

The Colby Echo.

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No. 13.

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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THE vacation's inertia hasn't deadened the ECHO's talent for making known its wants. Indeed the ECHO comes forth from winter quarters with many wants—witness two editorials below, one expressing the want of a course in U. S. Constitutional History, the other calling the attention of the alumni and friends of the Colby base-ball team to the wants of the nine. With our next number Vol. XIV is completed and the ECHO wants to be square for the year. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

A VERY severe criticism was recently passed by one high in authority upon a young man, a college graduate who, perchance, did not know the workings of our government and thoroughly understand our constitution. Great surprise was expressed, and it was almost doubted whether such could really be the case. Is it possible that a young man can go through college, and, of course, through all the preliminary work, without having a good knowledge of our institutions of government and of the constitution? Certainly. The only thing surprising about it is that only one person has been found who is a college graduate and does not understand these things. Instead of one there are many. Why is it? The reason is at hand. Would it be possible to find, on careful search, a preparatory school (except, perhaps, some of our high schools) in this state where Civil Government, or even the History of the United States, is among the required studies in fitting for college? Is there a college in New England which has among its requirements for admission either of these studies? Not to my knowledge and I have carefully examined the catalogues of

the most of them. They may presume that all students who are, as it is termed, fitted for college have a knowledge of these branches. Why, since these studies are not included in the college fit of the preparatory schools? That they are not taught may be seen from the curriculum of any of these schools. Take, *e. g.*, what is probably known as the best fitting school in our state; examine the college preparatory course; one will find but little besides Latin, Greek and Mathematics. There was quite a degree of truth in the remark of one of our professors a few days ago concerning this very school. He said: "Its students receive excellent training in Latin and Greek, but in other branches, especially those in which independent thinking is required, they are sadly deficient." What is the result? Many boys are fitted (?) for college when they are sixteen years of age, graduate from college when they are twenty, and know less about the world in which they live, less about its practical workings and about the relations they should hold to it than the average country boy whose tender innocence has never been polluted by supines and second aorists.

Examples like the above are not rare. If any one is disposed to disagree let him ask any class in college to give a detailed account of the manner of electing the President; or of impeachment, what it means and how carried on; or even of the number of Representatives in Congress, and see how satisfactory an answer can be obtained from many of the class; or from those even who pride themselves on being well-informed politicians.

"Whose fault is it?" may be asked. These are things every child should know. If our preparatory schools do not teach them a reformation should be started at once, and some knowledge of these studies be required by our colleges for admission to their courses. If our colleges have not the Constitutional History of our country in their curricula it should be introduced at once. For what study is more important than that above-mentioned? is it Greek, which is required five terms out of the twelve of our college course? is it Latin, with its four terms of required work? Evidently they are so considered. I do not speak thus because I love Greece and Rome less, but because I love my own country more. Is there not a chance here for improvement in our curriculum? Can not a work be started in this direction which will result in

delivering college men from the just reproach of ignorance concerning governmental machinery? Let it be hoped for.

THE appearance of the candidates upon the diamond warns us that the base-ball season is again upon us, and that very soon the practice games preparatory to the intercollegiate contest will begin. Hence the ECHO deems this an opportune moment to suggest a few considerations relative to base-ball for the under-graduates and friends of the University.

The club which is to represent Colby upon the diamond this summer will not only be the strongest for several years, but will be composed of men who are determined to work arduously and faithfully for the success of the nine and the honor of Colby.

The under-graduates understand this, and we urge upon them to offer every possible encouragement to the boys that their laudable purpose may be achieved. By all means do not engender discontent or discouragement. Should the nine perchance suffer the chagrin of defeat at the opening of the league series, refrain from erecting a cenotaph inscribed "Hic Jacet"; rather greet the boys on their return with expressions of sympathy, heal their wounded spirits with the balm of consolation and thus cheer them for the next game, when perhaps defeat shall be swallowed up in victory.

Then demonstrate your interest in the boys, and thus inspire them to better work, by your presence upon the ball field while they are practicing. Be not content with simply inquiring how the candidates are developing and what the prospective make-up of the nine is, but investigate and learn for yourselves.

And now we ask this question of the alumni, —will not you also offer the club some encouragement and support? The expenses involved in the purchase of uniforms and the employment of a professional coach are considerable, and the club by reason of existing circumstances (having no enclosed grounds, etc.,) is not self-supporting.

The alumni and friends of the University in Waterville have always contributed cheerfully and liberally, but the great body of the alumni, who certainly should feel the deepest interest and pride in the nine, contribute practically nothing to its support. For no other athletic

sport do the students ask financial aid from the alumni, and we discover no reason why the alumni of Colby should be behind those of other colleges in their contributions.

The ECHO appeals to all—players, students and alumni. Awake from your lethargic condition, shake off your characteristic indifference, unite your energies and make another effort to recapture the lost pennant.



MONA.

THERE, on the Rialto, behind her little fruit stand, sits Mona. She is a comely girl of about thirteen, with the dark hair and dusky skin of her race. Her face is rather thin, and her large eyes have a wistful look. Just now she is gazing vacantly across the way and thinking of the happy times she will have when the good fairy grants her wishes; so she does not notice the lady who stands before the stall, watching her with a kindly smile. "How much?" asks the lady, taking up some luscious plums. "Fifty centimes the dozen, signora." The lady takes them, and while waiting for Mona's deft fingers to do them up, she asks a few questions of the sad-faced little girl. But Mona's English extends no farther than a few phrases concerning her fruit, while the lady knows but little Italian. So the conversation ends, and Mona is soon left to herself and to her dreams.

At noon, she takes from a basket at her side a thick slice of coarse black bread, and that, with a plum from her stand, makes up her lunch. The afternoon passes so slowly, and her sales are so few, that the sight of her father, coming at the customary hour along the Rialto, is more welcome than usual. She helps him arrange the stall for the night, then with her hand in his, she goes tripping along by his side, with glad thoughts of home. At the foot of the bridge stands a dilapidated gondola, into which they step. The father stands in the stern and urges the boat forward with steady, rhythmical sweeps of his long oar, while Mona leans her tired head on the worn-out cushions and finds a restful calm stealing into her heart, as they glide noiselessly over the smooth waters.

At twilight they pass out of the Grand Canal, leaving behind them the beautiful palaces, gay gondolas and bright lights, and turn into a dark, narrow canal, then into still another, until they come to one even darker and narrower, if possible, than the rest. The father skilfully guides the gondola to a low stone house, whose ancient walls are girdled at the water's edge with a belt of green moss and snails, and stops at the foot of some irregular stone steps. This is their home, so cheerless in outward appearance as scarcely to deserve the name of home.

Mona has not yet finished her day's work. In the evening, in company with her father, she joins a band of eight minstrels, who go up and down the Grand Canal in a gondola, gayly illumined with Chinese lanterns. Mona beats a tambourine, while her father plays the harp, both joining in the chorus, and sometimes singing solos. For they are both gifted with musical talent, and have the rich mellow voices characteristic of the Italians. Stopping before the hotels, the minstrels play and sing, now pathetic, now lively airs; while the visitors, on the porch and on the balconies, sit entranced by the scene around them. The moonlight sparkling in a wide belt on the water, the reflection of numberless lights, the black gondolas gliding silently by, give the scene the aspect of fairy land, while the delicate music adds its final charm to the witchery of the hour.

To-night the gay boat-load, as usual, draws up before the *Brittania*. When they have finished playing, little Mona steps out on the porch of the hotel, with a tin cup in her hand. She thinks that she has seen that face before—yes, it is the lady who bought the plums of her this morning! She is so rich, and good and kind, she will surely give her something. The English lady at the same instant recognizes her little fruit-seller, and opens her purse for several francs. "What is your name, my dear?" The girl looks puzzled, so the porter of the hotel translates the question into Italian. "Mona Ricolani." The porter is bidden to ask her next where she lives, interpreting her answers in turn to the English lady. Mona speaks so prettily and politely, with such a winning voice, that when at last she turns to enter the boat, Mrs. Ayre finds that she has taken a strong interest in the child.

For the next week, Mona and her father make their appearance every evening in the gay boat before the *Brittania*. Mrs. Ayre enjoys their

music more than any other on the canal. She likes to watch her sweet Italian girl and hear her plaintive voice; so every evening she is on the lookout, and does not fail to see them when they come. At length, one night, the boat with the musicians appears as usual, but no Mona. Her father is gone too. The music is lost on Mrs. Ayre that evening. She keeps wondering where Mona can be, and why she cannot come. "Can she be ill?" she thinks. Several nights pass, but they do not bring Mona or her father.

One morning, a day or two after this, while Mrs. Ayre is out for her customary sail, with no purpose in view but enjoyment, the thought of Mona comes to her mind. Instantly she decides to visit her—perhaps the child is in trouble and may need help. Mrs. Ayre, giving the address to her gondolier, who fortunately for her can speak fairly good English, finds herself before long in a narrow, dirty canal. As the boat draws up in front of a damp, forlorn house, her heart is touched with pity at the thought that a child so delicate, so fair, with such traces of natural refinement, with such a voice, should live in wretchedness like this. One touch of the knocker brings Mona herself to the door. "There is some sorrow," thinks Mrs. Ayre, as she observes the pallor of Mona's cheek and the sadness of her eye. Mona flushes at sight of the grand lady, and with gestures and a few pretty Italian words, she leads the way to a dark, ill-furnished room. It is their best room. In the corner is a sofa, upon which lies Ricolani. There is a bright spot in each cheek, his eyes are sunken, his temples prominent, his hands wasted. The end is not far off.

Mrs. Ayre, by their permission, becomes a regular visitor, and adds many comforts to the dying man's last hours. Four days later Mona is an orphan, with no friend in Italy but the English lady, who has been "so like a good angel" to her father. She turns to Mrs. Ayre and sobs on her bosom. The kind lady's heart is touched. "Tell the child," she said, turning to her gondolier, "not to grieve, for I will love her and be a mother to her."

Next we see little Mona, in a dark dress, very pale and sad, in the Hotel Britannia or walking beside her benefactor in the piazza, with downcast eyes. A few days later, if we care to look into one of the compartments of a train, running from Venice to Lucerne, we shall see a motherly lady, supporting in her lap a child's head, with

its dark tresses falling caressingly about it and partly concealing the wan face. Little Mona is exhausted by the excitement of the past week, and now she lies on the cushion so still that even her breathing is scarcely noticeable. She does not become ill, as Mrs. Ayre fears, but gains strength and even animation in the gay city of Paris—for who could be sad amid such scenes?

Later, we see her in her new home in Yorkshire, a large, substantial mansion, with beautiful grounds. Here, if anywhere, Mona ought to be happy, with everyone so kind to her. But now that the busy days of travel are over, and she has time to think, all the sad scenes of the summer come vividly to her mind, and she feels oppressed by a weight that she is unable to throw off. She always has a sweet smile for her new mother; but, in her heart, there is deep sorrow, unnatural to her age.

Mrs. Ayre, with keen eye, notices the gradual change in her frail charge, and leaves nothing untried that may interest Mona and bring the light to her eye and the color to her cheek. Summer has long fled and autumn is retreating before the chill days and gloomy sky of winter. Mona droops perceptibly day by day. She is too tender a slip to be transplanted in the saddest part of the year from sunny Italy to dreary England. Mrs. Ayre, with many a heartache, sees the child slipping from her like a dream. There is no cure for Mona. She pines for her father and for her dear Italy. But she is deeply thankful to her loving friends. She tries to wear a happy look and says that she is "better, thank you," and repays their kindness by remembering English phrases to please them.

December has come. Most of the day Mona may be seen lying on the sofa in the library, drinking in the few beams of the sun that, at rare intervals, dare to look down upon the earth. She is too weak to walk about or even to sit up. At her side is her faithful mother, who shows by many little acts her pitying love, and is more than recompensed by the grateful glances of the child.

January finds the large stone mansion still and every heart filled with mourning, and no little Mona to brighten the home with her patient smile.

There are over 80,000 teachers in America, a number four times that of the legal profession, and five times that of the clergy.

TWO VISITS TO THE HOME OF HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

DURING the summer of 1881 I passed several weeks in the historic and beautiful city of Cambridge, Mass. For a long time I had been exceedingly desirous of calling on the poet Longfellow, whose poems I had admired from my earliest childhood. But this summer, more than ever, was I eager to see the famous poet. Accordingly one pleasant day, accompanied by a friend, I started down the broad avenue to make my long anticipated call.

Our route lay by Harvard College, where, for nearly twenty years, Mr. Longfellow was Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres, and by the old elm beneath whose spreading boughs Washington first drew his sword as commander-in-chief of the American army, July 3, 1775.

We soon came in sight of a large and imposing house, painted yellow, with window-framings, antique pilasters and balustrades of white. It stands about one hundred and fifty feet back from the street, on a slight elevation. The walk next to the street is bordered with a high hedge of purple and white lilacs. The grounds are adorned with trees and shrubs. Along each side of the house extends a spacious veranda, from which one can see the distant hills of Brighton and Milton, and the broad valley where

"The flooded Charles * * *
Writes the last letter of his name."

It was the home of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He himself, in his "Lines to a Child," thus refers to it:

"Once, ah, once within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country, dwelt,
And yonder meadows broad and damp,
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room,
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head."

For this, too, was the house where Washington made his headquarters while in Cambridge, during the Revolutionary War.

Thinking of the many distinguished people who had sought admittance to that house, I lifted the brass knocker with considerable ner-

vousness. Immediately it was answered by a maid who, informing us that the poet was engaged with other guests just then, ushered us into the library, which is deemed by many the most beautiful room of the house. Its furnishings are dark and rich, while an air of elegance and home-like comfort fills the apartment. Three sides are lined with books. But we had no time for further observation, for, soon hearing footsteps in the hall, we glanced toward the door, where stood a man of medium height, whose beard and hair were long, white and wavy. But the great charm of his face centred in his eyes, which were dark blue, deep-set, under overhanging eyebrows, and their expression was so kind and genial that I felt at ease at once.

Politely bowing, he shook hands with us and seated himself. During the short time which passed before other visitors claimed his attention we had a very pleasant conversation. When we rose to go, he shook hands with us once more, and we carried with us the pleasantest memories of the great poet.

* * * * *

Several years later I again visited the Longfellow mansion. But since that first call the master of the house had been laid to rest in Mt. Auburn.

With permission to gather a few wild flowers as mementos, I wandered about the grounds. The house seemed bare without the genial host of our former visit, but we were very kindly received by those in charge of the place. We were shown the two front rooms, the only ones, we were informed, now open to visitors. One was the poet's study, in which as far as possible everything remained as he left it. Here most of Longfellow's time had been spent, the quiet broken only by the chimes of the antique clock in one corner. On one side of the room is a large, old-fashioned fireplace. Over the mantel are various curiosities, collected by Longfellow in his travels. At one end of the room stand high book-cases of oak, with heavy red cloth drapery. Here and there on brackets are marble busts. An orange tree stands in one window and near it a stuffed stork keeps watch. By the side of the open fire is the "children's chair," which was presented to him by the children of Cambridge in 1879; an arm-chair made from the "spreading chestnut tree" on Brattle street, Cambridge, which has been immortalized in "The Village Blacksmith." The design of this chair

is very beautiful and the wood, stained a jet black, gives opportunity for some very elegant carving. The upholstering of the arms and cushion is of green leather. In the back of the chair is a round piece of carving representing horse chestnut leaves and blossoms. Around the seat, in raised German text, are these lines from the poem:

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor."

Beneath the cushion is a brass plate with this inscription:

To
The Author
of
The Village Blacksmith,
This chair, made from the wood of the spreading
Chestnut Tree
is presented as
an expression of grateful regard and veneration
by
The Children of Cambridge,
who with their friends join in the best wishes and
congratulations
on
This Anniversary,
February 27, 1879.

A table in the centre of the room is literally piled with books and papers, in true literary disorder. On this table a photograph prettily framed attracted my attention. It was a picture of Longfellow and one of his grandchildren; the poet, with his silvery locks, holding a smiling little child on his knee. It was a charming picture of his family life. On this table, too, was an inkstand, once owned by Coleridge. Among the pictures on the walls I noticed those of Emerson, Sumner and Hawthorne.

On the opposite side of the hall is the apartment known as "Lady Washington's Drawing Room." Here we seemed to have stepped into a room of a hundred years ago. Furniture of white satin covered with gay flowers; arm-chairs and sofas heaped with cushions covered with the same material, the carpets rich and yielding to the tread like beds of flowers. The first thing which attracted our attention was a large picture in bright colors. It is one of Copley's "The Grandchildren of Sir William Pepperell." A quaint little maid, in a high hat and stiff bodice, a boy with long curls, and a wooden-looking dog compose the group. The picture has a heavy burnished frame, and is in perfect harmony with this state apartment of

the last century. It seemed as if the door must open and Lady Washington herself walk in, and that the room would soon be full of stately dames and brave soldiers. But the effect of the whole was rather sombre and when we stepped out into the bright sunshine once more we felt as if we had been for a short time in another age.

Almost adjoining the estate is the Episcopal Theological School, which we also visited. Here in the chapel were baptized Mr. Longfellow's two grandchildren, and it has been made famous by him in a lovely sonnet, beginning,

"I stand beneath the tree whose branches shade
Thy western window, chapel of St. John."

A COMMUNICATION.

Mr. Editor:

I was much interested in the communication on "Compulsory Attendance at Prayers" and your comments thereon in the ECHO of Jan. 18.

During my college course my attention was often drawn to this subject. The only conclusion to which I could ever arrive was that there was trouble somewhere. Just what it was or what the proper remedy, I could never determine. The ECHO of Jan. 4th, page 119, is evidence that the same difficulty of irreverence at prayers still exists, and the traditions of all antiquity are evidence that it always has existed. Hence it seems by no means strange that persons of true piety should look for some more radical remedy than an occasional lecture from the college officers or the editor of the ECHO.

Now, before I proceed farther, while I do not doubt the ability of your correspondent to defend himself, I wish to notice one or two of your comments upon his article. You say that his positions are as follows:

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."

We will accept these as fair statements. As to the first you say: "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." But my dear sir, society simply attempts to prescribe and regulate the duties which are owed to itself. It deals with man's

duty to his fellow. Now do you think there is any analogy between that and the attempt to enforce performance of a duty which is owed to God alone?

Not only is this duty of which we speak owed to God alone, but He has implanted in every human being an impulse to perform this duty of his own motion and I believe that any attempt to compel its performance by force is not only unwarranted in principle but in practice is productive of more harm than good. Two hundred years ago apostasy, heresy and absenting oneself from church were all crimes by the common law of England and by statute the latter offence was a punishable crime in most of the American colonies. Do you not think that the cause of true christianity has profited by the disuse and final repeal of these laws? And it strikes me, Mr. Editor, that here is a much closer analogy to the subject in question than the one which you attempt to draw.

As to the second you say: "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." Can that statement be accepted in its full breadth just as it stands? Granted the righteousness of the law and of course it must be accepted. But when we find one particular law producing this result through many generations and in large classes it seems to me to open the question as to whether the law is good of itself.

Just a word as to the last paragraph of your article. Do you think, Mr. Editor, that you really mean all that you say there? Take the last sentence: "He, who tries to show that attendance at prayers is harmful, only proves himself to be out of harmony with religious worship." Does it not need the adjective "compulsory" before the word "attendance" in order to prevent the statement from being very misleading as to the position of those whom you oppose? And in that form do you feel very certain of the truth of the statement? Do you not think there is room for an honest belief that attendance upon divine services should be entirely unfettered by compulsory regulations? I think there is room for such a belief and hold it strongly myself and believe that the true spirit of worship would develop to a far better and larger growth under such conditions.

[A critical examination of the subject-matter

referred to will, we believe, show the fallacies in the argument of the communication given above. We can not see that our position is weakened in the least. Those parts which our communicator sees fit to attack if taken in view of their relation to the whole comment and to that also which is commented upon, will appear in a different light.—ED.]

THROUGH the kindness of O. S. Stearns, D.D., of Newton Theological Seminary, the next ECHO will contain a memorial sketch of the late Martin B. Anderson, D.D. Among Colby's alumni Dr. Anderson stands in the first ranks—a grand man among men. Dr. Stearns and Dr. Anderson were college chums.



"Hiatus."

Here we are again.

Profs., we are with you.

"Facts are better than Fakes."

The beards are now disappearing.

"The library will be open practically all day."

The term bills indicate a general average once again.

Roberts is engaged in teaching at Athens (Maine).

"Dan" evidently desires to take an active part in college work.

It is amusing to see four Freshmen take seats with the Seniors.

The boys who were absent last term have nearly all returned.

Wyman, '89, supplied at the Unitarian church in Winthrop April 6.

Prof. Battis has resumed his work in the department of elocution.

"Where is the belle of the institution? Does she return this term?"

Butterfield, '93, has left college. Family cares will detain him at home.

Stover, '92, has virtually received the appointment of census enumerator for the district of Blue Hill.

Where is our old friend, Drake? It is time that he paid us another visit.

Dr. Small preached at the Free street church in Portland on Easter Sunday.

The first day of April passed unmarked by the childish form of celebration.

How would it do to begin early the work of clearing up the college grounds?

Prof. Crawford has entered upon his new duties as instructor in Pedagogy.

When the president reads Mat. 10:30, in Chapel, an audible smile is excusable.

Churches in the city, and Fairfield, are indebted to the college for Easter music.

Miller, '93, has the agency for that famous concern, the Plymouth Rock Pants Co.

The class of 1882 will present a portrait of ex-President Robbins, at commencement.

Hon. W. J. Corthell of the examining committee visited the various classes this week.

The talks on Romanism, by the reformed priest, Daly, were largely attended by the students.

Prof. Elder is unable to meet his class in Bible study because of continued trouble with his throat.

It is about as easy to take notes from an article read by Bassett as from a sermon by Phillips Brooks.

The diamond will soon be fit to work upon. The nine practised out-doors, near Memorial Hall, April 8.

E. A. Lawrence, state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., led the college prayer meeting on Tuesday of this week.

That spring from the Chapel door has been removed. Again we see an evidence of the power of the press.

C. H. Pepper was on the campus last week. He has been spending the winter with an Augusta artist of note.

A young lady of the city was surprised recently to see "two ministers buying horses." They were Sophomores.

That was a somewhat thoughtless student who took cribs into examination and left them in his examination book.

The ladies of '93 gave a reception at the Hall, April 4th. Possibly the Freshmen have thus

inaugurated a series of like gatherings. The Campus editor hopes that such is the case.

Now that the cold weather is over it would be a good idea to unwrap the "fasset" and make the necessary connections.

Two Freshmen have fitted up Drake's storage room. The light shines beneath the door but comparative silence reigns within.

Stover has a club of twenty fellows at Mrs. Butler's on Ash street. He is an excellent steward and his cook excels in her department.

Prof. Rogers is very much pleased with his new building. He was at Princeton during the vacation, making a study of phenomena in his department.

The players on the college court have treated it to a coat of salt. They are in a hurry to see the snow disappear and thus take matters in their own hands.

The appointments for the Sophomore exhibition "are out." The fortunate individuals are Donovan, Fall, Munson, Nichols, Stark, Stover, Sturtevant and Miss Bakeman.

A modest Soph. would like to take the course in elocution with the Juniors. He will have to wait one year before he can enjoy the interesting work marked out by the new Prof.

The managing editor of the *Oracle* can often secure advertisements by purchasing a small consignment of goods. For instance, seven of Waterman's pens brought in a good "ad."

Stoddard has returned in safety from the regions of snow and ice in northern Maine. He arrived a few days late, as he was under the impression that college did not open until April 3rd.

The denizens of South College are in a belligerent attitude because a Freshman will persist in running the coal elevator before seven in the morning. "He disturbs their early slumbers."

Mrs. Dexter resigned at the close of last term and has been succeeded by Mrs. Taylor, of Hampden. The Hall should be more popular than ever under the efficient management of the new matron.

A pleasant "social" was held at the Baptist vestry on Friday night of this week. Such gatherings have been frequent of late in the various churches and the boys have taken advantage of them.

Professors Taylor and Hall attended the third annual meeting of the Commission of New England Colleges on Admission Examinations. The various representatives of the colleges named met, as a matter of course, in Boston.

The skating that we enjoyed at the close of last term furnished good exercise during the examinations. The order of the day was exam. in the morning, skating in the afternoon, study in the night hours—no sleep, you see.

Men will often display pride in a peculiar manner. P——, for instance, used gloves and wore a veil while sawing the yearly supply of college wood. That's right. The March sun does tan the face unless guarded against.

It is almost surprising that the Freshmen should be caught napping on the evening of their reception. That rubbers and umbrellas be carefully watched is the first law of such gatherings. It was an old joke, but well played.

Smith sang in the Dairy Maids' Carnival at Oakland, when the gentleman distinguished himself. He had for hearers a large party of young people from Waterville. The boys who went think that a "straw ride" is a very agreeable affair.

Mathews took part in two races at the recent athletic meet in Boston. Under favorable circumstances he would have made an enviable record. In the first event he unfortunately fell and in the second he was handicapped, with seeming unfairness.

Two enthusiastic alumni reunions have occurred since our last issue. The Boston alumni held their banquet at the Vendome, while the Portland association met at the Falmouth. President Small and several of the professors were in attendance at each of the gatherings.

The nine will play with a team in Lewiston on Fast Day. Bowdoin will play in Portland, at the same time, with the Boston team of the Players' League. Both contests will be watched with interest, as they will indicate, in a measure, the comparative strength of the college nines.

The upper classes are well divided in the matter of electives. With the Seniors Greek Testament is perhaps the most popular. The new Department of Pedagogy meets with favor. The Juniors number largest in History, while the division in Chemistry is an enthusiastic one.

The magazine table in the library is well

loaded with choice publications. How much we are in debt to the trustees in this matter, who can tell? Thanks are certainly due to Roberts for this work in our behalf, and to Prof. Hall for his judicious expenditure of money contributed.

Experience proves that it is an unwise thing for Freshmen to rush into print. When the columns of the *Lewiston Journal* are made a medium for boasting something is likely to drop. Such a course was somewhat disastrous one year ago and at least one individual regrets his act of this week.

Many of the upper classmen will remember McPherson, of C. C. I. He has recently disappeared from Canton, Mass., where he has been town treasurer, and his accounts do not balance. In this case there must be some mistake. As known here he was a model of propriety—a conscientious, square, manly character.

Walter Emerson, of the class of '84, lectured in the Chapel, on the evening of April 2nd. His subject, "The Paper of To-day," was well handled. It is a compliment to the gentleman to say that he held the undivided attention of the students, for few speakers in the past year have succeeded in doing this. Lectures of such a character are appreciated.

There are a few Freshmen in college who have an idea that their presence here is essential to the success of the institution in general, and the upper classmen in particular. It would be unpleasant to mention names, but no doubt certain individuals will understand the spirit of this item. A man can hardly "learn it all" in the short space of two terms.

The remarks of President Small at the opening of the term were to the point and weighty. They brought to the attention of the students facts that have never before been presented in so clear a light. A man is not conferring a favor upon the institution by entering her doors. The college favors him by making it possible for him to carry on a four years' course of study.

The college body met in interesting session last term and voted to hold a debate in the early part of the spring term. As yet we have not discussed "Nationalism," the chosen topic. Are we to do so, or are we to drop again into the "old rut"? A good debate will not seriously delay the progress of any college movement. On the other hand it will stir some of the in-

active from a state closely allied to slumber. The committee in charge consists of Whitney, Miss True, Cottle, Fall and Bowman.

The ECHO acknowledges with much gratitude the gift of twenty-five dollars. It came from our old friend Col. Shannon, who is always ready to help in a worthy cause. If we had a few more men such as he, a Chemical Laboratory and a Y. M. C. A. building would soon become substantial realities. Again we thank the honored alumnus for his thoughtful kindness.

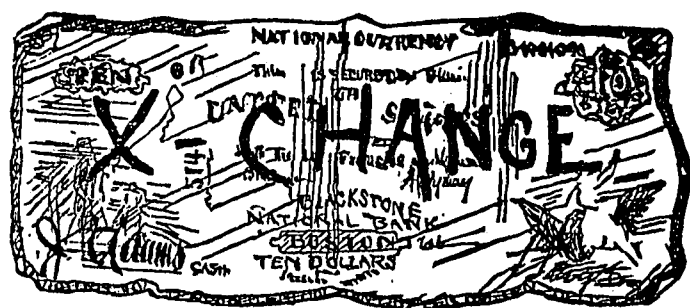
The nine has commenced work in the gymnasium, under the direction of Captain Wagg. Two batteries will be prepared to work for a record during the coming season. Gilmore will catch for Wagg, while Foster will perform the same work for Parsons. The outlook for a strong team was never more encouraging. We have got the material for a champion team, but hard work only will bring home the flag. Let us have it—the work, the flag.

A Freshman waiter at the Elmwood met with a novel experience last term. Two drummers, who were in a happy frame of mind, had a side room for their individual use. The Freshman approached them to take their orders, when they closed the door connecting with the dining-room and began to treat him in an affectionate manner. They amused themselves by pouring sugar and salt over him. Probably they thought a Freshman would bear an application of the latter ingredient.

A grand mass meeting of the Base-ball Association was held in the Chapel Friday morning. The boys were put in good humor by the remarks of President Small when he gave notice of the meeting. The president of the association stated the object of the meeting and after a few earnest remarks called for an expression from certain of the members. Enthusiasm ran high and before the meeting ended \$240 were pledged by the fellows. It is safe to say that no meeting in the history of the association has been characterized by such cordial good-will and hearty response on the part of the boys. The meeting closed amid cheers for the Colby Base-ball nine.

Two recent meetings of the Oracle Association have become matters of history. At the first one it was voted to appoint a committee of five to report, at a later date, on the revision of the

constitution. The committee men did their work and in their report recommended many changes. At a full meeting of the members of the association it was attempted to adopt the amendments advised. Then came an expected difficulty. Society feeling manifested itself strongly, and for the space of two hours a wonderfully small amount of business was transacted. In addition to this, rival factions placed themselves in an unfavorable position. It is about time for society to become an unknown quantity in questions of common interest to the college body. Our college politics must be reformed, and at no distant day, if our undertakings are to be successful.



We welcome this week the *University Cynic*, published once in three weeks by the students of the University of Vermont.

Many good articles have appeared in the late numbers of the *Miami Student*. One on "Culture and Science" clearly refutes the idea that sciences are irreligious. Herbert Spencer says that "so far from sciences being irreligious, as many think, it is the neglect of science that is irreligious—it is the refusal to study surrounding creation that is irreligious."

One of our most interesting exchanges is the *Acadia Athenaeum*. The March number contains an interesting article on "Reading," showing well the advantages of proper books. It is not always easy to decide on just what books one shall read. Mr. Ruskin's definition of a standard work, viz., "a work of time, and not a work of the hour," or perhaps an hour's work, we think the safest and most convenient.

Our friend, the *Orient*, becomes rather sarcastic over the result of the proposition for an intercollegiate field day. "It is much easier to fling a slur than to answer an argument"—which by interpretation means, it's much easier for one to suppose others pig-headed and in need of a little indoctrination (Colby and Bates need this last evidently, that is according to their friend, the *Orient*) than to suppose that others

know what they want and what they ought to do.

How do Colby and Bates know that they can not compete with Bowdoin in all-round athletics? One would think from a reading of the *Orient* that in any and every sport, save base-ball, Bowdoin would capture the palm. Self-sufficiency is a cardinal virtue in some people and it's a pity to make them miserable by disturbing their overweening *amour propre*.

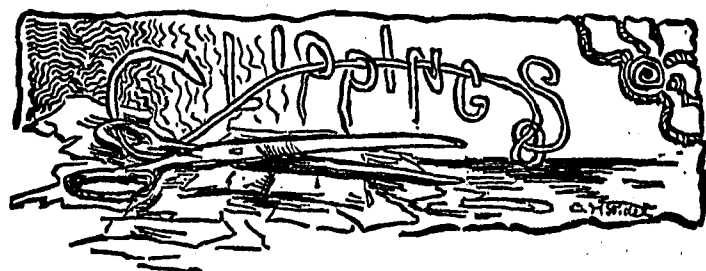
In a recent number of the *College Mercury* there appeared an article on "Secret Fraternities in American Colleges." The author takes the ground that the tendencies of fraternities are opposed to the attainment of the ends for which we come to college. "In the first place," he says, "fraternities injure their members intellectually because a large part of their time is taken from college work; because they cause their members to seek pleasure rather than study." This could easily be illustrated in many cases. "Again, fraternities injure their members intellectually by making them narrow-minded." Often the interests of a particular fraternity are sought other than the welfare of college or class. All colleges can furnish illustrations of this evil tendency. Again there are the wild and reckless men whose baleful influence is limited when one is not obliged to associate with them. But when such men become members of a fraternity their influence necessarily is more powerful. "Moreover, the tendency of fraternities is to destroy personality and individuality. The members act in concert on all matters and questions in the college world. Each individual member is not at liberty to shape his actions according to his own sense of duty, but must be formed by the will of the majority." This leads to intriguing and wire-pulling and to the cultivation of all the arts of the demagogue, and is also a fruitful cause of hard feeling among the students. These and other views the author presents against secret fraternities. The article closes with these strong statements: "They cause their members to lose their individuality; they open the way to moral temptation by forcing friendship with wild and sometimes reckless companions; they cause intrigues, produce a waste of time in making their members attend to frivolous social duties; render their members narrow-minded, snobbish, exclusive and overbearing: draw obnoxious social distinctions, and

force their members to regard non-members not only as inferiors, but as outcasts, as pariahs."

BOOK NOTICE.

A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. By Mark Twain. Charles L. Webster & Co., Publishers, 3 East 14th St., New York City. Cloth, \$3. Sheep, \$4. Seal Russia, \$4.50. Half Morocco, \$5.

This book, a keen and powerful satire on English nobility and royalty, appeals at once to one's sense of humor and yet stirs his indignation. The author in this work is much more than a humorist. He becomes the embodiment of righteous wrath, setting forth his hate of injustice and his love of equality. The misery, wrong, cruelty and brutality which he depicts in words that burn, the author does not claim actually existed in King Arthur's time, but since they existed at a much later period he considers it no libel on the 6th century to suppose that they existed then. Students of history will find here some strong characterizations worthy their attention, while the general reader will peruse the story to the end with both pleasure and profit.



Denmark has 1 university, 40 professors, and 1,400 students.

Russia has 8 universities, 582 professors, and 6,900 students.

Spain has 10 universities, 380 professors, and 16,200 students.

Longfellow was but nineteen when made professor at Bowdoin.

Austria has 10 universities, 1,810 professors, and 13,600 students.

Germany has 21 universities, 1,020 professors, and 25,084 students.

Great Britain has 11 universities, 834 professors, and 13,400 students.

The United States of America has 360 universities, 4,240 professors, and 69,400 students.

Stagg has consented to pitch for Yale during the coming season, provided the conference committee do not restrict the contests to students of under-graduate departments.

The Imperial University at Tokio has 138 professors and teachers, all but 16 being Japanese. This year's students number 788.

The oldest living graduate in the United States is Amos F. Parker, of Fitzwilliam, N. H. He graduated from the University of Vermont in 1813, and is nearly 98 years of age.

The genuine eagerness of the colored people to acquire an education is indicated by the fact that 850 colored youths are attending Hampton Institute, the largest attendance in its history.

The Columbia College library is said to be the best managed in the world. Writing materials are furnished for the visitors, and light meals are supplied to students who are too busy to leave their work.



'63.

Prof. E. W. Hall attended the meeting of the Commission of Colleges in New England on "Admission Examinations," held in Boston, April 4 and 5.

'66.

Francis W. Bakeman, D.D., has received a hearty call to return to the Baptist church at Auburn.

'79.

Rev. C. E. Owen recently entered upon his work as pastor of the Baptist church in Gardiner.

'83.

Herbert M. Lord will soon leave Rockland, where he has been engaged as editor of the *Rockland Courier Gazette*, and enter upon journalism in Cadiff, East Tennessee.

'84.

Prof. Shailer Mathews will deliver the address before the graduating class of the Calais High School.

W. C. Emerson delivered a very interesting lecture in the college Chapel, last Wednesday evening, on "The Newspaper of To-day."

'86.

Ralph Pulsifer took the degree of M.D. from the Hahnemann Medical College, April 2nd.

'90.

Roberts is absent, teaching.

'91.

E. C. Megquier is teaching the Britton's Mills High School.

Charles Pease is supplying the pulpit of the Baptist church at North Vassalboro.

'92.

Miss Mabel M. Irish is teaching in Buckfield.

Miss Dora C. Knight is teaching at her home in Massachusetts.



We are told that umbrellas are a howling necessity when it rains at midnight.

Robert Browning died and his estate was found to be worth \$85,000. Gen. Crook died and his estate was worth \$1,000. "The pen is mightier than the sword."—*New York Mail*.

The universal ice craze has reached Colby. A company was formed yesterday. They began cutting on one of the tennis courts and will stack near South College, awaiting transportation on the new steamer.

A SILCOTT SUFFERER.

"Please, ma'am, can't you let me have a cup of coffee and a few pennies?"

"Go away; we don't want any tramps around here."

"Madame, you wrong me. I'm no tramp. I'm a member of Congress who lost his little all when Silcott went away."—*Herald and Record*.

LET ALL TAKE NOTICE.

A health journal gives "two rules of sleeping which everybody should adopt," viz., "First, never let yourself be wakened by anybody else, but wait until you have slept out your sleep; and, second, get up as soon as you are awake." When a man is asleep he can easily prevent anyone from awaking him, and if he gets awake at 1 a. m., after going to bed at midnight, there is nothing to prevent him from getting up. If it were not for the health journal, some of us would die before our time comes.—*Norristown Herald*.

Prof. Loissette's Memory System is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.