. K. Rogers, '91, has been chosen *Oracle* editor in place of M. L. Miller, who resigned.

The probability is that the elective History for next term will be a course in French Revolution.

Arthur Tilley Watson, '91, is once more with us, after a protracted wrestle of two weeks with the "zeitgeist."

Cheney, '92, has returned to his class after finishing the "deestriect" school up in the wilds of East Livermore.

Wheldon, '90, has returned to college after closing a successful term of ten weeks in the High School at Franklin, Me.

Ed. Godding, C. C. I., '87, and now of Bowdoin, '91, was on the campus last week. He spent Sunday with D. M. Bangs.

Miss Randall, '92, who has been confined to the Hall for the past week with the prevailing malady, is now with her class again.

Rogers, '91, has been quite sick with the grip. A cold in addition came near causing pneumonia. He is once more attending class work.

We were startled recently to hear one of our most staid professors tell the class "to catch on." Accidents will happen in the best regulated families.

Hack Hall visited the bricks one day last week, laden with dainties for the various sick ones. The editor almost regrets that he recovered so soon.

There is one thing good about the "zeitgeist." It does not take all the professors at once but one at a time. This strings along the cuts in a very fine manner.

"Knapp" has been in company K of the sick brigade for the past three weeks. Going out too soon after the first attack he suffered both a collapse and a relapse.

Caldwell, '91, has been in Portland recently, at the Maine General Hospital. We sincerely hope that he will resume his old place with us when the spring term opens.

Abram Wyman, '89, supplied the Unitarian pulpit in this place last Sunday. He preaches in Augusta on the next two Sundays. He exchanges, as he says, with Gilmore, '90, on the last.



Student—"Which one of the kings did you say favored Catholicism?"

Professor—"It was one of the Stuart kings. She was the wife of Charles I."

One of the most charming sights round the bricks is "Mug" when he has on his dressing gown and smoking cap. With his silky beard he looks like some German Prof.

Charley Pease was heard to remark recently that he didn't wonder the Italians were good scholars, if they had to study such italics as Huxley gives us. Good shot, Charles.

At last, at last has La Grippe been defined. The Professor in History says it is the "zeitgeist" of the times. How badly people will feel to find out what a terrible thing they have suffered.

Thursday, the day of prayer for colleges, gave the boys a cut for the day. A discourse was given in the chapel in the forenoon by Rev. C. C. Tilley, of the Bates Street Baptist church of Lewiston.

William Fletcher, '91, and A. H. Chipman, '91, were Colby's delegates to the Y. M. C. A. convention held at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn. They will soon give us a report of the trip.

Barron, '93, has been at his home in Bar Harbor for the past week on account of sickness. He reports that the dismal air that hangs over that gay watering place in the winter is worse than "La Grippe."

Prof. Mathews leaves next Tuesday for Newton Theological Seminary, where he is to give instruction in Hellenistic Greek for the ensuing term. He was similarly employed during our winter vacation of last year.

One of the most disgusted people ever seen was the student who was called up twice in one recitation. He came to the conclusion that with two ten spots and the knave (which he himself represented) he held quite a hand.

The Debate came off Friday evening and was very fine indeed. A fuller account will appear later. We do not announce the prizes, as this is written three days beforehand. We make it a rule to be as previous as possible.

Pres. Buckham, of the University of Vermont, is to give a series of lectures at Andover. In his absence Rev. F. E. Dewhurst, of Colby, '78, will take charge of his class and deliver ten lect-

ures on social subjects. Mr. Dewhurst is pastor of the Berean Baptist church, Burlington, Vt.

We would advise some enterprising journalist to interview Sam and tap his fund of anecdotes about times gone by. It is a picnic to hear him tell of those old scrapes, and a book containing them would make an agent's fortune.

At the last business session this term of the Y. M. C. A., the following officers were chosen: A. B. Patten, '90, President; C. S. Pease, '91, Vice-President; E. H. Stover, '92, Treasurer; J. B. Slocumb, '93, Recording Secretary.

Drake is reported to be totally lost somewhere, for his mother has written letters inquiring about him. Either Pinkerton must be employed or that partner of his, the duck of last year, be let loose trusting that she will find her mate.

We would at the outset beg the pardon of all, whose names have not appeared in connection with the influenza. We try to give all a chance to appear in print and any failure on our part is due to our not receiving notice of their indisposition.

Maurice Small, '87, has been visiting in town for the past week. He was compelled to close the High School in Norway, of which he is the principal, on account of the influenza, and thought that a visit to his Alma Mater would not be amiss.

Rev. H. R. Hatch of Colby University addressed quite a gathering of young men at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms, (Gardiner) yesterday afternoon, upon the "Manhood of Christ." The lecture was both interesting and helpful.—*Kennebec Journal of Jan. 27.*

Professor in Physics—"Why is C taken as a standard in the scale?"

Student—"It is an arbitrary one."

Prof.—"Who says so?"

Class (in chorus)—"Everybody."

Result—General laughter.

We see that President Small has been interviewed regarding an intercollegiate athletic association. If it can be conducted on a conservative basis he is heartily in favor of it. The views also of some of the boys appear. George Hurd, "Tate," "Pet," "Whit" and "Cloukey" are all in favor of it.

One of the most doleful sights ever seen by the editor was one of the Juniors recently. We

noticed that he repeatedly looked at a card, which he held in his little fist, and then, while a tear stole down his cheek, he would grind his teeth. A glance at the card sufficed. It said, "Dentist So and So. Appointment at 9 A. M." Poor George!

We would advise one of the Juniors to remove from his masticators his cud of tutti frutti when he gets up to recite in history. It is bad enough to pronounce those heathenish names of the early centuries with an empty mouth; but if the gum and name should happen to coalesce at one time he would probably have to be removed on a shutter.

The long-lost lamp belonging to the fourth story of south division of North College has been returned, and Sam is once more happy. He thanks the Campus for touching up the funny man in last week's issue, and says he is more firmly convinced than ever of the advantages of advertising.

Professor—"What do you think of the politics which Milton has ascribed to the Devil in that passage? Would he be a democrat, (*i. e.*, in the dictionary sense), do you think, if he was on earth?"

Student (a republican and who gives the word the popular meaning) answers with alacrity and emphasis—"Yes, sir!"

We wonder if this is Whit to which this clipping refers. "Prof. Parsons has a class reading Sallust at sight. It is composed of those who desire to become more proficient in this respect and, as might be expected, they are making rapid progress, and are enthusiastic in their work." We conclude that it must be, for Whit always was "enthusiastic" in Latin.

In order to make the Campus what it should be, there ought to be a little support on the part of the boys. You can't expect the editor to see and hear everything. It is very easy to give him an item upon something that you have noted. It is always acceptable to the man who gets no thanks for his best endeavors and kicks, if the results of his works are not the best possible.

*Zion's Advocate* wishes to start a fund to purchase some of the valuable antiquities, which have been discovered in Egypt during the past seven years, for the art collection of Colby. The editor says: "We have already a contribution

of fifty dollars for this purpose from a generous friend of the college, and we are confident that there are others who will wish to share with him in this good work."

Student No. 1—"Does the Catholic church to-day pursue that same policy?"

Honest Prof.—"You ask me too hard a question. I can't answer it."

Student No. 2 (slapping No. 1 on the back) in a stage whisper—"Stuck him, old man!"

Honest Prof. (overhearing)—"Yes, you're right."

Class roar and student No. 2 goes down through the floor.

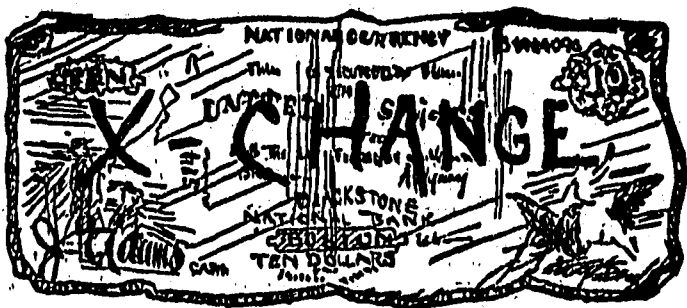
One of the best things in the way of an innovation was given to certain of the boys who took an examination one evening recently. When about half through, the kind professor served them with a collation, much to their surprise and exquisite pleasure. We have always maintained that something of that sort was needed in the examinations at the end of the term, and we sincerely hope that the fatherly faculty will keep up this excellent precedent.

There is a sort of Aladdin who visits the boys at stated periods to get their oil cans to carry away and fill. Mistaking the number of the room he returned one of the filled cans and deposited it at Robbie's door. This gentleman discovered the said can shortly, on coming back from dinner, and appropriated the contents. The real owner finally received his empty can. There is mutual swearing both with the producer and consumer (of another can full) but the middle man grins.

We have always thought that besides the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals there should be another; *i. e.*, for Prevention of Suicides. We would invite one branch of the order, as soon as formed, to visit us, for we have a subject who needs attention. The Freshman who attempted to asphyxiate himself tried to commit self-murder again last week. His transit down North College steps could not have been taken by the best transit instrument with the best professor. Gravity was aided by the pail of water and can of milk which he held in his hands. Both were empty when he got there and the milk was on his clothes. His customary nourishment so far revived him that he was enabled to say "Gosh!" most emphatically before rising.

It is really quite startling after the Philippines that have been hurled at the boys about bracing up for the Exhibition, and after having the expectations aroused with reference to "monkey-rolls" and duels and hops, etc., to find that no Exhibition is forthcoming. But it is the best thing, after all. The town is about half sick, and probably the house the boys would get would be small, and again the giant athletes who have not yet gone under, might turn up sick at the eleventh hour. It is now left for '91 to cover themselves with renown next year. But this unexpected turn has stripped of its brilliancy the fine editorial of the last issue of the ECHO. It's too bad that such a fine prophecy could not have been fulfilled.

Professor Rogers reports that the ceremony connected with the breaking of the seals of the Standard Metre by President Harrison was a very simple one. After a half hour spent in the council chamber in informal introductions and conversation on the part of those who were invited to be present, the President entered the room, accompanied by Secretaries Blaine and Windom. After a personal introduction of each person present to the President by Professor Mendenhall, the seals were broken and the standard metre and two standard kilograms were exposed to view. The President signed a receipt upon parchment for the standards and his signature was attested by Secretaries Blaine and Windom. All of those present signed another paper, as witnesses, and the ceremony was concluded.



The ECHO acknowledges the receipt of the last annual report of the Maine Industrial School for Girls, one of the most worthy institutions in the state. Sixty-one girls are in the school at present.

The *Swartmore Phoenix* is one of the best journals on our desk. It is tasty in its mechanical construction and has several articles of great interest and merit. A long letter from the president of Swartmore, Dr. Magill, who is in Paris,

gives a very pleasing description of a great many of the specially interesting things to be seen in the French metropolis.

The *University Beacon* contains an interesting article upon "Rugby as I saw it," by Charles W. Adams. Anything pertaining to the scene of Tom Brown's school days and Dr. Arnold's labors is of great interest to all college men. The author treats quite extendedly of the situation of the school, of school life there and of athletics—a department to which great attention is paid.

There is a growing agitation in several American co-educational institutions that is sure to result in the appointment of women to professorships at no distant day. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore has lately been assisting the president of St. Lawrence University in his efforts to establish a "woman's professorship" fund at that college. The more one weighs the arguments in favor of the scheme the more thoroughly one becomes convinced that the experiment has the surest promise of success and advantage.

The *Philosophian Review* is a very well gotten up journal containing quite a good deal of readable matter. Its local columns, however, seem the very embodiment of nonsense to the uninitiated, though we suppose that an item like the following, "Mr. C—l, apples grow on the inside of trees," seems eminently funny to the people who are acquainted with the circumstances that gave rise to such a remark. We want to take this opportunity to plead for jokes that one can understand without the aid of a guide book. Enigmatical wit always depresses our spirits.

According to the *Ann Arbor Chronicle*, Michigan is the educator of Congressmen. The colleges within its borders have furnished the present Congress no less than nineteen members. Harvard is the Alma Mater of six Senators, Yale of five. A very strong argument in favor of a college education is found in the fact that out of the comparatively small number of men who are college graduates such a large number have been selected to fill the highest positions in the gift of the people. The fact that one has taken a course of college training isn't a positive assurance of future greatness, but it makes the possibility of achieving greatness at least one hundred times nearer a certainty.

The editor of the *Acadia Atheneum* advocates the establishment of an employment bu-

reau through which students may secure employment during the long summer vacation. In relation to the matter he says:

"Let us have a strong committee consisting of members of the faculty, students and one or two live business men. Then let it be distinctly understood by business circles in the Maritime Provinces, that any who wish to secure the services of energetic, intelligent young men of good character for four or six months during the summer season, can do so with little trouble by sending an application to the secretary of the bureau."

The average Colby man feels that he ought to pass the long vacation in some sort of profitable employment, but the difficulty of securing any kind of a situation is in the majority of cases insurmountable. Is not some such a plan as our Acadian neighbor advocates, worthy of our consideration here at Colby?

One of our exchanges says that a prominent Senior of a neighboring college made the somewhat startling announcement that the Cronin jury had brought in its verdict and had pronounced Dr. Cronin guilty of murder. Whether this story is true or false, it is still a fact that many college men are deplorably ignorant of all that relates to many of the common, every-day topics that are continually coming up for discussion. Every student should make it a rule to spend a few minutes of each day in the reading room. It is not an accomplishment to have an intelligent knowledge of current affairs, it is rather a positive disgrace not to have such knowledge. Let us keep in the closest possible touch with the great world outside, in which we shall so soon commence to fight the real battles of life.

The *Campus* indulges in a literary (?) article which gives a lengthy account of the origin of the popular (?) song, "Where did you get that hat?" Probably the *Campus* in its next issue will devote a half-dozen pages to the early history of "I've fifteen dollars in my inside pocket," or some other national hymn. These studies are very instructive and entertaining and show in the strongest light the circumstances which made possible these wonderful examples of creative genius. The *Campus* has entered a broad field, but we trust the mass of material will not be utterly discouraging. Hurry through the list as fast as possible, please, for we are anxious to hear your treatise upon the joys and sorrows of McGinty.



The second part of Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Elixir of Life" appears in the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. This is a version of the theme of "The Bloody Footstep," also treated by Hawthorne in "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret," "Septimius Felton," "The Dolliver Romance," etc. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who edits the manuscript, by drawing attention to the similarities and discrepancies between this and other versions, presents an interesting study of the great romancer's methods of work, and, by paraphrasing such portions of the manuscript as are repeated in the published stories above named, imparts to the whole the character of a complete and rounded tale. The publication of the first part of this long-buried MS. in the January *Lippincott's*, giving, as it were, the history of an idea, created a wide-spread interest in the literary world. The eminent critic, R. H. Stoddard, in a review said: "It is a glorious fragment which the world will not willingly let die."

The *Quiver* for February is a good number—a very good number. It is astonishing how many-sided are the attractions of this religious magazine. While designed more especially for Sunday reading, there is no day of the week on which it is not welcome, for its tone is as cheerful as its contents are well chosen. "With the Crew of the 'Shaftesbury'" is the title of the opening article, which describes the life on board the training ship which now lies in the Thames. An installment of the serial, "Worthy to be Loved," is followed by a paper on "The Musical Material of the Early Psalters," with interesting fac-similes of some of the old pages. "The Light of Christian Example" is discussed by the Rev. A. A. Campbell, Her Majesty's domestic chaplain while in Scotland. "Stumpy: A Christmas Story" in three chapters follows, and then comes a paper by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan on "The Image Which Fell Down From Jupiter." "A Divided Duty" is a short story with a full-page illustration, and then we are given "The Lady Help: From a New Point of View," and a common-sense point of view it is, too. Poetry, essays, serials and short stories, together with a big bundle of well-made "Short Arrows," bring this interesting number to a close.—*Cassell & Company, Limited*, 15 cents a number, \$1.50 a year in advance.

Yale has suspended nineteen Freshmen for poor work in Latin.