

The Colby Echo.

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No. 3

The Colby Echo.

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YEAR BY THE STUDENTS OF

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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THE first semi-annual meeting of the New England Inter-collegiate Press Association was held at Brown University, Friday, May 30. Hereafter semi-annual meetings will be held in May and November, instead of the usual annual meeting in Boston.

The ECHO has never been represented at the meetings of the association. This is a great mistake. From personal contact with editors of other college publications, from the interchange of ideas and methods, from the discussion of topics pertaining to college journalism we would derive great benefit. Perhaps the financial embarrassment under which the ECHO has been laboring for some time has been sufficient reason for our non-representation, but with our financial condition constantly growing better we can not afford to allow the November meeting to pass without a delegate to represent the ECHO.

THE occasion of class cups and pennants calls to mind a query. What becomes of these pennants and cups? History tells us that many a pennant has been won by Colby. Yet how many students are in college to-day who have ever seen more than one or perhaps two? Each year a pretty cup is won by some class, yet those who ever see it again are few. Does it not seem fitting that these memorials of the prowess of college or class should be preserved in some suitable place? In some colleges they are tastily arranged in the libraries where they not only serve as interesting relics but also offer an incentive to the student to go forth and win renown as have his predecessors. To allow them to be forgotten and lost, as has been the case in

the past, is hardly showing a just appreciation of the expense and labor which they represent.

IN a college publication that lays any claims to the title of a literary paper, one might justly expect to find well written articles possessing real literary merit. Yet how often is it the case that the college paper is made the cesspool for receiving all sorts of rubbish which has outlived its period of usefulness after passing through the rhetorical department of the college. The literary department of the ECHO is no exception. The articles presented are too often upon threadbare subjects written originally with no other intention than that of counting for one among the required themes of the term and with no idea of publication. So accustomed have we become to find articles of this kind that not infrequently we neglect to read the "literary," and when, now and then, an article teeming with originality and vivacity appears, it escapes our notice. Such articles, though rare, give us an idea of what we might have, could the latent talent of the students be drawn out.

No class of writing offers a greater range for originality in thought and expression than the short story. Well written stories would go farther toward dispelling that dry and musty atmosphere which pervades the literary work of the ECHO than any other style of composition.

Another feature that adds greatly to the attractiveness of a college paper is the short poem. Our best exchanges are those which scintillate with bright gems of poetry. We do not hesitate to believe that we have many who are capable of writing as good poetry as is found in any college publication.

How to draw out this literary ability is the question. The last board adopted the expedient of offering a prize for the best story. The success met with was not signal. Yet we can devise no more promising method than that adopted by them. Through the generosity of certain persons we are authorized to make the offer of two prizes to the undergraduates of the college. A prize of ten dollars for the best short story, and a prize of five dollars for the best short poem.

The conditions upon which the prizes are offered follow:

1. The story shall contain not less than fifteen hundred nor more than two thousand

words; the poem not more than three hundred words.

2. All stories and poems must never have been used in the rhetorical department of the college.

3. The publication of all stories and poems shall be left to the discretion of the editors.

4. All stories and poems shall be handed in on or before the second Wednesday of the fall term.

5. The prizes shall be awarded by a committee and the winners announced through the columns of the ECHO.

The interest which the donors feel in the success of the ECHO prompts them to offer these prizes. It is due those who have offered the prizes that as many as possible try to win them. Shall we feel less interest in the ECHO than they? Let all of us who can try for one or both of the prizes, and thus evince our interest in our college publications, and our appreciation of the generosity of our friends.

SUCH attempts at base-ball as that made at Bangor Wednesday are a stigma upon inter-collegiate athletics. With grounds in wretched condition and umpire strongly prejudiced against us, good ball playing was rendered impossible at the start. The grounds, which had been the scene of a recent circus, had only a home base to give semblance to a diamond. From this, after much time spent in guessing and measuring distances, the positions of the bases were decided upon. The game finally began and after various accidents and delays before the end of the third inning was declared forfeited to M. S. C. for reasons best known to the umpire himself. Such exhibitions before the public do more to create a sentiment against inter-collegiate athletics than any other cause. If we are to maintain an inter-collegiate league, the fewer exhibitions of such foolishness the better for all.

The statement was made in the ECHO of May 17 that but three men, Dr. Champlin and Profs. Lyford and Hamlin, constituted the faculty of the college at the beginning of Sam's administration. The mistake made was of course a thoughtless one, for all friends of the college remember the early connection with the institution of Profs. Smith and Foster.



MOTHER.

CHILDHOOD.

When tired of play, I loved to lay
My head on mother's breast;
She smoothed my brow, I feel it, now,
Tho' years she's been at rest.

YOUTH.

When life was sweet and time was fleet
She told me of her God;
From worldly strife, by her pure life,
I chose the way she trod.

MANHOOD.

These days the best, tho' toward the west
The sun of life is tending;
I'll meet her there amid the fair,
Where joys are never ending.

A VISIT TO A COAL MINE.

IT was one day when the winds blew a hurricane, piling up the snow in all conceivable, and inconceivable places, that we set out on our long proposed visit to a coal mine. Seven was the number who on that day waded, Indian file, through Pennsylvania snow and mud to the Pine Brook Colliery.

We procured a permit at the office, and while waiting for our guide to get the lamps ready, amused ourselves by watching the elevator run up and down in the shaft and the machinery, operated by a single man, which furnished the motive power and controlled the speed.

Our guide announced that all was ready, and after each was furnished with a lamp, we stepped upon the elevator and began to descend. The sensation one experiences in going down a shaft for the first time is impossible to describe. It is similar of course to that felt in an ordinary elevator only "more so," as the rate of speed is much higher.

The shaft was 288 feet deep. When we reached the foot everything seemed in confusion. All was darkness with the exception of the light furnished by lanterns hung up here and there, and the little lamps in the miners' caps; a strong, cold breeze was blowing through the mine, the air being kept in motion by means of large fans on the outside, and, to add to the confusion, the drivers were shouting to their

mules, warning the men to keep out of the way, while the large, ponderous cars, loaded and empty, were rumbling to and fro on the iron rails.

We were first conducted along a narrow chamber to a place where the men were at work digging out the coal. Coal is found in layers, or veins, which vary in depth in different places. This vein was between two layers of slate, about three and one-half feet deep. The miners are paid by the quantity of coal they get out per day, and some, we were told, made very good wages. One of the men, either to amuse or frighten us, applied his lamp to the gas that seemed to settle around the place in which they were at work. Immediately the rocks were covered with a bright blue flame, which rapidly spread. He however extinguished it without delay, much to our relief. This was only a few days after a terrible mine disaster in a neighboring city and we were not particularly anxious to witness such exhibitions.

After we had each dug a piece of coal to carry back into Maine with us as souvenirs, our guide led the way to the mule-sheds. These are kept as clean and neat as a first-class livery stable. There were between sixty and seventy mules in the mine which we visited, some of which had been there a number of years. When a mule is once taken into a mine he generally stays there as long as he lives. In the stable was a large trough of water which came from the city reservoir. The water which bubbles up so clear in many places in the mine is unfit to drink on account of the sulphur contained in it. After buying some specimens of sulphur ore and some old miners' lamps for relics, we stepped on the elevator and began our upward journey.

Instead of stopping at the place from which we started we went about a hundred feet higher, to the top of what is called the "breaker." Here the coal as it is brought from the mine is dumped, runs down a slide through heavy rollers which break it, and is then sorted by boys and men into different compartments as it runs to the ground below. There are several different sizes when it is ready for market, from the "buckwheat," as the smallest kind is called, to the large coal used in locomotives.

We came down the slippery, icy steps outside the "breaker," and when we had a chance to look at each other in the light of day, we found

that we were indeed a sorry-looking company. However, a large and vigorous application of those articles indispensable to all miners, soap and water, rendered us again presentable in the realms of civilization.

A STORM ON CAPE ANN.

IT is a true saying that the ocean is never at rest. Wind and tide keep it constantly in motion, even when its surface shines in the sunlight in seeming calmness. The undertow is constantly exerting its force. The wind, in sudden gusts, transforms a placid sea into a billowy, tempestuous deep.

A storm which occurred last season will long be remembered. For days pleasure crafts had covered Massachusetts Bay with their white sails spread to the summer breeze. The fishers' boats had lain at anchor from morning till night, so quiet was the sea and so regular the breeze that came landward.

One morning, however, the scene was changed. Dark, lowering clouds skirted the horizon, obscuring the sun and boding ill. The wind blew in a steady gale from the northeast. No ships or craft of any kind could be seen on the water and the fishermen sat idly about the village stores or walked the shore, casting anxious faces seaward. The roar of the sea reached the hotels and drew the guests in large numbers to the rocks. There the sight was grand indeed. Billows, mountain high, chased each other in quick succession to the shore and dashed in white foam upon the ragged rocks. "White caps" decked the sea as far the eye could reach. Clouds of spray dashed high in the air as the waves threw themselves against the flat surface of extending boulders, faltered for an instant, then fell in foam of snowy whiteness. Up the narrow gullies the water rushed with tremendous force until it had spent itself, then returning with a roar it met an incoming wave and the two struggled for supremacy as they foamed in their wrath. Over a gigantic rock, that stood in solitude, the waves broke with their wild, overpowering strength, and retreating, left streams of white, foamy water to trickle down its sides. It reminded me of a huge fountain piece on which the water, from a towering height, falls and breaks in silver spray.

"Spouting Rock," at the extreme point of the cape, was performing in an excellent manner.

The long, unbroken waves struck at its base and sent their spray high in the air, to be seized upon by the wind and carried far up on the shore.

"Halibut Point," in the distance, was shrouded in mist from the sea but at its base was a mass of white, surging water which, ever and anon, dashed high over the bold cliffs and then disappeared from sight as the next wave rushed madly upon it. Far as the eye could reach over the water, loomed up white crested hills. Dark shadows hid their foundations for an instant and then disappeared as wave followed wave, each trying to outstrip the other as the winds forced them madly on.

Now an object is descried at sea and we watch its onward course with bated breath. Has it life? Is it a human body? are the questions in the minds of all, as it is tossed from wave to wave and brought almost within our reach. All fears are dispelled then for it is only an old barrel that has completed its voyage and has found a port on our shore—a sea-tossed traveller that the waves have yielded up. But it has brought its lesson and has made thoughtful the watchers on the rocks. Somewhere beyond our view ships in distress were "battling with the elements" and longing for a safe harbor and a shelter from the storm.

Still the wind blew and higher ran the waves. The loose rocks roared, like guns in action, as the waters forced them up on the shore and then pulled them toward the sea. Huge boulders rolled over each other as though drawn by an irresistible force.

By and by the rain began to fall and wet with sea mists we turned homeward. Dark fog banks gathered in the east and night settled on the waters that were to know no calm for days. Secure in our homes the ceaseless roar of the sea reached our ears and brought thoughts of anxious mothers and wives who yearn and pray for the loved ones that "go down to the sea in ships."

THE INFLUENCE OF HIS TIMES ON POPE.

ALL things are influenced by their environments. Nothing, not even the metals, fails to succumb to their atmosphere. This law we all admit, and it is, as we might say, trite. But while the influence is exerted and does

work toward shaping certain ends, we find that there is the inherent personality of the thing that comes in and prevents or furthers the work of the surroundings. That the air which Pope breathed was laden with particles, which that of an earlier time did not possess, we know. But we must look at Pope's personality to find the easily shaped or with difficulty shaped material.

We find that Pope was just the man to become a society poet, that his disposition was such that under certain conditions it became satirical and vengeful, and that he was in his natural sphere when setting on the stage of his *Dunciad* the figures, which caused roars of laughter and feelings of discomfort. We must remember too that by Pope's time the English language has a literature of its own. Great models have gone before, the standard of culture has advanced and the golden age of our literature has reached and passed its climax. Writing was now a profession well filled with workmen. Feelings of jealousy among writers was now no uncommon thing. As to-day, the literary lion of the hour had recourse to all the first places. He was the central figure of the drawing room and your minor poet was completely eclipsed by the brighter orb. Now add to this high society feeling, some of the absurdities of which we have already seen, intense political feeling, and we can readily see how the brilliant, witty poet would be the pet of all drawing rooms. And the rest of the crowd of writers, who would have to be content with their coffee houses, for these were formed in order that there might be one place where writers could one and all attend, all these would be ready to attack the foremost.

Let us look at Pope's make up. In a nutshell it was this, a giant brain and a weak, small body. He from earliest times had been pampered. His habits were not those of a strong man and this weakness increased with years. He frequently made visits, and at the places where he stopped the servants always sputtered about waiting on a man with so many wants. This waiting upon him by all tended to make him peevish and fretful. He had besides ready wit, the keenest satire and was a good deal like a wasp, for someone was always stung and someone else always laughed when he was irritated. While with his weak body he could not roam abroad through fields and foreign lands,

could not come into contact with nature, yet that weak body, coupled with a brilliant intellect, was just the thing for society to foster. This gay sphere Pope entered and in it he distinguished himself and naturally soon won the hate of others, because his cutting sarcasm could not fail to wound. He had no warm, open manner, that continued to make friends. The circle widened but little, for when one or two dropped out, as the years went on, the place was not immediately filled. He was indeed one among a thousand mortals who possess characteristics that the other nine hundred and ninety-nine have no touch of.

Pope liked also to keep everything secret, liked to be, as your Westerner says, "sized up" by no one. He liked to cover up his feelings, pretended that he cared nothing at all for the attacks of his rivals. But he did. They sunk deep, and at the first opportunity he paid them back in a way to make them sorry. He seemed to take a delight in seeing them squirm. It was these attacks upon him, coupled with his ailments and peevish disposition, that led him soon to hate almost everybody and everything and to take upon himself the task of showing up the faults of all. It was true that he was not affected towards society in the same way that some men would have been, that is to say, because they had received favors from its hands, to become its most ardent champion. His "Rape of the Lock" was published long before he had become so merciless in his attacks, was written even before he had reached the position of first poet of his times. It was his genius that he should pierce the outside shell and expose the foibles of passion and especially the weaknesses of the gentler sex in a way to make Frenchmen hold up their hands and say, "He has no regard for women."

Pope had another failing which found food in the times. He liked praise. As Dr. Johnson says, his pretensions of hating great people and not caring a penny for what the world said of him or did are too often repeated to be real. He did care. He liked flattery. He liked fashionable life. He liked to be society's pet. And finally, though it is a minor consideration, Pope was quite an epicure. Nobody liked good dishes better than himself and for that reason the high living of the day pleased him.

Now what have all these influences tended to do? They have tended to make him a society

man, have taken his disposition and cultivated it in such a manner that all that was keen and stinging within him came to the surface. And being so intimately connected with society it was no wonder that he incorporated into his writings the artificiality of the times. This is shown in his translation of the Iliad. The charge has been made against it that it is not Homeric, that the beautiful simplicity of that pioneer is lost in the version. But as the critic Johnson says, we should not expect that this simplicity was relished by the society of Pope's times. They wanted something more brilliant than that and Pope's work satisfied all requirements. And this society finally, so ready to reward the perfect poet, so ready to assail the imperfect aspirer to honor, tended to make Pope careful. He hunted until he found the measure most musical to his ear. He then adopted it, practiced it till it became his second nature, and then, unlike Dryden, he never allowed the work to leave his hands until it had undergone the most careful inspection and could meet the baneful glances from the green eyes of his contemporaries. This I think a most powerful reason for the exquisite melody of his verse.

Probably in whatever age Wordsworth had lived he would still have had that intense but most beautiful and refined love for mother nature. Nothing could probably have kept him from restlessly seeking her haunts and to give himself up to the restful and soothing influence of her croonings. But we can readily conceive of how that genius transplanted to another time would have been changed and its purity warped and turned into other channels.

So we can conceive that had Pope lived amid other surroundings and in a society different from that in which he did, his brilliant and cutting wit might have been softened and his genius might have been displayed in other ways. But whatever might have been, certainly no one has yet succeeded in forging a blade as bright and keen and powerful as that which was made during the life and which snapped in twain with the death of Pope.

A reporter's ticket is certainly a very convenient thing. Theatrical managers recognize it as a pass not only for the bearer but also for "his friend." For this reason, or some other, there are a number of "regular correspondents" in our midst.



Circus.

"Finals."

Mosquitoes.

"Be with me in it."

"Appointments out?"

Smith, '91, is chapel organist.

"We more than live at the Elmwood."

"Smith, G. O., go on." "Gode" goes on.

"Now, Mr. K., don't aggregate yo' janitor."

And the sound of the mower is heard in the land.

The Seniors will not banquet at commencement.

That new Victor is the pet of the would-be cyclist.

"The thing that I want most now is a Singer safety."

"Nummy did not take your umbrella, Professor."

Hardy's photographic work gives general satisfaction.

Rev. Mr. Coddington led a recent meeting of the Y. M. C. A.

The library is becoming more and more a favorite resort.

Chipman succeeds Patten as treasurer of the B. B. Association.

Smith, '90, can again use his ankle which he sprained while playing tennis.

A portrait of Dr. Small appeared in a May number of the *Chicago Graphic*.

The students in History make good use of the bound volumes of the *Monitor*.

The Seniors who took the course in Pedagogy have the freedom of the city schools.

It would seem almost unnecessary to heat North College on pleasant June days.

A number of the fellows attended the Y. P. S. C. E. meeting in Hallowell June 5.

The Bowdoin men must feel elated over their success in the race of May 30. We watch such events with interest and wish that a suitable course on the water was within our reach.

A severe attack of asthma has confined Prof. Elder to his house during the past week.

The theological arguments evolved by the Sophs. in History are more than weighty.

Prof. Battis is aiding Institute and High School students in their preparation for commencement.

Why does a man rush from a recitation room as though his life depended on the degree of his exertion?

Freshman—"Where is the *Youth's Companion*?" Friend (upon whom he is calling)—"Here I am."

"If you knew some people that I do, Mr. B., I could tell of one who is just such a woman as Madam Roland was."

Burke, the ardent high license man, and Herrick were delegates to the democratic convention held in Augusta.

The Sophs. are determined to reinstate Dr. D. To this end they have drawn up and widely circulated a monster petition.

The class of '91 has received an invitation to send delegates to the annual banquet of the Brown Juniors, to be held in Boston.

The diligent note-takers of the Freshman class would like to know about some prize money that was offered them last autumn.

Oracles in two weeks. The board has completed its work and the printer's devil no longer haunts the campus looking for "Mr. Cary."

Sam says that if the exercises on the campus at commencement are held in the rear of Recitation Hall, his best lot of grass will be spoiled.

The position of census enumerator in his own locality will prove a bonanza to many a student particularly empty-handed at this season of the year.

Senior (whispering to Junior in the library)—"Say, are the appointments out?" Junior—"No, they are having a d—l of a time fixing them up."

It is a significant fact that the only men in the class of '91 who have ever been before the faculty represent their class on the conference committee.

Court is in session and the usual number of students, with law in view, are in daily attendance. Tate, the busy man, and Carl, the hustler, report its proceedings.

Spencer will be missed from his accustomed place at the organ during morning prayers. His rendering of the voluntary evinced a high order of musical ability which was not unappreciated.

The Sophs. will feast at Stewart's or the Elmwood. "The *incidental* expenses of the class during the year have been so great that we can only afford a type-written program and menu."

The glorious class of '93 (Freshmen are always glorious and numerous at this stage of their course) will have their exit at Bangor. The marshal of that city should be notified of the fact.

Field Day prizes, this year, do not consist of a motley collection of "grips," neckties, canes, match safes, pictures, vases, etc., but are genuine silver medals, mounted on the regulation college gray.

The Junior appointments are as follows: N. L. Bassett, A. F. Caldwell, Miss E. M. Fletcher G. O. Gorham, C. F. Leadbetter, F. A. Luce, A. K. Rogers, L. P. Sturtevant, E. C. Teague, A. T. Watson.

Heard at the ladies' reception: She—"Which one of the coeds is Miss Blank? Please point her out to me." He—"Oh, you should see her by all means; she is the bright particular star of this gal—axy."

The following Seniors have been assigned commencement parts: J. E. Burke, F. A. Gilmore, D. W. Hall, M. L. Miller, A. J. Roberts, M. M. Smith, W. L. Soule, C. W. Spencer, Addie Florence True, W. C. Whelden.

From present indications, Field Day will find the athletes of the college out of condition. The inclemency of the weather has prevented thorough out-door training and the change of practice ground has not met with favor.

A large number of the students visited the circus ground while Frank Robbins was in the city. The name of that gentleman will long be remembered by several who were ambitious enough to invest in stock of uncertain value.

The ladies of the college tendered a reception to the nine and its friends on the evening of May 4. The old Hall was filled to overflowing with a jolly company of citizens and students. "Town" and "gown" met in pleasant relation and made stronger the bond of friendship. The collation served during the evening was a pleasant success.

Recent rain has prevented several games of ball which we were anxious to see played. Notable among them was the Bates-Bowdoin contest which *might* have decided the pennant question for us. As it is, there are now two postponed games in the league series.

The events for the twelfth annual Field Day of the University are announced as follows: 100 yards dash, putting shot, throwing hammer, standing broad jump, running broad jump, standing high jump, running high jump, pole vault, throwing base ball, hurdle race, potato race, obstacle race, three-legged race, 75 yards backward dash.

The number of men who will canvass during the vacation promises to be unusually large. Men who have "sworn off" several times have again listened to the glowing accounts of the enthusiastic general agent and affixed their names to a contract. Perhaps this season may prove more profitable than others, but judging by the past only a chosen few have made fortunes in this work.

The Juniors who elected Chemistry have been engaged for the past few weeks in Qualitative Analysis. Many of them declare that it is the most fascinating work of the term in the laboratory. During the remaining weeks they can look for nothing "but dissolutions, precipitations, endless turbulence of attracting and repelling: till once the master-element get evolved, and this wild alchemy arrange itself again."

Wagg could not return from the Provinces, on May 31st, and as a result the game scheduled for that day was forfeited to the State College team. Such procedure is open to criticism. Possibly, however, the crack team from Bates (acknowledgments to the *Lewiston Journal*) may be checked in its course before it catches us. In that case the pennant will be ours beyond a doubt and all seeming mistakes will be readily overlooked in the joy of victory.

Wednesday's game with the State College team at Bangor may be called a "fake" contest in every sense of the word. Our nine was somewhat demoralized by lack of practice, the grounds were in shocking condition and the umpire was—Mr. Casey, of Bangor, an intensely partial individual. This gentleman declared the game forfeited to M. S. C. at the end of the third inning, because Colby did not wish to continue playing in a heavy rain which had

begun to fall. The score stood 3 to 5 in favor of M. S. C. Gilmore had a finger fractured in the third inning and was forced to give way to Foster.

The Seniors are almost alumni. They "went up" for the final tests last week, passed through the ordeal unscathed and now walk the campus with a lofty yet happy air, and fill in the days with as much of life as possible. To many of them chapel attendance does not seem irksome, as they are free to attend or absent themselves. The majority of the class will remain in Waterville until commencement, while some will assist Uncle Sam in his endeavors to enumerate his family.

The Glee Club appeared at City Hall on the evening of Memorial Day and was greeted with a crowded house—the people came to listen to the able address of Rev. Mr. Seward. The boys were sadly demoralized, in their first attempt, by the absence of their leader, and the fact that the cornetist of the evening gave them the wrong key. They *pronounced* but one verse and hastily left the stage. Their last selection, a decided improvement on the first, was well received by the audience. Their leader had returned.

Speaking of a Glee Club leads us to say a few words concerning the formation of a college band. The idea has been agitated for some time and is one that meets with favor. There is an abundance of talent for a good organization that would be a financial aid to at least one association in college—that of baseball. "Tim" could organize an orchestra which would assist the "brass" aggregation. Surely this scheme is a plausible one. Let the fellows secure instruments during the summer and come back in the autumn ready to occupy an honored corner in the grand stand or to head a procession.

Prof. Battis lost a valuable umbrella and a pair of rubbers on the night of the nine's reception. The next day his notice on the bulletin board asked for the return of the umbrella and informed the public that "the rubbers might be kept." This is but one instance of many that come to our notice. There is more pesky, despicable thieving about the college at present than for some time past. Think how small must be the heart of a man who will purposely steal from another both his rubbers and his

umbrella. A moment's thought will convince an honest man that the rights of those about him should be respected.

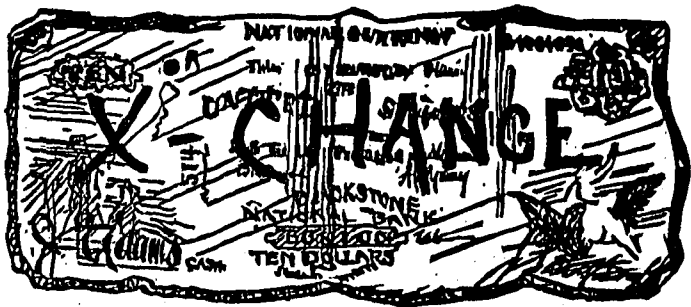
The following is the program for commencement:

SUNDAY, JUNE 29.—Baccalaureate Sermon by the President at 10.30 A. M., at the Baptist church. Annual Sermon before the Boardman Missionary Society and Young Men's Christian Association, by Rev. James McWhinnie, D.D., of Cambridge, Mass., at 7.45 P. M.

MONDAY, JUNE 30.—Presentation Day exercises of the Junior class at 2.30 P. M., on the campus. Junior exhibition at 7.45 at the church. Meeting of the Board of Trustees at Champlin Hall at 7.30 P. M.

TUESDAY, JULY 1.—Class Day exercises at 10.40 A. M., at the church; at 3.00 P. M., on the campus. Annual meeting of the Alumni Association at Alumni Hall at 2.00 P. M. Inaugural Address by President Albion W. Small, Ph.D., at the church at 7.45 P. M.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 2.—Commencement Day. Exercises of the Graduating class and Conferring of Degrees at the church at 10.00 A. M. The procession forms at Memorial Hall at 9.30. Commencement dinner at Alumni Hall at 12.30 P. M. Library and Cabinet open to visitors from 3.00 to 5.00. President's reception in the evening at 8.00 P. M.



The *Concordiensis* contains a finely illustrated article on the "Union College Grounds."

The *Vermont Academy Life* is a model paper of its kind. We are glad to see such a paper alive to general interests, literature and fun.

The *Owl* once more makes its appearance among us. We are glad to see you again, since we thought you had scratched us from your book.

The *Pacific Pharos* contains a philosophical discussion on "The Proofs of Eternal Punishment." It is discussed in a logical manner, with well arranged arguments.

The *Oberlin Review* of June 3rd is laden with the poetical inspiration characteristic of spring numbers. The poem "A Departure at Evening" is a dainty little production.

The Brown students, and the University as well, are to be congratulated on the tasty magazine recently issued by the Senior class. We wish it unbounded prosperity and success.

We quote the following from the *College Transcript*:

"The matter of 'ponying' has always been a theme for much discussion, and has furnished a topic for many interesting conversations, especially has this been the case in this institution because of the fact that we have ever been known as being a highly religious institution, and also because it is known that not a few of our students ascend the steeps of knowledge by the assistance of the 'all-powerful horse.' The question mentioned has again received some prominence in the fact that it is known that the faculty intends to ask each student at the end of the term the question, whether or not he has ponied since the beginning of this school year. The matter is somewhat startling to the students, and is somewhat of an enigma from the fact that it is not plain what object the faculty can have in view in seeking such information after the manner mentioned."

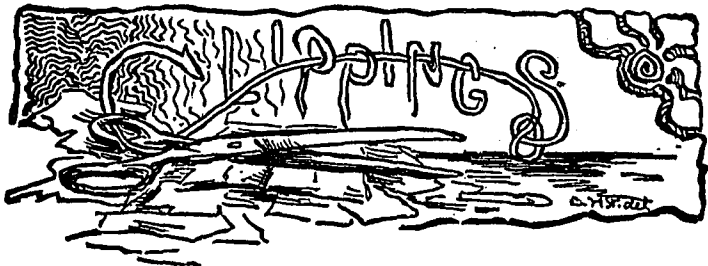
To stoop to such an undignified position is wholly, or should be, unthought of by a *college professor*. It certainly shows weakness of intellect on his part. What professor, of even ordinary ability, is not capable of discerning what students use "ponies?" It reminds us of the primary school, where we were asked by the "school-girl teacher," whether or not we had whispered during the day; if not we received a "merit." Again, what student, who would use a pony, would not deny it when asked concerning it? Truly *some* colleges have not reached the millennium of intellectual development.

The *Annex* contains an article, "Our English Language," written by A. C. Douglass, of Monmouth, who took the second prize at the interstate contest, held at Lincoln, Neb., May 1st. It is handled in a worthy manner and displays a knowledge of the wonderful language of his theme:

"Anglo-Saxon is unparalleled in its material growth, its broad learning and its social, moral and political development. Men come and go; and the immortal products of their genius are their bequests to the world. The accumulations of art and science make the contributing ages appear like the ranges of mountain peaks—each towering high above its predecessor in Alpine magnificence. We behold and wonder what influences could have produced such grand results.

"Did inventive genius alone make the greatness of America? Has mere strength of arms carried England's flag into every habitable part of the earth? Does Saxon valor, Saxon ambition and Saxon firmness account entirely for

the civil and religious liberty of one-half the globe? No. Transcending all these powerful agencies, the English language stands out the exponent of modern civilization. It is the embodiment of progressive thought, the matchless attainment of a progressive age. In its storehouse of words are the gems of the classics and the pearls of modern tongues. It is the keystone in the arch of commerce to-day. In every battle against tyranny it has furnished the countersign of freedom. Magna Charta, Declarations of Independence and Emancipation Proclamations are its products. It is the 'language of Bunyan and the Bible,' an argument for the Christian religion. Would you know its influence to-day, destroy its literature, blot out the results of its evidence, and think what would be the condition of the world."



The way in which a thing is done
Will make you gay or blue.
It makes all the difference under the sun
How your best girl sits on you.

Cornell claims the largest membership in college Y. M. C. A.

Treasurer Hooper estimates that the wealth of Harvard doubles every twenty years.

During the summer a new gymnasium costing about \$20,000 is to be built for Smith College.

There is a movement on foot in the University of Pennsylvania to establish a chair of the Irish language.

The Senior class at Williams has voted to abolish class day, together with the exercises connected with that day.

Teacher—"Parse 'John refused the pie.' Now what is John?"

Boy—"John was a fool."

The annual foot-ball game between teams representing England and Scotland, played at Hampden Park, Glasgow, April 5th, resulted in a draw, each side scoring one goal.

Life in a modern college has incidents, work and recreation never dreamed of by the institutions of a century ago. The average age of a college graduate was then eighteen years, now it is from twenty-one to twenty-three. The best assignable cause is this: a boy of from

fourteen to eighteen years cannot do the work required of a modern youth. Colleges have ceased to be intellectual hot houses and have become, for better or worse, a miniature life. The politics, the athletics and the curriculum aim to turn out men and women with a practical knowledge of the world, of humanity and of books.

Four men fainted in the dead heat pulled by the Columbia and the Berkeley A. A. tug-of-war teams at the gymnasium of the Jersey City A. C., April 29th. Columbia pulled Princeton nine inches at the same meeting.

The committee of Yale graduates, who have in charge the collection of money and the choice of plans for the new gymnasium, report that the fund for the building is still \$30,000 short of the \$180,000 which will be necessary.

The Columbia College boat club has decided definitely to put a crew on the water this year, although the men at present training are in bad condition. The Freshman crew has several good oarsmen, but they will, if possible, be kept in the Freshman boat.



A SCENE IN TWO ACTS.

A Freshman walked up on the campus, so bold;
With a regal and indolent air was beset;
He had a tall silk hat and a cane headed gold,
On his face was a smile
That breathed all the while
A defiance to all the Sophomore set.

A Freshman sat down by the river's bank,
As the sun glided down to its peaceful repose;
He was sad, so he was, and his little heart sank
With a dull, sickening thud,
For his hat was all mud,
His collar was torn, and so wet were his clothes

SEEKING A FORTUNE.

Upon a lovely day in June
A circus entered town,
Equipments on the grass were strewn,
In tents performed the clown.

Scattered were advertisements
Of the balloon ascension,
And other great inducements,
That need no special mention.

Long before the appointed time
 Came the crowd with step so slow,
 And from their pockets took a dime
 To enter the great side-show.

In this tent there chanced to be,
 Arranged with shells but three,
 A little curiosity,
 Advertising fortunes free.

Officials, divines, clerks and all,
 Resisted not temptation;
 They trusted in the little ball,
 But got no compensation

Trusting in his education
 Most anxious the student grew,
 "There's no harm in speculation,"
 Quoth he, so his purse he drew.

When the challenge next was sounded,
 And the shells stood one by one,
 Tearing through the crowd he bounded,
 "Voila, I've won, I've won."

He quickly sought the little sphere,
 But where, oh, where could it be;
 Said he, "By Jove, that's rather queer,
 For it's the last one of the three."



[Contributions from alumni and alumnae are earnestly solicited.—ED.]

'39.

Rev. Mylon Merriam died quite suddenly at
 Dorchester, Mass., May 31, aged 78.

Rev. Joseph Ricker, D.D., has returned to
 his home in Augusta, after a five months' visit
 to the Pacific coast.

A volume of addresses by the late Rev.
 S. L. Caldwell, D.D., formerly president of
 Vassar College, has been prepared by Prof. O.
 S. Stearns, D.D., with a biographical notice
 and portrait.

'55.

Hon. J. W. Parrington, of Emporia, Kan., is
 expected to be present at commencement.

'59.

Rev. S. C. Fletcher delivered the oration, Me-
 morial Day, in Milo.

'63.

Rev. C. M. Emery has received a call to the
 pastorate of the Baptist church in South Nor-
 ridgewock.

'68.

Rev. Thomas M. Butler has resigned the pas-
 torate of the Baptist church in Foxcroft and
 accepted a call to Canton, Mass.

'75.

Dr. Geo. B. Howard had a very severe stroke
 of paralysis, on Saturday, June 7. His left side
 is entirely useless and the right one nearly so.
 We hope for a speedy recovery of the sufferer.

'77.

George W. Young is principal of the public
 schools in Manson, Iowa.

'82.

Prof. G. A. Andrews, of the Atlanta Baptist
 Seminary, has an interesting communication in
Zion's Advocate.

'84.

Prof. Shailer Mathews occupied the pulpit at
 Dover, June 1.

'86.

The degree of M. D. was conferred on Ralph
 H. Pulsifer by the Boston University at their
 commencement last week.

'87.

Walter B. Farr was on the campus recently.
 Adam S. Green expects to be present at the
 reunion of his class at commencement. He will
 enter Newton in the fall.

'89.

Frank Nye was in Waterville last week. He
 reports a very successful term with his school.

H. Everett Farnham, of Yale Divinity School,
 will supply the pulpit at Pownal Centre during
 the vacation.

'90.

W. L. Soule is book-keeper for Flood & Proc-
 tor.

A. B. Patten preached at Winslow and Benton
 Falls, June 1st.

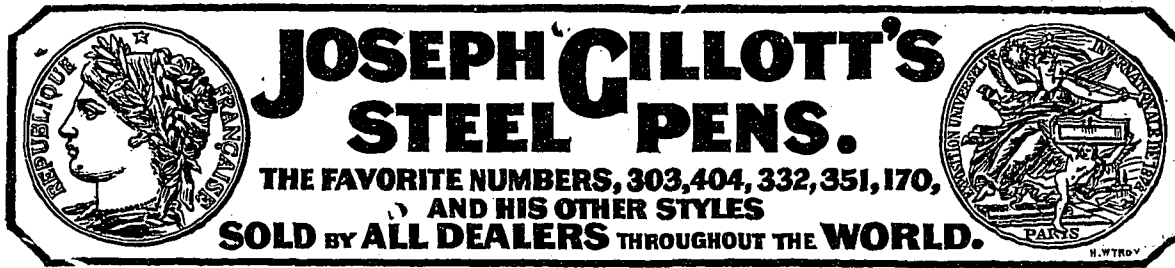
F. P. King left on the 4th for Michigan,
 where he will be engaged on the U. S. Geolog-
 ical Survey during the summer.

'92.

A. G. Hurd was a delegate to the Y. P. S. C.
 E. convention in Hallowell.

C. H. Reynolds has returned from his home
 in Livermore Falls, where he has been recuper-
 ating for the past two weeks.

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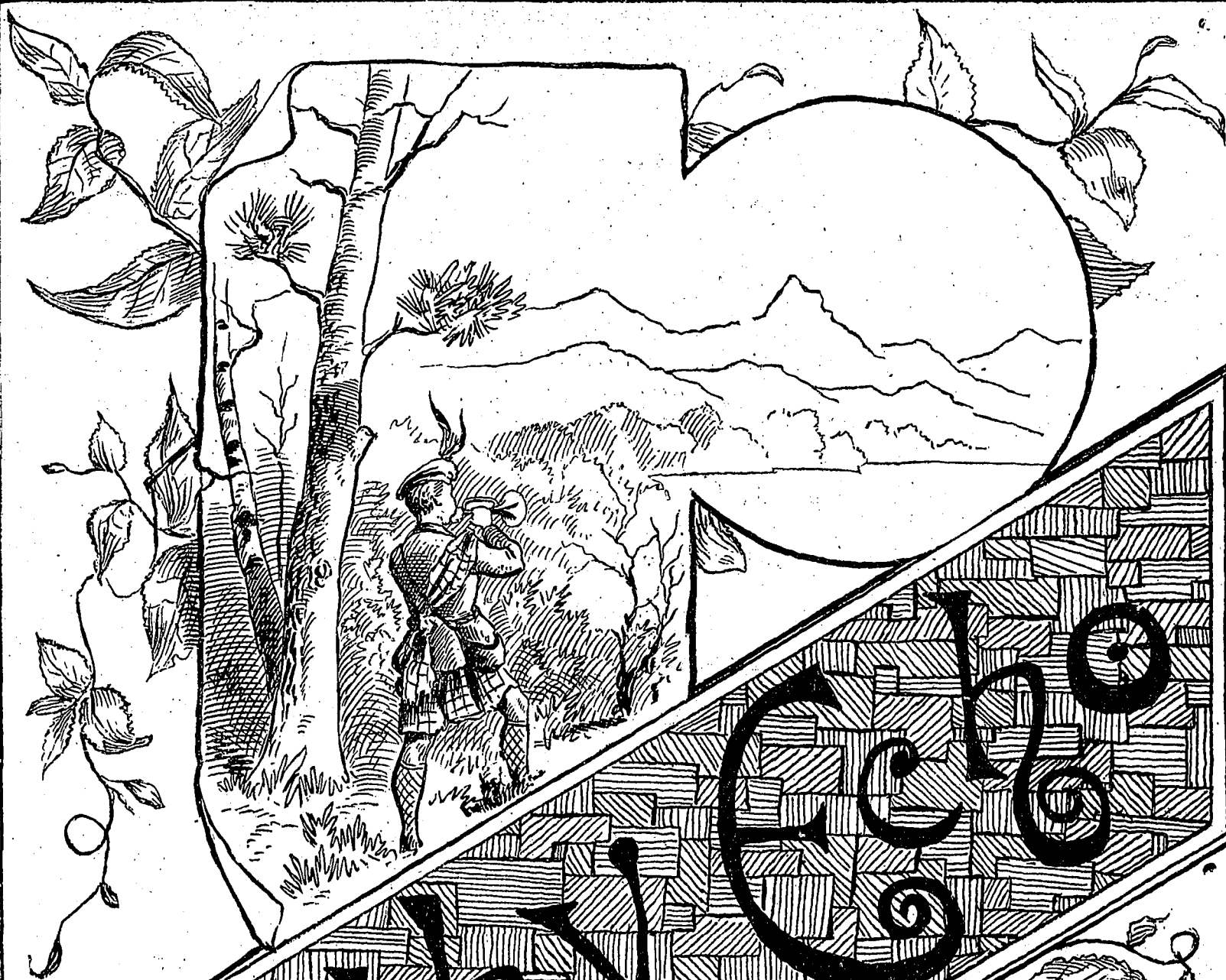
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