

The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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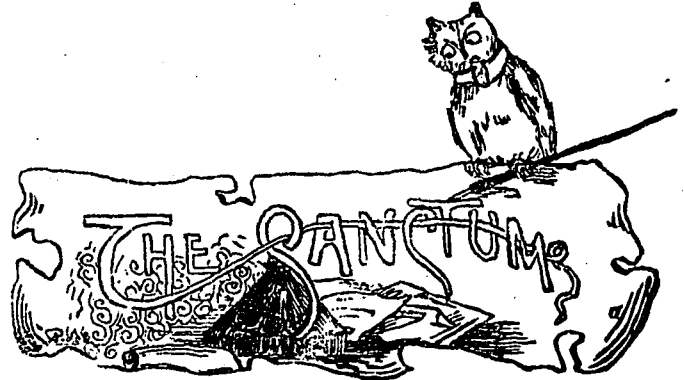
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THIS number of the ECHO has been delayed one week. Owing to the pressing condition of the exchequer, Volume XV will contain but fourteen numbers. The omission of one number will materially lessen the outstanding debt and will enable us to deliver the ECHO to our successors in a less embarrassed condition. The same expedient was resorted to last year. Chronic growlers who find fault when the ECHO appears, will find fault when it does not, but we think the majority will appreciate the necessity which occasions this action on our part.

COMPLAINT has been entered to the Conference Committee in regard to the method of drawing rooms now in operation. According to this all rooms vacated are drawn by the lower classes in the order of seniority. Students drawing rooms may purchase the furniture of the former owner or not as they see fit. They can not be required to pay for any permanent improvements which the former owner has made at his own expense. It is claimed with a great deal of truth that this system offers no incentive to beautify a room or furnish it beyond the demands of necessity. In fact, it discourages this, for students can not afford to expend money without the chance of some return.

The graded system of rents, introduced this year, has removed the opportunity for students holding rooms in more desirable localities to take advantage of this in the sale of the room, so that now a room is sold for the value of the furnishings which it contains. It would seem then that a student who has expended money for paint, paper, or other immovable furnishings, which are just as essential to the comfort of a

room as the more tangible property, should receive some return for money expended. In order to secure the buyer against exorbitant charges, the present system goes to the other extreme and makes it impossible for the owner to obtain returns for the improvements which are his own.

PROFESSOR Elder's many friends will learn with regret of his continued ill health and his consequent departure from Waterville in search of a more favorable climate. At present writing he is in Washington, where he will remain for a few days and then continue his journey to Greenville, South Carolina. At this point he hopes to find a dry and milder atmosphere which will relieve an aggravating bronchial trouble from which he has suffered for more than a year. If his expectations should be realized he will come North again next season and be ready to resume his work in the autumn of the present year.

We sincerely hope that such may be the case. We cannot afford to lose from among us a man of such sterling worth. His many years of untiring and successful effort in his department have won for him a popularity sincere and far reaching. Professors and students unite in expressions of regret and sympathy.

OUR country is called to mourn the deaths of two of her staunchest defenders.

General Sherman was the last of the three great Union generals all of whom have passed from earthly battles within the last six years. Says General Horace Porter: "While General Sherman was a man of many accomplishments and singular versatility of talent, his fame will rest upon his superb qualities as a soldier, and the world will always behold him standing in the front rank of the earth's great captains."

Admiral Porter had at his death been in the service of the United States for sixty-two years. He held the highest office in the American navy. In making known his death to the navy Secretary Tracy said: "His achievements have given him a place among the foremost of the world's naval commanders." As a commander he won the esteem of the profession and the admiration of his countrymen.

The hearts of American citizens are oppressed with sadness by this double blow. The principles which they fought to establish will remain

as eternal monuments to their memories, erected in the hearts of the people. Posterity will never cease to honor these brave defenders of our country.

PROFESSOR Rogers has a superabundance of work on his hands. He is continually carrying on investigations on the effect of heat on various metals by means of the apparatus recently invented. In connection with these investigations some curious and valuable discoveries have been made, the results of which have not yet been published. The Professor has been engaged in work of this kind for a long time, but is now enabled by means of his new and improved apparatus to perform his investigations with much greater facility and exactness.

Since the recent invention of Professors Rogers and Morley the former has received a great many orders from various institutions for standards of length. Some of these deserve mention. Prof. Thalen of the University of Copenhagen, Sweden, has given an order for a standard decimeter. Another peculiar piece of work which will require several months for its completion is the restoration and investigation of a glass standard which was used in the measurement of the first plates ever used in photographing stars. This measure was never investigated and besides has been broken. On its restoration entirely depends the value of the observations made. These are only a few of the many orders that Prof. Rogers is receiving. His reputation is broadening with every new achievement that he makes in the field of science.



THE TIME IS SHORT.

Sometimes I deem my thread of life is slender;
My soul may soon return unto its sender;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender.
The time, the time is short.

For all the wrongs that sorely need redressing,
For kindly thoughts which only wait expressing,
To help my brother rise from curse to blessing,
The time, the time is short.

And as our friends are swiftly onward going,
To them if we a kindness would be showing,
If we the flame of friendship would keep glowing,
The time, the time is short.

So when we see how quickly life is speeding,
And feel how much each other's help we're needing,
We say in tones of tend'rest, strongest pleading,
The time, the time is short.

A WARNING.

"NE QUAESIERIS QUOD SCIRE NEFAS.."

(PRIZE STORY.)

I AM a dog. This is no statement of penitent humility. My outward form which men behold is that of a true canine, hairy, four-legged, long-eared, unquestionably a dog. Of course I, the conscious ego, am what men call a spirit; but when I inhabited a human frame I called myself a man. Why not now call myself a dog? Yet only last spring I was a proud, happy student. Do you wonder at this and wish the explanation? Then read!

For years certain scientists, chiefly Germans, have held that somewhere in nature there must exist some substance, or substances, which, rightly used, would give to that ethereal life principle which men call the soul the power of leaving its fleshly envelope for a period, and again returning. The vacation preceding my senior year at college I spent in Switzerland. On a tramp one day, I was able to be of material assistance to an old German professor, who protested that but for my timely aid he would have perished. In the excess of his gratitude he confided to me that he had discovered the marvelous substance which could unlock the bonds of soul and body. I was but little impressed; still I realized that he considered this knowledge the most precious of gifts, and tried to duly appreciate his present of a phial of the magic powder with which he had experimented. With the powder Herr Liptmann gave me many documents. These with the phial were packed away and almost forgotten till nearly four years later.

My medical course was then nearly finished. I had chosen the village in which I would locate. I should not be dependent on my professional income for a living; and expected soon after receiving my diploma to marry a lovely young lady of my native town. My chum, Clare Winthrop, was visiting me at my home. Lately in our study we had been earnestly discussing

the relation of the soul, life, mens, or whatever it might be, to the corporal man. It now occurred to me to investigate the papers which Herr Liptmann had given me. Most fascinating I now found them. The sum of the arguments was that he believed that he had discovered a miraculous powder, a small quantity of which introduced into the system would enable the spirit to slip from its material tenement, and either roam as a disembodied spirit, or enter the body of one of the soulless animals and hold possession there. The latter was attended with much less danger than the former. In either case the length of time which the spirit could remain from its own body was limited, the limit being fixed by the amount administered. If the spirit did not return within this time, it lost the power of so doing, and either remained free or an inhabitant of the animal frame in which it then was.

Carried away by the old scientist's reasoning I resolved to put the matter to the test. We kept as family pets two large mastiffs. One of these I took to my room. I then called an old colored servant, swore him to eternal secrecy, and bound him by a most horrible oath not to unlock my door till at least half an hour after the expiration of the time which I allotted for my experiment. I now carefully measured a quantity of the powder sufficient to give me half an hour's liberty, threw myself on the lounge, called the mastiff, seized his lower jaw, placing my thumb in his mouth, and took the powder. A delicious dreamy sensation stole over me. My feet and limbs grew numb. Through the arm which grasped the dog passed a tingling as of an electric current. Then I seemed to grow dizzy and lose consciousness for an instant; then the dizziness again, and—what had happened? Who was I? I seemed a dog, sitting before a lounge and holding in my mouth the hand of an apparently lifeless form, which I had never before seen, save in mirrors. Awe-struck and reverent, I dropped the hand and turned. The negro was clutching the door-handle for support. His eyes were fairly starting from their sockets. I feared lest any rash act of mine might drive him mad or kill him. Very quietly I moved about to assure myself that I was really in possession of the dog's body; then watched the clock. Before the half hour expired I crept back, took the cold hand in my mouth and waited. Gradually the former sen-

sations were reversed; and as if from a dream I came to myself and beheld the mastiff before me, and the negro on his knees frantic with joy that I was not dead as he had supposed.

Clare at first looked on my experiments with horror. Such things were not to be trifled with, he declared. Only after much persuasion I induced him to remain in the room and witness one of them. After that an interest as lively as my own took the place of his horror and disgust. We soon arranged for a double experiment. The two dogs were brought to my room, the negro again placed on guard. I carefully calculated the amount of the powder necessary for two hours' freedom. It was now a half after ten. We should be all right for lunch at one. We called the dogs to us, took the powders, and in a few minutes there were two lifeless human forms in the room, while we were congratulating each other with short barks of satisfaction. We knew now how dogs understand each other. Soon, however, we tired of the limits of the room.

"Let's go out for a run," I barked to Clare.

"All right," he answered.

We approached the negro, showing our teeth menacingly. His teeth rattled and his knees smote together. Vainly he tried to speak. I uttered a hoarse growl; and with a shriek he unlocked the door and fled. How we laughed and capered as down the stairs, through the hall, down the drive and out along the road we rushed! Presently we leaped a wall and went bounding over the fields. What a wild exhilaration in this headlong race through the pure air! In a hillside pasture we saw a flock of sleepy-looking sheep. Hurrah! What sport as we scattered them!

I was chasing several along the edge of a bit of woods, when the clang of a distant bell struck my ear, bringing a sudden recollection of the time limit to our frolic. It was the tower-clock striking twelve. Just then came a sharp report; and as I turned, I saw Clare limping off, with one leg hanging useless, broken by a shot. At that instant came another report. A sharp pain, a consciousness of leaping into the air, rolling over and over, then darkness.

When I again became conscious I had rolled into the bushes on the outskirts of the woods. Two men were crossing the field, probably returning from pursuit of Clare. I could hardly move for a wound through the shoulders; but

managed to crawl deep enough into the bushes so that the men did not find me. The full horror of my situation now began to dawn on me. Ere this time I must have lost power to resume possession of my former habitation. I had narrowly escaped death; but would not that have been preferable to this? All that made life worth living was gone: home, friends, prospects, everything; and I was only a wretched, wounded brute. Yet I could not endure the thought of losing the slender thread which still held me to earth.

How I wondered what was happening at home! The weary hours dragged on. The tower-clock rang five. Then from the old belfry came a melancholy toll. It was for me. I would count my age when the sexton came to that. Ten, the old bell tolled, and paused; twenty, and another pause; one, two, three, four. I listened in vain for the next two strokes. Then I was not the one for whom the bell had tolled. Heavens! That was Clare's age. Had I sacrificed him, too? Would I *were* dead or could not think! The bell would toll for me soon. But night came and the old bell spoke not again. Was I mad? Small wonder if I were. Certainly my thoughts were whirling in no sane way.

During the night I dragged myself to a farmer's barn. Next morning the children found me. They fed and cared for me till, after weeks, I was able to go again. I had kept with my own bitter thoughts and seen only the children. I now wished I could have heard the older people; I might have overheard what the village thought of my mysterious death, for so they must have called it when my body was found. And Clare, too—the double tragedy must have shocked the whole community. Now I could travel I must go to the village.

Almost exhausted when I reached the town I crept into a hedge, where, unseen myself, I could watch the passers. Many familiar faces went by: but I was as effectually separated from them as though I had died when they supposed. That was this afternoon; but how long ago it seems! I was rested now and would go on. I looked out. Down the street were coming two people. One I recognized with an awful pang,—my intended bride. But the other,—I must in truth be mad, for at her side walked my own form, worn and haggard, but my own. Yes, and Florence looked up

with the warm love-light in her eyes which I knew no other man had ever kindled there. I sank down. Oh, that I had been content with what was revealed and never ventured to tamper with the bonds of soul and body!

Suddenly a light burst upon me. I remembered the bell which tolled for Clare and not for me. I recalled one of Herr Liptmann's papers. Clare had entered my body, taken my place, consigned his body to the dust. Oh, the monster! And he would marry my bride? Never. They were coming back. I gathered all my strength. A frenzied spring, and my teeth were in his throat. I heard shouts of "Mad dog!" men rushing up. Florence's soft hands were desperately on my rough throat. But Clare—Clare was gasping, "Oh, Frank, you've come. They wouldn't believe me." What was I doing? Murdering my old chum? I released my hold. A crowd was around us. Clare flung an arm about me and tried to explain. I heard the crowd, "Frank's crazy again." "Shoot the dog!" A pistol was at my head. Clare struck it away, and I bounded through the hedge. Shots were fired, but I was unhit.

Now I am lurking here. To go out is to be shot for a mad dog. Will not that be better? I heard enough of Clare's attempted explanation to know that he unwittingly entered my body. He has tried to tell them. They say he is crazy. What good can it do for any one to know? What good can I do the world to live thus fettered? Would that I could say to those who are striving as I was to pry into the unknown, "The Creator Himself joined the soul to the human body. When He is ready they will part. Till then, 'What God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'" To commence I said, "I am a dog." I will go out, and I shall be—what? I shall be free.

SOME REFLECTIONS BY A LOOKING-GLASS.

"What a world this is," said an old looking-glass to me one day, as it lay on a heap of rubbish in the garret, bemoaning its fate in having outlived its days of usefulness. "Here I am thrown aside into this musty old hole, simply because I have lost the beauty and luster which were once mine.

"What a hard world this is. Just as soon as

one grows old and rusty he is cast aside, nobody cares where, if he is only out of the way. How soon one is forgotten, even by his dearest friends, when he is no longer useful! How true the old saying, 'Out of sight, out of mind!' Nobody thinks of you, nobody cares for you. It is, 'Let the dead past bury its dead,' for we have no time for you. You are but a relic of the past. Old things have passed away and we must care for the new.

"Years ago, I was hung in the parlor. I was new then and proud, vain of my gilt and brightness. I had not so much knowledge of the world as I have now. Everything looked bright and enchanting, for I reflected the faces and the forms of the beautiful, the noble, the great. Ah! those were happy times which I shall never know again. But the memory of those days sometimes makes even this old garret less gloomy. In my ignorance I thought all the world was as I reflected it, but experience, that hard teacher, has taught me that the glitter and show of the parlor is not real life.

"Time passed on, as it always does, and I became too old-fashioned for the parlor, so I was transferred to the dining room. My life changed. I had passed the zenith of my career and was to learn lessons of a different kind. It was in my new place that I gained a knowledge of real life. Here I saw the children quarrel; here I heard the disputes of husband and wife. But I would not give the impression that it was always so, for they were, in the main, a happy family.

"But there is one little episode in my life that I must not omit. It happened on Hallowe'en, years ago, while Cousin Carro was visiting the family. Carro was a sprightly miss of sixteen, full of life and ready for sport. As it was Hallowe'en she made up her mind to prove the old superstition of the looking-glass. When the clock was sounding the hour which divides the days a white-robed figure could have been seen descending the stairway, glancing from side to side, as if half afraid. True, I was rather large to be of use in an enterprise of this kind, but she probably thought that the larger the glass, the better the view. Grasping me with both hands, carefully she descended the cellar stair, backward. When nearly to the bottom she heard a slight noise, and turning to learn what caused it, she saw something flash by and up the stairway. How it all happened

I never knew, but Carro gave a little scream and scampered off to bed, while I found myself in a barrel of soap. In the morning I was fished out and hung in my usual place, an older and more dilapidated looking-glass.

"My ideas of life were, indeed, somewhat changed, but they were destined to be changed still more, for one day in a fit of anger one of the children threw a marble at his playmate. The marble missed its intended mark, and, since I was unable to dodge, struck me. After that I was consigned to the garret as something useless. And here I am used only by children on rainy days, cast aside, uncared for, destined to remain here until thrown into some heap of rubbish.

"Thus, judging from the manner in which the world has treated me, I say that this is a hard and selfish world." And the old glass became silent, while I turned and went away, wondering.

THE RESULT OF A WORD.

"I don't know why we invited them, for as sure as we have company, mother mortifies us by her habitual 'riz' and 'sot.' If she hasn't been educated, she has heard us speak correctly long enough to converse properly herself."

"Never mind, George, perhaps we can tutor her on the Queen's English before the Redingtons come."

"But, Nellie, it is rather unpleasant to be correcting your own mother continually. When we called at the village, yesterday, I was uncomfortable the whole time, hearing her use so many double negatives, and when I mentioned her fault, on our way home, she said, 'It's no use, George, I'm too old to learn now, but hereafter I'll stay at home. There is no knowing what I say when away from home.' I saw she felt hurt, but it's for her own good. I respect our mother, Nellie, and appreciate her worth, but it is rather hard on a fellow, after having praised up his home and surroundings, to have the reality known. I hadn't the faintest idea that they would come when we invited them. Elmer wrote that they could stop with us one night only, and if we could only coax mother to visit Aunt Sarah that week; but the fact is, we can't get along without her. We *must* eat, and you know you can't cook."

George and Nellie Hobart were the children of a prosperous farmer. Both were members of

the Junior class in a prominent New England college. Although their school life had drawn them, in a measure, from their early home training, they spent their vacations on the farm, working rather mechanically than with a purpose and interest in what they did. The family life was similar to that found in too many of our American homes. There seemed to be no outward affection existing between parents and children. No pleasant word nor trifling act of kindness ever added a touch of brightness to their lives. Squire Hobart, as the neighbors called him, seemed to think that he was doing all that was necessary if he fed and clothed his family and gave his two children a good, practical education. Mrs. Hobart desired to make home attractive and pleasant, and was successful in as far as her limited means would allow. She was always busy, though never fretful. She fancied that she was being watched and criticised, daily, by her son and daughter, whom she regarded with a mother's love. The timid little woman was half afraid to approach her own children, now grown so far above her.

On the morning of the Redingtons' arrival, George followed his mother into the dairy, where she was skimming milk. "Mother, can't we have the table moved into the sitting room while our friends are here? It would be so much easier for you. You could see to everything and then we could get along very well, while you could have your meals with father and the men in the kitchen. As they are all young people, I don't suppose you care about seeing them."

Had he noticed, George might have perceived a touch of sadness in his mother's voice as she answered, "Yes, George, I will arrange the table in the sitting room this morning, after I churn and get the cheese in the press. I will brighten up the room a bit, too, with my scarlet geraniums and those double petunias you think so pretty. I will be careful to keep out of the room so you needn't be ashamed of me."

"I didn't mean that, mother. I——" but a tell-tale blush showed that his mother had surmised the truth. George left the room, relieved, but with a sense of shame very uncomfortable to bear.

Nellie approved the plan, saying, "It will save mother such a care. I know it will be a great relief to her. You are very thoughtful, George. George, can't you give me a few of your little sketches to go with my paintings?"

Annie Redington wrote me, recently, that she was preparing a box to send to our missionary in Tokio, and she asked me for a few trifles. I presume she will wish to take them away with her. There is such a comfort in doing such work! I wish you could realize it as I do."

While the Hobarts and their guests were chatting under the old maples, after a few exciting sets of tennis, George saw his mother enter the back gate with a basket of early pears.

"Who is that tired looking woman, George?" asked Elmer Redington, who also saw Mrs. Hobart enter the yard.

"That woman," pointing to his mother, "is our help. She has worked for us a number of years."

"I wish we could have such a woman at home. We are greatly troubled in getting a faithful girl, one that we can trust and respect," said Annie. "We met this woman at the spring and I asked her for a drink of water. She was so polite and pleasant, and had such a kind, motherly face, that I fell quite in love with her."

"She is a good woman in her place," answered Nellie, but it isn't safe to associate with, and make much of, help; if we did they would soon grow too important. We have had quite an experience in that line."

Although the young people enjoyed themselves, the afternoon did not pass nearly so pleasantly as the Hobarts had anticipated, and Nellie was only too glad for the time to come when she could excuse herself to prepare tea. The table showed unusual care when the little company was summoned to the cosy dining room. George was ill at ease, and more than once wished that he had not played such a deceitful part.

After tea, Nellie led the way to the parlor, and she and George forgot their unnatural conduct in the excitement of the games, but when Annie played and softly sang "Beautiful Hands" it seemed to George that he must hurry from the room, but he quieted his conscience with the hope that mother didn't know nor care.

But she did care. While closing the gate Mrs. Hobart heard her son's unkind remark. She nearly fell from the wound so deeply inflicted upon her sensitive nature by that word "help." With unusual care she prepared the meal for the company, and no one heard the sighs nor saw her brush away the tears.

After she had finished the dishes and arranged the table for breakfast, Mrs. Hobart hurried to her chamber. She buried her face in her hands, and, as she sat there in the twilight, thought of the happy hours she had passed with her children when they were little, and the gay castles she had built—how George would be such a brave, manly fellow and she would be so proud of him. Now he was ashamed to own her! "My poor children!" she sobbed; "they deserved a different mother." She drew her hands from her face. "No wonder they are ashamed of my wrinkles and large hands, but it was all for them. I have worked that they might have an education and not suffer the want of one, as I have, all these years."

The next morning Nellie was surprised, on entering the kitchen, to find there no preparations for breakfast. "I wonder what mother can be doing. There is no fire and it is nearly time for Annie and Elmer to be down. Mother must be in the cellar," but receiving no answer to her call Nellie hastened to her mother's chamber, where she lay fast asleep. "Mother, it's nearly seven o'clock. Have you forgotten that we have company?" As Mrs. Hobart didn't move, Nellie gently shook her. With a cry of pain she hurried for the family. In answer to their grief-stricken looks—their only words—the old doctor said shortly "heart disease."

No truer words were ever spoken, but the children never knew that their mother's heart was broken.

* * * * *

This was long ago.

Calling at the old homestead one evening, I was touched to see what a thoughtful care Nellie, now grown to womanhood, bestowed upon her aged father. George was at home on his vacation. His tone bore a trace of pride as he fondly looked towards the old man, telling me of his father's smart old age. It was evident that the Hobart life was changed, and that the actors had, somewhere, learned the lesson of love.

At the last meeting of the Oracle Association Feb. 7, A. T. Watson was elected editor in chief for the '91 Oracle. The board of editors for the year is as follows: A. H. Chipman, A. M. Dick, '91; C. P. Barnes, W. N. Donovan, A. C. Watson, G. W. Singer, Stephen Stark, G. A. Andrews, '92.



"I know what I'm talking about, Mr. B."

It is reported that Sam is not in favor of the Clason bill.

The Sigma Kappas enjoyed a straw ride Saturday, the 14th.

The Juniors in Rhetoric took 'fessor at his word the other morning.

Prof. Battis gave a dramatic reading at Paris Hill Wednesday, Feb. 11.

"Let us all who are able, arise and unite in singing the 364th hymn."

The Juniors had a half-term examination in Physics Monday, Feb. 16.

All classes had a cut from gymnasium from Thursday through the week.

During Prof. Elder's recent illness the Juniors recited in Physiology at his home.

Prof. reminds Prexy that he neglected to give out a lesson in Moral Science.

Prof. Battis gave a reading at the Alumni reunion at Boston, Thursday evening.

"What are you going to elect next term?" is the prevalent question among the Juniors.

Norman read in German the other day about the man with a magnificent white moustache.

Mr. Owen, '89, and the members of his Junior class visited the Physical Laboratory Feb. 18th.

The *Kennebec Journal* always has a good copy of the Campus items after each issue of the ECHO.

Twelve of the boys attended the Governor's reception at Augusta, Monday afternoon and evening.

Prof. Taylor was one of the judges at the baby show which was one of the entertainments of the G. A. R. fair.

The new rival book store advertises the sale of *stationary*. Probably they are all out of spelling books at present.

The Athletic Association held a meeting recently and voted to have an informal exhibition the last week of the term.

The following excuse was presented the other day for absence from the gymnasium: "It was

occasioned by the fact that I needed rest rather than exercise."

A Junior in Physiology the other day stated that the spinal cord extends from the base of the skull to the "lumbar" region.

One of the rooms in North College has recently been the scene of several Spiritualistic seances. Some wonderful manifestations have occurred.

The young ladies of the Sophomore class entertained the young men of the class at Ladies' Hall Feb. 6. The boys reported a very pleasant occasion.

The annual supper of the Portland Alumni of Colby will occur at the Falmouth Hotel, Thursday evening, March 10. Hon. W. J. Corthell will preside.

The Y. M. C. A. voted to send J. B. Slocomb, '93, as delegate to the International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions at Cleveland, Ohio, Feb. 26-Mar. 1, 1891.

The time for handing in articles for the prize offered by the American Protective Tariff League has been extended from March 1, as published in the previous announcement, to April 1.

A student in Geology was making a pencil sketch of the Professor in the class-room, the other day, when he heard the Professor's voice: "Perhaps you would like to have me sit for you, Mr. G."

From the absence of contestants for the prize offered by the ECHO for short poems, the *Lewiston Journal* draws the conclusion that poetry is a lost art. This inference might seem to be justified at Colby.

Competition in the book and stationery line is reaching its maximum. The old book-store will have to hustle to retain its customers when you can buy a pencil and an orange for two cents at the new place.

The annual supper of the Boston Alumni Association was held at the Quincy House, Thursday evening, Feb. 26. William T. Chase, D.D., '65, presided. We hope to give further notice of this meeting in our next issue.

The entertainment, on Feb. 13, for the benefit of the Good Will Farm, given by Prof. Battis in his impersonation of the characters in *Nicholas Nickleby*, assisted by Miss Jennie

Brown, vocalist, was a remarkable success.

The treasurer of the Oracle Association wishes to state that he intends to call upon all the members at the end of the term, and hopes that all will make ample preparations that his call may be an agreeable and profitable one.

The appointments for the Junior Debate, which will occur Friday evening, March 6, in the college chapel, are as follows: G. A. Andrews, C. P. Barnes, W. N. Donovan, D. G. Munson, C. H. Reynolds, H. E. Wadsworth.

A Senior the other day while searching the room of another Senior found a bottle labelled "Sugar of lead." But upon removing the cork the odor of "apple juice" irritated the fibres of his olfactory nerve and he concluded that he would take the risk of imbibing the contents of the flask.

The *Oracle* is once more on a good basis and the next volume bids fair to be a good one. The managing editor has already secured a large number of ads. and is increasing the number each day. Some business men of the city seem determined not to advertise in the *Oracle* and they must not expect to receive the patronage of the students.

Harrington Putnam, Esq., of New York city, who graduated in 1870, impressed with the importance of a knowledge of the German language to those who are to engage in professional, commercial, or scientific occupations, has sent Professor Hall a check for \$400, to establish prizes for proficiency in German, in the classes under his charge.

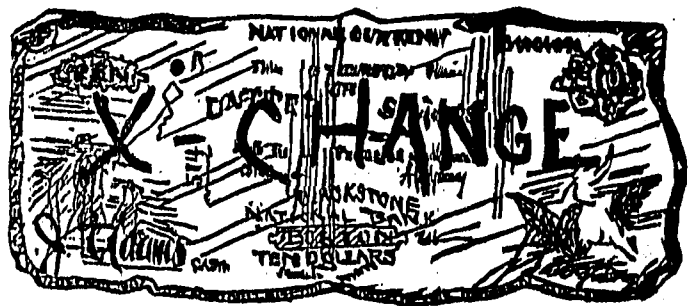
Several of the boys visited the Capital city the other day to hear the discussion on the Clason bill before the Judiciary Committee and obtain some points for the Junior Debate which will occur at the last of the term. Some very interesting speakers on both sides were listened to and all who attended from college were very glad they availed themselves of the opportunity.

Professor Elder, whose ill health compelled him to seek a warmer climate, started with his family en route to Greenville, S. C., Wednesday, Feb. 25. The Juniors have finished the advance work in Physiology and will review the work by themselves in preparation for the examinations. Prof. Bayley will take Prof. Elder's place in the Chemistry department during his absence next term.

The gentlemen of Ninety-Three gave a reception to the ladies of the college at Thayer's Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 27. It was given in honor of the ladies of their own class. The evening was enlivened by readings, music and games. Stewart, the caterer, officiated in his usual satisfactory manner. This is an innovation which, if followed by succeeding classes, will add an enjoyable occasion to the society events of our college world.

The Freshmen have formed a military company with the following officers: W. F. Rowley, Captain; W. E. Green, 1st Lieut.; Jacob Kleinhans, Jr., 2nd Lieut.; R. W. Stimson, 1st Sergeant; A. L. Blanchard, 2nd Sergeant; E. C. Clark, Bugler. Capt. Rowley is exceedingly anxious to have the gymnasium enlarged in order that he may have better facilities for drilling his troops. The guns which were to be furnished them by the state have not yet arrived, but they are in hopes of obtaining them before the Freshman Reading.

The ladies of '94 have elected the following class officers: Miss Grace C. Ilsley, President; Miss Clara P. Morrill, Vice President; Miss Mary L. Carleton, Secretary; Miss Lilla M. Hazelton, Treasurer; Miss Annie M. Richardson, Orator; Miss Elinor F. Hunt, Poet; Miss Kate W. Hobbs, Historian; Miss Grace M. Reed, Prophet; Miss Sadie L. Brown, Toast Mistress; Miss Jessie M. Bunker, Miss Mattie Meserve, Miss Clara B. Tozier, Miss Annie E. Merrill, Committee on Odes; Miss Frank H. Morrill, Miss Clara G. Jones, Miss Frances H. Chutter, Miss Hattie M. Brown, Executive Committee.



The *College Rambler* contains a large number of short articles.

We recognize a new exchange on our table, the *Cony Student*, published by the students of the Augusta High School.

The *Lippincott's Magazine* for March will be especially interesting, containing articles by

Anna Katherine Green, Walt Whitman, Julian Hawthorne and others.

To those who are anxious to know how the ranking system is carried on at Colby we would dedicate this clipping from the *Brunonian* of February, which shows how the marking system is carried on there. Inferences may be drawn as to the system here:

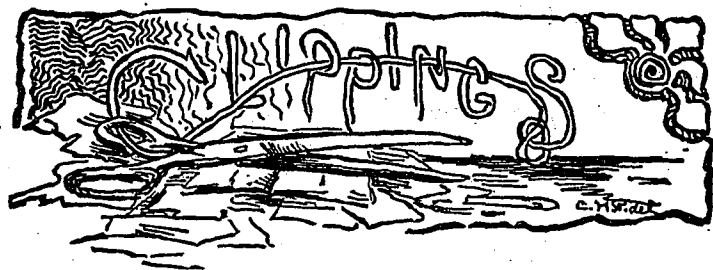
"As several incorrect theories have received credence and even been published in the daily papers we make a statement of the facts of the case from data furnished by the secretary of the faculty. Under the present system the value of the letters on the basis of 100 is: Ex. (excellent) 90 to 100; V. G. (very good) 80 to 89; G. (good) 70 to 79; M. (medium) 60 to 69; I. (inferior) 50 to 59; D. (deficient) below 50. Under the old system the values were: Ex., 95 to 100; V. G., 87 1-2 to 94; G., 75 to 87 1-2; M., 50 to 75; D., below 50.

The *University Mirror* contains two fine articles which deserve mention. The one is on "Evils of Prejudice" and the other on the "Education of Women." The following is a quotation from the latter article:

"It is consistent with reason that, having the same nature, woman should have the same right to intellectual culture and development as man. Women should be allowed to take a college course, if they so elect. They have been the mothers of all our great men, and our present belief is that all men of genius must be nurtured and nursed by the soothing influence of a feminine hand. If an illiterate woman can rear and instruct youths to become men of wisdom, how much more can we expect of women who have endowments equal to the loftiest attainments of men? The estimate of woman is the test of civilization. She is truly the mother of the race. All her intellectual tendencies, all her moral propensities, her Christian character, her exalted virtues and her living example the coming generations will inherit; and in the same way, vice will permeate the youth with degrading proclivities. All the culture and intellectual refinement added to the qualities of good women must ultimately result in improving the race, in making it more nearly that which our Creator intended it to be."

The Diet of Nether Austria is debating the plan of opening a higher school for girls in Vienna. in view of the fact that secondary schools in Austria have hitherto been maintained for boys almost exclusively.

Johns Hopkins has built "A Home for University Tramps."



The great telescope in Lick observatory, California, has been injured by an earthquake.

The Freshman class at Columbia almost equals, in numbers, the three other classes combined.

The University of Leipsic has this year been opened to ladies. At present this is the only German university admitting ladies.

President Patton, of Princeton, once remarked about going to college, that he believed it was better to have gone and loafed, than never to have gone at all.

Student—"Professor, what is the best thing to do if you get concentrated nitric acid in your eye?"

Professor—"Buy a glass one."

The authorities have given permission to admit women to the University of Helsinfor (Finland), but the senate of the university must decide each individual case.

"Young man," said a Prof. as he stepped into the hall and caught a frisky Fresh. by the shoulders, "I believe Satan has got hold of you." "I believe so too," was the quick reply.

St. Peter at the gate—Halt. New Spirit—Open up and let me in. I'm a college graduate, class of '90. St. Peter—No, you can't come in. We don't want any advice about running the universe.



FOUND ON A LEAF IN A LATIN GRAMMAR.

If we another flood should have,
For shelter hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book will still be dry.

A man sat fishing on a cliff;
The wind was blowing strong and stiff;
No fish he caught in waters rough,
Because he fished upon the bluff.



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

'37.

For more than four years Rev. F. Merriam has been afflicted with a difficulty hitherto unknown to the medical world so far as we can learn. It has been the subject of an essay read before a meeting of the Physicians of New Hampshire. An account of it has been given, by request, to the Medical Authorities of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston. One of the most singular features of the difficulty is that it has been, and is, almost painless. No one suggests a remedy unless it could be found in a perilous surgical operation which no one wishes to undertake.

'49.

Rev. S. R. Dennen, now office editor of the *New England Magazine*, Boston, was in the city on business recently.

'58.

Rev. Stephen C. Fletcher of Dexter, preached at the Baptist church in this city last Sunday

'62.

Col. R. C. Shannon is now on a visit to the City of Mexico.

'72.

Rev. T. G. Lyons has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church in Nobleboro.

'78.

Rev. H. B. Tilden, of Chester, Vt., has been invited to the pastorate of the Baptist church in Cherryfield.

'80.

Hartstein W. Page, M.D., connected with the Summer Street Asylum in Worcester, Mass., was married at Newport, N. H., Feb. 17, to Miss Mary L. Jenks.

'86.

Rev. J. B. Bryant has resigned the pastorate at China to accept a call to Bowdoinham.

'87.

C. C. Richardson, the newly elected principal of Higgins Academy, was in this city Tuesday, Feb. 17.

The State Supt. of Education has appointed W. F. Watson as one of the delegates from South Carolina to the National Educational Association to assemble in Toronto, Canada, July 14 to 17. Mr. Watson is Prof. of Physics and Chemistry in Furman University, Greenville, S. C.

'89.

Rev. Geo. Merriam, Osage City, Kansas, recently declined to accept an earnest call to Kansas City.

H. W. Frye writes from Johns Hopkins that the Colby delegation there are flourishing and hope for additions to the colony next year.

Lincoln Owen, principal of Waterville High School, took his Junior class to the physical laboratory one day last week and witnessed several interesting and instructive experiments.

'90.

A. P. Wagg, who was taken sick while teaching at Medfield, Mass., and was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, has lately returned to his home at Auburn. We are sorry to learn that he has nearly lost the use of one arm and one leg.

'91.

Arthur T. Watson preached at Yarmouth last Sunday.

William Fletcher attended the Annual Conference of the College Y. M. C. A. of New England at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., and read a paper on the "Kind of leaders wanted for Bible Classes and how to secure them."

'92.

A. G. Hurd attended the Conference at Williamstown.

G. A. Andrews was engaged at Bath from Feb. 9-20, taking account of the number of faucets in the city for the Water Co.

'93.

C. N. Perkins and C. F. Smith have returned from their pedagogical labors.

'94.

D. T. Harthorne, A. M. Jones and Frank Morse have finished their schools and joined their class.

I had a dream the other night
While everything was still,
I dreamed that each subscriber
Came up and paid his bill.

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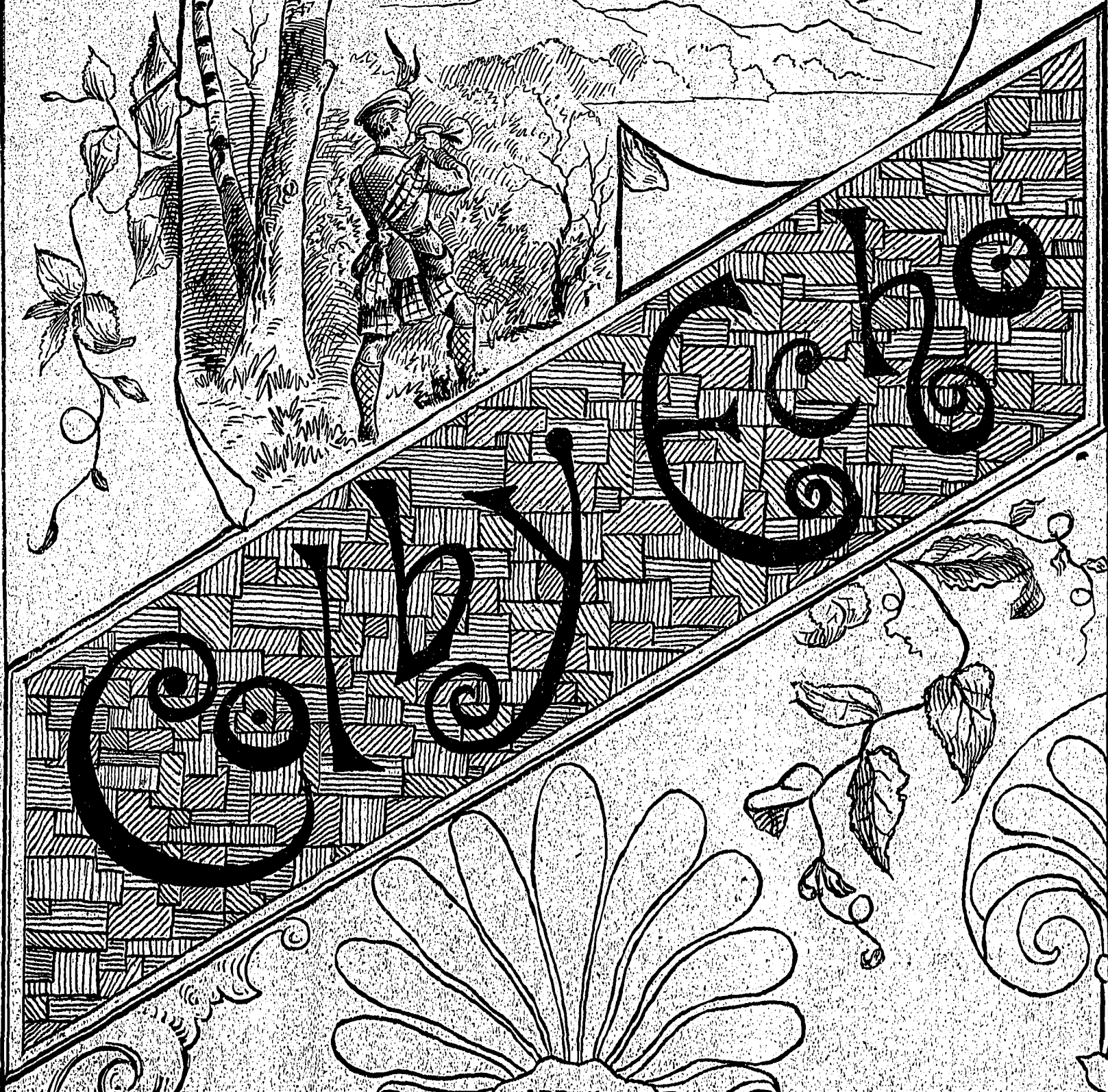
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