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"Sanctuary"

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, 1912

Within the portals of mine heart
Is reared a humble shrine;
From Traffic's mart set far apart—
The sacred altar—Thine.

Before the shrine a taper slim
Clear gleameth day by day;
Oft brighter trimmed, and kept by him
Who in that spot doth stay.

With mystic rite and solemn spell,
Its priest, with loving care
Doth passion quell, and guard the cell,
That Love may linger there.

BATES STUDENT

Published for the Students of Bates, Past and Present

TERMS: ONE DOLLAR A YEAR; SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS

VOL. XL

LEWISTON, ME., JANUARY, 1912

No. 1

Entered at the Post Office at Lewiston, Me., as Second Class Matter

The New Year faces us with a challenge, which urges us to snap the fetters of the past, and spring into line, ready for work and service. It promises us real success, but only on certain conditions. If we would gain in mental vigor, concentration of effort in our studies is demanded. If we would win character, we must be willing to forego many pleasurable, but worthless, indulgences. If we would realize the rewards of service, we are challenged to choose the wiser of two paths. Choose the path of ease and personal comfort; then give in to the tendency toward laziness and inertia, and be assured of defeat at the end of 1912. Choose difficulty, toil, and struggle; then determine to make a heroic fight, and be assured of genuine success in the nearer attainment of life's purpose by January 1, 1913.

"Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle; face it.

'Tis God's gift."

Howard Abner Welch, 1912

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A DELAYED LECTURE

ALBERT A. RAND, '12

The Professor of Ancient Languages at Fairview College was seated before his desk in the tiny room that served as a study and library. His face was stern and unrelenting. On the other side of this same desk stood his daughter, late a graduate of Fairview High School. Her face was clear and defiant. On the window sill, looking out into the street, sat Tige, the cat. His face had no expression, whatever.

The professor was angry—doubly so. He was angry, in the first place, because he was correcting examination papers; that usually made him angry—with himself, at least. He was angry, in the second place, because his daughter, his own daughter, dared to defy him in his sacred precinct. Accordingly, his face was very stern, as he looked into those clear blue eyes before him.

"Father," the girl declared, "he has asked me to marry him, and I intend to do so."

"You shall not marry Duncan, whether he has asked you or not; and, furthermore, the next time he calls, you will refuse to see him. Bruce Duncan is not the kind of fellow I care to admit into my home. I am extremely surprised, Margery, to see you behaving in this way. It is not at all like you. You need say nothing further. We will consider the matter settled."

Checking her reply with a wave of his hand, the professor rose to go, but the look in the girl's eyes, had her father noticed it, would have convinced him that she, by no means, considered the matter settled. She said no more, however, having learned that silence was golden on such occasions.

Years before, when Fairview College was much smaller, Austin Raynalds had come to the city, with his young bride, and had begun his work as Professor of Ancient Languages. In time he became known as an authority on many matters of importance, and his opinions were eagerly sought after. But Time had laid his finger heavily upon the old gentleman. After the death of his wife, he plunged more deeply into the records of the past, and, leaving the present to run its own course, spending as much time as he did in his library and classroom, he was not very familiar

with his affairs at home, a situation which might reasonably be expected. After his wife's death, a sister had made her home with him, and to her he entrusted the care of his daughter. The girl was, even then, left largely to her own devices, and was usually permitted to have her own way. Under these conditions the child had developed into a young lady. She had also developed into a young lady with a decided will of her own, a fact which her father, to his sorrow, had discovered.

Within the last few months, however, the Professor had been a little more interested than usual in his daughter's affairs; he had noticed with disapproval her growing intimacy with Bruce Duncan, a senior in the college. Duncan was, decidedly, a fast young man. The son of a Chicago banker, he had wealth at his control, and used it. He studied little, attended his classes less, and, but for the influence and position of his father, would have been expelled long before. As it was, he remained; studied spasmodically; purchased an automobile; and lived about as he pleased. He had met Miss Raynalds at a reception, and had taken an immediate fancy to her. The acquaintance was continued; Duncan called often at the house, until the professor decided that the affair had progressed far enough. Consequently, the old man had called his daughter to the office, and demanded that she refuse Duncan the house. It was then that he received a genuine surprise, for the girl not only refused to do as her father commanded, but declared her intention to marry Duncan at the earliest opportunity. Professor Raynalds was perplexed. He was utterly at a loss what to do, and ended by doing what he generally did whenever he had a difficult problem—he laid the matter aside until he should have leisure to consider it more carefully.

As soon as the door had closed behind her father, Margery Raynalds seated herself at the desk, took pen and paper, and began to write. The note was brief and to the point. It read:

"Dear Bruce: Come over at once. I am alone for an hour and must see you on a matter of importance.

Yours,

MARGERY."

She placed the letter in an envelope, directed it, and, stepping to the door, summoned a boy who was playing in the next yard.

He needed no instructions, but took the missive and ran down the street toward the college. This was not the first time that the boy next door had been entrusted with a similar errand, and he was accustomed to exhibit the dimes and quarters to the children at school, who would listen open-mouthed while he boastingly told how he had earned them, "Carryin' love letters for Miss Raynalds."

During the next week Margery saw little of her father, for he was very busy preparing a lecture to be delivered before the Men's Club in the city, twenty-five miles away. All trivial matters were laid aside and temporarily forgotten in the more important task ahead. Margery was, then, in a measure, left to herself, and her affairs were put in the background as far as the Professor was concerned. Bruce Duncan called often and stayed late, but no one interfered. Margery certainly had no intention of obeying her father, in this matter, at least.

The night of the lecture arrived, and Professor Raynalds left his home to take the early evening train for the city. At that precise moment, all the Bruce Duncans in the world could not have succeeded in diverting his mind from the matter at hand. The Professor had a wonderful faculty of so concentrating his mind upon the subject under consideration that he was entirely oblivious of everything about him. It was at such times that his friends referred to him as absent-minded.

In such a frame of mind, he walked along until he reached the station. The train soon came and he climbed aboard. In a few minutes the twinkling lights of the station disappeared, as the cars sped away in the darkness. The next stop was at a junction, ten miles distant. At that point it was necessary to change cars for the city. When the train came to a stop, the Professor alighted from the car, and was soon left alone. His mind was turning back to his lecture again, when he became aware of steps behind him, and, turning, he saw the station agent approaching casually.

"Was ye goin' anywhere special?" he inquired indifferently. The Professor resented this attempt at familiarity and turned his back upon the official.

"'Cause if ye was," continued that undaunted individual, "y'd better start along, fer it looks like rain an' I'm goin' ter lock up."

"Indeed, sir, and may I inquire what business it is of yours where I am going? I do wish, however, that the train would hurry up."

"Train? Thar hain't no more trains to-night. Last one went at five-thirty."

"No more trains to-night! What—why—!"

"New schedule. Went into effect to-day. Seven-fifteen taken off. Next train for Pottsville six A.M."

"But, see here." The Professor's dignity was forgotten now. "I must get to the city to-night. I am the professor of a—"

"Don't care if yer th' old Harry; thar hain't no more trains to-night, 'n' I'm goin' home. Good-night, mister."

The man turned a corner and disappeared. The platform was deserted save for the one solitary figure pacing back and forth. The Professor's mood was a dangerous one; he cursed the railroad company for taking off the train; he cursed himself for not knowing that the train had been taken off; and he cursed the departed station master for his lack of courtesy. Taken altogether, he was a dangerous man to approach. He was ten miles from home, fifteen miles from his destination, and his lecture was due in thirty-five minutes.

In the midst of his gloomy meditations, he heard a loud "honk," and a big touring car swung around the corner a moment later. As it approached the station, an idea came into the Professor's head—a daring idea. Here was an auto going to the city, and why not— He stepped directly in front of the oncoming machine and lifted his hand. When the chauffeur had succeeded in stopping the car, the old man stood in the full glare of the blazing lamps. There was a smothered oath, followed by a quick exclamation.

"As I live—the Professor," ejaculated a deep voice. Mr. Reynolds, stepping around to the side, recognized with astonishment the figure of Bruce Duncan, and, beside him, shrinking timidly in a corner of the big seat—Margery. There was a moment of astonished silence, then—the deluge.

"Young woman, explain this if you can," was the stern command of her parent.

"Why, father, it means—why—you know—I—you—he—"

"Exactly. I, you, and he. This is not a grammar recitation, Margery. Mr. Duncan, perhaps you can justify your presence here."

"Certainly, sir. I have just bought a new touring car, and I wanted your daughter to judge its merits with me."

"Hm! It was a coincidence, I suppose, that you should choose, as the time for this trial, the very night that I was to be away. Mr. Duncan, this affair terminates your connection with Fairview College."

"Why, sir, you and I agree perfectly. That was just my plan exactly. This was to be the star act, the *grande finale*, eh, Margery?" He looked at the girl by his side. She blushed, but did not speak. Duncan continued, respectfully, "But, sir, if I am not presuming too much, I should like to inquire how you happen to be here at this forsaken place, with a storm coming on?"

The Professor drew himself up haughtily.

"That, sir," he replied, "is entirely my own affair, and is not the subject under discussion. What I want to know is, what are you planning to do with my daughter?"

"Presently, sir, we will consider that question. But just now I would like to ask if you are preparing to spend the night here, for we really must not delay longer. Margery's health, you know, is delicate."

"Young man, your insults to me this evening will not go unnoticed, I assure you. I have no intention of remaining here tonight. To be exact, I shall go to the city in this automobile, and, if you are wise, you will take me there without further parleying. Your conduct is disgraceful in the extreme.

"Indeed, sir, it grieves me to inform you that I cannot agree with you on that. You see, as this trip was arranged, provision was made for two passengers only, and, really, on such short notice—"

"What!" roared the Professor. "You refuse to take me; you defy me—*me*—do you know who I am, sir?"

"Perfectly. You are Margery's father, and, if nothing prevents, you will presently be mine, also."

The old man was fairly beside himself with rage. He leaped

toward the seat, but Bruce, suddenly starting the machine, threw him off.

"Father," began Margery, "please be reasonable. We are—"

"Silence, girl," thundered her father. "You shall answer for this night's outrage. You, who dared defy me in my private office; you—" The car began to move.

"Good night, Professor," called the mocking voice of Bruce Duncan. "I hope your lecture will be a success."

Professor Raynalds was a tactful man. He realized that Bruce fully intended to leave him there alone, and so commenced on another tack. With difficulty he brought his voice down to a pleading tone and called:

"Duncan, Mr. Duncan, surely you won't go away and leave an old man to suffer in the cold and rain."

The auto stopped and backed slowly. Margery spoke hurriedly to Duncan, who then addressed the Professor.

"Professor Raynalds, there is one condition on which you may ride with us. You probably know that your daughter and I have come here to-night for the purpose of getting married. We are going to get married anyway, but it would be pleasanter for us if we could have your consent. If you will give us your consent and blessing, I will get you in the city in time for your appointment, or as near to it as possible. If you will not do that, we must, I regret to say, go on and leave you to meditate and to study the beauties of nature, of which you are so fond. What do you say to that?"

"Sir," roared the Professor. "Do you mean to insult me? Approve of your marriage with my daughter! Never! Give you my blessing! Why, you young upstart, you—"

"Oh, well, as you please about that," and the car went forward slowly. The old man stood motionless in the street, his hatless head turned toward the disappearing automobile, his fists tightly clenched. He would not give in, no, never! The car went on and on—though slowly. Suddenly the fists unclenched, the head bowed. They were going to be married anyway, anyway. Why not—. He thought of the vast audience who were at that moment gathering, waiting for him, and he sighed. A single drop, the precursor of the coming storm, splashed on his bald head and

rolled slowly over his face. He stretched out his arms and took a step forward. The occupants of the vanishing car heard a faint shout, far behind them. The auto was at once stopped.

"Bruce," came the quavering tones. "Bruce, wait—wait a minute. I—I'm coming."

Bruce softly kissed the girl at his side and then reversed the motor.

"All right—father," he called back.

WHAT SHALL I BE?

THOMAS H. STACY, D.D., '76

What shall I be?

A lawyer, doctor, minister?

A teacher wise? Of industry

A knight? A holder of the land?

Or shall I dare to sail the sea?

What shall I be?

O be a man!

A man is more than title grand;

A man is more than president

Or king; for office held unmanned

Brings only shame and discontent.

O be a man!

The world needs men;

Men that cannot be bought or sold;

And men who honor God and self

Too much to wrong their fellow-men,

Or give their soul for sordid pelf;

The world needs men!

Then be a man!

You can be that, though not a prince

Or admiral. 'Twill satisfy

You in the end. Though fame dwells far

Away, life's real success lives nigh:

Then be a man!

THE VALUE OF PERSONAL STRUGGLE

GRACE JARVIS CONNER, '13

A man was walking once in a garden when he found a cocoon suspended from the limb of a tree. The thickly meshed silk of the chrysalis was broken along one side, and within it the man could see the captive moth laboring for its freedom. The opening in the cocoon was very small, and for a time the man passively watched the struggle that appeared so hopeless. Then he took his knife, and with careful fingers, enlarged the fissure. The beautiful great moth crept from its narrow prison and unfolded its gorgeous wings. Watching while they dried softly in the warm sunlight and took on faint, glorious tints, the man waited for the moment when the moth should rise in flight and float away among the leaves and flowers for its brief life of happiness. Yet he waited in vain; the great moth never flew. For that struggle within the cocoon, which had seemed so hopeless and unavailing, would have forced the juices from the moth's body into his wings and given to them the strength and power of flight. Nothing that the man was able to do could work this change within the body of the insect, for the struggle of the moth itself was all that could bring it to pass. The man, when he broke the fibres of the firm cocoon, did not realize what that individual effort meant to the laboring moth.

In the life of every man, also, there are present difficulties which only personal struggle can overthrow; not merely physical troubles, but mental problems as well. Into his life come troubles, from exterior sources or as a result of his own mind and habits, that no one can help him to surmount. It is his own ability to master the conditions in and around him, his ability to struggle alone, that gives him the power to rise and keep a high place. A minister may pray for a drunkard, and the man will remain a drunkard to the end in spite of prayers; there will be no change unless the man himself faces the difficulty and struggles with a steady, unwavering toil against his own sin.

Personal struggle is not a labor that occupies an hour, or even a year, of a man's life and then is over, lost, or won. It is a struggle that is never over as long as the personality re-

mains. However a man may be situated by character and circumstance, he may never safely leave the strife, for if he is not struggling ahead, he will be drifting passively backward. Nothing except the inanimate things of earth stand forever still; in the seasons of resurrection and life, the grass of the field, the flower of the lane, the tree of the forest, are either budding into bright promise or bringing their fruits to ripe maturity; they are never at a standstill while the season of animation is about them. If a man's mind is not expanding, it must be contracting. When a scholar lays aside his studies and ceases to add to the store of knowledge in his mind, he forgets and loses every day some of the treasure that he had hoarded away. As soon as the musician neglects his instrument, he deteriorates and soon loses his mastery over his art. The mind that does not continue to acquire, cannot continue to develop. The man who is not striving for that which is right and good, must be turning, voluntarily or indifferently, toward that which is unrighteous and evil.

In his life man struggles against the obstacles that stand in the way of his progress, and he struggles for the unattained things that mean to him advancement and strength. He strives against environment and hereditary or self-acquired curses. In his struggle against environment, against the vices of poverty or the temptations of wealth, he may be aided by circumstances and the help of associates, and yet on his own personality depends the degree of success which he attains. But his struggle against heredity and habit lies with himself alone. His salvation depends upon his own conduct and resolution, and help from without may result only as it did in the case of the moth, in weakening and crippling him forever. If a man abandons himself to vice and corruption, there is no earthly power that can save him, unless within himself comes a longing for nobler ways of life. Outward influences may move and inspire him, but they will avail nothing if the inspiration dies and the man is not stirred to deep and sincere effort. The man who strives to gain back lost self-respect and who relies on the aid of another man to help him attain it, cannot but fail in his desire and only lose his self-respect the deeper in the mire of his own shame. A man's self-respect cannot be won and restored to him by any other person

than himself. The crisis in the time of a man's moral temptation rests with the individual. If he wins in that time of temptation, he strengthens his personality and becomes so much the more a living force and power; if he fails, he loses individuality, and his ability to cope with himself and the forces about him that oppose and lower him. The man who struggles thus against temptations in every form and who struggles for the sweetest, purest things in life, though he may seem despised and scorned, a very weakling along men, yet wins among his fellow-beings a victory than which none is greater.

Two thousand years ago, in Behlehem of Judea, a child was born. His parents were humble, uneducated, and poor. He spent his youthful years toiling in a carpenter's shop. The century and the country in which he was born were degraded and evil to an extreme. The influence of Rome, with her wealth and her extravagance, her political and social corruption, was widely spread over the Rome-conquered world. The Cæsars ruled with merciless sword, and peace and purity in the world were lost, but the child of Judean birth grew to manhood apart from the vices of his fellow-men. He lived an upright life, in spirit and body pure. Temptations came to Him, not once in His life, but many, many times—temptations to sin against Himself and against God; temptations to gain wealth and fame and power over the kingdoms of the earth. But in His growth from youth to manhood, He had come to know the secret of His mission among men, and He knew that the power and strength of His influence lay with Himself alone. Only God could help Him, and in the hour of greatest trial even the voice of the Father was still, while the Christ endured His agony and won the salvation of the world upon the cross. While He lived, sinless and blameless in the midst of the world's impurities, He was scorned and despised by men. Only a mere handful of followers believed in Him and walked in the life which He showed them, and they could not help Him when His hours of temptation were upon Him. Around Him pressed a multitude of His enemies, full of hatred and fear and passion, striving to persuade Him to yield to sin and to glorify Himself in their eyes, holding temptation ever before Him. Christ did not win the victories over the sins that passed

before Him, without a struggle. Every temptation was overcome, only after bitter human strife against it, and His life was never free from temptation. In the garden of Gethsemane, He endured His last great agony of spirit and mastered the temptation to resist death. He had probably known all the temptations that come to man, and had conquered them as no other has ever done. And what did it mean? In Rome, Cæsar lay in the midst of luxury, uncounted wealth at his command, thousands of soldiers obedient to his word, and whole nations subdued and humiliated before him; and he laughed the gentle Christ and his work to scorn. In the world, both before and since that gentle life, great leaders have risen who ruled with sword and might, and united nations have struggled in an effort to bring change and peace. But has ever the work of man or nation equalled the work that Jesus wrought in His contest against temptation and sin? Was there ever a battle fought, ever a field strewn with dead, that had as widespread and enduring an influence as Christ's personal, unaided victories in His struggles? Is it hypocrisy and sentimentalism to say that His triumph was the greatest the world has ever known? We know that Christ was a sinless man. Living in the midst of earth's evils, He yet kept Himself pure and true. But the effect of that toil and agony was not on Himself alone, for countless millions since have been swayed by His years of righteousness and unswerving truth.

We cannot hope ever to be as Christ was, pure and white of soul, but we can grow more like Him with every hour of our unintermitting struggle against the temptations about us. We may toil through years of sorrow and scorn, until the labor is heavy within us, till our hearts are near breaking and the struggle seems all in vain; the many may scorn us and despise our gentle lives; but the few who love and know us, and the God who helps and leads us, are our reward for all those bitter years. We can never tell for what crises of life we are strengthening and nerving ourselves, but though the crisis never come, the character, the individuality is there, strong and true. We look to Christ and follow only Him, for in Him God has shown us the true value of personal struggle.

Editorial- STUDENT

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This first issue of THE BATES STUDENT presents to the editorial board the best opportunity to state the plan of action for the coming year. The monthly magazine will probably continue in nearly the present form, unless, by some favorable turn of fortune, we find it possible to start a weekly. The plan is to issue a weekly, very similar to those of other small colleges, and once a month issue a magazine number, combining the literary matter with the locals, alumni notes, and exchanges. It is thought by those interested that this is the wisest plan, for it permits no rivalry between the weekly and monthly papers. On the contrary, the success of one ensures the success of the other. The interests of the college demand a weekly. The need is recognized, and the management awaits only the favorable opportunity and the assurance of financial support on the part of students and alumni. The Board is ready to receive any communications regarding the matter from members of the Alumni.

The STUDENT is able to make an announcement at the beginning of the year, which is of very great importance to the college as a whole, and to the men individually. Arthur Glenn Cushman, A.B., has been secured as General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Cushman is a graduate of Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa, Class of 1908. In college he was particularly interested in debating and oratory. For two years he served as Y. M. C. A. General Secretary in Highland Park College, Des Moines, Iowa, and during the year 1910-11, he was the State Secretary of Student work in Iowa, having oversight of thirty-two institutions—preparatory schools, colleges, and universities. Mr. Cushman is well fitted for his work, and hopes to make the Y. M. C. A. a live, active organization. Every man who is in sympathy with the fundamental principles of the Association is expected to join. The Y. M. C. A. will be made, as far as it is possible, a mutual service organization. Its aim will be to find work for every man, and men for every kind of religious work, that is, to give every man in college an opportunity to do some social, gratuitous service. A social service bureau has already been organized, and the bureau, besides the work it has in the college itself, will endeavor to co-operate with and assist the Social Service Committee of the Men and Religion Forward Movement. The employment bureau, still in its infancy, has proved its right to existence by its work. An effort is being made to increase the number of men enrolled in Bible Study. The effort is being made, first, through co-operation with the Sunday Schools of the two cities, and then, by study groups in the college itself. Mr. Cushman is a man worth knowing, and it will be for the interests of every man in college to cultivate his acquaintance and friendship.

BATTLE-PRAYER

I would not seek escape from the dark hour
Of sternest battle—only, I ask power.
I make no selfish prayer unscarred to be
By any wound—but I ask victory.

—MIRIAM E. OATMAN, in *Oberlin Monthly*.



Local


Campus Notes

President George C. Chase left town on the afternoon of the eleventh, in the interests of the college.

On Sunday, December 10, Mr. Stanley R. Oldham addressed the Men's League of the Pine Street Congregational Church. He spoke upon the subject, "Work for Our Boys."

Dean Woodhull spoke to the young ladies, December 13, upon "Christmas Spirit."

Mr. Samuel F. Harms gave the young ladies a talk, January 10, on "The Need of Missions, and the Need of Mission Study."

The students and friends of Bates College are looking forward to a lecture by Booker T. Washington, to be given on the evening of January 26, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. This will be a rare opportunity to hear a remarkable man, and we should not miss the lecture.

Gertrude Cox, who, because of poor health, dropped from 1911, has entered 1912.

Lenora Webber, '12, is passing the winter in Florida.

Beatrice Jones, '13, who for some time has been ill with rheumatic fever, is again attending classes.

Dora Ferguson, '14, has been obliged, on account of illness at home, to leave college temporarily.

Rachel Irish, formerly of 1914, has returned to college, taking up her work with the class of 1915.

Charles N. Stanhope, '12, on account of nervousness and a bad attack of la grippe, has gone home for a while.

Owing to the serious illness of his father, Franklin Manter, '13, is at home.

Dr. Edith S. Davis spoke in chapel, January 12, upon "Scientific Temperance."

Wednesday evening, January 3, Prof. W. I. Thomas, of the Chicago University, addressed a large audience in the Main Street Free Baptist Church. Prof. Thomas' subject was

"Woman and the Race." He evidently believes in the equal participation of the two sexes in the strain of life, as thus he says woman will develop the most.

In Libbey Forum, Sunday afternoon, Jan. 14, Mr. Stanley R. Oldham gave an explanatory reading of Maeterlinck's "Bluebird." Mr. Oldham gave an outline and a brief description of the play, as he saw it presented in New York. He touched upon Maeterlinck's philosophy of life, which, briefly, is that life can become cheap and common only as far as we make it so.

In the Y. M. C. A. meeting, Wednesday evening, Jan. 17, Mr. Harms addressed the men on the subject, "College Loyalty." He presented the subject in an original and thoroughly interesting way.

The people of Lewiston enjoyed a rare treat **Musical Concert** in the concert given by the Bates Musical Clubs, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, December 11. The audience was appreciative of the quality of the selections, and showed their delight in hearty applause. Bates people are much gratified with the excellence of the Musical Clubs; they are the best that have ever represented the college.

December 13, The Mandolin, Banjo, and Glee **Musical Club Trip** Clubs started upon an extended trip through Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. Of the twenty-five men who took the trip many belong to two of the clubs or to three. Concerts were given at Portland, Me.; Rochester, N. H.; Merrimac, Mass.; Amesbury, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Plainville, Mass.; Medford, Mass.; Stoneham, Mass.; and Woburn, Mass.

The trip was highly successful, the clubs meeting with enthusiastic audiences at each stopping-place. It is seldom that as talented a group of students may be found representing a college. There is no better musical organization in the colleges of New England than that which represents Bates this year.

Much of the credit for the success of this trip is due to the skillful management of Leonard S. Smith, '12.

**Bowdoin-Bates
Concert**

It is hoped and expected that this year we shall again have a joint concert with the Bowdoin Clubs. Those who attended last year's concert will be looking forward with pleasure to another this year.

**Jordan Scientific
Society**

At the meeting of the Jordan Scientific Society, December 12, Mr. Arthur E. Morse, graduate assistant in the physics department, gave an illustrated talk to the Society on "Tanning." His descriptions and explanations were clear and instructive. The Society was much interested by his lecture. Carl T. Rhoades, '12, gave a paper, "Resources of Alaska."

The Society met in Hedge Laboratory, Jan. 8. A paper upon "The Evolution of the Gasolene Engine," was read by Enoch Adams, '13. Mr. Adams showed considerable knowledge of the history and construction of the modern gasolene-engine. Clair E. Turner, '12, also read a paper, "Horses, their Origin and Development." Mr. Turner gave a concise and clear account of the development of the horse.

Prof. C. C. Hutchins, of Bowdoin, is expected to address the society on the evening of February 12.

At a meeting of the Senior Class, Saturday, January 6, the Class Day speakers were elected. The Class Day exercises are to be held June 25. The election was as follows: Chaplain, Howard A. Welch, North Attleboro, Mass.; orator, Clair E. Turner, Harmony; historian, Mary E. Audley, Gorham, N. H.; address to undergraduates, Albert W. Buck, Orland; poet, Abigail M. Kincaid, South Portland; address to halls and campus, Clair V. Chesley, Auburn; prophecy for women, Donna L. Yeaton, Belgrade; class ode, Claramay Purington, West Bowdoin; prophecy for men, Fred H. Kierstead, Merrimac, Mass.; farewell address, Harry W. Rowe, Pittsfield; pipe oration, F. Alexander Nevers, Houlton; marshal, Walter E. Lane, Litchfield; Class Day Com-

mittee, Edward H. Fuller, Auburn; Leonard S. Smith, Shelburne Falls, Mass.; Ernest H. Brunquist, Hood River, Ore.; Minerva F. Dunlap, Bowdoinham; Mary E. Redman, Newport.

The Senior Class recently elected the staff for **The Mirror Staff** the class book, "*The Mirror*," for 1912. The staff is as follows: Editor-in-Chief, Clarence Chatto, Sargentville; society editor, Wayne E. Davis, Rochester, N. H.; athletic editor, Wm. E. Lovell, West Springfield, Mass.; statisticians, Albert A. Rand, Bradford, Mass.; Harry W. Rowe, Pittsfield; Hazel E. Howard, Lewiston; and Josephine Stearns, Norway; business manager, Leonard S. Smith, Shelburne Falls, Mass.; printer's devil, Paul M. Yeaton, Belgrade; artists, Belle L. Twombly, Reed's Ferry, N. H., and Clair V. Chesley, Auburn.

Post-Christmas Party The members of the Senior Class enjoyed a post-Christmas party, held in the gymnasium of Rand Hall, January 6. An interesting program was prepared, in which many of the class participated. After the program, Carl Bly, disguised as a messenger-boy, announced the coming of Santa in the person of "Rus" Cole. Mr. Cole delivered the gifts that had been prepared for each member of the class. Much fun was caused by the appropriateness, or inappropriateness, of the gifts. After the presentation of the gifts, refreshments were served and a social time enjoyed. The members of the class felt that a profitable evening had been passed, when they separated.

The committee of arrangements was: E. H. Fuller, Chairman; L. S. Smith, W. E. Davis, M. E. Redman, and H. E. Howard.

Y. M. C. A. Notes A reception was given Mr. Cushman, Saturday, December 9, by the men of the college. Mr. Cushman, as General Secretary, is taking an active part in building up the Y. M. C. A. and the men were desirous of showing their interest and appreciation. A short pro-

gram, in which the Mandolin Club participated, was given, after which refreshments were served and an informal social hour was enjoyed. Mr. Cushman has created a men's employment bureau, and endeavors to find work for all who apply to him. Thruout the two cities, Mr. Cushman is beginning "Men's Leagues" for Bible Study. The classes meet for a half-hour immediately after the church service. Wednesday evening, January 10, George C. Webber, of Auubrn, spoke to the Y. M. C. A. upon "Social Service." Mr Webber emphasized the importance of service among our fellow-men. He showed that Christians "should not be insulators, but carriers of the power direct from the dynamo, God," and that college men owe it to their country to help improve existing conditions.

There are meters iambic,
 And meters trochaic,
 There are meters in musical tone;
 But the meter
 That's sweeter
 And neater,
 Completer
 Is to meet 'er
 In the moonlight alone.

—Ex.

A good way to find a girl out—is to call when she isn't in.

Judge—"What is the verdict of the jury?"

Foreman of Jury—"Your honor, the jury are all of one mind—temporarily insane."

—Ex.

Old Gent—"I want to get copies of your paper for a week back."

Editor—"Hadn't you better try a porous plaster?"

—Ex.

He—"Don't you think I'd make a good football player?"

She—"I'm afraid you'd be penalized for holding."

—Ex.



Upon the resumption of work, after the Christmas vacation, the newly-laid, out-door track was found heavily coated with ice. The steady, cold weather has been inauspicious for clearing this ice away. Coach Lathrop, however, has a large squad at work in the gymnasium and on the track, and he is getting the men into shape for the B. A. A. Meet and the work of next spring.

Work upon the baseball cage has been actively going on. Soon the baseball squad will be working, under the direction of Coach Purington.

This year an innovation was introduced in athletic lines. A mid-winter mass-meeting was held in Hathorn Hall, January 4, in the interests of track work. Coach Lathrop, who is again with us, was the man behind the meeting. Eddie Fuller's band entered the chapel playing "*Alma Mater*." A. W. Buck, president of the Athletic Association, gave a short introductory speech, and then produced the first speaker of the evening, Captain Vaughn S. Blanchard, who urged the men to come out for track. Next, there came "the roast beef of the menu," Coach Lathrop. Coach Lathrop spoke about the prospects and hopes for the season, the material available, and our weak points. He especially emphasized the necessity of maintaining high rank in studies.

Other speakers of the evening were Daniel S. Dexter, '13; William H. Whittum, ex-captain and ex-manager of the Bates track team; Dr. H. H. Britan, who spoke of the benefits derived from track-work; Mr. Waldo Andrews, '11; and Frank Adams, manager of the track team.

William Lovell, as cheer-leader, got plenty of "pep" from the fellows. The mass-meeting filled a need. There is little in track work to attract a fellow in winter. The mass-meeting came at the right time to stir up the sluggish, and to turn out a good number of candidates.



1873—Hon. George E. Smith, chairman of the Harbor and Land Commission of Boston, has recently been chosen as a member of the Board of Directors of the Port of Boston. The sum of \$9,000,000 has been appropriated by the state for the development of the port of Boston, mainly for the construction of new docks.

1876—At the third annual meeting of the New England Baptist Conference, held in Boston, December 5, Rev. Thomas H. Stacy of Concord, N. H., delivered an address on "What Is It?"

1877—A book entitled "The White Isles," written by Hon. Franklin F. Phillips of Cambridge, has recently been published.

Rev. J. A. Chase has moved his business headquarters from Brooklyn, N. Y., to Cambridge, Mass.

1878—F. H. Briggs is one of the directors of the First National Bank of Auburn, Me.

1882—In *The Editor and Publisher*, for December 23, Frank L. Blanchard of New York City has an interesting story.

1885—The Bridge Teachers' Agency, of which C. A. Scott is proprietor, has secured for graduates of Bates 335 positions, at salaries from \$2,300 down.

1887—Professor Herbert E. Cushman's book on the history of philosophy is used as a text-book in more than sixty colleges and universities of the United States and Canada.

1894—Rev. A. J. Marsh, of Auburn, who has been away from his church on leave of absence to recover his health, is much improved. It is expected that he will soon resume his duties as pastor.

1896—News has just come to the East of the death in California of Isaac P. Berryman of the Class of '96. Everyone in college in the nineties knew and loved "Pidg" Berryman. He came to Lewiston from Canada and fitted in the Latin School. In college he made his own way and did well in everything in which he interested himself. He was one of the mainstays in the

box for the baseball team through his whole course. None of us will ever forget the game he won from the University of Maine, played throughout in a driving rain, or the great game he won from the University of Vermont, when their team was one of the strongest in New England. After graduation he engaged in the real estate business in Boston until forced by illness to go to California. He made a brave fight for life for the sake of his wife and five small children. His memory is very dear to the men who knew him.

RICHARD B. STANLEY.

Dr. Ralph Thompson, of St. Louis, has been in Lisbon, called there by the serious illness of his mother.

1900—Rev. Richard Stanley Emrick, with his family, has arrived in this country on furlough. For nine years he has been working in the American Board Mission at Marden, Eastern Turkey. Mr. Emrick occupied the pulpit of Grace Church, South Framingham, on New Year's Sunday. It is hoped that he will address the Bates Christian Associations some time during his stay in this country.

Bessie Cole, of Guilford, spent a few days in Lewiston at Christmas time.

1901—Lincoln Roys is Superintendent of Schools of Port Jervis, N. Y.

1902—The Class of 1902 held a reunion and dinner in Boston, December 13, for the purpose of making plans for their tenth reunion at commencement next June.

1903—George E. Stebbins, Esq., and Miss Miriam Tenney, formerly of the Class of 1906, were married, December 31, at Southbridge, Mass. They will make their home in Swampscott, Mass.

1904—On November 30, Miss Mary Louise Haskell, of Portland, was married to Guy L. Weymouth of Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Weymouth will be at home at Belmont, Mass, after February 1. Mr. Weymouth, a graduate from Bates, '04, is connected with the Boston firm of Stone and Webster.

The following is taken from a letter received by the STUDENT from Earl C. Lane, of Changsha, Hunan, China, bearing the date, November 27:

"Our city has been very quietly taken over by the revolutionists, who have since been sending thousands of recruits to the front at Wu Chang, where the outbreak started. The troubles in Sechwan were not started or controlled by the revolutionists."

Mr. Lane's contract being completed, he will return at once to Berkeley, Cal. He expects to pass the Christmas holidays with friends in Tokyo, and then to return via Honolulu.

Another Bates graduate, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, 1906, is at Foo Chow, Tokien Province, where there was much fighting.

1905—The engagement has been announced of Miss Alberta Louise Ford, of Abington, to Meredith C. Williams, Bates, '05, of Framingham, a teacher in the public schools of Haverhill.

1906—On December 2, a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Allan, of Augusta, Maine. Both Mr. and Mrs. Allan are Bates graduates

Wayne C. Jordan, of Newport, N. H., and Miss Florence E. Rich, of Roxbury, Mass., were married, December 26. W. R. Redden, of the same class, was best man at the wedding.

1907—Rev. Harold I. Frost and Mrs. Frost (Mabel Schermerhorn, Bates, '08), reached Calcutta, November 16, after a visit of fifteen days in England. They are now located in Khargpur, where they will assist in the English church work. "Khargpur is said to be the finest railroad center in India. The houses have electric lights and fans, and there is a city water system, with excellent water. The streets are well made and are kept clean. They are lined with trees, which have a beautiful foliage at this time of year."

1908—Herbert G. McCool holds a position in the Wentworth Institute, Boston.

Miss Eva C. Wentworth, who is a teacher in Austin-Cate Academy, Strafford, N. H., while in Boston during the holiday vacation, fell, and received injuries, which have prevented her from resuming her work. Her condition is, however, much improved.

1909—The wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Lancaster, of Washington, D. C., was held on Christmas night at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bartlett, of

Auburn. Mrs. Lancaster was formerly Miss Amy E. Bartlett, of the Class of 1909.

Percy H. Booker is teaching in the High School at Gardiner.

S. E. Cook is teacher of mathematics in Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vermont.

W. A. Crommett is principal of the High School, Shirley, Mass.

W. H. Martin is principal of the High School at Goffstown, N. H.

1910—Charles Harold Peasley is teaching in the science department in Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, N. H. He spent the holidays in Lewiston.

Clarence Paul Quimby was in Lewiston during the holidays.

1911—Miss Drusilla Townsend is teaching in the Milo High School.

Miss Mary P. Wright, who has been teaching mathematics in the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, has been obliged to resign her position because of ill health.

Lewis W. Howard is working for the Uaialua Agricultural Company, Ltd., Uaialua, Oahu, T. H.

Walter E. Matthews, who has been principal of the Bowdoinham High School, has been obliged to resign his position because of illness. His position has been taken by Clarence W. Lombard.

The engagement of Miss Lillian Charlotte Jose, of Portland, to Roy Merrill Strout, of Steep Falls, has been recently announced.

Miss Rita M. Cox has been at her home in Lewiston for several weeks. The Institute at Lyndon Center, Vt., in which she is a teacher, has been closed.

Miss Pauline B. Chamberlain, Miss Emma Curtis, Lawrence W. Damon, Waldo Andrews, and Sidney H. Cox, have been recent visitors at Bates.

The date of the 27th annual banquet of the Bates Alumni and Alumnae of Boston and vicinity is February 9, at Young's Hotel, Boston. President Chase and Professor Stanton are to be present.



CHRISTMAS

A world-worn soul in choking night doth grope,—
 Sin's blinding blackness stifles,—but afar
 There gleams the slender lustre of a star,
 And 'neath it, swaddled, lodges new-born hope.

—JAMES A. CROTTY, in *The Holy Cross Purple*.

THE SUMMER SEA

The sea lies sleeping. Soft its bosom's rise
 And fall, as of a child, that, having cried
 And fretted out its weary day, now rests,
 The frowning face smoothed out; and now
 It smiles, as though an angel whispered "Peace."

—*Williams Literary Monthly*.

In the December number of *The Buff and Blue*, are articles well worth reading, concerning Christmas giving, those who stay behind at college during the Christmas recess, our Christmas neighbors, and the everlasting gift. These, together with two Christmas stories, give a distinctly Christmas tone to the magazine.

The *Vassar Miscellany* has its usual number of excellent stories and essays. "Stratagems and Foils" is a pleasing story of a little girl who, always longing to share in the affairs of "grown up" people, takes it upon herself to discourage the attentions of a young lawyer to her aunt by telling him of another man to whom, as she says, her aunt is engaged. She makes the humorous assertion, "Once when Aunt Caroline and Philip Post were first engaged—a long, long time ago" (this in a careless

tone), "there was another man who tried to make Aunt Caroline like him better than Philip—I finished him!"

The December number of the *Amherst Monthly* contains a good essay on "Socialism and Young Men." In concluding the essay the writer says: "Perhaps this is enough to show that Socialism is not so remote from the rational and practical after all. It isn't "queer" to be a Socialist. For a thoughtful young man going into the world to do something for the cause of fraternity, equality and justice, Socialism is the most natural thing in the world. It is new in this country; has not yet the dignity and prestige of numbers. But it is true in its appeal; and it demands young, intelligent, and earnest souls."

The *Amherst Monthly* also contains excellent comments on current books and drama. Such a department by careful treatment may be of value to any college magazine.

"Current Poetry in the Magazines," an essay in the *Boston University Beacon*, is well worth our notice.

Yale has graduated 26,313, of whom about 16,000 are now living.

A—"Over by the river the other day a man made a grave mistake."

B—"Who was that?"

A—"The sexton."

Date of the revival of learning—just before exams.

Too many "wells" make a dry time.

Statistics recently published in the "Tech" show that more than 200 students or graduates of 85 other college institutions entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology last fall.

The Michigan Athletic Association has a membership of 13,000 men.

The Texas A. C. M. football team claimed to have the heaviest team in the country; the line, including ends, averaged 205 pounds; the team as a whole averaged 202 pounds.