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Bates College

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BATES STUDENT

LITERARY NUMBER

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MARCH 26
1913

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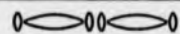
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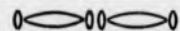
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THE BATES STUDENT

LITERARY NUMBER

Vol. XLI

LEWISTON, MAINE, MARCH 26, 1913

No. 11

CALENDAR

MARCH 26

- 6.45 P.M. Y. W. C. A. Installation of officers.
6.45 P.M. Y. M. C. A.
7.15 P.M. Spofford Club.
8.00 P.M. Senior Exhibition, chapel.

MARCH 27

- 6.30 P.M. Senior Current Events Club, Rand Hall.
6.30 P.M. Whittier Current Events Club, Rand Hall.
Girls' Gymnasium Exhibition.

MARCH 28

- 4.00 P.M. College closes, Easter recess.
8.00 P.M. Round Table at Mrs. Rand's; speaker, Mr. A. G. Cushman.

APRIL 8

- 8.40 A.M. College opens.
6.30 P.M. Current Events Clubs.

APRIL 9

- 4.30 P.M. Rehearsal Girls' Glee Club.
6.45 P.M. Y. W. C. A.
6.45 P.M. Y. M. C. A.
8.00 P.M. Politics Club.

APRIL 10

- 6.30 P.M. Current Events Clubs.
7.15 P.M. Spofford Club.

APRIL 12

- 11.30 A.M. Class Prayer Meetings.
8.00 P.M. Saturday Night Sociable.

APRIL 13

- 6.40 P.M. Vespers, Rand Hall.

APRIL 14

- 7.00 P.M. Jordan Scientific Society.

APRIL 15

- 6.30 P.M. Current Events Clubs.

SENIOR NOTICE

Any Senior whose full name is not given correctly in the last catalogue should report the error by April 1 to Professor Knapp. This information is needed in order that no errors may appear on the diplomas.

MOONLIGHT IN THE EARLY DAWN

Oh, thou moonlight soft and tender,
Gently gleaming from afar,
Calm and peaceful dost thou render
All God's world from star to star.

Thine is not the sun's bright brilliance,
Thine is not the rainbow's hue,
But thy gentler, softer radiance
Streams upon my inward view.

Fold me in thy loving beauty,
Wrap me in thy silvery calm,
Tell me not of strife and duty,
Fill my soul with all thy balm.

For my heart is sad and lonely
All my faith in truth has fled.
Bring to me God's purpose only,
Pour His blessing o'er my head.

ELAINE CURRIER, '13.

THE WANDERER

Once upon a time, an old mother bear lived in a cave by the river, in which, all hidden away in a snug, dark corner, were three of the cunningest little baby bears you ever saw. At first they were so very tiny that they lay all day long with their funny little noses all snuggled up between their paws. But Mother Bear brought them berries, and nice fat squirrels, and, by and by, they grew into the most

troublesome, mischievous little bears that ever a poor, anxious mother had.

Old Mother Bear would roll a great stone in front of the cave, and, before she went off in the woods in search of food, she would say: "Now, little bears, don't try to jump over the rock and go off in the woods to play, for if you do, the old wolf will get you." And the little bears would say, "Oh, no, mother, of course we won't." But just the minute that Mother Bear was out of sight, those naughty little bears would scramble over the rock and away they would go. But when they heard the bushes crackle, back they would scamper, just as fast as their fat little legs would carry them. Then old Mother Bear would come in, looking very stern and terrible. "Little bears, have you staid in the cave all day?" she would ask. "O, yes, mother! Of course we have!" and you would have thought they were angels, if they hadn't been black. Then Mother Bear would pat them on their curly little heads and give them something nice to eat, and those naughty little bears never even had bad dreams.

All would have gone well if it hadn't been for Willy Bear—Willy was always making blunders. Tommy and Franky told him and told him to keep away from the river; but Willy didn't pay any attention. Well, one day he went too near the edge, and into the water he fell—ker—splash! That came near being the end of Willy Bear. He screamed and shouted, and Tommy and Franky came running to the rescue. They fished him out and hung him up on a tree to dry; but the day was damp and cold, and Willy wasn't more than half dried, when the bushes began to crackle.

"Oh! mother's coming!" he shouted as loud as he dared, and it didn't take Tommy and Franky long to hustle him down and into the cave, where they covered him all over with blankets, so that only the tip end of his poor, shivering little nose was in sight.

Soon old Mother Bear came lumbering in. "Little bears, have you staid in the cave all day?" "Oh, yes, mother," piped up Tommy

and Franky. But just then Mother Bear caught sight of little Willy.

"Why, what is the matter with my baby?" And you never would have suspected that she had ever been anything but a loving, gentle mother.

"Oh, he's sick! Don't touch him, 'cause you'll make his head ache," warned Tommy; but Mother Bear walked right up to the bed and pulled down the covers, and there was Willy Bear just as wet as he could be! Now, Mother Bear was very angry, for she knew that Willy had disobeyed her. So she pulled him out of the bed, and she spanked him and spanked him until he was quite dry. Then she put him to bed without any supper. Poor little Willy Bear cried and cried until nearly morning. Then he poked his head out from under the covers and looked around. Every one was asleep, and Willy was glad! for he knew what he was going to do. He was going to run away, yes, sir! He wasn't going to stay with that naughty, cruel mother any longer. Why, she had spanked him and hadn't given him any supper.

He stole out of the cave, and scampered off through the woods.

"Now, I know what I'll do," said he, "I'll get some raspberries. Well, sure enough, he hadn't gone far when he came to a hillside, all covered with raspberry bushes. He began to eat the nice, ripe berries; but the prickles stuck into his nose and into his paws and hurt him dreadfully.

"Oh, dear!" he said, "these raspberries have prickles in them. My mother's aren't that way!" But Willy was an optimistic little bear—what! you don't know what that means! Well, you just wait a few minutes and you'll find out—so he said, "Never mind, mother brings home honey, and, when I ask her where it comes from, she says, 'Out of a great tall tree where the bees live,' and I'm going to get some of my very own."

Well, he hadn't gone far when he came to a great, tall tree with a hole in the side of it, out of which the bees were coming. Willy climbed

right up and went in through the hole; and, the next thing he knew, he was stuck fast in a hollow tree, all surrounded by sticky honey and bees, who said, "Buz-z-z! Buz-z-z! get out of this!" and began to sting him. Willy struggled until he made a hole in the side of the tree, and fell out on the ground, where he lay, licking his poor, sticky, swollen paws.

"Oh, dear!" he cried, "The raspberries had prickles in them, and the honey had stings in it! My mother's things aren't that way. I wish I were home with my mother!"

But pretty soon Willy began to feel better. "I know what I'll do," he said, "I'll get me a nice fat blackbird." Just then he spied a whole flock resting on the branches of a tree near by. As soon as they saw Willy they called out, "You can't get us! You can't get us!" and this made Willy so mad, that he gathered up all the stones he could find, and began to throw them at his tormentors. Now one especially saucy little blackbird, who was perched on a branch directly over Willy's head, got hit with one of those stones, and he fell down to the ground, folded his little wings, curled up his little paws, closed his little eyes, and died.

But the rock fell down too, and hit Willy Bear right on top of his head. This was almost too much for him to stand. "Oh, dear," he said, "the raspberries had prickles, and the honey had stings, and the blackbirds had bumps. My mother's things were never like that; and I wish I were home with my mother." But you must remember that Willy was an optimistic little bear, so he determined to make the best of it. "Never mind," he said, "mother brings home rabbits, and, when I ask her where they come from, she says, 'Out of a great dark hole in the ground. I'm going to get one, all of my own, and then I guess Tommy and Franky will wish they had come, too.'" So off he scampered through the forest.

It was getting dark now; but Willy couldn't help seeing a great dark hole in the side of a cliff near by. He hurried up to it and began to dig and scratch; and the hole kept growing larger and rounder, until suddenly

the sides gave way, and Willy fell in. He kept right on falling until he finally reached the ground with a tremendous thud. He got up and looked around, and—where do you suppose he was? Why, right in his own little cave!

Everybody was asleep; but Willy knew what to do. He walked straight up to the bed and snuggled down beside his mother. Old Mother Bear awoke, and hugged her naughty little baby bear close to her heart. And Willy Bear said, "Oh, dear! The raspberries had prickles in them, and the honey had stings, and the blackbirds had bumps; but, in my mother's arms, everything is all right."

MABEL C. DURGAN, '15.

HOMeward

"By devious paths the human heart comes home. We can only stand in the door and wait."—*The Weavers*.

Down from the arms of the scarlet tree,
Flutters the leaf to Mother Earth;
Borne on the wings of a strength nigh spent,
Back to the nest comes the wandering bird.
Far from the toils of all mad desire,
Just as the bird and leaf return,
Drawn by the power of thy patient faith,
My weary heart comes home to thee.

—JEANIE S. GRAHAM, '13.

"We want you to confess," said the captain of the police.

"To whom?"

"To us. There's \$50 in it."

"G'wan," said the New York gun-man. "I've already arranged to confess to the magazines at that much per chapter."

"My boy is at an agricultural college."

"What is he doing at an agricultural college?"

"Studying agriculture, of course. He writes me that he takes care of left garden."

THE BATES STUDENT

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

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THE JOURNAL PRINTSHOP, LEWISTON, ME.

Because of the Easter vacation which begins March 29 and ends April 8, the next issue of the STUDENT will not appear until April 16.

The special chapel services during Holy Week were interesting and helpful.

INCREASE COST OF COLLEGE EDUCATION

The *Harvard Crimson* recently gave the following statistics which show the increase during the last twenty years in the cost of board and tuition in some of the Eastern colleges.

	Board	Tuition
Amherst	18 per ct.	27 per ct.
Columbia	— " "	0 " "
Dartmouth	50 " "	46 " "
Harvard	22 " "	0 " "
Princeton	35 " "	6 " "
Smith	0 " "	50 " "
Tufts	33 " "	25 " "
Vassar	16 " "	200 " "
Wellesley	30 " "	16 " "
Williams	50 " "	33 " "
Yale	— " "	0 " "

The average increase in tuition fees for thirty colleges was 40 per cent. The average increase in cost of board for the same colleges was 23 per cent.

SEA DREAMS

By the seaside I sat and I pondered
Where the thundering billows go by;
In the depths of my being I wondered
At the quiet of earth and of sky.

In the spray of the upheaving ocean,
As it beat on the rock and the plain,
I was pondering o'er the commotion
That was rending the heart of the main.

And I thot that all down thru the ages,
Thru the centuries past and agoe,
This same movement, progressing by stages,
Had been carried as quietly on.

And I thot how each wave in its moving,
How each spray-drop bespoke in its fall,
In its motion and work was but proving
The Infinity brooding o'er all.

By the wayside I sat and I pondered,
Where the races of men struggle by;
In the depths of my being I wondered
At the quiet of earth and of sky.

In the vastness of all the deep sadness,
In the midst of the heart-rending grief,
I was seeking the infinite gladness
That the world grants each touch of relief.

And I thot that all down thru the ages
Thru the eons of time sweeping on,
This same gladness, increasing by stages,
Had been bright'ning the lives that are gone.

And I marvelled how hearts are saddened,
How the souls that in agony call,
Find relief, and bespeak, as they're gladdened,
The Infinity brooding o'er all.

BLYNN E. DAVIS, '13.

THE PASSING OF THE CHILD

In the bright sunshine of the April afternoon the little boy walked proudly up and down. His shoes pounded on the board-walk in a loud, aggressive, manly way as he put his feet down with a firm, determined tread. He had just come from the barn where, in a dark, fearsome corner he had secreted the last evidence of his babyhood, and now, like a man, he strode along the board walk with his hands in the pockets of his first trousers. He had, indeed, proved himself a man and worthy to cast aside girlish skirts and hateful knickerbockers when he went to hide his loved little playthings. For he had passed by a window where great, repulsive, black spiders swung themselves to and fro, and he had gone by a hole in the floor where sometimes the rats came scurrying out, and then, down behind the barrels and boxes where the cobwebs and dust of many quiet years hung thick and deep in the goblin-haunted shadows, he had hidden the dear little faded doll and the gaudy music-box that would never stir to song again under its master's sturdy fingers.

But now he was out in the sunshine again, quite proud to think that he had not run past the dark hole in the floor and the spiders swinging in the window, nor cried when he left the worn little playthings in the quiet dusk. He touched his cap in a grown-up way to his mother who sat at the window and when a lady passing by dropped her parcels, he picked them up and gave them to her quite as politely as any older gentleman.

It is such a wonderful thing to be a man! His little chest swelled with importance as he helped the lady adjust her parcels. Such a wonderful thing to be a man!

Before him the board walk stretched away in the sunshine, flecked with the shadows of the dancing April leaves. Down the long walk and around the curve stood the mill, and the little boy knew that the water was rushing over the dam sending up great clouds of spray and the fish were leaping out into sunshine with the light gleaming on their dripping sides.

He decided to walk down toward the mill a little way. His mother would see him going and if she wanted him she would call him back. But though she saw him start away she did not call him, he looked so brave, so happy, in the pride of his trousers and his heels whacking on the board walk. She smiled as she watched him trudge away. "He is a baby no longer," she said.

It was late afternoon. The sun, shining across low hills and meadows, gilded the rushing water above the dam and painted rainbows on the rising spray. The old mill, gray with the storm and wind of years and green with the soft touch of bright moss, was still. The great wheel which all the bright April afternoon had flung off great drops of sparkling water, stood silent and motionless. The gate of the dam was down and in the channel where the water ran that turned the wheel, men bent and worked with swift hands, for some obstruction had fallen between the gate and the wheel and the paddles would not revolve. Swiftly, silently, they worked until the wheel was free and again flung great drops into the sweet spring air. The water, thrown high, caught the gold of the sun and the pink of the sunset clouds, and fell again to the grass of the riverbank where lay the little body that had kept the great wheel still.

The little boy's brown curls were wet on his forehead and his eyelids were closed over his brown eyes. Fast in his cold little hand a torn, bruised flower lay. There were black and green stains from the muddy rocks and the wheel on his checked blouse and the water dripped, dripped from his stout little boots and the pathetic, manly little trousers.

In the bright sunlight of the April afternoon, with the warm wind touching his cheeks and lifting his soft, brown curls, he had passed from his mother's sight, with the pride of a true manhood in his brave little heart, and the promise of a true manhood in his eager little face.

As the sun sank behind low hills, and the clouds hung purple in the sky, as the river

grew dark and shadowy and the wind blew cold, in the darkening afterglow the mother knelt and pressed the curly head tightly to her and kissed the stiff, cold fingers. But the little heart with its pride of manhood and the soul with all its promise so dear to a mother's heart, were gone.

The child had passed.

GRACE J. CONNER, '13.

WINTRY LONESOMENESS

Sad! how sad I am!
 What gloomy shadows o'er me pass!
 What ghostly dreams,
 What frosty streams,
 My soul compass!
 Once—oh, yes, once,
 For I know not how long
 Since last I saw the dance,
 And heard the merry song
 Of summer woodland nymphs—
 Once I was a youth.
 My spirit roamed with murmur'ing brooks,
 The cuckoo's nest,
 The hemlock's crest,
 The sylvan nooks.
 I climbed the mountains heights
 Where fragrant slumbers dwell
 That lull to sleep the sprites
 Beneath the shadowy dell.
 I heard the valley-breeze
 Tuned to the shepherd's flute;
 What strain! what melody divine!
 —A shepherd lad
 Is never sad,
 Doth never pine.
 Amid the flowery mead
 He lingers morn and eve;
 Upon his liquid reed
 The woodland echoes weave
 Celestial harmonies
 And Nature's lulling tunes.
 But now, the stormy seasons roll!
 The tempests blow
 The drifting snow
 Within my soul.

The deep'ning shadows brood
 Over the ocean-main;
 The hill stands cold and nude
 Above the village plain;
 The drowsy owl screeches
 At yonder rising moon.
 Oh, yes!—once—long time ago,
 When silent streams
 'Mid blissful dreams
 Of flowers did flow,
 My heart was light in years.
 But now, the wintry blast
 That frets the clouds to tears,
 Enshrouds my distant past
 In thunder storm, and fears.

COSTAS STEPHANIS, '15.

PROMINENT BATES GRADUATES

HON. SCOTT WILSON, '92

Among graduates of Bates in our own state, one of the most prominent is Hon. Scott Wilson, who has recently been elected Attorney-General of Maine. Mr. Wilson was born in 1870, at Falmouth, Me. His ancestry includes some of the best families of New England. His father was descended from pioneer settlers of southwestern Maine, while his mother was a direct descendant of Elder William Brewster and Governor Thomas Prince of the Plymouth Colony, as well as of Rev. John Cotton, the Rossiters, Sears, Bradburys, Parsons and other families prominent in the history of Massachusetts and Maine. Preparing for college at Greeley Institute and the old-time Nichols Latin School, Mr. Wilson entered Bates College, graduating in 1892. He was a leader among his fellow-students. In him was found the somewhat rare combination of high scholarship and distinction as an athlete. He was active in all interests of college life, including his Literary Society and the Christian Association.

Like so many Bates men, Mr. Wilson has had experience in teaching. He taught his first district school when seventeen years of age. After graduating from college he taught

for two years in the preparatory school connected with that well-known institution, Haverford College. But from the first he looked forward to entering the legal profession. Even during his college course he took a keen interest in debating, and immediately after graduation he began his legal studies, in the office of Judge J. W. Symonds, of Portland. While teaching at Haverford, he continued those studies in the office of Henry C. Terry, Esq., of Philadelphia, and in the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania. In 1895 he was admitted to the Bar at Portland, and since then has been engaged in the practice of law in that city, with a constantly growing clientele and reputation.

His public spirit and aptitude for affairs speedily drew Mr. Wilson into civic life. In 1898 he was chosen City Solicitor of Deering. During the year 1899 and 1900 he was a member of the Common Council of Portland, and in 1900 President of that body. He was Assistant County Attorney of Cumberland County, 1900-1902, City Solicitor of Portland, 1902-1905, member of the Portland School Committee, 1912-1913.

Mr. Wilson is a valued member of such social organizations as the Deering Club, Portland Club, Portland Athletic Club, Maine Historical Society, Economic Club, and Civic Club. He is a member of the Portland Board of Trade, Director and Attorney of the Deering Loan and Building Association, and a Director of the Fidelity Trust Company.

Mr. Wilson has always kept up a lively interest in all connected with Bates, in her athletics, her debating, and in all movements to increase her prestige and usefulness. He is one of the prominent members of the Stanton Club, the leading association of Bates Alumni in Maine, and is active in other organizations of Bates men. For several years he has been a member of the Board of Overseers of Bates College, and during part of that time President of the Board.

In 1895 he was married to Lilla M. Bodge, a graduate of Bates in the class of '91. They

have one child, Nathaniel W., born June 29, 1900. The manner in which Mr. Wilson has begun his duties as Attorney General gives evidence that he will perform them with the same energy, ability, and faithfulness to the interests of the public that have marked his career hitherto, and it will be no surprise to his Bates friends if the state should hereafter call him to still higher responsibilities.

ALUMNI NOTES

1892—Rev. Willis M. Davis recently began his pastorate at Waterville, Me. This is the third pastorate Mr. Davis has held in the twenty-three years of his ministry.

1893—The Connecticut Valley Alumni Association will hold its annual banquet in Hartford, March 28, at the home of Dr. W. N. Whitefield, '88. Prof. George M. Chase, '93, will be a guest.

1896—Fred W. Hilton was in Lewiston this last week. Mr. Hilton is principal of the high school in North Weymouth, Mass.

1896—Frank Plumstead was re-elected city solicitor of Waterville, Maine, at the recent election.

1898—Frederick Robertson Griffin is pastor of the Church of the Messiah in Montreal, province of Quebec, Canada.

1904—An error made last week must be corrected. G. H. Harmon, '04, is continuing his position as principal of the high school in Penacook, N. H. He has a little son, born this winter. Reginald F. Harmon, who was for a time a member of the class of 1910, was elected this year as Superintendent of Schools in Lubec and Eastport, Me.

1908—Elisabeth W. Anthony has been visiting her father in Lewiston for a few days.

1909—Mabel Greenleaf, who has been principal of the Grammar School at Mechanic Falls, Maine, is at her home for the remainder of the year, on account of illness.

Wallace F. Holman and Mrs. Alta (Brush) Holman were in Lewiston for a few days this last week.

J. Murray Carroll, who is studying in Harvard, was recently operated upon for appendicitis, in Cambridge, Mass. He is recovering rapidly.

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For further information address the President.

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