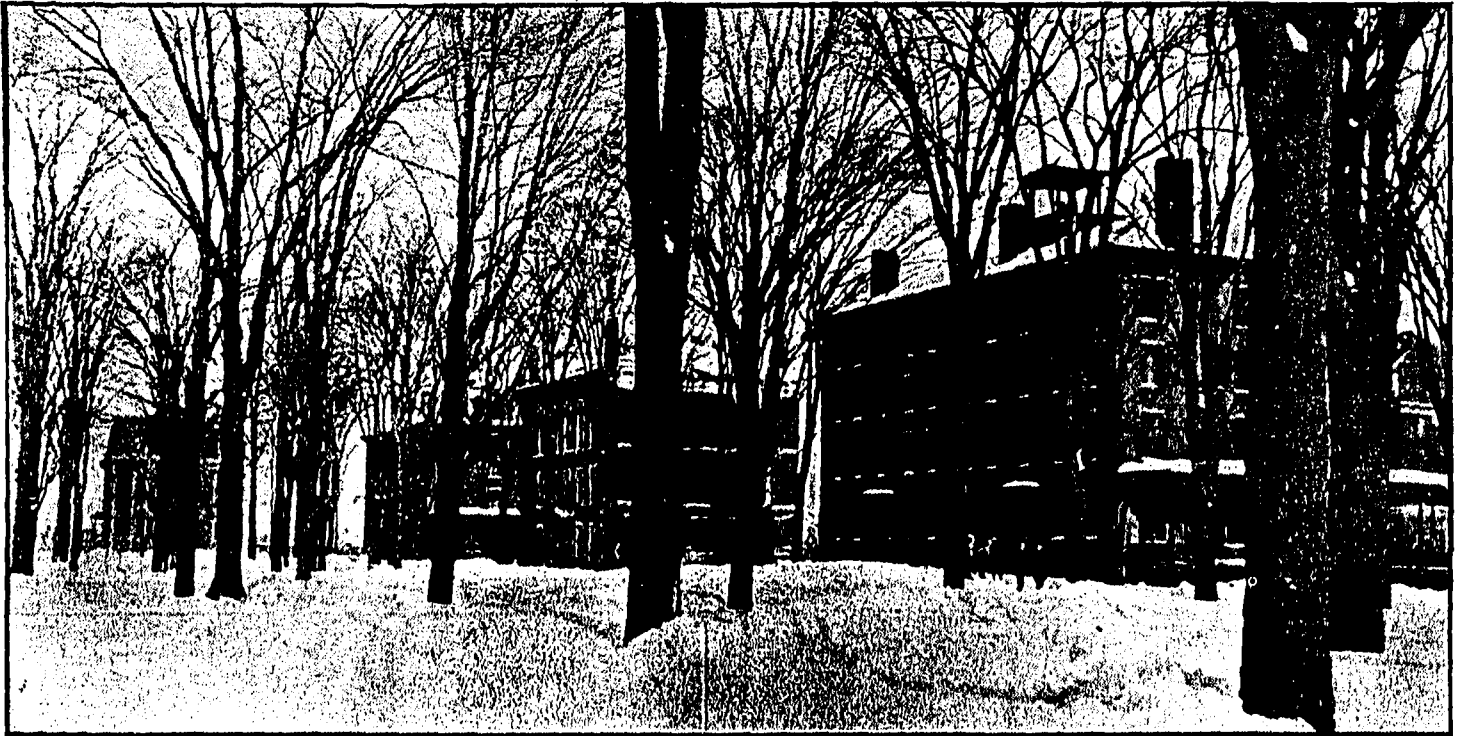


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LITERARY NUMBER

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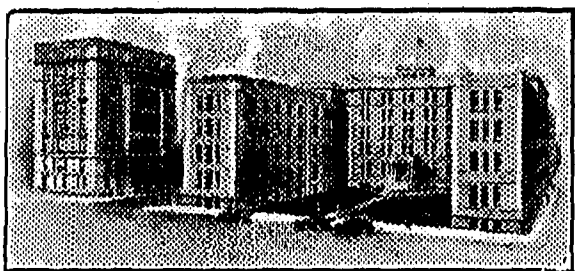
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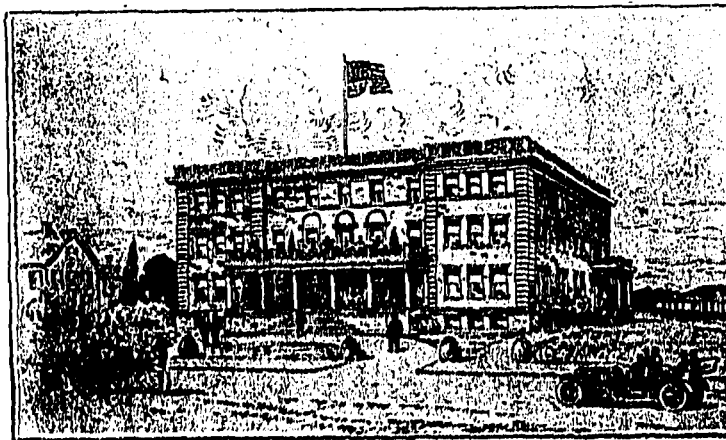
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THE COLBY ECHO

Volume XX, No. 17

WATERVILLE, MAINE, February 21, 1917

Price Five Cents

Literature and Good Taste.

By Professor G. Bruce Franklin.

Materials of Literature.

People, if left to themselves, are not accustomed to reading what they do not like. In a mood of self-analysis, I ask myself "In what kind of reading am I interested?" If I am technically inclined, I like to read of inventions and feats of engineering. If I am scientific, I enjoy reading of the research in physics, geology, or chemistry—according to my special field of science. If I am religious, I revel in speculations on the spiritual nature of man and on his eternal destiny. All these are legitimate and essential matters for reading. The choice is made on a basis which reveals the intellectual bent of the individual. Invention, in all its broad field, science, and religion represent much of the thinking man. But I note that the fundamental truths of all these realms of thought find permanent place in literature. Art in its broadest interpretation, science, and religion have their lasting monuments erected in the "republic of letters." I contend, therefore, that literature, representing as it does the best expression of the best thought of past and present, is the greatest of all sources for knowledge, pleasure, and inspiration. As a man, interested in the conduct, the achievements, and the aspirations of other men, I can find what I like in literature.

Moreover, through imagination, or the power of faith and vision, writers of literature often anticipate the discoveries of art, science, and religion. Poetry and fiction have a way of seeing into the future and suggesting new realms of possibility. "The Arabian Nights Tales," obliterating distance through the magic ring, anticipated the magic results of electrical apparatus. Pegasus, the flying horse of the Greeks and the Romans, is a mythological forbear of the modern aeroplane. Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" sets forth imaginatively what has nearly been realized in the Deutschland.

There is no clash between science and literature:

"O world, as God has made it! All is beauty:
And knowing this is love, and love is duty."

The achievements of science have been largely a work of love. The knowledge of atoms and electrons has merely deepened the mystery of material

existence. In these differing mysteries there is beauty; for always there is in mystery a peculiar charm and beauty. Once it was thought that science in lifting the veil—in revealing the very Holy of Holies of nature—was the foe of imagination,—was, in fact, the child of reason only. But from the revelations of science have come a stimulant to the imagination that has intensified interest in the subject and converted it into a wonder-world of romance.

Hence out of the revelations of science have sprung a worthy literature of the imagination. With a soul clutched with nineteenth century scientific doubts, Tennyson penned the immortal "In Memoriam," concluding that his friend is still alive with God,

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

All the consecrated efforts of men are working toward that divine event. Such truths literature makes its own. It incorporates and prophesies; it embodies the artistic expression of the past and present; it sees the awe-inspiring possibilities of the future.

Religion in the past has rested primarily upon faith, and the noblest truths of religion have found beautiful expression in literature. Famous writers have penetrated into all the mystic realms of faith. Homer has Ulysses communicate with his departed friend. Dante in imagination walks hand in hand with Virgil through the various cycles of Purgatory and Hell, seeing and communicating with the dead. Milton's sublime imagination grasps the infinite—Heaven, Hell, and the whole created universe. To-day the distinguished English scientist Sir Oliver Lodge is communicating with his dead son Raymond, killed recently in the trenches. And now comes the announcement from our oldest university, Harvard, of the establishment of a department of Psychical Research! It looks as if the visions of mysticism are to become the facts of science.

Both the visions and the actual achievements of man are of fascinating interest. These anticipations and realizations furnish materials to literature, which is the best expression of the best thoughts and imaginings of the various races of men,

The Question of Taste.

Am I interested in the best thoughts and imaginings of men? If so, I like literature. I reveal myself to others in what I like. Ruskin says simply: "Tell me what you like and I will tell you what you are." There is no error in passing estimates on our fellows. The fact is, we are constantly doing it; we cannot help it. Nor should we try. There is too much stress laid upon that excellent text about the mote in our brother's eye. If my neighbor is careless and ill-humored and vulgar and I do not see it, I must be like him. As my standards elevate, I am not only able to see that my neighbor is careless, ill-humored, and vulgar, I am also able to see much less obvious faults. I can excuse much in him, if he is only wholesome. If he is wholesome, he is ready to be guided, at least, toward the best.

There is the best and the second best. If I cannot possess the best; I shall find joy in the second best; but first I must be sure that the best is to me unattainable. When I was an under-classman in college, I had a senior for a friend. One day in conversation with him, I suddenly asked, "What do you think of the novels of Marie Corelli?" His reply has never left my memory: "They will do, provided you have nothing better." I fear that I have often chosen my readings from second-rate authors when I had a chance to read better; but as a result of that remark I am sure that I have made the mistake less often.

There may be a stage in my development when "Ned Todd, the Oklahoma Detective," and "Frank and Jesse James" satisfied my taste. But I should be sorry for myself if I never got beyond that stage. There may be another stage in my progress when "The Saturday Evening Post" satisfied my taste completely for magazine literature. But I should make a self-diagnosis of the trouble if my taste for fiction and for essays did not mount a step or two, so as to include those of "The Atlantic Monthly" and "Harper's."

A climber in good taste like a climber in the Alps, finds the atmosphere purer and rarer as he ascends. Both also find fewer companions as they get toward the heights. But in both cases the companionships are closer and fuller of delights. The climber in good taste leaves behind him the obscene, the ugly, the showy, the tawdry, the slovenly, and the untrue. I have been impressed that there are more of these qualities in the present-day plays, and especially moving-pictures than there ought to be. Often in a single popular "movie" practically all the qualities named may be seen. I have no fight against the moving-picture; it is too wonderful; it is too striking a representative of twentieth century progress; it is too capable of great good. What I long for is that, in all literature and representations

of literature, college people be standard-bearers—bearing a standard upon which is emblazoned THE BEST.

This demands that we become critics. We are already critics; we criticise the preachers, the professors, one another, most volubly, and often intelligently. But we ought to become intelligent critics of conditions, principles, and standards. The moral standards are as old as the hills. Is a piece of literature pure? Is it true? Is it simple and sincere? Is it wholesome? Does it stir proper emotions and passions? Is it ennobling in thought? If it measures rightly up to the accepted verities, we regard it favorably. If the author has conceived it wholesomely and truthfully, we next ask whether he has given his conception its best expression? Sometimes an artist conceives or images clearly, but he uses his tools, his mallet and chisel, awkwardly. The result is unsatisfactory, rough-hewn and blurred. The great artist conceives in his block of marble a divinely beautiful Apollo Belvidere; then with mallet and chisel he sets to work. Gradually under the magic of his skill there emerges a proudly poised head, the graceful contour of the shoulders; then the delicately carved forehead, mouth, and nostrils. The result is a masterpiece, conceived divinely and executed skillfully. So is a painting, a sonata, or a piece of poetry that is to meet the approval of an arbiter of good taste.

Such an arbiter of good taste is a practical economist; he appreciates the difference between using time and wasting it. If an hour in the library means a richer return than three hours in the picture theater, he will reasonably choose the library.

Conclusion.

It is no fancy to look upon the library as Golconda. If Golconda were actually here on the banks of the Kennebec, no doubt there would be a few who would not venture down her shafts; it would mean working clothes and digging for the diamonds. So it is with the Golconda that we have; the gems are there, rich and shining and lovely—priceless treasures left by the intellectual and spiritual Croesuses of the past. We can possess these treasures—for the digging.

THE GREATER GOOD.

The quiet laboratory glowed like a jewel under the spring sunlight. Desks, floors, walls, and ceiling danced with the fairy flicker of sunbeams crowding their way through the opening buds of the campus elms. From the chemicals on the shelves at the rear came rays of crimson, ruby, green, and golden light making a vast spectrum of infinite shades of color. Spring was in the air; the world was aglow with life and love and hope. It was the time for dreams.

At a desk in the back of the room sat a man with his face buried in his outflung arms. He was very quiet except for the clenched hands, which sometimes gripped the edge of the desk as though to hold back a cry of agony. He was going blind. He had feared something of the sort for some months now, but with cowardly determination he had put the fear from him. Other men lose their sight, but not he; fate could not be so merciless. He had plunged into his work with all the energy he possessed, experimenting and testing night and day to keep the fear from his mind. And his work had not been profitless; first had come the idea, then hope, and now it was almost a certainty. Another week of cultures and tests and he felt that a new serum would be given to the world and an old disease conquered. Only last night he had started the final culture which might lift the hideous veil of cancer from the human race. How excited he had been, how elated he had felt to think that he—the assistant professor—should have worked out the greatest problem known to medical science. And almost at the highest moment of exultation, when he had felt himself a Caesar or a Napoleon, had come those sharp, shooting pains in his temples and eyes which could neither be hidden nor ignored.

With the courage of desperation, he had sought New York's greatest eye specialist, perhaps the greatest in the world. The doctor had examined his eyes and had not hesitated. He had told him, quietly and firmly that he would be blind in a single week if he kept on with his laboratory work; while if he took an absolute rest for a year or so, he might retain his sight, although he could never do exacting work.

Now in his laboratory,—the one spot on earth that he loved or that seemed like home to him—in this flower garden of dancing color—he was thinking, fighting out the problem. The specialist had said a week if he kept on working; that was just the time needed to complete the culture. But suppose it failed,—there was that chance. Could he afford to fling away his sight, the best part of life, on the mere chance of discovering a serum, which might, after all, be useless? And yet if he succeeded, the lives of thousands might be saved. Could he afford to consider his own sight against the lives of others? What did the life or happiness of one man count against the good of humanity? Still he was only thirty years old—he might live twenty, forty, even fifty years—and what would life be worth without sight of the beautiful world, or the faces of his friends? How could he live without his work? The dancing sunbeams crept up the wall and finally faded into the soft green tints of a June twilight, but he still sat motionless by his desk. He never

knew how long the struggle lasted for there is no standard of time in Gethsemane.

At last, he rose slowly, and walking to the window, looked out over the silent campus. The moon, shining through the leaves of the arching elms, made fantastic patterns on the close-cropped turf. From the lighted windows of the dormitory opposite, floated the sound of mandolins, and of boyish voices singing the songs which he had often sung in his undergraduate days. He suddenly found himself humming the refrain, and wondered at his light-heartedness. Turning resolutely away, he pressed the electric button over his table and, wincing at the sudden glare, settled himself to his calculations. A week is a short time in which to complete one's life-work.

The days crept slowly by. He did not think of giving up his classes or of taking anyone into his confidence. Punctiliously, as was his habit, he performed his daily work for the university, and at night when the students were gone, he worked with close-drawn shades at his desk, measuring, calculating, noting slight color changes in the generator, pausing only to press hot cloths over his burning eyes. The other professors noticed how inflamed they were, and suggested that he see a specialist, but he put them off lightly under the pretense of a slight cold.

Finally, one night, he pushed back his chair. The calculations were finished and the records carefully written up and revised. There remained only the final record of the culture which would either show his sacrifice to be useless or make him the greatest man in medical science. He smiled grimly as he thought of the praise which would be showered upon him by the world. They might even give him an honorary degree, and he would almost certainly be invited to speak before the physician's convention. This, if he succeeded; if he failed,—well, a new instructor would get a job. In the morning he could tell. If the liquid were tinged with red he had succeeded; if it were colorless,—but he would not think of that. It must be red. He put away his instruments very carefully wiping each as he did so. Then turning out the light, he sat down by the open window letting the cool night air blow upon his tired face and throbbing head. In a few hours it would be dawn. His eyes pained him intensely, but he had ceased to think of the pain. His mind was concentrated on that thick cotton-wrapped tube in the culture oven. He could almost see the pinkish tinge.

The night wore on slowly, very slowly. He thought that it never would pass. Finally he heard the awakening twitterings of the birds, and then their morning song. But still it did not grow lighter. He strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of light in

the east, but could see nothing. The backness seemed to be pressing on him, and crushing out his hopes. Would it never be morning!

All at once he heard a clear whistle on the stairs; "Oh, good morning, Mr. Goodwin. Fine day, for the game isn't it?" It was the student who took care of the laboratory. The man arose in astonishment, and stammered in a strange voice, "Morning! Is it morning? Why it's not—" He stopped, realizing at last that he was living in an endless night.

The boy shrank back in horror from the words and the look on his instructor's face. Yet, he was not afraid for it was one of piteous appeal. He answered gently.

"Yes, it is morning, Mr. Goodwin. Can I do anything for you?"

The appeal had left the instructor's face. In its place came despair, and then the gleam of hope.

"I—go to the culture oven, Thomas, and take out that test-tube, be careful,—and tell me what color you see."

With clenched hands he waited. His brain seemed trying to burst from his temples. His heart was pounding like mad. Would the answer never come. He heard the boy unfasten the oven and the click of the tube as he removed it,—now.

"Why—er—Mr. Goodwin. I see no color. The liquid is perfectly white."

The man staggered, and seemed about to fall. As the boy sprung forward, however, he recovered himself, and smiled faintly.

"Thank you, Thomas. That is all I wished to know. Will you be kind enough to help me to my room. I am not feeling quite myself today."

GEORGE G. WATSON, '17.

A SONNET.

Reminiscent of the "Titanic" Disaster.

I see him still—a noble-looking man,
With seeming strength of will and heart and soul,
Created in strong manhood's choicest mold,
With splendid parts to meet the godlike plan
Which gave him presence here. No charlatan
Or smirch in his proud blood; in manifold
Degree he dreams to see his name extolled
Above the highest of that proud Scotch clan
From which he sprang. Yet oft it seems success
Doth wrap in carded wool. How soft is life!
'Twas so with him. Supreme at once the test
That tried the steel of soul in one grim strife.
He failed. Appalled, he sought his instant need
While waves and men both hissed the hateful deed!

G. B. FRANKLIN.

MY FAVORITE POEM, AND WHY.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

Thus begins the poem that I am pleased to call my favorite. Any one who is at all familiar with our American poets will know at once that this is the first verse of Longfellow's poem called, "A Psalm of Life."

All of Longfellow's poems have a great attraction for me, but his "Psalm of Life" is by far the one that appeals to me most. I like poetry for what I can get out of it, for the thought that is expressed in it, and not the mere beauty of rhythm that it may contain. In this poem there is both rhythm and thought. It is written in the simple, pleasing meter that Longfellow so often used, and it expresses such thoughts as might well be written in the most stately and classic of poetic measures.

In this "Psalm of Life" I find thoughts that seem to elevate the whole plane of my life; thoughts that inspire me to greater ambition, that make me feel that I am more than myself, and that my powers are limited only by my own will.

When I read that psalm over and over again I can almost see the author as he received the inspiration to write it. He must have been walking out across the fields on some early morning in June and saw the things of Nature bestirring themselves after the refreshing night; how the birds busied themselves at feeding their hungry families, filling the air in the meanwhile with their sweet melodies, how the flowers that had wilted under the heat of yesterday's sun were holding up their heads to show that they were glad to welcome the sun of a new day. He must have seen, too, how the angleworms, poor, blind, soulless creatures that they are, were crawling back from out of the painful light into their dark cells underground, to stay there until the hours of darkness came again. I say that he must have seen these things, for what else than these lessons from nature, these contrasts of life, could have inspired Longfellow to write those earnest, hopeful words,—

"Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

Perhaps, then, the greatest reason why I like the "Psalm of Life" so well is because it is so real to me, because it is the expression of a feeling in the heart of the author that I, too, have felt when close to the heart of nature.

JUSTIN O. JOHNSON, '20.

HOPE.

The painting "Hope" by the English painter, Burne-Jones, is one of my favorites. The technique of the picture is admirable but it is the meaning of the picture which makes it dear to me. It suggests more each time I look at it. The painter has expressed in the picture all that is beautiful in earthly hope.

Hope is represented by a beautiful young woman who is struggling, we cannot but think successfully, against restrictions. She is imprisoned behind bars between which the outside world may be seen, but she still looks up toward the light. Her ankles are bound by heavy chains, but about her feet are growing tiny flowers, forcing their way up between the stone flagging of her prison.

A heavy mist hangs over her head, but though her eyes cannot penetrate its darkness her hand reaches upward above the obscuring cloud and her eyes search always for the light. The entire attitude of the picture is of strife to overcome limitations, though the higher things are invisible. The attention of the critic is directed upward with the rapt gaze of the woman in the painting.

She holds in her right hand a branch of the flowers which are always represented as the symbols of faith and hope. In her upturned face one finds dissatisfaction and longing, but even more clearly faith and a mighty courage are revealed.

In spite of the confining bars, the heavy chains, and the mist which clouds her vision, one cannot but feel that she will be finally superior to them all and that no earthly force can conquer her. It is evident that Hope will persist in spite of all discouragements, a courageous promise of victory to come.

ISABEL SNODGRASS, '18.

A FRIEND FROM THE WOODS.

I first met my little porcupine friend in a sunny opening on a wooded hillside. It was a warm, glistening January day, and he had come out of his winter quarters for a lunch. To my surprise, he did not run away when I went toward him, but stood calmly munching bark from a hemlock sapling. He was not much larger than a cat, and his body was round and plump. His fur was black and sprinkled with white pointed quills, except under his body. His quills were his only defense, but he felt secure against the whole world.

With some difficulty I placed the prickly little fellow in a basket I had, and carried him home, in order that we might become better acquainted. He seemed quite contented to sit in the basket, and did not try to get out. If anything touched him, he in-

stantly pricked up his quills, and rolled up in a tight little ball, covering his head with his flat, needle-filled tail, thus enclosing himself completely in armor. Whenever it seemed necessary to take the offensive, he simply beat his tail against the intruder, leaving hooked darts in whatever he hit.

With the aid of a broom handle, to which he clung skillfully, I lifted him into a dismantled Christmas tree. He seemed very much at home sitting on its branches and nibbling at the bark. I soon discovered that he was very fond of sweet apples and candy. He would reach out and take an apple from me and hold it between his little black paws while he ate it. He was a very silent little beast, except when he was hungry. Then he would fix his round black eyes on my face and chatter his teeth until I fed him.

At first he pricked up his quills nervously when I touched him, but he came to know that he did not need to defend himself against me. Very soon he allowed me to stroke him, and carry him around, without lifting his quills, and he followed me about like a faithful dog.

His body was so round and his legs so short that he waddled. He simply could not run, if he wanted to, and he never appeared to have sufficient cause for such haste. I am sure he never would have run from cowardice. He was not afraid of anything, not he! He was a regular Kaiser Wilhelm in his self-confidence. He knew of nothing that could penetrate his fortification of quills.

When he crossed an area of snow, he left a queer little trail, two rows of footprints set close together with little space between, and the whole surface scratched by the quills of his tail, which always dragged behind.

A few days after his advent I missed him. I followed his tracks around the house and then saw that they turned toward the woods beyond. I concluded that I had lost my new pet, but I was not surprised, for one could hardly expect to domesticate a wild animal in so short a time. I was none the less sorry to part with him.

That evening, as I was sitting in the library, I heard a gentle but persistent scratching on the window-pane. I looked up, and there was my porcupine's black face just outside. He was clinging to the window shutter with three paws and scratching on the glass with the other. My little prodigal had returned, and his welcome was not lacking.

His confidence and trustfulness were his doom. He put too much trust in the kind-heartedness of human animals. One day, he sat perched among the highest branches of a tall elm tree beside the road. As he swayed to and fro enjoying the breeze, a passing hunter caught sight of him, loaded his gun, and took aim. The porcupine was not afraid. His instinct told him that he was secure from all en-

emies; but instinct does not make allowance for powder and shot. The hunter fired, and my little friend was the victim of the cruel shot.

RUBY ROBINSON, '18.

ON THE WISDOM OF THE IGNORANT.

Oftentimes the man with little book knowledge is the man of accomplishment. The hardy guide or trapper can exist for days or even weeks alone in the woods because of his knowledge of nature and his ability to withstand hunger and privation. He has not read in books that the moss grows on the north side of the trees, but he has found this to be true from actual observation. He can not translate Greek and Latin idioms, but he can track a deer for miles and can bring the animal to earth with one shot, if opportunity is afforded.

This man's mind is free from the dregs of acute reasoning over minor things in life; his mind is filled with the big things and his sound body makes him capable of using his brain to the best of advantage. His method of thinking is not slow and laborious, but scarcely has a thought come to him before he has considered its results if carried out and either cast it aside or put it into immediate effect. For example, the guide is on a mountain side when a snow slide starts. He knows by observation the speed of the avalanche and the ratio of its increase in speed as it comes down the mountain side. He knows the slope of the mountain and realizes instantly that if he runs to the left of his present position the slide will surely get him, but if he goes to the right there is a chance of escape. Immediately he puts his thoughts into action, and his reasoning is right, as the chaos of snow, rocks, and uprooted trees thunders by within a hundred yards of him, and he is unharmed.

The learned professor is caught in the same predicament while on a hunting trip. He starts down the mountain side at full tilt, but is overtaken by the slide and buried with his knowledge. The same with the mathematician. In his study, he could figure out the initial velocity of the slide, its increase in speed, and its final speed at the end of a mile, but if he were in the position of the trapper his mathematics would be of no practical value and his fate the same as that of the professor.

Someone has said, "It is not what we know, but our ability to put our knowledge to practical advantage that counts," and the man who can do this is on the road to success, whether he be a guide or a minister of the gospel, a blacksmith or a learned professor.

VERNON H. TOOKER, '19.

UNCLE TIM'S CORN CROP.

"What a picturesque little island!" exclaimed the stranger, as he gazed on a small bit of land floating serenely on the surface of one of our Maine lakes.

"Yas, it is a pretty spot," answered his companion, an old man with gray hair and beard, "it is a pretty one, and it has been of use in the world in its day, jest as we all are, though now it is only used for picnics and houseparties. That island, sir, was the means of saving the lives of over a hundred persons onct."

"How was that?" inquired the stranger, scenting a story.

"Wall, when that hill up yonder was first settled, the men cleared the land as fast they could and planted corn. That was the staple food in them days. And one year, for some reason, old Uncle Tim, as they called Timothy Jones, one of the old pioneers, decided to clear that island and plant it to corn. He cleared off all the undergrowth 'cept them big beeches yer see standing in the middle there, and then he put in his crop of corn. Wall, that proved to be the year of the corn famine! There was early frosts and all the grain upon the hill was killed long before it had matured. People said there was a heavy fog laid over the pond and it cut the frost so there war'nt any damage done on the island. Anyhow, Uncle Tim raised a bumper crop that year.

"Of course the folks that didn't raise no corn was in pretty hard circumstances, for there was a long, cold winter ahead of them and no meal to eat. 'Twas a pretty serious problem to think of living through the winter on jest meat and fish. As soon as folks heard of Uncle Tim's corn they begun to try to bargain for some, and a good many was willing to trade most anything they owned for some of it. But, no sir! Uncle Timmy warn't that kind of a man. He was square and honest, and he jest said, 'Nobody buys this here corn.' Course that made everybody mad for they thought he was going to be selfish and keep it so he could get rich by it.

"He jest went around to every family in that settlement and he counted noses and took account of stock, as yer might say, and then he went home and measured his corn. He done a little figgering and then, sir, what do yer 'spose he done? Wall, he took and divided that corn up 'mongst them families so each person had a share, and he sent out word that if folks would come and git it he would give it to 'em. But to nobody would he sell any and nobody could git any more than Uncle Tim allowed him, either. So yer see that though they had to be mighty sparing of their corn, everybody had some and nobody starved to death that winter. Yas, sir, that is a pretty good little island."

And the stranger agreed, and thanked the kindly little old man for his story.

DORIS ANDREWS, '18.

CLARENCE R. JOHNSON WRITES TO COLBY STUDENTS.

To the Editor of The Colby Echo:

My hearty thanks for your kind invitation to write an article for the "Echo" about our interesting work for the prisoner of war in France. Let me say at once that nothing has ever impressed me more than the kindness with which I have seen the prisoner of war in France being treated by the French Government. The French nation is a nation with a heart. Before the year is over I may be able to write you something at length about various camps for prisoners of war that I have visited. But since the Y. M. C. A. work during this war is of an international character, as a general rule the secretaries do not write for publication on their work connected with the war, and so may I do what students sometimes do in an examination, namely choose a different topic from the one given? In that case I should like to tell you about the wonderful month's holiday I'm enjoying up in the Alps.

Aside from the Messalonskee at Waterville, the Ten Mile River at my home in East Providence, the Bosphorus where it joins the Black Sea at Constantinople, the most beautiful spot that I ever have seen is this Swiss Alpine resort, Montana-Vermal, situated on the Simplon Pass about two hours from Italy. We are four thousand five hundred feet above sea-level and frequently look down on the clouds. We have a panorama one never forgets. Opposite is the Weisshorn towering into the air some fourteen thousand feet, to the east are the Italian Alps, to the west the French Alps and Mont Blanc, the peak of which can be seen on a clear day. Below us is the beautiful valley of the Rhone. We have January days that are superb. It freezes at night and yet at noon it is so warm that a ten-year old boy at the Chalet takes a sun-bath for a couple of hours with nothing on except the clothes that Nature gave him for his very first birthday.

I am spending this month at the Chalet Jeanne d'Arc, in the home of a delightful French family I came to know four years ago. The father, a captain, is with the French army in the region of the Somme. The mother's only brother gave largely of his means and finally his life in caring for the French wounded. At the beginning of the war, Marcel, a boy of fourteen, constantly lamented the fact that he was "born too late" to fight for France. He used to have long discussions with his sister a few years his senior, as to why she a girl, should have been born before him. One of his young friends who was refused because of insufficient chest expansion took special exercises a whole winter and now he is at the front. It makes one thrill to see

in these boys that same love of Liberty that sent LaFayette across the seas to aid our country in its struggle for freedom.

We have had several visits from some of the prisoners of war interned in Switzerland. Through the effort of the Swiss government arrangements were made for prisoners, especially those who were ill, to be sent to the mountains. About twenty thousand are in Switzerland at present, and of these five hundred are at Montana-Vermal and the adjoining villages. I'm taking French lessons with one of them every day and as he and his comrades tell of their war experiences before their captivity and of their life in the prison camps in Germany you may be sure it is more interesting than any novel. They say "It seems like a dream" that they are really here, prisoners to be sure until the end of the war, but comparatively free. Practically all of them have tuberculosis but, except for those who are very ill, this doesn't hinder them from participating in the winter sports and eating and drinking to their heart's content. In the mountains it is easier to throw dull care aside and to be glad that one is alive than any place I know.

The spirit of sport is in the very air and it is just as easy for a broken down soldier or a staid old bachelor to skate or play hockey, to ski or to go coasting in the sunlight or the moonlight or the mist, or to go walking when it's raining or snowing as it is for a student at Colby to grind away in the library or to go to "the movies." When I was here during the winter of 1913-14, I never missed a day of sport, and this year it is just the same. To be sure, not having had any vacation last summer I came expressly "to play" and except for three or four hours of French daily (which is always a pleasure) I'm a "free man."

Last winter in Maine I never had my skates on once and I didn't do any of the other winter sports. Of course at Colby one works hard, and yet anything that would keep our general health at its best would help us to work even harder. In the Colby Echo last year appeared an article written by one of the younger alumni, if my memory serves me rightly, urging the formation, by the students of an outing club. I should like to endorse that article. We have the snow and the ice and the hills in Waterville as well as in the Alps. What is lacking is the "atmosphere" and I am persuaded that such an outing club would help to create the necessary "atmosphere" for winter sports at Colby so that there would be a great deal of "fun" added to the year's work alike for students and faculty.

With best wishes for the New Year and with kindest regards to you all, believe me,

Ever sincerely yours,

CLARENCE R. JOHNSON,

Montana-Vermal, Switzerland, Jan. 1, 1917.

THE COLBY ECHO

Published Wednesdays During the College Year
by the students of
COLBY COLLEGE

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PRESS OF THE CITY JOB PRINT

LITERARY WORK AT COLBY.

We are glad to print in this issue of the ECHO several examples of the literary work now being produced in the college. The wealth of excellent material from which these productions were chosen is suggestive of what is being, and what might further be, accomplished here. The contributions, as a whole, show ability; but, in many cases, the writer has failed to realize that he has conceived a good plot,—and has proceeded to murder it. A little more care and originality would in many cases develop some really fine writers. A few of the stories produced would, with a little revision, find immediate consideration from some magazine editors. Another field—one that seems to have been neglected—is play-writing. Students in other colleges write plays for production by the local dramatic club, often giving them a local setting and, thereby, adding greatly to their interest. It is easily conceivable that a worthwhile play could be produced here. It would certainly find ready acceptance by the dra-

matic club. The club might, indeed, offer a substantial prize to encourage the beginning of such a custom. Whatever the field, however, in which the writer elects to show his skill, the fundamental requisite, the ability to express one's thoughts on paper, cannot be overemphasized.

MUSICAL CLUB CONCERT, MARCH SIXTH.

The Waterville concert of the musical clubs is to be held in the Opera House on March 6. In consideration of extra members and of the "local hits" featuring in the encores, this concert is sure to surpass any given this year and, as usual, it will be one of the big social events of the season.

So far, the clubs have had great success, making for themselves an enviable reputation on the trip along the coast and at Fairfield. It was said by those who heard them that even the successful clubs of last year "couldn't hold a candle to this year's clubs."

TRIANGULAR DEBATE NEAR.

Two weeks from Friday evening, Colby's two debating teams will clash with Maine and Bates at Orono and Waterville, respectively.

H. L. Newman, '18, H. S. Pratt, '17, and N. D. Lattin, '18, will uphold the affirmative against Bates at Waterville, while F. A. Pottle, '17, J. F. Choate, '19, and C. B. Flanders, '17, will represent the negative against U. of M. at Orono.

The question to be debated is: "Resolved—That the Federal government should provide for the compulsory arbitration of all labor disputes on inter-state railroads."

Complications about the manner of choosing judges for the debate are keeping the Colby officials busy. The constitution provides that each visiting team shall submit a list of judges from which the home team is to select three. The other colleges now want the home team to submit a list which the visiting team shall approve and return for selection. The matter will probably be settled this week.

DRAMATIC CLUB COMMENCES SEASON.

Two performances have been arranged for the Dramatic Club, this week. The first will be at Clinton, Thursday night, and the second at Winslow, Friday night.

The Club has made fine progress under the coaching of Mrs. G. B. Franklin, and is now ready for a busy season. Although the dates at Clinton and Winslow are the only trips settled, Manager Boardman has several tentative ones in view.

The Waterville performance is scheduled for March 20 in the Opera House.

A. T. O.'S WIN BOWLING CUP.

By jumping into the lead early in the race and consistently beating all comers, the A. T. O. bowling team won first place in the interfraternity bowling league, which closes its season this week. The winners have three star rollers and two consistent near-stars, forming an unbeatable combination. The early string of victories set up by this team was one of the most striking features in the history of the league, 18 points being won out of a possible 20. The team is well worthy of the honor and the cup, which was given by Charles Pooler, manager of the Casino Bowling Alleys.

Team Standing.

	Won	Lost	P. C.
Alpha Tau Omega.....	43	13	.768
Commons Club	34	22	.607
Zeta Psi	27	25	.519
Delta Upsilon	29	27	.517
Delta Kappa Epsilon.....	18	34	.358
Phi Delta Theta.....	13	43	.232

Records.

High single string—Arnold 141.

High three strings—Osgood 327.

Team single—Phi Delta Theta 506.

Team total—Alpha Tau Omega 1428.

Thursday, February 15—Z. P. 3, P. D. T. 1.

Z. P.	398	435	407—1240
P. D. T.	417	385	392—1194

Friday, February 16—A. T. O. 3, C. C. 1.

A. T. O.	471	438	455—1364
C. C.	404	461	434—1299

Saturday, February 17—D. K. E. 3, Z. P. 1.

D. K. E.	466	406	444—1316
Z. P.	406	427	397—1229

Monday, February 19—C. C. 3, P. D. T. 1.

C. C.	448	441	468—1357
P. D. T.	439	451	453—1343

Tuesday, February 20—A. T. O. 4, D. U. 0.

A. T. O.	476	463	489—1428
D. U.	438	461	443—1352

SENIOR HOP COMMITTEE APPOINTED.

President Cawley of the senior class this morning appointed the following committee to arrange for the annual Senior Hop: W. H. Erbb, Chr., C. B. Price, P. G. Whittemore, C. W. Lawrence, H. E. Hall, L. L. Davis, H. S. Pratt.

The musical clubs are scheduled to put on a concert at Winthrop, March 2, and at Augusta, March 3.

The Colby Mandolin Club furnished music for the Knights of Pythias special meeting, held at the hall of the lodge, Sunday afternoon.

ATTENTION, JOKSTERS!

All reasonable and seasonal literary efforts adapted to suitable music and intended for rendition at the Waterville concert by the musical clubs, whose content is directed toward proper objective points in and about our worthy institution, will be gratefully received by the members of the clubs.

CAMPUS CHAT

The Colby Comets, Dunnack, '19, R. Smith, '18, D. Smith, '20, Fahey, '20, Nourse, '19, Lowery, '20, and Assistant Manager Wilkins, '20, went to Newport, Thursday evening, and met defeat, 29 to 24, at the hands of Newport A. A.

The same team defeated Augusta Y. M. C. A., 51 to 31, Saturday evening.

FACULTY.

President Roberts took a Massachusetts trip over the week-end.

Dr. Black gave an address at the St. Mark's church, Sunday evening. His subject was, "George Washington."

Through the conscientious work of Professor Crowell, the administration of the excuse office continues to give satisfaction.

Y. M. C. A.

"Personal Hygiene" is the subject to be discussed in the Y. M. C. A. meeting, next week, by Dr. F. C. Tyson, superintendent of the State Insane Hospital at Augusta.

Four seniors, Pratt, Flanders, Thompson, and Hastings, spoke at the meeting, last night, on the topic, "What I think of the Y. M. C. A., and why." Excellent music was furnished by the college quartette. A large number were present to hear the pointed criticisms and suggestions presented by the speakers.

The Y. M. C. A. has been sending men to Athens to supply at the Union Church, every other Sunday.

D. K. E.

Gerald Leeds, '17, attended the annual house party held by Theta chapter, Friday evening, and the annual Sophomore Hop of Bowdoin, Saturday evening.

William Chittenden, '19, took a business trip to Boston over the week-end.

D. U.

E. R. Scribner, '17, is spending a few days in Boston on business.

James H. Dunn, '18, is recovering from a serious operation at the Sisters' Hospital.

W. N. Baxter, '20, and R. H. Sturtivant, '20, attended the Mid-Winter Dance given by the stu-

dents of Nasson Institute, Springvale, Me., last Saturday evening.

"Dutch" Bramhall, '15, of Belfast was in town, last week, to attend the Taft lecture.

P. D. T.

Wendell Noyes of Portland was the guest of William Pedersen, '19, during the past week.

C. Wallace Lawrence, '17, has gone to Poland where he will remain until after Washington's Birthday.

Wilkins, '20, Lewin, '20, and Hughes, '19, attended the reception and ball given at Nasson Institute, Springvale, last Saturday evening.

Mark Thompson, '17, passed the week-end with friends in Boston, Mass., and vicinity.

Harold Berrie of Houlton was a visitor at the Phi Delt House, Tuesday.

A. T. O.

Jimmie Conlon, '18, has been home in Fitchburg, Mass., for the past few days.

"Bob" Gallier, '18, is reported as being rather more comfortable but it will probably be some time yet before he will be able to leave the hospital.

In the fire at the Wing residence on Morrill avenue, Monday evening, Robert Dowe, '20, and Larry Evans, '20, lost everything except the clothes on their backs. Seth Twitchell, '18, and Carrol Flanders, '17, also lost all their books from damage by water.

C. C.

T. B. Madison, '17, visited friends in Madison, over Sunday.

"Steve" Allen, '20, who recently reported the loss of a violin and a pair of trousers, has recovered the violin, but the trousers have not turned up yet.

Carleton M. Bailey, '18, and John J. Everett, '17, have been chosen to represent the Colby chapter at the national convention of Commons Clubs, which will be held with the Alleghany chapter at Meadville, Pa., the first week in March.

WOMEN'S DIVISION

Edited by the News Department of the Colbianna.

1917—Selma Koehler.

1918—Jennie Odelle Sanborn.

1919—Mary Elizabeth Tourtellott.

1920—Alice Helen Clark.

Business Manager—Grace Farnum, '17.

SIGMA KAPPA CONVENTION TO BE HELD IN WATERVILLE.

Alpha Chapter of Sigma Kappa is planning to entertain the members of the sorority at the bi-annual convention, to be held June 26, 27, 28, and 29, at Waterville, the first home of Sigma. About two hundred guests are expected, comprising mem-

bers from all of the active and alumnae chapters. The days, both forenoons and afternoons, are to be spent in business meetings of the sorority, and the evenings are to be given over to social functions.

On Tuesday evening, June 26, a reception will be given at Foss Hall to the citizens of Waterville and the guests of the sorority. Wednesday evening, an initiation is to be held at the sorority rooms, followed by a banquet at the Elmwood. The plans for Thursday and Friday evenings are not quite completed, but one evening the girls of the active chapter hope to give an outdoor party which will be held at some cottage on one of the neighboring lakes. It is expected that the alumnae of the city will entertain the other evening with an informal luncheon or something of that nature.

Following the convention, the members of the sorority plan to spend a very pleasant, interesting, and happy week on their house party, which is to be held at the Oceanic House at Peak's Island, Maine.

TRI DELTS WELCOME NEW CHAPTER AT U. OF M.

Alpha Upsilon of Delta Delta Delta is delighted to welcome the new chapter, Alpha Kappa, which was installed February 15, 16, and 17, at the University of Maine. Among those who attended from the Colby chapter were: Flora Norton, '17, Eunice Chase, '18, Phoebe Vincent, '17, Madeline Daggett, '17, Grace Fletcher, '17, and Anna Anderson, '19. Friday evening, a reception was given at Valentine Hall in honor of the guests, after which came the Sophomore Hop. Saturday evening, the installation services closed with a banquet given at the Penobscot House in Bangor. The Colby girls together with Mrs. Hanley returned to Waterville, Sunday afternoon.

Literary Society February 23.

Subject: Present Day Science.

Radium—Gladys Twitchell, '18.

Science and the War—Alta Davis, '18.

Violin Solo, Selma Koehler, '17

Current Events: Helen Baldwin, '19, Stella Greenlaw, '20, Gladys Chase, '20.

Piano Solo, Phyllis Sturdivant, '19

Critic on Thought, Ethel Duff, '17

Critic on Delivery, Ula Orr, '20

Chi Gamma Theta held one of its sumptuous feeds in Foss Hall, Thursday evening. Nine of the delegation were present.

The Y. W. C. A. meeting, Tuesday evening, was in charge of the Association News Committee, Winifred Greeley, '18, chairman. We learned what other colleges are doing from the excellent reports

brought. Mrs. H. W. Brown furnished special music.

Two prizes, the first \$3, the second \$2, are being offered for the best story submitted to the Colbiana by March first. The central theme must be Colby, a sacrifice for college or college loyalty.

The Dutton House girls feel very grateful to Mr. Short for repairing Dutton House door.

Mrs. W. W. Hanly, deputy of the Alpha province of Delta Delta Delta has been visiting the Alpha Upsilon girls on her way to and from the installation of Alpha Kappa of Tri Delt at University of Maine.

During her stay here a reception and several informal gatherings were given in her honor, at which she met the faculty and their wives and many of the Colby girls.

Personals.

Winifred Shaw, '18, spent the week-end at her home in Clinton.

Helene Blackwell, '19, attended the Sophomore Hop at Bowdoin last week.

Hazel Robinson, '17, and Hazel Gibbs, '17, who were confined to their rooms with grip during the past week, are able to be out once more.

Flora Norton, '17, is teaching English and History in Monson Academy.

Mr. Grover Lloyd of Hodgdon, Me., was the guest of Ethel E. Duff, '17, recently.

Mr. O. K. Sanburg from The Forks called upon Hazel Durgin, '17, last Friday.

Mr. Wentworth Ross of Corinna visited his sister, Irma Ross, '17, over the week-end.

Daisy Murray, '18, gave a party to Marion Horne, '18, in honor of her birthday, and a delightful evening was enjoyed. Among those present were Winifred Atwood, '17, Phyllis Cole, '18, Violet Shaw, '18, Hazel Lane, '18, Jennie Sanborn, '18.

Emily Kelly, '19, is suffering from an attack of tonsillitis.

Mary Titcomb, '19, has been elected delegate to the Occupational Conference at Wheaton College, to be held February 27th and 28th.

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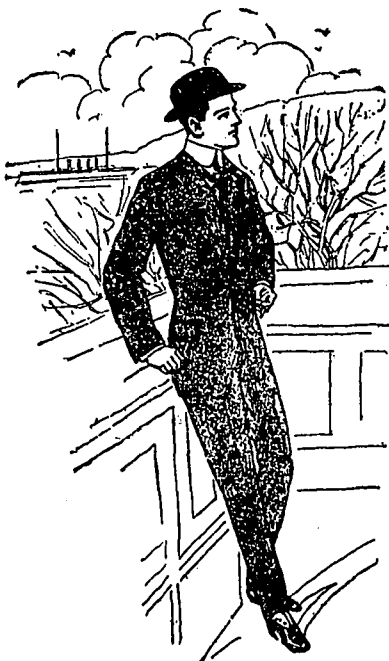
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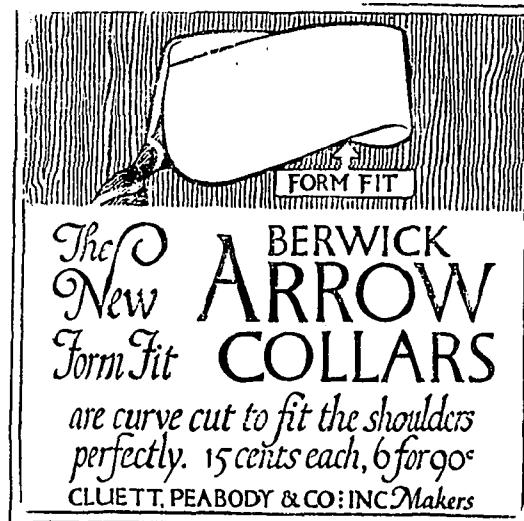
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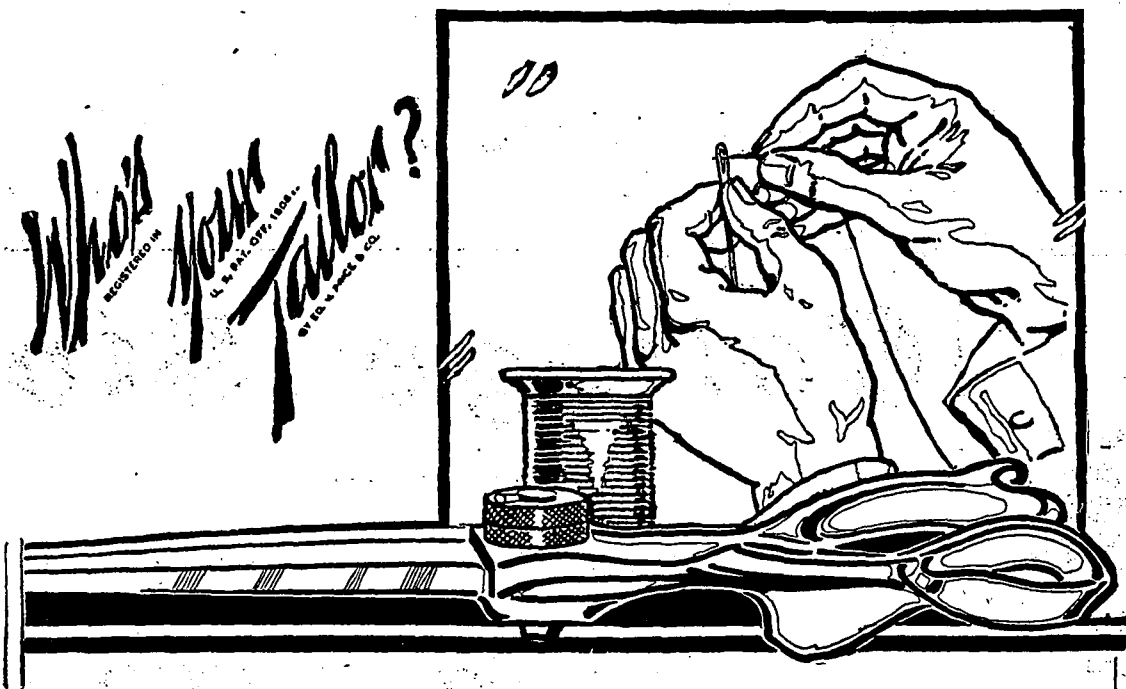
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