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BATES STUDENT

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VOL. XL

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FRIENDS

ROXANNA ELIZABETH SPILLER, '12

Fred Latour had been on the G. & A. for five years, the last three of them as an engineer. He pulled a regular freight from Barton to Gilmore, and had aspirations to something higher. Every day, as Maxwell, on the flyer, passed him, he wondered when he would have an express himself. Latour was known as a nery runner, but not too careful. He was a genial fellow, well-liked, and popular with all who knew him, but, nevertheless, he was remarkably reserved in regard to himself. This had been brought about by a series of circumstances. Fred had been an only child; his father had died when the boy was still in his teens, leaving him to the care of his mother to whom he was the center of the universe. She was a quiet, reserved woman, austere, even, to all except her boy. He had been brought up in a small town, having almost no companions of his own age. He inherited his father's genial humor, but it was combined with his mother's reserve, and the latter quality was made stronger by his close association with her. Because of this natural reserve, Latour made very few close friends, although he had hosts of acquaintances. In fact, his only really intimate friend was a youngster, who was thoroughly devoted to the engineer.

Albert Sinclair had just entered High School; he had but three objects in life, to keep his school rank high enough so that he might play on the baseball team, to take care of his mother, and, eventually, to become just such an engineer as his friend, just such a one as his father. The father was working for a northern road, having been blacklisted on the G. & A. at the time

of a strike, a number of years previous. The boy had not seen his father since the latter had left home, but from his memory the lad had kept an exalted idea, both of his father and of his father's profession. These ideas had been furthered by his acquaintance with the young engineer. Bert haunted the yards whenever possible, in order to become better acquainted with his beloved engineer, and, in fact, almost made himself a nuisance at times, with his questions and investigations. It was because of this that Latour, who really loved the railroad, was drawn to the boy. The young engineer was frequently invited to the boy's home. An intimacy sprang up between the two, amounting almost to adoration on the boy's part, and to more than a brother's feeling on Latour's side.

Bert was already planning his life as an engineer, when the great strike came. There had been trouble between the company and the men before, and for a long time the difficulties had been growing more frequent and harder to settle. At length the crash came. Every union man on the G. & A. went out. It was a typical strike, no worse and no better than such demonstrations usually are. Some property was destroyed by the strikers, with the result that all but the oldest and best engineers who had struck merely because they were union men, were blacklisted. Fred Latour was among those who were not taken back. Whether or not he had actually destroyed property was not clearly proved, but in those days the company was not careful in regard to blacklists. Searching for another position, he wandered northward, working now for this road and now for that, but not remaining long with any. In the course of a few months he was working for the P. & W. He liked the road fairly well, and, consequently, did not wander on so soon as he had formed the habit of doing.

It was in an autumn when the P. & W. was doing a rushing business, extra freight being pushed through as often and as swiftly as possible. One afternoon MacLawin, the master mechanic, called Latour.

"I want you to take the Ten Fifty-five to Sandstone, wild," he said, "and come back as a double-header with Second Forty-five."

"What's my orders?" asked the engineer. "Do I go straight through?"

"If the Flyer is on time, you ought to meet the first section at Gloucester."

Latour accordingly prepared for the run; then he went to the office for his orders, which were, to leave Freemont at 6.10, to meet the Flyer at Gloucester, and from there to run straight to Sandstone, if he could reach there before 8.15, the time when First Forty-five, which was a few minutes late, would probably leave.

At precisely 6.10 Latour pulled out with the Ten-Fifty-five, wild. He sped along through the early November twilight, his blood throbbing in time with the pulsing engine beneath him. Darkness settled slowly over the yellow-brown fields and the dark plowed lands. In due time Gloucester was reached. The Flyer, five minutes late, flashed by, a fiery meteor rushing into the black night. Latour calculated that he would have time to reach Sandstone before 8.15, so he pulled out again. As he drew slowly by the station, the operator swung on with orders.

"Going to give me a clear track," asked the engineer, jokingly.

"Sure," replied the operator, as he sprang off.

The engine hurried on, eagerly. Swiftly they flew over the shining steel pathway, the headlight seeming to forge a path for itself in the darkness. There were no night operators at Vandalia and Rindgemere, the last two stations before Sandstone. As he flew past, the switch lights seemed to laugh at the engineer, and the single white light above the station gleamed like a mocking eye. About a mile east of Sandstone there was a covered bridge, standing in the middle of a curve, on both sides of which were thick woods. As Latour passed the crossing just before the bridge, he thought he heard a whistle. He peered from the cab window, but could see nothing. As the train rushed through the bridge and around the curve, the engineer caught sight of the headlight of another engine. Instantly he closed the throttle, threw on the air, and pulled back the reverse, but the two engines were so near that no human power could prevent them from meeting. The freight cars be-

hind the other train buckled, toppled, and fell over on the high bank beside the track; the cabs of the two locomotives were crushed and twisted as if by a Titan's hand; the wild hiss of escaping steam filled the air. Latour's fireman had jumped and was found half-way down the embankment, a broken leg doubled beneath him. Latour himself, by some freak of chance, was thrown to the opposite side high on the grassy turf at the top of the bank. The crew of the freight hurried up at once, but they reached the spot only in time to rescue the fireman of the freight. When they had pulled away the débris where the engineer lay, he was dead.

In a few hours all traces of the disaster were removed. It was proved that the train dispatcher, and not Latour, was to blame. So far as the latter was concerned, the incident was ended, although he could never forget the terrible scene.

Three days later, as he walked into his room, Latour was startled to see a figure by the window, but when he perceived that it was young Sinclair, the surprise turned to joy.

"Hullo, Bert," he cried, "mighty glad to see you, old fellow. Why didn't you let me know you were coming?"

The expression of sorrow in the boy's face stopped his eager questions.

"My father was killed up here the other night," said Sinclair. "I had to come. Didn't you know? He was running under the name of Upton."

Latour's face grew suddenly white. He had not known that John Upton was John Sinclair.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I knew about it; but I didn't know he was your father."

"I'm glad you're here," went on the boy, "it seems as if I couldn't have borne it among strangers. And—if you can,—I don't want to meet the man who did it. I couldn't stand that."

The engineer's hand shook as he turned to fumble with some papers on the table. But what was the use? The boy would find out anyway.

"But," he said, huskily, "I'm the man."

The boy's expression changed to one of stony horror. He walked slowly to the window and looked out over the railroad

yards at his feet, over the shifting trains, over the roofs of the city, to the dull, gray sky. Then, turning, he walked slowly, unsteadily, toward the door. The eyes of the engineer followed him in a mute appeal for mercy; but the boy walked on, across the hall, to the room where his father's body lay.

For many minutes the engineer remained in the same dejected attitude. Finally, he also walked, slowly, heavily, to the window, and stood looking out. The sight of a long express pulling in, roused him. He was due at the round house in a few minutes. From force of habit, he put on his cap and jumper, and left the house.

The events of that day are like a dimly remembered nightmare to him. Then, the only thing of which he was conscious was a dull, aching darkness weighing like lead upon his heart. At last the run was over. As he went back to the house, his face haggard and drawn, as from terrible physical suffering, an overwhelming sense of his own loss, and of the sorrow he had caused his friend, came over him. But it was a suffering beyond tears, or any ordinary expression of grief; it was a leaden weight, beating upon his heart and soul, shutting out every power of thought or reason.

As he stepped into his room once more, his half-dulled senses scarcely perceived the figure sitting by the window. The boy rose.

"Hullo, Fred," he said, striving painfully to force a cheerful note into his voice.

The engineer could only stare at the unexpected apparition. A strange fear seized the boy.

"You aren't going back on me now, are you?" he cried.

For an instant longer Latour made no reply. Then he half-whispered, a faint hope dawning in his eyes, "But—can you—forgive me?"

The boy's head went back bravely, but his voice trembled as he answered: "There is nothing to forgive; it was not your fault; father was an engineer and he would understand. Fred," his voice broke, "if we are really friends, nothing can separate us, can it?"

He made a half-step forward, holding out his hand. That of the engineer clasped it firmly.

THE VOICE OF THE SOUL

MARGUERITE EMMA LOUGEE, '13

I hear a voice exceeding rare.
 It fills the silence ev'rywhere;
 It speaks to me in wondrous tone,
 Until its thoughts become my own.

It lifts me close to realms above;
 It fills my heart and soul with love;
 It guides me on my heav'nward way,
 And turns the darkness into day.

O still, small Voice, abide with me,
 In life, in death, still speak to me!
 O call me from beneath the sod,
 And lead me upward to my God!

MAINE WEATHER

AMY LOUISE WEEKS, '13

Maine weather! One not acquainted with the joy of this prominent feature of Maine's charm would hardly think this subject particularly interesting or fruitful. But what a feeling of joy, not unmixed, however, with sorrow, passes through the mind of a person who has summered and wintered in Maine!

Perhaps the long, drowsy, smoky purple days of autumn may be the first to greet the new arrival. He glories in the harmony of the yellow-brown trees, or the radiance of the scarlet; he tramps the highroad, or dreams away the sultry afternoon on some gently rippling lake; he thinks, in his ignorance, that this is the much discussed Maine weather

Then, one morning, he peeps from his window to see the ground fast whitening, and large, delicately cut snowflakes floating down. This is merely one more of the happy surprises.

"Bur-r-r What can be the matter with that furnace?" he asks himself, some mornings later, as he climbs shivering into his dark, icy room.

"Fine winter morning! Just a tinge of frost in the air," he hears outside his window.

"Well, rather," he comments inwardly and hugs the radiator.

It doesn't sound the least bit cheering when a neighbor kindly remarks, by way of encouragement, that it is only fifteen below, lots colder coming." He determines to start for sunny climes on the next train, but there seems to be an unconscious fascination in this new department of the Weather Bureau. It is cold, of course, but one could put on three or four extra sweaters.

The "cold snap" may continue for a fortnight or even longer, but suddenly, without the least warning, the weather changes its mind, a gentle, drizzling rain begins, the water in the streets runs in rivers, umbrellas jostle one another on the corner, and woe betide the man who is caught with one of those extra sweaters—and no rain coat.

"Nothing but a January thaw," is the gracious reply to the puzzled questioner, and he immediately decides that a "December freeze" is the thing most desired by the community in general.

The snow begins to depart, fairly runs away to hide its face in mud, as if ashamed to be seen in such fine, warm, spring weather, although it is only the first of March. Sleights fast disappear and enterprising automobilists spatter through the deep mud, trailing oozy ruin in their wake. The old settlers shake their heads and murmur "more snow," but the new arrival laughs at their ill-timed croaking and decides to buy a new spring suit the next day.

Next day, every back yard appears a miniature fairyland. The boughs of the trees are bent low, old picket fences are pearly, glistening white, and a tiny diamond quivers on the tip of each bush twig. "New Arrival" humbly wades off down street with tears in his eyes, and a handkerchief in each hand, but while cursing his cold, he cannot but admire the beauty all about him.

The early spring predicted is rather tardy in showing its much desired face. Hot days and cold days fellow each other at irregular intervals. Summer hat and fur coat, muff and linen

suit hobnob in the ice-cream parlor. The new arrival is nearly ready to depart from the joys of this life when spring, the real, the long-looked-for, bursts upon him. The birds begin their conventions in the fast-budding trees; the painter and carpenter drum up trade; and the milliner looks expectant. Everything sings the glad tidings that spring is here.

Who can find fault with the Maine summer, that thing sought for from east and west, north and south. The pleasures of this God-sent season can never be described by mere words. Let the "doubting Thomas" try it. To be sure. Maine weather is varied, but he who knows it best would not change its unexpected treats for the placid sameness of any southern sea.

SUNDOWN

JAMES FRANK HILL, '14

The hard-fought field is lost; brave men lie low,
Swords strew the ground and pikes, the pagan foe
Howl o'er the dead like vultures o'er their prey,
The night wind stirs the pines, and, far away,
Ghosts of the slain arise in white mist-floe.

The white-plumed banks roll up, rise, and fall back
To rise again, the stilled, cowed pack
Watch, terrified, the column's slow
Approach. Look! See! The afterglow
Has cast a crimson halo o'er the rack.

BURR'S ILLUMINATION

CHARLES N. STANHOPE, '12

With a "bang!" followed by a "Whirr!" ending in a shriek, as the brakes stopped the wheels, Burr Frostworth bounced out of the car, bluing the air with his opinion of a spark plug that would go wrong when a fellow was in a hurry.

Below and around him twinkling lights showed that night was settling down, and little by little they formed a familiar outline

which he had not seen for two years. The curse on the head of the old ferryman, who had misdirected him, was forgotten as Frostworth realized that he had come upon Bronson, his old college town.

Since early afternoon Burr had been trying to straighten out the tangle of unfamiliar roads, with the result that he now found himself miles from Ware, and the directors' meeting within only two minutes of the place he had fought against seeing again. Fate had removed him from the chance of buying some oil property, and now it could take him down into the city and find amusement for him.

A new plug set the engine sputtering triumphantly again, and soon Frostworth was coasting down the hill unmindful of pedestrians and other street ornaments. Supper, at a farmhouse some miles back, had satisfied his hunger. So the passing cafés had no temptations for him and he let the car take him where it would.

Now and then he overtook groups of animated and excited people, all hurrying in the direction of the college. From bits of their conversation he learned that the annual campus illumination was in progress and realized that of all days this was most inopportune for his visit.

Rapidly his mind travelled back two years to the time when he had last witnessed the fête, and when Snell, his old roommate, had been a member of the graduating class. An impulse to turn and flee from the scene of unpleasant memories seized him, but the longing for the old place was too strong, and he continued on his way.

Skilfully dodging and escaping other cars, he worked his way down the midway and came to a stop within a short distance of the raised platform.

Almost before he realized the fact, chairs, sofa pillows, and human beings had completely filled the ground about the car, and Burr found himself hemmed in from every direction.

Simultaneously with this perception, a stir was heard, as three people pushed their way into the mass and sat down perilously near the left mud guard of Frostworth's car.

He did not have to guess as to the identity of one of the three, for he well knew the distinctive outline Dorris Martin

made, in the feeble light. She was a rare type, and the only person who could come so near him to-night.

Feeling secure in the depth of the machine and the shadow of the trees, Frostworth made no move to change his position. It was indeed a kindly fate that had drawn them into each other's presence, though unknown to either, and Burr could not withdraw. There could be no harm in basking in the pleasure of being near her again, and so, settling down comfortably among the cushions, forgetful of the band playing on the pavilion, and the other people about him, he waited for the sound of her voice.

It was not she, however, who broke his stillness, for good Mrs. Martin asked if Burr Frostworth had not been, at one time, a member of the present graduating class.

Burr was rather surprised to hear the answer that came at once from the Professor, "Yes, Frostworth should be here to-night, and it is a sad thing that circumstances rule otherwise."

Mrs. Martin was quick in her retort, "I hardly see how you can accord any virtue to a fellow who had the baseness to do as that fellow did, to get his degree. Anyone who could steal examination papers could abscond with anything. I, for one, am glad the scapegoat is not here."

And so, thought Burr, the old Prof. lets me live, the Mrs. thinks me a scapegoat, but—well, the rest of the family will keep its opinion to itself, I hope.

In a lull of the orchestra, the Professor was speaking again, "I fear, my dear, that you draw your conclusions from off the surface, just as too many others do. Some of the possibilities in this case were not considered, and too little time was given to looking up both men."

"Was someone else concerned, Daddy?" Dorris quickly asked. "You said 'both,' you know."

"No, dearie, you misunderstood me," he replied, but she knew she had heard aright

"I don't see why you people concern yourselves so much," was Mrs. Martin's contribution. "I venture to say that wherever he is, he leads a hand-to-mouth existence," and Burr smiled pityingly.

Again the Professor was speaking, not heeding his wife's

opinion. "Somehow I did like the fellow in spite of his daredevil spirit. I am sure he was the one who told Davidson that *aqua regia* would make a good mouth wash, but then, Davidson never knew anything, anyway."

"You're a wise old gazook," thought Burr, "but you might have put some of your admiration on my rank bills."

"I could hardly agree with the rest of the faculty in sending him away, but I suppose his own confession should have been enough to convict him," the Professor went on. "You remember, perhaps, the fellow Frostworth roomed with. He was graduated two years ago. The two fellows were alike in some external respects, but very different in others. It always seemed to me that Frostworth pitied his roommate and championed him. He needed a champion, for the fellow never seemed to have anything but a wishbone."

"You may also know," Mr. Martin continued, "that Frostworth's only living relative was a cousin to whom Snell was engaged. There was nobody depending on Burr, but everything for Snell's family hinged on whether he got his degree that year or not. His people were poor and the position the 'A.B.' assured him would make them comfortable for life."

"Didn't the two fellows do some regular work in the faculty building, Daddy?" Dorris questioned.

"They alternated janitor work and had keys to all the rooms," her father answered. "You know the rest of the story as well as I do."

"Well, then, don't bore me with it," her mother cut in. "Here you are, talking about a man without family, name, social position, or wealth, as though he were the greatest lion. I am glad he was removed before Dorris was entirely captivated by his coarse eccentricities."

"The papers were found in Frostworth's desk, weren't they, Daddy?" a sweet voice bored on.

"Yes," answered the Professor, "and what use a Sophomore had of a bunch of Senior examinations, wrapped around two old Sophomore papers, is more than I can guess. It leads me astray."

"More than one thing is straying to-night," commented Burr to the palm of his hand, as a big fellow shouldered himself into the Martin triangle and sat down between Dorris and her mother.

"Oh, Mr. Southy!" Dorris acknowledged, "Daddy and I were just speaking of Mr. Frostworth. You remember him, don't you? He used to be a member of this class."

"You mean the fellow who pinched the golden papers?" Southy drawled.

"It was Burr Frostworth of whom we were speaking," Dorris retorted in a tone which said, "If you can't talk decently, you had better think," and turned to her father.

"Come, come, Dorris," Mrs. Martin interjected, quite unmindful that she herself had introduced the subject. "We've had enough of this. Let's hear something interesting. Mr. Southy, are you still oiling the country?"

"If he does much longer," thought the man in the car, "he'll have to water his well."

"You flatter me, Mrs. Martin," Southy replied. "I can scarcely say that my oil flows so freely as that, and, now, since a turn of affairs this morning, I have become confined more closely to my old territory." Southy never lost an opportunity to pour an oily tale of his woes into Mrs. Martin's ear and the present one seemed most favorable.

"Pray tell us what has happened," encourage dhis listener. Dorris and her father were engrossed in their own conversation.

Southy plunged at once into his trouble. "This evening I received a telegram from my foreman, saying I had been outbid today in some valuable oil property adjoining mine. This is the third time the same thing has happened to me during the past two months, and I am afraid I shall have to go West to give the matter my special attention." Just what his "special attention" would amount to, it might be difficult to say.

"If the fellow would come out in the open and fight on the square, I would soon do him up," the would-be-oil-magnate assured her. "I know who is plotting my ruin, but I am not quite ready to give him that information yet. When I do strike, I can easily say I am oiling the country."

"When *you* give any information, you will be oiling wheelbarrows at a dollar and a quarter a day," mused one of Southy's hearers. "You don't know nitro-glycerine from basting cotton."

"It must be great to be in such control!" Mrs. Martin exclaimed. "Doesn't it make you feel as though you were really doing things?"

With this encouragement Southy lost discretion and let himself lick at the dish of defeat he had set before his oil rival.

"Two weeks ago, I was West to look after affairs. I'd never had much faith in my foreman, for he never seemed to have more than a wishbone." Dorris and her father turned to listen.

"Somehow or other he had got hold of the plans of an invention that, he says, literally will boil the oil out of the ground," Southy ran on. "I didn't ask any questions, but I am pretty sure it is the same thing that the man, who outbid me to-day, gave up a short time ago because of lack of money."

"Isn't it a pretty serious thing to claim another's invention?" Dorris questioned. "I should hesitate about claiming it, I think."

"Oh, yes," Southy answered easily, "but the owner can't prove anything, and, besides that, isn't it a pretty serious thing to set fire to another man's well? He did that to me, and that is only one of the many underhanded things he's done to work my ruin."

"He set fire to an oil well and endangered lives as well as property!" Dorris exclaimed excitedly. The man in the car said to—nobody in hearing—"Some day, Baby Doll, you'll learn to be careful with matches in the oil country, and then you won't be starting a smudge that later will fire your own well."

Then, as the concert ended and people began to rise, Dorris turned to her father with, "Come Daddy. We've been mistaken. I hate such a man as that!"

"Hate away to your heart's content," said Burr, as he sprang out to light his lamps, "but I'll bet my pipe against Southy's signature that my oil will light you upstairs before long"—which may or may not have meant more than one thing.

A familiar exclamation made Dorris turn just in time to see a face, full in the glare of one of the lamps, as Burr strove to light another match in the breeze. Only a moment did the face remain in the light, but that was sufficient. She saw a sneer and a firm set jaw under snapping eyes that told her a good deal. Dumb with realization of what his presence meant, so near, where he surely must have heard everything, chagrined by her own words, she felt more than ever the valley between them. She would have called out, but no words came to her lips, and, astounded, she heard him swallowed up in the darkness. A moment she stood, looking into the blurr of twinkling lights from whence came the sound of his engine, diminishing in the distance. But she knew where the underhanded man stood.

(To be continued)

Editorial- STUDENT

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History is in the making. The history of Bates College is being made. Year by year the progress of the college is plainly marked in many ways. New buildings are being erected, the campus is being improved, the number of students increases yearly, and the number of loyal Bates men, who have left these halls of learning to represent her in the world, is also increasing. Newer and greater privileges are coming to the men and women who, in future years, will come to this institution to continue their education. Our progress means their advantage. Our efforts toward the betterment of the institution mean increased privileges for them. The recent appeal of President Chase to the students for help in furthering his plans, gives each Bates man or woman a great privilege. We can be building opportunities for those who come after us, and can have the satisfaction of knowing that we have had a share in a work that will endure.



Local



Fredrika Hodgdon, '12, and Ellen Libby, '14, have accepted positions as teachers for the present term of school.

Amy Weeks, '13, has been appointed instructor of a course of English Literature which has recently been opened to the girls of the Young Women's Home in Lewiston.

Rachael Sargent, '14, has been selected to fill the vacancy in the Latin department of Hebron Academy, caused by the illness of the regular instructor.

Charles N. Stanhope, '12, has returned to college, much improved in health.

Franklin Manter, '13, has also returned.

C. I. Anderson has been elected Freshman member of the Student Council.

Donald Howe, '15, has been obliged to leave college for the remainder of the year, due to the sickness of his father.

E. L. Saxton was recently elected president of the Class of 1915.

Faculty Notes

President Chase returned Wednesday, January 24, from a short trip to Boston and New York. He was not with us for long, however, for he left Lewiston again, January 30.

Owing to the recent small-pox scare in the cities of Lewiston and Auburn, Miss Birdseye, Instructor in Bacteriology, has given several very interesting lectures on the small-pox germ and experimental inoculation.

Dr. H. H. Britan recently spoke at a meeting of the Boys' Work Group, on the topic "The Religious Concepts of a Boy."

Sunday, January 21, Dr. Tubbs spoke to the College Men's Class, at the Pine Street Congregational Church, on "The College Man and the Bible." Dr. Tubbs is to lead the class for the remainder of the year.

The librarian reports that Dr. Britan's book, "The Philosophy of Music" is very popular among the patrons of the Lewiston Public Library.

The Monday Evening Mission Class, of Senior girls, is now conducted by Mr. Cushman.

**Bates-Bowdoin
Joint Concert**

The joint concert of the Bates Musical Clubs with the Bowdoin Clubs has been arranged to take place here in Lewiston. The exact date has not been settled upon, but probably the concert will take place on the evening of March 8. This concert will be one of the best opportunities ever known in New England to hear the unusually excellent musical clubs of two colleges giving a joint program. As far as can be ascertained, Bates and Bowdoin are the only two colleges in the country to give a union concert. Those who attend will surely feel well repaid.

Day of Prayer

The Day of Prayer for Colleges and Schools was appropriately observed. Each class held a prayer meeting at nine-fifteen in the morning. At ten o'clock Rev. E. T. Bell, associate secretary of the Congregational Foreign Mission Board, delivered an address to the students and visitors in the Chapel of Hathorn Hall. He made a strong appeal for all to live the life of service, to become "International citizens," aiding in the uplift of the world.

In the afternoon the Y M. C. A. held a brief service, led by President Chatto.

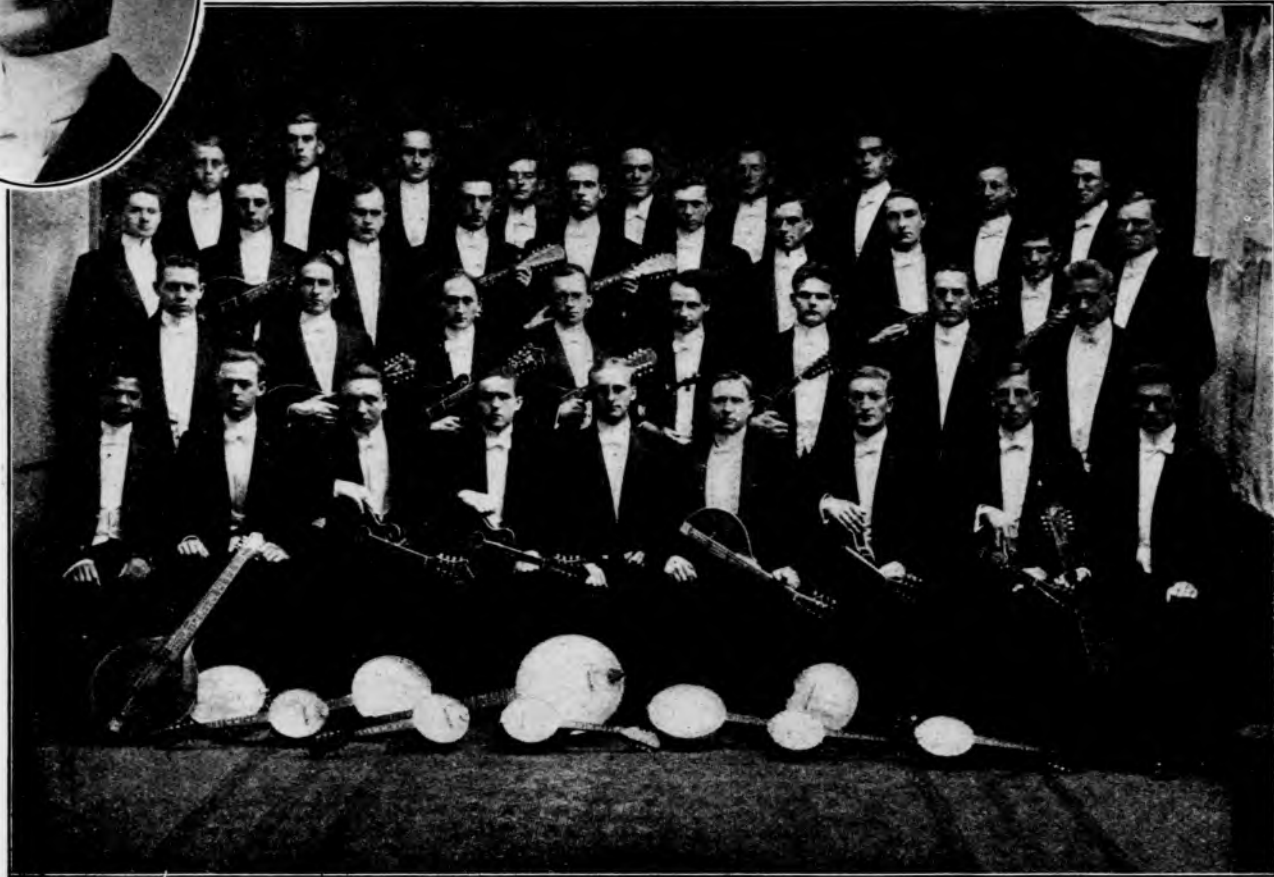
Dr. H. P. Woodin spoke at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A., January twenty-fourth, on the topic, "Why a Day of Prayer in the Colleges?"

Mission Study classes are being organized to take the place of the Bible Study of last term. The two divisions of Freshmen girls will be in charge of Miss Rideout, '12, and Miss Purington, '12. Teachers for the other classes have not yet been chosen.



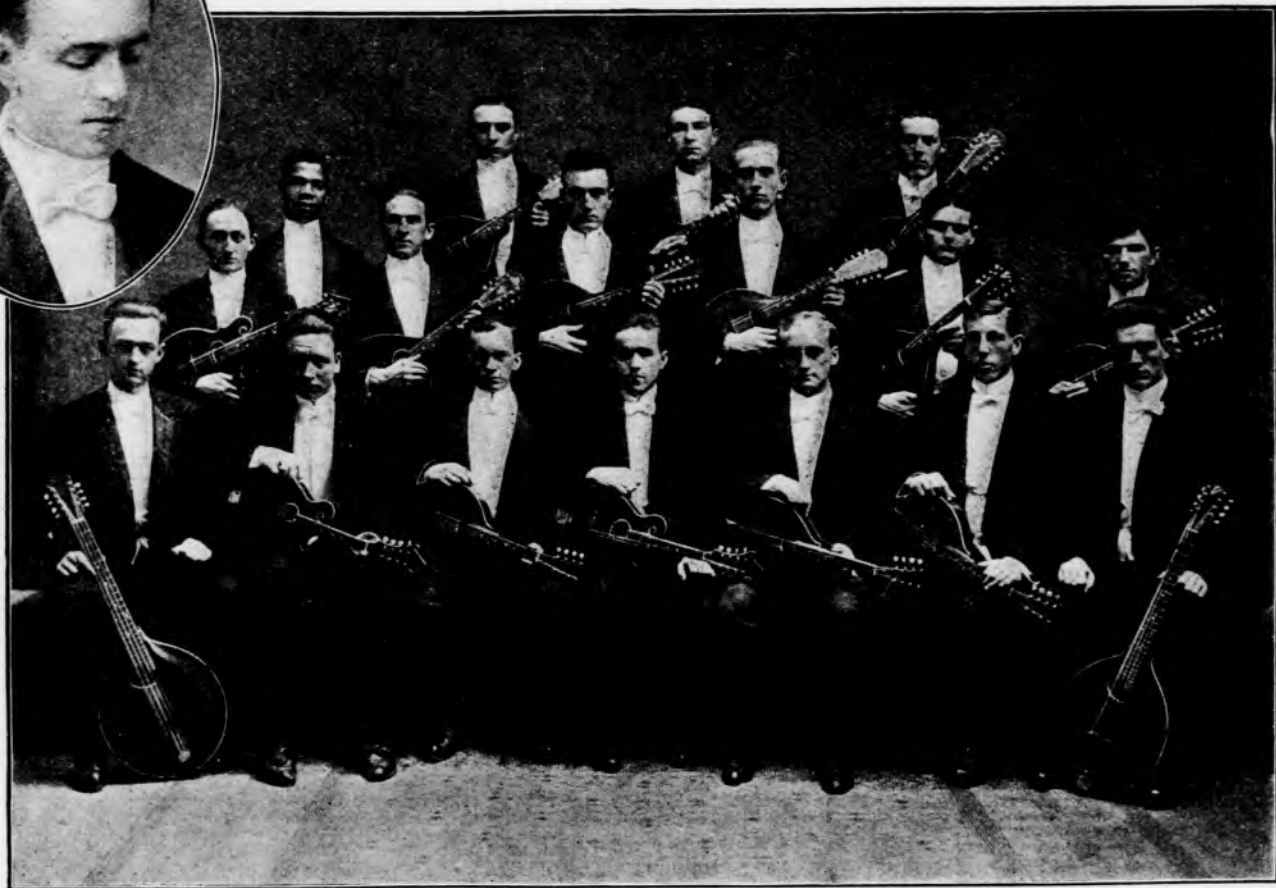
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MANDOLIN CLUB

Y. W. C. A. Entertainment

Saturday evening, January 20, an entertainment and social was given in Fiske Room, Rand Hall, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. The Program consisted of selections by the orchestra, a violin solo by Miss Birdseye, and a farce entitled, "The Modern Sewing Society," by thirteen young ladies in appropriate costumes. After the entertainment, a social hour was enjoyed in playing games. Home-made candy was for sale, and the proceeds materially increased the amount secured for the Silver Bay Conference.

The Girls' Glee Club has been entirely reorganized this year. The number of members has been reduced to twenty. Mr. N. L. Mower of Auburn, has been appointed musical director. The girls are doing excellent work under the leadership of Ada Rounds, '12, with Edith Macomber, '13, as assistant.

The Girls' Mandolin Club is under the direction of Fredrika Hodgdon, '12, with Ruth Morey, '14, as assistant. Much of the material is new, but the girls are practising diligently, and there is every indication that the joint concert in the spring will be one of the best in the history of the clubs.

**Jordan Scientific
Trip**

On the afternoon of January 18, the Jordan Scientific Society, with Mr. Warren Watson, graduate assistant in Chemistry, enjoyed a trip through some of the industrial works of Lewiston. The men left Hedge Laboratory at one P.M. and walked to the bleachery. Here they were shown through all the departments, the processes of which Mr. Watson explained. From the bleachery the Society proceeded to the Androscoggin Cotton Mill and were conducted through this. They went next to the city gas works, and from there to a shovel handle factory. More practical knowledge of these industries was thus gained than could have been secured in any other way.

At the next meeting of the society Mr. Watson gave a résumé of the trip, and explained points which before had not been made clear.

**Girls' Student
Government**

The officers of the Girls' Student Council for the present year are: President, Evangeline Redman, '12; Vice-President, Donna Yeaton, '12; Secretary, Claramay Purington, '12; Treasurer, Bessie Hart, also of 1912. The Girls' Student Government at Bates has always been made up of boards of government from each of the dormitories, all under the head of the Student Council; but this year one more board has been added. At the suggestion of Dean Woodhull, an association of all the girls living at home has been formed with Jessie Alley, '12, President; Margaret Dickson, '13, Vice-President; Marion Sanborn, '14, Secretary; Executive Committee, Hazel Howard, '12, Grace Conner, '13, Clara Chapman, '14.

**New College
Chapel**

All the friends of Bates were glad to learn of the gift of \$50,000 to the college for a chapel. The college has long felt the need of a more commodious building. President Chase was unable to be at the annual banquet of the Stanton Club, but sent a letter from which the following extract is taken:

"Last night I sent to our College Treasurer the \$50,000 required for the erection of a college chapel. The building is to be of granite and the experienced and well-known architects that are to plan the structure and oversee its erection, Messrs. Coolidge and Carlson of Boston, are a guarantee that it will be worthy of its sacred purpose. The name of the giver is by earnest request withheld for the present. Let us thank God and take courage to go on in securing funds to secure us our much needed gymnasium and a substantial addition to our endowment."

**The Sophomore
Prize Debates**

The Sophomore prize debates were held January 20-30. Following are the questions and the winners of each question:

I. *Resolved*, A constitutional amendment should be secured providing for the election of senators by direct vote of the people.

Won by Flora Marion Lougee, Lewiston.

II. *Resolved*, For the State of Maine high license under a system of local option is preferable to prohibition.

Won by James Roy Packard, Monmouth.

III. *Resolved*, The principle of the indeterminate sentence and parole should be applied in the treatment of all convicted criminals in Maine.

The prize was divided between Elsie Elizabeth Judkins, Kingston, N. H., and Etta May Rowell, Concord, N. H.

IV. *Resolved*, Laborers in the United States should be insured against unemployment.

Won by Herbert W. Hamilton, Brockton, Mass.

V. *Resolved*, Arbitration for the settlement of industrial disputes in the United States should be made compulsory.

Won by Helen Jane Downs, Riverhead, N. Y.

VI. *Resolved*, A material reduction in immigration into the United States is desirable.

Won by George Charles Marsden, Auburn.

The judges of the debates were Rev. Charles H. Temple, Professor Chase, Mr. Oldham, Messrs. Cushman, Rowe, Wayne Davis, and Grindle.

The committee of arrangements was as follows: Charles E. Hadley, chairman; Karl D. Lee, and Edna W. Pierce.

Emeritus Professor J. Y. Stanton presided.

The six best debaters of the class were chosen as follows: Helen Jane Downs, Riverhead, N. Y.; Flora Marion Lougee, Lewiston; George Charles Marsden, Auburn; James Roy Packard, Monmouth; Donald Barrows Partridge, Norway Lake; and Arthur Elwood Tarbell, Lisbon. Nicholas Andronis, Springfield, Mass., and William George Tackaberry, Lewiston, were chosen as alternates.

Wednesday evening, January 24, the **Kanz Salmagundi Party** Klan, an organization composed of fifteen young ladies from the Sophomore class, entertained guests in the Gymnasium, Rand Hall, at a Salmagundi party. Progressive games were played and prizes were offered to those obtaining the highest score by winning the most games for the evening. The first prize for girls was awarded to Miss Neal. The first prize for boys was won by Mr. Leavitt. Mr. Mathews secured the booby prize. Those present were Misses Fowler, Blethen, Neal, Smalley, Sturtevant, George, Pease, Tib-

betts, Mowry, Chase, Pierce, Sylvester, Sanborn, and Dunham; and Messrs. Parker, Keaney, Lee, Manter, Partridge, Morgridge, Tabor, Hamilton, Eldridge, Cox, Leavitt, Tomblen, Small, and Mathews. The chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Cushman, Mrs. Roberts, and Mr. Harris.

**George Colby
Chase Lecture**

Friday evening, January 26, Dr. Booker T. Washington addressed a large and appreciative audience in the Pine Street Congregational Church. This was an unusual opportunity of hearing one of the leading Americans of to-day talk about the great work which is being done towards solving one of the most serious of the many problems before the American people. Dr. Washington gave some details of his own life, a few words on the condition of the Negro race in America, and then spoke of the great need among his people in the South. He made clear what a man might do, by giving examples of his own success under difficulties.

**Intercollegiate
Debates**

Definite arrangements have been made with Colgate University for a debate to take place in Lewiston sometime in May. There will also be a debate with Clark College, to be held in Worcester, during May.

**New
Apparatus**

A new set of assaying furnaces and a steam bath have recently been added to the equipment of the Chemistry Laboratory.

Freshman Party

The girls of the Freshman class enjoyed a social evening at the gymnasium, Saturday, January 27. Much fun was caused by the odd costumes of several of the young ladies. The evening was spent in marching and in playing games. Refreshments of punch and fancy crackers were served. Dean Woodhull was a guest of the class for the evening.

Library at Rand Hall A library has been started at Rand Hall for the girls to use in their leisure hours. Fifty volumes have already been given. An Encyclopedia, an Unabridged Dictionary, a Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, volumes of Longfellow, Tennyson and Browning, new novels, standard fiction, essays and descriptions of travel are all greatly desired. Will friends who have books to give please send them to the Library Committee, Rand Hall, Bates College.

Waseca Concert The men's Musical Clubs on January 18, gave a concert at the Waseca Club's Ladies' Night. The clubs were well received by an appreciative audience. The unavoidable absence of the leader, Fred H. Kierstead, '12, and of the violinist, Hubert Davis, '12, was regrettable, but for all that, the concert was a success.

New Books Psychology of Education James Welton; Introduction to Psychology, R. M. Yerkes; Builders of United Italy, R. S. Holland; Historical Research, J. M. Vincent; Daniel Boone and the Wilderness Road, H. A. Bruce; Reading References for English History, H. L. Cannon; Cambridge Modern History, v. 1-6, 8-9; Growth of English Industry and Commerce, William Cunningham; The Coming of the Friars, Augustus Jessopp; Martin Luther, the Man and his Work, A. C. McGiffert; Readings in American Federal Government, P. S. Reinsch; Intellectual and Political Currents in the Far East; Philosophy of History, S. S. Hebbard; purchased from the Bates Fund.

Forest Physiography, Isaiah Bowman; Manual of Determinative Mineralogy, G. J. Brush; Earth Sculpture, James Geikie; Text-book of Geology, ed. 4, Archibald Geike; Text-book of Mineralogy, E. S. Dana; History of European Thought in the 19th Century, 2 v. J. T. Merz; Evolution of Plants, D. H. Scott; Text-book of Palaeontology, 2 v. K. A. von Zittel; from the Geological Department.

Christian Thought to the Reformation, H. B. Workman; Osiris and the Egyptian Resurrection, 2 v. E. A. W. Budge; Oriental Religions and Roman Paganism, Franz Cumont; Introduction to the Life of Christ, W. B. Hill; Biblical Geography and History, C. F. Kent; Religion of Israel, Alfred Loisy; Dawn of Mediterranean Civilization, Angelo Mosso; Problem of Freedom, G. H. Palmer, Christian Faith and the New Psychology, D. A. Murray; Studies in Chinese Religion, E. H. Parker; Arts and Crafts in Ancient Egypt, W. M. F. Petrie; Talmud, New Edition, edited and translated by M. L. Rodkinson, 10 volumes; from the Divinity Library.

Florence, Charles Yriarte; Leonardo da Vinci, Adolf Rosenberg; Botticelli, Ernest Steinmann; Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics, H. R. Marshall; purchased by the Library.

New England Society Orations, 2 volumes, presented by the New England Society of the City of New York; What to Eat and Why, George C. Smith, presented by the author; The Pilgrims, F. A. Noble, presented by the author.

After September 1, 1912, all students at Yale will be required to room in dormitories.

The Aeronautical Society of Williams, is considering the purchase of an aeroplane. The sport is rapidly coming to the front at different colleges.

Friends of co-education will be interested in the statement of Miss Angie C. Chapin, acting dean of Wellesley College. She says that college girls get married late in life, and since they know their own wants, they do not get married rashly. The girl who is old enough to come out of college, has passed the frivolous age and knows herself. When such a girl marries a man of her own age, it bids fair to be a union in which the temperament and aims of both parties will be conducive to an unbroken relationship. The divorce mill, therefore, whose continual grinding brings disgrace to our country, gets little grist among the girls who are college graduates.



The Bates track team, under Manager Frank C. Adams, '13, was represented by seven men at the Boston Athletic Association meet held February 10, in Mechanics Building, Boston. The men who went were Captain V. S. Blanchard, '12, 45-yard high hurdles; G. H. Gove, '13, shot-put; W. R. Kempton, '13, high jump; and the relay team running in the following order: Captain C. A. Dennis, '13; C. R. Thompson, '13; W. A. Baker, '14; W. P. Deering, '13.

Captain Blanchard, running for the B. A. A., won second place in his first trial in the 45-yard high hurdle race. In his semi-finals he handily captured first place, with a time of 6 1-5 seconds. However, in his final heat he was caught asleep on the mark, and was left behind at the report of the pistol.

The relay team was defeated by Colby, whose men running in order were: Good, Reynolds, Small, and Bowen. Good barely passed Dennis on the last corner. Thompson, in attempting to pass on his last corner, stumbled and lost several yards. This lead was so increased in the next relay, that it was impossible for Deering to make up the distance.

Baseball practice for the Freshmen started January 18. A goodly number of candidates are working daily in the cage, and there is promising material evident. Under the instruction of Coach Purington and Captain Griffin, a fast team should be developed.

Of late years the interest in track athletics has been increasing. Bates has steadily mounted in ability and results attained. Other colleges are now recognizing this. Within the present management, the University of Maine has suggested an Inter-

collegiate cross-country run between the four Maine colleges, to take place next fall; Brown University, of Providence, R. I., has been written concerning a cross country run between Brown, Bowdoin, University of Maine, and Bates; Holy Cross has expressed a desire for a dual meet with Bates this spring; and Trinity College, of Hartford, Conn., has also written concerning a dual meet. Here is opportunity enough to broaden our intercollegiate relations, and at the same time to give our men valuable training for the Maine Intercollegiate Meet and the New England meet, in which we compete annually.

It has been rumored that we were to have a dual meet with Bowdoin. Bowdoin at present has not as strong a track team as is usual there, and so would not prove a hard enough proposition for us. It is not by easy winning that a fast team is developed. The grinding, continual struggles are those that tell in the end. We will hope for a dual meet that will give us our hands full, that will help put us into shape for the more important meets of the season.

In New York City there has been organized an intercollegiate bureau of occupations, which is in reality a superior sort of employment agency. This is the outgrowth of an effort made by the members of the New York alumnae organizations of eight leading women's colleges, Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Cornell, Mount Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley. It deals only with the higher grades of specialized service, and aims not only to secure congenial occupations for exceptionally equipped women, but to supply employers with a more intelligent and responsible class of workers, in this way creating a demand for the specialized service which can be secured only from women who have been well educated and mentally trained. It opens a new field to college girls, besides teaching. The moving spirit of the venture, Miss Mary Van Kleeck, a Smith graduate, is president of the bureau; Mrs. Charlotte J. Farnsworth of Wellesley, an authority on vocational and social training for women, is vice-president; Miss Ethel Stebbins of Cornell, is secretary; and Miss Antoinette Putman-Cramer of Smith, is treasurer.



1873.—At the meeting of the National Education Association in St. Louis, Feb. 27-29, there will be a report of the Committee on the Culture Element and Economy of Time in Education. President James H. Baker, of the University of Colorado, is chairman of this committee.

1877.—Franklin F. Phillips has presented to the Chemical Laboratory an excellent Troemmer balance, especially adapted to work in assaying which is to be taken up as a new course this semester. This generous gift is highly appreciated.

1880.—Rev. Francis Little Hayes has accepted the pastorate of the California Avenue Congregational Church, Chicago.

1882.—Frank L. Blanchard has prepared a valuable series of "Lectures on Advertising," which he will deliver before merchants' associations, boards of trade, industrial organizations, clubs, schools, and colleges.

1883.—Rev. William H. Barber is pastor of the Methodist church in Glassport, Pa.

1886.—Professor William H. Hartshorn was a guest at the Stanton Club banquet, held at the Congress Square Hotel, Portland, February 2d.

1893.—Professor G. M. Chase was the principal speaker at the meeting of the Bates Round Table, held at the home of Professor and Mrs. Pomeroy, Feb. 1st. Professor Chase's subject was "The Golden Age in Legend and Literature."

1894.—We quote from the *Morning Journal Courier* of New Haven, Conn., issue of Jan. 22: "At the Grand Avenue Congregational Church last evening a large congregation assembled to listen to a very interesting and instructive address by Mr. Sherman I. Graves, principal of the Strong district, on the slogan, 'Remember the Child.' This has been adopted as the slogan for the district, by Principal Graves."

The following is an extract from the address. "Education to-day is overdone. Subject after subject, has been added, regard-

less of the real need of the child. The expert in his subject has overworked, or attempted to overwork child mind, and child mind rebels against the treatment. The word 'educate' has almost come to mean 'learn.' I am going to discourage the use of the word 'educate' and substitute a better, which is 'nurture,' meaning to train up with a fostering care like that of a mother. The fostering care of the intelligent mother is a true standard for the teacher in the school."

1898.—Rev. Thomas S. Bruce, head of a school for colored people in Suffolk, Virginia, was in Lewiston at the time of the lecture by Dr. Booker T. Washington and spoke briefly before Dr. Washington began his address. Mr. Bruce is working with great self-denial. He has not received a salary for ten years.

1899.—Rev. A. B. Hyde of Bangor, addressed the Sebec and Exeter Conference at Milo, on January 20.

1901.—Rev. Elwyn K. Jordan has accepted a very desirable position as Special Y. M. C. A. Secretary for a district of five towns along the Hudson River, in Dutchess County, N. Y. His headquarters are at Poughkeepsie.

1905.—George G. Sampson, who received the Master's degree at Clark University last June, in the Department of Political and Social Science, is studying in the graduate school of Political Science at Columbia University. During the past three years he has been teaching in Smith High School, Worcester, Mass.

1906.—The *Lewiston Journal*, of January 29, quotes the following written by the state secretary of county work in New Hampshire, referring to the work of Wayne C. Jordan.

"One year of county work in New Hampshire has demonstrated its value as a leading force in the community. Our first county has, by its work, converted the skeptics. With a budget of \$2400, eight points were organized, with a total enrollment of two hundred and fifty fellows. All are enrolled in Bible Study and thirty have joined the church.

"Besides this, five hundred boys and young men have been engaged in the activities of the Association. In the words of a leading citizen of the county town: 'The Association has done more for the young men and boys of this town in the last year than all the local organizations have done in five years.'"

1907.—Robert L. Heminway, who is in business at Rochester, N. Y., recently made a short visit to the college—the first since his graduation. He hopes to attend the fifth reunion of 1907 next Commencement.

Guy V. Aldrich, State Secretary for the Student Department of the Iowa Y. M. C. A. work, is having excellent success in his work. In a very successful campaign at Pennsylvania College, he was one of the two leaders.

1908.—Daniel R. Hodgdon is Head of the Department of Sciences, City High School, Passaic, N. J.

Leroy B. Fraser is taking a course in Mechanical Engineering.

John S. Carver is principal of the Limestone, Maine, High School.

1909.—John T. Wadsworth is a student in the Georgetown University Law School, Washington, D. C.

1910.—The engagement of Stanley E. Howard and Ethel Mae Chapman has been announced.

1911.—Charles R. Clason is a student in the Georgetown University Law School, Washington, D. C.

Mary Waldron was in Lewiston in January.

BOOK REVIEW

The White Isles. By Franklin F. Phillips, a graduate of Bates, Class of '76. Published by the C. M. Clark Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50.

This is a pleasing story, whose scene is laid on the Maine coast. The story centers mainly about two boys, Perth Clayton and Michael Dunleavy, and most of the incidents of the story are concerned with their struggles for an education. The story deals with the life of the country people, and an ingeniously interwoven thread of the narrative presents a plan for the betterment of the conditions of country life. The fortunes of the priest, Father Neilson, are followed by the reader with keen interest. His simple, helpful, self-sacrificing life inspires the highest degree of respect for the man, and the pathetic ending of his career accords with the spirit of his entire life. In marked contrast with this, the two boys are so successful in their efforts that their story ends very pleasingly.



The January number of the *Brunonian* shows excellent variety in its contents. "The Female of the Species" is a story of strong emotion and is strongly written. It treats of a sculptor who, inspired by his love for a beautiful woman, puts his whole soul into the shaping of a marble image which is the very personification of Beauty and Purity. He is suddenly brought to realize that his ideal is as faithless and evil as he has believed her true and pure. In a wild, overwhelming rage he changes his marble image into a fiendish personification of Evil and Hate. The work is his masterpiece. It takes such a powerful hold upon him that his ideals are shattered and his character ruined, and as the story ends we find him in Africa living with the lowest savages. The story is injured by the too tragic ending. The reader feels that the writer has exaggerated the effect of the shattering of the artist's ideals and has reduced his hero to too low a condition.

The *Sibyl*, Elmira College, has one interesting story, "The Lady of the Dimple." The magazine has too few stories and essays in proportion to the size of the magazine.

"The Traitor," in the *Williams Literary Monthly*, is a very successful story. The writer describes the situation in vivid terms and does not overdraw the tragic element. "Reveille" in the same magazine is an amusing sketch.

Th *Sepiad* might be improved by the addition of one or two good lively stories. A few poems also would be a valuable addition to the contents of the magazine.

NIGHT'S WORLD

The breath of flowers is in the night—
 Who knows what gracious blooms lie hid
 Close in the forest's heart all light
 With moon-streaks pale, or yet amid
 The moon-flushed meadows wide?

Canst feel the hidden life of things?
 The sleeping things that flit or fly;
 The many moths with folded wings
 That on protecting tree-trunks lie?
 The fear-swift squirrel asleep?

Night's world lives in the dark and grows,
 Vines push their tendrils on along
 And up; flowers reach; the quick stream flows;
 Birds' throats stir with the unborn song;
 —Night dreams to-morrow's joys!

—JULIA COOLEY in *Vassar Miscellany*.

SHADOW AND SONG

How soft and still the shadows are!
 How dear the old, old songs
 At shadow time, when lights are low
 And myriad memory throngs
 Come drifting in from out the past.
 With faces blest of love and light,
 That shone for me a while ago.

Ah, eyes that weep all through the night,
 And breast that throbs within me now,
 Be still, and wait, and love, and trust
 That somehow, in the shadow time,
 Beyond the day of wearied life,
 You'll sing again the old, old songs,
 And mingle with the old love throngs.

—WILLIAM L. STIDGER in *Brunonian*.

TO A WILD ROSE

Oh, thou sweet gift of the gods to men!
 Divine smile fettered to this world of sighs!
 Though only roadside dust as incense rise
 At thy sweet shrine, again and yet again.

Thou flingest to the beauty-famished world
 A fragrant alms. When bright Aurora wakes
 And fain would find a token, in the brakes
 She casts a kiss—and lo! a rose unfurled.

—DURAND HALSEY VAN DOCEN.

Williams Literary Monthly, November, 1911.

SHADOWS

Mooncast, upon the smooth, paved road the shadows lie,
 Leaves interlaced with leaves, sprayed by the branched elms,
 Stillness in motion suspended,
 Whispers in silence caught,
 With shadows the day is ended,
 Phantoms of that day's thought.

—ELIZABETH HUGHES HOLLOWAY, 1913.

Vassar Miscellany, November, 1911.

Bowdoin has entered a three-cornered debating league of which the other members will be Wesleyan and New York University.

The honor of having the largest "co-ed" enrollment among co-educational institutions, is claimed by the University of Nebraska with 1785 women students.

The Glee Club of the U. of Wisconsin took a trip along the Pacific coast during the Christmas vacation. The trip was made in a private car at the cost of about \$6,000.

The institution of a chapel at the University of Wisconsin is advocated as a solution of some of the problems with which the university has to deal. The chapel service is urged because it is believed that it would instill dignity into the life of the student body. Over-emphasis is now laid upon dramatics and military drill and tactics, and the classroom work is acknowledged poor. Some vital source of inspiration is needed to overcome their inefficiency in oratory, debating, and athletics.

Here and There

A STUDY IN WORDS

You cannot cure hams with a hammer.
 You cannot weigh grams with a grammar;
 Mend socks with a socket;
 Build docks with a docket;
 Or gather up clams with a clamor.

You cannot pick locks with a pickle;
 You can't cure the sick with a sickle;
 Pluck figs with a figment;
 Drive pigs with a pigment;
 Or make your watch tick with a tickle.

You can't make a mate of your mater;
 You can't get a crate from a crater;
 Catch moles with a molar;
 Makes rolls with a roller;
 But waits may be caused by a waiter.

You cannot raise crops with a cropper;
 You can't shave your chops with a chopper;
 Break nags with a nagger;
 Shoot stags with a stagger;
 Or pop to a girl with a popper.

—*Clipping.*

It is said that men are capable of loving two or three simultaneously, but that women love tandem, even though they change teams often.

Heard in chemistry last year.

“That was a bang-up experiment—the one Miss W— was doing when the apparatus blew up.”

Sixty-one students were sent to this country the past year by the government of China. They have not gone as formerly chiefly to Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, but to different colleges. There are sixteen at the University of Michigan, thirteen at the University of Wisconsin, eight at the University of Illinois, five at the Colorado School of Mines, five at Cornell, three at Purdue, three at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, two at the University of California, two at Harvard and one at each of the following: Michigan College of Mines, University of Virginia, Columbia and Johns Hopkins University.

"Are you going to college or simply to classes?"—*The Collegian*.



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LEWISTON, MAINE

The Storm

JUNE ATKINSON, '12

The sun grows dim; the sky is overcast;
Dull mutt'rings break upon the startled ear;
A deep, weird gloom pervades the atmosphere;
Brown leaves, blown o'er the meadow, scurry fast;
The air is rife with rumblings, hoarse; the vast
Winds wrestle with the tempest, while the mere
Moans loud; fierce hurls the lightning his sharp spear,
Then, lo! the sun bursts forth, the storm is past.
So, often in the calmness of a life
Do bitter, chill misgivings stir the heart
And clouds of passion blacken overhead,
Till all the wild emotions are in strife;
But hope beams forth to soften sorrow's dart;
The seething tumult of the soul has fled.