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Bates College

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BATES STUDENT

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DECEMBER 11
1913

THE BATES STUDENT

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STUDENT BOARD

THE BATES STUDENT

Vol. XLI

LEWISTON, MAINE, DECEMBER 11, 1913

No. 29

CALENDAR

DECEMBER 11

- 7.00 P.M. Spofford Club.
- 7.30 P.M. Girls' Glee Club Rehearsal.
- 8.00 P.M. Concert at City Hall, W. C. A. course, Music Makers' Quartet.

DECEMBER 12

- 7.30 P.M. Union Meeting of Literary Societies, Rand Hall.

DECEMBER 15

- 4.30 P.M. Mandolin Club Rehearsal.
- 4.40 P.M. Student Volunteer Band.
- 6.45 P.M. Senior Current Events Club, Rand Hall.
- 6.45 P.M. Men's Bible Classes.
- 8.00 P.M. George Colby Chase Lecture upon Athens by Dr. A. S. Cooley.

DECEMBER 16

- 1.00 P.M. Press Club.
Chinese Supper and Entertainment in Rand Hall.
Banquet of the Jordan Scientific Society.

DECEMBER 17

- 6.45 P.M. Y. W. C. A.
- 6.45 P.M. Y. M. C. A.
- 7.30 P.M. Politics Club.

DECEMBER 18

- 7.30 P.M. Girls Glee Club Rehearsal.

DECEMBER 19

- 12.00 M. Christmas Recess.

DECEMBER 30

- 7.40 A.M. Christmas Recess ends.
- 8.00 P.M. W. C. A. lecture, City Hall, by Champ Clark.

ALFRED NOYES LECTURE

The George Colby Chase Lecture Course has brought many fine speakers to the College but none more loved and enjoyed than the lecture of December 2. Prof. Hartshorn introduced the speaker with a few genial words telling the audience that they were to see a real live poet at last, Mr. Alfred Noyes; not the least of three great Alfreds of our time, but England's foremost poet. Mr. Noyes plunged at once into his subject "The Future of Poetry." He spoke of the broadening power which the smattering of many subjects would have, and warned against intellectual disintegration lest "all the white light of vision be broken into the multi-colored rays of the prism. The intellectuals of to-day dare not go deep enough. They have lost the power to see life whole and they view it only in its parts. The optimist is afraid of his conclusions but when has the pessimist ever dared to face the logical outcome of his theory? Is there danger of losing that old strong vision of life? It is left to poetry to bring it back—poetry, not necessarily religion, but with an indefinable something in it—a touch of the faith of ages." At the close of the lecture Mr. Noyes delighted the audience by reading some of his own poetry. The first was the "Devonshire Legend"—a weird, stirring legend of Nelson as told by an old seaman. The second a deep, strong poem in answer to a scientist who said that the earth was brought about by the "fortuitous concourse of elements." "The Highwayman" came next with its rush of description, its wild beat of movement and tragedy. Mr. Noyes is a very sympathetic reader and drew his word pictures with a sharpness which left his listeners breathless. He was recalled and read in closing an airy, joyous melody of the barrel-organ and the people went away carrying in their hearts and ears that lilting song—"Come down to Kew in lilac time, it isn't far from London."

THE BACHELOR OF THE HILLS

"Hold, Jed," rang out the sonorous voice of Dick Raymond. "We won't attempt to go any farther to-night. The hill is steep, the horses are tired, and there's a light ahead that says 'Welcome!'" With these words, he sprang lightly out of the crude wagon, and tossed the reins to Jed, his servant, who had jumped to the ground, at the first words of his master.

Dick Raymond was on his way to Lee Mountain, where it was reported that a beautiful specimen of rose quartz was obtainable, and, always ready for more specimens to add to his already famous collection, he had set out, with Jed Peters, his servant, and was already near the mountain, when twilight set in, and, finding it propitious to advance no farther that night, he had ordered his man to seek at the little inn, accommodations for both themselves and the tired horses.

While Jed led the horses to the stable, Dick walked slowly to the door of the inn. He knocked, and while he was waiting for the door to be opened, he heard—or thought he heard—a choking voice, as though someone were trying to strangle another. But the sound died away as rapidly and completely as it had begun, and the door was opened by a man, a little beyond forty, stoop-shouldered, and with hard, strange lines about his firm mouth.

"You are very welcome," he said. "Are you alone?" He peered out intently into the gathering gloom.

"No," responded Dick, rather amazed at the appearance of his host, who resembled a broken-down workman more than an inn-keeper.

"My man Jed," he continued, "is putting up the horses in the stable."

"Come in," the host said, "and supper will soon be ready." He paused an instant. "You see," he added, "I am alone—I am the cook, the housemaid, and the host—three in one." He smiled as he said it, and his penetrating gaze fascinated Dick, who, knowing

human nature fairly well, thought he detected a sad note in his host's voice, although a smile, seemingly happy enough, was visible on the thin lips.

Dick, being tired, now sat in the small room, at the head of the winding stairs, where his host had led him, directly after supper. Jed slept in the stable, and Dick and his host were alone in the inn.

Dick's old friend, the faithful brier, found its way to his mouth, and he lay back in his chair, gazing at the moon, rising through fantastic clouds, out over the horizon. His head dropped to his breast, his brier promptly turned over in his mouth and scattered ashes liberally over his trousers. It was an old trick of the brier, which had to be held with a firm grip, like a skittish horse. But Dick was not sensible to this. Wearied by the long ride, and his senses being dulled by the delicious power of sleep, he lost consciousness, only to be awakened, in a few hours, by the sound of someone singing—a magnificent Romeo was pouring out his love to a distant Juliet.

Dick sat upright, his hands mechanically grasping the arms of the chair. Who was it, a Caruso in disguise? A Scotti of the mountains?

Hark! There it was again!

"The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hopes will cling!"

Cautiously he made his way to the head of the stairs; stole down the stairs—fortunately covered with a thick carpeting, and stopped at the foot. A thick red curtain acted as a muffler between the noises below, and the rest and quiet upstairs. Pressing as closely as possible against it, Dick peered through the little slit, made by pulling the drapery a tiny bit to one side. The singing had ceased; the room was in darkness; the only sound audible was the heavy breathing of a person, now and then interrupted by sobs—but hark! A man's voice droned listlessly: "That night—Venice—the roses—beautiful Marie—but Gioadano

loved her too—untrustworthy brute!” Then the voice died away, and the sobbing again commenced. After a silence of a minute or so, he resumed—“The—the glass of water—I didn’t want it—no—but they made me drink it—” His voice rose shrilly—“The accursed baccilli of diphtheria!—Then the sickness—the long, long, sickness—getting well again—and now—what have I? No roses—no Marie and—God help me! no voice!” His voice trailed away to silence, and Dick, behind the drapery, felt the sympathetic tears rise to his eyes.

He turned abruptly, and stealthily crept up the stairs. He flung himself on the bed, and waited for sleep to overtake him.

The next morning, he was awakened by the voice of the host, calling to him. He dressed hastily, and rushed down stairs. Had the events of the night been a dream? Had he truly heard the wonderful voice? It still rang in his ears:

“The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hopes will cling.”

This time, as he went down the winding stairs, he pushed the drapery aside and walked boldly into the room. His host greeted him, and informed him that breakfast would be served immediately. But was this person his host. His face had seemed to be ruddy, the night before; now it was ashen; his eyes had seemed bright; now they were dim and listless; he had seemed composed, last night; now his hands twitched, as he clumsily drew a towel through them.

Dick’s curiosity would not be stayed longer. He asked, sympathetically curious: “You are ill—you did not sleep well—perhaps the same wonderful voice kept you awake, as it did me.” The man started. “What do you mean?” he stammered huskily—and then, as though breaking from the bonds of silence he began, leaning forward and talking rapidly, in a low tone.

“Once there was a man—a man full of life—who loved to sing. He achieved so many honors in America that he was sent abroad,

and his first concert was in Venice. This man loved a girl—an angel”—his voice became even lower—“and I honestly think she returned the love. But there was another person—a man—a hot-headed, jealous Italian—he also loved the girl, and Heavens! how he could hate, too. And then”—his voice droned along in a listless way, as though every word cut him to the quick—“one night—the night—when the girl was to be his if he pleased her with his songs—this fiend of an Italian dog put germs of diphtheria in a glass. The man drank; the girl swooned—the voice,—gone.” He drew his sleeve across his eyes, as though he would shut out an unpleasant sight. With a start, he sprang forward—“Come here,” he said. “Look!” He stepped to the wall, touched a button, and a little shelf slid out from the wall. On it was a glass case, and in the case was a graphophone. He lifted off the case tenderly, pressed a button, and the mysterious voice Dick had heard the night before, rang out:

“The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hopes will cling.”

Dick was plainly moved. He took a step forward, rested his arm lovingly across the man’s stooping shoulders, and said: “I never heard such a voice. It is a voice of a man pouring out eternal love for a woman.” He hesitated a moment. “Tell me,” he added, “whose voice it is?”

The host threw off the sympathetic arm of his friend, drew back a few steps, bowed low, raised his right hand to his heart, and said, as though he were a courtier addressing a king—“Sir, it is my voice!”

TRACK

Capt. Nevers issued the first call for winter track practice Saturday, Dec. 6. A large squad of men reported in the gymnasium where Captain Nevers talked to the candidates concerning the track prospects for this year, emphasizing the relay team which runs Colby this year at the B. A. A. games in February. He urged every man to come out for the team. The men were then given a few starts. Capt. Nevers is the only member of last year’s relay team in College, there seems to be much promising material in the other classes and the team this year is expected to be fully as fast, if not faster, than last year’s.

THE CAVE MAN

Floating upon the gloom of shoreless night,
 The great cloud-galleons, bathed in aerial
 foam,
 'Twixt sea and sky like lurid phantoms sailed.
 Eternal darkness! and I alone to roam
 Through fir-woods grim with Time's torment-
 ing storms,
 Beneath their drooping branches dripping
 with dew,
 Where I could see with mind's watchful eye
 The Druid priest his bleeding victim view!

I climbed the path winding up the steep
 To shake and leave all darkness far below,
 To win from out the gloom a lingering ray
 That strayed away from sunset's dying glow.
 Upon the scraggy heights I stood and paused,
 And looked across the gloom and sadness of
 the scene;
 Great Heavens! such utter wilderness of land,
 So primitive, so strange, no man has seen.

Far down below the woodlands teemed with
 pine.
 Vast pillories of fir and oak and beech
 Like specters stood along the sloping hills.
 Entangled, clustered, blending each is each
 Spread far and wide the brushwood and the
 thyme.
 But ah! who could depict the fragrant
 flowers
 Their bloom wasting to those desert winds
 Like birds that pour their songs to wild
 showers?

Listen to where the foaming surges break!
 'Tis the sea, 'tis the sea, and her doleful
 threnody,
 In whose breast where madness, love, and
 power abide;
 The swinging ever-heaving, restless sea,
 Draped in pearls of twinkling, vacant lights,
 Lent from heaven's mystic infinite.
 And the billows rolling fast upon the shores
 Their heavy sobs to the lonely woods submit.

But where might be the village-clust'ered
 plains?

Where be the fields caressed by brute and
 slave?

I saw the winding sands, the pebbled strands,
 The sea-weed lift its locks above the wave,
 Yet saw no craft, and heard no moorings fret.
 Was this a land alone for beasts of prey?
 For loons to laugh above the booming surge?
 For gulls to dance upon the ocean's spray?

While thus enraptured in wonderment and
 thought,
 An ancient man approached the rocky crest.
 His shaggy hair, his wolf-clad loins, his
 beard

Leaning unkempt upon his naked breast,
 —All these bespoke of times remote and past,
 When mother Nature keener fondness felt
 For all her children roving weak and nude,
 And man and beast in closer kinship dwelt.

"My son," he said, his arm extending wide,
 "Behold these woods that grim and bound-
 less rise!

Among these depth, 'neath some sequestered
 nook,
 My grave unknown, unsung, rejected lies.
 For aeons I craved my food from savage
 lands,
 While thundering tempests tore the skies
 above.

'Twas mine to give my Life to bitter woes;
 'Twas thine to offer Labor, Law, and Love."
 —COSTAS STEPHANIS, '15.

Y. M. C. A.

The meeting for December 3d was a union
 meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. It
 was arranged for by the Student Volunteer
 Band. Rev. Wm. R. Leslie, of Auburn, spoke
 on "Missions."

After the meeting the Y. M. C. A. chose
 Johnson, '16, as its delegate to the Student
 Volunteer Convention to be held in Kansas
 City the last of this month.

Mr. Rindge, the Industrial Secretary of
 the International Y. M. C. A. will visit Bates
 next Friday and Saturday.

DEDICATION OF THE NEW CHAPEL.

The plans for the dedication of our new chapel are nearly completed. The date set for the exercises is Wednesday, January 7th. In the morning of that day, a farewell service will be held in the old chapel in Hathorn Hall. Many prominent alumni will give reminiscences of their college days.

In the afternoon the dedication will take place in the new chapel and the principal address will be given by a prominent clergyman. President Chase will give a historical address. An ode for the occasion has been written by Miss Merrill. One of the most interesting parts of the service will be the presentation of the chapel in the name of the donor, who is, as yet, unknown. Guests will be present from all the other Maine colleges and the presence of the newly organized College Choir in their robes will add to the impressiveness of the occasion.

It is probable that in the evening of the same day, as a most fitting close to the exercises, that a recital will be given on the fine organ that was given with the chapel.

Plans are now being made for the celebration of our semi-centennial in June, in connection with Commencement, but these plans, as yet, are not completed.

SPOFFORD CLUB

There was a regular meeting of the Spofford Club last Thursday evening at Libbey Forum. Portions of the play written by the club last year were read, and plans for the revision made. It was decided to elect two new members to the Club next week.

NEW STUDENT BOARD

The new editorial board for the BATES STUDENT during the coming year has been appointed. The members of the board are: Earl A. Harding, John T. Greenan, Leslie R. Carey, Helen M. Hilton, Marion R. Cole, Frances V. Bryant. Earl A. Harding is editor-in-chief; Earle R. Clifford, business manager; Karl A. Bright and Robert A. Greene, assistant managers.

PRIZE DIVISION (DECLAMATIONS)

The annual Prize Declamations of the Sophomore class were given in Hathorn Hall on Saturday, November 22. The College Orchestra played several opening selections and prayer was offered by Rev. Arthur T. Stray of Auburn. The program read as follows:

1. Jim's Choice *Cox*
Alice Gertrude King
2. Centralization in the United States *Grady*
Ronell Ellis Wight
3. "Georgeanna Banana" *Wilson*
Agnes Ellen Harding
4. Gettysburg Address *Wilson*
Robert Alvan Greene
- MUSIC
5. Widow Bedott *Witcher*
Alma Frances Gregory
6. Happiness and Liberty
Merle Fred Grover
7. The Death Disc *Twain*
Ruth Stevens Farnham
8. The Murder of Americans in Nicaragua *Rayner*
Joseph Williams Fowler
- MUSIC
9. A Modern Horatius *Dangerfield*
Hazel Alma Mitchell
10. Robert Emmett's Last Speech *Emmett*
Frank Edward Kennedy
11. "The Going of the White Swan" *Parker*
Marjorie E. Stevens
12. "Let There Be Light" *Wilson*
Henry Peter Johnson

MUSIC

The prize for the young men was awarded to Joseph William Fowler, and for the young women to Agnes Ellen Harding. Honorable mention was made of Alma Frances Gregory and Henry Peter Johnson. The judges were: Rev. A. T. Stray, J. L. Hooper of Auburn, and Miss Ethel Gould of Lewiston. Committee on arrangements, Miss Robertson, Parker, and Snow of '16.

THE BATES STUDENT

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

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THE JOURNAL PRINTSHOP, LEWISTON, ME.

Our year is finished. With the next number of the STUDENT the new editorial board will assume its duties. As we look back over the past year, we realize that we have fell far short of attaining our ideal, or your ideal of a college weekly. We regret our limited ability to which this failure is due. However, we believe that we have, at least, made a beginning in the direction of forming an interesting and useful weekly paper.

We believe that the new board will profit by our mistakes, and will succeed in making a more interesting and useful weekly.

There have been several difficulties in the way of making the STUDENT all that we have wished. With the limited space for our use, we have found it difficult, and, on the whole, unsatisfactory, to combine the literary material with the locals and general news items. There is a much smaller number of students who are interested in the poems and short stories, than are interested in the other articles. We believe that this is true of the alumni. The result is, that if we publish a literary number on a Thursday following a baseball or

football game,—since the limited space does not permit us to report the game—the issue is not very satisfactory to the subscribers. We believe that the College is large enough to support two papers—the weekly and a monthly devoted to the literary interests of the college. Since the greater part of the literary interest is centered in the Spofford Club, it would seem natural for the monthly to be edited by a board selected from that club. Whether any immediate change is made or not, we hope that the new board will receive the most loyal support of the Bates alumni and students. To those who have aided us in the past year by criticism and support we are grateful—and to the new board we now commit these columns.

FRESHMEN!

What are you doing for Bates? Doubtless you are studying hard that your scholarship may be a credit to you, and to the preparatory school which you represent. This is a worthy ambition and purpose, for, altho it be a trite thought, it is, nevertheless, a true one, that your first duty in college is to do your best in your studies. Although this is the first requirement, and should be met first, there are other obligations that must be met by every student who would prove himself worthy of a college course by taking advantage of the best that college offers. College life, in all its varied interests and activities, stands second in importance only to study. Some of you have been hesitating to enter into any college activities for fear you will not do justice to your studies. You are not quite sure how you stand in your courses or how much you are able to do besides your required work. Your first exams, which will come soon, will show you where you stand. A few have the idea that college life should be postponed till the second year. If you do not begin to think, during the Freshman year, about your relation to your fellows, and your interests in

college, you are in danger of neglecting during your entire course, the pleasantest, and, in some respects, the most profitable part of what college offers you. What does college life at Bates include? There are three honorary societies,—the Spofford Club, the Politics Club, and the Jordan Scientific Society. There is also the Press Club, three literary societies, the Christian Associations and their numerous activities and interests. There is the Student Council, the Debating Council, musical associations, Glee Club, Mandolin Club, College Band, and Orchestra. There are two college publications, *Mirror*, and the *STUDENT*. There are baseball, football, track, tennis and cross country teams, captains, managers and assistant managers. There is the Athletic Association, and the Hall Associations, Debating teams, and Oratorical contests.

Besides these there are various public functions with their management and their subjects,—rallies, banquets, Ivy Day, Class Day, and Exhibitions.

There are some of the positions open to you during these four years. What are you going to do with them? It remains for you to decide. How are you going to represent Bates? What are the four years at Bates going to mean to you? What are you going to stand for in college life? What are you going to be? These questions must be answered by you, alone, and there is no time like the present in which to answer them.

The alumni editor wishes to thank those who have aided the *STUDENT* by contributing alumni notes. Many alumni have been very thoughtful in materially helping this department, which is difficult to make interesting without their co-operation.

TEMPUS FUGIT

(Lines written in our class letter, March 29, 1909.)

Ah me! the years have fled, but memory
brings
Refreshing visions of the olden time,
Visions to which each heart still fondly clings,

Entwined with friendships of our youthful
prime.

Oh, could I voice in lines of flowing rhyme
The sentiments that in my soul awake,
And sweep the chords in symphony sublime,
I would essay immortal verse to make,
And chant like distant chimes that evening
stillness break.

Where rolls the Androscoggin roaring down
The West Pitch ledges, there, in days of yore,
Oft have I wandered from the busy town,
And, spell-bound, sat upon the dreamy shore.
And swiftly as the foaming waters pour,
My youthful thoughts have danced 'twixt hope
and fear,

Fear, that, on test day, I might fail to score;
Hope, that, if so, I might at last appear
As college dunces do, and grace a grand
career.

Far sweeter than the smells that would arise
From chemicals combined as ne'er before,
Were songs of springtime birds and April
skies,

And walks with one well versed in ancient lore,
Who love the classics much but nature more.
What know we now of all he taught from
books?

'Tis "excellent, indeed," the mind to store
With literary gems, but he who looks
At nature most, learns most, from birds and
babbling brooks.

As flows the Androscoggin ever on,
So in fond reveries my thoughts would flow;
But space forbids and time is also gone,
And visions must give place, as you well
know,

No sterner things that will not let us go
Where most we would, but rudely stop us
when

Our fleeting fancies seem to grow
Into realities; alas! 'tis then,
We know the days of old can never come
again.

FREMONT L. PUGSLEY, Bates 1891.

A BIT OF FATE

"Oh, John," called Barbara from the steps as her brother was turning from the yard on his way to town one bright May morning, "Won't you please address this letter for me? I haven't a single envelope large enough to hold that picture and I do want it to go today."

"Sure, sis, just give me the address," and John turned to receive the picture and the slip of paper with the name upon it.

John Dayton was a rising young architect in the near-by city, who, in spite of the fact that he graduated from college only the previous year, already had a flourishing business to his credit.

This day proved an especially busy one. Barbara's letter lay tucked securely in his inside coat pocket. Toward noon, he dropped into a chair by an open window through which the warm spring breezes were blowing and looked off over the city throbbing with humanity. Suddenly he started to his feet.

"Jumping Jupiter! I should say I better hump myself a little. Here that Frat dance isn't a week off and I haven't written Dot yet. Here's where I scratch her a line that I'm going back."

He seized a piece of paper and dashed off a few words, signed his name with a flourish, and drew an envelope from a pigeon hole of his desk.

"Gee, I guess I am wuzzy in my upper regions, I clean forgot Barb's picture. I bet my envelopes will just hold it."

He thrust the picture and his letter into his business envelopes and after a search produced the address given him by Barbara.

"Za-ang" sounded the telephone, breaking the stillness of the room. John rose to answer it, for as yet John Dayton, Architect, could not afford an office girl.

The call proved to be from one of the leading business firms of the city, desiring his plans on their new office building. John hung up the receiver in a whirl of emotions. It was the most flattering offer he had yet received.

His mind was filled with ideas for the number of stories, for the arrangement of the office rooms.

He hurriedly addressed the letters, slipped on his coat, and as the whistles were shrilly announcing twelve o'clock, he hastened from the building anxious to return as soon as possible to the all-absorbing plans.

The next day there was riotous excitement at Severence College. Corridor B of Wentworth Hall was alive with the sound of banging doors, swishing skirts, and excited squeals of delight.

"Well, what do you know about this." Polly Mayhew, tragically waving aloft a scarlet silk kimono, hailed an approaching form.

"Why, I don't know's there's any trouble with it except the colors seem to be on the verge of a strike," returned Ethel Thornton, critically scanning the gorgeous folds.

Polly gave a disgusted grunt. "Ethel Gilmore Thornton, do you mean to tell me you haven't heard the news! Kimono, indeed! No, no, Ethel, my lamb. Silk kimonos are no longer an attraction. Give me a garish knight, in simple Anglo-Saxon—a man."

"What in the name of common sense!" Ethel clutched at Polly's arm.

Thus invoked, Polly proceeded to explain herself, literally, and to the point. "Ted Newton is going to the Allison Hop!"

"Wha-at!" Ethel's surprise was entirely satisfying to her informer. "Who does she know there?"

"That's just the point, she doesn't know anybody. John Dayton, Barbara Dayton's swell brother, invited her. He must have got an awful crush on her picture, or something." Polly's gestures betokened hopeless envy.

A door opened and out burst a girl nearly enveloped in folds of pink, blue, and yellow. Catching sight of the two girls, she dropped her load and rushed up to Ethel.

"Do for pity's sake come and tell me which dress to wear. All the kids are simply forcing their duds on me and I can't decide between them. You know about it, I suppose? Just think of it, John Dayton!"

Ted disappeared in her room, the others following. A chorus of voices greeted the new arrivals. Girls filled every available spot, desk, table, and even the radiator did duty as "props for envious females," as Polly tactfully phrased it. The contents of the chiffonier drawers were scattered promiscuously about, causing a scene of havoc. One black satin pump adorned the top of the student lamp—the other protruded gracefully from a box of dainty neckwear.

"Anyone would think you never went to a dance, Ted," declared Ethel, as she rescued a chiffon scarf from under Ted's hurrying feet.

"So I never did, at Allison," disdainfully returned Ted, emerging from the folds of a cream marquisette and vainly trying to get the effect in a 2x5 hand mirror.

"Well, what time is he coming for you; when is the affair, anyway?" inquired practical Ethel.

"Gracious!" Ted paused with the dress over her head. "I haven't told him I'll go, yet. I never should have thought of that. It is to-morrow night, too! Where is his letter? Here, Maude, show it to Ethel."

"What a queer letter to write to a girl he's never met? Starts right in, 'Can you go to the Frat dance Friday night?' I suppose that's all right from such a paragon of virtues, though. Hustle and write your note and I'll post it on the way to the Play Committee."

"What in thunder," exclaimed the perplexed occupant of Room 14, Wilton Building, as he scanned for the second time the letter which he held. "Theodora Newton! Who in the name of my grandmother's uncle is she. Newton, Newton—my invitation!"

Suddenly, his face took on a look of mingled amusement and disgust. "Of all the blamed idiots! Of course, she is the girl that Barbara's picture was to go to, and I went and swapped envelopes and invited the wrong girl to the dance. So she accepts with great pleasure, does she? Tickled to death. Well, I'll soon dispel that illusion."

He seized a piece of paper and wrote a few words, then dropped his arms to his sides in a gesture of despair. "By the—" he stopped unable to give adequate expression to his thoughts. "That confounded dance is to-morrow night and there's no time to write, now. What in the deuce am I going to do, take the girl? She may be as homely as Uncle Ben Eaton's goat and can't dance worth a nine-pin. But there, she can't be very bad and be a friend to Barbara. Guess I'll have to make a go of it. I can explain to Dot later."

Therefore, the next afternoon found John strolling leisurely along the path toward Wentworth Hall, evidently in no hurry to reach his destination, and not in a very satisfied frame of mind. He was revolving all the wretched possibilities attending the evening and looked up with a vicious glance in time to encounter the merry eyes of several girls.

"Gracious, Polly," exclaimed one of the girls when supposedly too far away to be heard, "that fellow looks ugly enough to murder some one. I wonder—Polly, that must be John Dayton after Ted. Say, I don't—"

John heard no more, but gave a sheepish grin. "Say, old man, you've got to buck up," he muttered, "it's nobody's funeral if she is a frump."

Arrived at the Hall, he was ushered into a cosy reception room, but hardly was he seated when a trim young person in blue, a jaunty blue hat on her sprightly head, made her appearance and announced in a self-possessed manner:

"You are Mr. Dayton, aren't you? Well, I'm Ted Newton, and if we are going to get that 3.03 train we've got to hustle."

John gave a startled look at the girl, but this quickly changed to an amused chuckle. This was no frump, certainly, and, suddenly, he felt well pleased with himself.

The ride to Allison seemed quickly over, for Ted's quick observations and original remarks were matched by John's ready rejoinders.

Allison was a lovely place. Everyone who had been fortunate enough to visit its well-kept lawns and ivy covered buildings owned this, and this warm spring afternoon was no exception. The evening, also, proved no disappointment the softly shaded lights, the bright dresses, and the swinging, pulsing music seemed like a portion of fairyland suddenly transported to earth.

Ted was lost in a whirl of delight. My, what a heap she would have to tell the girls! That was a swell looking fellow that just glided by but—somehow, no one seemed quite to equal her own partner.

Finally, the strains of the last waltz gently floated through the hall—and then all was over!

"But do you now," drowsily murmured Ted, as the streaks of rosy dawn stole in by the window shades—"he said there might be another—some—time."

—AMY WEEKS, '13.

GYMNASIUM WORK

The three under classes started work in the gymnasium after the Thanksgiving recess. Physical Director Purinton is to be assisted this year by Ireland, '16, who comes to Bates from Springfield Y. M. C. A. College, having graduated from that institution in 1912 and served last year as Acting Physical Director of the Cambridge Y. M. C. A. Mr. Ireland is a very efficient man and will be a great help to Coach Purinton with his groups which have always been too large for one man to do justice to. Besides Mr. Ireland the following upper classmen are acting as assistants for Junior work: Davis, '14, Packard, '14, Buker, '16.

For Sophomore work Stinson, '14, Manual, '15, Tabor, '14, Talbot, '15, and Crandlemire '14. For the Freshmen work, Ireland has complete charge with Fuller, '15, Tucker, '15, Cobb, '14, as assistants.

It is hoped under this system that the stu-

dents will have an opportunity to do work of a better quality and advance more rapidly than in previous years.

ORATORICAL AND DEBATING INTERESTS OF THE COLLEGE

The Debating Council have cancelled the contract with Clark, and instead of the debate with that institution, a debate will be held with Tufts, at Medford. According to the contract, Tufts will submit the question for the debate. As we shall submit the same subject to Colgate, the two Intercollegiate debates, as in former years, will be on the same question, our two teams debating different sides. Colgate has accepted our invitation to be our guests at our third debate, which will be held in Lewiston. No date has been settled upon for the debates, but they will probably come, as last year, the last of April.

The local contest in the Peace Oration Competition will be held very soon after the Christmas recess. Twenty-five dollars in prizes will be offered. A number of men have signified their intention of entering the contest this year, making the state contest more interesting. The prizes for the state contest will probably be as last year seventy-five and fifty dollars. The winners in the State contest are to compete in the New England district contest, and if successful enter the eastern group contest. The winners there will compete at Lake Mohonk Conference.

Arrangements are being made for a Temperance Oration Contest, which Bates will enter. Professor Baird has been appointed to consult with those having the matter in charge.

ALUMNI NOTES

1913—Announcement has recently been received of the engagement of Clinton D. Wilson and Miss Ruth C. Beals of Plymouth, N. H. Miss Beals is a senior at Radcliff College.

The engagement of Ralph M. Bonney and Miss Aldana M. Hatch of Kittery, Me., has been announced.

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