

THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. II, No. 4.

WATERVILLE, ME., THURSDAY, JAN. 19, 1899.

LITERARY EDITION.

ADVANCED STUDY OF ENGLISH.

The four years of an academic course are devoted to gaining a general knowledge of many subjects; it is demanded of the candidate for the bachelor's degree that he shall have some acquaintance with several languages and literatures, with several sciences, with history, and with philosophy. Of course he must become acquainted with these subjects largely at second-hand, and their inter-relation is theoretical, if not obscure; if perchance he tastes the joy of discovering truth for himself, or if he comes to feel something of the essential likeness, of the harmony, between the *Ædipus Rex* and an algebraic demonstration, or between an ode of Horace and a successful experiment in chemistry, he has been favored with rare instructors.

Academic work, then, is relatively extensive. Graduate work, on the other hand, is intensive, or, rather, aims at ultimate extensiveness arrived at through intensiveness. Its method is to investigate one phenomenon until all others are seen in their true relations to it, and to each other. Its method is cyclic, for the desire to understand any phenomenon quickly leads to widening circles of interest. Thus, to appreciate Milton's *Comus*, one must be familiar with *The Faithful Shepherdess*, for Milton reworked the plot of this play, and borrowed some of its sweetest diction; with the whole history of the *Sabrina* legend; with the development of the mask, for Milton departed from its traditions; with Puritanism, and Milton's relation to it; with the court customs of the Seventeenth Century; with the sources from which Milton has drawn his classical mythology; with the history of English verse forms; with the peculiarities of the Miltonic diction; and with the other works of Milton; to say nothing of investigating the influence which the *Comus* has had upon succeeding literature. And each of these lines of study suggests others dependent upon it; thus how unsatisfactory it is to study the *Paradise Lost* without knowing Dante, Dante without knowing Virgil, Virgil without knowing Homer, and Homer without knowing Greek customs and religion. It is true of sound learning that "what was a spark expands into a star."

All roads lead to Rome, and therefore Rome is a reflection of the life of all the world, for the life of Rome can be understood only by one who understands the life of all the rest of the world.

Homer was an intensive student when he sat and studied his thumb for hours, Agassiz when he shut himself up for a week with some minute form of life, and Hegel when he worked out a synthetic philosophy. This effort to bring into harmonious relation seemingly diverse phenomena, and to transcend, by including, large fields of thought, is the soul of the graduate work in our universities. Its aim is to cultivate the love of truth, and that instinctive, just estimate of things which is indispensable to the life of the individual and of society. It is, then, the gaining of a certain habit of mind, of a certain point of view, that should be the ultimate object of advanced

work. May we not call these characteristics, if mindful of all for which they are standing, the possession of power; for they enable one to work with sureness, wisdom, justice, and humanity.

But all lines of work do not lead to this ideal with equal directness, because some are slower than others in bringing one to significant things. Therefore, departing now from the general discussion of graduate work, let us see what English scholarship offers. There are to be considered, first those excellencies which inhere in the sound study of any language and literature, then those which are peculiar to English.

The intensive study of literature brings one at once to the problems which underlie all of the fine arts, for painting, music, architecture, and literature, though finding expression through so different mediums, are one in spirit, as being imitations of an ideal archetype. The laws which govern the technique of one art

its effect, bringing over into the life of the student something of the clearness of the view of the great artist, therefore inducing in the student a love of the artistic life, artistic in the sense of Aristotle's definition of art; "a habit of production in conscious accordance with a correct method."

In saying this we have anticipated. Nothing is really art that is not in sympathy with ethical truth, and literature, which is the thought of the ablest men recorded in artistic form, challenges one peculiarly, from the nature of its content, to the discovery of that ground on which ethical and esthetic matters meet. Therefore the study of literature holds one to ethical ideality.

But let us consider the causes which make English, especially, an important subject. English literature is so saturated with classical learning that it cannot be mastered by one unfamiliar with the classics; it has borrowed from the

NEW ENGLAND FOLK-SAYINGS.

"He loves me, he loves me not," sighed that little New England girl of long ago, as the big sunbonnet bent deeper and deeper over the daisy and the white petals fell one by one on the plain checkered dress. "He loves me, he loves me not," repeats the little New England girl of today as the daisy petals flutter down on her dainty, summer gown. Small New England girls of today are just as much concerned over the way their daisy petals count up as they were years and years ago and it makes no difference if their fortunes change with every different daisy.

It is in such childish rhymes and jingles as these, that we find many of the folk-sayings of New England. They add a charm and mystery to child life and so find a ready welcome among them. But it is not only among children that folk-sayings flourish but many educated people today attach great importance to so called "signs" such as setting down to a table with thirteen, seeing the new moon over the left shoulder, starting on a journey or beginning any new business on Friday.

In fact the interest in folk-sayings is universal and it is marvelous, the number of them floating about in New England today. In daily conversation people are continually dropping remarks on the significance of all sorts of things. They cannot even see a butterfly or hear a robin call without its being a sign of something and there are rhymes ready for every occasion. Almost all New Englanders, old or young, can repeat some of these sayings, but probably no one really believes them all unless it is some imaginative, small boy. They are repeated because they are curious or because there is some scientific value in them.

But the scientific value of folk-sayings does not concern us so much at present as the charm they add to everyday life. Though we do say that most New Englanders disclaim

a belief in folk-sayings, yet it is hard to find a person who is not at all affected by them. Indeed, you cannot tell with certainty who will believe them, and who disbelieve them, for there are still men of wide repute who have observances that lead them to performances as odd as that of Dr. Johnson, who would always touch every post in a certain street when he passed. How many people today will tell you that you must not allow a tree or a post to come between you and a companion when walking together. If you do, it will break your friendship. Nevertheless, if in spite of precaution, this should happen, say, "Bread and butter," and the fates will be propitiated.

Where is the maiden of today who has not diligently searched up and down the fields for for the bashful four-leaved clover? How many books enclose within their leaves this little token of some unspoken wish!

It makes us envious to think what enchanted lives our dear, little New England grandmas used to live; for they seriously believed many of the folk-sayings which are merely half-playful ob-



A MESSALONSKEE VIEW.

may be useless for another art, but the elemental characteristics of the different arts are the same. Thus Dante produces the same effect with his *Divine Comedy* that *Paestruina* produces with his *Mass* of Pope Marcellus, or Memling with his *Last Judgment*, or Marriage of Saint Katherine. Therefore in trying to discover the qualities which make Dante a great poet, one is aided by contemplating at the same time the secret of *Paestruina's* greatness as a composer, and Memling's as a painter. Indeed would it be extravagant to say that one can never feel back through the poem to the harmony of the poet's mind, at least can not feel the transcendancy of that harmony, if a like mind is not approached through other arts. This synthetic investigation is equally effective in studying the blemishes to art, thus, a day spent in the National Library in Washington is helpful to the student of Swinburne, and some of the nocturnes of Chopin to the student of Byron. But the study of literature, or of art, if you will, if pursued with honesty, does not limit one to a mere cold consideration of art problems—it would be useless if it did so—but the study becomes subjective in

best Italian literature so that the names of Petrarch, Tasso, and Ariosto are among its household words; again, it is linked closely to the Old French; and for the last century it has been influenced strongly by the Germans. One who would master it must be a man of many epochs and of many countries. Of course it is singularly conducive to catholicity. Moreover it is the work of our own race, and so, being a reflection of the English character in many centuries, while at the same time it throws that character into contrast with the spirit of other civilizations, it gives one an appreciation of the strength and weakness of our race; it is, therefore, the best of equipments for one who would live effectively in our American life.

In conclusion, the higher study of English is an excellent equipment for life in both its intensive and its extensive aspects; by its continual resort to the ideal, for the inner life, and by its cultivation of the love of accurate work, by its catholicity and interpretation of the racial spirit, for the outer life of contact.

FREDERICK M. PADDELTON, '99.
Graduate student in English at Yale.

Continued on fifth page.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Shot through the brow—no more those eyes
Flash forth that potent spark
Without which breath must flee afraid,
And all the house be dark.

Against those casements childhood dashed
Its pitiful rain of tears;
The spirit that looked out therefrom
Grew eager with the years—

Today the lamps shone fierce and bright,
With a triumphant glow,
But ere the final charge was done,
The lights were burning low.

Behind the curtains, closely drawn,
Eternal darkness broods,
The flame is quenched that once lit up
The spirit's thousand moods.

So bright a light may fade and fail,
So fair a temple fall,
So many lamps of life go out—
Do angels count them all?

FLORENCE ELIZABETH DUNN, '96.

THE GREAT PYRAMID OF CHEOPS.

As long as a mystery or problem remains unsolved there is in it a peculiarly attractive power. It is perfectly natural to be unwilling to concede that we are non-plused in any achievement. Therefore it is only natural that a mystery as great as that enshrouding the pyramids

we think the pyramids old? They are. Do we think the hills old? Thousands of times older than the pyramids. Do we think the stars old? Millions of times older than the pyramids. Then may not men investigate with a hope of solving the riddle of the Sphinx and the problem of the pyramids? Yet to us who are unable to comprehend the age of the everlasting hills and of the planets, these pyramids present a vast antiquity, and because of this we are eager for the truth of them and especially that of the greatest among them.

Historians have made King Cheops, of the Fourth Egyptian dynasty, the builder. And according to Herodotus he kept a hundred thousand men constantly employed in its construction for twenty years. We are also told that there are sure evidences of hills and valleys, fertile farms and villages being upon the site of the Great Pyramid when it was reared; and certain it is that there must have been then in Egypt and near the scene of this construction, a large population with plenty of available labor to have kept a sufficient number of men well recruited for this work.

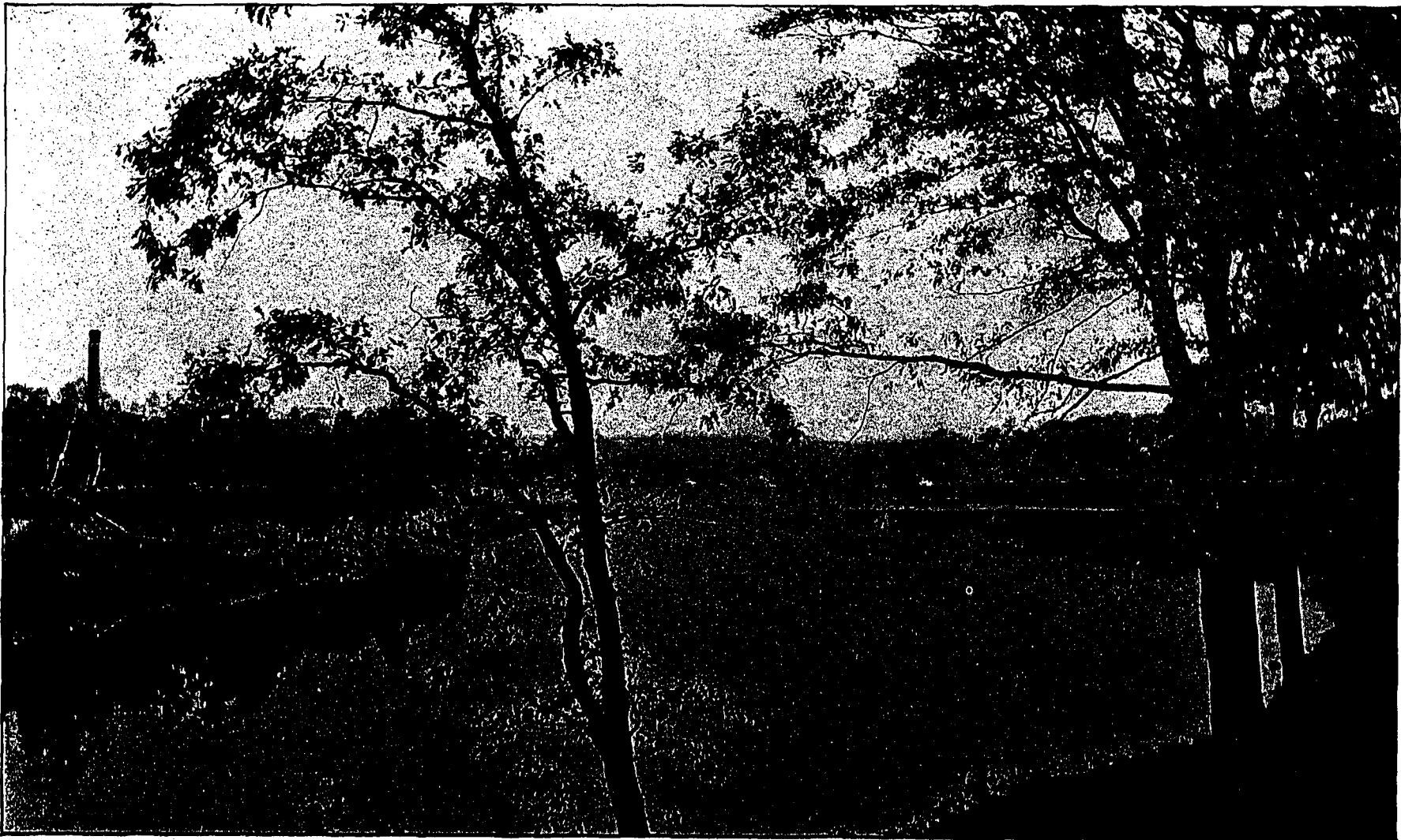
It is interesting to imagine King

jagged condition. As to its size, can we in any way comprehend this unless we actually see it? We read that it is 480 feet high and that it covers, at its base an area of about thirteen acres.

Edward L. Wilson, who has visited and made extensive studies and investigations of the pyramid, says "If one could have but a single impression of the massive masonry and the constructive ability of the master-mason who planned it, the most satisfactory one would be at the entrance, near the center of the north side." The secret of the interior was held sacred from living man for almost four thousand years, but in 820 A. D. Caliph Al Mamoun, the son of Haroun Al Raschid of the Arabian Nights, believing it to hold great treasures and untold wealth, engaged and enthused a staff of quarrymen and worked for months with but one object, namely to force an entrance into it. He worked months, with constant rebellion among his men, but at last his efforts were crowned with success as far as gaining an entrance was concerned, but he found no treasure. He drew plans and diagrams of the chambers and passages, but it completed his explorations.

sation of reverence as this immense fall of water, but to stand on the top of the Great Pyramid and look about, the sensation at the great Falls is far surpassed by the subtle sublimity and the weird strangeness of this Egyptian desert. Away in the distance one can see Cairo with its tall steeples and broad domes, with the dark hills for a background. Here a little grove of palm trees, there the Nile stealing away to the sea, while close at hand and all around stretches the great desert relieved only by the smaller pyramids and the Sphinx, and the effects of the lights and shadows of the sun. The only way to get all the beauties of this scene is to remain there from early morning until late at night. This in order to get all the glowing tints of sunrise and sunset and the gleams of mid-day, and best of all a view of the moonlit desert. This is the most weird, and one can almost feel ones self letting go of the present and becoming a part of the old past, of the old kingdoms and rulers now gone to dust.

Herodotus tells us that primarily the pyramids were meant for tombs and the great pyramid for King Cheops himself. Perhaps this is the more generally ac-



VIEW DOWN KENNEBEC RIVER.

of Egypt, and especially that of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, should occupy the attention and study of our greatest men and women. Of all the structures on the list of the Seven Wonders of the World, that have become famous and productive of verse and story, none but this pyramid now remain. In Moses's time it was fifty or a hundred years old, a wonder then, a still greater wonder now, and speculation has never been more busy with its construction and purpose than in our present.

Many and varied are the interpretations given it, many and varied the traditions and theories reaching down to us from Pliny, from Aristotle, from Herodotus. Up to the fourteenth century of our era its sacrifice to the cause of investigation had not begun, and upon some of the pyramids as late as 1688 some of the inscriptions were partly intact, but they have now entirely disappeared.

Could we look understandingly backward thousands, yes tens of thousands of years; could we comprehend the nature, the religion, the customs, and the wealth of the people who conceived the idea of the Great Pyramid, could we do this, we might be able to form a reasonable theory of its purpose. Do

Cheops when he called those of authority around him and they together discussed the advantages and disadvantages of such a structure, the cost, the plan, and the location. We can easily imagine this. Then we can grasp the intense interest and eagerness of those whose eyes were centered for twenty years on the growth of that Great Pyramid, and we can understand the disappointment of those who failed to live to see its completion and the joy of the thousands who witnessed the laying of the last stone; for, whatever its purpose, it was an enterprise of great moment and for a specific and great purpose, and it doubtless rested in the midst of the habitations of its builders. We can also realize the drudgery and labor of the vast army of men, men who grew old in its growth and whose sons took their places and who gave the best of their physical being to the piling up of this Great Pyramid. And we are now just as interested as they were, the laborers and kings and rulers, to know the facts concerning this greatest structure in the world. It was once encased in polished "satin" stone so that it presented the appearance of an exact geometrical figure, but the eager and too enthusiastic quarryings of the searchers have left it in a rough and

It, however, opened the way for other explorers who craved instead of large treasure a knowledge of the construction and purpose of the big monument, and these later investigators have found Al Mamoun's description of the interior practically correct.

Of peculiar interest and furnishing one of the greatest of the pyramidal conundrums, is what is known as the Granite Leaf, a huge block of granite resembling the sliding leaf or valve in a water gate. It is suspended about two feet from the entrance in the anti-chamber of the Kings' apartment, so called. It is supposed that possibly within this granite leaf or block is a chamber wherein may be the original plans of the pyramid in all its parts. This problem remains for the future explorer to solve.

To ascend the exterior of the Great Pyramid is indeed a unique experience. By the aid of two guides and one Arab to assist, one may, after many tribulations, reach the top of this mighty pile. But when this is achieved the joy at having accomplished it is boundless. As one stands there and looks far across the sandy desert the sensation is sublime, indescribable. Gazing with wonder at the Falls of Niagara one feels that nothing else can ever create such a sen-

ceptioned tradition. Others make them the granaries of Joseph. Others see in them proofs that they were constructed for certain astronomical purposes. To others they seem to represent the Egyptian religion of those times. If this be so their religion must have included a faith in a future state and a resurrection of the body, since they provided with such extreme care for its preservation after death; if Pelion would not suffice to protect it, then Ossa must be piled on Pelion to do so.

But our conclusion ends as Napoleon's did when he faced the massive monument. *We do not know!* And in the mixture of probabilities we can not well surmise. The Sphinx only knows the secret; of all the watchers of its building the Sphinx only is left. That sad-eyed watcher heard all the plans made; saw workmen die and give place to others, over and over again; saw its secret chambers closed so effectually that it believed no future generations should know of their being. The Sphinx, with these same earnest, eternal eyes, with its back turned toward the Great Pyramid took nevertheless, careful cognizance of its building and has forever since silently watched the generations come and go, watched the searchers, watched all the pyramids within its broad sweep of vision. Will it or they ever give up the secrets? '99.

THE PESSIMIST.

"Dried leaves and nothing more
Are in the woods to-day,"
He said.
"Dried leaves of last year's store
Blown by the winds when they
Were dead."
"This world is like the wood!
Dead leaves of driest thought,
And creeds
Outsworn, and lacking blood!
Faith, courage—gold has bought
And feeds!"

He wandered where the trees were bare
Mid last year's leaves so seer and brown,
He never saw that spring was there,
And yet his footsteps everywhere
Trode the arbutus down!

—Trinity Tablet.

DOROTHY'S TRYST.

It was the twilight of Thanksgiving. All day long the snow had been falling, covering the rough, dirty streets with a pure white mantle. A group of rosy-cheeked children were gayly pelting each other with snow balls, working off, in their delight at the first snow storm what otherwise must have proved the fatal results of the Thanksgiving dinner.

All day long the great halls of the

peace they found. Only the ticking of the tall mahogany clock as it marked the hours with stately tread, and the crackling of the logs on the great fire place broke the stillness.

It was such a quaint old fashioned room with its high posted, canopied bed. Over in the corner stood a spinnet. Listen; is there a faint rattle as of stiff brocade, as if some stately dame of long ago had seated herself before the time-yellowed keys, and softly through the shadows will steal,

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?"

The logs crackled and snapped on the broad tiled hearth, and the shining brass andirons caught the flickering flame and lit up the mantle with its blue dishes and shone on the portrait of a maiden who looked down with laughing eyes from the gilt frame.

A soft, roomy couch was placed on one side of the fire place and near this stood the spinning wheel of bye gone days. On the other side and drawn up close to the cheerful blaze was a large cushioned arm chair, and in this sat the

giving evening but a Thanksgiving many years ago when she was Dolly Hartland of sweet and twenty.

There had been unusual merry making that year, for handsome cousin Reginald was home for the first time in four years from the great University where he had graduated with the first honors. There had been such fun and such games but now in the twilight these two had found themselves in a cosy corner of the library before the dancing fire.

Dolly had been the gayest of the gay that day, but now for the first time she was quiet, perhaps she was a little tired after the long day of fun. Reginald was silent too, he was always grave and reserved but tonight there was a new light in his dark dreamy eyes as he watched Dorothy with the flickering fire light dancing on her soft brown hair. At last he broke the silence.

"Do you remember how you used to hem all the sails for my boats, Dolly, and ride in state in the wheel-barrow?"

"Yes, and get tipped out sometimes to see how much I would stand without screaming," laughed Dorothy.

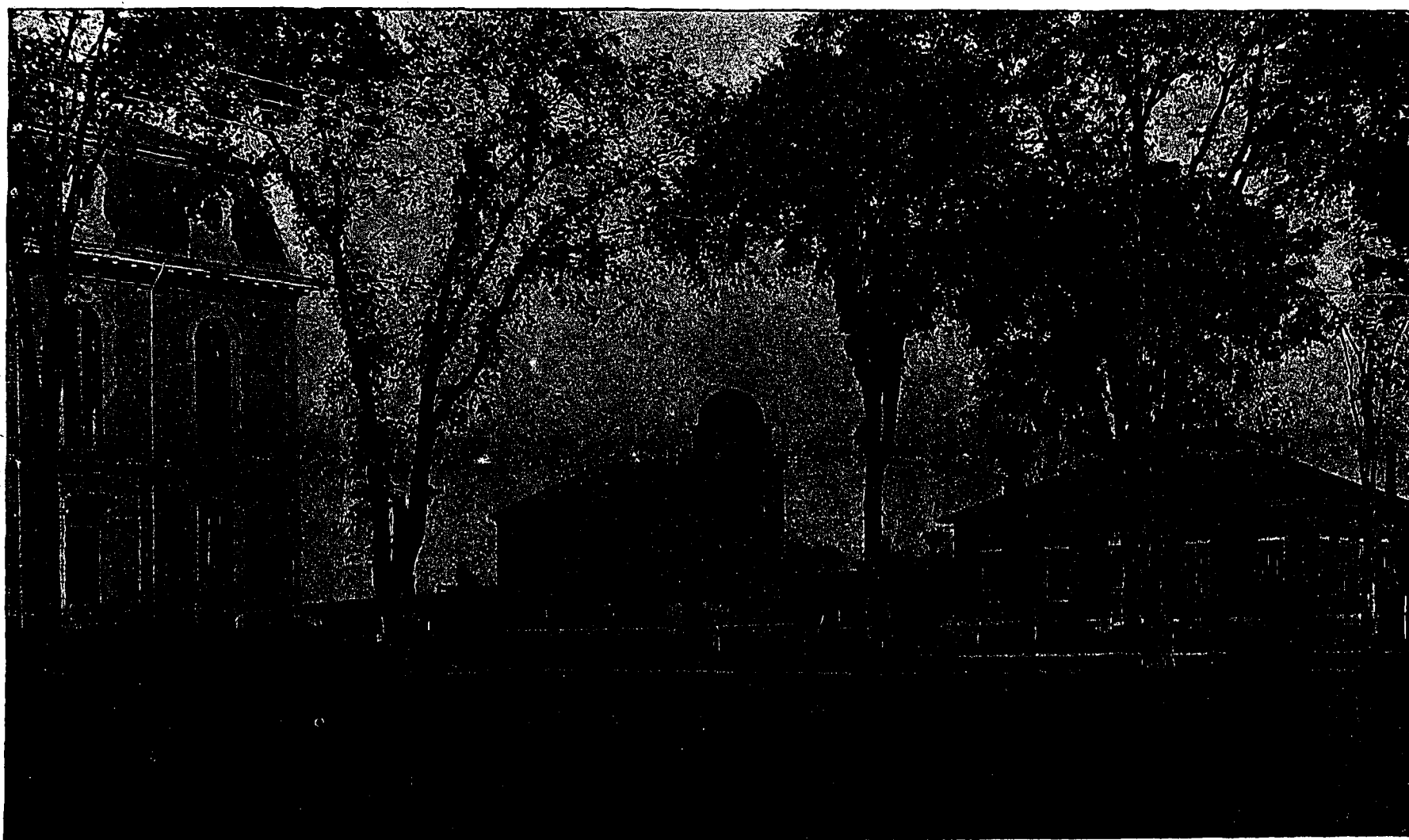
fore Thanksgiving, in the same cosy corner of the library but this time she was all alone. She leaned her head wearily on her hand and her eyes were fixed on a letter in her lap. The fire danced just as cherrily as it had two years ago and the light rested a moment on the words, "my brave, true, little Dolly," and gleamed gently on the words, "yours in life or death, Reginald," as if it wanted to show its sympathy for the sweet pale girl sitting alone by its side. Yes, Rex was fighting for his country, he had gone, with her consent, to do his duty but just how hard that duty was, no one but these two knew.

Aunt Dorothy had that letter still. Getting up from her chair sheslowly, almost painfully, crossed the floor to the old carved bureau, and took it from its sacred resting place and sat down once more.

It had been the last letter. That night she had read the dispatch which changed her whole life.

"Reginald is dying, come."

She could never remember any of the journey, everything was a blank until, led by a kind nurse who looked with



LABORATORY AND GYMNASIUM.

Hartland home-stead had echoed with childish laughter and merry voices. Carriage after carriage had driven up and emptied its jolly contents at the great door, that stood so hospitably open. And there was Grandma to receive them, in her black silk and best cap with its lavender bows all on edge with joyful excitement.

They had gathered round the long table which fairly groaned under the weight of the huge turkeys, mince and pumpkin pies and all the delicious goodies which are to be found at a true New England Thanksgiving.

The aunts and uncles, reminding each other of the past festivals smiled around at the merry grand children, watching with eager eyes the steaming turkeys, and the college cousins striving so hard to do everything befitting their dignity. Stories and songs followed, but best of all a good old fashioned game of blind-man's-buff in which the old as well as young found themselves fairly carried away in their excitement to escape the terrible blind man as he swooped down upon them.

But in one room of the old home all was quiet and still. The clamor and noise from below seemed to pause on the threshold as if awed by the quiet and

tiest, frailest little lady with snow white hair and soft brown eyes.

Just then the tall clock began slowly to count five. Aunt Dorothy started from her restful position with a little shiver and drew her fleecy white shawl closer and such a pained, sad look crept over her face as she listened to the clock. She had stolen away from the gaieties down stairs, she was so tired, some how lately that faintness and stab of pain came oftener than it used to. The Hartlands all knew how hard Thanksgiving day was for her and so they were very thoughtful of sweet Aunt Dorothy whom every one loved. So now she had come up to her own little nest and sank down among the cushions to rest and dream. A log suddenly blazed up and as the picture over the mantle stood from the dark wall, one saw in an instant, that the laughing girlish face in the frame and the sad sweet face in the arm chair were one. Two roguish eyes peeped in at the door but quickly vanished, for when Aunt Dorothy sat with her hands clasped tight in her lap, and that far away look in her eyes, her silence was sacred for they knew that Aunt Dorothy was keeping her tryst.

With Aunt Dorothy it was Thanks-

"O, I remember all about those days."

"Dolly," the young fellow said, with his grave eyes fixed on her face, "Dolly, do you remember that I used to call you my little sweetheart; may I call you that now, dearest?"

And Dorothy had answered softly through the gloaming, looking up bravely at the handsome face gazing down at her,

"Yes, Reginald."

A log snapped on the hearth and Aunt Dorothy stirred and sighed. O, if her day dreams would stop there! They had been so happy in those far away days as they planned the little home, that was to be all their own, when Reginald should have his salary raised just a little.

And once again it was Thanksgiving time throughout the land, but this year there were no gaieties. In churches prayers were offered in broken tones by gray haired ministers whose thoughts were far away with their boys on the battlefield. For the terrible war, which blighted so many lives and threw the whole country into deep shadow, was waging.

Dorothy was sitting, on the day be-

pitizing eyes on the hopeless young face, she entered a little room.

There, among the pillows lay a wan face with its dark eyes fixed intently on the door. Dorothy was to be calm, very calm, but when she saw that glad welcoming smile light up the dear white face she flung herself down by the bed with a heart broken sob.

"Rex, O, Rex, how could they, how could they!"

"My brave, true Dolly," he had whispered, and she had grown calm, for his sake, for that brief one hour together.

"Had you remembered that today is Thanksgiving, dearest," he had said, "and that now it is almost five?"

"We are keeping our tryst once more, Dolly, before I say—good bye."

"Shall we keep keep it every year, little girl?"

Aunt Dorothy roused herself with a sob; yes, they had kept their tryst many years now. How cold it was, how queer she felt. "Yes, Rex, I am coming."

They found her in her arm chair that evening, sitting beside the hearth where the fire had all died out, with the letter clasped in her hands.

"Yours in life or death, Reginald."

Dorothy and Reginald were together at last.

MARJORIE LOUISE ELDER.

THE COLBY ECHO

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THE LITERARY NUMBER.

With this issue THE ECHO makes its first appearance for the college year as a literary number. Consequently we beg our readers to look with indulgence upon its shortcomings. We are inexperienced as yet but we hope to do better in the future.

Since THE ECHO has had its present form and character there has been a tendency to neglect this important literary feature of the publication. It was the original intention to have one literary number at least every month, but how seldom this plan has been carried out we are all well aware. While realizing the importance of the paper as a news journal, yet we feel that it is deplorable and a lowering of our standard as a college to have no publication of a literary character. The ideal way is to have two publications, one a literary magazine, the other a newspaper. It is manifestly impossible for us to have both so we attempt to combine the two in one. It is our purpose to hold to the original plan of having a monthly literary number, if funds permit and if the students support THE ECHO by their contributions.

The college paper should take a more prominent place in the various college activities. With the possible exception of debating no college activity is so valuable from a literary standpoint. It is an excellent training school for those who have the ambition to become good writers and it affords a means by which the literary talent of the college can find expression.

It is a matter of observation that the literary number is received with especial interest by the alumni and friends of the college. They are interested in us and are desirous of knowing the conditions of affairs at the college. As THE ECHO is often the only way by which they can learn anything about us they judge of our condition and the standard we are maintaining by the character of the paper as exhibited by

the contributions. For this reason alone we should all do our best to make the paper worthy of the college and ourselves.

MR. DINGLEY'S DEATH.

Seldom has the country been called upon to mourn the loss of so able a statesman and so true a patriot as Mr. Dingley. His loss is especially felt at this important crisis of the nation's history when his wise council is so much needed in the settling of the many vexing problems which confront us.

Mr. Dingley has had an honored and distinguished career. He has had wide experience in public life and was one of the acknowledged leaders of the Republican party. In some respects he was the strongest member of the Maine delegation in Congress, the delegation which exerts more influence at Washington than that of any other state.

Great as was his ability and his achievements, he was greater as a man. He was actuated by a profound sense of duty and held firmly to what he thought was right even in the face of great opposition and under great political pressure. He was highly esteemed and beloved by those who enjoyed his acquaintance. He possessed all of those personal qualities which characterize the Christian gentleman. He belonged to the best type of statesmen.

While Mr. Dingley was not a graduate of the college, yet we should be proud of the fact that the first two years of his undergraduate course was spent at Colby.

A HEALTHFUL SIGN.

It was the unanimous opinion of those present at the recent dinner of the Williams Alumni Association that more attention should be given in college to the "humanities" which, broadly speaking, includes History, Economics and kindred branches. This sentiment is highly commendable because it signifies a tendency towards good judgment and common sense on the part of educators.

For some time we have been experiencing a reaction against the severely classical education of our fathers. Now the pendulum has swung too far the other way. While happily it is not true of Colby, it is a fact that in some institutions the formerly neglected sciences are shutting out all other branches and these colleges are becoming merely technical schools. This is as deplorable a condition as existed before the advent of the scientific spirit. Each department should receive due recognition but no one should be given prominence to the exclusion of the others. This must be spirit of classical education.

The great importance of the study of history, and especially of the social sciences, is beginning to be universally recognized. They cannot receive too much attention in these days when so many problems confront the nation.

Williams has always been a believer

in a strictly classical education and has been a conservative in educational matters. This conservatism, however, has not kept Williams from becoming one of the strongest and deservedly most popular colleges in the country.

ALPHA TAU OMEGA CONGRESS.

The sixteenth biennial congress of the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity met with the Louisiana Beta Upsilon chapter, New Orleans, Dec. 28, 29, 30 and 31st. It was the most enthusiastic and profitable congress the fraternity ever held. Only three chapters were unrepresented by active delegates.

All delegates who were so fortunate as to go on the congress train from Washington had a royal good time. The special cars became well filled by the time New Orleans was reached. As the train rolled into the Crescent City the A. T. O. yell was heard and the delegates were besieged and then escorted by over one hundred Alpha Taus to their headquarters, the New St. Charles, one of the best hotels of the South.

Each morning and afternoon of the congress, with the exception of Thursday afternoon, was consumed with business.

Wednesday evening, the 28th, the fraternity was tendered a "smoker" in the armory building. One of the most interesting features of the smoker for the Northern and Western delegates was the entertainment provided by five genuine negro minstrels.

Early Thursday afternoon, over two hundred Alpha Taus representing every section of the country gathered about the base of the Robert E. Lee monument and had a group picture taken. Then in a body they marched to the Athenaeum where the public exercises were held.

Perhaps the leading social event of the congress was the congress ball to visiting brothers by the New Orleans alumni and chapter. This also was held in the Athenaeum on Thursday evening. The decorations were beautiful and appropriate. The wide stairway leading from the hallway to the ball room was lined with evergreen and sugar cane and the ball room itself was a profusion of flowers and plants. The colors of the local chapter and the insignia of the brotherhood were worked out in electric lights and flowers. The least that can be said of the New Orleans girls who attended the ball is that they are the prettiest in the world.

Friday afternoon saw the completion of all business which came before the congress. It was the unanimous judgment of those who had attended previous congresses that the fraternity at large was never more prosperous and flourishing than at present and that its advancement during the past two years had been steady and marked.

On Friday evening occurred the congressional banquet. This was an occasion long to be remembered. Perhaps the most remarkable toast was: Alpha Tau Omega's past by Rev. Dr. Glazebrook. It was a historical sketch of the fraternity and called forth storms of applause.

Early the next morning, the delegates started in a body to visit Hon. Theodore S. Wilkinson's sugar plantation, twenty-five miles from New Orleans. Here under the direction of the owner of the plantation every step in the conversion of the cane into sugar was carefully watched.

After the return home in the afternoon, the delegates were tendered a delightful reception by the women of Pi Beta Phi society.

At the station hands were shaken, good byes were said and the delegates from the North and West went home believing they left new found friends behind.

The next congress in 1900 will be held in Boston and the southern boys "reckon" they will all be there.

IN MEMORIAM.

It is with the deepest sorrow and regret that we, the members of the Chi Chapter of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, learn of the death of our distinguished elder brother, Nelson Dingley, Jr., of the class of '55.

We realize that by his decease we have lost a brother who combined superior intellectual attainments with a high moral character and pure Christian life to a degree rarely met with among public men.

Although we feel that by carrying in our hearts his noble example we can best honor his memory, yet we consider it a fitting act of reverence to conform to our usual custom, and we hereby order that a copy of this memorial be sent to the family of the deceased and to the several chapters of our fraternity, and to the press, and that we further honor his memory by shrouding our badges in mourning.

For Chi Chapter,
W. WIRT BROWN,
FRED F. LAWRENCE,
RICHARD W. SPRAGUE.

Hall of Chi of Zeta Psi.

January 14, 1900.


A Charming Book About Old Violins.

Violinists everywhere will hail with delight the beautifully printed and authoritatively written book about Old Violins, published by Lyon & Healy, Chicago. Good old Violins may now be obtained for \$25.00 and a violinist is foolish indeed to remain handicapped with a poor instrument.

The University of Pennsylvania has conferred the degree of LL. D. on Admiral Dewey.

WASHBURN

Prices from \$15 Up.



Best in the World

COLLEGE men everywhere are invited to send for the Washburn Souvenir Catalog. It contains nearly 300 portraits of artists and collegians, besides giving some account of the construction of Washburn instruments and a complete list of net prices. First-class music dealers the world over sell Washburns, or instruments may be obtained from the makers.

LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO.

NEW ENGLAND FOLK-SAYINGS.

Continued from first page.

servances with us today. Some significance was attached to every movement. In the morning, when the little New England girl awoke, she must be sure to climb out of the high posted bed on the right side or else have bad luck all day long. And if by chance, as she peered shyly into the gilt framed mirror, it should fall and break, what a calamity did it portend to the family! If in going down stairs she should trip and fall, it was a sure sign she would wed within a year. Had she dreams, she must not tell them before breakfast unless she wished them to come true. What prophetic warnings there were in dreams then! And if she had a bit of wedding cake to tuck under her pillow, what dreams it would insure! In her household duties, too, there were many sayings for the little New England girl to think about. If she should spill salt at the table it was a bad sign. "See a pin and let it lie, Come to sorrow by and by." There were rhymes too, to tell her all about her shoes. "Wear at the side,

be the back steps or a seat on a convenient fence. How earnestly the New England girl waited for the first star! What hopes hung on that dim, little orb, as she softly repeated, "Star light, Star bright, First star I've seen tonight." How careful she was to peep at the new moon over her right shoulder!

There were all sorts of folk-sayings about weddings. "Happy the bride the sun shines on." A bride must wear something old, something new. Something borrowed, something blue." Many pretty New England brides of today half playfully, half seriously, still observe the quaint old custom. Whittier's beautiful poem has made us familiar with the pretty and touching custom of telling the bees of a death in the family. The news were to be told at each hive and at the same time, a bit of crape tied on the hive. The little workers were also to be informed of a wedding and receive a bit of wedding cake.

There were many folk-sayings that had to do with the farm too. Signs and sayings flourished as abundantly in the mind of the New England farmer, as the white daisies in his meadow. The farm-

found that they contain something not in their foreign ancestry. There is a peculiar local twist to a large number of them for they have been domesticated among us for centuries. They have a quaintness and individuality of their own. JOSEPHINE T. WARD, '99.

HON. NELSON DINGLEY.

On Friday evening last, Jan. 13, the great Republican leader of the House of Representatives, Nelson Dingley, Jr., died from heart failure, resulting from weakness caused by an attack of double pneumonia. The famous congressman Colby claims as one of her honored sons, inasmuch as he was enrolled as a student of Waterville College for a year and a half, entering in the class of '55.

Nelson Dingley, Jr., son of Nelson and Jane (Lambert) Dingley, was born in Durham, Maine, February 15, 1832. During his childhood and early youth the family lived in Parkman, Unity, and Auburn. After receiving a common school education, Nelson began to teach school, at the age of 17, in the town of China, and continued to teach winters while fitting for college. The next year

cured attention. He was an indefatigable worker, never tiring of his services to his country. His success was due to the labors of a lifetime in the duties of his position.

In his private life he was beyond reproach. His exemplary character and purity of conduct make him a model public man in this respect. He was respected by all who knew him, regardless of party.

The whole country joins with the Pine Tree State in mourning the loss of her noble son, whose memory will ever be cherished by the people of Maine along with that of "The Plumed Knight" her peerless statesman.

COLBY MEN IN THE LEGISLATURE.

It is always with a feeling of pride, that "Old Colby" sees the names of her sons and daughters inscribed upon the roll of honor, and it is not often that she is disappointed. Colby graduates are found everywhere, filling important offices with credit, not only to themselves, but to all who are interested in them. Now that the sixty-ninth Legislature of Maine has assembled, it may be of interest to some to note the men who are



THE WILLOWS.

a rich man's bride, wear at the toe spend as you go," etc. Butterflies set the fashion then. For the color of the first butterfly that the New England girl saw in the spring was the color she would wear mostly in her gowns for the next twelve months. She wished when she saw the first robin in the spring. In this, as in all wishing spells, she had to be careful not to tell anyone, for if she did the first robin would be quite ineffectual as an aid to the realization of her wishes. At the supper table perchance the grandmother peering into the tea-cup would tell her future by the arrangement of the grounds. There was the wish-bone too, to hang over the door to ensnare some bashful lover. And should he come, she must not watch him out of sight when he went away, for if she did she would never see him again. How many New England girls today must plead guilty of hanging wish-bones over the door! There were fortunes to be told by popping the apple seeds on the hot bricks of the hearth; there were apple peelings to be tossed over pretty, brown heads. Today many young people tell their fortunes by naming an apple and counting the seeds with this incantation: "One I love, two I love, three I love I say," etc. At times this was done at parties but the place might

er stoutly affirmed, "Rain before seven, Clear before eleven." The moon too, was seriously given credit for a good many things. When the new moon appeared he observed whether he could hang a powder horn on its crescent. If he could, he declared that the month would be fair. This was called by the New England farmer "an old Injun sign." It was put in words like these: "If the Indian finds he can hang his powder horn on the new moon, he takes it down and goes off for a hunt. If he can't, he stays at home." The idea is, that the moon is a sort of dish, which, when sufficiently level, retained the water but when too much tipped, allowed it to run over the edge.

The New England folk had something to say about everything. In fact there is scarcely a spot of the human anatomy to which does not belong some myth or legend of the people. No peculiarity has been allowed to go by unnoticed. From the dimple in the cheek to the little white spot on the nail all have been thought over and accounted for in a manner as ingenuous as it is characteristic of the folk.

Although many of the folk-sayings may have been imported from the old country, for New England is the child of a superstitious mother, yet it will be

he entered Waterville Academy and in 1851 entered Waterville College. He joined the Zeta Psi fraternity, the year after the establishment of the Chi Chapter, and after his college course, was chosen one of the grand officers of the fraternity. The next year he went to Dartmouth, graduating in 1855 with high honors in scholarship and debating.

After leaving college he began the study of law and was admitted to the bar, but soon gave up this profession for journalism, purchasing the Lewiston Journal, which rapidly increased in circulation and influence under his management. His public life began with his election to the lower branch of the legislature in 1861. He served seven terms here, being twice elected speaker. In 1878 he was elected governor of Maine and served two terms.

In 1881 Mr. Dingley was elected to succeed Wm. P. Frye as Representative to Congress, serving in that capacity until his death. He was identified with all important legislation for the last fifteen years. He is perhaps best known by the fact of his having been the chief framer of the present tariff bill and the floor leader of the Republican majority.

Though not naturally an orator, Mr. Dingley had a remarkable power of presenting an argument, which always se-

graduates of Colby, or who have been connected with this institution as students.

The men who represent Colby in the Senate are Josiah Drummond, Jr., '77, Hannibal E. Hamlin '70, and Louis C. Stearns, who is a non-graduate.

In the House we have Frank M. Bennett, who studied two years here and then entered Dartmouth, where he graduated in '68; Isaac Britton '60, Frederic V. Chase, George O. Hopkins, both non-graduates; Carl O. King '80, Warren C. Philbrook '82, Howard Pierce, who entered with the class of '97, but on account of trouble with his eyes was obliged to drop out during his sophomore year, and James M. Sanborn. Not a bad showing is it?

BEAN-GEORGE.

There was a quiet wedding in Hebron, Christmas day, at the home of Mr. C. H. George, only relatives and intimate friends being present. The bride was Mr. George's eldest daughter, Minnie, who is a graduate of Hebron Academy, of the class of '98, and the groom, Mr. Edward C. Bean, Colby '01. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Crane.

'96. Albert S. Cole is principal of the High school at Thomaston.

A PROTEST.

"Sweet Messalonskee Water," I heard a poet sing—
O poet, sing that song once more, and loudly let it ring.
Take up once more I pray thee, bard, thy muse-directed
pen,
Give rise to words of might, to stay the ruthless hands
of men.

"Sweet Messalonskee Water" thou lovers' fond re-
treat,
When life is young and hope is strong, and hearts are
swift to beat;
For many a man and maid on thee, have launched their
light canoe,
And played with Cupid—hide and seek, in Love's own
rendezvous.

"Sweet Messalonskee Water," so fraught with mem-
ories dear,
Of many a day of rosy hue, of many a bygone year.
When life's full tide ran high and wide, and hearts were
glad in song,
And love of self and love of self, were counted in the
wrong.

"Sweet Messalonskee Water," thou merry wood-
land stream,
Where men may quit the busy town and catch a glimpse
and gleam,
A vision dim, of realms unseen, of fields before untrod,
And through the love of Nature know the love of
Nature's God.

"Sweet Messalonskee Water." Alas! that it should
be
That men polluting poison pour, and soil and sully thee,
That men should stain thy garments clean, and harm
his fellow-man,
May Law and Right avert the blight, and set a bar and
ban.

EDWARD D. JENKINS, 1900, in *Waterville Mail*.

BACCHYLIDES THE POET.

"O memories!
O past that is!"

For twenty-four centuries—2400 years!
—the memory of Bacchylides the poet
had ceased to awaken response in the
hearts of his countrymen. The light of
that great mind had long since ceased to
shine. Ah! but it was wont to glow,
inspiring the hearts of Grecian heroes,
heralding the joys of victors of manly
sport, rivaling in his songs of victories
of peace the Pindar of ancient fame.

It is said of his early boyhood that
"from the heights of his native Ioulis he
may have watched the Persian galleys
steering for Marathon; in his early man-
hood, when he had already tried con-
clusions with Pindar in the song-tour-
neys attendant on the games of Greece,
he must have seen the fleet of Xerxes,
flying from Salamis."

Schliemann, unsatisfied with what
was, delivered up Homeric songs, un-
earthed the *Troys* and the wealthy
Mycenae; Manatt rifled the Egyptian
tombs and recovered Aristotle's Athen-
ian Constitution" and the speeches of
Hyperides, Herondas and a valuable
fragment of Menander; so recently has
he rifled another tomb which has yielded
the precious works of Bacchylides, the
Greek, the lyric poet of Keos.

Truly has the past the valuable lessons
reported. The works recovered are in a
papyrus roll measuring fifteen feet in
length, having thirty-nine columns, con-
taining twenty complete poems, from
fourteen to two hundred lines. Previ-
ously but a few fragmentary works were
extant.

This last finding is looked upon as a
glad surprise to literature—in truth, a
"precious find," for to rob "a life that
leads melodious days" is nothing less
than robbery.

But despite the many years that have
rolled on and bedimmed the eyes of the
lovers of Bacchylides he shines again for
us—a shining light teeming with the
beautiful visions of Poseidon's realms, a
brilliant conception of the story of The-
seus and the Minotaur, the descent of
Heracles to Hades, the Calydonian boar
hunt and his songs to the victor Hiero.

The laureate of manly sport, called by
Maecenas "the sweetest of all Greek
singers" was Bacchylides. Born in Keos
in the sixth century before Christ—that
century that gave birth to Aeschylus and
Simonides, laureates of war; the famous
Anacreon, the Sappho or "the Tenth
Muse"—he held in his native land a

popular place for a thousand years but
with so little left to remind his country-
men of his powerful poetic powers his
memory became lost in oblivion—only to
be awakened from the long and wonder-
ful years of its obscurity.

Like many a poet he has at least one
proverbial phrase known to us,—the
words which he places in the mouth of
Heracles, who consoles the shade of
Meleager.

"For mortal man not to be born is best,
Nor e'er to see the bright beams of the day."
born is best, nor e'er to see the bright
beams of the day."

His recently discovered works have
been placed in book form and are pre-
dicted to eclipse all the works of ancient
lyric poets. The majority of his poems
celebrate some game in which the auth-
or had taken especial interest. Some
parts of separate odes are written as
really prose but the swing and musical
rhythm of the author's conception of his
subject is so powerful, so much of mel-
ody in his lines, that there yet remains
an opportunity for a true poet of our
time to sing his songs again to English
ears. It is not at all improbable but
that subsequently the more stirring
portions of the odes of Bacchylides will
substantiate the duller parts of other
verse.

And so we will listen to that great
voice speaking from his far off home—
long since his resting place—raising his
voice in friendly emulation, in sweetest
praise of the victor of the race. The
linked connection to the dramatist,
which his odes exhibit, the ease flowing
rhyme, the simple tales he tells, will
magnetize the modern reader to his
works. Bacchylides, the man, is dead but
his verses so long hidden now live.

Bacchylides, whom Keos so long
termed the "piper of peace" is now,
after twenty-four centuries, the poet,
the Muse's own.

HERBERT C. LIBBY.

A SKETCH IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The Traveller was visiting his friend
the Evangelist with whom he had stud-
ied when the two were classmates in
their little New England college. It
was his first day in an Oriental city and
as he started out with his friend on the
morning after his arrival he looked on
the strange scene about him with un-
disguised interest. The morning was
still young when they neared the ba-
zaar but the sun was beating down upon
the white strand with such intensity
that the outlines of a pagoda upon the
opposite bank of the broad river, wav-
ered tremulously in the heated air. Not
a breeze was stirring and the broad
plumes of the cocoanut palms might
have been painted upon the sky for very
stillness.

Along the streets there was brilliant
life and movement. Now a carriage
rolled swiftly along the strand bearing
some British dignitary hurrying to es-
cape the fierceness of the noonday heat.
Here and there were graceful women
bearing broad trays or jars of water on
their heads. There were handsome
east Indians dressed in white with gor-
geous turbans; there were brightly
dressed natives all in red and white and
yellow, and little brown children rolled
and played in the dirt wholly untroubled
by the abomination of clothes. A troop
of lean, black coolies came up from the
steamer landing carrying their loads
with a peculiar chant, and a procession
of priests passed by, all in yellow robes
and with shaven heads, the leader strik-
ing now and then a triangular gong that
gave a sound of remarkable sweetness
and resonance.

The traveller was an artist and the
tropical scenery and the brightly colored
life before him delighted his eyes. It
was all strange, interesting, and dazzl-
ing.

"Life here seems to be painted in a
very high key," he said to his compan-
ion.

"Yes," replied the Evangelist, "but
the shadows are terribly black, and that
is why I am here."

They were soon at the bazaar, whose
muffled roar they had heard a long way
off. The Evangelist pursued his errand
into that confusion of shops, smells, and
voices, but the Traveller waited under a
great tamarind tree at the corner of the
street to watch the changing kaleido-
scope of figures and colors which had
fascinated him so strongly.

There was always something new and
interesting. Away in the distance he
heard the strange barbarian sounds of
Oriental music and he saw slowly mov-
ing down the street a brilliant procession
headed by graceful dancing girls.

"Ah," said he to himself, "a wedding
procession, life seems to be a merry song
and dance to these people any way. I'd
like to be a heathen myself," he added
with a laugh.

A moment later he caught sight of
his friend emerging from the bazaar and
crossing the street towards him.

"This is a fine country," the Traveller
sang out cherrily, "I've decided to stay
here forever."

The Evangelist however looked trou-
bled.

"One of the best Bible women in this
mission," he said hurriedly, "has been
struck down with cholera here in the
bazaar, they have taken her to the house
of the chapel warden a little way down
the street and I must go at once."

"But you must not expose yourself,"
cried the Traveller in alarm.

"Noblesse oblige, my friend, he replied,
"It has to be done often at this time of
the year," and he hurried away closely
followed by his companion. They soon
met the gorgeous procession headed by
the dancing girls and moving to the
clash of cymbals and beat of drums.

"This is a wedding procession, isn't
it?" asked the Traveller.

"No indeed," replied the other, "see
what lies on that gorgeous litter,—it is
death. A heathen funeral my friend, is
a ghastly mockery."

The Traveller shuddered at the dread-
ful sight and they turned from the glare
of the street into the grateful shade of
the chapel compound. The Evangelist
entered a little hut not far from the gate
while his friend remained outside near
the door.

Anon he heard a heartrending cry
from the dying woman within, it seemed
to be always the same word, but it grew
fainter and soon ceased altogether.

The sad face of the Evangelist ap-
peared again in the doorway and he
joined his companion.

"She was unconscious when I entered,"
he said, "she did not recognize me, but
kept repeating, so pitifully, the name of
her only son who is a leper. Her moth-
er's heart yearned for the poor wretch
even in death for she knew there was no
one to care for him when she was gone.
It is sad, dreadfully sad."

They turned toward the gate and as
they emerged from the shade of the
great trees in the chapel yard, they came
again upon the dazzle of the strand and
the river and the roar and gaiety of the
great bazaar, but as they stepped out,
the Traveller gave a cry of horror for
just beyond was the most dreadful sight
in the world, a leper was dragging his
loathsome self painfully, slowly, towards
them. The Evangelist exchanged a few
sentences with the poor creature who
had shrunk down at the sight of the two
and then at a final compassionate word
from the Evangelist, he fell prostrate
with his face to the earth, the picture
of absolute and awful despair.

"It is her son," said the Evangelist to
the Traveller, "they told him at the ba-
zaar where he begs, and he dragged him-
self all this way to get a last look at his
mother before she died. 'I had to tell
him he was too late.'"

They were silent for a long while when
the Traveller finally broke the silence.
"You are right," said he thoughtfully,
the shadows are black,—terribly black."

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THE TRIP.

Of the Women's Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club.

It happened in this way. We had planned and talked about it for days and weeks; in fact ever since the club was organized, and that was two years ago, but we had not yet ventured beyond the shadow of Mother Colby's protecting walls although we had given several recitals at Ladies' Hall and one at a small village near by. Before this we had, in true sisterly fashion, allowed our brothers to carry off all the glory by going over the State with their glee club organizations. This year we put our heads together, talked it over, and decided that we were old enough to make our debut. As is usual on such occasions, there were nervous flutterings of excitement, foolish hopes and fears, but like all debutantes we looked eagerly forward to our "coming out." After we had made our decision difficulties seemed to beset us on every side. We had made four engagements in the first place but the dates conflicted with the examinations, and on account of that and some misunderstanding, we had to reduce them to two; then we had no organization to back us as the mens' club had the Athletic Association, and so we had to go on our own responsibility. Oh, reluctantly, very reluctantly did we each part with our dollars on the day before our departure, for with many of us it was a good part of our Christmas spending money and we hardly dared hope to see it again, but we have, and with interest. At one time there seemed to be so many difficulties in our way that we were on the point of giving up the trip, but thanks to the kindly interest and encouragement of our dean we decided to go, though all the visions of Christmas novelties faded from our eager eyes. But what was worldly goods to glory!

Mrs. Pepper generously consented to chaperone us, and so on the morning of December 20th, we were all at the depot ready for our departure. Just about five minutes before the train was due it was suddenly discovered that one member of our club had calmly walked up to the depot without her banjo. Going on a concert trip without a musical instrument! It was like St. Cecilia without an organ. But a younger member of the faculty came to our rescue, for like young Lochinvar who came out of the west,

"He stayed not for brake and he stopped not for stone."

but with fleet steed he flew like the wind "over bank, bush, and scar," and brought back the instrument just before the train left.

Our first engagement way at Jay that evening. It was a pretty car ride over, for the fields were all white and shining with snow, besides, many of us had never been on this route before. We were met at North Jay by Miss Purinton who had very generously opened her house to her classmates, while the other members of the club went to a little hotel at Jay village. We were driven over to Miss Purinton's in a great, three-seated sleigh. Such a hungry troupe as we were after that short drive. Perhaps it was the sleigh ride and perhaps it wasn't. Here the day was passed pleasantly; part of the time our fingers were busy with our instruments rehearsing for the evening, but a great part of the time pulling candy. As it grew dark we sat around the open fire, told stories and sang college songs. After supper we had another sleigh ride "by the light of the moon," to the hall where our concert was to be given.

We had a large and appreciative audience that night, and we found, after the concert was over that there were several Colby students present which perhaps

accounted for the ready applause that followed our selections. Our Colby friends showed their loyalty to the college by being present at Farmington on the following night. The next day we were to spend in Wilton, for Miss Dacombe and Miss Magrath had invited us to their homes. Again we had another long drive over the white fields. The country is so pretty around here. There are great smooth undulations of land that seem to end only with the narrow blue line of the horizon. All day long we enjoyed the hospitality of our friends, and in the evening took the train for Farmington. We reached Farmington about dark and took rooms in a hotel near Normal Hall, where our concert was to be. Our instruments were deposited in the hotel parlor, and it was all hurry and flurry in the halls above, the unceasing sound of footsteps going from one room to another until the supper bell sounded, and then with our chaperone at our head, we, like devout nuns, filed down the stairs and out into the dining room where supper was awaiting us.

The Normal school building is such a fine structure and especially the hall where our concert was given. Here, as in North Jay, we had a responsive audience. When the concert was over and the people had gone home, Prof. Purington kindly offered to conduct us over the building. After the empty rooms had ceased to re-echo the sound of our footsteps, and we were again collected in the main hall, a tired but still excited group of girls, someone almost jealously asked (after we had seen the beauties and heard the praises of Normal Building) "Mayn't we give our Colby yell?" and with Prof. Purington's consent Normal hall rang with the sound of "Colby fair, hail to thee," etc., and C-O-L-B-Y! Rah! Rah! Rah! After that we went to our hotel and all night long in the corridor, through the open transoms, you could hear the sound of girls' voices, even into the "wee sma' hours."

In the morning we had planned to go about and see the town, but alas! "The best laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley," and Morpheus revenged himself for our defying him so boldly the night before for we awoke only in time to have our breakfasts and take the train home. And so ended our first trip. We enjoyed ourselves even more than we expected, for the people everywhere were so hospitable and treated us so kindly. As to our success financially, we may say it was a success; as to our success in other ways, well,—we will let you judge for yourselves.

Of the ninety men in the United States Senate, fifty-three are college-bred men.

The Ohio Wesleyan Transcript prints a list of Professors who do not cut chapel.

The largest library in the world is the national library of Paris. It contains forty miles of shelves, holding 1,400,000 books.

There are in the United States 451 colleges. This does not include the 115 medical schools and the 50 law schools. Of these, 26 have a faculty of more than 100 members, and 38 other universities and colleges have faculties ranging from 50 to 100.

In the name of Queen Victoria, and in the presence of the Sidar, General Kitchen, British officers and the native sheiks, Viscount Cromer, British diplomatic agent in Egypt, recently laid the corner-stone of the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum. Amongst the various aims of the institution will be a thoroughly undenominational policy, instruction entirely in the Arabic language in so far as it is possible and a conscientious effort to train the minds of the Soudanese rather than Anglicise them.

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OF INTEREST.

Martin '99, has returned to college.

Chase '99, has been ill with the grip.

President Butler was in Boston the first of the week.

The President has lectured recently at Bath and Rumford Falls.

Most of the students availed themselves of the fine skating on the river last week.

Professor Hall represented the college at the funeral of Hon. Nelson Dingley at Lewiston on Wednesday.

The legislature has been petitioned to change the official name of the college from Colby University to Colby College.

A good deal of interest is being taken in basket ball and it is quite probable that some games may be arranged with Bates.

Prof. and Mrs. Charles W. Spencer of Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y., passed the holidays with Prof. Spencer's father, Dr. W. H. Spencer.

The fourth college sermon will be preached next Sunday evening at the Baptist church, by Prof. Rush Rhees of Newton Theological Institution.

Next Thursday, Jan. 26, will be observed by the Christian associations as the Day of Prayer for colleges. Rev. Fred M. Preble will address the students on that day.

Baseball practice began last Saturday. Capt. Cushman intends to put his men through some hard practice this winter in order that they be in pennant winning form in the spring.

The college has received from the trustees of the estate of the late Mrs. Martha H. Moore, formerly of Waterville, \$800 additional for the Moore library fund, which now amounts to \$3,800.

Some fifty volumes have recently been added to the college library, consisting mainly of bound numbers of current magazines. The library now contains over 34,000 volumes.

The Athletic Association has presented the Brunswick High School with a handsome banner. The Brunswick High won the Interscholastic championship in track athletics last spring on the Colby field.

Rev. Dr. Porter of Lexington, Mass., visited the college the first of the week. He is gathering material for a book on "New England Educational Institutions." Dr. Porter is an authority on all subjects pertaining to New England History.

The grip has been prevalent at college. Of the faculty Miss Sawtelle has been quite ill. Among the students who have been on the sick list are Spencer, Martin and Miss Bowman of '99, Philbrook 1900, Ventres and Sturtevant 1901, and J. P. Dudley 1902.

The appointments for the Junior Debate are as follows: Lawrence, Sanborn, and Wiren on the affirmative; Hudson, Jenkins and Goody on the negative. The debate will occur Feb. 10. The question is as follows: Resolved that the Present Natural Administration should not have entered upon its present policy of Territorial Expansion.

J. Perley Dudley, 1902, left Tuesday for Augusta, where he will remain during the present session of the legislature as a private messenger to Governor Powers. This appointment came to Mr. Dudley unexpectedly, and without solicitation on his part and indicates the high place which he holds in the esteem of the governor with whom he enjoys a personal acquaintance.

The men of the junior class at a meeting held Tuesday morning elected the following officers: president, Fernald D. Sawyer; vice-president, Henry D. Furbush; secretary, Charles E. Fogg; treasurer, Alfred S. Goody; marshal,

Charles F. Towne; toastmaster, Arnold M. Sanborn; awardee of prizes, Orrin A. Learned; poet, Benjamin E. Philbrick; historian, Washington A. V. Wiren; chaplain, Alden E. Doughty; orator, Edward D. Jenkins; executive committee, Fred E. Lawrence, Ernest H. Tupper and Percy E. Gilbert; ode committee, William B. Jack; James H. Hudson and Ernest L. Herrick.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The new executive committee of the Athletic Association held its first meeting in Coburn Hall, Saturday afternoon, Jan. 14. The committee organized with the following sub-committees:

Baseball, Prof. Stetson, Dr. Hill, Spencer '99, and Woodman '02.

Football, Lawrence '00, Marvell '01, E. T. Wyman and Dr. Hull.

Athletics, Dr. Frew, A. F. Drummond, Maling '99, and Libby '02.

A. F. Drummond was appointed as alumnus member of the finance committee.

The baseball committee recommended for captain of the '99 baseball team Mr. E. T. Cushman '00 who was unanimously elected.

It is high time that the basket ball teams were getting into shape. Each class should have a team out every day, and we should leave nothing undone, which would contribute to a winning varsity team.

The indoor athletic meet is coming off soon. Every man, who can, should enter this, and work for his class in the contest for the class cup. Do not forget to look up Section 3, Art. 8, of the Constitution. That section will be of special importance to all who enter the contest. Make sure that you are a member of the association.

CUSHMAN ELECTED CAPTAIN.

A meeting of the baseball team was called Monday morning, Jan. 9, to choose a captain to take the place of Varney Putnam '99, who will not return to college in the spring. Ernest T. Cushman 1900 was unanimously elected. Mr. Cushman is an experienced baseball man and an all-round player. He was very prominent in baseball at Hebron, his fitting school, and a member of the crack Hebron team of '96. Since coming to college he has played for two seasons on the 'varsity team, playing the various positions of catcher, shortstop and fielder, all with credit. "Cush," as he is called, is popular with the team, and will make a successful and able captain. Under his lead we ought to take the pennant again this spring.

GRADUATE NOTES.

'41. Mr. J. W. Colcord, who was at one time assistant editor of the Zion's Advocate, died at Alva, Florida, Dec. 21, 1898, aged 80 years. He was a teacher for many years at Portland, Maine, and in the West, before he became a member of the Advocate staff. For the last few years he has been out of health and has resided in Florida.

'85. W. H. Snyder was recently married to Miss Emma A. Morrell of Norwood, Mass. He is now in Worcester, Mass.

'80. Mr. Edward F. Stevens of Brooklyn, N. Y., passed the Christmas vacation in this city with his father, Rev. E. O. Stevens.

'92. Stephen Stark is a teacher in the Moody Boys' School at Mt. Hermon, Mass.

'00. John B. Merrill is principal of the Newmarket, N. H., High school. He is meeting with excellent success.

'98. J. O. Wollman has been elected teacher of mathematics in the Bangor High school.

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The preparatory department of the college consists of four affiliated academies: (1) Coburn Classical Institute, owned by the college, Waterville; (2) Hebron Academy, Hebron, (Oxford county); (3) Ricker Classical Institute, Houlton, (Aroostook county); (4) Higgins Classical Institute, Charleston, (Penobscot county).

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