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The Bates Student - volume 41 number 18 - May 28, 1913

Bates College

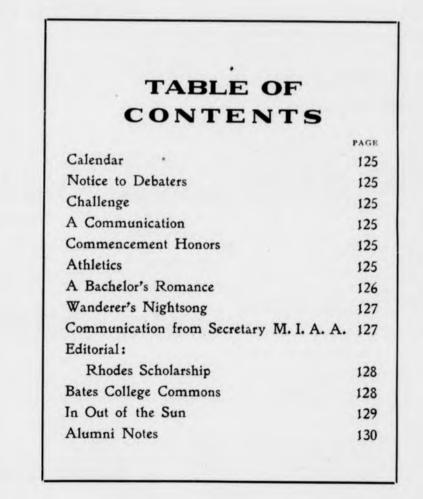
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BATES STUDENT

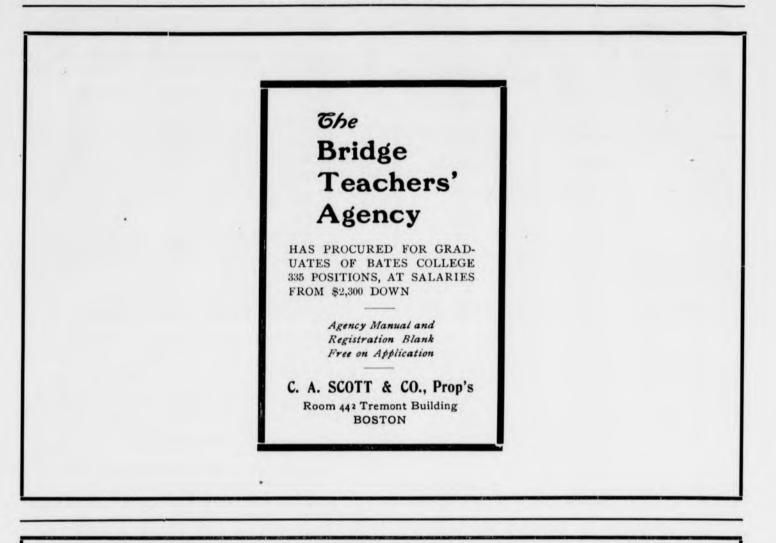


MAY 28 1913





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LEWISTON, MAINE, MAY 28, 1913

CALENDAR

	MAY 28
	Bates vs. Colby at Waterville.
	Bates Second vs. Gardiner High,
	Lewiston.
.45 P.M.	Y. W. C. A.
	Y. M. C. A.
	Politics Club.
	MAY 29
.30 P.M.	Senior Current Events Club, Rand Hall.
.30 P.M.	Whittier Current Events Club.
.30 P.M.	
	May 30
	Bates vs. Bowdoin at Lewiston.
	MAY 31
	Bates vs. Bowdoin at Augusta.
.00 P.M.	Saturday Night Sociable at Rand Hall.
	JUNE I
.40 P.M.	Vespers, Rand Hall.

NOTICE TO DEBATERS

Those who made the second preliminaries in debate trials are requested to meet at one o'clock, Thursday, May 29, to elect three student-members for the Debating Council for next year.

CHALLENGE

The Senior Class challenges the Faculty to a baseball game.

(Signed),

MANAGER SENIOR BASEBALL TEAM.

A COMMUNICATION

(We invite all students and alumni to submit communications on subjects of timely interest, but assume no responsibility for sentiments expressed under this head.)

To the Editors of the Student:

An article which appeared in a recent number of THE STUDENT, complaining of the lack of accommodations for entertaining the alumni of the college, has given rise to a similar line of thought. This article, however, does not treat of the alumni but of alumnæ. It is understood that there are several vacant rooms, not only in Rand Hall, but also in the other college houses. If these rooms are not occupied by students, surely the alumnae should be welcome to them. The young women of Bates College are grieved to think that the alumnæ consider them inhospitable. The Bates girls would gladly welcome the Bates alumnæ to their dormitories, but, at present, this privilege is denied them.

No. 18

COMMENCEMENT HONORS

The awarding of Commencement Honors in the class of 1912 is as follows:

In Languages: Blynn E. Davis, Bridgton; Abraham S. Feinberg, Marshfield, Mass.; Wade L. Grindle, South Penobscot; Margaret A. Ballard, Fryeburg; Vera C. Cameron, Fryeburg; Mildred I. Goudy, South Portland; Aletha Rollins, Lewiston.

In Philosophy: Elwood G. Bessey, Dexter; Walter P. Deering, Bridgton; William F. Slade, Gray; Jeanie S. Graham, Bethlehem, N. H.; Mary E. Huckins, Rochester, N. H.

In Science: Ralph M. Bonney, Turner Centre; William R. Kempton, Rangeley; Joseph D. Vaughan, Norridgewock; Alice Thing, Limerick; Ruby D. Whitehouse, Monmouth.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL

Bates had an easy time in defeating the baseball team from Fort Williams, Wednesday afternoon on Garcelon Field. The principal features of the game seemed to be the number of runs that Bates could bring in, in one inning. Bates batted and fielded sharply and seemed to be able to steal bases at random. The Fort Williams pitcher looked good, but was not supported either by his backstop or any of his team-mates. The summary:

Bates, 23; Fort Williams, 3.

SECOND TEAM

The second team played a game at Turner Centre, Wednesday, playing the Leavitt Institute team of that place and defeating them by a score of 8 to 7. Bates had a large margin of scores up to the ninth, when Leavitt started a ninth inning rally and nearly tied the score. Dyer and Moulton worked in the box for Bates.

INTRA-COLLEGIATE BASEBALL

Tomblen's team is now in the lead in the Bates Intra-Collegiate Baseball League. His defeat over Eldridge's team this week with a score of 9 to 1, gives him a comfortable margin.

The standing:

	Won	Lost	Percentage
Tomblen	5	2	714
Knights	3	2	600
Eldridge	2	2	500
Rawson	3	3	500
Pidgeon	2	.3	400
Crandlemire	1	4	200

TRACK

The Bates track team returned from the New England Meet, Saturday night. They got 4 1-2 points, Captain Shepard getting second in the shotput and Kempton tying for third in the high jump. Although the number of points gained this year was not as large as last, in comparison with the other colleges in the State we were nearly equal to them. Maine had more points, but inasmuch as we have beaten them a dual meet once this season the relative strength of the two colleges is decided.

TENNIS

This week, Thursday, Friday and Saturday comes the annual Inter-Scholastic Tennis Tournament at Bates. Teams from all over the state and representing as many preparatory schools will be there. Let's show our college spirit by taking an interest in the matches, by being genial and sociable to the men and by keeping the halls and rooms in such a condition that they will be an advertisement for Bates.

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE

"Rumble, grumble, crumble, rumble," hummed the old cook as she clattered the pots and pans. "Rumble, tumble, bumble, grumble." The ceilings and walls echoed this dismal chant, as I sat resting from a day's labor in the field.

I was a country bachelor and gained a meagre living by the plow. I lived, with my ancient cook, in a ramshackle cottage built a century ago. The cottage was full of mysterious corners and cupboards. It had locked doors that barred unusued rooms, and the credulous country villagers believed them to be haunted. The furnishings were dingy and worn, and everything had the appearance of great age. But in spite of these defects, I loved my humble home, and would have been contented if one cruel circumstance had not existed in my life. I had always been misjudged by my neighbors, and because of selfconceit and timidity, I had not had the strength of mind to live down their prejudiced opinions. When a youth, my bashfulness and timidity had been ignorantly misjudged as obstinacy and pride, and this judgment had continued and grown strong. It had always been necessary for me to work hard on the farm in order to keep alive, and I had not received an opportunity to leave my home people. They had stamped me as harsh and cold, and harsh and cold I was externally, but within, my heart burned for friendship and good-cheer.

I was sitting alone on one of two wallseats which ran out from either side of the fireplace, recalling the events of the day and longing for a companion to cheer my lonesome evenings. Suddenly, as I looked across the fire, I saw a beautiful face peering into my own,—the face of a beautiful woman, who was seated on the opposite wall-seat. How she had entered the room without disturbing me I shall never know; but she sat there gazing at me across the fire. An attack of my old shyness urged me to leave, but she smiled and beckoned to me to cross the hearth. Her strange, enticing eyes drew me on, and finally, we met and embraced.

"At last, I have a companion and shall be happy," I thought, as we sat watching the darting flames in the fireplace. The flames leaped and roared, but the happiness of my heart was fiercer and stronger than they. The long-hoped-for desire of my life had come true.

We sat there in intermittent conversation for a long time, until the flames grew dim and the embers smouldered. "I must go now," she said, "but I will come again tomorrow night, if you will watch the flames as I enter, and as I now leave. Promise this to me." I promised, and she left.

On the next evening she stole behind me, as I sat in front of the hearth. Her mysterious entrance did not seem unusual to me, because I was so happy. We talked and watched the flames until they died away.

"Shall I come tomorrow night?" she asked, lingering by my chair.

"If you do not, I will not live. O, come!" "Then watch the flames," she said, and disappeared.

On the next evening, I sat again, gazing into the fireplace and listening to the wind roaring up the chimney. I was waiting for my guest to come, and it was growing late. I glanced across the fireplace. There, peering over the hearth, was her face, smiling to me, as she had done on the first night. Nothing was visible except her face, and madly I rushed toward it. She drew back quickly and to my surprise, I saw beside her at the further end of the seat, a huge, roughlydressed man.

He arose and said: "See here, Mister, being as my lady-friend, here, and myself has had a sight of misfortune and trouble, having had sickness and big bills, we wondered if you wouldn't be kind to us and subscribe for a one-volume reference work, thereby helping us unfortunate people and getting a fine book for yourself. And you can kindly pay ten dollars in advance to us, now."

"Great Jupiter!" I screamed, "another book-agent scheme! After all of my dreams. I'll never take the book." A low growl sounded behind me, and as I glanced around, an ugly bull-dog was preparing to leap on my back.

"All right; I'll take it. Here's your money. You've got the best of me." The woman took the bills, laughing shrilly at my trembling hands. Her coarse companion whistled to his dog, and they left.

Disappointed and lonely, I resumed my seat, and watched the flames die down. The wind roared up the chimney, the boards cracked, the cups and saucers rattled, and the old cook hummed, "Rumble, grumble, mumble, rumble."

WILBERT S. WARREN, 1914.

WANDERER'S NIGHTSONG

(Adapted from the German of Goethe.) Beyond all the mountains Is peace; In all the tree-tops Scarcely a breeze Is sensed. The birds are still. All else rests. But wait until Your life-cup is drain'd of its fill Then you, too, may rest 'neath the trees.

L. C. WOODMAN.

To the Students of Bates College:

The Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association wishes to notify the STUDENT that the so-called Souvenir Program sold on the special train and in the vicinity of Alumni Field, Orono, Maine, at its 19th Annual Championship Meet was a private enterprise conducted by Norris and St. Onge of the University of Maine without the approval of the Association. These programs were published after permission had been refused by the Association and since the information they contained was unauthorized and inaccurate. their object must have been to defraud. The Association regrets this unhappy incident and will see to it that it does not happen in the future.

L. R. SULLIVAN, Secretary.

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

Exchange						Marion F. Loug					ugee,	'14		
Ruth B Sylvester, '14					Alu	mni		Helen M. Hilton, '15						
Athletic Social							Royal B. Parker, '14 Marion R. Sanborn, '14							
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RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

The next Qualifying Examination for Rhodes Scholarships will be held in October, 1913. The scholarships are of the value of £300 a year, and are tenable for three years. One scholar will be chosen from the college students in the State of Maine. The scholar will be selected from all the candidates who pass the Qualifying Examination. This examination will be open to all male students in the state who have completed their sophomore year in college. The examination will be in Mathematics, Latin, and Greek, but those candidates who have passed in Latin and Mathematics will be eligible for a scholarship. The examination is not competitive, but qualifying, and is merely intended to give assurance that every elected Scholar is up to the standard which the University of Oxford demands of all candidates for the B.A. Degree.

It is provided that any person who passes the Qualifying Examinations once, will be eligible for a Rhodes Scholarship at any subsequent time without further examination, provided that he satisfies the other conditions of eligibility. A candidate, to be eligible, must be a citizen of the United States with at least five years domicile. and be unmarried. By the first of October of the year for which he is elected, he must have completed his 19th and not have passed his 25th birthday.

From the list of those candidates who have passed the examinations the Committee of Selection will choose a scholar, and will take into consideration (1) his literary and scholastic attainment; (2) his fondness for and success in outdoor sports; (3) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy, unselfishness and fellowship; and (4) his qualities of leadership. Several Bates men ought to consider this opportunity seriously. It will be a credit to Bates to have six or eight candidates for this Scholarship. There is ample time before October to review your Mathematics and revive some of your Greek and Latin. It will be an honor to a candidate and to the college to pass this examination though he may not receive the appointment.

BATES COLLEGE COMMONS

It is difficult to run a large eating club or commons without some dissatisfaction on account of food supplied or other conditions. The management intends to furnish meals of good quality and in pleasant surroundings, but the present price of board places some restrictions on the service. To make Bates College Commons a success, there ought to be a spirit of co-operation between students and management. In order to present suggestions a conference committee will be selected to consist of three students and two members of the faculty. These five members will confer with the management as the occasion demands. The student members will be chosen from any class except seniors by a ballot cast at the noon meal, Monday, June 2. The three students receiving the largest number of votes will serve the remainder of the year and next year.

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IN OUT OF THE SUN

The sky overhead was blue, but the sun burned down on the hot earth in fierce resentment. Little heat waves hovered in the air until the senses of the traveler reeled and his eyes twitched with burning pain. He looked anxiously about him, but could see only dry, dusty stretches of road and field. There was not a tree in sight, no escape from the intense heat and glare. The traveler closed his eyes for an instant and wiped his wet forehead on his dusty coat sleeve.

"How much longer can I stand this?" he muttered thickly to himself. "Dick said it was just a little way and I've walked—confound Dick! I just wish he were in my shoes." He looked reproachfully at a leaf that lay in the road. "Don't tell me you ever saw a real tree," he said whimsically, "they don't seem to grow here." But the leaf offered a little courage and he pushed on.

At last he came to a steep hill. At the foot was a little, white house over which a single elm stood guard. The traveler hurried down the hill and turned in at the low, white gate, but hesitated as he reached the shadow of the great elm. The windows of the little house stood listlessly open, the tall pink hollyhocks drooped their heads wearily, and big blue flies droned sleepily about the door or lay motionless on the window-sills, weighed down by the heat.

The traveler pulled off his hat, ran his fingers through a mass of curly, wet hair and stepping upon the long, flat door-stone, knocked sharply. At his touch, a big, clumsy fly, startled for the moment out of his apathy, struck him full in the face. He gave an exclamation of surprise and disgust, then looked up into a sweet old face with kindly gray eyes.

"Poor boy," she said, pushing open the low screen door, "how warm you look!"

"May I have a drink of water?" he asked, feeling in some vague way as if he had come home.

"Land yes! But come in; it's so hot out there in that baking sun." Then as she saw him glance eagerly at the pump near the window, "Let me get you some of my raspberry shrub. It's wonderful refreshin'."

The traveler nodded assent and she disappeared, returning in an instant with a glass of clear red something in which bits of ice clinked invitingly. She handed it to him and said in her gentle voice, "Drink it slow, Deary!"

He did drink it slowly. The sour tang of the beverage was indeed "wonderful refreshin'" and the coolness seemed part of a paradise. Then he paused for a minute and asked, "Is there a Mrs. Gray—a Mrs. Mary Gray, in this place?"

The old lady smiled. "I'm Mrs. Gray," she said. "Do you know," she went on in her soft voice, "you remind me of someone!"

"My name is Robert Carr," he answered slowly, while his eyes took in the fresh, white curtains at the windows, the plain, comfortable furniture, the spotless floor. Everything suggested coolness and rest. All this hurt someway and resentment rose within him. Dick might have come instead of sending him to settle up the old mortgage.

"Robert Carr?" she exclaimed. "Why, I used to know a Robert Carr years ago—long years ago," and her voice trailed off into dreamy reminiscence. She came to herself with a start. "Forgive me, Deary, I was dreaming. It's all old women have to do," she added apologetically. She filled the glass again and led him to talk of himself, but quietly avoided the object of his coming. The more she talked, the more distasteful Robert Carr's task became to him. He fretted and worried under it, but it only weighed him down the more.

Finally the little woman slipped out of the room, and Robert Carr, wearied by his long tramp, leaned his heavy head against the back of the chair and was soon lost. There was a gentle touch on his arm and a voice sounded from afar off: "The couch is much softer, Deary." He protested, or dreamed he did, but soon found himself stretched comfortably in a cool, dark room, and then forgot.

How long he slept he did not know, but when he woke, long shadows were running across the floor, a tree-toad was trilling softly, and a cool night breeze fanned his forehead. For a few moments he lay still in perfect content, then thoughts began to crowd hard in his brain—Dick, the mortgage, the old lady with her sweet motherliness. His mother had died when he was a very little chap; perhaps, had she lived, she would have been—a great tenderness for the little old lady surged into his heart and his eyes were very gentle when she looked in at him.

"You've been so kind. I never can tell you how kind," he said vaguely, as she came in. Moved by a strange impulse, he took both her wrinkled hands in his and kissed her cheek softly. "Have you a boy and does he appreciate you, I wonder?" he said, softly.

"My boy died when he was about as old as you," she answered with a little break in her voice, "and his name was Robert."

Neither spoke for a while and then she said timidly, "The mortgage—I can't pay it," and drew in her breath sharply.

"How did you know? Why didn't you ask before?" he asked, surprised and confused.

"You were so tired and warm!' 'she said then, but the eyes turned to him were troubled. Rebellion rose strong in his heart. Dick couldn't have known—he couldn't have known, then "I can't do it," he cried to himself, and swept on by a strange emotion, he put his arm protectingly about the little figure.

"There isn't any mortgage," he said in a tone that forbade denial. "It's all a miserable mistake!" Then, as she looked up at him with bewildered, grateful eyes, he pulled her down on the couch and bent his head wearily. She patted his hand and at the touch, something burst within him. With an odd little moan, he knelt beside her, pressed his head on her shoulder and cried hungrily, "I haven't any mother—oh, please, love me!"

MARION R. SANBORN, 1914.

ALUMNI NOTES

1879—Hon. Walter E. Ranger, Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island, has recently prepared and issued two very interesting education circulars. One is the annual program for Rhode Island Independence Day, celebrated May 4. The other is a program for Arbor Day, observed May 9. Both are very entertaining and instructive in arangement and material.

1892—Rev. Willis M. Davis, who has recently begun his duties as pastor of the Getchell Street Free Baptist Church in Waterville, has held but four pastorates in the 23 years of his service as a minister.

1904—Miss Harriet T. Milliken is Secretary of the Educational Bureau of the Ocean Park Assembly.

1905—Della Donnell is teaching Latin in Thornton Academy .

Ralph G. Winslow is living in Antrim, N. H.

Frank C. Stockwell is teaching in Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. Mr. and Mrs. Stockwell (Sara Symonds, '05), had a daughter, born March 11, 1913.

Charles P. Durell is principal of the Lincoln School in Hingham, Mass.

Alice Lincoln Hale is living in Waltham, Mass.

Orin M. Holman is District Superintendent of Schools in Stratford, N. H.

C. Edson Junkins is teaching in Benedict College, Columbia, S. C., and is also taking graduate work in the University of South Carolina.

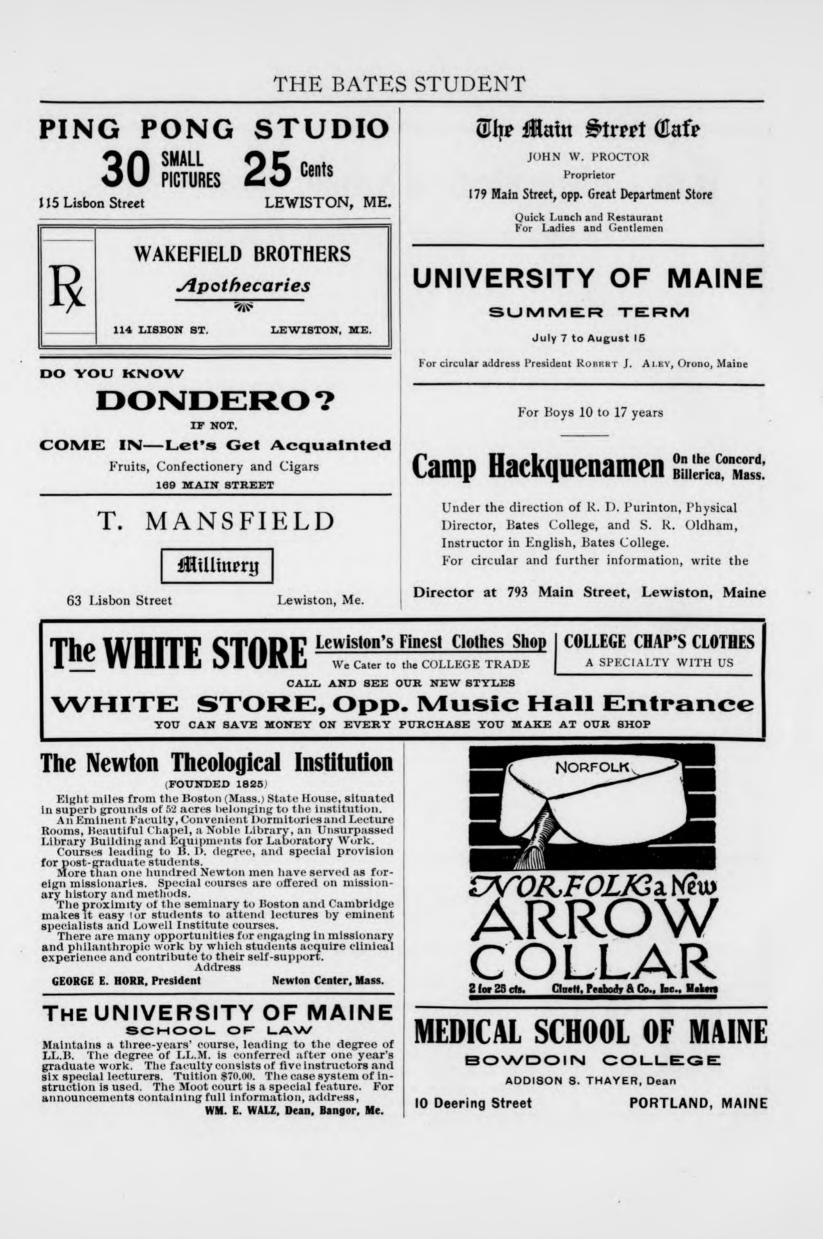
Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Parsons (Rae Bryant) have their home in West Medford, Mass. Mr. Parsons is in the Boston & Albany Railroad Law Department, Boston.

Marion Mitchell Stetson is living in Hanover Center, Mass.

M. G. Williams is teaching in the Haverhill, Mass., High School.

Edbert C. Wilson is City Engineer of Waterville, Me.

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Tufts College Medical School, Boston, Mass.

Changes in Entrance Requirements in 1914

At a meeting of the Faculty of Tufts College Medical School held April 18, 1913, in accordance with a recent ruling of the Association of American Medical Colleges of which this school is a member, the following action was taken:

VOTED: That after January 1, 1914, one year of college work in Phyics, Chemistry, Biology and either French or German, equal to the work done in the freshman year in standard colleges and universities, in addition to a completed four year course in an accredited high school, shall be required for admission to Tufts College Medical School.

Tufts College Medical School is prepared to give the one-year pre-medical course in its building in Boston, and will begin the first course October 1, 1913.

Full details regarding the course will be furnished upon application to the Secretary. The requirements for admission in the session 1913-14 will remain as previously stated in the catalog.

FREDERIC M. BRIGGS, Secretary

Tufts College Medical School

416 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Tufts College Medical School Tufts College Dental School

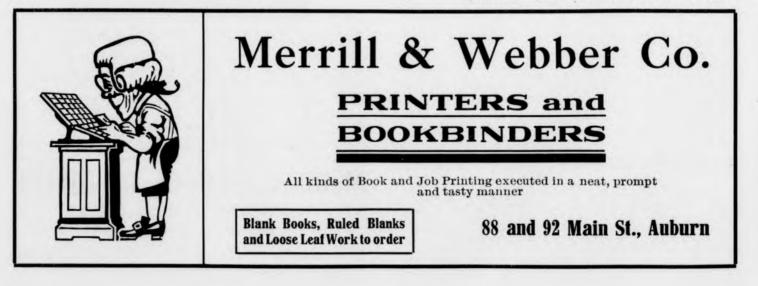
The building has recently been enlarged and remodeled.

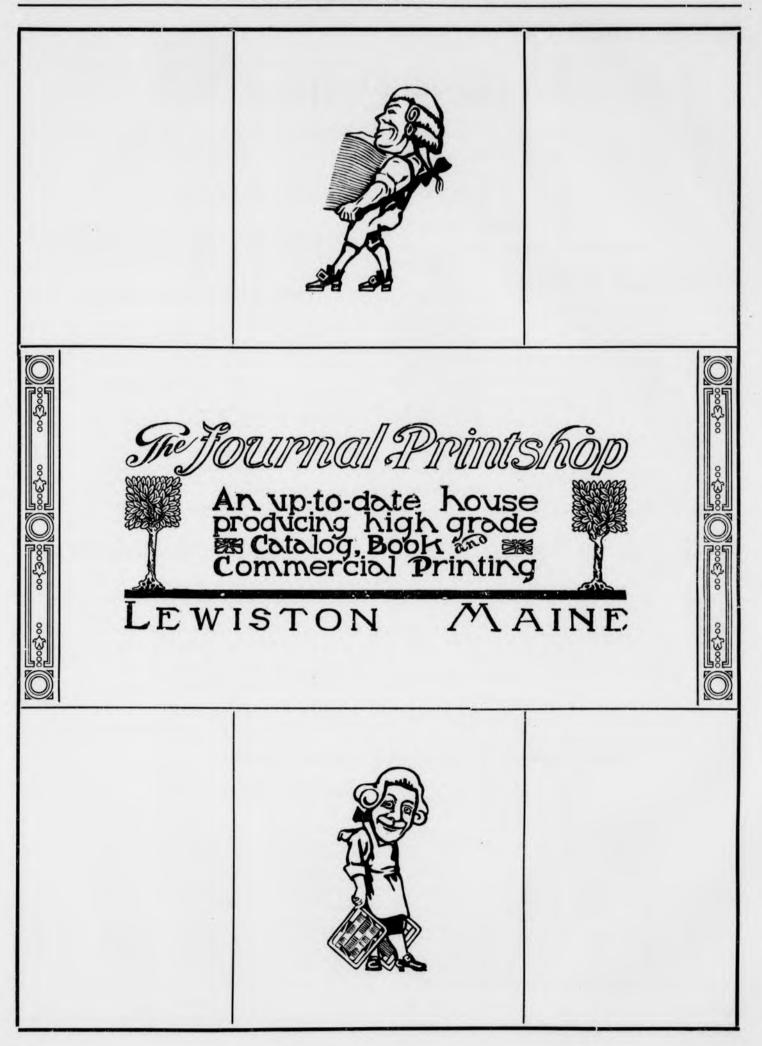
Offers a four years' graded course including all branches of Scientific and Practical Medicine. The laboratories are extensive and fully equipped. Clinical instruction is given in the various hospitals of Boston which afford facilities only to be found in a large city. Three years' graded course covering all branches of Dentistry. Laboratory and scientific courses are given in connection with the Medical School. Clinical facilities unsurpassed, 30,000 treatments leing made annually in the Infirmary.

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

FREDERIC M. BRIGGS, M.D., Secretary

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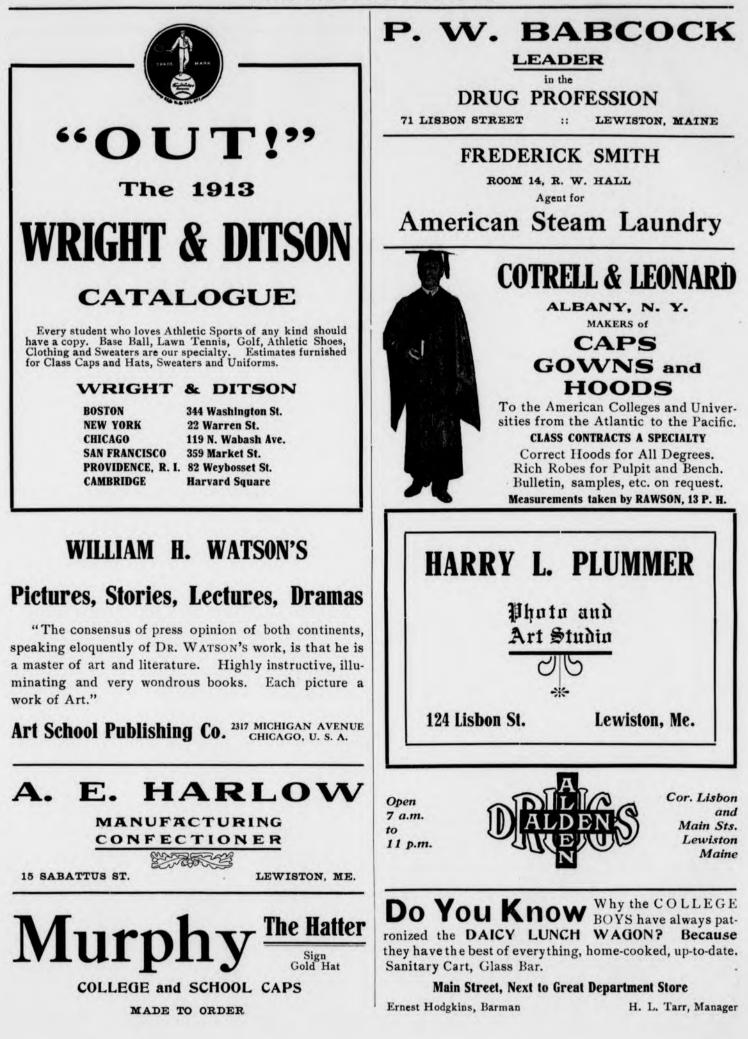
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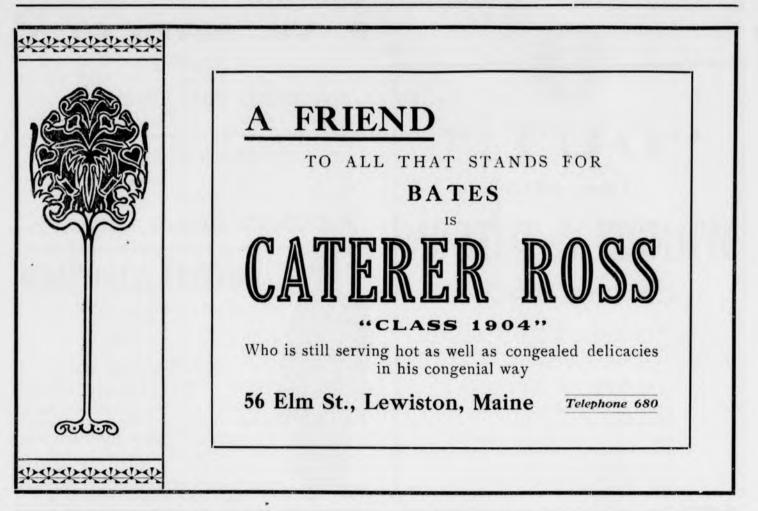
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Necessary annual expenses for tangents in the dormitories. Ninety-one scholars approximation of a student. dollars a year. Steam heat and electric lights in the dormitories. Ninety-one scholars approximation of a student. For special proficiency in 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.







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