

# The Colby Echo

VOL. XV.

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No. 13.

## The Colby Echo.

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

COLBY UNIVERSITY.

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SINCE our last issue three alumni reunions have occurred of which short notices appear elsewhere. The reunions at Boston and Portland were full of the enthusiastic spirit which characterizes Colby's sons. Another association has been formed in Colorado, which though smaller and far away from the family stock, seems no less imbued with loyalty. These associations serve to keep glowing in the hearts of Colby's alumni a love for their old college home; to direct their attention to our wants as well as our prosperity, and to turn other young men toward our walls. Colby has an alumni who are not only enthusiastic in their loyalty but whose enthusiasm does not spend itself in words but responds liberally to her material wants. May the circle of her loyal sons and daughters ever widen and may their loyalty grow deeper with years.

THE Senior class has been fortunate in obtaining the course in Oratory for which a petition was entered at the end of last term. During this term the class will receive four hours instruction weekly in the theory and practice of Oratory. Under highly competent instruction the work will undoubtedly be valuable and pleasant as well, and a large part of the class have availed themselves of the opportunity thus furnished. Colby has previously offered her students training in elocution superior to that provided in many of our colleges. Yet the work has not been so arranged as to enlist the attention and interest which should be bestowed upon it. The course in Oratory now provided will require an amount of labor and zeal which will insure its success. It will

constitute a valuable addition to our curriculum.

TENNIS will soon be at its best. The game bids fair to elicit even a greater interest among us than last year. The tournament of last spring proved a complete success. More tennis was played than ever before and the result was the development of a larger and better class of players. Would it not be well to open this season's tournament as soon as the courts are in condition for playing? We should thus avoid being pressed for time as was the case last year, and besides a longer series could easily be played. The number of tennis players is as large as ever and we look for this season to witness even a better series of games than that of last year.

WE have no reason to feel humiliation at the defeat of our Tug o' war crew at Brunswick. We have rather to congratulate ourselves on the push which was manifested in raising the necessary funds to provide the crew with suitable equipment and training, and on the energy and snap with which the crew trained for the event. This vigorous backing and training alone enabled them to receive so honorable a defeat as they did. The extremely short time at our disposal almost precluded the possibility of victory. Two weeks is a short time for men fifty pounds over weight, only one of whom ever sat upon the cleats, to prepare for a tug with veterans. That they applied themselves diligently to the work is evident from the result. A closer and more exciting contest is seldom witnessed. Our men received none but the kindest hospitality and hope they may meet Bowdoin again.

BASE ball enthusiasts will be permitted to witness an unusually large number of good ball games on our diamond this season. In addition to the three games contained in the schedule of the league, the manager has secured several other games with excellent teams in the state and others are still to be arranged. Two good nines will be maintained and daily practice games will be played between them. Both teams have been in active training for several weeks and will soon be on the diamond. With the excellent support which the people of the city usually give our team, we may look for the

season to be financially successful. The more commodious and comfortable facilities for seating offered by the new covered grand stand should also add to the attendance upon the games. The advent of the men upon the diamond is awaited with considerable expectancy. The nine will contain several new men who will fill important positions. Yet we have no doubt that they will fill those positions well and our faith in Colby's ability to maintain inviolate her old reputation is unshaken.

THE present status of the Maine College League is somewhat singular. The actual conditions as well as the causes which have given rise to them seem to be misunderstood or misinterpreted by many. In previous years, whenever the four colleges have been represented, an eighteen game schedule has been played, which has necessitated the playing of three neutral games. For instance, last year Colby played Bowdoin at Lewiston, M. S. C. at Brunswick, and Bates at Orono. In return we received but one game between Bowdoin and Bates upon our own ground. However interesting the contest for the pennant, it is an invariable rule that the neutral games do not receive the support which is accorded those games in which the home nine participates. Accordingly we have been the loser of a considerable sum through these neutral games. In view of these facts at the meetings of the managers, Bowdoin and Colby proposed a series of twelve games with a triple league, composed of Bowdoin, Bates and Colby. According to this schedule each nine would have played two games with the other two teams on their own ground. No neutral games were to be played. M. S. C. was asked to withdraw, from no ill will towards that college, but because it is unfortunately situated at a greater distance from the other colleges and in a locality which does not give a strong support to college base ball. The acceptance of this proposal would have materially lessened the expense of the season's games and would undoubtedly have added to the interest in the sport. The proposition was rejected and Bates and M. S. C. withdrew. Schedules have been drawn up between Bowdoin and Colby for six games and a similar schedule has been arranged between Bates and M. S. C.

The claim urged by Bates and M. S. C. that they comprise the College League while Bowdoin and Colby have "seceded" is an example of presumption unprecedented. In the first place the league as it has previously existed has been bound by no articles of agreement but, instead, has been a new organization each year. That Bowdoin and Colby "seceded" from an organization which did not at the time exist is a claim which can hardly be sustained. Moreover, while M. S. C. was invited to withdraw, Bates was requested to enter a three-cornered league. The invitation was rejected. If any "secession" occurred it would seem to belong more properly to Bates. In several instances in the past either one or both of these institutions have not been represented in the league from their own choice, while Bowdoin and Colby have sustained the league since its inception. And now these teams, who have been but intermittent members of the league, claim to have supplanted its constant supporters! Nerve extraordinary!

The dual league promises to be no detriment to college base ball. The best and most exciting games have almost invariably been played between Colby and Bowdoin. With six games between these two teams the lovers of the sport can find little cause for dissatisfaction.

#### A SUGGESTION FROM AN ALUMNUS.

IF you will allow a recent graduate to make a suggestion to the various college associations through your columns, I would like to urge upon them the necessity of having their organizations on a sound financial and business basis. There seems to be an idea among the majority of college students that the finances of the associations can take care of themselves; as a result, these interests are indifferently entrusted to whoever happens to be elected and only about two in five on the average leave the association substantially benefited by their efforts, while the other three invariably reduce the surplus placed in their hands or increase the debt, if there was a debt. All the associations are capable of self support, with the possible exception of one, and in the past this fact has been demonstrated clearly and positively, forcing upon us the conclusion that it is simply a question of management. There is no reason why college men while in college should not be business men and

held responsible for the legitimate results of their management. It is unworthy of any collegian to accept an office in the college associations feeling that he can let matters slide along through the year, and if at the close of his term his report shows a decrease or deficiency it is not his fault but simply one of the necessary risks, and whatever his report, the association will allow it in silence or indifference and condone the deficit caused by his inattention, mismanagement or ignorance. The associations ought not to elect a man to such an office unless he has had previous experience or is known to possess the essential qualifications to insure good management. To elect a man merely because he is popular is rank nonsense; the most popular fellow is often the least fitted to look after the welfare of anybody or anything but himself. The idea of "society" rotation in office is mere boys' play when applied to the business side. It is no honor to a society to have a man holding an office unless he can do so with credit, and when a fellow is elected by virtue of his ability and worth, his society may well pride itself upon the honor he gains by well administering the affairs of his office. And in this the association owes a duty to its outside supporters to make the most and best of all available material.

After rambling at so great length, I will offer my suggestion, which is, that the constitution and by-laws of each of the associations should be amended so as to provide for a board of auditors, to be composed of three members, one of whom shall be an active member of the association, and the other two to be elected from business men in the city. This board of auditors shall examine the treasurer's books and vouchers, also the manager's books and vouchers, and certify to their correctness before their reports can be submitted to the association for acceptance; and further, that both the treasurer's and manager's reports shall be published in full in the number of the ECHO last issued before the annual meeting of the association, with a statement that the accounts as published have been examined by the auditors. This would tend to care and accurateness in expenditure and accounting, also permanence in keeping the records. The association would then have a permanent set of books, and the successive officers would have the benefit of the accounts of previous incumbents of the office, and would be

ambitious to leave on the books as good a record as possible. I believe that all such records should be the sole property of the associations and carefully preserved. Some of the associations handle considerable sums of money, and a detailed account of the sources from which it was raised would be of great value to a new man in the office, while previous expenditures would enable him to make an accurate estimate of the funds needed for the current expenses of the coming year, a fact which probably nine out of ten of those elected know nothing about till taught by experience, and having but one year of service they have no opportunity to give the association the benefit of their experience and the association is constantly breaking in new men—an expensive luxury—who could be materially aided by the experience of their predecessors.



### THROUGH THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

IT was a bright, beautiful morning when we left the Royal Victoria Hotel at Killarney, and started in a wagonette drawn by four horses for the Gap of Dunloe. To the entrance of the Gap is a distance of nine miles. I must say a word or two about this drive, for it was through the most lovely country all the way. My cousin and I sat on the box-seat with the driver, and could thus command every pretty bit of scenery in all directions. The road wound in and out among the hills, while high mountains encircled us, some near at hand, others in the distance, some having pointed peaks, others rounded. The roadsides and fields, as far as the eye could reach, were of the most brilliant green, and nature was teeming with vegetation. Hardly an inch of bare ground could we see, except on the road—every spot was covered with some growing thing.

Now we passed a small whitewashed school-house, toward which a number of ragged urchins were hastening; and now we came to two high gates, which were opened at our approach by a white-haired man, living in the little cottage on the right. It was one of the prettiest nooks imaginable, and nothing could have been neater.

The cottage, of quaint style, and tastefully decorated, peeped snugly out from behind a hedge completely studded with rhododendron blossoms—a mass of pink, purple and red. Adjoining was a very smooth triangular lawn of the brightest green, bordered by a regular shrubbery.

Every moment brought us more and more into the midst of the mountains, and the scenery grew so magnificent that I had hard work to realize that it was not a dream or a picture. Later, when I saw the grandeur of the Swiss scenery, Killarney sank into insignificance by comparison; but I enjoyed the charming Irish lakes so much at the time that I was glad that I visited them first and so was better able to appreciate their simple beauty.

The mist settled round us as we entered the mountains and at length a light rain fell. The driver said indifferently, "O, that's nothing, only the 'perspiration' of the mountains." It was all very well for him to look at it in that way, but to us it was provokingly euphemistic. The wind rose and threatened to sweep us off the seat with its gusts, while the rain pelted in our faces. It was useless to try to keep an umbrella up,—the wind played with it and wrenched it from our hands. It seemed as if we should surely be soaked before long. Those of our party in the body of the wagonette were not much better protected. Meantime I found a fund of amusement in watching the rain stream down my cousin's face and in thinking that I must look equally funny. I could be almost happy, knowing that my best hat was safe at home on the nail, for I had started to wear it on that sunshiny June morning and at the last moment I had run in and changed it for my cap—a proceeding which I fondly dwelt on as displaying unwonted carefulness on my part. Twice I was thirsty, and never before was water so speedily supplied.

The road was becoming narrower and steeper, while the mountains rose abruptly on either side. Soon we came to the cottage of Kate Kearney, a famous Irish beauty who lived several generations ago. At our coming, out ran some very Irishy-looking women, soliciting money with outstretched arms—as who does not in Ireland?—one expecting pennies because she professed to be Kate Kearney's great-granddaughter, sixty years of age; another, her great-great-granddaughter, and others her great-great-

great-great-great-granddaughters, way down I do not know how far. But Kate's good looks seem to have died out before reaching them.

We were assailed on every side and entreated to buy "mountain dew," which proved to be no other than goats' milk corked up in bottles. A little farther on we came to a stopping-place, on the side of a steep hill, where we all alighted and found in readiness eight little ponies, with as many guides. I felt a keen thrill of pleasure at leaping into a saddle again. We were glad of the change and started our ponies up the hill, while the guides walked along beside us, belaboring the poor beasts from time to time with their shillalahs, or shouting terrible Irish words at them.

I cannot help smiling now, as I remember what a ludicrous figure Mrs. L. cut on her little pony. She was far from sylph-like in her build, and consequently not agile enough to adapt herself to the movements of the pony, which seemed to take a malicious delight in manœuvring so as to shift her rapidly from one side to the other. This greatly disturbed her peace of mind, and obliged her to have Mr. L.'s close company all the way.

All this time the rain had been falling steadily; but there was no retreat. And there was a great deal of enjoyment in it, too, after we had once made up our minds to getting drenched. Most of us had on "waterproof" clothing, but it betrayed its real nature that day, and made us lose confidence in those plausible Boston clerks.

We were now well on our way in the famous Gap of Dunloe, five miles in length, and eleven hundred feet above the sea. All along the right were the Macgillicuddy Reeks, the highest mountain of which is 3414 feet high. We now began the ascent of Bridal Path, several miles long, while on our left loomed up the picturesque Purple Mountain, whose sides lay shrouded in a delicate haze; and on our right, Bull Mountain rose in lofty majesty. We saw the noted Serpent or Black Lake, on the shore of which Saint Patrick killed the last snake in Ireland. Ahead lay the Black Valley, so called from the perpetual shadow cast by the overhanging peaks. Now we passed over an old, romantic bridge with arches, under which flowed a little stream, fed by frothy cascades that tumbled over the clefts. From one old bridge the guide told us to stop and look back. It was a grand

sight that met our eyes. We had mounted to a considerable height, and below us stretched a varied panorama of mountains, lakes and streams, dimmed by the thick mist. In and out among the peaks we could trace the route by which we had come, and there, way off in a hollow, we could just catch a last glimpse of Serpent Lake. Then we turned our ponies round and went forward into the pretty opening called the Peep of Day.

It still kept on misting most dismally, and by this time we were very nearly drenched. Our ponies proved to be good and reliable, in the main, and occasionally, when the road permitted, gave us a little canter. My guide seeing that I took an interest in the shamrocks and the little flowers by the roadside, kept picking them and heaping them up on the saddle before me.

At last we came to a sharp turn in the road, and here the Black Valley and the Gap of Dunloe ended. Our route now began to descend. Mabel and I had some splendid trots along here, whenever the road was good, and we found them most enjoyable. When we came under some large trees and saw that our riding had come to an end we both felt very sorry as we dismounted from our faithful ponies. We each feed our guides a shilling and paid another shilling for the privilege of passing through the gateway of Lord Brandon's castle. This brought us to the Upper of the three lakes of Killarney, and here we were to meet the boat and be rowed back to our hotel on the Lower Lake. We went to the water's edge, but—no sign of a boat! We were all in a dreadful condition, and the prospect of waiting out-doors on a chilly afternoon, in wet clothing, seemed far from cheerful. We found an old shed, where we huddled together for warmth, and on a beam we hung up our dripping shawls to dry.

After waiting an hour, our boat actually arrived. It was a large white boat, rowed by four boatmen. We hurried aboard, greatly relieved, and sat side by side on cushions in the stern. A large basket of lunch was drawn forth from under the seat and we attacked it with fearful force. After we had devoured everything in the way of eatables, we leaned back contentedly and devoted our attention to the scenery on the lake. It was simply entrancing. Back of us towered the mountains which we had left behind in the Gap; other ridges skirted the lake on both sides, and, scattered here and there,



were beautiful wooded islands, which made us think of the homes of elves and fairies, while the shores of the lake itself were brilliant with flowers and thickly-leaved trees, and so great the luxuriance everywhere that we could not help thinking that nature, at least, favored this much-abused land. On the range of flat topped peaks to the left the forms of wild deer were outlined against the sky. These timid creatures were startled in their browsing when they saw us, and, looking warily about with their ears pricked up, were ready to flee at the first sign of danger.

As we were entering the Long Range River, which connects the Upper with the Middle Lake, an exciting incident occurred. We thought that we were going to be dashed to pieces against the stone sides of a narrow bridge, for the current was so swift that we were hurried along at a tremendous speed, and the boatmen had to stand and exert all their strength to keep the boat in the centre. Our anxiety, however, was of but short duration, and we emerged into the calm expanse of the Middle Lake.

In one place where the mountains rose precipitately on the right there was a splendid echo, and we waited and listened to a cornetist who was skilfully playing in the boat behind. Every trill he made was distinctly echoed and re-echoed throughout the whole valley. Then he struck up a familiar air, "The Star Spangled Banner," in which we all joined, forgetting for the time our moist condition, and away we went, merrily singing, down the lake.

At our request, one of the boatmen, a handsome young man, reluctantly sang a very sweet Irish air, which ran in our heads for many a day afterward. Upon entering the Lower Lake under a gothic bridge, we found the waters much disturbed, and the waves, which were several feet high, seized our boat and tossed it about like a shell. We wanted to go to the ruins of Innisfallen, which Moore has made so celebrated, but we hardly dared delay. And we ruefully passed by Mouse Island, very round and tiny, so called from the white mice which are found there.

At 4.30 we reached "home," very tired, to be sure, but well satisfied with our trip.

It is very imprudent for any one to throw ten cent cigars away, even if he is a Prof. For further information ask Nummy Wing,

## THE LEGEND OF MT. SIGNAL. \

IN the early days of this country when buccaneers were numerous, and every ship had to go armed, it was no uncommon occurrence for a merchant vessel to be plundered of its cargo, or taken and released on payment of a fine. At the time my story opens, the British also were watching every chance to injure our commerce. And it sometimes happened that a roving British man-o'-war crossed the path of some buccaneer; and a fierce conflict was sure to ensue.

In the year 1780, or thereabouts, one of these buccaneers, laden with gold and silver, was sailing along our coast. The captain stood with glass in hand watching for some bay where he might hide his wealth, for he knew that there were British ships in that quarter of the world that would be only too glad to fall in with his craft. Coasting along the shore for several days, he at length came opposite Penobscot bay. The sky was clear and the sea almost motionless beneath the breeze that only partially filled the lagging sails. There was no haze in the atmosphere. As the captain looked out with his glass, he spied on the horizon a speck that gradually increased in size until it could be seen to be a British vessel. Watching it for a time, he found that the British also saw him and were spreading all sail to come down upon him. Looking round on his men, eight all told, all that was left of the gallant crew with which he sailed, and with which he had fought many a battle, he sighed and said: "Boys, we must fly. It is impossible for us to make any resistance against that vessel yonder with its large guns and full crew." So saying, he turned his vessel up the bay, and the wind, springing up, bore them some distance up the bay, where they hoped to elude their pursuer among the islands, but in vain. He bore down upon them, and they saw that in another hour they must fall a prey to the enemy, for their vessel was old and the rotten canvas had parted in the last storm, leaving them with a scant supply of sails.

A few moments of consultation sufficed. It was decided to run the ship aground and, taking what they could carry, to set fire to her and escape to the woods. There was no time to parley; to say was to act. They were now in Searsport bay, and the freshening breeze was driving them along at a rapid rate. The captain turned the ship's prow directly on to the land at a place where a jutting point would screen

them from the sight of the British. And then, collecting what they could carry of gold and silver and setting the vessel on fire, they went ashore in a boat. As soon as they landed they staved the boat, not willing that anything should fall into the hands of the enemy, and going back a little to a rising ground, they watched the flames envelop their vessel and the vain attempts of the British to rescue her or any of her contents. The wind was rising and the British did not dare to remain around the shore for fear of shipwreck; and had they landed, there would have been little chance of finding the fugitives.

The country was then an unbroken expanse of forests, not, as now, dotted with pleasant villages and farm-houses, but woods, woods, stretching away as far as the eye could see, north, east, south, west, everywhere woods. As the little party of sailors saw the charred hulk of their vessel sink beneath the wave, their thoughts turned to their own condition. They knew not what savages might be near, or how soon they might be obliged to fight these dwellers of the forests. Their way now lay over land by an unknown path. Game was plenty, however, and by aid of the arms they had saved from the ship they prepared a tolerably good supper. When supper was over, they picked out a place for a camp where the rocks formed a natural breastwork. There they made their beds of hemlock boughs and, appointing two to stand guard, they lay down, with their treasures for a pillow and their weapons beside them. Their sleep was disturbed by dreams of robbers and wild beasts, and, starting up, they would seize their guns and then, reassured by the guard, would lie down and drop off into a doze again, only to start up a second time.

Thus the night wore away and at last the morning, bright and beautiful, dawned upon them. The forenoon was spent in discussing plans and determining which way to go to reach the Kennebec river. Seeing a mountain a little to the north, they determined to go to it and there make further observations. The mountain to which they directed their course, now known as Mt. Waldo, was then, as now, unwooded at its summit and appeared in the distance like a vast pile of chalk, for it is composed of granite. When the party arrived at the mountain the appearance of the sky had changed. The bright blue had given place to a

dusky grey and the sun was hardly visible through the haze. As it set, the fog came rolling in from the sea, a vast wall of grey, and one of those storms set in to which the coast of Maine is so liable. Such a storm it was as, in the early part of autumn, often lasts for a week.

While the storm lasted the men did not venture far from the mountain, but when, at the end of three days, the fog lifted and the clouds drifted away, they set out, as near as they could judge, in the direction of the Kennebec. Hardly had they left the mountain before the fog again covered them and, obscuring everything, left them to wander in the pathless woods. For several days they wandered, until their load of gold and silver and the damp weather had tired them out and made them almost discouraged. A little more than a week from the day they came on shore the storm cleared away again. Looking about them for some eminence whence they might steer their course, they beheld, in the distance, a number of mountains. They made their way toward these slowly and, at last, just at night the second day, they came beneath the shadow of Mt. Signal. So it is called by those living near it, but I doubt if you would find it on the maps.

After halting for the night to rest, they climbed its steep side, and, looking out toward the north, a sheet of water, sparkling in the distance, met their sight. As they did not know where they were, there was a division among them in regard to the direction to the Kennebec. One said, "Yonder lake empties its water into the Kennebec and therefore we must go to the northwest." Another said, "No, that is a lake that flows into the river to the east of us and we must go to the southwest. Or even if it does flow into the Kennebec it must flow into it far from its mouth, and we should be obliged to traverse a long extent of woods before we came to the settlements." The more they argued the more set they became and at length a vote was taken to know the minds of the men. It was found that they were evenly divided. Neither side would give in that the other was right and so at last they found that they must separate.

As they were tired of lugging their gold and silver they decided to bury it on the mountain, thinking that as soon as they found their way out to the settlements they would return and get it. They chose a place to bury it on the

side of the mountain where in spring and autumn a brook dashes along in its course. In this gully, beneath the shade of a pine tree, a mighty monarch of the forest, they buried their treasure, heaping upon it a pile of stones and laying upon the stones a hatchet and a whetstone to mark the spot. The good-byes were said and the two parties separated to go their respective ways. The party that turned to the north wandered through forests and waded through swamps and bogs until they perished, perhaps from hunger, perhaps from the Indians. At any rate, they never were heard of again.

In the other party was a man by the name of Goodhue. He and his companions went to the southwest, and after some encounters with the Indians, after suffering the pangs of hunger, they succeeded in reaching the settlements of the western part of the state. Owing to the disturbed state of the country, due to the war then going on, it was some time before they could return for their buried treasure. Goodhue and his companions went to the war, and when the war was over and the eastern part of Maine was opened to settlement, Goodhue alone remained of that company of eight that had separated years before. When he returned he found a few small clearings at the foot of the mountain but not enough to prevent his finding it easily. He bought the mountain and went to seek for his treasure, but for some reason he could not find it. He spent his life in hunting and his son followed him in the search, but all in vain. For many years after, the young men of the village which sprung up at the foot of the mountain spent their time in search for the lost pile. A number of years after Goodhue and his son were dead, an Indian found the hatchet and whetstone and again the fever of search raged. But years have passed and still the youth dream of some chance that shall reveal to them the hidden treasure, of sudden wealth and ease. But still the dark mountain keeps its secret. Perhaps sometime in the future some poor man may chance to find unsought that which has been sought so long in vain, and may thank God that his children will not want for bread.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

Once more has the Chi Chapter of Zeta Psi been called upon to mourn the death of one of its elder brothers, and it is now, with a deep sense of grief, that

we realize the dispensation of Almighty God in removing from our fraternity Walter Breasier Suckling.

Again the silver cord is loosened; again the golden bowl is broken; and we deeply mourn the loss of one who has ever been an active member of our brotherhood, a faithful friend and counsellor, and who has always taken a true and zealous interest in our welfare.

We extend our warmest sympathy to his bereaved family, and after our ancient custom drape our Chapter Hall and badges in deepest mourning.

For the Chi Chapter { H. K. KALLOCH,  
F. B. NICHOLS,  
STEPHEN STARK.



"Suppose he stole your chickens."

Knapp parts his hair a la Harvard fashion now.

Dana is rapidly training himself down to a Suchi.

Jones, '94, reports his family to be in good health.

Crystallography is found to be a very hard study INDEED.

All the pedagogues who were out last winter have returned.

Howe is still on a hunt for a partner to take to the German.

Shall we have a tennis tournament this spring? Echo answers yes.

Prof. Bayley spent his vacation in official work at Washington.

Prof. Hall's hand is very much improved. He now wears it without the bandage.

The Juniors carry on some very parliamentary (?) discussions in English Literature.

For the first time this year has the whole Junior class been in college at the same time.

The manager of the nine requests that all association property be returned to him at once.

Bassett has deprived himself of that "magnificent white moustache." Winslow sighs a relief.

Prof. Bayley, in addition to his regular work, has charge of the Junior elective class in Chemistry.



The Freshmen had a cut from Trigonometry last week.

A large number of the boys attended Dr. Seward's lecture on "The End," last Sunday evening.

A certain Sophomore attributes his sombre looking eye to a flying chip, but rumor whistles otherwise.

The Moustache Club is about to disband, probably from a lack of material to grow the sought-for.

The *Oracle* is reported to be progressing at an excellent rate so that an early issue may be looked for.

The day college opened we played tennis; the second day we had a snow shoe party across the campus.

The new square topped hats worn by some of our college fashion plates are creating considerable comment.

The number of dress suits owned by the college students is increasing rapidly. Let the good work go on.

The Harrington German prize, just offered, is the first prize for which the class of '92 has been allowed to compete.

For the benefit of the community cannot the Freshmen try to resurrect more than six X's out of a class of 70?

We ask for information as to whether the '93 or '94 lecture prizes have been awarded. If so, who are the lucky individuals?

We are glad to note that Arthur Rogers is recovering from his protracted illness and will be able to join his class in a few weeks.

We make a deviation this term from the usual custom of the Campus editor of calling attention to the beautiful spring, the humming birds, etc.

Several tall hats have been taken from their dusty hiding places. The Sophs. intend to follow '92's example and procure them as a class.

The meetings of the Bible class held every Sunday afternoon are of a very instructive and interesting nature. Fletcher, '91, is the leader.

C. W. Hearn, who is Hardy's agent, has been taking the Senior class pictures the past week. The *Oracle* board and several rooms were also photoed.

Manager Chipman is endeavoring to arrange a series of four games with a Portland club, two

to be played here and two in Portland. If the deal is consummated the first game will probably be in Portland on Fast day.

Sam Osborne is dissatisfied with the outcome of the Australian ballot bill. He claims the bill would have been defeated had he been in the legislature!

The trustees have secured Hon. Mark H. Dannel, '49, to deliver the oration and Harry L. Koopman '80, to deliver the poem next commencement.

The German at Soper's hall, April 3, which was engineered by H. K. Kalloch, '92, was a very enjoyable affair. Dinsmore and Hall furnished the music.

N. B. The Junior class has a supply of tall hats, one season old, good as new, which they are desirous of selling to the Sophs. Terms, very reasonable for cash.

The general secretary of the State Y. M. C. A. addressed a large audience at the Congregational church, Sunday evening. The college Y. M. C. A. attended in a body.

C. S. Pease, '91, Chas. E. Cohen, '92, Stephen Stark, '92, J. B. Alexander, '94, representing the Zeta Psi fraternity, attended the funeral of Walter B. Suckling, at Skowhegan, April 1.

The Freshmen have selected the following warble as the official bray of the class: Boomerang, boomerang, rip, boom, roar; Colby, Colby, '94; Rah, Rah, Rah, rip, ray, roar. The old one has been laid away for '95.

We think it would be advisable, now that the study of "Olmsted's Philosophy" has been discontinued, for the Junior class to have a cremation. As much benefit would be derived from the ashes as from having them laid away on the shelf.

Wednesday evening, April 8, the Chi chapter of the Zeta Psi fraternity initiated Austin H. Evans, of the class of '94 into its mysteries. A collation was served after the initiation ceremonies, at which speeches were made by alumni and active Zetas.

The Y. M. C. A. has elected the following officers to serve during the spring term: President, Alvah H. Chipman, '91; Vice President, Harry L. Pierce, '92; Secretary, Charles N. Perkins, '93; Corresponding Secretary, Chester H. Sturtevant, '92; Treasurer, George O. Smith, '93.

The Junior prize debate, which occurred the last week of the winter term, was won by the negative, which was represented by Messrs. Munson, Wadsworth and Reynolds. Prof. Smith, Dr. J. L. Seward and Mr. R. W. Dunn officiated as judges. Music by Hall and Dinsmore.

Class (discussing whether it is a lie to suppress the truth)—“Now, Mr. B., suppose someone should steal your horse.” “No,” breaks in the gentleman from Albion, “suppose he should steal your chickens.” The conclusion is reached that in either case to suppress the truth would be an unpardonable deed.

The appointments from the class of '93 to speak at the Sophomore declamation have been made as follows: Harry M. Conners, Dennis E. Bowman, Cyrus F. Stimson, George O. Smith, Joel B. Slocum, Albert H. Bickmore, Jesse H. Ogier, Miss Evangeline Taylor, Miss Lora Cummings, Miss Grace Coburn.

Prof. William Elder sends very encouraging reports from Greenville, S. C. He is now able to take constitutional walks in the balmy southern sunshine without the fatigue so noticeable in the north, his throat is very much improved, so that we may well predict his return in the fall and a reassumption of his regular class room work.

The young ladies of '94, determined to follow the catalogued saying “on an equal basis with the young men” to the very letter, have decided to go on an exit, with Miss Smith for a chaperone. From a whispered consultation of the Sophomore class, held in the reading room last Saturday night, we have decided that the Sophs. are going with the “co-ods” but are ashamed to acknowledge it to the outside world.

The schedule of studies for the term has been arranged as follows: Seniors. 8, Greek; 9.30, Oratory; 11.30, Sociology; 2.30, Geology, German; 3, History; 4.30, Calculus. Juniors. 8, German; 9.30, Mineralogy, Physics, Latin; 11.30, English Literature; 2.30, Chemistry. Sophomores. 8, Anglo Saxon; 11.30, Greek; 4.30, Physics. Freshmen (ladies). 9.30, Trigonometry; 11.30, Greek; 4.30, Latin. (Gentlemen). 8, Trigonometry; 11.30, Latin; 4.30, Greek.

The practice of compelling a class to buy an ultra expensive book as an experiment and then allowing the next class to purchase books entirely different, while it may be a source of

pleasure to the Prof., certainly the unfortunates have good reason to rebel. A practical illustration took place this term when the Juniors, who had bought the most expensive book purchased in this college, were obliged to lay them on the shelf as useless on account of a whim of one of the Profs.

The base ball association has voted to erect a new grand stand just in front of the catcher's fence. A committee was appointed to have charge of the building, consisting of Manager Chipman, Captain Parsons, and Loring Herrick, '92. The plan is to move the old grand stand alongside of the new one, which will be covered. The admission to the covered grand stand will be twenty cents and ten cents to the bleaching boards. The total cost of the new stand will be about \$140.

The tenth annual reunion of the Colby alumni residing in and around Boston occurred Feb. 26, at the Quincy House. A reception was held, followed by the banquet. President Small and Prof. Battis were the distinguished guests of the occasion and replied to toasts during the evening. Other speeches were made by Rev. O. P. Gifford, Eustace C. Fitz, Dr. Larkin Dunton and Edwin F. Lyford. W. E. Perry was elected President for the coming year; Vice President, W. H. Kelley; Secretary, Henry Dunning.

Twenty-eight out of thirty-five in the Junior class elected Chemistry for this term. This caused serious difficulty which was finally settled by the faculty's drawing lots, with the following result: W. B. Andrews, Barnes, Stark, Herrick, Sturtevant, Hurd, Pierce, Wadsworth, Nichols, Miss Randall, Miss Sibley, Miss Knight and Miss Cummings. The present accommodation of the laboratory for only fourteen presents a more forcible argument for a new laboratory than a dozen newspaper articles. Let us hope that a handsome new building will obviate all future difficulties.

The matter as to the best place for holding field day will soon come up for discussion. Our sentiments incline very strongly toward the park. The opinion of the college, we believe, tends that way. For two years we have experimented on the campus, with a loss of money to the association and the dissatisfaction of the populace. Before that time the park was used, with universal satisfaction. It was always

crowded with gaily decked carriages containing Waterville's fair damsels. The receipts were enormous in those days. The facilities are far greater, there is less inconvenience and dissatisfaction experienced and the trouble of moving is nominal. By all means let us go to the park this year.

The remarks made by Pres. Small in regard to the attendance at the various association meetings were very timely. The meeting of an association will be called, most likely to consider business calling for a popular opinion. As soon as chapel is dismissed, about one-half of the college will make a grand break for the train or some other place which requires their presence in the same degree. Some business may be transacted at the meeting which meets the disapproval of this absent half. When they hear what has been transacted, generally a howl in rebuttal is set up. If this certain gang want to have legislation to suit their ideas, let them remain and take part in the proceedings. If they go out, the best way is to shut up and say nothing.

The alumni of Colby residing in Portland and vicinity held their fifth annual reunion at the Falmouth Hotel, Thursday evening, March 19. Among the prominent alumni were Dr. Small, Prof. Hall, Hon. George A. Wilson, Judge Bonney, J. H. Drummond, J. H. Files, W. C. Emerson, and many others. The following officers were elected for the year: President, Hon. Geo. A. Wilson; Vice President, Joseph H. Files; Secretary, F. V. Mathews; Toastmaster, W. G. Chapman; Executive Committee, Geo. E. Googins, W. N. Andrews, H. A. Smith. After paying proper respect to the sumptuous banquet served, toasts were responded to by Dr. Small, Judge Bonney, Hon. Geo. A. Wilson and several others. The occasion was a most delightful and successful one and highly enjoyed by all.

A Colby Alumni Association was formed in Denver, March 30, with a large, enthusiastic charter number. After the banquet toasts were responded to and appropriate resolutions drafted to the memory of Walter B. Suckling, '88. This association will be one of the most beneficial, if not the most beneficial, of any of Colby's alumni associations. It intends to send boys to Colby and if needy to help pay their expenses through the course. Scholarships will be funded which

will stand out as inducements to those thinking of a collegiate education whose ears may not have heard of Colby's fame. The members are all enthusiastic Colby men, who will work for Colby's advancement with a vim and zest. The officers elected for this year are: Pres., Gen. C. P. Baldwin; Vice Pres., H. C. Merriam; Sec'y, H. M. Lord.

Though defeated in the tug-o'-war which Colby pulled with Bowdoin, we have no need to be ashamed of our record. The team consisted of Foster, '91, anchor; Perkins, '93, No. 2; Teague, '91, No. 3, and Tozier, '94, No. 4. For four days this team worked faithfully, under the direction of Mr. T. F. Mahoney, trainer of the Gloucester Athletic Association. On March 24 the pull took place. The first heat, after a long struggle, was declared a draw. The second, in which our men showed the effects of the hard strain, was won by Bowdoin by one inch. The contest is pronounced by critics to have been one of the most interesting ever witnessed. We received excellent treatment from the Bowdoin boys, the only thing that we have to kick upon being the refusal of the referee, a Bowdoin graduate, to call the result at the end of each half-minute, as previously agreed upon.

The faculty should be a little more lenient in regard to their study hour laws. Quite a number, in the Junior class especially, have no afternoon recitations. After the morning recitations have been prepared they should be allowed to use the tennis courts at a distance from the recitation building and laboratories. Here they would inconvenience none by talking and a question of personal privilege would be respected. An intense mental strain is undergone when a class goes from one recitation into the other, keeping this up the whole morning without intermission. No man or collection of men will deny that out-door exercise is needed to counteract this strain, and this exercise must come in the form of tennis playing. Deny this privilege to the unfortunates and a shortening of this already short, sweet life must necessarily follow. We ask that the faculty consider this article as a formulated petition from the students and act upon it.

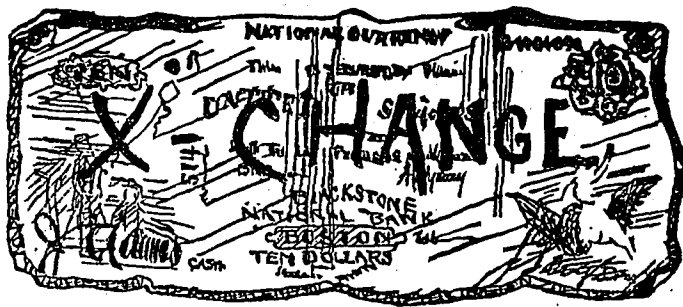
When a man dies who has made for himself a place in any of the great departments of life the loss is felt not only among his own associates but in the world at large. The news of

the death of George Bancroft, a short time since, caused a feeling of personal loss to every one, and particularly to every American. It is hard to fill the place of such a man but we are glad to know that there are rising young Americans who give promise of taking up the great work of American History where the historian left it. In fact one young man has even made a beginning already. To prove that the above statements are true, we give below, "verbatim et literatim," an essay written for one of our teachers this winter: "The history of United States is about the country we live in it tells wo decovered the earth it tells about all the wars it tells about things happened a hundred years ago it tells wen the states was decovered it tells all the useful knowledge."

The annual meeting of the base ball managers was held at Waterville on March 28. The question as to whether M. S. C. should play in the league was the vital question. A schedule was drawn up but nothing could be decided on any point. An adjournment was taken until April 2. On this date the managers met again, each manager having consulted his own college. Colby and Bowdoin each had decided it was advantageous to play without M. S. C. Bates had voted to ally forces with M. S. C. and accordingly withdrew from the league. Mr. Fred Drew, representing Bowdoin, and Mr. Alvah Chipman, representing Colby, then agreed to form a dual league and drew up a schedule. The season will open in Waterville, May 9, and the games will follow in this order: Brunswick, May 13; Waterville, May 16; Brunswick, May 20; Waterville, June 3; Brunswick, June 6. An exhibition game will be played in Augusta on May 23. This last is a move in the right direction. The most harmonious feeling exists between the two colleges and peaceful, gilt-edged base ball will be served to the public taste this spring. Billy Pushor, of Pittsfield, and Miah Scannell, of Lewiston, were elected as umpires.

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The *College Student* contains in its "Literary" an article on "The Young Writer's Use of a Library" which will repay any student who may read it. It is quite largely an extract from a book by the late Prof. Bancroft of Brown University.



#### FACULTY TAKE NOTICE.

The faculty of Boston University have voted to allow work on the college paper *The University Beacon*, to count as hours in the course, allowing four hours a week to the managing editor and two hours per week to each of his assistantants.—*Cornell Era*.

Herein lies a valuable suggestion for our faculty. How the work for the ECHO columns shall be done and when, seems to be a question which has the concern of the editors alone. This should not be so. The honor to be gained in college journalism is a scanty recompense for the labor involved. Our columns are devoted to the interests and honor of the college, and the office of editor is, or should be, no sinecure. Men here are always strongly pressed with work if they are honest students—as the editors surely are—and editorial work, if well done, under present circumstances cuts short even the hours of sleep. If the faculty should encourage the editors of the ECHO by some such recognition of the value and importance of their work to the college as the above, we are confident that our paper, which even now equals in excellence, to say the last, the majority of the college journals, would rival the best.

Among the many good things in the *Brunonian* for March 21st we select the following bits of interest to fraternity men:

"The general importance of college fraternities is emphasized by their growth in almost all the colleges of the country in the last seven years. We learn from *Baird's Fraternity Guide*, the fourth edition of which has just appeared, that the membership of general fraternities, aside from the professional fraternities and the sororities, increased from 67,941 in 1883 to 92,279 in 1890. \* \* \* Mr. Baird advances an original thought in regard to fraternity club houses. He thinks that possibly the various club houses may become to the American University what the colleges are to the English University. They will be richly endowed, have tutors and professors and relieve the University of the trouble of lodging the students and of giving them undergraduate instruction. Whatever may come in the evolution of the educational system of this country we predict for the fraternities increased growth and usefulness."

The *Chronicle Argonaut*, Ann Harbor, contains a vigorous appeal to the alumni for contributions to the gymnasium fund. The students themselves have raised \$10,000, and the alumni of Detroit have pledged \$9,000. The Ann Harbor students say "we must have a gymnasium, and a gymnasium that will meet the wants of our 2,500 students." A little of this western push would be a good thing for Colby students and alumni. We have a gymnasium, but it by no means meets our wants. Where are the baths, and the running track, and—— but we forbear. Give us these, and then we will ask for the rest that we need.

The *Columbia Spectator* contains the following editorial comment, concerning the decision in regard to the boat race: "The admission of Bowdoin to the race would in all probability follow the change in location, and although small colleges occasionally turn out good crews, this addition would scarcely tend to elevate the standard of the event." Is Bowdoin, then, one of the "small colleges," which occasionally turn out a good crew? Why, certainly! But Bowdoin, of course, strongly resents this contemptuous classification, and particularly the depreciation of her ability to "elevate the standard" of an event.



St. Peter—"Tickets, please."

Chorus of applicants—"Portland Press," "Argus," "Boston Globe."

St. Peter—"No good. You can't work that racket up here."

Professor (to students)—"Smoke away, gentlemen, it does not annoy me in the least. I look on tobacco in the same light as hay. I don't eat it myself, but I like to see others enjoy it."—*Ex.*

#### HOW STRANGE.

She rode a wheel; he rowed a boat,  
And sometimes they'd exchange a call;  
But though she often rowed his boat  
He could not row her wheel at all.

—*Outing.*

#### A SOLILOQUY.

I promised Gertrude not to smoke,  
In Lent, and meant it when I spoke,  
But she can't know—girls never do—  
How one enjoys to puff a few  
Blue clouds of smoke. By Jove! I will  
Have just one pipe; then quit until  
Lent's over. Hang it! Where's my pipe?  
Oh, yes! Jack borrowed it last night  
And never'll think to bring it back.  
That's always just the way with Jack.  
And now when I really meant  
To smoke my pipe, I can't; its lent!

—*Ex.*

#### APRIL FIRST.

I saw her at the masquerade,  
Tried long and hard to please.  
But lift her mask—no she would not!  
However much I'd tease.

While in the shadow of a screen,  
Where we were hid from view,  
I placed my arm around her waist—  
Now, really, would not you?

And as she closely nestled up,  
I downward bent and kissed her,  
But, ah! I know that roguish smile—  
Deuce take it! it's my sister,

—*Cornell Era.*

Unto a little negro  
A swimming in the Nile,  
Appeared quite unexpectedly  
A hungry crocodile,  
Who, with the chill politeness  
That makes the warm blood freeze,  
Remarked, "I'll take some dark meat,  
Without dressing, if you please."

—*The Bema.*

#### TWO PROFESSIONS.

HE.

"You ne'er can object to my arm round your waist,  
And the reason you'll readily guess;  
I'm an editor, dear, and I always insist  
On the "liberty of the press."

SHE.

"I'm a minister's daughter, believing in texts,  
And I think all the newspapers bad;  
And I'd make you remove your arm, were it not  
You were making the waist places glad."

—*Ex.*

#### PREFERRED THE COMPARATIVE.

They were sitting quite in dark,  
Where the waning hearth fire sputtered.  
"Life is but a vital spark,"  
In an undertone he uttered.

"Mebbe," with a sigh said she—  
Darker grew the room and darker—  
"Mine 'u'd be worth more to me  
Ef it had a vital sparker."

—*Ex.*





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

Rev. Dr. G. D. B. Pepper, ex-president of Colby University, has signified his acceptance of the call extended to him by the Main Street Baptist church, Saco, to remain with them as pastor as long as his health and circumstances permit.

'35.

Prof. Wm. Mathews, LL.D., has a literary article in the April *North American Review* written in his best vein.

'55.

A fine likeness of Larkin Dunton, LL.D., principal of the Ladies' High and Normal School, accompanies his article on "Moral Education" in the March number of *Education*. D. Dunton has been visiting the different departments of the college this week.

'57.

Rev. A. C. Herrick has resigned the pastorate at Sacramento, Cal., and will soon visit his native state.

'68.

Rev. George W. Davis commenced his pastorate at Biddeford, April 1.

'78.

Rev. F. E. Dewhurst has printed his sermon on "The Higher and the Lower Wealth" recently delivered before the students of the University of Vermont.

'80.

Dr. Hartstein W. Page, one of the assistant physicians at the Lunatic Hospital, was elected assistant superintendent of the Insane Asylum at Worcester, the position made vacant by the promotion of Dr. E. V. Scribner to the superintendency.

'82.

Edw. F. Thompson, Esq., has been appointed recorder of the municipal court in Portland.

'86.

S. E. Webber of Calais, was on the campus, yesterday.

Geo. E. Googins, Esq., of Portland, is said to have ready for publication a novel dealing with Maine life and adventure.

John R. Wellington, a graduate of Colby in the class of '86, is thus spoken of by the *Bangor Whig*: "In the class which graduates this week at the medical school of Columbia University, in Washington, D. C., is Mr. John R. Wellington, of Maine. Mr. Wellington's record in the Columbia medical school has been exceptionally brilliant; and recently in an exacting competitive examination he won the appointment to the position of house doctor in the Children's Hospital, one of the largest hospitals in the District of Columbia."

'87.

Woodman Bradbury, of the Senior class at Newton Centre, preached as a candidate in the Baptist church at Belfast last Sunday.

The *Lewiston Journal* says: "The *Fairfield Journal* pays a deserved compliment to the sketches and dialect verses of Mr. Holman F. Day, editor of the *Dexter Gazette*, formerly an employe of the *Fairfield* paper and a well-known contributor to the *Lewiston Journal*. Says our *Fairfield* contemporary: 'While in this office he contributed a series of "corner store talks" which attracted so much attention that it was declared that they must have been "borrowed." We did not think so but determined to test the matter, and so one day when he brought in his regular instalment, we told him we wanted another chapter to help enliven an otherwise dry supplement. He was agreeable and seating himself began to turn out about the drollest corner store yarn ever printed. That settled the authorship of the series and we have from that day been looking to see the young man's fame spread far and wide. May he live long and prosper, say we.'

'88.

Carl Holbrook, a student of Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, was in this city March 29. Mr. Holbrook spoke very highly of the work which Colby students are doing at the University.

Walter B. Suckling, whose death occurred recently at Georgetown, Col., was well known as a musician while in college, being the organist at the chapel exercises and a member of the college quartet for the greater part of his course. Soon after graduating he began teaching at Georgetown, where he met with flattering success. His death resulted from peritonitis, his illness lasting but a week. His body was brought to Maine for burial. A large circle of friends lament the sad event.

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Mgr. Flour City Nat'l Bank, Minneapolis:

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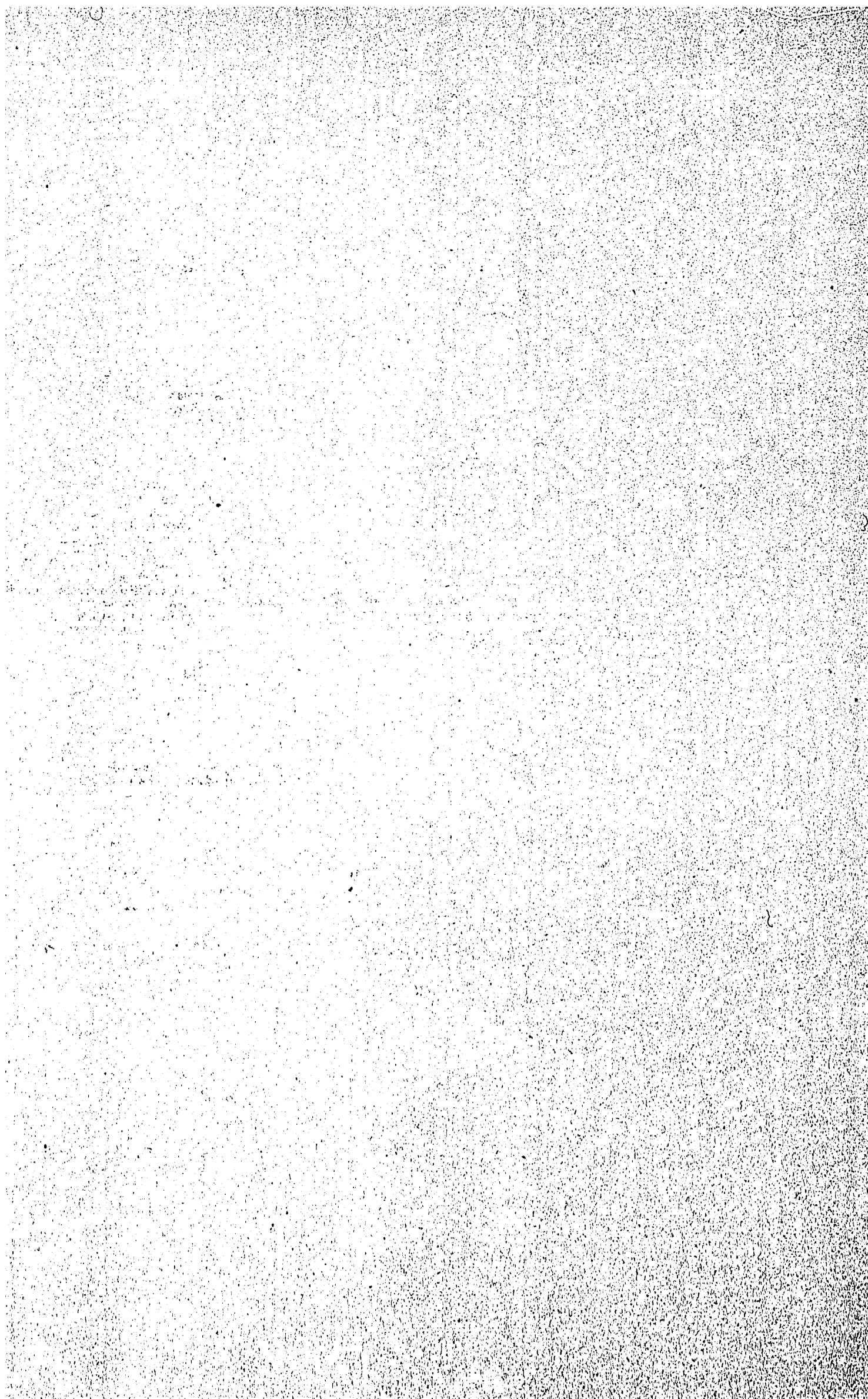
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For Bangor & Piscataquis R. R., 3.00 and 10.05 a. m. via Oldtown, 4.32 p. m.

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