

THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. VI, No. 15.

WATERVILLE, ME., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE QUEEN OF THE GALE.

It howled and tore on Penobscot Bay,
And the gale shrieked wild with glee,
Snow-clad, death-ridden, seething, gray,
It trampled in from sea.
At Rockland Harbor's yawning mouth
The breakwater's rock-built form,
Low-lying, endless and uncouth,
Gripped fierce and fought the storm.
Within, the ships with cables fast
Rode sheltered, heaving slow,
Deserted deck and naked mast
And sea-dogs snug below.
By the empty wharves the steamers lay,
And their hearts of steam were still,
No engine panted and throbbed that day,
No screw felt the living thrill.
The city seemed hushed, no sound was heard
From its hurrying busy throng,
Its hum was drowned in the storm that roared
And shouted its awful song.
Hark! In from the sea where the wild gusts sweep
Rings a challenge loud and clear,
Triumphant over the raging deep,
And the decks are alive to hear.
Then in thro' the seething, writhing storm,
Thro' the hissing, blinding veil,
Sweeps proudly an ice-mailed, gallant form
In the teeth of the living gale.
She heaves and surges and drives straight on,
And the gray wolves tear at her sides,
They fight her and smite her and ravening yawn,
But she conquers and over them rides.
"Hurrah for the ocean tug, Clarita Clare!"
Shout sailors as she rushes by.
"Hurrah for the ocean tug, Clarita Clare!"
Ring the docks with answering cry.
Then up past the ships to a wharf in the lee
She sweeps on and chooses her place,
Her rest shall be free, this queen of the sea,
For she hath scorned death to his face.
She's an amazon queen, and she fights for her crown,
This day she has won it once more,
She has dared Hell itself, that men might not drown,
And brought them to safety on shore.
Ay! The story is simple and common enough,
But it rings with a music that's true,
The praise of the sea-fighter, rusty and rough,
And the men who can dare and can do.
Low-sided and long, black, ugly and strong,
Dingy and battered and old,
She looks as they warp her and lay her along
By a greyhound all glitter and gold.
And the greyhound may boast of her speed and gilt
plate,
And shine when the weather is fair,
'Tis the other will shine in the wild war with fate,
The ocean tug, Clarita Clare.
For there's never a sail-ship nor steam-ship afloat
Dare venture where her heart must quail,
She dreads naught but breakers and thundering rots,
The queen of the sea and the gale.

THOMAS '03.

CAMPUS CHAT.

It is reported that Coombs, '06, is out working and will not return until next term.

It is announced that William Winter Drew and Marion Stuart Reed, both of '02, will be married at high noon on Saturday, Feb. 14.

Staples, Butler and Thomas, '03, Ames, '04, Frye, Clark and Purinton, '05, and Jewell, '06, attended the banquet of the Alpha Phi Fraternity at the Gerald Tuesday night.

The Epicureans begin to sniff the air, perchance there is a feast preparing. The honored body is gracious, let neophytes draw nigh with burnt incense, fat things and wine. So writeth the Grand Scribe.

The Y. M. C. A. meetings will be of especial interest this term. The committee on religious meetings have prepared a series of topics which should commend themselves to college men, and the leaders appointed will give their best thought to the questions involved. Prof. Roberts will conduct one meeting of the series, and one will be a special missionary meeting, in charge of the missionary committee.

'55. Judge Jos. G. Pettengill died recently at Buffalo, Kansas.

SOCRATES AS AN ETHICAL TEACHER.

No nation can boast the honor of having placed on the scroll of memory more names of world wide fame than Greece, and among hers none is greater than that of Socrates. Well may he be called the father of moral science, and if there is any one before or after the founding of the Christian faith who is entitled to be called a teacher of righteousness for all time, it is Socrates.

He was born in Athens four hundred and sixty-nine B. C., of humble parentage, and he received his education in such branches as were common to an Athenian youth, in music, poetry and gymnastics. In addition to these, Socrates received instruction in the art of his father, who was a sculptor, but he pursued this only a short time since a higher calling awaited him. He also took an additional course in Physics and Astronomy. All these faded away at the thought of becoming a teacher of his fellow men. It was about the middle of his career when Socrates began teaching. Athens was in her glory. He was a contemporary of such renowned men as Sophocles, Pericles, Euripides, Thucydides and others. But while he shared all the elevating influences of this splendid age, growing with the country and blossoming with its bloom, he saw the flower wither and decay under the chilling breeze of oligarchy.

At this time the great poets who had witnessed and sung the achievements at Marathon and Salamis were fast passing away, but the memories of these battles still burned in every Athenian heart and conspired with the dawn of new and ambitious intellectual aspirations to surround the youth with a favorable atmosphere to social and intellectual progress. Stimulated by these achievements the middle and lower classes of society destroyed the barriers of ancient aristocracy, so that Socrates, though the son of a stone cutter and not like other youths whose veins flowed with blood from the Attic aristocracy, found free entrance into the society of the most distinguished public and literary men of his age. So we see that Socrates was in a position to accumulate a fortune by simply allowing himself to become a tool in the hands of other men; but he cast aside all opportunities of this nature, that he might devote his entire attention without distraction to his life's work.

Morality suffered the greatest blow at the hands of the sophists, a class of men who flourished just before and at the time of Socrates. They sought not the truth but wealth, they exerted their whole influence to shake the foundations of knowledge, to unsettle the ideas of right and wrong, of virtue and vice, and to confound all moral truths at the dictation of their own interests.

In the face of these facts, Socrates resolved to devote his life to the moral improvement of his fellow men, and at the age of thirty he turned his back upon the world and took upon himself this most sacred duty.

We now have the battlefield in which Socrates was to fight, clearly before us. Every great principle of social order and human right was crushed to earth. The field was waiting for a great reformer. Such a reformer appeared and his name was Socrates.

Socrates first sought self-improvement and then the improvement of others.

According to his view, man is by nature a sympathetic and social being. Although acted upon by instincts which tend to isolate him, these are met by stronger instincts of love, sympathy and fellowship which place him upon the plain of civilization. In the second place, man is by nature possessed of reason. This function enables him to determine truth and places him on the top round of God's creation. Socrates was possessed of reason in abundance, and by this function he was able to distinguish the true man from the false.

Truth should be the guiding star of all nations. It is the disregard for this essential that has stagnated the progress of many nations and ultimately caused their ruin. Truth was the kernel around which Socrates centered his investigations and it was by this that he knew himself and his fellow men. He spent his life in teaching men virtue and right conduct.

We must consider that Socrates lived four hundred years before Christ. Men of that age had not the opportunity of living true lives as after the coming of Christ. They had not the guiding star to direct them to truth and wisdom. Their ideas of a god were necessarily imaginary. It was for each to draw his own conclusions concerning a supreme ruler. Worldly aspirations seemed to have possession of men. Socrates felt that it was his duty to arouse in men a new sense of their duties, to bring them out of the mists in which they were enveloped into the pure light of common sense and truth.

In his effort to influence men to higher and nobler lives many words were spoken against him but they only breathed the breath of life and died away, while his praises still ring upon the lips of people to-day.

Socrates taught that the kingdom of heaven is within every man. He taught that morals were as necessary to the acting man as the sun's light to the growing plant.

Christ came into the world and taught men the way of right and true living. He was despised by the people, was accused, convicted and crucified. Socrates too, was despised by the people, was accused, convicted and poisoned with the hemlock. He believed in the divine mysteries of heavenly wisdom. It is the soul's impulse and right to penetrate into these mysteries. When Socrates looked upon nature in the spring time, upon the swelling buds and breaking blossom, upon the fields of waving grain, upon the new created year, he saw mirrored behind all these a divine hand. Socrates had not the power to change the hearts of men, but he pointed to them the way of truth and right.

If Socrates were to rise from the grave to-day he would recognize and appreciate all the material progress of which the world boasts, but he could not refrain from uttering a warning against the danger of estimating grandeur by visible pomp, rather than by the invisible power of noble purpose and lofty design. Indeed his life was noble and glorious, a life even unto death one to make men better and bring them nearer God, a life of which our Saviour shall take deep account in the day of His final reckoning.

In the language of many authors, Socrates was the bravest, truest, simplest and wisest of mankind.

O. W. ATCHLEY.

AN ATTACK ON COLBY.

At a recent meeting of the Cumberland Congregational Ministerial Association the following protest was adopted for presentation to the legislature:

"Whereas—The appropriation of state funds to sectarian purposes is a direct violation of the fundamental American principle of the separation of church and state; and

"Whereas—One or more petitions are before the legislature of Maine asking such appropriations, particularly in the direction of education in institutions not under state control but under denominational auspices; it is therefore

"Resolved—By the Cumberland Association of Congregational Ministers, meeting in Portland January 20, 1903, that we protest against the granting of any appropriations by the legislature of this state to any institutions conducted under the auspices of any church or religious denomination."

We are sorry that the Congregational Ministers of Cumberland County so far forgot themselves as to draw up the above set of resolutions, for the action was neither discreet, nor wise, nor consistent. In the first place it reveals the fact that ministers are too, too much like other mortals in petty jealousies and narrow-mindedness. In the second place appropriations concern ministers less than most people, for church property is never taxed, and ministers are the smallest tax-payers. In the third place, it has always been the policy of the state to aid from time to time needy institutions of learning, and this policy is founded on the state constitution. No distinction has ever been made in regard to the denomination of the institutions aided, but all have been treated on a common basis, and nobody has ever yet objected to being helped, not even the ministers of Cumberland County. But now, after all these years, it is discovered to be wicked to aid any institution bearing the name of a denomination, a wonderful discovery, and simultaneous with the Colby fire. If there were not every year Congregationalists and every other kind of "ists" using old Colby's scholarship funds and enjoying her privileges in getting an education for themselves, there might be some grounds for the action of these ministerial discoverers, but at present there is none. The writer of this article is a Congregationalist, and has been in Colby nearly four years. He has had the same scholarship aid and has been treated with the same consideration by the college as if he had been a hard-shell Baptist, so far as he is able to judge. So far as his observation goes, too, every student, Protestant, Catholic or anything else is treated just as every other student is, and there seems to be no reason why Colby should be denied on denominational grounds. We do not expect the Millennium just yet, but we wish that we might be Christians instead of denominationalists, and begin to get ready for it.

GEORGE W. THOMAS.

The interest in Bible and Mission study is greater than it has been for some time here at Colby. There are three Bible classes meeting regularly every Monday night, one for the men in Hersey Hall, one at Staples's and Thomas's room for the men of South College, and one for the Freshmen, led by Prof. Beck. The Mission study class, to which ten Colby delegates pledged themselves at the recent convention, has been increased to twelve, and is still growing; more books have been sent for. This class meets at Staples's and Thomas's room at 2 P. M. Sundays.

THE COLBY ECHO.

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Apropos of what we said last week about supporting THE ECHO, there are seventy-seven women in college, and only forty-two are subscribers. There are twenty-five women in the freshman class and only seven are subscribers. It seems rather a lamentable state of affairs, but it exists, nevertheless. There is no excuse for it, either. Many of the women refuse to support athletics financially because they can have no part in them. No such argument can apply to their non-support of THE ECHO. There are four women on THE ECHO staff, and they will be more than pleased to receive literary contributions from any and all women of the college. It would hardly seem either, that the women can not afford to pay the subscription price, for it is not large, and they do not have nearly as many calls on their pocket-books as the men have. The number of men in college is one hundred and eighteen, and ninety are subscribers to THE ECHO, to say nothing of athletics and other things. The men, however, are not all paying subscribers, so perhaps their righteousness is somewhat Pharasaical. It is coming to this, with the present board at least; if the college wants a paper it must support it. We aren't in this business for our health primarily, and we don't propose to keep it up any longer than the college wants us to. It would be quite a relief to some of us to drop this eternal thankless grind and do something for ourselves in the way of extra studies. We don't like to keep kicking all the time, for we used to belong to the "Don't Kick" club, but we feel that we must speak some plain words in the hope that somebody may wake up to his duty.

Colby students have just been informed that their friends in Bowdoin raised one hundred and forty-eight dollars for a relief fund at the time of the fire. It was sent up to President White after the college had closed, and has been used with the other funds by the relief committee. By a very unfortunate piece of inadvertence the students of Colby had never heard of the splendid generosity of the Bowdoin men until Tuesday of this week. A mass meeting was immediately held, and resolutions

were drawn up to thank the Bowdoin men for what they had done. THE ECHO wishes to second those resolutions very strongly. It is a late hour to express our gratitude, but we are deeply and sincerely grateful, and we are proud to be comrades of collegians who show such spirit as the men of Bowdoin and U. of M. We shall not forget their kindness, and for some of us, who lost all we had in that cruel fire, the memory will be something more than a remembrance.

The Colby catalogue for 1902-1903 is just out, and is, we think, one of which the college may feel proud. It is comprehensive, systematically arranged and clear. The cover is very attractive, and altogether the book is a credit to the editors. We note a few changes in the courses offered. Greek has been made entirely elective, and three courses for beginners in Greek have been added. The course in Spanish has been increased to a full year, and will alternate in the spring term with Italian. The course in Sanscrit has been dropped, but few will ever miss it.

The Committee of Twenty is doing excellent work for old Colby. One of its latest moves was to delegate two men to visit each of the four Colby fitting schools in the interest of the college. This committee deserves the hearty co-operation of everyone in college. Its interests are those of Colby, and Colby's interests are ours.

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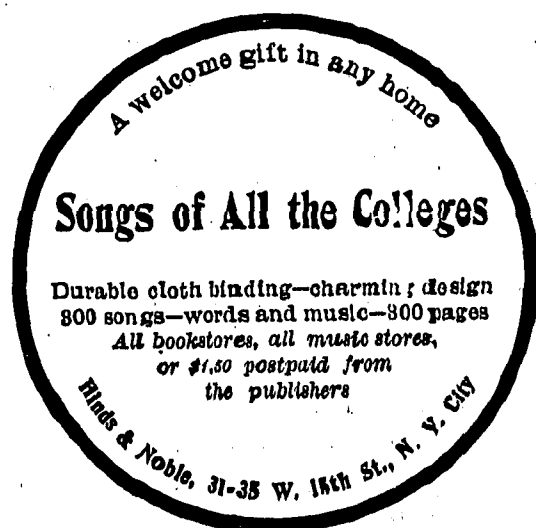
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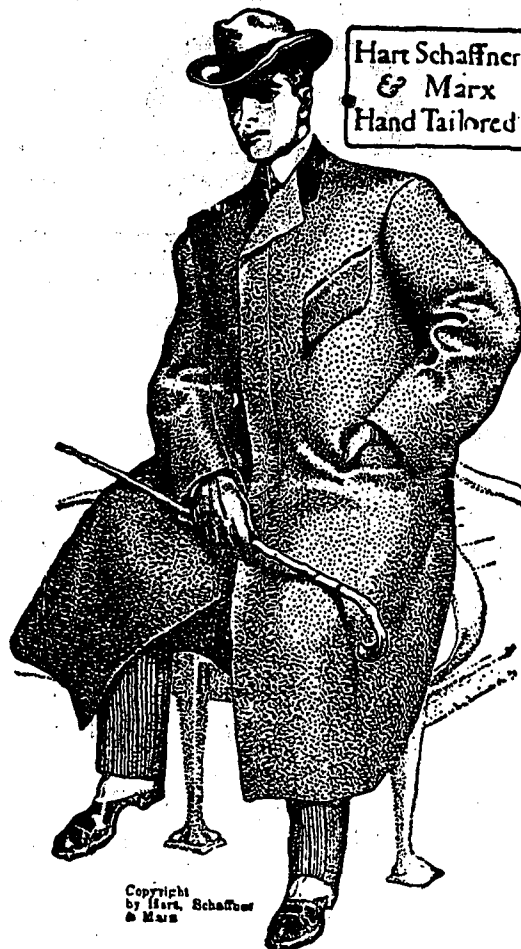


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BASKET BALL.

The varsity basket ball team went to Gardiner Thursday night Feb. 5th and won a fiercely contested game from the strong Gardiner team 18 to 14.

At the end of the first half the score was 8 to 8. In the second half both teams came back with the spirit to do or die, and Colby died and Gardiner died.

Gardiner forged ahead at the beginning of this half and things looked bad for Colby, Colby soon evened things up. There was only a short time to play. Each team had 14 points to its credit. The four hundred people present were on their feet awaiting the turn of the game. Bryant, guard on the Colby team, turned the tide when he threw a goal from the center of the field. A few seconds later he threw another from the same spot. These were beautiful throws and won the game for Colby.

The score and lineup:

COLBY.	GARDINER.
Allen, r.f.	r.f., Wily
Glover, l.f.	l.f., Hayward
Teague, c.	c., Straffin
Bryant, r.f.	r.f., Scott
Lewis, l.f. (Capt.)	l.f., Rafter

Score—Colby, 18; Gardiner, 14. Goals from field—Scott 3, Straffin 2, Wily, Hayward, Allen 4; Bryant 2, Lewis 2. Teague. Referee—Dixon of Gardiner. Umpire—Atchley of Colby. Time—20 minute halves. Attendance—400.

COLBY 28, OAK GROVE 18.

Oak Grove sent up a basket-ball team that nearly took Colby by surprise Tuesday night. It was composed of five as clean, active, young athletes as one could wish to see. Colby was dreaming of an easy victory and did not wake from her dream until Oak Grove had run up ten points to four in the first part of the first half. All through the game the fitting

school boys kept the collegians on the run for their money and were not far behind at the end. McVane was the particular star for Oak Grove, though they all played finely and showed excellent team work. Mr. McVane will be remembered as the all-round athlete of the track team with which Oak Grove sprung such a surprise here last spring. Joe Teague did splendid work for Colby, throwing several goals, but the work of the college team as a whole was not so good as we could wish.

As an added attraction at the gym there was a game between the sophomore and freshmen, in which the former were worsted 23—11. There was also a lively boxing bout between Cowing and Vail.

'77. Hon. William H. Looney of Portland showed his loyalty to Colby by appearing before the Educational Committee at Augusta the other day to speak in her behalf.

'79. Rev. E. C. Whittemore, who has been largely instrumental in the organization of the Waterville Historical Society, has been recently elected corresponding secretary of the same.

'83. Asher C. Hinds is retained as Clerk at the Speaker's desk in the National House of Representatives.

'91. Alvah H. Chipman, who is now residing in St. Johns, N. B., and is business manager of the *Messenger and Visitor*, was in the city recently.

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"DRAT THAT KID!"

If this story should ever come to the eyes of some people I suppose they would recognize their own portraits drawn in ink, and be offended at me, for this is a true story, fierce reader, but my "sail of greatness is set," and I must venture. Near my home there dwell two ancient and artless maidens who have no particular occupation, except that of being good and lamenting over the wicked. Their speech is as mild as the breath of summer, and their tempers as sweet as the sunshine of their far-away youth. They never, never speak ungardedly, and they never, never scold. I have often wondered if they would ever descend to the level of unperfected mortals, and make what is known as a "break." They did once, only once, and hence my story, but be not impatient, ferocious reader, for I shall be as slow in coming to the breach as Nym and Ancient Pistol.

My heroines live in a gray old house on a hill-side. The walls have forgotten paint, and the roof is parting company with shingles. The little many-squared windows peer out at the sea, like an old lady through her spectacles, and the old-fashioned chimneys open wide to the winds and sky. Of course such a house is haunted, but not by the kind of spirit you are picturing to yourself, not an ill-fed, musty ghost, covered with cob-webs and wrapped up in a sheet. My! no, the dear old ladies could never think of allowing a ghost to prowl around in one of their bleached linen sheets, no matter how needy and deserving he might be. I wouldn't dare suggest such a thing, if I were a ghost, not even if I were a relative of theirs and had some claim to the property. No, this spook is nothing more nor less than a little freckle-faced kid with the Irish accent of Boston, who comes every summer from the center of the universe to the ends of it to visit his aunts, the maidens. Now I wouldn't have such a spook around my house. I'd much rather have a good, respectable ghost, and I'd throw in a sheet too, if he insisted on it. For of all the miserable, ornery, vexatious youngsters I ever saw, this is the worst. He will steal like a wharf-rat, lie like a statesman, and he is eternally up to some devilment. If I had him, I'd—but there! I haven't got him, so I needn't do a thing to him. Well, the maidens think he is an embryo president, and there is nothing too good for him. All the affection which they ought to have lavished upon his sex years ago, when it might have "returned to them after many days etc. etc." they bestow upon him. No matter what he does, nor what scrape he gets them into, they have always forgiven him seventy times seven, and if he smites them upon the one cheek they turn to him the other. But to pass on.

The maidens have two relics of departed days; at the back of the house a gnarly, scraggly, old orchard of apple trees, and just beyond, a pig-pen, in which there dwelleth a pig, son of a pig, and so on, year in and year out. In other words, they always keep swine. Now pig in the abstract, pig in the pen, and pig transmogrified into pork they have a great affection for; but live pig in the concrete, pig free and out of doors, they fear as the righteous ought to fear the devil. The kid loves pig, too, and one of his principal diversions is to get into the pen with a whip, and torment the poor creature until tired out. Well, one day last summer the maidens heard a worse racket than usual in the pen and started out through the prohard to investigate. Their investigations extended no farther than the nearest tree. They met Mr. Pig careering along the path with the kid whooping after him. I will not dwell upon the harrowing scene, especially because I was not an eye-witness of the first part of it. But I

chanced along some quarter of an hour afterwards, and found the tree bearing two specimens of very ripe fruit. The kid was shaking down apples for the pig to the evident discomfort of the afore-said specimens. I inquired the meaning of it all, and was informed by his kid-ship that this was "de t'eatre."

Trouble seemed imminent between the leading ladies and the stage manager. I assumed the part of end man, lowered the curtain, and attempted to change the scenes, but the audience would not leave the ground floor and the actresses would not leave the stage. I was obliged to act the part of cop, and club the audience. The stage manager vanished in the wings, and I was left alone with two very excited soubrettes, whom I advised to quit the stage at once. However they managed to get upon it, they could not manage to get off of it, or at least, they would not. I urged, I argued, I implored and all in vain. But deliverance came in a way I would never have expected. The stage manager strolled back with a line in his hand. "Hully Gee!" he said, "See me snare de boids," and he made a cast at his aunts' dangling feet. He missed his cast, but as he was preparing to throw again, there was an awful flutter and squawk, and both "boids" alighted on the ground simultaneously. And then both fell from grace at once, for the first, and, let us hope, for the only time. When they left the tree they must have started on the downward way, for they both exclaimed in shrill, wrathful accents, "Drat that kid!" They closed on him from either side and bore him struggling into the house. I trust I know what followed. The next day the two ancient maidens appeared at my house with, "We are sorry we spoke so roughly yesterday, but we were so frustrated! And would you mind taking the dear child and his trunk to the steam-boat wharf this afternoon?"

'87. Hon. Forrest E. Goodwin is a member of the Senate in the Maine State Legislature. He is chairman of the Joint Special Committee on Revision of Statutes, and a member of the Joint Standing Committees on Library and on State Lands and State Roads. He delivered one of the addresses at the recent Reed Memorial Service, receiving for it very high praise. He is easily among the leaders.

'79. Everett Flood, M. D., as superintendent of the Massachusetts Hospital for Epileptics at Palmer, has recently issued his annual report. It is a bulky document, and shows that the work of the hospital has been very successful under Dr. Flood's administration.

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