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Bates College

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The Bates Student.

VOL. XLV. No. 27

LEWISTON, MAINE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1922

PRICE TEN CENTS

Sian, Shensi.

September 7, 1922.

Dear Students at Bates:-

I wonder just what your imagination leads you to think our work is like.

When we first came here our hopes were high because of the assured backing by the well-known Christian General, Feng Yu Haiang (and, by the way, Feng is his surname) who was then Governor. His being called to aid Wu Pei-Fu drive Chang Tso-lin back to the north left us with a governor who has readily fallen prey to strong Buddhist influence, with the result that anyone connected with Christian civilization is tolerated and treated courteously but absolutely thwarted in accomplishing anything. Our Y. M. C. A. building campaign has been a greater success as a thermometer of civic conditions than as a financial venture. The Board of Trade and the better informed of the merchant class have stood by us, but with the exception of three influential men, the military and political leaders of the province have run to cover for fear of offending the Governor by supporting such a dangerous institution as a Y. M. C. A. We have pulled enough chestnuts out of the fire, however, to make sure of a splendid building lot, if nothing more.

Great Famine

Here is an incident illustrating the present situation. Shensi was threatened with a famine this year by a drought that lasted most of June, and broke only on the 15th of July, the day, by the way, on which the Y. M. C. A. campaign opened. The Buddhist temples had been sending out enchanters with wands to shake at the sun, and bands of cymbal and drum beaters to frighten off the drought devil. I am sure he would have gone miles away if he had had any nerves. Of a noticeably different tenor was the good-natured rejoicing of the Y. M. C. A. campaign workers as the opening rally was interrupted by claps of thunder and a tremendous downpour of rain. But one kind, old gentleman confided in me the next day that the real reason for the rain was the fact that the Governor had detailed a messenger to pray for rain at a holy mountain nine days away. It didn't seem to affect his credulity in the least that the man had only finished one third of his journey to the holy shrine when the rain began. In order that no stone should remain unturned in his attempt to appease the gods, the Governor put out an order that no meat should be sold during this messenger's absence. For those not accustomed to vegetarian diet the three weeks' fast was difficult, and caused no little interest on all sides in the man's return. I had the privilege after his return of talking with this bright appearing, young officer. He told of the hardships of the steep climb with no suitable shelters in which to spend the nights.

The Lake With No Bottom

There was, he reported, beside the shrine near the mountain top a big lake which, I gathered from his remarks, must be fed by warm springs. I expressed my regret at not having had the chance to take the trip, and asked him if he went in swimming in the lake. He was horrified at my simplicity, and assured me that no one would be so foolish, "for the lake has no bottom!" He laughed, however, as he told me how superstitious the mountain people were. They even were afraid to use the word "wind" because they said the moment the word was spoken the most violent gales began. So he learned to say to them in euphemistic phrase when the mountain wind was blowing a little, "There is a little something blowing today." Another word had to replace in conversation the one for rain in order to make the ascent free from deluge. Further, the word for "rocks" was not safe, either, for the minute anyone used the word the rocky paths began to wobble about so badly that climbing in safety was out of the question. As he was concluding these remarks another aide assured us solemnly that he knew that was true, tho it did seem hard to understand. Such are the mysteries of the heart of Asia.

DEPUTATION WORK SHOWS PROGRESS

Last Sunday, Teams Sent To Hebron and To Harrison

The work of the Y. M. C. A. Deputation Committee is progressing rapidly. On Sunday, November 5th two teams were sent out, one to Hebron and the other to Harrison and North Bridgton. The team to Hebron was captained by Frank Dorr.—H. Leavitt, J. Frazee, and F. Miekelejohn accompanied him. Miekelejohn played the violin in the services held, while the other members spoke on Christian topics. Services were held in the morning and evening. In the afternoon the team organized a Y School. Mr. H. W. Young, a teacher at Hebron, is a graduate of the class of '21. Principal R. Hunt is a graduate of the class of '14.

Mr. Arthur Purinton, C. Gilpatrick, H. Washburn, and L. Diehl, made up the team sent to Harrison and North Bridgton. Services were held in the Federated Church of Harrison, and the Congregational Church of North Bridgton. Mr. Diehl '23, furnished the music.

Opium Cheap

Another great drawback is opium. It is cheaper in Shensi than in any other province of China, and you can hardly imagine the result. Rich and poor, old and young, are slaves to the habit. This is in part the cause of the general poverty in the province. Robbers, often in soldiers' uniforms, constantly are a terror to honest farmers and Chinese travellers, though the military expenditure for the province is sufficient to keep the merchants in anxiety regarding the next assessment.

Tide Turning

Perhaps it is an undertow, but let's hope instead that it's because the tide is going out and that soon the tide will turn and we'll come in on the crest of the wave. For there are about 2,000 high school students in this city eager to get in touch with the liveliest of modern times; there are several hundred Christians, mostly of the coolie class, but with a good sprinkling of educated men; and there is in people's minds the standard of clean integrity set by the thousands of Christian soldiers that were here with Feng.

How Can Bates Help

How can Bates help in a city like Sian? Our answer is this: Add weight to educational influences to defeat superstition; cooperate in recreation and athletic programs to help defeat opium and other body-wrecking habits; encourage a new religious life as the only sufficient dynamic to produce a better society.

It is a start on these that we have been making as your representatives here. Your splendid backing in the past has put "pep" into many an awkward situation. Your financial support makes it possible for us, or someone, to be here; your moral backing helps hold us true to the best ideals. We anticipate your letters, and know that suggestions, whenever you feel free to make them, will be fine antidotes for mossbackness that so easily creeps over the mind in mid-Asia.

Yours sincerely,
Wayne Clark Jordan

CONFIDENCE

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JUNIOR GIRLS HOCKEY CHAMPS

Sophomores Offer Competition But Lose Out In Final Game

The first hockey game of the season was played between the freshmen and juniors on Tuesday afternoon at 3:30. The freshmen played a plucky game, but were surpassed by their speedy sisters. The second half finished with a score of 5-0.

The seniors and sophomores had their turn on the following day at the same hour. This battle was hard fought, in the truest sense of the word, as was proven by the grand finale of 3-2 in the favor of the underclassmen.

On Friday morning at eleven o'clock the championship between the juniors and sophomores was sharply contested. Elizabeth Powers and Laura Warren played a good game for the juniors, and the sophomore half-back line put up a gallant fight. The score of 3-1 ceded the laurels to the juniors.

FIRST "MILLION DOLLAR" DANCE GENUINE SUCCESS

Juniors Clear Good-sized Sum Toward Class Deficit

The first big dance of the year was held last Saturday evening in Chase Hall under the auspices of the Junior Class. Dancing continued from seven to eleven. The chaperones for the evening were Dean Niles, Professor and Mrs. Gould, and Professor Baird.

The hall was very prettily decorated with the class colors. The Committee in charge of the decorations consisted of Wilbur Batten, Chairman, Kohe Nagakura, Phyllis Sawyer, and Robertine Howe. During the intermission refreshments were served under the direction of the committee: Herman Faust, Chairman, Richard Waddell, Mrs. Burns, and Elizabeth Rice.

The music was furnished by Malcom Gray's Orchestra and was exceptionally good. A good sized sum was made which goes towards the Junior Class' deficit in the big Million Dollar Drive.

DEUTSCHE VEREIN HAS SOCIAL TIME

ELECTS NEW MEMBERS TO CLUB

Deutsche Verein met Monday evening in Libbey Forum for the second meeting of the year. A short business meeting was held during which a large number of new members were nominated from the junior and sophomore classes. Miss Alta Harris was elected to the position of vice president. Miss Ruth Dunlap and Miss Alta Harris were elected as chairmen of the entertainment and program committees. After the business meeting, the members enjoyed a short talk given by Dorothy Coburn about her recent trip to Germany. Games and refreshments concluded the evening's program.

Deutsche Verein has started in very well this year, and a series of snappy and interesting meetings are anticipated for the society for the rest of the year. The next meeting will be held November 20 in Libbey Forum at 7:30.

New Members of Deutsche Verein. Juniors—A. Sanborn, L. Warren, H. Baker, A. Small, H. Hamm, F. Day, P. Sawyer, E. Rice, R. Barber, M. Harradon, B. Childs, E. Field, E. Hall, D. Coburn, M. Manser, and Mrs. Burns.

GARNET ELEVEN HUMBLER HITHERTO UNDEFEATED MASS. AGGIE TEAM 6-0

BATES TEAM OUTPLAYS POWERFUL AMHERST AGGREGATION THROUGHOUT—DAVIS AND GUINEY STAR FOR GARNET

The hitherto undefeated Mass. Aggie team received a set back last Saturday afternoon on the Aggie field, when Bates beat them 6-0. Bates clearly outplayed the Aggies, being in position to score no fewer than five times, but each time a fumble lost them their chance. The Bates aerial game had the Aggies completely at their mercy, and they completed no fewer than 12 out of 15 passes.

Captain Guiney and John Davis, as usual, performed brilliantly, while the work of Scott and Blake in the line was excellent.

The game opened with Bates kicking off to the Aggies. Unable to gain through the line, the Aggies punted; then, Bates started a march down the field which was stopped about a yard from the Aggie goal line.

Dalton and Fellows contributed some nice gains.

In the second quarter Bates opened up and had the ball in Mass. Aggie territory continually, but a fumble would stop the parade, each time.

The third quarter was a repetition of the other two, and when it ended Bates had the ball on the Aggie 1 yard stripe. On the very first play of the fourth period Davis took it across for a touchdown.

The Aggies braced after this, but they were unable to penetrate the Bates defense to get inside the forty yard line. Then, just to show they still had the old fight left in them, with only two minutes to play—Bates took the ball from mid-field to the Aggies 1 yard mark again, but the whistle blew ending the game before they had time to push it over.

The whole Bates team played a wonderful game. "Bill" Guiney, "Davy," Fellows and Scott showing exceptionally well. For Mass. Aggies—Captain Grayson and Tumey excelled.

Summary:	BATES (6)	(0) MASS. AGGIES
Rowe	LE	Marshman
Guiney	LT	Salman
Peterson	LG	Mudgett
Price	C	Alger
Blake	BG	Nowers
Scott	RT	Mohor
Deseoteau	RE	Sargent
Moulton	QB	Beal
Fellows	LH	Tumey
Dalton	RH	Grayson
Davis	FB	McGeogh
Bates		0 0 0 6-6

Touchdown made by Davis. Substitutes Ferrant for Sargent, Myrick for Salman. Kempton for Moulton. Woodman for Dalton. Referee, Carpenter. W. P. I. Umpire, Young Pittsfield, Mass. Head linesman, Ingersoll, Dartmouth. Time, 15 minute periods.

Publicity Manager: Miss A. Laing. Sophomores—E. Parkhurst, L. Shapiro, B. Ingalls, and C. Hooper. Men—H. A. Morrell, J. H. Gates, and A. Dimlick.

Program Committee: Miss Harris, chairman. Miss L. Warren, Miss E. Parkhurst and Mr. L. Hathaway.

Entertainment Committee: Miss R. Dunlap, chairman. Miss A. Sanborn and Mr. H. Lary.

BATES SECOND GETS 47-0 WIN OVER BRIDGTON

Sinclair and Wiggin Star As Garnet Understudies Ride Rough-Shod Over High School Eleven

The Bates Freshman football team whitewashed the Bridgton Academy team 47 to 0 at Garcelon Field last Saturday morning. The opposition of the visitors was very weak, and the yearlings scored at will. Wiggin showed flashes of speed throughout the game. Sinclair played a great game both on offensive and defensive. Davis, Karkos, and Robinson all scored.

BATES 1926	BRIDGTON ACADEMY
Monaghan lb	re MacKean
Clifford lt	rt Christy
Cousens lt	
Diehl lg	rg K. Greenleaf
Rowe lg	rg Curtis
Chase c	c Hilton
Ray rg	lg Greenleaf
Weeks rg	
Hickey rt	lt Linscott
Carlisle rt	
McCullough re	le Donovan
Sinclair qb	qb O'Brien
Jones lhb	rhb Connors
Robinson lhb	
Karkos rhb	lhb Kimball
Knight rhb	
Davis fb	fb Reid
Wiggin fb	

Score by Periods 1 2 3 4 Total
Bates '26 14 14 6 13 47
Touchdowns, made by Sinclair, Karkos 2, Wiggin 2, Robinson, Davis. Points by goal after touchdown, Sinclair 5. Referee, Dagnino. Bates. Umpire, Cogan, Bates. Time, 11 and 12m periods.

JORDAN SCIENTIFIC HOLDS OPEN MEETING

The Jordan Scientific Society held an open meeting in Chase Hall Wednesday Evening as has been previously announced. President Roberts introduced Mr. Thayer Francis, a representative of Parks—Cramer Company, of Fitchburg, Mass. as the lecturer of the evening.

After brief preliminary explanations, Mr. Francis lectured during, and between the two reels, of a motion picture on "Thirsty Cotton." He supplemented the pictures in a way which held the best attention of the audience. He laid especial emphasis upon the effect of humidity in the processes in a cotton mill. The air must be fairly moist, otherwise the yarn will twist, fray, become knotted, or may even break, all due to the static electricity which operates in dry air. When carding, drawing, and spinning are carried on under such conditions, they constitute a remarkable test for the operators temper.

But Mr. Francis explained how that these difficulties may be remedied by installing an automatic "Humidifier," an apparatus which is made and installed by the company which he represents. The lecturer offered to answer any questions on the subject of cotton mills in general.

The Bates Student

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR
BY STUDENTS OF BATES COLLEGE

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A GOOD CUSTOM

When you meet another Bates student on the campus, why pass by with a cold shoulder? Bates happens to be of such a size that it is possible for one student to be on speaking terms with almost all the others. Next time, when you meet someone on the campus, say "Hello." Its a good custom.

KEEP 'EM HIKING

We seem to remember from our Modern European History some reference to "The March of the Women" on Versailles or some such place, at the time of the French Revolution.

History repeats itself, they say. Press reports from the suburban towns of Greene and Sabattus indicate that massed groups of Amazons from the general direction of the Bates campus have been storming these centers.

Our Co-ed hikers!

Furthermore, husky squads of first year men have been seen maneuvering about the outskirts of the city off and on during the past few weeks. Not in pursuit of above mentioned Co-eds, we trust, but under the direction of the Physical Training Department.

This new stress upon outdoor recreation rather than upon exercise in dusty gymnasiums is an important thing. We hope that when snow falls the same good work will continue in the form of supervised snowshoeing and skiing. The Outing Club can furnish the equipment. Almost all students are privileged to use it, by virtue of membership in the club.

The outdoors is there for the taking.

UNSUNG, UNHONORED, AND UNKNOWN

"So this is Immortality."

So whispered to the other one of those figures by the altar in chapel the other morning.

Two immortals before our eyes each day. We have all seen them, for how could we help it? But who are they? How many of us ever stopped to inquire? How many, if asked, could say?

The subdued light, strained mistily through the stained glass, helps to enshroud them with mystery. Shrinking, they seem to gather the folds of their flowing robes into the niches deep in the wall and to seek the shelter of the oaken canopies above.

Yet an occasional, brilliant, outlaw gleam reveals the features of a face. A serious face, but a vigorous one. A challenging, defiant face. A face glorified with the sense of spiritual achievement. It is the face of St. Augustine, one of the four great Fathers of the Church, and of them all the greatest.

The same gleam reveals for a moment the profile of his figure. We see arms half-raised, hands clasping an open book, pressing it to the heart. This is St. Augustine, the scholar, the searcher after truth, and the book the symbol of his quest.

Outwardly, the form on the opposite side of the altar is more impressive. For upon this man of old we see the ecclesiastical head-dress or crown, the miter. In his hand he carries the staff of his high office, the crozier. For this was once the Archbishop of Canterbury.

His greatness, however, rests neither in the miter nor in the crozier. We remember him for the singleness of his purpose. This is St. Anselm, seeker after truth.

St. Augustine and St. Anselm. We remember them both for one thing. And they present us one message:

"Seek ye the truth."

ALUMNI

"BOB" WATTS '22,
PEER OF DEBATERS,
STUDING AT YALE

A week or two ago, we printed an article in this column concerning Edward A. Morris, Bates '21, who was a member of the Bates team which travelled to Oxford and made such a name for themselves. We print here-with a letter from another member of this same famous debating team. Robert B. Watts '22 has been called the "peer" of all Bates debaters. "Bob" sends us the following chatty letter:

New Haven, Conn.
November 1, 1922.

At last, after years of barbarism, I have been reclaimed from the wamp-swapping wilds, and the home of the potato, to be hoisted to the dizzy heights of metropolitan New Haven society. At last, together with some eighty other gullible youths I am a law student—with the privilege of passing over checks which would make Harry Rowe turn over in his grave, if he were dead.



ROBERT B. WATTS, '22

Shades of Bill Blackstone, already do I perceive the eminent fitness of things Yale. The law school is but one jump from the jail, the "medics" are housed next to the village cemetery, and even the divines are situated on the direct road to the poor-house!

The routine of the lawyer is simple. Each morning we arise, repeat the Constitution and amendments, adjust our horn-rimmed goggles, and prepare for the day. Notebooks and collateral materials are then piled neatly into wheelbarrows, the approach to the school is made at half speed, and the machines parked in the library.

This done, the next step is to secure seats in the classroom. At this point, past debating experience assists me materially, for I am enabled to detect fatal fallacies in the reasoning of opponents who are also trying to get as far away from the profs as possible.

Then comes the law, in large doses, and administered to the squirming disciples without regard for previous conditions of servitude. I read the other day of an aviator who stayed aloft fourteen hours, but if my judgment is correct we're in the air all of the time. Be thankful brethren, for the restful courses offered by Pa Gould and Pom, Inc.!

Speaking of Bates, we have quite an expeditionary force here after all. And Bates meetings are solemn times—about like the campus when Bowdoin called for her belated football lesson the other day. When we have football here, one perches on the top roost of the Bowl trying to "boola" properly, and thumps his neighbors lustily to the time of jazz produced by none other than one Allembly, erst-while Monk at Bates, accompanied by some immaterial fifty others. Yes, New Haven is getting acquainted with Bates—and mightily of late through debating.

Even the stately spires of Harkness wiggled a bit when the local sheet proclaimed in awesome vein that Bates had scalped Oxford. What delectable joy to imagine Bill Young and his lusty benchmen twisting corkscrews into the wandering lion's tail! Great stuff, say we. Already Yale is preparing to do battle in December, devoutly wishing that the Bulldog could chew up facts as well as the Billy Goat can wallop enemy arguments. But as Prexie says "If I were a bet-

LITERARY

Paul S. Nickerson, Bates '13, is one of our coming poets. We were interested to find the following paragraph about him in the current number of Contemporary Verse:

"We feel an unusual interest in the work of Paul S. Nickerson, to whom we gave the first adequate introduction last April. Following this, over a column was devoted to him by a leading Boston daily and shorter selections have been published in various magazines. Mr. Nickerson seems to us to combine first-hand vision, incisive thinking, and a very delicate and genuine spirituality. His new magazine, The Gleam, address, Canton High School, Canton, Mass., is a venture in verse of or for school children, which should interest many teachers and parents. It is particularly valuable in meeting intelligently a child's difficulties on first reading and attempting to write poetry. The Gleam thus attempts to illuminate a new and very important field of American culture. May its light spread to a wide radius!"

From the same issue of Contemporary Verse, we quote this poem:

The Vase of Leaves
By Paul S. Nickerson

Too often have I thought of Thee, Dear God,
In spacious platitudes, half meaningless,
Yet Thou hast come so near to me this day
That I am newly born, or so it seems,
Among the common comforts of the earth.
I came upon a vase of autumn leaves—
Leaves green, leaves golden—purple—
orange—red—
Caught from the fullness of the waning year;
And as I looked at them, You came to me
Along their trembling hues. I felt
Your Hand

SOCIETIES

RAMSDELL SCIENTIFIC

Ramsdell Scientific Society met in Carnegie Science Hall, Thursday evening November 2, 1922. After a short business meeting, Miss Marion Chick '23, gave an excellent talk on Radio activity.

An interesting discussion of the subject concluded the program of the evening.

MACFARLANE

Macfarlane Club met in Libbey Forum. The regular meeting nights were changed from the first and third Mondays of the month to the second and fourth.

President Henry Rich delivered the biography of Fritz Kreisler, and also that of Mozart.

After the speaker came a very interesting musical program by members. The following selections were given: Violin solo—Alvin Frelove. Vocal solo—Marjorie Pillsbury. Cornet solo—Charles Diehl. Mandolin duet—John Fogg and Harold Bradford.

SPOFFORD

At the meeting of Spofford Club, held Tuesday evening, Grace Goddard, '25, and Dudley Snowman '25, were voted in as new members, after much consideration had been given to the work of the several aspirants.

The program consisted of a pleasing and well developed critique, by Walter Gavigan, on "The Charm of Christopher Morley," and two short sketches, by Gladys Hasty. The first of these, "The Deeper Passions of a Dormitory," was very realistic; the second, "The Village Street," contained much beautiful description and charming atmosphere.

ting man, I'd bet the family tooth-brush on the Garnet!"

And so it goes with Eli. Goodfellowship, humor, and excitement—but beneath it all a strength and fineness which makes every man proud to be even an adopted son of the Blue. For the Law School I have nothing but admiration—possessed as it is of a faculty which makes it without a peer in the country. Yet above all, Alma Mater—little Bates—is the "fairest of them all!"

Sincerely,
Bob Watts.

Hold tenderly beneath my shaking heart,
Your Breath lie like a petal on my soul,
While close about my being clung Your Smile
As cool and peaceful as the sheen of silver.

How near You were, yet I was not afraid:
I could have touched You in your vase
of leaves,
Held your compassion naked in my hands.
Your softly throbbing Heart's Love to my breast;
But I did not reach my hands—I know not why—

Perhaps I was too happy to be wise,
Too happy just to have You standing there—
So happy that my eyes were thick with tears

That You should come in such simplicity—a vase
Of aged autumn leaves, and You and I.
How kind you were. I shall remember Long.

I shall remember, when the leaves turn bright
Upon my boughs in autumn—as they fall
Like tears of beauty to eternal rest.
Meanwhile since beauty is the sighing bridge

You cross from holy deeps to my lone heart,
I must hold beauty ever at my soul
That I may not forget and think of You
As infinite instead of near and dear.

AN INTERESTING NEW NOVEL

"Babbitt," by the author of Main Street, has caused a deal of discussion. Sinclair Lewis, because he is one of the crowd, himself understands the surroundings of which he writes, yet he does not hesitate to cover it all with irony. He writes of his personal impressions and reactions with perfect sincerity and frankness.

This novel revolves entirely about a business man; fat and forty, named Babbitt, in a respectable real estate business, and living with his wife and three children. The pages are packed with accurate, detailed description, Babbitt's friends and associates are wholly devoted to business. Beneath everything, Babbitt is sensitive; he gets "stabbed by the truth;" "he notices his hobbies,"—and rebels. He is bored with his family, his business, his friends, his duty. He longs vaguely to express himself, but in the end, he has only a temporary fling.

There is good imagination as well as description in this tale, there is no melodrama, no false excitement—the hero merely keeps on "playing the game," after he'd rather do anything than play it. The book is straight realism; some of the many superior scenes are that of the first dinner party at Babbitt's house;—the picture of a man's world in the smoking compartment of the Pullman, on the night of the Land—Men's Convention when Babbitt went down the line with W. A. Rogers.

HUMOROUS

All Explained—Farmer—"See here, young feller, what are you doing up that tree?"

Boy—"One of your apples fell down and I'm trying to put it back."

Arein;—I see the dries lost their fight on the Scandinavian peninsula.

Payne—Maybe they'll win in the Swede bye and bye.

Youngstown Telegram.

Sad Parting

"I do wish you would quit licking stamps," complained the wife of an amateur author.

"It's vulgar and unsanitary; and besides, I gave you a perfectly good stamp-moistener on your last birthday."

"I wasn't licking those stamps, dear," said the a. a. sadly. "I was Kissing them goodbye!"

Writer's Monthly

Qualified

"In this part," said the movie director, "you have to do a number of funny falls. How are you on falls?"

"I rank next to Niagara," the applicant replied confidently.

Boston Transcript

Perhaps Dave Has Heard This

Mrs. Rigdon—(Calling from head of stairs at 11:30 p. m.)—"Olive, don't you think it is about bedtime, dear?"

Olive—"Why, yes, mother. Why on earth haven't you retired before?"

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Words of Great Men
 by Walt Mason

W. J. Bryan:
 Behold my dome, its Grecian shape, then say my forbear was an ape! This Darwin stuff gives me a pain; no delegate is safe and sane who with the Darwin bunch agrees; our parents didn't live in trees, nor were they dangling by their tails from limbs that teetered in the gales. Against such bunk I set my face; I stand up for the human race. I do not care what savants say when they dig knee-joints from the clay; or when they bring, with nerve and gall, old bones from far Neanderthal. I do not care what skulls they spring, they can't convince me of a thing. Old Adam, on his Eden farm, and Eve, with all her grace and charm, they were parents of us all; and I will stand in tent or hall, and lecture on this theme of themes and show that Darwin claims are dreams, in any town that treats me right, and pays two hundred bones a night.

Soph.: "Wathecha studying the bulletin board so far?"
 Frosh.: "To see if I've lost anything."

In English 3, "We place him at the close of the Renaissance Period. When he dies that's the end of—?"
 Stude: "Him!"

Father: "How was the dance Saturday night?"
 Co-ed: "Fine."
 Father: "Schottische?"
 Co-ed: "Oh, 'bout an hour."

I Wonder—Saith The Co-ed.
 For weeks he's worn a pale, lean look. He walks where he formerly rode. His hair, of yore, close-cropped and trim, is now a bit too long. For lunch he used to eat a man-sized meal, but now, a sandwich is sufficient. No more does he match pennies by the hour or bet on games and boxing tourneys. His change, which used to go for this and that, he hoards, and seems close-fisted. Oh, why should he be so altered so—this youth who once was lavish!

Has he now found the error of his ways? Or is he saving up to take me to the dance?

"Wasn't Nero the guy that was so cold to his wife?"
 "No, that's zero. He's a different guy altogether."
 Jack-o-Lantern

"Did you hear about the story of the bowl of milk?"
 "No."
 It's the cats."
 Lyre

Over the Line
 Ole—"Tillie, will ye marry me?"
 Tillie—"Yaas Ole."
 A long deadening silence falls. Finally it is broken.
 Tillie—"Vy don't you say something, Ole?"
 Ole—"Vell, I taink Oi say too much already!"

The Sour End
 Brain—The top-floor apartment in the Human Block, known as the Cranium, and kept by the Sarah Sisters—Sarah Brum and Sarah Belum, assisted by Medulla Oblongata. All three are nervous, but are always confined to their cells. The Brain is done in gray and white, and furnished with light and heat, hot and cold water, if desired, with regular connections to the outside world by way of the Spinal Circuit.

Getting Even
 Stan—"Did you tell Fluffy I was a fool?"
 Chick—"No, I thought she knew it."

Here It Is—There It Isn't
 She: Jack is in love with you.
 Her: Nonsense!
 She: That's what I said when I heard it.
 Her: How dared you!
 —Cornell Widow

SPORT NOTES

A year ago "Cyk" McGinley made his debut in the cross-country game, and took his place in the "hall of fame." A week ago he displayed to the satisfaction of all that he well deserves that place. To run such a gruelling course in spite of a bad cold requires the maximum of fight and grit, and that is what "Cyk" had when he proved himself the premier cross-country runner of the state.

Frank Dorr showed the same, indomitable spirit that characterized his basketball playing last winter. Quite a few were surprised to see the diminutive lad come in second for Bates, but those that knew the "scrap" that he's got aren't surprised at anything Frank does.

Holt, who has been a pretty consistent runner for the past two years was the third Bates man in. Hurley, who has been making a bid for the teams for past three seasons, did a good job Friday, and finished fourth for the Garnet. He was closely followed by the Garnet Captain, "Ray" Batten.

Sargent and S. E. Wilson were attacked with stomach cramps early in the race, and were unable to finish. Their loss was sorely felt by the Garnet squad which was expected to have several men among the first ten.

Next week the team journeys to Franklin Park, Dorchester, Mass. where it will compete in the N. E. C. C. run. On a level course such as Franklin Park has, a better showing is expected. Last year Bates won the Maine title, and the U. of M. won the N. E. title. Now that Bates has lost out in the state title, we are looking for a complete turning of the tables and a victory next week.

Lewiston is to have five community skating rinks this year, according to an article in the Journal. One of them is to be at Gareelon Field.

Lewiston is to have a hockey league this year comprised of ten teams. Bates freshman and second team will be members of the league.

Plans are under way for the enlargement of the Augusta Hockey rink. Some improvement over last year's meagre rink is certainly needed.

Lattice to Let
 Otis Titus used to notice,
 That his giddy goddess, Lotus,
 Didn't care so much to gad as
 Seek the shadows with her Otis.

Then up spoke this Otis Titus,
 "Let us build a lattice, Lotus,
 Lotus, let us have a lattice,
 Where no spying eye could spot us."
 Lotus answered: "Let us! Let us!
 "How a lattice would delight us."

"When the moon had lit us, Lotus,
 In the lattice we could seat us,
 And the world would never notice,
 For the lattice would delere us.

Clad with leaves as light as lettuce,
 We would have this lattice, Lotus,
 Where the bee would come to loot us,
 And the glow worm light us gratis,

But no leering brute could hoot us,
 And no Brutus could get at us,
 Lotus, let us have a lattice."
 "Otis, let us," answered Lotus.
 C. L. Edison, in New York Tribune

The Thing to Say
 "What age would you say I was, young sir?"
 "Half of what you really are, dear lady."
 —San-Gene (Paris).

CAMPUS NOTES

There was a good sized crowd from Bates at Brunswick last Saturday afternoon taking in the big Maine-Bowdoin game which this year proved to be more or less of an anti-climax to the state series. The game was a thriller from start to finish and one well worth watching. Ostregen's charges played a whale of a game and it was only through the toughest kind of a break that Bowdoin failed to come through the victor.

Peg Reis and Vic Reid were among the few Bates men to journey to Amherst with the football team last week. Both Peg and Vic report a wonderfully fine trip. "It was some game," say they. And we can but nod our assent.

There is no more profitable hour spent in the whole week by the men of the two upper classes than the one with Dr. Tubbs each Monday evening. The popular professor answers important questions on matters of moment to every thinking man on the campus and he answers them in such a way as to stimulate rather than stifle thought. These meetings are very well attended and are being held in the German Room, Hathorn Hall at 6:45 each Monday night.

Next Wednesday is the last day for sending in your literary contributions to the Garnet. The editors are waiting for more material—poems, stories, plays, essays— Just put the finishing touches on your literary effort and pass it along. If acceptable you will see it in print the first of the month. Let's go.

Armistice Day tomorrow is a holiday on the campus. Has anyone yet forgotten that day four years ago when the War Lord of Germany skeddaddled across the border into Holland and the famous armistice was signed? That was a real day in history and one that we can afford to set aside as a holiday.

Movies and a dance in Chase Hall tonight! Everybody out.

The Y. M. C. A. is mustering its forces in readiness for the Bates-in-China drive the first of December. Wayne Jordan, the Bates graduate is doing a big job over there in the Orient and the little we can do to help the good work along will be greatly appreciated. More on this matter later.

The Sophomore Prize Speaking will be held a week from tomorrow afternoon. This annual affair sponsored by Professor Robinson is but one of the many methods employed at Bates to develop public speakers.

Dancing at Bates has been receiving undue publicity of late in the local press. The headline on the front page of the Journal the other evening makes a snappy addition to one's Mem Book of clippings.

There were some other Bates men on hand at Amherst Saturday besides the two already mentioned. Gus Miller, Punk Bailey, and Ken Jones made the trip and report a corking good time.

We wonder if there will be any men venturing forth to Providence this Saturday. If there are, the game will amply repay them for the trip. Bates is going down into Roger Williams' home town bent on giving the Brown bear the fight of his life.

Here's a new one:
 "Jack, dear, before our wedding I wish you would see a doctor."
 "Why should I? I am well except for a touch of dyspepsia."
 "That's just it. I'd like you to get a certificate from him which would show that your dyspepsia antedated our marriage."

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THREE MINUTES FROM THE CAMPUS

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"DOC" FINNIE GIVES INSTRUCTIVE TALK AT "Y" MEETING

"Doc" Finnie spoke at the Y. M. C. A. meeting on last Wednesday taking as his subject, "Religion's Appeal to the College Man."

The meeting was opened by singing 'led by Paul Libby '24.' After which the presiding officer, Mr. Carl Purinton '23, read passages from the scriptures. Two minutes were spent in short prayers by those in attendance. Mr. Frank Dorr '25, presented a plea for the observance of Prayer Week, November 12 to 18. He appealed to the men present to make praying a regular habit and ended with the plea for increased vitality in our daily prayer. Prayer week, he said is being observed not in a single college or a single state or even in a single nation but all over the world.

Rev. Mr. Finnie then spoke. He said that there were many definite reasons why the religion of Christ should attract the college man. The foremost of which was the spirit of youth in religion. "The greatest gift that God ever gave the world," said he, "was a young Christ." In analyzing this spirit of youth he showed its component parts to be the spirit of courage; the spirit of cleanness; and, the spirit of action. One of the striking things of his talk was the statement that it took a real courageous red-blooded man to go to church regularly while it was an easy thing to be among the bunch of "good fellows" who hang around the dormitories on Sundays. In the life of Captain Robert Scott, the Antarctic explorer, he showed how the spirit of youth, action, and courage were wound up until the very last. He told the story of Scott and his companions who when frozen up to the waist in the Antarctic regions were stopped from killing themselves by the spirit of courage, were tempted to take the chance which resulted in their death by the spirit of action, and who till the very last sang and bravely died, as they lived, youthful men. He likened these heroes to Christ who as he left the little ante-chamber after the Last Supper, sang a hymn as evidence of his courage in the very face of death. The seriousness and sincerity of the speaker was apparent. His appeal reached the vital spot in the souls of the men there. The meeting closed with a prayer by Dr. Finnie.

The Irish Mail.—An American visiting Ireland asked a manservant at a tavern, "How many mails do you have here a day?"

The Servant replied, "Three; dinner, breakfast and supper."

—The Christian Evangelist.

The hard Part—Millionaire (speaking to a body of students) "All my success, I owe to one thing alone—pluck, pluck, pluck."

Student—"But how are we to find the right people to pluck!"

"My kid brother was awfully sore at you the other night when you were calling on me."

"Why so I didn't do anything"

"That's why. He waited at the key-hole all evening for nothing."

Gargoyle.

She—Jo looks so idiotically happy lately. Someone leave him something?
He—"Yeah. Somebody left two quarts in his car."
Jack-o-Lantern.

Always in the Way—It's easy to meet expenses these days. You run onto them every time you turn around.

Western Christian Advocate.

In No Hurry He—"I've a presentiment that our engagement won't last."
She—"Oh, Harry, don't say that; I hope it will last forever."
London Opinion.

Good Reason—Waiting—"Why do they call this course 'piece de resistance'?"

Waiter—"Wait till you try it!"—Puppet.

The Power of Words

Lady (gently but firmly refusing all substitutes): No, thank you, I must have Scroggins'. I notice the advertisements speak so well of it!—London Mail

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