Bates College SCARAB

The Bates Student

Archives and Special Collections

1-29-1913

The Bates Student - volume 41 number 03 -January 29, 1913

Bates College

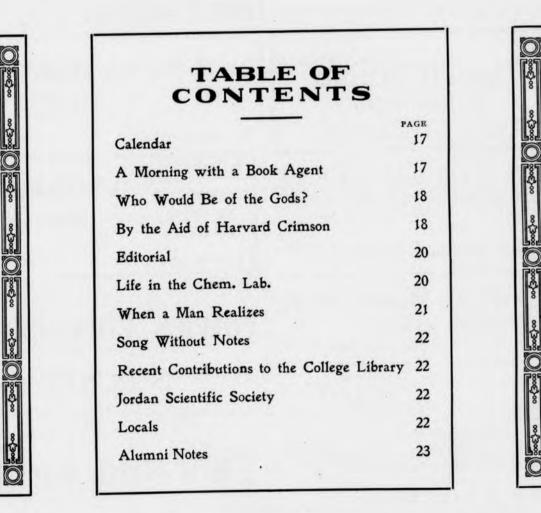
Follow this and additional works at: http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student

Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 41 number 03 - January 29, 1913" (1913). *The Bates Student*. 1125. http://scarab.bates.edu/bates_student/1125

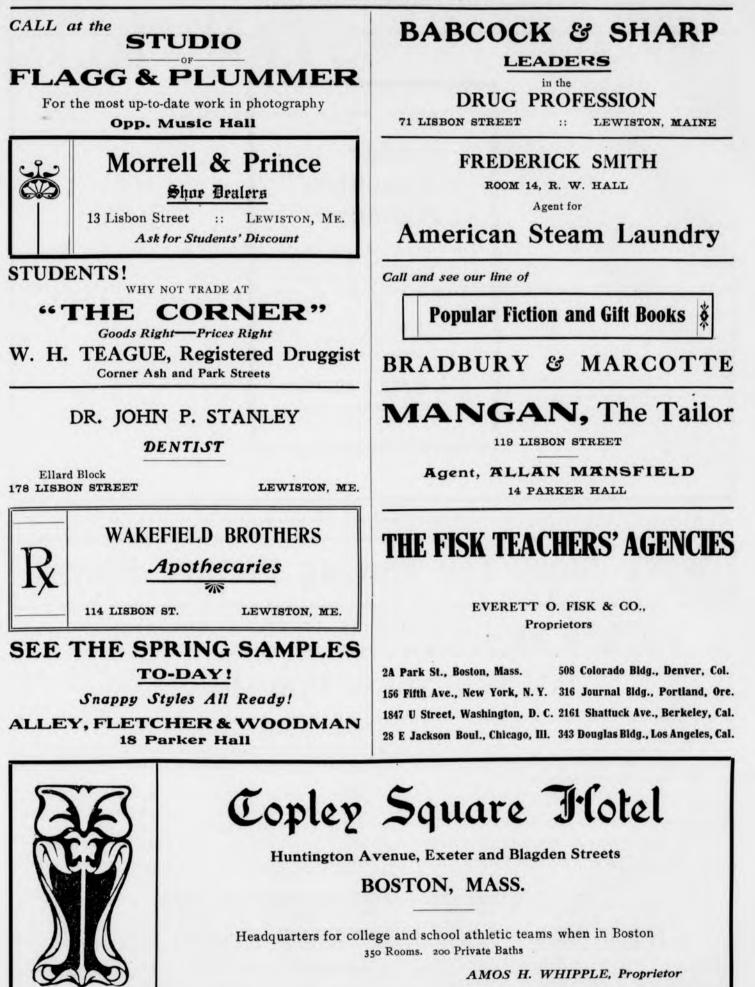
This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Archives and Special Collections at SCARAB. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Bates Student by an authorized administrator of SCARAB. For more information, please contact batesscarab@bates.edu.

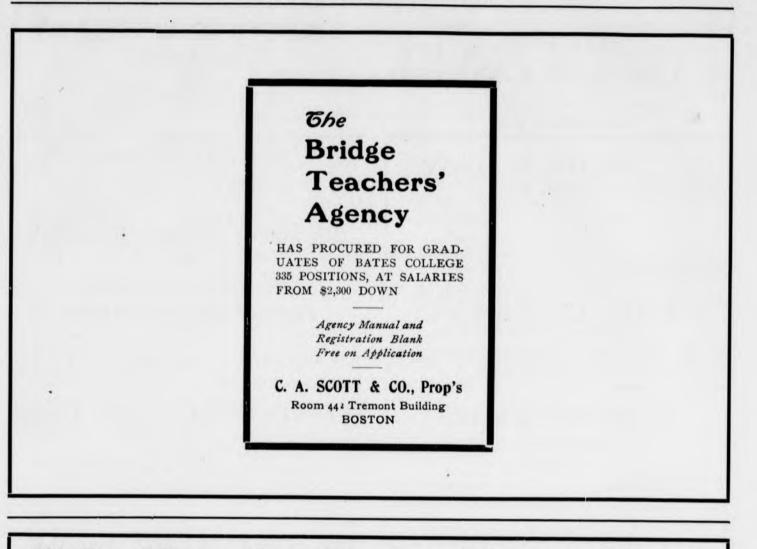
BATES STUDENT



JANUARY 29 1913







Write Ideas For Moving Picture Plays!

YOU CAN WRITE PHOTO PLAYS AND EARN \$25.00 OR MORE WEEKLY We Will Show You How!

If you have ideas—if you can *think*—we will show you the secrets of this fascinating new profession. Positively no experience or literary excellence necessary. No "flowery language" is wanted.

The demand for photoplays is practically unlimited. The big film manufacturers are "moving heaven and earth" in their attempts to get enough good plots to supply the ever increasing demand. They are offering \$100 and more, for single scenarios, or written ideas.

We have received many letters from the film manufacturers, such as VITAGRAPH, EDISON, ESSANAY, LUBIN, SOLAX, IMP, REX, RELIANCE, CHAMPION, COMET, MELIES, ETC., urging us to send photoplays to them. We want more writers and we'll gladly teach you the secrets of success.

We are selling photoplays written by people who "never before wrote a fine for publication" Perhaps we can do the same for you. If you can think of only one good idea every week, and will write it out as directed by us, and it sells for only \$25, a low figure,

YOU WILL EARN \$100 MONTHLY FOR SPARE TIME WORK

FREE SEND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS AT ONCE FOR FREE COPY OF OUR ILLUSTRATED BOOK, "MOVING PICTURE PLAYWRITING."

Don't hesitate. Don't argue. Write now and learn just what this new profession may mean for you and your future.

NATIONAL AUTHORS' INSTITUTE

R 969-1543 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

Vol. XLI

LEWISTON, MAINE, JANUARY 29, 1913

No. 3

CALENDAR

JANUARY 29

1 р.м. Cabinet meeting Y. M. C. A. Secretary's office.

1.00 P.M. Junior class meeting, German room. 1.30 to 4.00 Registration, Seniors and Juniors. 6.45 P.M. Y. W. C. A.

6.45 р.м. Ү. М. С. А.

8.00 P.M. Politics Club, Libbey Forum.

JANUARY 30

- 2.30 to 4.30 Registration, Sophomores and Freshmen.
- 6.30 P.M. Senior Current Events Club, Rand Hall.
- 6.30 P.M. Current Events Club, Whittier House.

FEBRUARY I

8.00 р.м. Saturday Night Sociable, Rand hall. February 2

6.40 р.м. Vespers, Rand Hall.

FEBRUARY 3

8.00 P.M. The Hussars Singing Band, City Hall. Given under the auspices of the Women's Christian Association of Lewiston.

A MORNING WITH A BOOK AGENT.

Jauntily swinging your prospectus over your shoulder, you set forth upon a pleasant summer morning upon a country road. The air is sweet, and the birds are singing in the trees. A squirrel runs across the road, frightened by your noisy whistling. You walk along, past scores of houses which awe you because of their seeming forbidding aspect. By this time the shrewd reader has guessed that you are a summer book-agent, erstwhile a college student, who is to make his debut at selling books this morning.

Finally you select a neat little cottage, the occupants of which have been named to you

the day before, and timidly approach the steps. You screw up courage, climb the steps and knock at the door, while offering a silent prayer for help to Mercury, the god of thieves and of book-agents. The door is suddenly opened by a dark-faced woman, and you are painfully made to realize the terrible sensations that a Roman beggar used to feel two thousand years ago when suddenly confronted by the awful splendor of his sovereign Cæsar. Trying to look as if you had not rather be anywhere on earth but there, you smilingly ask her a question to which you already know the answer. "Good-morning. Is this Mrs. Murphy?" Mrs. Murphy admits that it is. "Well, you have a son, Patrick, in school, have you not" "Yes, and he is going to stay in school, too. If you represent a business college or have a book to sell, you might as well be going, because I haven't any time to waste with pedlars." You have been coached to meet this objection and you smilingly reply. "Why, Mrs. Murphy, do I look like a book-agent? My name is Sellitfast and I am calling on the parents of every school-child. I wish to speak to you for a moment about an important educational improvement, and I know that you you will be glad to hear about this intensely interesting discovery."

As poor Mrs. Murphy is momentarily overcome by this meaningless array of words which she faintly recognizes as belonging to the English language, she invites you in, and gestures for you to have a chair. Forgetting your manners in your surprise at getting in so easily, you drop breathlessly into a chair although your hostess is yet standing, and you commence to babble something to her about the weather. "Isn't this a glorious day, Mrs. Murphy! Slowtown is certainly a fine place to visit. Why, if you couldn't do anything else in it, it would surely be a nice place to die in." Your hostess is still divided, because of her wonder, between wishes to order you out or to hear what you have to say. You assume that her silence is encouraging and immediately launch forth on your oration.

"Well, Mrs. Murphy, this certainly is an age of progress, isn't it? Something is happening every day. If it isn't a strike by the milk dealers it's a wedding in the Vanderbilt family. And think of the great things that are happening around us about which we know nothing. Did you know that Mr. Haines was elected governor of Maine last week, or do you know who Julia Marlowe is? I wonder if you know the latest trip that the Wright brothers have taken. By the way, one of them has taken quite a long one, because he has recently died.

"But I know, Mrs. Murphy, that you will agree with me that we should know about these great people and events. We study eagerly about matters that happened in Egypt ten thousand years ago, but it is with difficulty that we recall the name of the vice-president of the United States. Now, don't think for a minute that I am a book-agent, Mrs. Murphy, because I certainly am not, but I have a book which I know you will be very glad to see. It is called "Everything You Don't Know," and you see that it must contain a great deal of useful and instructive knowledge. I wish to tell you about some of the people that this book mentions, Mrs. Murphy. It is fully illustrated, you see."

You open the book and talk at length about the great men and women of ancient times with whom its pages are filled, until finally, seeing that your hostess is more interested in doughnuts than in Demosthenes, you decide to drop the ancients and get into the present.

"This book also tells about modern people. Mrs. Murphy, what a wonderful man Theodore Roosevelt is. What, you think that Roosevelt isn't wonderful at all, and your husband has done as much as he? Excuse me, Madam, your husband has not and never will do as much as Roosevelt! Now don't get excited. You didn't ask to be preached to, and won't take the book anyway? What, not when it has a silk headband and gold linings and leather instay and gilt lettering, all for only twelve dollars and eighty-five cents? Why, the publishers are actually losing money every time I sell one of the books at this price. The only reason that they can afford it, is because they sell so many of them. You wouldn't pay thirty cents for it, and the sooner I get out of the house the better? Well, all I say for you, Lady, is that probably you don't know how to read. Yes, I'm going. Good-by."

WILBERT S. WARREN, '14.

WHO WOULD BE OF THE GODS?

- Who would be of the gods, invincible, not to be daunted,
- Seeing already fulfilled whatever their wills have vaunted?

They have never gazed into ruin's eyes

- And seen where his guarded treasure lies,
- Then closed with ruin to wrest the prize.
- Who would be of the gods, on the safe Olympian slope,

The gods who know not fear and know not hope!

The gods who dwell in a splendor no final twilight shall soften

Watch for the sinking sun and know it shall rise as often.

They decreed predestination,

They endure our supplication,

.

They shall guide the next creation

- Who would dwell with gods on Olympus' eternal crest,
- The gods who know not death and know not rest!

ABIGAIL M. KINCAID, '12.

BY THE AID OF HARVARD CRIMSON

"Why, Sue Farrington, what is the matter?" cried Eva Day as her room-mate came into the study and threw herself upon the couch in a disconsolate heap.

"I should say there was enough the matter. Uncle John has given me the money so I can go with you girls to hear Maude Adams."

"I don't see why you are cross about that. I think it is splendid!" cried Eva clapping her hands. Sue buried her head still deeper into the pillows.

"That part's all right. But every single ticket is sold. Isn't that just the worst luck?"

"I should say it was," answered her roommate. "But, Sue, I tell you what, you can have my ticket just as well as not. Really and truly I don't care much if I can't go."

She jumped from the couch, indignant at the suggestion.

"Take your ticket! Well, I guess not! You want to go just as much as I do. I wouldn't take your ticket for a farm down east!"

"I should like to know why not," answered Eva a little nettled at the abrupt refusal.

"Because there is no more sense in your not going than there is in mine and that settles it."

A little gleam came into Eva's eyes.

"Oh it does, does it? I bet you a college ice that I will make you take it."

"I bet you three college ices and a box of fudge besides that you won't."

"Good for you," cried Eva clapping her hands. "I won't die of starvation for awhile anyway. But now I have got to go in and see if Dot can tell me what the matter is with this example before it is time for Math."

When she returned from her recitation she found a radiant Sue awaiting her.

"I want my college ice, I want my college ice," sang Sue dancing around her roommate. "You've lost your bet, for I won't have to use your ticket. What did I tell you! Phyllis said one of the girls had decided not to go and she asked me if I wanted the ticket. Of course I jumped at the chance. So now I can go with you girls. But let's go down for the ice now. I am simply starving."

"No, that won't do. Our bets are not to be settled until to-morrow morning—Fortythree—two. That's my bell; good-bye." In a few minutes Eva was back again.

"Girls, what do you think, I'm not going with you after all. My Harvard man is coming up here to-night. He asked me if I was going to be in this evening and of course I said yes when he informed me that he was going back on the midnight train."

"Is it Bob?" chorused her crowd of eager listeners.

"Sure it is."

Sue, who had thus far been as interested as the others, suddenly began to look at her roommate disapprovingly.

"Not Bob Rogers?" she asked.

"Why-er-yes," answered Eva looking a little confused.

"Well," said Sue decidedly, "I guess if Bob Rogers is here, I am not going to any theater to-night. He is my own cousin and he has just been home and seen everybody, too. I don't see why he didn't call me up instead of you."

"Oh, don't stay at home just for him," said Eva quickly, "you can see him to-morrow."

"I understood you to say he was going back on the midnight," replied Sue.

"Oh, yes, I forgot, but you can see him when you get back from the theater."

"May I inquire how long since our calling hours have extended until eleven o'clock in the evening?" answered Sue, by this time decidedly vexed.

edly vexed. "Well, any way he is coming back in a day or two and then you can see him."

day or two and then you can see him." "Oh, well, if you don't want me here this evening, I am sure I would prefer the theater anyway."

Eva looked genuinely hurt. "Oh, dear, now I have gone and hurt your feelings. Please stay, I want you to."

"No, really and truly; I'd rather go," answered Sue, much mollified by her roommate's evident distress.

When the theater party returned that evening, the proctor met Sue at the door.

"Someone wishes to see you in the reception room," she said.

Puzzled, Sue drew back the curtains. In the large Morris chair was an effigy of a man draped in Harvard crimson. Sue picked up the placard which the effigy was carefully holding, and read, "I am the Bob Rogers your roommate has just been entertaining. As I was the means to the theater on her ticket, please give her the three college ices but send the box of fudge to my counterpart at Harvard."

MILDRED M. RYDER, '14.

Published Wednesdays During the College Year by the Students of BATES COLLEGE

	EDITO	DRIAL BO	ARD
Editor-in-Chief			Roy Packard, '14
Arthur B. H Exchange	ussey, '14	Literary	Edith Adams, '14 Marion F. Lougee, '14
Ruth B. Sylv	ester, '14	Alumni	Helen M. Hilton, '15
Athletic Social			Royal B. Parker, '14 Marion R. Sanborn, '14
Philip H. Do John T. Greena	w, '14 an, '15 Mari	Local La on R. Cole,	awrence C. Woodman, '14 '15 Mabel G. Googins, '15
Business Mana	ger		Shirley J. Rawson, '14
Business Mana Edwin F. Pidge	Assis	tant Manage	
	Assis		ers

The interruption of chapel service by certain students coming in late has become quite common recently. We owe it to the leader and to the other students as well as to our own self-respect, not to break in on these services during the Scripture reading and talk or during prayer. If the chapel exercises are worth while they are worth being carried on without interruption by some thoughtless student. We ought to form the habit of not coming into chapel late except during the singing.

This habit would soon become a well established custom, to which the members of the incoming classes would quickly conform. It would be well worth the cost to establish this custom so firmly that it would be considered a lack of reasonable propriety to violate it by coming into chapel late, except during the singing.

Once more we wish to remind the alumni that this is the last copy of the STUDENT that will be sent to those who have not renewed their subscription for this year.

If any subscribers do not receive their copy of the STUDENT please notify the Business Manager at once. The annual triangular debate between Harvard, Yale and Princeton will be held on March 14. The question decided upon is "*Resolved*, That the Present Attitude of the United States Government in Desiring to Exempt our Coastwise Trade from Panama Canal Tolls is Justifiable." The Freshmen triangular debate in which the same universities will participate will be held on May 2. The subject for this debate has not yet been decided upon.

LIFE IN THE CHEM. LAB.

Oh. life in the Lab. is a frolic, A careless life and free;

You live in the odor of H₂S.,

And the fumes of N H₃.

Your hands are brown from acids, And black with silver stains,

Your eyes are red, and your back stiff And full of rheumatic pains.

Mix up a cocktail of chromates,

Pour in a test-tube and boil, Watch for a green-plaid precipitate,

Drop in a strip of lead foil,

Evaporate five or six hours Stirring as much as you can,

Squint thru a spectroscope at it,

Then try it all over again.

Mix up some chlorine with hydrogen, Put in a nice, sunny place,

Then gather up your fugitive fingers,

And pick out the glass from your face. Take some A s₂ Z n₃

Subject to the arsenic test,

Take a good whiff of your product, The coroner sees to the rest.

Oh, life in the Lab. is idyllic,

Like that in the land of the blest, With merely a whiff of excitement

To give it the requisite zest. Sing not of the glad out-door life,

The joys of bat, racket or cleek;

They are folly and sin to the Lab. man With his thirty-odd-hours a week.

HENRY W. ELIOT, JR., in Harvard Lampoon.

WHEN A MAN REALIZES

A low, sweet, feminine voice, singing an old song, made the traveller shorten his steps. The voice seemed familiar, tho there was unmistakably a strange, pleasing sadness about it—a note new to him But the song called for such rendering. The lady was singing—had just begun—"Robin Adair."

'Where's all the joy and mirth

That made this town a heav'n on earth?

Oh! they're all fled with thee, Robin Adair."

"Supine Sam" stopped. For the "traveller" was no more nor less than a common "tramp." Supine Sam had a heart for music, however. That explains it. Music was the only thing in the world with any considerable motive power, where Supine was concerned. It was twilight now. No other house within half a mile! Nobody would object if he sat down to rest—and listen. (Sam had forgotten the feeling at his stomach—since the singing). So he sat, rested, and heard the song thru. Then, he got up, turned around some more, scratched his head, and sat down on the inviting rock again.

Soon the singer started in to sing "Auld Lang Syne." She sung only one verse this time. The tramp listened sympathetically. Thoughts of "auld acquaintances" came back to him. Then he thought of what he was now. He thought of the whole long, ten years of drifting, drifting apart and away and down. These things were not pleasant to think of, but, somehow, he could not now get up and go on down the road, and forget "sentimental things,' 'as a good (?) tramp should. His stomach again asserted itself,-now the music had died away. He got up, still thinking of everything unpleasant, as it seemed. Then the sweet, low voice, lower, sweeter now, began the tune of his heart-as fate would have it-"Annie Laurie." He had heard it but once, since going away-the song she used to sing for him! Once he had heard someone begin the song and he had hurried away. Only one could sing that song! Why did he listen now? The voice was the voice of that "only

one!" No, it could not be! The owner of that voice was ten years dead! Her father had sent her away—for her health was poor. Then, a half year later,—her letters had stopped—her folks had told him the awful news. He had not waited for anything—he had gone at once away. Since that day he had seen no person from Marlinton, his native, New England town. He had never been within a hundred miles of the place, since then. For the first time the thought came to him that he had scarcely been favored by the parents. Could there have been a trick? Stranger things had happened.

Just then the singer (having finished her other song some minutes before) letting her fingers wander over the keyboard, started in anew. For the first time the tramp heard the words "Lead, kindly light, amid th' encircling gloom." The wonderful words, and her still more wonderful voice, held him spellbound. That song was never sung before, would never be again, he thought. He had heard of people who had composed wonderful music, such as this, he imagined. This was a song of the soul. Somewhere he had got the notion that everyone, filled with the power of music, sung or played a new song, even as sings the swan,-and, then-died. All people who have loved and suffered have strange notions. This was his. He took a step towards the house, whence came the sound. The music stopped.

A lamp was lighted. Supine Sam then saw the singer's face. It was the face of Her, who had been ten years dead to him—and must be hereafter thru all eternity. The family—two sweet-faced children, a little girl, her mother's very image, and a noble, noisy boy, whittling away at something—an aeroplane perhaps—; a man trying to read the evening paper and rock the cradle at the same time, and a mother just "getting out her mending," for this was a farmer's home—what God-given happiness!

Supine Sam looked long at the group; then, he started as if from a dream. His face lit up with a kindly, old-days' light. With a half-

aloud, "God bless them" and a half-afraid "God help me and all those who lose, lose the two—love and hope," he turned away and started up the roadway.

LAURENCE C. WOODMAN, '14.

SONG WITHOUT NOTES

The harmony of silence with the breath Of Summer, neither sound nor feeling; Not the perfume from the clover, Nor the haze upon the meadow, Only in your heart you sing it, Only in your soul you feel it, Ringing, echoing the chorus Of the birds, the lake, the forest; Nature's silent song to nature.

JAMES FRANK HILL, '14.

RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE COLLEGE LIBRARY ·

FROM THE APPROPRIATION Pearson, Intercollegiate Debates. Esenwein, Studying the Short Story.

PRESENTED

By Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, Anna A. Gordon's Life of Frances E. Willard.

FROM THE GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT Johnson, Mathematical Geography.

Mill, Guide to Geographical Books and Appliances.

Unstead, General and Regional Geography for Students.

FROM THE DIVINITY LIBRARY

Bowne, Kant and Spencer.

- Fowler, A History of the Literature of Ancient Israel.
- Mackintosh, The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ.

Petrie, Egypt and Israel.

Nitobé, Inazo, The Japanese Nation.

Hastings, ed., Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics, vol. 5.

FROM THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Archer, Play Making.

Gilder, Richard Watson, Complete Poems.

Zangwill, The Next Religion. Moulton, Louise Chandler, Poems. Day, The Red Lane. Foote, A Picked Company. Wright, Their Yesterdays. Hamilton, Materials and Methods of Fiction. Johnston, Cease Firing! Tchekoff, Plays. Grayson, Adventures in Contentment. Craddock, The Ordeal.

JORDAN SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

A recent meeting of the Jordan Scientific Society was one of especial interest. The meeting opened with President Adams in the chair, and after a brief business session the topics for the evening were taken up. An interesting treatise on the "Gasoline Engine" was given by Mr. Ham, '14. An informal discussion of the topic followed and then a paper on "The Early History of Mathematics" was read by President Adams, '13. After a general talk on the subject at hand the meeting adjourned.

LOCALS

An article by Gordon L. Cave, '13, of Centre Strafford, N. H., won the first prize of ten dollars in a recent contest conducted by the National Food Magazine.

Miss Dorothy Sargent of Exeter, N. H., has recently been the guest of her sister, Rachel Sargent, at Whittier House.

The Sophomore girls of the dormitories enjoyed a Christmas party at Milliken House on the evening of December 19th.

The Cheney Club also enjoyed a delightful Christmas party on the evening of December 17th. All the members were present and Miss Manship was the guest of the evening.

Miss Theodora Root spent the Christmas holidays at her home in Albany, N. Y.

During the holiday vacation Dean Woodhull was a visitor at the University of Vermont, at McGill College, and at other colleges of the East.

22

ALUMNI NOTES

1899—Alton C. Wheeler and Edith Hayes Wheeler have a little daughter, Miriam Hayes, born Oct. 18, 1912.

1900.—Clara E. Berry is principal of the high school at Mattawamkeag.

1900.—Dr. Milton Sturgis is a very successful physician in Seattle, Wash.

1901—Elwyn K. Jordan has the position of County Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., for Dutchess County, New York, with headquarters at 58 Market St., Poughkeepsie.

1902—Walter E. Sullivan, for several years principal of the high school and superintendent of schools for New Gloucester, has just been elected principal of the high school at Brewer, Me.

1905.—The engagement of Dr. John Woodward Abbott of New York City, formerly of Lewiston, and Miss Grace Stuart of Quebec, has recently been announced.

1906.—Alla A. Libbey has recently been appointed Secretary to Dr. Charles S. Macfarland, Secretary of the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of Churches.

1906—Harry Harradon has recently received a position in Washington, D. C., as translator of foreign letters. Mr. Harradon is having remarkable success in this work.

1907.—Miss Caroline W. Chase has resigned her position with the Social Service Commission to help President Chase with his work.

1909.—Carl T. Pomeroy is head of the Board of Health in Summit, N. J.

1909—Percy H. Booker is now principal of Leavitt Institute, at Turner Centre, Me.

1910.—Leon Luce is located at Presque Isle, Me., where he is in business as a photographer.

1910—Jane C. Edwards is a student at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

1910.—Jennie H. Edwards is teaching in Lebanon, N. H.

1911—Walter J. Graham is instructor in English in Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio.

1911.—Walter Matthews is studying in the Harvard Law School.

1912.—Clair Chesley is teaching in Gardiner, Me.

1912.—Miss Mary Morse is teaching in Dresden Mills, Me.

The 13th Annual Meeting of the Stanton Club will be held at Congress Square Hotel in Portland, Feb. 7. A larger attendance than usual is expected.

Among the Superintendents of Schools in Maine for the year 1912-1913 are the following Bates graduates:

H. O. Drake, '81, Pittsfield.

G. A. Stuart, '77, Rockland.

True C. Morrill, '07, Norway.

I. H. Storer, '86, Wells.

Clara E. Berry, '00, Mattawamkeag.

W. H. S. Ellingwood, 'o1, Rumford.

D. J. Callahan, '76, Lewiston.

R. W. Goss, '01, Litchfield.

Jesse M. Libby, '71, Mechanic Falls.

L. E. Williams, '01, Southwest Harbor.

F. P. Caswell, '07, New Sharon.

D. H. Corson, '08, Jonesport.

Guy F. Williams, '08, Solon.

J. G. Morrell, '95, Clinton.

W. S. Adams, '04, Brownville.

Harry I. Smith, '01, Boothbay Harbor.

W. M. Bottomley, '07, Berwick.

B. E. Packard, 'oo, Camden.

Chas. H. Abbott, '12, Turner.

L. C. Jewell, '73, Casco.

Geo. E. Paine, '86, East Vassalboro.

F. W. Burrill, '97, Brewer.

L. A. Ross, '93, Dexter.

John C. Merrill, '06, East Machias .

William M. Marr, '01, Patten.

E. L. Palmer, '99, Bar Harbor.

H. J. Chase, '91, Gardiner.

I. C. Phillips, '76, Farmington.

23



Tufts College Medical School

The building has recently been enlarged and remodeled.

Offers a four years' graded course including all branches of Scientific and Practical Medicine. The laboratories are extensive and fully equipped. Clinical instruction is given in the various hospitals of Boston which afford facilities only to be found in a large city.

Three years' graded course covering all branches of Dentistry. Laboratory and scientific courses are given in connection with the Medical School. Clinical facilities unsurpassed, 30,000 treatments heing made annually in the Infirmary.

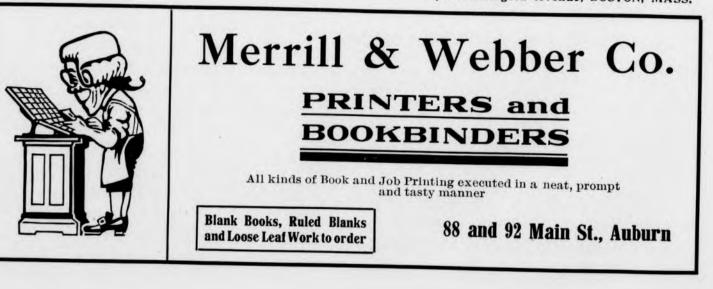
Tufts College Dental School

For detailed information regarding admission requirements to either school, or for a catalogue, apply to

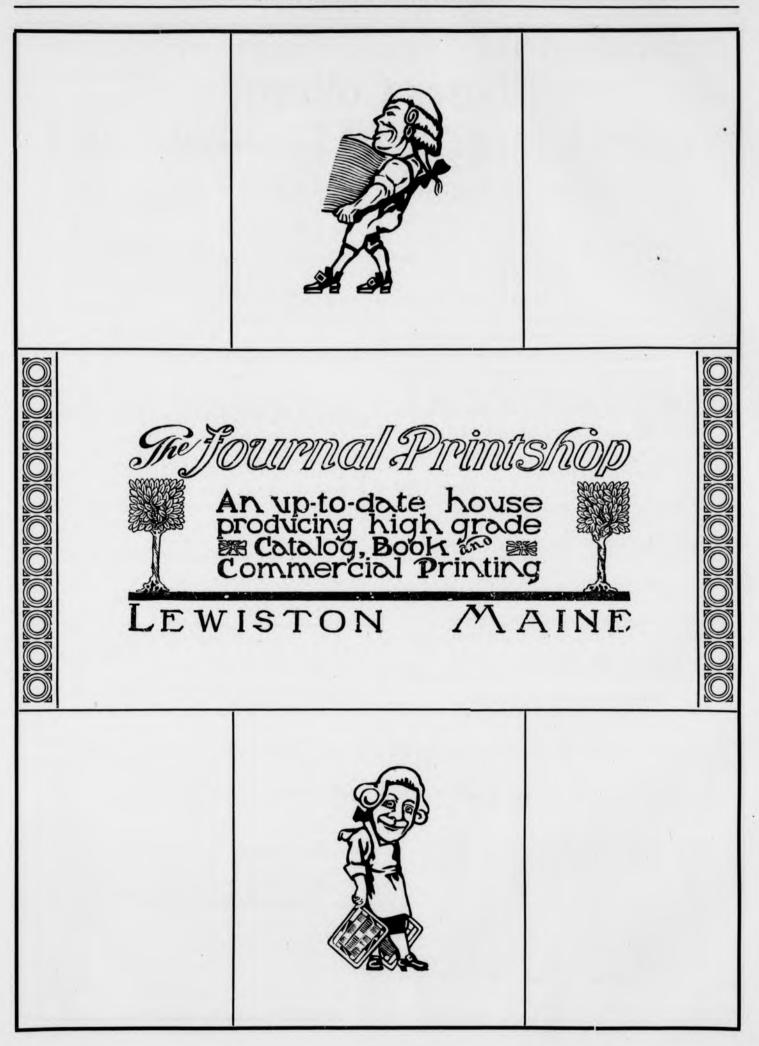
FREDERIC M. BRIGGS, M.D., Secretary

Tufts College Medical and Dental Schools

416 Huntington Avenue, BOSTON, MASS.



THE BATES STUDENT



Bates College

LEWISTON, MAINE FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M., D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT

Professor of Psychology and Logic JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M., LITT.D.,

Emeritus Professor of Greek

LYMAN G. JORDAN, A.M., PH.D., Stanley Professor of Chemistry

WM. H. HARTSHORN, A.M., LITT.D., Professor of English Literature

HERBERT RONELLE PURINTON, A.M., D.D., Fullonton Professor of Biblical History and Religion

GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON, A.M.,

Professor of Oratory ARTHUR N. LEONARD, A.M., PH.D.,

Professor of German FRED A. KNAPP, A.M.,

Professor of Latin

FRED E. POMEROY, A.M., Professor of Biology

HALBERT H. BRITAN, A.M., PH.D., Cobb Professor of Philosophy

GEORGE M. CHASE, A.M., Belcher Professor of Greek

WILLIAM R. WHITEHORNE, A.M., PH.D., **Professor of Physics**

GEORGE E. RAMSDELL, A.M., **Professor of Mathematics**

FRANK D. TUBBS, A.M., S.T. D., Professor of Geology and Astronomy

R. R. N. GOULD, A.M.,

Knowlton Professor of History and Economics

ROYCE D. PURINTON, A.B., Director of Physical Training and Instructor in Physiology and Hygiene SAMUEL F. HARMS, A.M., Instructor in German

Professor of French

STANLEY R. OLDHAM, A.B., Instructor in English and Argumentation

ARTHUR F. HERTELL, A.M.,

WALTER W. JAMISON, A.B., Instructor in English

ARTHUR G. CUSHMAN, A.B., General Y. M. C. A. Secretary

MARIANNA WOODHULL, A.B., Dean for the Women and Professor of Fine Arts

THEODORA S. ROOT, Instructor in Household Economy

EDNA B. MANSHIP. Director of Physical Culture for the Women

FRANCES R. WHITNEY, A.B., Assistant to the Dean for the Women

ERNEST H. BRUNQUIST, A.B., Assistant in Biological Laboratory

CHARLES CLARK KNIGHTS, B.S., Assistant in Chemical Laboratory

ARTHUR E. MORSE, B.S., Assistant in Physical Laboratory

BLANCHE W. ROBERTS, A.B.,

Librarian

MABEL E. MARR, A.B.,

Assistant Librarian

ELIZABETH D. CHASE, A.B., Registrar

Thorough courses (largely elective) leading to the degrees of A.B. and B.S. One hundred and seventy courses in all. Careful training in English Composition, Oratory and Debate. Thorough courses in Engineer-ing and in subjects leading to these. Elective courses in Mathematics extending through the last three years. Excellent laboratory and library facilities. Up-to-date methods in teaching Greek, Latin, French, German, Spanish, History, Economics, Sociology and Philosophy. First-class Athletic field. New outdoor running track. Literary societies large and thriving. Moral and Christian influences a primary aim. Necessary annual expenses for tuition, rooms, board, and all other College charges about two hundred dollars a year. Steam heat and electric lights in the dormitories. Ninety-one scholarships, each paying the tuition of a student.

Necessary annual expenses for futtion, foolis, bound, Lease Ninety-one scholarships, each paying the dollars a year. Steam heat and electric lights in the dormitories. Ninety-one scholarships, each paying the tuition of a student. For special proficiency in any department, a student may receive an honorary appointment in that work. Such appointments for the present year are as follows: Latin, Arthur B. Hussey, Wilbert S. Warren, '14; Biology, William H. Sawyer, Jr.; English, Walter P. Deering, Grace J. Conner; Mathematics, Joseph D. Vaughan, Blynn E. Davis; Chemistry, Gordon L. Cave, John P. Cheever, Geo. M. Seeley; History, William F. Slade; Elocution, Jeanie Graham, Wade L. Grindle; Argumentation, Blynn E. Davis, James R. Packard. For further information address the President.

WHAT PROFESSION ARE YOU CHOOSING?

If it is either MEDICINE, DENTISTRY, PHARMACY or CHEMISTRY, do not fail to learn the advantages of

The Medico-Chirurgical College

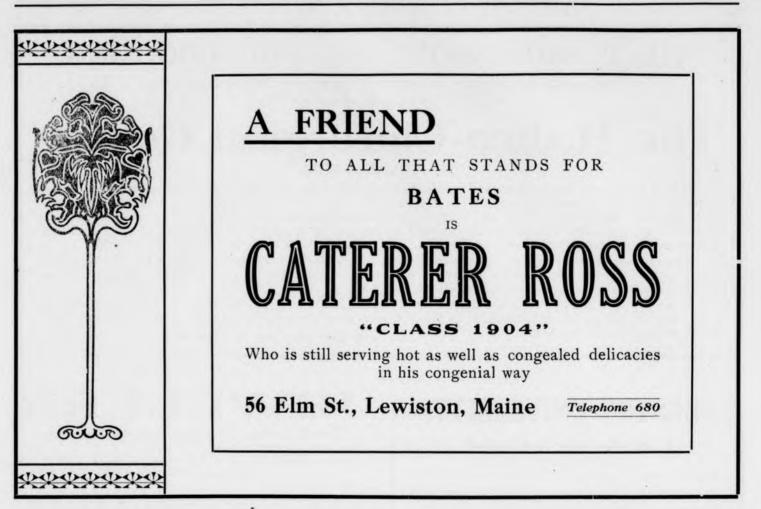
OF PHILADELPHIA

It is in the City which has been and still is the American Center of Education in these Sciences. It has Departments of and grants Degrees in all four of them. It has its own Buildings, comprising well-planned and well-equipped Laboratories, a large and modern Hospital, and the finest clinical Amphitheatre extant. Its Courses in each Department are carefully graded. It has abundant and varied Clinical Material. Its Faculties are renowned and of high Pedagogic ability. Its Training is essentially and thoroughly practical. Special Features are Personal Instruction and Individual Work; Free Quizzes; Ward Classes limited in

Special Features are Personal Instruction and Individual Work; Free Quizzes; Ward Classes limited in size; Practical Clinical Conferences; Modern and Modified Seminar Methods; Special Lectures by eminent Authorities; Practice and Training in Technique, etc., etc.

Write to day to the Dean of the Department in which you are interested for announcement describing the course and containing full information as to fees. Compare the advantages this college offers with any other before making a final decision. Seventeenth and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

JEWELERS -BOSTON UNIVERSITY-The UP-TO-DATE Jewelry Store of Lewiston LAW SCHOOL A most COMPLETE stock of the BEST makes of Three years' course. College graduates Fountain Pens are permitted to take the course for the WATCH REPAIRING a Specialty Bachelor's Degree in two years, provided ALL WORK GUARANTEED their college courses include certain legal Eyes Tested and Glasses CORRECTLY Fitted by studies (e.g., Constitutional Law, etc.), **COMPETENT REGISTERED Optometrists** and if they obtain high standing. Special scholarshipsfor college graduates. Address Geo. V. Turgeon & Co. ⁷⁶ Lisbon St. LEWISTON Dean HOMER ALBERS 11 Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass. OPTICIANS GEORGE B. GILLESPIE HARLOW A. E. LEWISTON, MAINE **Public Carriage and Baggage Transfer** MANUFACTURING Stand at Babcock & Sharp's, 71 Lisbon St. CONFECTIONER N. E. Tel. 164. Residence Tel. 92-2. All orders promptly attended to. Special attention given to College work, etc. Nicely equipped with rubber tires. Strate C 15 SABATTUS ST. LEWISTON, ME. **COTRELL & LEONARD** MODERN SHOE REPAIRING CO. ALBANY, N. Y. MAKERS of LET GEORGE DO IT CAPS GOWNS and HOODS All kinds of Boot, Shoe and Rubber Repairing at short To the American Colleges and Univernotice. Best of material used sities from the Atlantic to the Pacific. **CLASS CONTRACTS A SPECIALTY GEO. F. BARTLETT, Proprietor** Correct Hoods for All Degrees. Cor. Park and Main Sts., Down One Flight Rich Robes for Pulpit and Bench. Bulletin, samples, etc. on request. LEWISTON, MAINE Measurements taken by RAWSON, 13 P. H. N. E. 'Phone 103-1

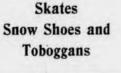




Real Sporting Goods

Gym, In and **Out-Door Track** Supplies

> **Basket Ball** Hockey and **Polo Goods**



Pennants, Banners **Pillow Tops** Sweaters and Jerseys

SPECIAL PRICES to

BATES STUDENTS

Tel. 682-1. Open Evenings

Wells Sporting Goods Co 52 Court St., AUBURN, ME.

IF you prefer clothes fashioned for your own figure, and object to the high prices necessarily charged by small tailors, let us send your measure to

ED. V. PRICE & CO.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

The suit we'll deliver will afford you greater satisfaction than you've ever enjoyed and the cost will be noticeably modest. May we have your measure to-day?

Represented by

DICKEY & JEWETT, 6 Parker Hall