

The Colby Echo.

VOL. XV.

WATERVILLE, MAINE, FEB. 7, 1891.

No. 11

The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

EDITORS.

Chief.

FRANKLIN W. JOHNSON, '91.

ADELBERT F. CALDWELL, '91, HERBERT R. PURINTON, '91,
EDWIN C. TEAGUE, '91, ARCHIBALD M. DICK, '91,
CHARLES E. COHEN, '92, HARRY L. PIERCE, '92,
EUGENE H. STOVER, '92, H. KNAPP KALLOCH, '92.

Managing Editor.

GEORGE R. CAMPBELL, '91.

Treasurer.

CHARLES S. PEASE, '91.

TERMS.—\$1.50 per year, in advance. Single copies 12 cents.

The ECHO will be sent to all subscribers until its discontinuance is ordered, and all arrears paid.

Exchanges and all communications relating to the Literary Department of the paper should be addressed to THE COLBY ECHO.

Remittances by mail and all business communications should be addressed to the Managing Editor, Box 154, Waterville, Me.

Any subscriber not receiving the ECHO regularly will please notify the Managing Editor.

Printed at the Sentinel Office, Waterville, Maine.

CONTENTS.

VOL. XV., No. 11.—Feb. 7, 1891.

THE SANCTUM:

ECHO Prize for Stories.....	118
A Word for the Managing Editor.....	118
The Oracle Settlement.....	118
The Status of "Society Feeling".....	119
Under Classmen in Society.....	119

LITERARY:

Lines to Addison.....	120
An Excursion.....	121
Eisenach and the Wartburg.....	122

CAMPUS.....	125
EXCHANGES.....	127
WASTE BASKET.....	129
PERSONALS.....	129



THE response to the final call for prize stories was quite as general as we had anticipated. The committee awarded the prize to the story entitled "A Warning," by W. N. Donovan, '92. The story will be printed in our next issue. There were, unfortunately, no contestants for the prize for short poems.

THE work of the present ECHO management is nearing its close. They very naturally desire to leave the organization in as good a financial condition as possible. It is well understood that the ECHO has for several years been struggling beneath a debt incurred through previous mismanagement. Last year the debt was materially lessened. Yet it remains of sufficient proportions to prevent the fullest prosperity of the publication. It is, of course extremely desirable that this year should still further liquidate the debt. Careful estimates furnish ground for expectation that such will be the result. To this end we would urgently request that all subscribers pay their subscriptions at an early date. Let each one whose subscription is unpaid go down into his pocket and gladden the heart of the Managing Editor.

THE Oracle difficulties have been adjusted to the satisfaction of all parties concerned. As finally adopted, the constitution provides that the Editor in Chief shall be elected by a vote of the entire association, a two-thirds vote being necessary for election. This compromise measure seems to meet admirably the difficulties in the other schemes proposed. While it is theoretically inferior to the proposal that the Chief be elected by a majority of the entire

association, yet in the light of actual facts it is superior in that it still further removes the possibility of combinations which have been the bane of previous elections. That it is eminently superior to the scheme to allow the chiefship to rotate among the different fraternities there can be no doubt. This would neither have been just, nor would it have been for the best interest of the *Oracle*. The old method of election by the board of editors was out of the question, on account of the injustice which experience proves was possible under its working.

It must be admitted that the method adopted is somewhat unwieldy and under certain conditions complications might arise which would completely block the election of an Editor in Chief. Such complications however are not likely to be of frequent occurrence. In case they do occur, the only settlement must be made by compromise. In favor of the method it may be said that it is absolutely just to all. Under its application no society or faction is liable to suffer at the hands of others. Again, it has a decided advantage over some of the schemes proposed since it offers an incentive to the various societies to put forward their best men as editors. Every editor may be considered a candidate for the position of Chief. True merit will be considered a criterion of fitness for the position. In this way the general ability of the board of editors will be higher. This incentive has been almost entirely lacking in the past. More than all else, it assures the full support of each individual and faction.

The work of the present board of editors has been retarded, yet we think that the delay is well compensated for by the result attained. The sure outgrowth of the matter will be the edition of publications superior to those of the past, a more united support, and better satisfaction among the students—rich returns for a few weeks of delay.

The *Oracle* board is limited in time, but not in ability. We look for the '91 *Oracle* to be equalled by few, surpassed by none.

THE recent discussion of the fraternity question in these columns was but an indication of the revolution which has taken place in the opinions of fraternity men. The satisfactory settlement of the *Oracle* difficulty is another proof of the new movement of reform. It is true that "society feeling," as it is termed,

has played, and perhaps still does play, too large a part in the machinery of our college politics. Many college interests are hazarded that fraternities may profit. It has been forgotten that the college is the foundation of the fraternity, and that in the promotion of its interests the fraternities share. But today fraternity men have come out into a broader field. They recognize the selfishness that has prompted their actions in the past. There is a growing sentiment against combinations and the other kindred evils that have existed. This can not fail to exert a salutary influence upon the interests of the college. The students, while no less loyal to their fraternities, will become more loyal to the college. We shall be represented by better publications, by better athletes. The college will be more ably represented before the world.

UNDER-CLASSMEN IN SOCIETY.

PERHAPS the majority of under classmen in Colby need no urging to go into society; but there are some, every year, who apply themselves too closely to study, and are too indifferent to the social life of the town. For the latter, the fraternity meetings and college sports seem to furnish sufficient diversion, and the companionship of college mates is all the society they care for. If they do feel the need of a wider circle of friends, they can not overcome the inertia of student life.

There are however good reasons why this inertia should be overcome. All young people need home influences, but in lieu of these the next best thing is the privilege of mingling in good society; and, since a student can not have his home, he should avail himself of society. Then, if a young man's experience in social circles has been limited to the society of his native place, especially if this is a small town, he has indeed a meager training in this respect. For nobody stands on ceremony among people whom he has known from childhood, but when he enters a company of strangers he feels the need of careful deportment. The easy bearing and polished manner, which society imparts, are essential parts of an education, and are essential qualifications for success in business or the professions. It is merely a repetition of old maxims to say, that clerks sell politeness as much as they do goods, that lawyers and doctors, who sell personal services, need it more than clerks.

and that it is absolutely indispensable to ministers. Awkwardness or diffidence in any one of these is likely to be regarded as indifference or even as intentional discourtesy. An easy manner, through which the kindly disposition of the mind is expressed in an acceptable way, is gained only by mingling in society, the true school of manners. Moreover keeping out of society for a time causes a tendency, nay a proneness to continue in this course, until it requires an incredible amount of determination to come out of the shell.

The advantages of society to a student can hardly be overestimated. The Latin and Greek, which we read in college, contain many excellent ideas, and give good mental training; but one must talk with something alive or he will become a fossil. Talking with college mates will not meet the requirement, because college boys talk too much shop and too much slang. One soon finds that he must eliminate slang from his conversation in society, and does not soon find anyone who likes to listen to shop talk; as a consequence of the last he must read the papers and keep posted on the events of the day, these he will soon be able to express in easy, graceful language and if he be an apt scholar he will learn to listen well.

Besides it is in society where the student makes friends. Then, if his home is ever so far away, he has friends around him whose interest in him will be an incentive to vigorous effort and good conduct; for they are sure to know his standing as a scholar and to hear of his pranks. Then his acquaintance is not limited to college mates nor are his narrow room and the campus the only places where he is privileged. If he has a spare hour he is not only privileged but welcome to spend it in some pleasant home in the city.

The way into this society is broad and open. A college reception introduces the new student, fraternity relations in college, and church relations in the city, give him an opportunity to extend his acquaintance, and best of all, the inhabitants generously open their homes and welcome him. But what is the use of all this talk? If it should persuade one student, who is inclined to shut himself up to college and books, to mingle in society, it would have a rich reward.

WE are enabled in this issue to present our readers an article from the pen of Professor Mathews. It is a gratifying thought that, though far away, the Professor has not forgotten his friends at home, but still feels the same interest in the welfare of our college community that he is wont to manifest while among us. We can only wish him the best of success in his studies abroad and assure him a cordial welcome on his return.



LINES TO ADDISON.

Addison! kindest spirit
 E'er making abode with man,
 Doing the loftiest service
 E'en to thy life's farthest span;
 Moulding the thought of a nation,
 Homage receiving in turn—
 Ah, bottles with tear-drops within them
 Are buried around thy urn!

"Preacher in tye-wig and slippers!"
 Few have done more than thee
 To lighten the hearts of the many,
 The chained and the slaves to make free!
 Abuses in vogue thou wert painting—
 Society's usages then—
 Giving the color with humor,
 And drawing the outline with pen.

Star of the firmament brightest!
 Of a splendid system the sun!
 With thy planets revolving around thee,
 Thy attraction obeying, each one.
 Unconscious the force thou exerted
 That held them to thee so long,
 But just in the order of nature,
 That the weak shall be ruled by the strong.

A rival meanwhile sought with vigor
 Thy fair reputation to dim,
 But "with faint praise was he damn'd,"
 By the people's opinion of him.
 Outridden the storm and the tempest,
 Thy bark to the harbor has come!
 In the lee of the port thou art lying,
 Safe mid the blessings of home!

Palmy the days of thy glory,
 Balmy the breeze of thy praise,
 Renown has these ages been o'er thee,
 Even adown to our days!
 As long as to heart of the human
 Dear is the cadence of rhyme
 So long shalt thy name be treasured,
 Down through the cycles of time!

AN EXCURSION. \

ONE of our pleasantest excursions was sailing up the Thames in a steam-launch. My cousin and I had been invited to join a little party of young persons on their trip, and we were only too glad of an opportunity to see the upper part of the river. When the appointed day came, we saw, with sinking hearts, as we looked from our window early in the morning, that the mist was settling over the fields and growing every moment heavier and heavier. We knew at once that this boded a rainy day. But the weather does not seem to disturb the English in the least. They go about in the wet with so much alacrity that one might almost fancy that they liked it. We knew that our friends, at any rate, would never let so slight a thing as the weather stand in the way of a day's enjoyment, and, determining not to be outdone by them, we put on our gossamers and galoches, and were driven to the station.

On the train, we met two of our friends with whom we were to go to the general rendezvous on the river. A half hour's ride brought us to London, where we began a most elaborate system of changing cars. My cousin and I meekly followed our leaders, not knowing whither we were going, and feeling as if we had lost our identity in the maze of the busy city. After reaching Allgate by the underground road, we walked to Paddington, and as this was the last change that we had to make, we drew a sigh of relief as we sank back on the cushions in the car.

When we finally reached Maidenhead, after a two hours' journey, the rain was coming down in torrents. Our host was at the station to meet us, and drove us in his brougham to his little summer cottage on the river, at Bray. There a party of about ten young persons was collected. After refreshments, which are deemed indispensable by an Englishman, no matter how small or informal the gathering may be, we held a consultation in regard to the weather, and as the rain had somewhat abated, and as no one of us minded a slight drizzle, we picked our way through the mud down to the edge of the river. Only a few of us at a time could be taken in the punt over to the launch; and a droll appearance we must have presented, trying to keep our balance in the "rickety" boat, and clinging to one another with the apprehension of being

precipitated into the water, headforemost. But our fears were unnecessary, for we reached the "Irene" in safety, and were comfortably arranging ourselves in the bow, when our gay young host, much to his chagrin, discovered that he had forgotten the awning. It *was* rather an oversight; but we all declared that the rain would not disturb us in the least, so we raised our umbrellas and all looked as cheerful as if the prospect of a ducking was the pleasantest thing in the world.

At the next town we hired a harper, two fiddlers and a flutist, who were playing on the shore, to come aboard, and we were repaid by hearing almost fairy-like music, which floated out from the cabin where the unseen musicians sat. They would not permit our gayety to flag, but kept striking up livelier tunes the harder it rained.

In spite of the weather, the scenery along the banks looked most beautiful, and the farther up we went, the more picturesque did it become. A panorama of villas and gardens, forests and meadows kept passing before our eyes, and at every point there was some interesting object. We saw some very fine residences, nestled here and there in the midst of groves, and surrounded by smooth lawns. Every spot was rich in verdure. The different boats on the river, too, claimed our attention, especially the "house-boats," great, lumbering things about three stories high, with many windows on their sides. They were anchored here and there along the banks, looking very homelike and even gay with their bright curtains and pots of flowers. We passed under several bridges, and to one of these our attention was particularly directed, as made of brick, and called the "Echo."

We went through three locks, most interesting manœuvres. The boats, both large and small, came crowding together in the lock until there were a dozen or more, when the gate behind us was closed, and the water was let in slowly through the dam in front. We could feel ourselves rising and rising until finally we came nearly on a level with the tops of the piles along the bank. There was no obstruction now, and we went steaming on as before. While we were waiting at each lock, ruddy market-women lowered, from the bank into our boat, grape-leaf baskets filled with luscious strawber-

ries and cherries, which with the jug of cream that we brought with us made a very palatable lunch.

An amusing sight on the bank was a set of ragamuffins, who undertook to turn an honest penny by gymnastic feats. When we came along by the bank where they were, they began to turn somersets, one after the other, so fast that we could scarcely distinguish anything but arms and legs revolving in the air. They kept pace with us for a number of rods until we took pity on them and threw out some pennies.

Marlow was our destination, and there we landed. Then we turned the Irene about and started down the river. An accident might have happened if our host, formerly gay but now transformed into a thoughtful captain, had not seen the danger in time. A party had asked permission to attach the little boat that they were in to ours, and be towed along,—a request that was readily granted. Soon after, two steamers, which were racing and causing considerable excitement, were about to pass us, when our captain called peremptorily to them to slacken their speed. This they did, and we soon understood the state of affairs. The little boat behind us, which our captain had not forgotten, though the rest of us had, was swaying from side to side most violently in the wake of the steamers, and in a few moments more would doubtless have capsized.

We noted with pride that "our" launch could hold her own in beauty with any that we saw, and we learned afterward that she was considered one of the finest on the river.

Half way home, we were overtaken by a most terrific shower, which compelled us to leave our seats in the front of the boat and retreat to the cabin. Our host, as captain, wrapped in his great coat, walked the deck in the face of the storm, while his sister, as helmswoman, kept her post at the wheel, in spite of the protests of the gentlemen.

When we returned to the cottage we found a nice dinner ready for us, and hot drinks and dry shoes. No illness resulted from our wetting, and we all declared that we should not have had half the fun if it had not rained.

By some mistake the name of E. A. Wyman was printed A. E. Winship in the Zeta Psi convention report.

EISENACH AND THE WARTBURG.

IF Worms recalls the heroic side of Luther's life, Eisenach will always be the centre of the romantic. The mystery of the Reformer's disappearance, his half-comedy role as the bearded Junker George, and, more than anything else, the anecdotes that group themselves about the few months he spent in the castle, give to this period of Luther's life a touch that is quite lacking in his later years, so full of theological struggles, or even in the early years in Wittenberg.

Some such thoughts as these were running through my mind as the train hurried away from the level stretches of what was once Brandenburg sand, with their painfully prosperous crops and incipient forests planted with true German regularity, through Wittenberg with its glimpse of Luther's house, into the wonderful hill-country of Thuringia.

It was the first really picturesque glimpse Germany had given us of herself. The seven hours' ride from Bremen to Berlin had been almost monotonous in its unchanging succession of flat fields, red-roofed cottages and lazy windmills, and it was hard to believe that Berlin with its American-like activity was not New York that in some way had suffered a Babel's curse, and gone to talking strange tongues. But as the train swept around the hills and along some little river, as every now and then a ruined castle came in sight on some hilltop, and when, finally, we stepped out from the station at Eisenach, there could be no further doubt that Germany was altogether another land from America.

As we followed the porter through the narrow street, the quiet was almost oppressive, and had our guide walked a trifle less rapidly, or had we been a trifle more imaginative, it would not have been difficult to believe that we were of the Elector's train, that the cabs with their one horse harnessed to the pole, were the ox-wagons in which Luther and his friends rode, and that the purple-handed dyer and his apprentice who looked up from washing cloths in the brook, were only waiting for the proper moment to break out into guttural blessings.

But the porter walked too rapidly for us to indulge in such sentimentalizings and we were content to be surprised at the old town gate with its remnants of wall, and to throw hasty

glances upward at the great silent castle that rose over the trees, high above and before us. As we walked across the paved square within the gate, and dodged around corners of alleys that seemed designed expressly to lead the unwary astray, the town grew still more picturesque. It happened that it was the day before the holiday that celebrates the victory of Sedan, and from numberless windows hung long streamers that floated idly in what little air was stirring, or fell like curtains across the narrow streets. The low, weather-beaten houses with their steep roofs broken by curious little windows and turrets, almost hidden in the gay colors, crowded each other into the street, and gave us now and then a glimpse of comfortable looking housewives knitting and gossiping, while their daughters studied the passers by with the aid of the mirror that stood obliquely outside the window. The streets could not have looked much different in Luther's time. A sudden turn brought us face to face with the Schonberg-Cotta house where he had lived as a charity student, another, to the church where he once preached, and another would have brought us to the path that he more than likely took as he returned to the Wartburg, but retracing our steps we walked over to our hotel in the Marienthal, intending to make the ascent to the castle from its eastern side.

The hill is crossed and recrossed by paths, but the ascent, though steep, is far from difficult for anyone who does not try to take short cuts. Unfortunately one member of our party was thus possessed, and notwithstanding every change of path was supported by the most cogent reasoning, we soon found ourselves travelling away from the castle, and a moment later, in a new attempt to save time and space, scrambling up the side of a hill over rolling stones and broken masonry, much to the astonishment of a party of Germans who were walking easily along in the proper path, not twenty feet away.

But at last the summit was reached, we passed under the draw-bridge, up a flight of well worn stone steps to the ramparts, and found ourselves face to face with the gray portal of the castle. The bridge was down and a solitary guard stood before the door of the tower that in Luther's time must have been full

men-at-arms. As if in mockery of the past, along the wall that rises above the winding

carriage road to the town below, were cannon of the fifteenth century, looking like gigantic musket-barrels, some mounted on wheels while others lay flat and pathetic on the wall itself. Near them were piled heaps of stone bullets the size of a man's fist.

As far as we could see, the buildings which composed the castle completely covered the top of the hill, or the low mountain, although a small plateau somewhat lower was given up to the ubiquitous inn. The castle as a whole, from where we stood seemed to spread apart as if it had been built in the shape of an irregular A, the point of which was the gate and the cross-bar, a gallery connecting the two lines of buildings, under which was the entrance to the more important apartments. This gallery divided the enclosed space into two courts.

The first of these courts—that of the knights—is reached by a narrow road that leads directly from the gate to the great entrance. Its stone pavement has been deeply cut by the wheels that have rolled over it during the last seven or eight centuries, and, altogether, it looks even older than the weather-beaten walls which shut it in.

As the guide still failed to make his appearance, we went on through the grand entrance with its antlers and wild boarskins, into the larger court beyond. This indeed was mediæval! On one side were the fine old banqueting hall and ducal apartments, above which rose a heavy square tower surmounted by a cross; on the other the little pleasure garden of the castle; just between, a trifle away from the centre, the huge round cistern, twenty feet, at least, in diameter. The farther end of the court was unenclosed except for the wall with its openings for men-at-arms and a single square watch tower. We walked about a few minutes on the walls, looking over them down to the tree tops far below, and then followed a workman with an itching palm to the top of the tower.

The view that stretched out before us as we struggled to catch our breath after the hurried climb, is quite beyond words. As far as the eye reached to the south and east and west were the dark hills of Thuringia, growing more distinct as they caught the rays of the low sun, or a breath of mist told where hill ceased and valley began. With the exception of what looked like a couple of fine wires winding along a little stream, but which we knew was the rail-

road to Frankfurt, and perhaps, also, the side of a hill where the bushes and trees had been tortured into an immense ducal crown, the scene must have been the same as that which greeted Luther. Only toward the north could we see field chasing field to the horizon. Below us lay the castle and the town, each as silent as the landscape. But when one is "doing" any place there is little time even for such beauty, especially if your attendant looks significantly at his supper pail, and we clambered down the rough stairs to take our revenge by halving the wretch's fee.

By the side of the cistern with its slimy water, we joined a party of Germans and prepared to listen to the guide's unintelligible sing song. We went through all the rooms that are open to the public, listened to the exclamations of admiration and astonishment from our new companions, stared at pictures which had little or no interest for us, wandered through the great empty halls where the Minnesingers once sang in contests, saw the beautiful little chapel where Luther preached, and did our best to appreciate it all—but everything was too modern—the restorer had outdone his duty. The rough outer walls and the wonderful landscape were far more real and impressive, and although the devotee of Wagner might linger in the hall where Tannhauser sang for a bride, the less musical awaited half impatiently the room of the Reformer.

At last we went back through the ducal entrance, into the Knights' Court, and turned into an old building not far from the gate, that certainly looked as if it had not been repaired since the sixteenth century. We felt our way through narrow, dark corridors, up a rough staircase, through an old door over which was printed some maxim of Luther's, into the room itself. The first glance gave the lie to the gorgeously painted room through which we had just come. Imagine some back chamber in an old farmhouse with a wall partly covered with rough plaster and partly sealed with planks, a floor of broken tiles, a window with tiny panes of glass, and you have the picture. The furniture was worthy of the room. On the right side as one enters, close to the door stood the bedstead—looking not unlike the "bunks" one finds in college rooms except that the upper bed was lacking. At its foot in the corner stood the huge porcelain stove. On the other side,

between the stove and the outer wall, was the solid oak table, on which lay a few of Luther's books, one of his letters, and one of his numerous drinking cups. Over the table hung a picture of the Reformer, flanked by those of his father and mother. The study chair was large and solid,—by far the handsomest possession of the room. Near it lay a mammoth's vertebra which Luther used as a foot rest—a necessity that one appreciates after a winter on German floors. Over the door hung the breastplate Luther wore during the ten months he played the part of the young Squire. It was an ordinary enough looking piece of iron, remarkable chiefly for the testimony it gave to the lines of its wearer's form. Between the stove and the table was an immense, irregular hole in the plaster, perhaps three feet square. It was somewhere within this space that the ink well struck which Luther threw at the Devil, but the touring Philistine has carried away so much of the plaster that it is quite impossible to locate the interesting spot. In my private opinion it was in the region nearest the stove. If this be correct, all mystery vanishes, for the presence of his visitor is fully explained!

When at last we left the room, the immediate feeling was one of disappointment. Here as in the other parts of the castle, and in fact in most historical places, the world had been too much with us. The mechanical recital of facts that have been burned into men's lives, the race after the guide through places where one would rather have lingered and the lingering in places where one would gladly have hastened, and above all the humiliation of giving a fee in Luther's own study, quite damaged the pleasure that should have been ours. It was only after we had escaped from the guide, and were once more at liberty to wander at will in the bright twilight through the courts, and to lean silently over the ramparts and drink in the soft beauty of the landscape, half believing that it was not the nineteenth but the sixteenth century, that the Wartburg once more cast over us its spell.

The same evening as we wandered through the crooked streets of the town we came upon the choir boys singing hymns in one of the squares in honor of the coming festival. As they stood around their leader, the torches threw their light strongly on the face of a little soprano. It may have been fancy, but there

was something in the little fellow as he shouted out his shrill music that reminded me of the little singer of four hundred years ago. Under these very houses his voice had sounded, in one of them he had lived, and up in the castle, from which now and then a rocket burst, he had helped make the Germany of today, and, as at last the voices grew silent in the chords of *Ein feste Burg*, it seemed as if nothing more could reasonably be expected or asked of the old town and we turned back to the hotel.



The organ has been repaired.

Jake, '93, makes us a good presiding officer.

Has Alex. received his Christmas present yet?

Sam does good service on our walks with his ash pail.

Eleventh Commandment: Mind your own business.

Some of the pedagogues have returned and others go out.

Isley, '91, presided over the organ during Smith's illness.

The Dekes have elected Barnes and Donovan as *Oracle* editors.

"What would ——— say if he knew my hair was coming out?"

Sam argues that the country is lost if the Force bill is defeated.

Miss Perkins has entered Colby '94, and is taking a special course.

The Grand Army fair was well attended by its patrons in Waterville.

Cupe's father made him a short visit recently. Tableau and shifting scenes.

"What do you think of the question?" is the Juniors' every day query now.

Several of the "reporters" went to North Anson to write up the big fire.

Don and Stephen were well stocked when they took Mechanics this time.

There are quite a number of embryo moustaches in college which when spring comes will make a nice stuffed pillow.

We are pleased to note that Prof. Elder is rapidly recovering from his illness.

The favored fourteen of the Junior class will receive their term bills in a few weeks.

Last term there was no general average. From all appearances it will not happen again this term.

A certain member of '94 has a knee that will only bend one way!!! Wonders will never cease.

H. L. F. Morse, '91, has been elected first managing editor of the *Oracle*, vice Teague, '91, resigned.

The Sophs. say that it took Stimp. three-quarters of an hour to read his book review in Rhetoric.

Several birthdays were celebrated during the past week. Dana says he is going to have one next August.

The Elmwood dining club consists of two this term. Cupe, Knapp and Alex. are honorary members.

We shall be very happy to insert "ads." in the Campus for lost articles, etc., at the rate of 5 cents a line.

Haley's third assembly at Soper's Hall, Feb. 3d, was well attended by the boys. A good time is reported.

The Freshmen "wooded up" last week for the first time and then were scared lest the Prof. might have heard them.

A rumor is afloat that the Sophs. and Freshmen are contemplating an exit together next spring either to Winslow or Fairfield.

The Clason bill takes five printed columns in the *Kennebec Democrat*. This will make the Juniors a nice time on Sunday afternoons.

Chas. E. Cohen has gone to Boston to visit an uncle from the West, who is stopping there. He is uncertain as to how long he will be gone.

The class of '94 has selected the following blood-curdling yell: Al-a-la—Elelou—'94; al-a-la—Enena konta, tessares, Rah! Rah! Rah!

The Junior Frenchmen were more than pleased on going to recitation, Feb. 3d, to find that the Prof. had taken a day off to visit the Legislature at Augusta.

The question resolved "That the Clason bill relating to the Australian ballot reform should become a law" has been chosen for the Junior

debate, which is to occur toward the end of this term. The appointments have not yet been made.

By a printer's mistake the name of H. K. Kalloch, '92, was omitted in the Catalogue from the members of the Conference Committee representing the Junior class.

Seven college boys all representing the same paper were recently admitted to a show in Waterville. Verily the journalistic spirit is progressing. Future Pulitzers, Danas and Reids are among us, only waiting for time to make them known to the world.

A certain room in South College has an alarm clock which goes off at a quarter of seven, the bell rings at seven, the bell ringer nearly smashes in the door a few minutes later, Sam raps at a quarter past and even then the occupants are unable to get to breakfast and back on time.

Would it not be a good idea to give the Juniors a holiday to visit the Legislature when the Clason bill comes up for discussion? It would undoubtedly cause a marked improvement in the Junior debate. The only objection would be that it might cause a slight similarity in the articles.

We have seen extreme cases of myopia where extra magnifying microscopic lenses are needed, but unparalleled is the state where seated in the orchestra circle a young man has need of two pairs of glasses to bring the scene nearer his vision. For further particulars inquire of a certain Senior.

Prof.—“I shall go off for a few days—” an expectant flutter goes about the class, after which the Prof. resumes—“I am sorry to give the sentence so unsatisfactory a turn. I shall go off for a few days on a diversion from the subject we have been discussing.” A dull thud indicates the fall of blighted hope.

Overheard in a co-ord recitation—Prof.—“A similar event occurred during the civil war. You doubtless read about it in the papers.” What a nice time it would have made had the horrid boys been present! As it was the only result was a stage whisper from behind the pages of Theognis, “What a horrid old man!”

A dislocated settee and torn papers were the only marks left of the great foot ball match held in the reading room on the night of Feb. 2d. Nummy and Tommy Pollard were the captains

of the opposing elevens which showed in their work the result of judicious training. The game was declared a draw on the entrance of the conference committee.

On Tuesday evening, Jan. 27, Mr. W. H. Cossum, who represents the student volunteer movement for foreign missions, delivered an address in the college chapel to the Y. M. C. A. and friends. Mr. Cossum is a graduate of Colgate College and a thorough, earnest Christian, wholly wrapped up in his work. At the close of the lecture a paper was passed for missionaries to go to Egypt.

It is reported that Thursday, Jan. 29, was the day of prayer for colleges. We never should have known it for any attention paid the day. The powers that be evidently thought that it was a “custom more honored in the breach than in the observance.” Cuts are given for more trivial causes, so that when seriousness enters the case and a true, legitimate reason is passed over without attention an excuse seems to be due the students.

The idea of a whist tournament, either inter-class or inter-fraternity, suggests itself to us. The dull monotony of a long winter's evening could thus in a measure be broken and the benefit to be derived from this intellectual game would offset all arguments as to demoralization. A certain number from each class or fraternity could be chosen, a certain evening each week selected and the affair carried out in the manner of the tennis tournament. In many other colleges these tournaments are successfully carried on and surely it is feasible at Colby.

An innovation which is taking place in most of the leading colleges in the country is the change from examinations at the end of each term to those held twice a year, the first being held a few weeks after the beginning of the second term and the second at the end of the year. A whole week is given up to the students in which to prepare themselves, therefore the scheme has been very successful and meets the approbation of the student body. This would be of great assistance to many at Colby who go out teaching. Their terms as a rule end about the middle of the term and in this way they could take their examinations with the respective classes and avoid the drag of back work.

The need of a course of lectures is becoming more and more prominent. In '89 we were well

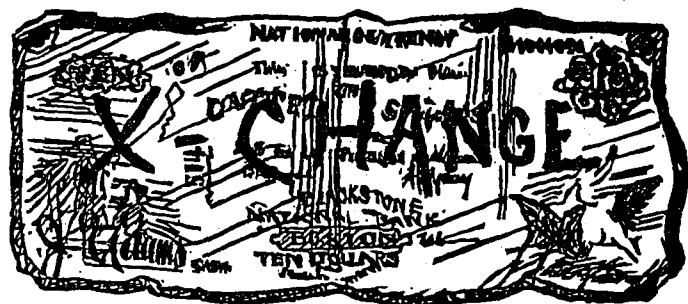
supplied and considerable benefit was derived from the lectures. Since that time with the exception of Mr. Emerson's lecture on Journalism we have been destitute of any such treats. A very good scheme which is practicable and inexpensive (except perhaps to the lecturer) is for the president and professors of the college to take turns delivering a lecture before the students on Thursday morning in place of the different topics set down to fill up the 8 o'clock recitation. This may not have suggested itself very strongly to the faculty before, but being the wish of the whole college, consideration should be given the matter.

The schedule of recitations and gymnasium work has been arranged as follows for this term: Seniors—8.00, Constitutional History; 11.30, Moral Science; 2.30, German; 4.30, Geology; Gymnasium, 3.30. Juniors—8.00, English Literature; 9.30, Rhetoric; 11.30, French and Physics; 4.30, Physiology; Gymnasium, 1.40. Sophomores—8.00, Greek; 11.30, Rhetoric; 4.30, French and Spherical Trigonometry alternately; Gymnasium, 2.30. Freshmen, boys—8.00, Algebra; 11.30, Latin; 4.30, Greek; Gymnasium, 2.00. Ladies—9.30, Algebra; 11.30, Greek, except Wednesday; 4.30, Latin, except Wednesday; Wednesday, Latin at 8.00 and Algebra at 11.30. The young ladies of the four classes have gymnasium at 5.30.

"If Tom Pollard doesn't make a first class lawyer, he will make what is much better, an unequalled diplomat, and that fortunate man who is selected by fate for the presidency when Tom shall have reached maturity should make his acquaintance and mark him for Secretary of State. Tom says that the Freshmen are of all ages, sizes, conditions and grades of scholarship from very fine to very poor. He continues, 'As to the young ladies, none of them are plain looking, indeed we have the best looking "co-ords" in college; they are very smart, there not being a poor pupil in the class.' Tom is about six sizes larger than he appears to be. If there are any undulations on Tom's head nobody has discovered them."

We clip the above from the Georgetown, Colorado, *Courier*, in reference to Tommy Pollard, '94, who though Liliputian in size more than fills the balance with his gigantic intellect. If the writer of the article could transport himself to Waterville sometime and hear the walls of the North Division of South College reverberate with Tommy's eloquence and oratory, he would

get the impression that time, forewarned of his brilliant future, was endeavoring by practice to perfect his Websterian qualities. At any rate there is no doubt that all the hopes of the "old folks at home" will be fully realized when it comes to the talking line.



The January *Owl* contains a well selected amount of reading matter. Among the articles we notice a criticism on Goethe's Faust. The subject is handled in a commendable manner. The following recapitulation shows the style of the article:

"In summing up this brief and fragmentary appreciation of Germany's greatest poetical work, it would seem to us that, in the domain of art, it occupies a position quite distinct from every other production of its kind, in being a complete picture of the whole life of man, woven out of its most essential elements, representing what is noblest in the human mind and sweetest in the heart, yet in colors and features that possess a strange and life-like fascination. But, as in actual life, its brighter colors are intermingled with the dark shadows of sin and crime, of suffering and remorse, and the whole is wrought out upon the mysterious background of the supernatural, sweet angels' voices sounding from on high, and lurid flames shooting up from the realms below. As a whole, moreover, it conveys a lesson, irresistible in its power and elevating in moral bearing, which elevating and sustaining element is rendered still more impressive in the second part of the work—which lay outside the scope of the present article—where Faust is rescued from the thralldom of Evil by the spirit of Margaret—but of Margaret purified from all that is earthly, through suffering and repentance—who lifts him up to the life of glory and beatitude, by the intercession of that noblest type of womanhood, the blessed mother of God:

"*Das Ewig-Weibliche zieht uns hinan.*"

The *Lantern* contains an article worthy of notice, "The Bible and the Nation." There appears to have been much thought given to the subject, and the writer has certainly reached the truth:

"We have seen the work of Christianity and confessed its grandeur; we have found it co-existent with all civilization, but Christianity re-

ceives her charter, her life, from the Bible. Back of the nation is man, behind man is Christianity, beneath and upholding Christianity is the Bible. Bible and nation are the extremes; Christianity and man the means. The Bible and Christianity are fixed terms; but man, by deciding what he will be, determines what the product, nation, must be. Important is man; and the Bible, elevating him through Christianity, necessarily is his fundamental support. Weigh all sin, cast every vice into one balance; into the other, place the Bible, and up will go the crime-laden scale. Against the *ought* that the Bible teaches, what can withstand? It is absolute, undeniable. It is this that has held back the arm of unrighteous conquest, that has adorned the nations, that has made of human beings, men. What philosophy but the Bible's philosophy proclaims liberty, equality of privilege, individual dignity, human brotherhood; and enforces them by the persuasiveness of truth and love?"

The Christian people of America have always had sympathy for the oppressed of other nations. They are glad to see at the present time a more brotherly feeling exerted towards the condemned race of the Hebrews. "The Jew in England," an article in the *Acadia Athenaeum* gives an outline of the condition of this despised people in that country:

"When the sons of Jacob appear again in England a brighter star is in their horizon, for bigotry and intolerance have received a blow at the hands of Cromwell from which they never recover. By his permission the Jews returned, since which time they have steadily advanced as citizens with the progress of the country. English prejudice was not overcome in one generation. At different times serious outbreaks threatened, and Jewish life and property was endangered; but the wisdom of statesmen has saved enlightened England from the disgrace of renewed race persecution. As the popular mind has been educated to consider with fairness the rights of all citizens, instead of those of a powerful sect or party, disabilities have been removed until all civil distinction between Jew and Gentile has been obliterated. Jews have repeatedly held the highest office in the gift of the city of London. They are equally honored with their Christian countrymen in the legislative halls of the nation. Their free schools rank highest in the kingdom, and they are providing, wherever necessary, higher institutions of learning for their own people. They have not been slow to take advantage of their position in the midst of a nation of advanced thought and culture, and many Jewish names stand high in science and literature. Their wealth is proverbial, and their reputation as financiers world-wide, while the honesty and

integrity of more than a few give proof that to be a Jew is not necessarily to be the impersonation of sordid avarice and contemptible greed. Who, that wishes England well, can be but thankful that she has seen and seized her opportunity to undo, if wrong acts can be undone, the dark deeds of early days? And who can but rejoice that the Jew in England is rapidly reaching a position in which he will be able to do much to bring his scattered brethren to the possession of that sacred land, which was given to their fathers for an everlasting inheritance."

The *University Herald* abounds in lively editorials. The editors are alive to the wants of the students. The following from the pen of one of them shows that in a measure human nature is the same the world over. We have often heard the same remarks passed from one to another, and the speaker always finds a sympathetic listener among his own class:

"The complaint is sometimes heard from under classmen that a large part of the work of the Freshman and Sophomore years is such as demands much time for its preparation, while the good results from it are not apparent. To them it seems like time lost, or expended for no purpose. The true purpose of much of this work is simply to teach the students how to study. Many persons enter college with no systematic way of preparing a lesson. They study by fits and starts, devoting a short time to the book before them, and then spending a long time building air castles, or talking with their chums. Then, having quite thoroughly lost the connection with the subject they were studying, they once more turn to the book and try to begin where they left off, if they are able to find that place. And so the lesson, long in itself, is made still longer, less interesting, and is not well comprehended. But the one thing needful is to learn to concentrate the mind upon the lesson to be prepared; and this is one of the aims of the work of the first two years in college.

"Success in the latter part of one's college course depends upon the power of concentration; this determines whether the subjects of study are to be hard or easy; this decides whether the student will be able to properly comprehend the more difficult studies in the curriculum. The work of the first part of the college course is to prepare one for the last part. The power of fixing the mind upon some one thing is one that brings benefit not only in the college life, but afterward, in our life work. This is one of the practical things to be sought after in a college course; and it is one that will be of lasting benefit to all, no matter what may be the profession or business selected.



OUR LETTER BOX.

As you enter Colby's precincts by the south south-college door,

If you chance to look around you, to one side as well's before,

You will see upon the right side fast secured against the wall

An object that is all essential to the dwellers in this hall.

A simple little wooden box is all that meets your eye
But do not with careless judgment for this reason pass it by,

For the usefulness and value of all things beneath the skies

Are but seldom to be reckoned in proportion to their size.

The Freshman here his humble letter destined for his distant home

Drops with many a dreary heartache, many a sigh and many a moan

Telling how the Sophs. have wronged him, how his apples they have stole,

How the milk he buys and pays for will not stay inside his bowl.

But he who gets the apples and in lacteals finds food
Slips within his Soph'mic missive penned in a contrasted mood.

In the same fold lamb and lion, sheep and goat together lie

Waiting for Sam's morning advent to allot their destiny.

The Juniors, too, and Seniors to this box their notes commit

For their best girls and their sweethearts who in quiet hamlets sit,

And in calm and trustful patience like Penelope of old
Wait *their* dear Ulysses' coming, with sweet dreams of fame and gold.

All unheeding of the import of these messages of woes,
Of wars, of confiscations, of passion, love, — repose,
The janitor, with heart unmoved, with hand and eye serene,
Dumps all into his knapsack and makes for the 9.15.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner eating concentrated lye; his mother came in—he had emptied the tin. They will meet in the sweet bye and bye.—*Ex.*

Prof. in Latin—"Mr. P., where was Tacitus born?"

Mr. P.—"Well, sir, ah—I believe I have forgotten the name of the place."

Prof.—"Good heavens, Mr. P., what a loss to literature; that the only man of modern times who ever possessed this knowledge should have lost it. Do try and recall it."—*Ex.*



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

'59.

H. C. Vaughan, M. D., formerly of Ellsworth, is now cashier of Lawrence National Bank, Kansas.

'64.

In the *Sentinel* of January 22, Col. H. C. Merriam details some of his military experiences in the late Indian campaign.

'69.

Gilman C. Fisher has been elected superintendent of schools at Muskegon, Mich.

'71.

Rev. William Libbey was laid aside more than six months ago from his work as pastor of the Baptist church in Ashfield, Mass., by a serious disability which required hospital treatment. He is again able to be in his pulpit, and we trust he will find continued improvement as he takes up pastoral work.

'77.

Dr. Charles D. Smith of Portland, has been elected to the lectureship in physiology in the Maine Medical School in place of Dr. H. H. Hunt, who resigned not long ago.

'78.

Dr. C. A. Chase, of Yarmouth, has been re-elected city physician of Minneapolis, Minn. He also has charge of the city hospital as physician and surgeon.

'84.

Susie A. Curtis is spending the winter at Sharon, Mass. The climate seems to agree with her as her health is improving.

'87.

Henry F. Curtis is house surgeon at Carney hospital, South Boston.

'88.

B. P. Holbrook, who was sporting editor of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* and *Boston Evening Record* up to Jan. 1, has since been promoted to the position of assistant night editor of the *Advertiser*.

'89.

Rev. N. S. Burbank has decided to accept his call to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Revere, Mass., and removed to that field last week. His work at Bowdoinham has been graciously blessed says the *Zion's Advocate*.

GOLD
MEDAL,
1878.

JOSEPH GILLOT'S
Steel Pens.

PARIS
EXPOSITION,
1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

COLBY ORACLE.

A Large and Finely Illustrated Magazine of over 200 Pages

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE STUDENTS.

✻ Containing ✻ Everything ✻ of ✻ Importance ✻ Pertaining ✻ to ✻ the ✻ College, ✻

TOGETHER WITH A LARGE AMOUNT OF LITERARY MATTER.

The support of every alumnus and friend of the institution is necessary for its success and
is earnestly solicited.

PRICE, 50 Cents.

SENT POST-PAID TO ANY ADDRESS FOR 60 Cents.

Waterville, Maine.

Will.

PHOTOGRAPHER,

College and City Views a Specialty.

- Waterville, Maine.

ELMWOOD.

LIVERY, HACK AND BOARDING STABLES.

ELMWOOD HOTEL AND SILVER STREET.

GEORGE JEWELL, Proprietor.

Hacks for Funerals, Weddings, Parties, Etc.

Also Barges for Pleasure Parties.

The proprietor's personal attention given to letting and Boarding Horses. Orders left at the Stable or Hotel Office.

OFFICE CONNECTED BY TELEPHONE.

\$75.00 to \$250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO, 1000 Main St., Richmond, Va.

J. P. GIBBOUX,

HAIR DRESSER.

Tickets For Sale at Special Prices.

WATERVILLE,

MAINE.

THE COLBY ECHO.

BUY AND HIRE

PIANOS, ORGANS,

And All Kinds of Musical Merchandise

—OF—

G. H. CARPENTER, - - 196 Main Street,
WATERVILLE, MAINE.

F. A. ROBBINS,

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Upholstering * Goods,

Harnesses and Horse Clothing, Lap Robes.

HEAD OF SILVER STREET, - - WATERVILLE, ME

NEW ENGLAND

BUREAU OF EDUCATION

Is the oldest of New England Teacher's Agencies and has secured to members during the administration of the Manager, salaries which amount to more than \$900,000. We are constantly placing teachers in every **STATE AND TERRITORY.** Now is the time to register for Winter Schools, and those which will open in the Autumn of 1891. Forms and Circulars free. Apply to

HIRAM ORCUTT, Manager,

3 Somerset St., Boston.

WANTED.—The consent of 10,000 Smokers,—to send each, a sample lot of 150 "NICKEL" Cigars and a 20 year gold filled Watch, by Express C. O. D. \$5.25 and allow examination.
HAVANA CIGAR CO., Winston, N. C.

Waterville Drug Store.

DR. J. L. FORTIER, Proprietor.

OPEN AT ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT.

Office Hours of the Doctor,

9 to 11 A. M., 3 to 5 P. M.

All Hours of Evening and Night.

* Prescriptions * Accurately * Compounded. *

LOOK!

BUY COMBS, HAIR, HAT AND NAIL BRUSHES, SPONGES
SOAPS AND SHAVING MATERIAL, OF

H. B. TUCKER & CO.,
DRUGGISTS.

Razors Warranted, - - Low Prices.

OUR SODA STILL THE BEST.

H. B. TUCKER,

J. F. LARRABEE, '87

J. F. ELDEN & CO.,

HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Furniture, * Carpets, and House * Furnishing * Goods,

On the Kennebec River.

New Goods just received, at Lowest Prices. Call and see our stock before purchasing. We have Special Bargains for Cash Buyers. Coffins and Caskets Constantly on hand.

YOU WILL FIND AT THE

Boston Clothing House

The Best Bargains for the Least Money.

HATS, * CAPS * AND * GENT'S * FURNISHING * GOODS.

49 MAIN ST.,

WATERVILLE, ME

—{ SMOKE THE }—

COLBY 10c.,

BATES 5c.,

COBURN 5c.

W. P. PUTNAM,

Cigar * Manufacturer * and * Tobacconist,

COR. MAIN AND COMMON STREETS, WATERVILLE.

G. W. HUTCHINS,

SURGEON DENTIST,

SUCCESSOR TO G. S. PALMER.

OFFICE 96 MAIN STREET.

Ether and Pure Nitrous Oxide Gas Administered for the Extraction of Teeth.

WM. H. DOW,

S. A. GREENE.

Dow & Greene,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

COAL & WOOD.

OFFICE ON MAIN ST., NEAR FREIGHT DEPOT,

Waterville.

Maine

P. S. HEALD,
102 MAIN ST.,
Fine Custom Clothing
—AND—
Gent's Furnishings.

F. J. GOODRIDGE,
MANUFACTURING JEWELER,
—AND DEALER IN—
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY & SILVER WARE,
Also, DIAMONDS and Optical Goods.
Main Street, Waterville, Me.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR
Mitchell The Tailor.
SAMPLES OF HIS SUITINGS AT
No 28, - - NORTH COLLEGE.

Loring, Short & Harmon.
PORTLAND, MAINE.
VISITING, GLASS CARDS, & MONOGRAMS
ENGRAVED IN THE MOST FASHIONABLE STYLE.
French and English Stationery.
Agency for ROGERS' Celebrated Groups.
All the Late Publications in stock. Text-Books of all kinds
LAW and MEDICAL WORKS at PUBLISHERS' PRICES.
LORING, SHORT AND HARMON,
474 Congress Street, - - Opposite Preble House.
1-10

NOEL. NOEL. NOEL.
THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY TO GET A FIRST CLASS HAIR CUT,
SHAVE OR SHAMPOO, IS AT
* JOSEPH NOELS', - Fashionable Hair Dresser *
25 Main Street, Opposite Post Office.
4-CHAIRS-4 NO WAITING.

PURE AND WHOLESOME CANDY
MADE FRESH EVERY DAY,
—AT—
A. THOMPSON * & * CO'S
Also Ice-Cream in the Season.

HARRIMAN BROS.,
DEALERS IN
WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY,
SILVER AND PLATED WARE,
TABLE CUTLERY, OPERA GLASSES, SPECTACLES, ETC.
Fine Watch Work a Specialty, All Work Warranted.
MAIN ST., WATERVILLE.

The Golby Echo
FULL OF COLLEGE NEWS AND LITERATURE.
Every Alumnus and friend of the College
should take it.
Terms, \$1.50 Per Year in Advance.
Six pages are devoted to Advertising.
For terms address
MANAGING EDITOR,
Box-154, . Waterville, Me.

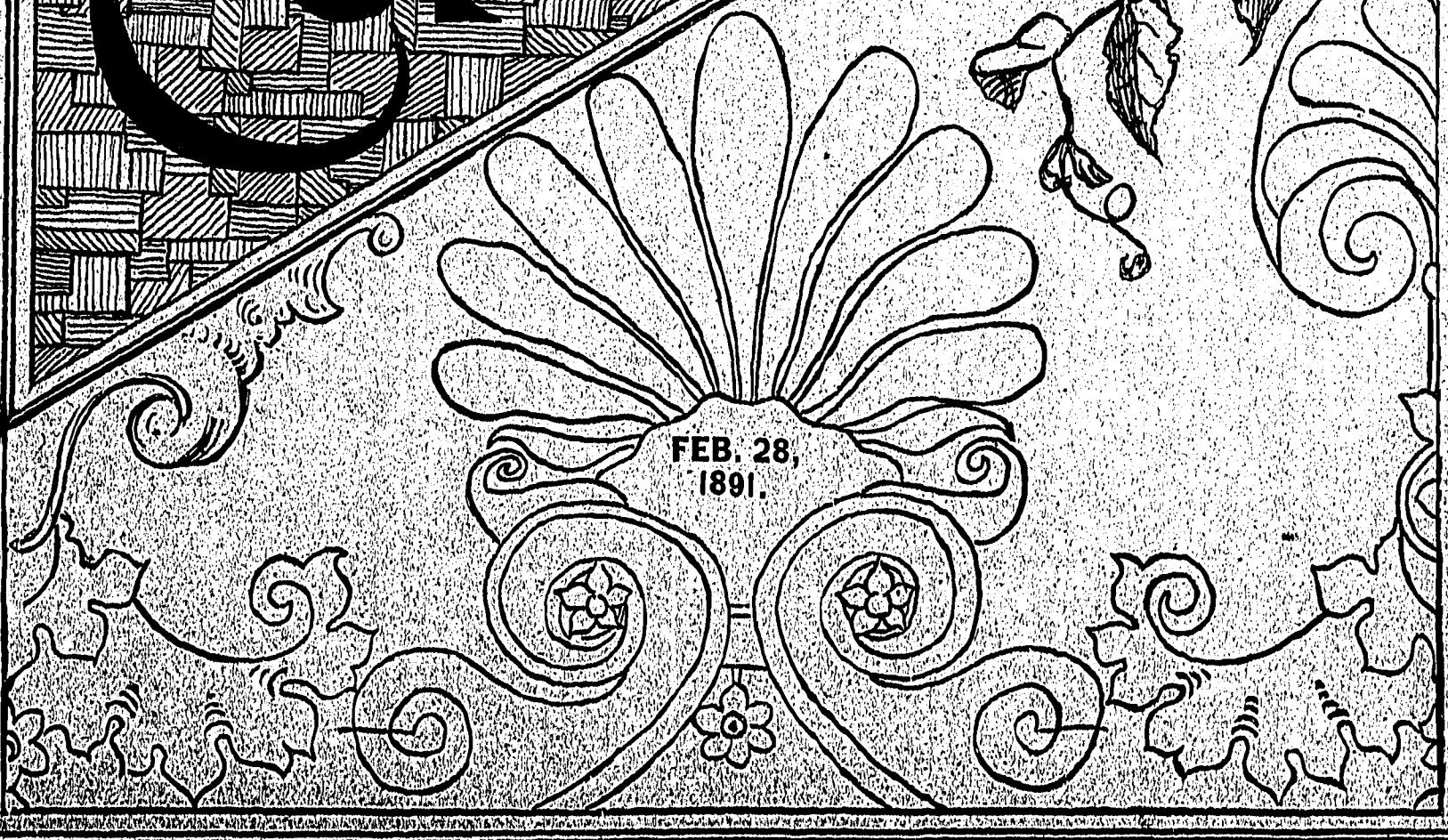
Carleton
66 MAIN STREET, WATERVILLE, MAINE.
PHOTOGRAPHER.



LIBRARY OF
MAR 8 1891
COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Columbia

FEB. 28,
1891.



NO FRESHMAN IS PROPERLY MATRICULATED—NO SENIOR CAN GRADUATE—NO "CO-ED" CAN ACHIEVE DISTINCTIONS—EXCEPT THEY BUY THEIR BOOTS AND SHOES, DRY AND FURNISHING GOODS, ETC., AT THE

GREAT EMPORIUM IN DUNN BLOCK.

Seven Separate Stores all Solid Full of Bargains. Our Specialty is Low Prices for Cash.

L. A. PRESBY.

R. W. DUNN.

❖ GLOBE STEAM LAUNDRY ❖

T. J. FROTHINGHAM, Proprietor,
30 and 32 TEMPLE STREET, PORTLAND, MAINE
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.
A. M. DICK, Agent, Colby

THE BEST PLACE IN WATERVILLE
—: TO BUY —

Clothing and Gents' Furnishings

IS AT

PRETTO BROS. & CO.,
MAIN STREET. WATERVILLE, ME.

Charles - Murphy, - Tailor - Hatter - and - Men's - Outfitter.

Fine Suits made to order. All work warranted to fit and give satisfaction.

55 WATER STREET,

SKOWHEGAN

HANSON, WEBBER & DUNHAM,

—DEALERS IN—

Hardware, Iron, Steel, Paints, Oils,

Glass, Stoves, Tinware, and Builders' Materials.

Waterville, - Maine. 1-10

PERCY LOUD,

Ladies' and Gents' Fine Ready-Made and Custom

BOOTS AND SHOES

AT PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

Repairing Neatly Done at Short Notice.

MAIN STREET, 1-10. WATERVILLE, MAINE.

W. B. ARNOLD.

O. G. SPRINGFIELD.

W. B. Arnold & Co.,

HARDWARE.

Nails, Iron and Steel, Carriage Woodwork, Stoves and Furnaces, Glass, Paints and Oils, Mill Supplies, Black Powder and High Explosives.

DOORS, SASH AND GLAZED WINDOWS.

TINSMITHS, STEAM AND WATER FITTERS,

WATERVILLE, MAINE.

MEMORY.

An efficient system of memory development by Chas. G. Leland, F.R.S.L., etc., in six manuals.

- I. The Mastery of Memorizing.
- II. Quickness of Perception.
- III. Ear Memory and Eye Memory.
- IV. The Study of Languages.
- V. Memory and Thought.
- VI. Memory Training of the Young.

Specimen pages and an address on the system mailed on receipt of ten cents.

A. H. DUNBAR, Agt., Waterville.

George W. Dorr, Pharmacist,

PHENIX BLOCK, WATERVILLE.

Fine Perfumes, Toilet and Fancy Articles,

SPONGES, SOAPS AND BRUSHES

OF ALL KINDS.

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CIGARS

PIPES, SMOKERS' ARTICLES, &c.

All at the Lowest Prices.

Personal Attention Given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

GEO. W. DORR.

G. S. FLOOD & CO.

Shippers and Dealers in all kinds of

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal.

Also, Wood, Lime, Cement, Hair, Pressed Hay, Straw, and Drain Pipe.

Coal Yards and Office, Cor. Main and Pleasant Sts.

Down Town Office, Marston Block. 1-11

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO

TEACHER'S AGENCIES.

EVERETT O. FISK & CO., Managers.

7 Tremont Place,
BOSTON.

4 Clinton Place,
NEW YORK.

106 & 108 Wabash Ave.
CHICAGO.

Agency Manual Free.

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

CHARTERED IN 1820. WATERVILLE COLLEGE UNTIL 1867.



OFFICERS OF THE CORPORATION.

ALBION W. SMALL, Ph. D., President.

Hon. J. WARREN MERRILL, A. M.,

Vice-President, and Chairman of the Board of Trustees.

Hon. PERCIVAL CONNEY, A.M.,

Secretary and Treasurer.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION.

ALBION W. SMALL, Ph. D., PRESIDENT,

Babcock Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy.

REV. SAMUEL K. SMITH, D.D.,

Professor of Rhetoric.

JOHN B. FOSTER, LL.D.,

Professor of the Greek Language and Literature.

EDWARD W. HALL, A.M.,

Professor of Modern Languages, and Librarian.

WILLIAM ELDER, A.M., Sc.D.,

Merrill Professor of Chemistry.

JULIAN D. TAYLOR, A.M.,

Professor of the Latin Language and Literature.

LABAN E. WARREN, A.M.,

Professor of Mathematics and Lecturer on Art.

WILLIAM A. ROGERS, A.M., Ph.D.,

Professor of Physics and Astronomy.

WILLIAM S. BAYLEY, Ph.D.,

Professor of Mineralogy and Geology.

SHAILER MATHEWS, A.M.

Professor of History and Political Economy.

ARTHUR J. ROBERTS, A. B.

Instructor in English.

PROFESSOR E. W. HALL,

Secretary and Registrar.

WILLIAM S. BATTIS,

Instructor in Elocution and Physical Culture.

The Course of Instruction

Is substantially identical with the Regular Classical Course in the larger Colleges of New England. There are Special Courses open to those prepared to take them. Additional facilities for laboratory work are now furnished.

Apparatus and Cabinet.

The departments of Physics and Chemistry are well equipped with apparatus for experiments. For the study of Natural Science there are collections illustrative of Ornithology, Conchology, Geology, and Mineralogy. The Observatory is furnished with a telescope and other instruments for instruction in Astronomy.

Physical Training.

The general principles of Physical Education are taught by lectures in the first year. Exercises in Gymnastics are required of all the classes. The gymnasium is well provided with the most approved apparatus.

Library and Reading-Room.

The University Library of 23,000 bound volumes is a choice collection well arranged in a building which is a model of its kind. The alcoves are open to the students, and the contents of the shelves are rendered easy of access by means of a card catalogue and indexes. The Reading-Room contains the best periodicals, and is always open.

Expenses.

The Trustees are determined to furnish the best possible education at the lowest practicable cost. Tuition is \$60 per annum. The total necessary expenses of each year, including board, washing, fuel, and lights, are from \$225 to \$275.

Prizes and Scholarships.

There are several prizes offered for excellence in Reading, Declamation, and Composition. The Merrill prizes for exceptionally good preparation for college, and for excellence in scholarship, amount to \$100 per annum. For indigent students, allowances varying from \$36 to \$60 are made, on certain conditions, from the income of scholarship funds which amount to \$76,322.

For Catalogues or any further information apply to the President.

UNIVERSITY BOOKSTORE, - No. 22 North College.

TEXT-BOOKS used in college. ATLASES, both Classical and Historical. Lecture and Note Books in great variety constantly on hand. STATIONERY, with or without college stamp. Pens, Pencils, Ink, Mucilage, etc. Miscellaneous Books procured when desired. SECOND-HAND BOOKS (College and College Preparatory) generally in stock. Marketable second-hand books bought. Books, Paper, etc., in quantities at a discount. Tennis Goods furnished at short notice. We solicit your patronage.

MATHEWS & SMITH, Waterville, Maine.

MAINE CENTRAL RAILROAD.

COMMENCING OCTOBER, 12th, 1890.

PASSENGER TRAINS leave Waterville for Portland and Boston, via Augusta, at 9.25 a. m., 2.20, 3.13 express, and 10.08 p. m.

Portland and Boston, via, Lewiston, 9.25 a.m. 2.5 p. m.

For Oakland 9.25 a. m., and 2.50 and 4.30 p. m.

For Skowhegan, 5.30 a.m. [mixed, except Monday-]

10.05 a.m., and 4.32 p.m.

For Belfast 3.00 a. m. (Daily except Monday) 6.15

7.15 a. m. (mixed) 4.32

For Dexter, Dover, and Foxcroft 6.15, a. m. 4.32 p. m.

For Moosehead Lake, via, Dexter, 6.15, a.m., 4.32 p. m.

For Bangor, 3.00, 6.15, 7.15 a.m. (mixed), and 10.05 a. m. and 4.32 p. m.

For Bangor & Piscataquis R. R., 3.00 and 10.05 a. m. via Oldtown, 4.32 p.m.

For Ellsworth, Bar Harbor, 3.00 a.m., 4.32 p. m.

For Vanceboro, 3.00, 10.05 a. m. and 4.32 p. m., St. John, 3.00 a. m. and 4.32.

Pullman Trains each way every night, [Sundays included], but do not run to Belfast on Mondays or Dexter, nor beyond Bangor, except to Bar Harbor.

Daily excursions for Fairfield, 15 cts., Oakland, 40 cts. Skowhegan, \$1.00 round trip.

F. E. BOOTHBY, PAYSON TUCKER,
Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt. Vice Pres. & Gen'l Manager.

October 10, 1890.

Daily Sundays included.

F. A. WING & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FRUIT AND CONFECTIONERY,

MAIN ST., - WATERVILLE, ME.

Elmwood Hotel,

H. E. JUDKINS, Prop'r.

1-10 Waterville, Maine

W. E. CHADWICK,

DEALER IN

Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines,

And Musical Merchandise.

THE FINEST QUALITY OF VIOLIN, BANJO, AND GUITAR STRINGS, A SPECIALTY.

154 MAIN ST., - WATERVILLE, ME.

DOLLOFF & DUNHAM,

—DEALERS IN—

CLOTHING

Hats, Caps and Gents' Furnishings.

40 MAIN STREET, - - WATERVILLE, ME.

ESTABLISHED 40 YEARS.

BUY OF THE MANUFACTURER.

RICH FURS.

SEAL GOODS OF ALL STYLES.

MUFFS, BOAS, SCARFS AND CAPES,
In Sable, Mink, Lynx, Monkey, Beaver.

GENTS' FURS A SPECIALTY.

A full line of Rugs and Robes, including Bengal Tigers and Polar Bears, at lowest possible prices.

LADIES DESIRING

Elegance of Style and Excellence of Quality combined with moderate prices, Should call on or address

HENRY SIEDE,

14 West 14th St., 5th Ave., cor. 38th St., and 2 West 38th Street, New York.

Send for Catalogue containing full directions for measurement. Mail orders can be fitted perfectly by our system.

Haines Photograph Album.

THE BEST ALBUM MADE FOR CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS.

PRICE \$1.00 EACH.

SENT BY MAIL POSTPAID ON RECEIPT OF PRICE.

R. J. HAINES, - 21 Cornhill, Boston Mass.

WEAR

The Emerson SHOE.

—BEST SHOE MADE FOR THE MONEY.—

Sold DIRECT and ONLY to the Consumer, through our own Retail Stores.

UNDER PREBLE HOUSE,

PORTLAND, MAINE