

# THE COLBY ECHO.

NEW SERIES:—VOL. VI, No. 17.

WATERVILLE, ME., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1903.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## BEAT THE BELL.

Why is all this noise and bustle?  
What creates this haste and hustle,  
Who can tell?

In the distance comes one creeping—  
No! 'tis Doctor Marquardt leaping,  
While his upturned eyes are peeping  
At the Bell.

Perhaps there's danger near this morning,  
Yet we've seen nor heard no warning,  
All seems well.

Yet comes Black a puffing, steaming,  
With his coat-tails outward streaming  
And his eyes intently beaming  
On the Bell.

Surely this great wild commotion  
Must be other than the notion  
It foretells.

Here comes Rob with features wild  
Rolling, swelling, wind-mill style,  
With his ears cocked up the while  
At the Bell.

We boys know what makes this hurry,  
Why they are in such a flurry,  
We can tell.

They are coming running, leaping,  
For they spent too much time sleeping,  
And they think to beat the beating  
Of the Bell.

Ah, ye men of wisdom, knowledge,  
Do your work at Colby College  
Prompt and well;

And, as Judy, walk sedately;  
Be more dignified, more stately,  
Do not as you have done lately,  
Beat the Bell.

CY TAP.

## AN EXCURSION IN CUBA.

When I was entering upon my teens and beginning to realize that the old Atlantic which surged against the granite shores of my native town also rolled its waters upon the beaches of far distant and far different lands, that beyond the meeting place of sky and sea were men of different hue from the fog-browed fishermen whom I met upon the streets and wharves of our little sea-side village, that under different skies were to be seen trees far different from the spruces and firs in my grandfather's wood-lot and flowers of stranger colors and forms than the daisies and buttercups of our hayfields—when I was beginning to realize all these things, I had the good fortune to spend the month of March in Cuban waters on board that good ship, (I say *ship* for the benefit of the land-lubbers who may read this, but if in those days I should have heard anyone call that *schooner* a ship I should have thought him a veritable idiot), the Nelson Bartlett, which my father sailed.

During the latter part of our stay we lay anchored in Cienfuegos Bay off the mouth of a little river. Toward this river we looked daily for the appearance of a strange and clumsy little side-wheel steamer that plied between the plantations up river and the city across the bay, the city with its streets full of dead rats, lank goats, featherless chickens and little naked "niggers." Toward the river we also looked for the lighters which brought the raw sugar, that creeping, crawling stuff with a color a few shades lighter than the little half-breed "niggers" or about the shade of the plantation hand's feet which we afterwards saw tramping it down in the bags. The coming of a lighter we hailed with joy for we soon learned that the gift of a few old withered New England apples or of a piece of salt pork, which we had no use for except as shark bait, to the tawny, black-eyed captain would give us the privilege of searching every nook and corner of the craft for cocoa-nuts, bananas and stalks of sugar cane. My two brothers and I could get outside of a good supply of these commodities

during a day, for in the hot forenoons all we felt like doing was lying under an awning and cultivating our Epicurean propensities. Soon we began to wonder what sort of a paradise lay upon the banks of that river. We climbed to the topmasts and looked off over the region about the mouth of the stream, but all we could see was a dense growth of unshapely trees and far beyond these the hills of the interior, upon the slopes of which we could see daily showers falling. Accordingly we hailed with delight the day when our father announced his intention of taking us up river to visit the plantation. Early in the morning before the sun began to melt the tar in the seams of the vessel's deck and while the shadow of the hull reached over the surface of the bay as far as to the sand bar at the river mouth, we sailed off in the big boat with the last breath of the cool night breeze filling our canvas. In the boat were my father, my mother, my brothers, my sister, myself and two of the crew. These last were taken along to row the boat when the wind died out and to guard it when the captain and his family were viewing the plantation, for the chief virtue of all tropical people is their cleverness in stealing. I verily believe that the only pangs of conscience a Cuban or a Coolie ever feels are those which follow a neglected opportunity to steal. We took with us, also, almost enough grub and water to fit out a Banks fisherman. Soon we crossed the sand bars and found ourselves in the river. On one side was solid earth but it was hidden from sight by a rank growth of bay trees. This extended for some miles with here and there a small cleared space occupied by a fisherman's hut. Near the landings we saw the fishermen pulling their nets. They were rude looking men of no namable color and I dare say that they had very little to do with dry-goods dealers. The other side of the river was hard to locate, it seemed to lose itself in the shady recesses of a luxuriant swamp. Reeds and rushes raised their broad blades from stagnant pools of shining water. Trees rose from muddy beds and their trunks were entirely concealed by parasitic vines. The upper branches were woven so completely together by rank, thick leaved vines that a perfect roof was formed over those regions beneath which could be called neither land or sea. We knew that ugly-jawed alligators were lurking in those sunless growths ready to snap up whatever living thing would unwarily come near their lairs. But there was a more deadly enemy brooding there, the fever germ, and so for safety we kept well over toward the other bank of the river. But our eyes and ears were ever turned toward the swamp, for in those recesses dwelt a multitude of living, noisy creatures. Great, gaudy, red flamingoes and their mates of duller hue waded about in the open pools. Above them the vault of foliage was alive with paraquets and other birds of brilliant color. All were engaged in a continuous chattering and screeching, not one pleased our ears with a musical note, for tropical birds know not the art of song. And then great fish began to leap from the water all around our boat. At first we were almost afraid that they might bump into our craft and do us some injury, but at length we became so bold as to put our hands into the water and attempt to touch the great, scaly backs of the creatures as they sported about.

At last we passed by the swampy region and began to see open land along the river. Here and there were palm trees and up among the leaves at their tops we could see the big fibrous burrs containing the cocoa-nuts with their delicious milk. The sun was making it very hot for us in our open boat when at length we came in sight of our destination. Gladly we left our cramped positions in the boat and sprang ashore onto the little wharf. A crowd of grinning plantation hands with brown paper complexions, collected about us. Some looked enviously at our hats and shoes, the only articles of clothing which a Cuban considers worth stealing, while others looked with contemplative pleasure at the boat which they knew we must leave in the river, but these all went away with disappointment pictured in their faces when they saw the sailors prepare to remain by the boat. Others who knew a few words of English vied with each other in offering to show us the way to the plantation headquarters. They knew that my father's pocket-book was lined with little pieces of silver with holes punched in them. We walked up the track of the plantation railroad between fields showing sugar cane in all stages of growth. Some was just coming up and looked just like young corn. Then we saw a group of objects which at a distance we took to be haystacks, but on nearer approach we saw that at their bases they were perforated with openings in which black, curious faces appeared to gaze at us as we passed by. We arrived at the sugar mill and were met by the superintendent, a large-built, genial Scotchman. He was very glad to see us for on the plantation a fair, civilized complexion is rarely seen, and he was especially delighted to find that my mother was also of Scotch birth. He took us to his rooms from which we could overlook the whole plantation. He told us it was the largest in Cuba. It had a complete railroad system on it, connecting the different fields with the mill. On an eminence about a mile from the plant was the home of the owner. The large frame house was a palace in comparison with the cane thatched huts of the working people.

The superintendent told us it was continually guarded by soldiers to protect the owner's children from being stolen by the negroes. It was cool in the rooms of our host, and he refreshed us with lime water and fruit. Then he showed us through the mill. The cane was unloaded from the cars onto a great belt which carried it between immense steel rollers. Beneath these the juice was collected and conducted away in pipes to the boilers. All the way up river we boys had been anticipating having a drink of sugar cane juice without the labor of chewing it out of the stalks. A large dishful of it was here set before us. We took one swallow each. Ever since that swallow sugar sap has lacked charms for me. The machinery of the mill was very interesting, in one building we saw the plant where the molasses and other refuse of the sugar making was made into what every old sailor knows as West India rum. The hands who worked here were the envy of all the rest of the plantation. The people about the plantation were more interesting than the machinery. Men, women and children all worked together. These in form and feature were of every degree of ugliness and of every shade of color between inky black and dirty

white. However, they appeared not one whit ashamed of their complexion, for no attempt was made to conceal any portion of it. Much of the heavy work was done by large, lean, black oxen. Each ox would be fastened by a rope around its horns to a cart or drag and by a rope tied to a ring in his nose to a rolling eyed negress. All these plantation negroes are considered as little better than slaves.

At length when the heat of the day was past we walked back to the river followed by all the idlers on the plantation. We felt that we were heading the procession that time. We got our boat under way and started down river hoping to get back to our schooner before dark, but a head wind and tide kept us in the river till nearly midnight. In the night the swamps were filled with inky blackness and all was silent as death except that occasionally out of the dense recesses would come a horrible cry telling that some poor creature had fallen into the clutches of its destroyer. With a feeling of the greatest relief we emerged from the narrow river with its death-breeding swamps and came out into the open waters of the bay.

## COL. ALFRED E. BUCK, '59.

By the death of Col. A. E. Buck, '59, while on the annual Imperial duck hunt in Japan on Dec. 4th, the United States lost a worthy and distinguished son and Japan a true friend.

Col. Buck held a warmer place in the hearts of all Japanese than any other foreign minister has ever done, and many were the expressions by prominent Japanese officials of this sentiment.

Col. Buck entered Colby and graduated with the class of 1859. While in college he was a prominent member of the D. K. E. fraternity. After graduating he taught school in Maine until he entered the Union army with rank of captain of Co. C., 13th Maine Infantry; afterwards holding a colonel's commission in both the 51st and 91st colored regiments.

At the close of the war he settled in the South, and was prominent in business and political circles in Mobile, Ala. Among the offices he held during his residence there, prior to going to Japan, were Clerk of Circuit Court, Member and President of Common Council, Trustee of Atlanta University, and delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago 1884. He was also prominent in civil service reform.

At the time of his appointment as Minister to Japan, Pres. McKinley said to him, "Buck, I'm glad that you are a God-fearing and a church-going man," and this habit he continued in Japan, being the only foreign minister that regularly attended church.

The private funeral was held at the legation, Dr. D. O. Greene, D.D., officiating, and the public funeral was in the Cathedral of the Episcopal Church, Bishop McKinn conducting the service. Special representatives of their Majesties, the Emperor and Empress, as well as a large number of the nobility and the diplomatic corps were present.

The remains were accompanied to the United States by Maj. O. E. Wood, Military Attache of the legation. The interment at Arlington Cemetery was impressive, the nation paying her last tributes of honor with a military burial to her departed son.

A. D. Cox, '03, has finished his term of school and returned to college.

# THE COLBY ECHO.

Published every Friday during the college year by the students of Colby College.

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The specialties which Manager Glover has been introducing into the basket ball evenings lately suggest a query to us. Why can we not have an athletic exhibition this winter? It has been two years since we had one, though the last one was eminently successful. It seems to us that with all the talent in college, some of which is most excellent, a fine exhibition might be gotten up with very little trouble. There are good fencers, tumblers, boxers, wrestlers and almost everything else among the men. Pyramids and basket ball could be added and a whole evening of first class entertainment could be furnished. The training for this exhibition could be substituted in large part for the regular gym-work, so that it would take little extra time and labor. If it were thought inadvisable to hire the city hall, the gymnasium could be used and all the receipts would be clear profit for the benefit of the athletic association. We repeat our question, why can we not have an athletic exhibition this winter?

## A SOCIETY RACKET.

An original comedy in three acts.

James Burdock, a broker, L. G. Lord  
Green Burdock, his son, F. H. Leighton  
A Fresh Mug, an artist, E. B. Winslow  
Wilks Love, Green's friend, M. B. Long  
Africanus Pimple, The Third,

J. S. Tapley  
Thomas, a butler, A. A. Thompson  
Si Chical, a "cop", C. W. Steward  
Huriand Getim, a Boston belle,

E. C. Lincoln  
Gwendolyn Burdock, Burdock's  
daughter, S. G. Bean  
"Babe" Burdock, another daughter,

H. E. Slayton  
Mrs. Tom Alley, a widow, C. R. Bryant  
Gretchen, a servant, W. J. Hammond

The above is the cast of characters for the play to be presented by the Colby Dramatic Club.

## KAPPA ALPHA MEETING.

On Saturday eve, February 14, Kappa Alpha held a meeting behind closed doors at 15 College Avenue. At eight o'clock they assembled each wearing the insignia of the order. After the discussion of important business, a Valentine party was held. At the close of the entertainment the members feasted and sang Kappa Alpha songs until the house resounded. This old and well known society is in a flourishing condition.

## STATE CONVENTION AND NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE AT LAWRENCE.

On Friday morning, Feb. 13, Dean Berry, Miss Gifford and Miss Higgins left Waterville to represent Colby at the Lawrence Convention. This was the Mass. State Convention of City and Student Y. W. C. A. work, with delegates invited from all over New England.

On Friday afternoon, after some business in which Mrs. Durrell was elected president, and Dean Berry among the vice-presidents, of the Convention, Rev. A. C. Dixon, D.D., of Boston spoke on "The Spirit and the Word." He is one of Boston's most eloquent speakers and as usual won his audience at once.

This was followed by a reception and banquet to the delegates. At the close of the banquet Miss Crane, the Student Secretary of New England, acted as toastmistress and called upon three ladies to respond to toasts for Connecticut, Mass., and New Hampshire, a Brown girl for Rhode Island and a Vermont College girl for Vermont, while Miss Higgins did her best to brag for Maine. Saturday morning was given up to business and conferences on City and Student work.

In the afternoon Miss Harriet Taylor, General Secretary of the American Committee, spoke on "A Summer's Visit Among Associations Abroad," and Miss Helen F. Barnes, Extension Secretary of the American Committee, gave us a glimpse of Extension Work in our large cities. Directly after supper a Silver Bay Rally was held. Each woman determined to try her best to attend the Summer Conference held at Silver Bay.

Saturday evening, another of Boston's pastors spoke, Rev. James A. Francis. His subject was, "The Spiritual Life." At 9.45 Sunday we met at the City Association Rooms for an hour of prayer, and preparation for the day. Each one received here a great spiritual blessing.

We were then free to attend the regular services of the Lawrence churches until four o'clock P.M., when we assembled again for a Vesper Service. Miss Condi, Student Secretary of the American Committee, spoke. She is a young woman of charming personality and inspires one to nobler thoughts and purposes.

Sunday evening Miss Taylor and Miss Barnes again spoke, each on her particular line of work. They broadened very much our conception of the work which the Y. W. C. A. is doing in the world.

At the close of this service, a farewell meeting of all delegates, led by Miss Kyle, City Secretary for New England, was held. After words from at least one of each delegation, the Colby delegates were asked to come forward first, and followed by the others a circle was formed around the entire church. "Blest be the Tie that Binds," was heartily sung, and as the circle was broken each felt that she had received the greatest inspiration of her life from the Lawrence Convention.

The Chafing-dish Club met with Miss Salsman, '04, Thursday evening. As might be suspected a good menu was served and a jolly time enjoyed.

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## BASKET BALL.

Manager Glover had more good things on the docket for the lovers of basket ball Saturday night. The first was an exciting and well played game between the Freshman and Sophomore teams. The Sophs were out for blood, for the Freshmen already had one victory to their credit, and that must be wiped out if possible. It was not possible, but it took an extra period to decide the matter. The score was a tie at the end of the first half, and it stood 14 to 14 at the end of the second. A few minutes of extra play decided the battle in favor of the Freshmen. Kennison threw a neat goal, and the count was, Freshmen, 16, Sophomores, 14.

The field was now clear for the big teams, and they came on greeted with applause. The whistle blew and the sharpest game ever seen in the Colby gym began. At the very first it was nip and tuck, the ball flying now toward one goal, now toward the other. Then Colby began to forge ahead slowly, and kept Maine on the defensive continually. At the last of the half Maine got going faster and it was with relief that Colby supporters saw the half close 8 to 6 in Colby's favor. The last half was a somewhat different story, for while Colby was still playing a fierce game, Maine had taken a mighty brace, and it was Colby who had to play on the defensive. The hearts of Colby supporters were anxious enough, but good luck was on our side, and Maine missed try after try. Five sturdy players were on our side, too, and they kept Maine chasing two or three points behind all the while. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, and in this case it was too long for Maine, for the game ended fourteen to eleven in Colby's favor. Both teams did star work and it is hard to pick out the best players among them, Joe Teague perhaps did the best work. Joe is a kind of "fixed star" anyhow. Capt. Lewis and Bill Teague also played finely. For Maine, Elstrom, Huntington and Aborn showed up in excellent form.

Between the halves of the big game Vail and Ross, '06, did some fancy tumbling which was highly appreciated by all. These special features which Manager Glover introduces are fine drawing cards.

The scores and line ups are as follows:

FRESHMEN.	SOPHOMORES.
Meador, l.f.	l.f., Bryant
Briggs, r.f.	r.f., Cotton
Willey, c.	c., Whittaker
Spencer, l.g.	l.g., Hall
Kennison, r.g.	r.g., Morse

Score—Freshmen, 16; Sophomores, 14. Goals from field—Willey, 4, Whittaker, 2, Hall, 2, Meador, Briggs, Kennison, Spencer, Bryant. Fouls—Whittaker, 1. Time—Fifteen and ten minute halves. Referee—Glover. Timer—Nelson.

COLBY.	MAINE.
Allen, l.f.	l.f., Soderstrom
J. Teague, r.f.	r.f., Huntington
Lewis, c., (Capt.)	c., Elstrom, (Capt.)
Bartlett, l.g.	l.g., Aborn
W. Teague, r.g.	r.g., Haley

Score—Colby, 14; Maine, 11. Goals from field—J. Teague, 4, Huntington, 2, Allen, Lewis, Soderstrom, Aborn. Goals from Fouls—Elstrom, 3, Allen, 2. Fouls—Allen, 3, W. Teague, 3, Lewis, Soderstrom, 3, Elstrom, 2, Huntington, Aborn. Time—20 and 15 minute halves. Officials—Dr. Frew, Mitchell. Timer—Nelson.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

'89. Frank E. Nye is principal of Berwick Academy at South Berwick, Maine.

'91. Principal Johnson of the Institute is rapidly recovering from an attack of typhoid fever. He and Mrs. Johnson will sail from Boston on the twenty-eighth of March for the Mediterranean.

'98. Herbert M. Brown is engaged in the insurance business in Cleveland, O.

Elmer Ellsworth Hall is packing medicine in Little Falls, Minn.

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For catalogue apply to ALFRED MITCHELL, M. D., Dean, BOWDOIN, ME., July 10, 1902.



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## CAMPUS CHAT.

Pugsley, '05, was in town Saturday.

Coombs, '06, has returned to college.

Miss Wilson, '06, spent Sunday in Fairfield.

A. A. Towne, '04, is teaching in China, Maine.

Mitchell, '02, is in town. Mr. Mitchell is teaching in Billerica, Mass.

Parker Craig, '06, was in town Saturday to sit for pictures in the football group.

Miss Mabel Coombs, Hebron, '01, visited Miss Caldwell, '06, Thursday of last week.

Watkins, '06, has been ill at home with typhoid fever and will not return until next term.

R. F. Brunel, '03, is teaching in the city High School in place of one of the teachers who is ill.

There was a "cut" in the German classes Tuesday. Dr. Marquardt was moving his family to High St.

The Sophs retaliated for the loss of the basket ball game by putting up sundry Freshmen Saturday night.

Thomas, '03, will leave for Boston tonight to attend the New England banquet of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

Ethel Howard, '05, has been detained at her home in Winslow for the past week, on account of the illness of her brother.

All subscribers not receiving THE ECHO regularly will confer a favor by notifying the business manager, Mr. Lewis. Back numbers can be obtained of him.

A special initiation and spread were held at Beta Phi, hall Wednesday evening, February 4th. The initiates were Miss Anna M. Boynton and Miss Etta G. Rutt.

The members of Kappa Alpha entertained several of the senior men at the Palmer House on Monday evening, Feb. 23. The parlor was prettily decorated with flags and the brilliant Kappa colors. The evening passed pleasantly for all.

Horace Newenham, '01, has been elected physical director for the remainder of the current year to fill the place left vacant by Dr. Frew's resignation. The college is fortunate to secure "Hod," for he is a fine athlete and one of the college heroes.

A very friendly spirit was manifested by the Bates girls who attended the Lawrence convention, when they extended an invitation to the Colby delegation to stop with them on the return trip. They did all in their power to entertain the Colby girls and gave them a very enjoyable time.

Rehearsals for the annual drama have begun under the efficient direction of Prof. F. L. Edgcomb of Auburn. This is Mr. Edgcomb's third season with us and his popularity and success are ever on the increase. He has won a warm place in the heart of every man in college, and he truly seems like one of us.

Dr. Frew, whose resignation we announced in a recent issue, will leave Monday for Burlington, Vermont. The Dr. will enter hospital work and intends to resume his medical profession. Our best wishes attend him, for we have all learned to respect him as a clean, noble specimen of young manhood, and to regard him as a true and trusty friend.

Repairs are continually being made upon the Women's dormitories. Through the efforts of the girls there have been many improvements made upon the interior of the Ladies' Hall and now that Dr. Marquardt has moved to High Street, more extensive changes will be made upon the Palmer House so that by next year all the women may be accommodated in college houses.

## HOPE.

O rest, my soul, and be at peace,  
And give thy grateful prayers release,  
And let them rise and let them soar;  
Nor feed my craving spirit more  
With happy hopes which change to sighs  
And rend, with penetrating cries,  
The stifled air, the bolted door;  
And, free to venture and to rise,  
They leave me heart sick, faint and sore,  
Assault the doors of Paradise  
And baffled, sink to rise no more.  
Thus faithless hope returns and dies  
And leaves me hopeless as before.

## FAITH.

O Hope, dove-like, from heaven descended,  
When thou with faith in Christ art blended,  
When man and God are linked in twain,  
When hope, borne up by faith, again  
Sinks to its rest and heaven's repose  
Steals quietly within our souls  
And gives us rest which satisfies,  
Then, free to venture and to rise  
Like incense from a heart of love,  
It finds the heart of God above,  
And then returns imbued with more  
Of love than e'er it had before.

F. E. W., '04.

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