The Colby Echo.

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The Colby Echo.

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

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EDITORS.

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ON account of the Thanksgiving recess, this number of the ECHO necessarily appears one week late.

THE effort that is being made among the different colleges of the country to erect shrines for divine worship, is certainly very laudable. The members of the Young Men's Christian Association pledge themselves to contribute as much money as lies within their power and affix their names for a stated amount. This may be paid during the college course, or if not possible, very soon after graduation. Money is also raised by the giving of entertainments and by solicitations of the alumni. The practicability of the plan does not bar out the smaller college. Certainly it will take an extended number of years before the erection of the building could be begun but sure as "faint heart never won fair lady" so nothing can be done unless the initiative is taken soon. The college authorities would gladly donate the land, since such a building would greatly ornament the campus. The members of the Faculty would also make generous subscriptions. The alumni and student body will back up the project in every way, financially and morally.

NOW that our embryo foot ball season has ended the usual interest in base ball is beginning to be felt. Enthusiasm thus early in the season cannot do otherwise than produce good fruits, and instil further ambitions and

hopes into the minds of the Manager, Captain and prospective members of the University nine. For two seasons past, Colby has been victorious on the diamond. Possibly for this reason is the desire for Colby to be once more victorious, so prevalent. By the graduation of '91, the nine sustained a loss of two men whose places it will be extremely difficult to fill. Experience gained by long training on the diamond was theirs to the fullest extent. Yet, taking a cursory glance at the material of '95 as exposed in the Sophomore game, we do not lose courage but on the contrary have the brightest hopes that some of these members may more than supplant the loss of the '91 men. The best material will be selected without partiality or society prejudice. Greek and barbarian will all share alike. Each man who wishes will be given a chance to show what he can do and if his ability to fill the position satisfactorily falls short, there will be no hesitation in telling him so and allowing another to try for the place. Training will be commenced in the gymnasium very soon and continued throughout the Winter, so that as soon as the snow disappears the nine can go out on the diamond and begin active work. The probability is that a professional coach, Mains, of last year's Cincinnati team, will be secured to assist the team, to instruct them in any new tricks of the trade.

The composition of the Maine Intercollegiate League will be different from last year. Bates has already signified her willingness to enter into a combination with Colby and Bowdoin. Whether an invitation will be extended to Maine State College to resume her place in the Association is a matter which will be decided on later. If she has sufficient material of the standard quality so as to compete with the other three colleges, and not necessitate a financial loss by having to play games with a nine of an inferior make-up, she will be admitted. Otherwise we shall be strangers, as in '91.

A word as to the encouragement and support which should be given to the nine. There is no incentive in the world which will make men work harder than the presence of a large number of college men during practice. This applies as well when in the gymnasium as on the diamond in the spring. During the progress of a game the sound of the familiar old college yell given in unison, will do more to spur nine men on to victory than all the coaching nine captains can possibly do. Following the custom established, an *official leader* of the *cheering* should be elected, whose duty it is to start the college yells by a signal, thereby securing more unison and harmony from the hundred and more throats.

Let each and every man in the college do all that lies in his power, financially and in every way possible, assist the Manager in small items, and the season of '92 will end as every alumnus and student of Colby wishes, by unfurling a pennant at the Alumni game inscribed "Maine College Champions, season of '92."

COMMUNICATIONS.

SHUT THE DOOR.

A lady once asked me "Why in the world was Mr. — allowed to graduate? One of the professors told me his scholarship was way below par and besides that he was out two or three terms of his course." I had to answer that I really did not know. I did know, however, in addition to the facts mentioned, that Mr. — had been a confirmed jocky from Freshman year to Senior, as some of the faculty were perfectly well aware; that he couldn't possibly have gotton into college on an examination, but had to use a certificate obtained by his usual surreptitious aids; and that while possessed of some ability, he was utterly shiftless and lazy. Is it any wonder that I couldn't answer the question?

This incident set me to thinking. Is the standard of general college attainment too low? Is it too low in *my* college? What is my conception of the ideal college? What sort of a college will a sensible young man choose? Does my college fall short of this ideal? If it does, why, and what is the remedy? These questions and others of like nature came to me, and I will try to give a few of my conclusions, somewhat disconnected though they are.

In the first place, a college is an institution of learning, not of mere book-perusing, but of *learning*. It is not, or should not be, a place for rich young men to waste their money, or poor young men to waste their time.

Further, every one will agree that a college should inspire in its young men the practice of noble, unselfish, Christian manhood.

An ideal college also will be devoted to the training of young men for lives of usefulness, of honor, and of consequent happiness. A first class college then is built on the foundation stones of learning, of manhood, of culture, and will therefore be dignified and unassuming, but alive and progressive.

Now I think the smaller college, if she thoroughly believes in herself, can approach much more closely to this ideal than the larger institution. The standard of learning is higher, because professors and pupils come into personal relations to a much greater degree, because a large part of the instruction is not relegated to inexperienced tutors who have obtained their positions as additional college prizes, and many of whom take no interest in teaching; because university methods are not generally used in instructing boys who are too young and too careless to appreciate them, and because outside interests do not conflict so much with studies; the standard of Christian manhood and morality is higher because actual statistics show that the proportion of Christian Association men in the small colleges is much greater than in the larger, because sons of wealthy and would-be aristocratic families, who care only for sport, almost invariably attend the fashionable institutions, and as invariably pollute their moral atmosphere, and because temptations to evil in a great mass of young men are far more insinuating; the standard of training is higher, because, numbers being less, men are not treated as so much raw material to be put through the mill, but as individuals needing personal attention to growth and development, and because statistics show that the smaller colleges have actually trained a larger portion of the strong and leading men of this country than their bulkier rivals. Amherst shows her Beecher, Bowdoin her Hawthorne, Colby her Martin B. Anderson, while many of the distinguished alumni of the large colleges graduated long before "large and well-endowed" had been evolved out of "small, struggling and poor." For these reasons, then, and many others similar, all well known to the students of educational problems, the small college ought to fling her banner proudly to the winds, and conscious of superior strength, to defy her most powerful enemies, for like David, she has pebbles enough and skill enough to kill any number of Philistine Goliaths.

But does she do this? Usually we must answer, "No." I said before, "if she thoroughly believes in herself." But here is where the shoe pinches, for she does not believe and trust herself sufficiently. This is an age of the hottest rivalry— rivalry between individuals, between parties, between institutions, So the smaller college catches the spirit of the age, and is envious of colleges that are larger and better endowed. She says "it's better to be small," and goes to work with all her might to make herself large. Witness the frantic efforts that certain well-known colleges put forth to secure a greater number of students. We are all familiar with the vigorous advertising used by many small colleges. They send out circulars and catalogues not only to applicants but to every man, woman and child who by any possibility could think of taking a college course. They send out teachers and preachers to ransack the backwoods, and compel the inhabitants thereof to come in. Even the denominational spirit is brought into the service, and people are urged to send their money and their children to certain colleges simply because those colleges are Methodist or Baptist or Congregationalist, or because they represent some other kind of an "ism." Modern progress calls this course narrow, and even men who follow it often confess that the term is properly applied. Common sense says that advertising of this kind isn't consistent with the dignity of our ideal college described above. To the ordinary observer it savors very strongly of sour grapes, when the small college decries the large one, and yet tries by every means to increase her number of students, though her resources do not enable

her to give the highest advantages of education to the number she already has.

It looks like sour grapes, too, when men praise the smaller colleges who would have jumped at the chance to go to Harvard or Yale if they only could. Such things as these just mentioned are well known facts, too, so we are not arguing on mere suppositions.

Right in line with these facts is the fact that the standard of admission is low in many small colleges. Look for instance at the case of the young man mentioned at the beginning of this article. That case is by no means an isolated one, and it shows also, that the standard of attainment during the course is too low. The conclusion must be that the smaller college does not believe in herself— that she lets down the bars of learning and dignity simply to gain a a greater number of students. It cannot be to get more money, for the tuition fees are practically nothing compared with the total expenditure of college funds. If she really believed in the argument she brings forward in her own favor, she would never seek numbers and quantity of students at the expense of quality. She would raise her standard, would admit and graduate only men who come up to those standards.

And why a large number of students should be sought is a mystery to the writer, unless it is for the purpose of emulating larger colleges. I know the idea of exclusiveness or limitation is supposed to be anti-democratic, to savor of English aristocracy, but after all, the application of this idea works wonders. I advocate this application to our small colleges. If they would shut their doors and say, "Here, you can't come in unless you are so and so, unless you are up to our standards," why, young men would come up to those standards simply to show that they could. It is human nature to try to enter places where "No admittance without a pass" is posted. The principle of ambition comes in here. Look to society for an analogy. The "four hundreds" of every kind get their prestige because they are limited and exclusive. If they were "four thousands," people would care just about one-tenth as much to belong to them. Then, too, a limited organization, in order to keep up its standard, must, of necessity be particular in its choice of members. Still further, look at our United States Congress and see how it has increased from a small but powerful body to its present unenviable size. History says the result of this growth has been inferior quality of work done, less honor in being a member, more demagogism and bribery. Suppose the government should say to all the boys of the land, "Just as many of you as like may come to West Point and be educated for soldiers!" West Point would go to the dogs. No, she says, "Limitation is good, exclusiveness is good, high standards are good. Only a certain number of boys may come, those must be of first quality to begin with, and if they deteriorate, they must go. That's all there is of it." As a result, every boy in the land has had at some time a secret ambition to get into West Point because it's an honor to be there, because if you graduate there it means something more than a diploma, it means hard and faithful work, it means careful training, it means a good position in life. Then numbers in a college are not to be sought after. Raise the standard of admission and attainment, and there will always be plenty of students of the first rank. Just as in the case of the physical body, if flesh increase beyond a normal amount, the owner thereof becomes uncomfortable and ill-looking, so the college that tries to take in more students than its means allow, becomes ill balanced and disorganized. A man, an animal, a college, each has a certain point of bulkiness beyond which it is imprudent to go. Numbers are not to be sought at the expense of quality, and by quality I do not mean men who are digs and pluggers to the exclusion of everything else but men who are not lazy, men who will do their best work in athletics and scholarship, in society and class-room. A single Roman legion was worth more in battle than ten times the number of barbarians. Among the higher classes of people today, parents prefer to spend one thousand dollars in highly developing and educating one child than to spend a hundred dollars each on ten children. The principle is good. Let the smaller colleges act accordingly, and shut their doors.

Further than this do not the smaller colleges

err in spreading out their energies and endowments over too large a surface, to use a common phrase, in trying to skim over a great deal of ground rather than to cover deeply a limited area? This is in the same line already discussed. Dr. Hyde recently said that the modern college needs at least $2,000,000 to carry on its work properly, and it is fair to suppose that by modern college he refers to Bowdoin as a type. In the last catalogue of Colby it is stated that several hundred thousand dollars are needed at once in order to carry on the work *at present* attempted by the college, to say nothing of new departments. In these facts many find the chief objection to co-ordination. It looks too much like running in debt, too much like trusting to an unknown future, to begin a scheme for which sufficient funds are confessedly not in existence. The scheme itself is undoubtedly a magnificent one, but is it at present expedient? Many believe that unless these funds do come, Colby will have to retrench! Let every loyal son, then, do his best to enlarge the endowment, and especially let him read the last recommendation in the '90-'91 catalogue. This simply serves as an illustration of the fact that smaller colleges are apt to be too ambitious and to attempt with a very limited endowment the work of Dr. Hyde's $2,000,000 or Dr. Small's $1,000,000. Too much zeal, however, is better than too little.

But the chief object of this article is to urge on the faculty and officers and students of our beloved college greater attention to the requirements of membership.

We should not be content to be as other small colleges, or even a little better, but we should strive to be a model in our line. I believe Colby is working in the right direction and that she is the equal if not the superior of any college in her own class; so in suggesting that her standards be raised I do not by any means say that those standards are at present lower than in other small colleges. I believe the contrary is true. The eye of a mother is quickest to detect her son's weakness, but is also most tender and lenient; the faults of our dearest friends seem more glaring to us than to any others, and more than any others do we deplore them, but we love our friends with undiminished affection; the true sons of their *alma mater* are most desirous of seeing her perfect and without blemish, of being able to say with truth; "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." So the children of Colby want to see her, and her sister colleges too, raising high and higher the standard of scholarly attainment and character. We want among us the English classmen, not the English pass-men. Therefore let us shut our doors, and keep the pass-men out. When this is done there will be no seeking after positions by college graduates. Positions will seek them, for then it will mean something to have a diploma. It will mean that work has actually been done, that valuable training has actually been passed through. Thus will college men be suited to fill not sixty per cent., merely, of the highest offices in the land, as they do, today, but the entire one hundred per cent.

Another object of this article is to wake discussion of college subjects in the columns of the ECHO. These subjects are of importance to us all. Let them be worked over, varying opinions expressed and debate aroused. Thus will truth be brought to light, and the "ECHO" be made an echo in reality.

Mr. Editor:—Your suggestion, in the last ECHO, of the need of more Chapel accommodations, suggests the following. In the earliest years of the college the Chapel services were held in the South College, North division, lower floor, on the North side of the hall, in the two rooms. After the North College was built, they were held in the basement of that building. In 1835, or 1836, the Chapel was built, now called Champlin Hall. After this was built Dr. Champlin wanted another building for various purposes. At a meeting of the trustees, the subject was discussed and a proposition was made to raise $50,000 for it to-day. It was adopted. Gardiner Colby arose and said he would give $10,000. J. W. Merrill immediately said he would give $10,000. Judge Wording said he had made provisions for a gift to the University in his will, but he was informed that it would be of greater use to give it now. "I will give $10,000." Gov. Coburn, sitting in the chair, said he never liked

a challenge, "I will give $10,000." Other subscriptions were made.

At the next Commencement, the building was ready for use. It was one of Dr. Champlin's great achievements. The question was asked, what name shall be given it. "Memorial Hall," responded Hannibal Hamlin. It was adopted. It was supposed that no more Chapel accommodations would ever be needed at Colby. At a later time I said to Dr. B., "I hope to live to see 100 students at Colby." He replied, "You never will." He lived to see more than 125 there. Praise God from whom all blessings flow. May as generous friends be raised up for Colby, as the above named. F. M.

Mr. Treasurer:—I enclose $1 for the ECHO; which pays till July, '92. I did not expect to live, when I made my last remittance, to make another. This may be my last. I have paid in advance from the first. Truly yours,

F. MERRIAM.

East Weare, N. H., Dec. 3, 1891.

In a recent number of the ECHO it is written, "Wesleyan undergraduates subscribed $1823 this Fall for foot ball expenses." Is not this carrying things to excess? Most students are poor, have to struggle hard to meet their expenses. To give so much attention to foot ball sport implies a sad neglect of study. In the same number, I read that the Yale Glee and Banjo Club cleared $3873.67 last season. Intellectually it must have cost them four times as much as that money is worth. Such a course pursued must make the members of the Club intellectual dwarfs for life. Last year I saw that the expenses of a Yale student were $2000 a year. The great object of a college course is study. Time squandered in college cannot be regained. If a child fails to grow in four of its earlier years, it can never be a noble person.

It is also said that a seating capacity for 20,000 will be provided at Springfield for the Harvard–Yale game. It will cost the participants in that game more than $40,000. They will feel the sad effects of it during life. They cannot prepare for it without serious damage to their student life. They will limp and fail of useful and profitable positions, that otherwise might come to them without asking. Exercise is necessary, but athletics, carried to excess, as they seem to be in some of our schools, can be little less than a curse, a fearful waste of intellectual power and opportunity. I think college authorities ought not to allow such a waste of studies, to say nothing of the dissipation that follows.

F. M.

Mr. Editor:—I do not ask you to endorse the above, but I hope you will print it as a protest of an aged alumnus against evil courses that are increasing in our colleges. Truly yours,

F. MERRIAM, '37.

East Weare. N. H., Dec. 3, 1891.

RESOLUTIONS IN MEMORIAM.

WALTER BREASIER SUCKLING, WHO DIED AT GEORGETOWN, COLORADO, MARCH 24, 1891.

Whereas, The Almighty Ruler, our God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to remove from our ranks our beloved and respected class-mate, Walter B. Suckling, it becomes us as a Class to make some public notice of our appreciation of his character and love for his class, therefore

Resolved: That in his death the Class of '88 has lost an honored and influential member, whose aim was to make the Standard of his class above the average of classes; in his death the University has lost one of her most enthusiastic advocates and graduates, and, that while we submit to the will of our Father we mourn the loss of our class-mate, who was worthy the respect of all,

Resolved: That the parents, relatives, and friends have our heartfelt sympathy in their great affliction.

Resolved: That we have these resolutions printed in college publications and a copy be sent to the relatives and friends.

W. W. MERRILL,
A. H. BRAINARD,
A. B. LORIMER,
} Committee on Resolutions.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Whereas, The Almighty in His wise providence has seen fit to visit with affliction our class-mate, Chester H. Sturtevant, in the death of a beloved sister; therefore be it

Resolved: That we, the class of '92, extend to him in his bereavement our heartfelt sympathy; and be it also

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be sent to him, and be published in the Colby ECHO.

THE CLASS.

E. H. STOVER,
A. G. HURD,
STEPHEN STARK, } Committee on Resolutions.

THE SILVER LINING.

Every cloud I've oft been told,
Has a lining clear and bright,
And however dark our path may be,
Beyond is warmth and light.

This lining, in the songs of story,
Has been called of silver hue;
And when our way is darkest,
It glitters as the dew.

Oftentimes, when the sky is black,
And the billows around us roll;
If we think of the silver lining,
More surely we'll reach the goal.

As we struggle along life's journey,
And of light see scarcely a ray
We should look for the silver lining,
And remember that night precedes the day.

THE DELTA UPSILON CONVENTION.

It would be difficult to conceive of more pleasant and profitable associations of college men, than are to be found in the annual conventions of the various Greek letter fraternities of our country.

This year, the men who wear the *gold* and *blue*, met with the Harvard chapter at Boston, The business sessions were conducted at the new Hotel Copley; the public exercises at Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge; and the banquet was served at the Vendome Hotel, Commonwealth Avenue, Boston.

The business meetings of the Convention were very pleasantly interspersed by the public exercises on the first evening; a carriage ride on the afternoon of the second day, followed by a complimentary theatre party in the evening; a reception to delegates and visitors on the evening of the last day, immediately followed by the banquet.

It is useless to go into details upon a subject of this kind. Every college man who knows anything about Fraternity Conventions, is aware that nothing is spared to make these annual gatherings eminently successful in every respect.

I see no need, therefore, of spinning out this article to a tiresome length. It will be enough for me to say, that few are the speakers whose power is greater than those whose names appeared on the literary programme given at Cambridge; nowhere in the United States could there have been a more delightful carriage drive; you might search far and wide and find no more beautiful and accomplished ladies than those who graced the reception; and, to use the words of one of the hotel officials: "The banquet was the finest ever served in the Vendome." He, however, was looking on the mere external features of the occasion.

While it is true that no hotel in the country can give a more delicate or elegant spread than the Vendome, it is also true that there was, in addition, an intellectual feast of wit and wisdom that is seldom equalled and rarely surpassed anywhere.

This could hardly be otherwise with such names heading the toast line as Hon. Daniel S. Lamont, Rev. Dr. W. E. Griffin, Hon. David A. Wells and Rev. Dr. O. P. Gifford.

There was, during the convention and at its close, the oft-repeated comment that in all respects this was the most successful Delta Upsilon Convention ever held; and that great praise is due to the Harvard Chapter for their efficient and elegant entertainment.

MACBETH.

"When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battle's lost and won,
That will be ere the set of sun."

Thus opens one of Shakespeare's masterpieces, with words uttered by three strange forms, which the poet introduces to us as the Witches. We might suppose upon entering the first scene of the play that it was a trifling story, more to do with inhuman forms than with mortals, but we do not proceed far before we discover that we are reading one of Shakespeare's greatest productions.

It is difficult to compare this tragedy with the others; it is of a different nature. None of the characters become insane and act like mad men; none refuse to show their filial gratitude; no character is so aimless, so base and so unprincipled, as that of Iago. In short the play combines more of human nature than all the others; is truer to natural life; and has no characters so exaggerated that we cannot easily find persons of our own acquaintance to fill their places.

You may say that many strange things were done. Yes, it is true, but they were no more so than those that happen every day. There are two principal characters, Macbeth, the Thane of Glamis, afterward the Thane of Cawdor and then King of Scotland, and Lady Macbeth, who became the queen.

Almost everyone is ready to cry out with loud shouts against this man and wife. Yet they ought to consider the characters and positions before they are too strong with their assaults upon the lord and lady.

What a perfect reproduction of the first man and woman! Lady Macbeth easily plays the part of Eve while the Thane himself, unable to stand alone, easily falls to the temptations of woman.

Were we not to meet Macbeth himself but were we to judge him from the accounts of his brave conduct we should doubtless call him a hero. His ability on the field of battle cannot be doubted for an instant. As long as he remains unaware of his own power, he is a valuable servant but as soon as he learns that he possesses remarkable strength he no longer is the faithful servant but the man who wishes to become lord himself.

Are we to blame him for this? Are we not, each one, struggling to reach a higher round than the men who stand about us? It is his methods which call down the criticisms upon him.

Any man, who should be told that he was to be king, would at once arouse himself to a consideration of his position and would determine that he must exert his greatest efforts to secure this royal distinction. So it was with the Thane of Cawdor. Receiving this news from three inhuman strangers, he at once thirsts for the kingdom and sets himself to thinking how he may obtain it. Now I would not attempt to justify his course for that is impossible, but I would wish to show that his desires were no more than human.

Macbeth confides the news of his advancement and of his predicted position upon the throne to his wife. Like a true husband he does not conceal his thoughts and plans from his wife, as did Othello, but tells of his hopes of being sovereign of Scotland.

The Lady Macbeth is the schemer and plotter in the play. She no sooner hears the news than she too is filled with the desire of sitting on the throne, as the queen of Scotland. The temptation was too great for her and like Eve she brought sorrow upon herself and her husband.

She immediately planned for the death of the king and she laid her plans well and skillfully. But this lady could not trust her husband, she did not think that he could carry out her plans. She makes one speech which gives us a great insight into the character of her husband. She says "Thou shalt be what thou art promised; yet, I do fear thy nature; it is too full o' the milk of human kindness to catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great; art not without ambition, but without the illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly, that wouldst thou holily."

This is said in no flattering tone. This man was not without ambition, yet, as she tells us, he was too kind to find the shortest way to the fulfilment of his ambition. Had it not been for Lady Macbeth, Duncan, Banquo and the rest might have lived out their lives in happiness.

As badly as Macbeth may have wanted the crown, he would have wished to gain it rightly and by honest means.

After all the plans are laid, the Thane says "We will proceed no farther in this business, the king hath honored me of late," and he expressed his desire of giving up the murderous attempts and letting fortune take its course and place him on the throne at the proper time. Shall we call this cowardice? Well, yes, if we can call a brave warrior a coward. He was much like Pilate and feared what he said. He did not dare to disobey his wife and do what he knew was right, hence he committed his brutal murder.

'One sin leads to another' was true in Macbeth's case. After Duncan was disposed of and Macbeth ruled in his stead, the new king feared the prophecy of the old witch in regard to Banquo, when she said, "Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none." The king was haunted with the thought that he might be deposed by Banquo's son, so he was compelled to plan some way to rid himself of Banquo and the son, thinking that then the kingdom would be safe. But how different did it prove!

The king was continually troubled with the guilt of his death, and many times he wished he were but the Thane of Cawdor. But he had fallen to temptation and must surely suffer the penalty. I cannot but pity the poor king, simply because he had not the moral courage to stand up for what he knew was right, and because he was so easily led into temptation.

Of course his character was weak and we can find countless faults in him but yet I see much in the man which calls forth my admiration of him. I think that he was a man who under the proper influence would have done that which was right, but he was one of those unhappy, unfortunate mortals whose wife was a true daughter of Eve.

IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

One afternoon in the early days of autumn a few years since, upon a train circling in and out among the hills of Scotland, as it sped on its way from Stirling toward the interior, might have been seen a youth of beetling brow and rustic air. Whether or not he was the embodiment of John Bull's idea of Young America, a being with flannel shirt, bedaggered belt, and broad sombrero, true it is that there was enough of the element not indigenous to the soil of Scotland to mark him as one of New England's rustics.

The whys and wherefores of his transmigration to an alien soil need not here be questioned; suffice it to say that he had wandered forth to test his mettle, and however successful in this purpose he may have been, a word from the parental mouth will satisfy any one how well he succeeded in testing the quality and quantity of his father's. We will not belie this young man's confidence enough to tell how "oft in the stilly night" his thoughts "turned back to Dixie," nor how often he felt "and I must go" back; nor would we doubt his word,—after our course in chemistry,—as his handkerchief passes to the vicinity of his eyes, should he tell us that there was a sudden condensation in the moisture of the atmosphere.

But while we have thus digressed, the train has been speeding onward and now stops at Calender, on the river Teith. Here our young pilgrim alights and starts off at a brisk pace toward the Dreadnaught Hotel; where, in spite of the vision of a well spread table across the waters, he does as ample justice to the tough bread and tougher steak, as though he were by his own fire-side.

After finishing this pleasing discussion, he sallies forth and wanders aimlessly through the little Scotch hamlet nestling beneath Mt. Ledi, till, at length he reaches the bridge that spans the river Teith.

The quaint old town, with its rambling streets and low cottages, guarded by grim Mt. Ledi, which rises 2500 feet in the air; the river gliding silently beneath, reflecting in its depths the mountains and the trees upon its banks; the white roads stretching into the country; all combine to form a scene peculiarly charming.

Dimly sensible of its beauty, our friend passes on and soon finds himself alone among the Highlands, conscious only of the coolness and the stillness of a summer's night. The memory of

the deeds of chivalry, of the historic scenes which sanctify each foot of ground, rushes to his mind. So potent is the influence that seems to breath from every shrub and bush and rock, that he looks around him almost expecting to see the plumed bonnet and kilted skirt of some Highland chief rise before his eyes. He does see something moving in the underbrush, and leaps backward, determined to test the conductive qualities of his legs, but, looking over his shoulder, he discovers that it is only one of that species which are familiar denizens of his barnyard at home. We must look upon his temerity with a Christian spirit, reflecting that he was then young and had not as yet felt the civilizing influence of University life.

He succeeded in making his way back to the hotel without any more hair breadth escapes, and lays him down to rest. The next morning with puerile audacity, he seats himself upon the front seat of the four-horse coach which is waiting at the door.

With a crack of the whip and a shout of the driver, they bowl through the streets, across the Teith, and away to the west, in the direction of the Trossachs, the scene of Scott's Lady of the Lake. After a five mile ride through picturesque scenery, they come to Lake Vennachar, a beautiful sheet of water so clear and limpid that upon a bright day the reflections are almost perfect. Near the head of the lake is Lanerick Mead, the mustering place of Clan Alpine.

Our traveller, though as yet unushered into the realms of English literature, had a dim remembrance of having heard the name of Scott, and a misty consciousness of having read, at some remote date, the Lady of the Lake, and so listened to the increasing jabber of the driver with something akin to interest. Although the classical quotations of the driver soon escaped his memory, the richly wooded banks, the green pastures, the grand mountain scenery, and the placid lake formed a picture in his mind which he will not soon forget. In the early morning it is a scene of perfect peace and repose. The bleating of sheep on the hillsides, the peasants making their way to their work in the fields, the snatches of song echoing among the rocks and glens presents the ideal of homelike rest and contentment.

Thus far the summits of Ben Venue and Ben A'an had been capped with mists, while the rocky base of the mountain, and the Trossachs Glen were brightened by the rays of an autumnal sun. But now the sun dispelled the haze of the mountains and Ben Vorlick, Ben Vane, Ben A'an and Ben Arthur stood out in sublime grandeur.

No better description of the Trossachs defile can be given than is so vividly depicted by Scott in the following lines:

"The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder splintered pinnacle."

Issuing from the Trossachs Glen they are upon the shores of Loch Katrine. Our barnyard philosopher makes his way among the crowd of tourists to the steamer Rob Roy which soon steams away and threads its way among the islands towards the northern part of the loch.

Near the foot of the lake is Ellen's Isle familiar to the readers of the Lady of the Lake; in fact there is hardly a spot in this vicinity whose beauties have not been sung by Scott.

The mountains, almost destitute of trees, their sides purpled with heather encircling the lake, is a scene peculiar to Scotland, and possessing a charm exclusively its own. To the unsophisticated mind of our friend, these woodless slopes at times reminded him of the more mountainous portions of his own New England pastures.

At the head of the lake coaches were waiting, to conduct those who preferred to ride, over the five miles intervening between Stronachlachar and Inversnaid on Lock Lomond. Upon the brow of the hill overlooking Lock Lomond, the first glimpse of the "Queen of the Scottish Lakes" was caught. No description can do justice to the picturesque scenery of this lake. The coach dashed down the decline, allowing to its passengers only momentary glances through the trees at Arklet stream as it dashes over the

rocks, leaping from cliff to cliff, till it takes its final plunge of thirty feet and falls into the waters of Loch Lomond.

Arriving at the wharf at Inversnaid, they find everything in confusion, for the steamer, which is to carry the tourists to the lower end of the lake, is approaching the wharf. Our friend had already learned that a large supply of small change was indispensible to the traveller in the Highlands, for at every turn some one demands a penny or more. Upon alighting from the coach, he at once found himself surrounded by a jabbering mob; beggars on either hand, drivers behind, boat agents in front. And the wonder was where they all came from, for each tourist was surrounded by equally as large a crowd of sympathetic admirers. Turning relentless eyes upon the beggars and tearing himself from their fond embrace, he plunged toward the steamer, only to meet a row of sturdy defenders of the gang plank; but a few well placed two-pence soon bought his right of way. So he reaches the deck of the steamer, which soon bears him away, amid the grandest scenery of Scotland's far-famed hills. It was at the close of a beautiful September day, and he thought that he had never seen so beautful a river. As they steamed down the lake, the sun dipped below the horizon, and its rays steadily climbed the mountain sides till only the summit of Ben Lomond is bathed in its ruddy light.

Ben Vorlick, on the left, rises almost perpendicularly from the smooth waters of the lake to a height of 3,300 feet; on the opposite side of the loch stands Ben Lomond, almost equally as high; while a chain of mountains twenty-five miles in length stretches toward the north on either hand. Our tourist, bred among the hills of New England, could feel something of the beauty of this scene.

Ben Vorlick, cool, shadowy, casts its dim image upon the smooth surface of the water. The basalt rock upon the summit of Ben Lomond sparkles and gleams with the last rays of the sun. The hills stretch away with varying tints of purple, pink, and blue, to where they blend in color with the sky, and disappear. The sunlight passes away from the summit of Ben Lomond; shadows slowly deepen over the waters; the mountains appear darker and more forbidding against the sky; strains of music float across the waters.

The scraping of the steamer against the wharf, however, banishes any youthful fancy that may have taken possession of him, and he rushes to the car that shall carry him back to Glasgow.

"Roberts' Minstrels."

"Ship Ahoy!" For further particulars see "Nummy."

Eng. Lit. Recitation. Prof.—"Who has a 'Broken Heart?'" Mr. G.—"I have, sir."

The Freshmen *smoked* in the chapel during their recent class meeting. *Ergo* Freshmen minus their scholarships.

Miss Nellie S. Bakeman, '92, and Miss Lizzie T. Hussey, '93, who several weeks since were obliged to leave college on account of their eyes, have now rejoined their classes.

Now's the time to get your skates sharpened, boys—and *girls*. The ice must soon be ready. In fact the *yags* may be seen any morning after 6 o'clock skating merrily below the falls.

Physics. "Santa"—"Miss T—— you may discuss the subject of *Corns*, with which you are doubtless very familiar." Miss T——with a telltale blush, "acknowledged the corn" and discussed.

The football has been laid aside for inclement season of Winter only. But when spring opens you will see it the centre of struggle again. Saturday Dec. 5, at the annual meeting of the association for the election of officers, the following men were elected: President and Manager, J. H. Ogier, '93; Vice President, D. H. Bowman, '93; Secretary and Treasurer, J. B. Alexander, '94; Directors, H. T. Jordan, '93, C. W. Pierce, '94, F. Bryant, '95; Captain 'Varsity eleven, S. R. Robinson, '95; Captain of second eleven, C. Purinton, '95.

H. K. Kalloch, '92, gave a reception to the members of Zeta Psi fraternity at his home on Getchell street, Friday evening Dec. 4th. It is needless to say that Knapp made a merry host, and that all had a pleasant evening.

But if the '94 co-ordinates need a century of their own how shall we describe the rapidity of '95 girls. Their list of officers follows. President, Miss Linda Graves; Vice President, Miss Gertrude L. Illsley; Secretary, Miss Mary B. Lane; Treasurer, Miss Clio M. Chilcott. The rest will be elected as they need them.

Why did not the Soph's carry the chapel by storm and capture the timid Freshmen? *Because* the Faculty's representative, who appeared on the scene of their labors, would not, despite their urgent expostulations, co-operate with them in breaking in the sturdy chapel doors. *There is a back door in Memorial Hall, boys.*

The Freshmen held a secret session with closed blinds and barricaded doors on Dec. 2nd, and elected the following officers: President, J. C. Bassett; Vice President, A. L. Blake; Secretary, A. T. Riggs; Treasurer, H. T. Waterhouse; Orator, F. O. Welch; Poet, W. B. Nash; Historian, A. L. Lane; Prophet, A. Jordan; Toastmaster, H. L. Springer; Representative on Conference Committee, S. R. Robinson; Executive Committee, P. M. Ward, J. F. Philbrook, A. W. Snare.

The co-ordinates of '94 have elected the following class officers: President, Miss Clara P. Morrill; Vice President, Miss Jessie M. Bunker; Secretary, Miss Clara G. Jones; Treasurer, Miss Frank H. Morrill; Orator, Miss Sadie L. Brown; Historian, Miss Grace M. Reed; Prophet, Miss Mary L. Carleton. The rest of their officers will doubtless be elected if the world will only wag slowly enough for them. They do not believe in this "nineteenth century rushing."

Wednesday evening Prof. Battis of Colby gave his impersonation of Nicholas Nickleby at Fairfield Opera House. After the entertainment Prof. Battis started for Calais where he appeared the 3rd and 4th. He also has engagements at Skowhegan for the 8th, Waterville for the 15 and Belfast for the 16th. The Glee Club went to Fairfield, Wednesday evening, to assist Prof. Battis. The personnel of this year's club is: 1st tenors, Clark, '94, Hedman, Robinson, '95; 2d tenors, Pierce, '92, Slocum, '93, Purington, '95, Sturtevant, '92; 1st basses, Conners, '93, Howe, '94, Hanson, '95; 2d basses, Barnes, '92, Kleinhans, Parmenter, Whitman, '94. The Banjo and Guitar Club which made its first appearance in public Wednesday evening is composed of Bassett, '95 and Howe, '94, banjos; Parmenter and Whitman, '94, guitars.

A small army of carpenters, glass-setters and lock-menders follow in the wake of the vandal Soph's, but cannot keep even pace with them. '94's bump of destructiveness, according to the phrenological examination of the editor, is inordinately developed, and unless it is soon depressed by a vigorous blow from some quarter, the editor suggests that the conference committee compel them to bear the weight of the entire "general average."

Pres. Small's talks on the "Sociology of the New Testament" continue each Thursday evening with increasing interest and excellence. Though the attendance is in general good it is by no means commensurate with the value of the lectures. The boys ought to awake to the fact that if they miss these talks, they are losing one of the finest things in their whole course, to put it mildly. The ladies of the college now have the benefit of these talks.

Several of the college boys went up to Fairfield to hear the Glee and Banjo and Guitar Clubs in their first attempt this season. The audience was much smaller than was expected, and quite dead, as it seemed, to the merits of the whole entertainment. The only encore the Club received was due to the college boys. The fledgling Banjo and Guitar Club did very finely for a moment or two, until a (shoe) string broke; the boys could not tell whether it was "Freely's" or "Cobe's." They then retired, much to the wonder of the audience, but with the sympathy of the boys.

Here is a happy suggestion from the students. Why can we not have the Library provided with electric lights, and so be enabled to use the books in the daytime at least, if not in the evening. It would please a majority of the student body, if the Library could be thus lighted, and *opened in the evening.* In many colleges this is done, and the movement toward it is strongly felt in many more. From the change in the method of using the libraries this is rapidly becoming a necessity. The need is felt strongly by students here, especially by upper-class men. *Books which they must use ought to be used in the Library room and not taken out.* Then very many more would be accommodated, and much better work would be possible. More than this, it would save time and trouble for all concerned. But at the present time it would be impossible for all to use the books in the library itself, owing to poor light and the short time that the library is open when the boys can use the books. This change need not add necessarily to the work of the Librarian, as doubtless some student could easily be found to take charge of the room in the evening.

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