2-26-1913

The Bates Student - volume 41 number 07 - February 26, 1913

Bates College

BATES STUDENT

TABLE OF CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 26
1913

THE BATES STUDENT

Vol. XLI LEWISTON, MAINE, FEBRUARY 26, 1913 No. 7

CALENDAR

FEBRUARY 26

1.30 P.M. Freshman Public Speaking.
4.30 P.M. Rehearsal Girls' Glee Club.
6.45 P.M. Y. W. C. A. Meeting.
6.45 P.M. Y. M. C. A. Meeting, led by Mr Hunton, Int. Sec. for work with colored students. Annual business meeting.

FEBRUARY 27

6.30 P.M. Senior Current Events Club, Rand Hall.
6.30 P.M. Whittier Curent Events Club.

FEBRUARY 28

1.30 P.M. Freshman Public Speaking.
Y. M. C. A. Conference, Bowdoin.
7.30 P.M. Literary Societies.

MARCH 1

11.30 A.M. Class prayer meeting.
8.00 A.M. Saturday Night Sociable, Rand Hall.

MARCH 2

6.40 P.M. Vespers, Rand Hall.

MARCH 3

1.30 P.M. Freshman Public Speaking.
6.45 P. . Prof. Gould's class, Modern Problem Studies.
7.00 P.M. Meeting of Student Council.

MARCH 4

4.30 P.M. Rehearsal Girls' Mandolin Club.
6.30 P.M. Meetings of Current Events Club.

THE SOPHOMORE AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE

"What do you suppose he will ask us in our English quiz. to-day? I have studied a whole hour on it, and I know I shall flunk," remarked the chubby Sophomore. The little Sophomore and I looked worried. The high and mighty Juniors looked bored.

"I don't think it is nice to talk about lessons all the time," observed the black-haired Junior. "You should talk about topics of general interest, or else talk about something which would relieve the mental strain of your college work. Isn't that reasonable?"

"Notice the connotation in the last four words. What picture do they bring to your mind?" said I, for I always endeavor to apply the knowledge gained at class to every-day life. "Let's talk about something else than lessons now," I went on.

"All right," said the chubby Sophomore, who is always accommodating. "We'll talk about current events. Ring the bell; I want some more cream of wheat. Do you believe in protective tariff or high tariff?"

"Oh, I believe in protective tariff. It's ever so much nicer," exclaimed the little Junior.

Now I was in a talkative mood that morning, but I knew nothing of the tariff question. Nothing is more distasteful than the discussion of an unfamiliar topic when one wishes to talk one's self. Accordingly, I changed the subject by saying:

"I think we had better talk about China. That is what our Bible Study is about next time, and we can be improving our minds and learning about that at the same time. I always believe in killing two birds with one stone if the birds happened to be near enough together so you can hit them both."

"No, you shouldn't either," said the dignified Junior. "Don't you know when you do anything, you should concentrate your mind on that one thing alone. In that way, provided your solution of study is sufficiently concentrated, you may have your lessons learned in half an hour, and the rest of your time is free to attend concerts, pageants, and our other social functions. Pass the butter, please."

"It seems to me you have digressed considerably," observed the model Sophomore.

"We have," assented the chubby Sophomore. "I'm tired of this improving business, anyway. Let's play 'Local Color.'"

"How do you do it?" asked the long Junior.

"Why, see which one can tell the biggest story and have it believed. If we play it for the rest of the year, our fame shall spread abroad as being the most wonderful authors the world has ever known.

"You are beginning well," said the black-haired Junior. "You must have had practice before. Please ring and see if I can have more coffee."

"Oh, by the way," I said, "I have recently composed an epic. Let me recite it to you."

"I am sorry but I must go," said the long Junior.

"Me, too," chorused the others and hastily departed, not realizing I, too was playing 'Local Color.'"

MILDRED RYDER, '14.

A NEW STEP

The graduates of the College will be interested in learning of the new method of dealing with the form of student aid that is known as Deferred Payment of Tuition, or Free Tuition as it used to be called.

Aid will be granted freely, as in the past, to all needy students that meet the requirements of scholarship and character. The recipient of such aid, however, will henceforth be a party to a legal business transaction. It is the firm belief of the college that the students will welcome this opportunity of showing their interest in its future prosperity.

Below will be found copies of the letter and promissory note that were mailed to the students with their Term Bills for the present semester.

BATES COLLEGE,
Office of the Asst. Treas.
Lewiston, Me., Feb. 25, 1913.

The attention of all students that have Deferred Payment of Tuition is called to the Note enclosed herewith.

This Note is presented to such students in order that the Office may improve its present methods of administration. It in no way imposes a new obligation, but merely makes tangible the promise of the student in his Application for Deferred Payment of Tuition.

The Note should be signed and returned at an early date. FRED A. KNAPP,
Asst. Treas.

BATES COLLEGE,
Office of the Asst. Treas.
Lewiston, Me., Feb. 25, 1913.

$50.00

On or before two years from date, I promise to pay to Bates College Fifty Dollars in consideration of the deferment of Tuition for Instruction during my Senior Year.

(Signature).....
(Witness to Signature).....

If this Note is unpaid on the date specified above, interest will be charged thereafter at the rate of 4 per cent. per year.

For Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen the time for payment was made three, four, and five years after date respectively.

NUMBER NINE-TWENTY-FOUR

"It's a lie, sir! a lie! There is no forgiveness of sinners! There is crime too great to be washed away by repentance! You know it, and you lied! Yet your eye, sir, while you preached was kindly. There was humanity in your countenance, and I would talk with you. I would tell you your error.

"They say I am mad. But I am not. They say I was irresponsible. But I was sane even as you. They think I can stay here and gain redemption by repenting. But I cannot. I am sane. Would God that I were crazy!

"It was this way. I lived with my father on Twenty-First Street. We were poor but happy. We lived in a tiny room. I worked day after day in a stuffy office, adding columns

of never-ending figures. My father was old. He stayed in the room. He got my meals. He nursed me when I was sick. Then sir! I began to get better. The dull thickening ache began to leave my head. The figures which had clogged my brain began to dispel and I could think once more, clearly.

"I was sane! I repeat it! I was sane! Never did my mind work more clearly! Never did I plot and scheme more cleverly. It was the lump on my father's head that did it. The Evil One, himself, put it there to torment me. As I lay, day after day, sick on the bed, my father walked back and forth waiting upon me. The lump laughed at me. It tormented me. No sooner was my father's back turned, than that lump fascinated me. It mocked me. It taunted me. It dared me. And I lay and suffered and plotted.

"And one day, it began to talk to me. It said, 'I will kill you;' and I answered, 'You shall not.' It said, 'I am your master,' and I answered, 'You are not.' It said, 'You shall never get up;' and I answered, 'Even now I shall,' and I rose and crept after my father, but he turned. I could not do it then. He made me go back to bed. He gave me cooling draughts to drink and packed my feverish forehead.

"But when he turned his head, lo! there was the lump again. 'I will kill you,' it said; and I answered, 'You shall not.' 'I am your master,' it said; and I answered, 'You are not.' 'You shall never get up,' it said; and I answered, 'Even now I shall,' and I rose and crept after my father. He stooped and leaned over the kitchen stove, and all the while the lump leered at me. I picked up the kitchen hatchet. 'Go away,' I said to the Evil. 'I dare you,' it answered. With one blow I buried the hatchet in the head of my father. Then, easy and soothed, I went back to bed. The lump no longer bothered. I was not mad. I was sane, even as you.

"Presently men came and went. They looked at me, they felt my forehead. They whispered. I became hungry. I called for my father. They nodded. I remembered. I was not crazy. Remorse seized me. Oh, my God, what had I done! I cried for the Judge, for the chair. I must die. I had murdered.

"But they would not answer me. They said I was crazy. I was bereft of hope. I was sane. I knew, I was eternally damned; but they said I was only crazy and irresponsible. Oh. my Heavens. Finally they led me here. They led me in chains to quiet me. The Judge said I could go free; I was irresponsible. But I shrieked for the jail, for the prison. I must die. I have murdered. But they laugh at me. 'You are crazy. You must have time to repent,' they answer. I do not wish to repent. I cannot repent. There is no forgiveness for the murderer. The ghost of my father appears in my cell. It follows me. It torments me. Even as the Jailors and the Judge, it mocks me. 'You are crazy,' it says, 'irresponsible.' Oh, why will they not end my suffering! On my knees I have begged it. I am not crazy. I am not mad. I must pay the price for the murder. The chair! The chair!"

The poor raving figure sank exhausted upon the cell floor, weeping. I rose and tip-toed quietly from the cell. "Poor fellow," I whispered to the keeper.

"Aye!" he answered, "crazy."

"But is there nothing to his ravings—have you not investigated?" I questioned. With a smile, the Turnkey pointed to a weak, emaciated figure, sitting on a stone bench of the guard room, his face buried in his hands, weeping at the ravings of the Maniac.

"His father," he whispered, "he brought him here."

LEON CASH, '13.

A REWARD OF MERIT

The father asked: "How have you done
In mastering ancient lore?"
"I did so well," replied the son,
"They gave me an encore;
The Faculty like me and hold me so dear,
They make me repeat my Freshman year."

—Trinity Tablet.

THE BATES STUDENT

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

EDITORIAL BOARD

Editor-in-Chief — Roy Packard, '14

Literary
Arthur B. Hussey, '14 — Edith Adams, '14

Exchange — Marion F. Lougee, '14

Alumni
Ruth B Sylvester, '14 — Helen M. Hilton, '15

Athletic — Royal B. Parker, '14
Social — Marion R. Sanborn, '14

Local
Philip H. Dow, '14 — Lawrence C. Woodman, '14
John T. Greenan, '15 — Marion R. Cole, '15 — Mabel G. Googins, '15

Business Manager — Shirley J. Rawson, '14

Assistant Managers
Edwin F. Pidgeon, '15 — Earle R. Clifford, '15

Subscriptions, - - - - - - - - $1.50 per year, in advance
Single Copies, - - - - - - - - - - - - Ten Cents

Entered as second class matter at the post office at Lewiston Maine.

THE JOURNAL PRINTSHOP, LEWISTON, ME.

We wish to call attention to the new method, which the college has recently introduced of dealing with Deferred Payment of Tuition. Bates has, for many years, offered this form of aid to needy students. This aid has been offered with no small sacrifice on the part of the Faculty, for the endowment fund of Bates is very small in comparison with that of other colleges of similar size. This help has resulted in considerable sacrifice to the college. The fact that so small a percentage of the students at Bates pay any tuition for instruction, has often been a hindrance to those trying to secure additional funds for the college.

If we are worthy of this aid, we ought to appreciate it, and show our appreciation by gladly responding to this new opportunity for repaying our debt to the college.

BATES

Ho, Bates! Dear Bates! All Hail!
What high and rapid progress
Thou hast made, since *we* were boys,
And climbed the steps of Hathorn Hall
In search of pearls of thought,
Concealed in Classic Lore,
With him as guide, who still
Is there, thy Grand Old Man,
Whom all who knew still love!
Then Science, too, was young, a
Blooming lass, and coyly shy.
But now she leads the van,
And aims to scale the heights
Where Nature's secrets hide,
And, ignis-fatuus-like
E'er lure the seeker on
To myriad wonders, yet
Unknown to mortal mind.
God speed Thee, Bates, and ere
Thy mission be fulfilled,
May tens of thousands rise, and
Bless the day, when Thou, their
Alma Mater, didst invite
Them, sons and daughters, to
Thy Shrine, at which to worship
Amore ac studio.

GEORGE W. FLINT, '71.
Pasadena, California.

"THE PASSING OF OLD RANNY"

It was in the early days of Maine, about 1815, when the people in a small section of the state, to the southeastward, were more or less startled and mystified by certain events which took place in their small corner of the world. The region was sparsely settled and the villages were exceedingly small. The largest town was the county seat which boasted of several hundreds of inhabitants. Here, too, was the only jail for fully two hundred miles around. No regular constables patroled the country for the people had never considered it necessary. Moreover, the community was peaceable for the most part, and an occasional evil-doer was looked after by the farmers themselves and conveyed, under a guard, to the county seat.

Early in June of 1815, something a little unusual happened.

"Well, wife," remarked Sam Douglass as he came in from his work one night, "I noticed

there was smoke comin' out of the chimney of that little cabin on the side o' Miller's Mountain to-day. Reckon somebody must a' moved in. 'Pears to me they must a' got around in the night, whoever's there, for there ain't been no load o' goods goin' by here in the day time as I see."

"Land!" exclaimed Mrs. Douglass—and then as if she had reasoned out the only correct method of procedure—

"Bij Flynn owns that little shack and I reckon I'd better run down to their place and find out about who's livin' there."

Thereupon she hastened to don her shawl and hurried away down the road.

Bij, after being asked directly and pointedly who was living in the little shack on the hill, told Mrs. Douglass all of the situation that he know and the mystery of it set her a-tingle with excitement. Without a moment's delay she trotted home as fast as she could considering the weighty information that she bore.

At home Sam lay comfortably stretched out on the couch enjoying a moment's rest and peace.

Like a small hurricane Mrs. Douglass descended upon him.

"Samuel Sewall Douglass," she announced, "I don' know what kind of a jail-bird we've got around here. Anyway, I should think Bijah Flynn was gone plumb crazy. He says there was an old tramp fellar come 'long 'bout dark last night and told him he'd give him three shillings a month if he'd let him live up in that shack on the hill. Said he had a load o' goods along with him out in the road. Said he'd just saved a few things when his house burned down over to West Henley, and he was lookin' for a new home. I'd like to know what kind of a wild man he is, anyway. You'd ought to have heard Bij tell how he looked. Land, he said he looked just like the devil. His eyes were kind er shifty an' his hands were like claws. And Sary Flynn says he cast altogether too many glances over towards her silver teapot that set on the table. She said the man had a great bushy beard and bushy hair, too. Ugh," she shivered, "it makes me frightened to think of him. I reckon there'll be doin's around here now with such a critter near by."

Samuel did not seem to be visibly perturbed by this information, but nevertheless the news spread and it was not long before the whole countryside knew that a strange man was living in Bijah Flynn's little cabin on Miller's Mountain. What his business was and what he was there for was unknown. His name was Ranny and Old Ranny came to be a favorite topic for conversation about the evening firesides as the cool weather of autumn and early winter came on. Old Ranny had not remained altogether aloof thru the summer. Most of the people met him sneaking along the roads and trails with his gun and his powder horn. It was a bit out of the ordinary for a man to carry his gun continually in the summer time. In the winter it was a common thing for the wolves to close in around the farmhouses in search of food and a man was not safe without his gun.

Occasionally Old Ranny talked to those he met and always before the conversation was over the old man had told about his weird power, his black magic and his devilish concoctions of herbs, until people avoided him or held him in awe. How he got on was a mystery. He apparently never worked and yet he always had money to buy his scanty provisions at the village store. Sometimes, to be sure, Old Ranny set out with his rickety covered wagon, presumably headed for the county seat, but as he gruffly repulsed all who attempted any conversation at such a time, his destiny and object remained mysteries.

As winter came on, it was evident that there was a thief in the neighborhood. The wolves had always been the thieves, but it was not usual for them to appear as early about the houses. Rus Stanwood lost a couple of chickens and a few nights afterwards a sheep was gone from Allan Wentworth's flock. For several weeks the thievery went on, and then, since no wolves had been seen, suspicion naturally fastened itself upon Old Ranny, Bij

himself lost several hams from his smoke-house and a few nights later a sheep was gone. Then Bij determined to act. Together with Sam Douglass and Rus Stanwood he ascended Miller's Mountain and hid in the bushes by the shack. About midnight the door was opened and Old Ranney with his peculiar groveling gait, slipped out and slowly descended the mountain. For hours the men waited and then, out of the darkness came Old Ranny again with a gunny sack over his shoulder and in his other hand, a chicken. It was evident that the thief was found. Word went around among the farmers and it was decided in a solemn conclave that it behooved the men to appoint a guard to capture Old Ranney and take him to the county seat to jail.

It was a busines which none of the men cared particularly to undertake, but it was at length decided that some of the younger men were the most fitted for the long journey. Young Joe Stanwood, Herrick Flynn, and Frank Parsons, all men in their early twenties, were decided upon to look after Old Ranny. For three nights they watched in the thicket by the old man's house, but he had apparently given up his foraging for the time being. The young fellows were getting a bit discouraged but the excitement was rather keen on the fourth night when they saw Old Ranny creep stealthily out and return in an hour with two chickens in his hand. Their chance had come. They jumped quickly from their hiding place and seized the thief. The old man seemed surprised but he offered no resistance nor did he deny his thievery. Rather did he boast of it as the boys sat and watched him thru the long night. He vowed that he could steal anything in the world and then he went on to tell with evident pleasure how he once had a a bet with a man that he could steal his shirt from off his back. "An' I did it, too," chuckled the old man. "It's the devil in me," he declared.

The next morning, under gray skies, the men started on their long journey to the county seat. They had taken away Old Ranny's gun but the powder-horn he still carried. The old man was handcuffed to one of the boys and they all took turns at driving and at guarding the prisoner. Towards night snow began to fall from the theratening skies and the boys decided to take refuge for the night in a small log schoolhouse. Wood, which the boys found in the shed, was sufficient to make a roaring fire in the big fireplace and the boys composed themselves as comfortably as possible to spend the night after making sure that the doors and window were securely fastened so that their prisoner could not escape.

The fire leaped and roared and cast weird shadows about the otherwise darkened room and as the four men sat carelessly watching the flames, Old Ranny began to speak, in his lazy drawl.

"I reckon, boys, you think you're goin' to get me to that jail all safe and deliver me over to the sheriff, but you ain't, no, you ain't. I haven't been a servant of the devil all these seventy years without bein' helped out o' all my troubles. I never have been took to jail. I won't be now."

Joe Stanwood moved uneasily and glanced at the door. "You won't be gettin' away from us fellers to-night," he said.

"We's goin' to take turns at sleepin' and it'll be all up with you if you try any monkey shines on us."

"Yes," continued Herrick Flynn. "None of that sneaky business with us. We three fellows are a match for you and the devil. Now don't you forget it."

"Well, you'll see," drawled Old Ranny. "I shan't do no sneakin' business, but the devil will come and help me and you'll see him, too. He'll come in fire and smoke and when you look for me I'll be gone. You boys have got something to do when you're up against Old Ranny and the devil, too."

As the old man talked the blustering snow beat against the window panes and at each furious blast of wind the fire leaped and hissed, sending fantastic tongues of light into the farthest corners of the room and showing the rows of desks and chairs, now in light, now in

shadow. The storm seemed ever to increase in fury.

Old Ranny attributed the raging elements to the anger of the devil and at each succeeding blast he repeated in his low, strange voice that the devil would surely come, and as the night wore on the old man began to walk slowly back and forth among the rows of seats. Slowly, back and forth, back and forth he walked, now humming a strange, weird song, now stretching out his horny hands as if in petition to the evil spirit whom he expected to deliver him. The boys felt themselves under the influence of something strange and uncanny. A strange spell seemed to be settling upon them. The roaring of the storm, the creaking of the building as the cold snapped the nails, everything was weird.

Herrick started a song, but his voice echoed strangely thru the room and he stopped involuntarily. The fire died down and Old Ranney came and stood before the flickering embers. His gaunt, gypsy face looked ugly in the firelight. Suddenly, a terrific blast shook the building and the shriek of the wind sounded like a shrill cry of some living thing. Quick as a flash Old Ranny stooped and knocked an ember from the fire. A fiery serpent hissed and seethed thru the room, as the fire flamed between the benches, there was a blinding flash, a crash of glass and Old Ranny's voice in an awful shriek, "The fiery serpent, the devil has come and I am free."

For a moment the boys stood dazed and frightened and then as the smell of powder came to their nostrils. "His powder-horn! His powder-horn!" shouted Joe Stanwood. "We didn't take it away from him and he's scattered the powder around and set it off and he's gone thru the window."

"What fools we fellows are! We've got to get him! Come on! Hustle!"

But before the fire could be put out and lantern lighted all trace of Old Ranny was lost in the blinding storm. The boys searched for hours in vain and finally went disconsolately back to the schoolhouse for the rest of the night. In the morning the sun shone brilliantly but no trace of the old man could be seen across the smooth, glittering fields.

It was not until Spring had melted the snows and opened up a ravine near the little schoolhouse, that the old man was found where he had fallen on that bitter night and had been covered by the snowy blanket. And this was the passing of Old Ranny.

ALETHA ROLLINS, '13.

"LEBE WOHL"

(Being a translation from the German of Heinrich Heine.)

Beauteous cradle of my woe,
  Darling tomb-stone of my ease,
Noble city, I must go;—
  Fare thee well, I go in peace.

Fare thee well, thou sacred sill
  That her gentle footsteps cleared;
Fare thee well, thou holy hill
  Where to me she first appeared.

Had I not beheld thy face,
  Charming sovereign of my heart,
Grief would not have come apace,
  Nor my tears, unbidden, start.

I have never sought thy heart;—
  Ne'er aspirèd to the prize,—
I would only dwell apart
  Where thy presence softly sighs.

Yet thy bidding drives me hence;
  Bitter words thy red lips frame;
Madness havocs with my sense,
  And my heart is sore and lame.

So with footsteps, weary, slow
  Forth upon my way I'll plod,
'Till my heavy head lies low
  'Neath its coverlet of sod.

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12.

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

ARTHUR F. HERTELL, A.M.,
Professor of French

SAMUEL F. HARMS, A.M.,
Instructor in German

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

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 Education 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 Engineering 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.

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.