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BATES STUDENT

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THE MAN TEST

LAWRENCE C. WOODMAN, '14

Among divers topics of discussion in Platville, was the breaking-off of the engagement of Herbert Palmer and Julia Ross, and a later topic was the "cause," which turned out to be the post-master's son. But the latest and most sensational bit of news was the carryin' on of the disappointed one—Palmer had been seen drunk.

"Hev ye heerd, Mandy, erbout Zeke Palmer's boy gettin' full er hard cider over tew Hime Langley's t'other day?" inquired Martha Jane Slocumb of her companion, as they walked slowly home from the post office. "It do beat all what them as are disappointed in love'll do."

"Yes, I've heerd, Martha," responded the Widow Jones. "It's a shame, too. Herb wan't er bad sort neither. P'r'haps the boy'll settle down in time, 'nd do better. Lige Caldwell's boy a likely enough young man, but it's my opinion that he ain't no better'n Herb Palmer, 'nd Julie Ross'll find it out so; you see 'f she don't. The boy's not all bad."

Palmer, weeding in the garden just behind the high stone wall, inwardly resolved that the Widow Jones' confidence in him should not be without foundation.

The thought that he had lost Her, whom he had loved so much, had been more than he could bear, and, like many another youth, he had been moved to deeds not worthy of himself. He had struggled as bravely as he knew how to conquer that inherited love for drink which had never until lately been brought out, but his struggle had not been strong enough. The man in him

had not yet asserted itself. He wondered if it ever would. Since that bright June day, when the sun had risen amid the singing of birds and had gone out of sight in clouds, thru which he could glimpse no "silver lining," the necessity to struggle always on and to struggle right had not been brought home to him. The words of the Widow Jones were good to hear—good, even if a little painful. He thought of her uncomplaining struggle for existence since the death of the last of her kin. He had never heard her murmur. In fact, her chief object in life had seemed to consist in lightening the burdens of others, and in elimination of self when conscience demanded. Herbert Palmer resolved to make his struggle real.

Winter came and went, and the young man stood, for the most part, true to his resolve. Several times he had faltered a little—especially at the sight of Her arm-in-arm with Willis Caldwell. Gradually, in spite of everything, he felt that he was losing his grip on himself. He could not go on in this way forever—seeing *them* every day.

Then came his chance. Palmer was not patriotic, at least, he had never given patriotism any especial thought, but when the flag was fired upon, he somehow felt a strange, new, man-making spirit rise within him. Freedom and Right needed champions and he had no excuse to slink away. Besides, he would probably have a chance, amidst the hardships, to forget. Then he would have no reason to be afraid. Its hardships would test him as a man. If found wanting, a stray bullet, perhaps—

Suiting his action to his thoughts he came forward in answer to Lincoln's call for volunteers, and soon set out for the front to fight his double battle—the big one for country, and the lesser, almost hopeless one, for self.

* * * * *

"Say, but that lad kin fight, boys," declared Tim Walker, as he pointed with his thumb at a silent figure, a hundred yards to the left of them. The one pointed out sat on a small, moss-grown ledge alone, pulling occasionally at his pipe and watching thru the rings of smoke to catch the first glimpse of the moon, as it rose round and golden and shone witchingly thru the sparse, half-grown trees dimming in twilight haze.

"You're right, there, Tim," agreed Long Jim Kenna, another battle-scarred member of the group about the camp-fire. "The boy's true blue, altho an odd, dislikable cuss to talk with, till you know him. How he went forward with that flag when Kenmore went down with a bullet thru his heart. No hesitatin' with him! He picked up the Grand Old Rag and kept her up—up where she belongs—up where the boys cud see. A wound dazed him for a bit. He stumbled and fell. Then, in a flash, he was up and goin' forward again, faster than ever. It's a wonder the shells didn't kill him. And now he's gone off by himself again to smoke and mope and hate himself. There's only one conclusion when they act that way. There's a girl in th' case. If ever he goes back,—but he's too reckless, I'm thinkin', to go back—I hope he gets the girl."

As the one referred to sat and smoked, he mused. He could never help thinking of Her, try as he would, when he sat and smoked. Sometimes, however, his mind was occupied with other thoughts. Willis Caldwell, his boyhood friend and rival, had enlisted as a volunteer in the same regiment. Caldwell had proved himself a good soldier and worthy of respect. As Palmer thought of this, he seemed to hate the man the more. If he had been a coward, he could have despised him. Caldwell seemed desirous of outdoing him in war as well as in love. Well, he should not in that!

* * * * *

Both men carried their thoughts of rivalry into the battle next day; but there was nothing but the Flag and what it stood for, once the battle was on, and the cannon had begun to roar, and the shells to burst around them. Cannonading, musketry, death-cries! The carnage was awful! Attack followed attack, but the Confederates never wavered. Each assault cost many men, but what of men when the Flag of Freedom is in danger? Side by side, always at the forefront, fought Palmer and Caldwell,—“The Dare-Devil Twins,” they called them—side by side, while the sun went up and over and down again, sweltering as it went. On, on, at last, they went, stumbling over the fallen. Onward, ever onward, until a blinding flash—the piercing and tearing and crunching of nerve and sinew and bone—the moment's agony, and then—darkness.

* * * * *

When Herbert Palmer opened his eyes it was bright moonlight. Two paces or so away he saw his rival lying—his rival all along the years; his rival in boyhood's sports, youth's love, and man's test of a soldier. And, as he looked, a new-old feeling of love came over him. He had liked Willis—Billy, he had called him—as a friend, many years before, when they had played together—they had played soldiers, too. He laughed faintly once; but he found it hurt him to laugh. Then the thought came to him that they were real, not make-believe, soldiers.

Then, an overwhelming desire for water came over him. Water! Water! His burning head, his tongue parched, dry, and nerveless! He felt for his canteen. Ah! There was water, even if only a little! Just as he was raising himself on his elbow, so that he could drink, Caldwell opened his eyes and uttered a faint, half-whispered word—"Water." Palmer sank back and took the canteen from his lips.

Then he thought of Her away back home in the northern hills. The water might save one; but there was not enough to be of any value to both, for they would probably not be found for a long time. What if his rival should die? He felt she would be able to forget him. Ah, that would be satisfaction indeed!

"She would marry me, after all," he said to himself.

And Caldwell? He would tell her that Caldwell had died like a soldier. He would give him credit for that. But what would she think of him if she knew? A murderer! He almost shrieked the word. No! No! not a murderer! What had he to do with the death of this comrade more than with the death of the one lying just beyond, huddled up and moaning softly, or the one beyond him, already out of his agony, or the next, or the next? They were all around. All had been men; some still were men. Bah! Caldwell was only a single one among the thousands lying there! But Caldwell's girl—she had chosen him—how about her? They were to have been married as soon as he returned, Palmer had heard.

What of himself? For what purpose had he come to war? Had he not longed for this moment, this supreme pleasure of laying down life for country? Why complain now that he held control of the lives of three? Why not play the man—for once? What would the widow, who had said that he "wasn't all bad," think of him now? Yes, he would play the man!

By little agonizing thrusts of his pain-racked body, he at last reached the side of his rival

Billy—the same Billy of old—smiled a grateful, pain-twisted smile, as Palmer attempted to press the canteen to his lips, and, understanding, he waved the water aside with a limp, torn arm. A flood of emotions then welled up from the heart of this man, who had stolen away his friend's sweetheart. At last Palmer forced the water down the throat of the weaker man. Then he tied a piece of his shirt around the ugly wound in his rival's side and made a clumsy bandage for the shattered arm. This done, he sank back on the ground.

* * * * *

Hours after, while they were seeking the living among the dead, the soldiers found Caldwell asleep, bandaged, by the side of his rival, whom they could not awaken.

"My surmises were right. He won't go back," said Long Jim Kenna with a new tone in his voice. "That's the first time I ever saw a peaceful look on the boy's face," and he gently laid his handkerchief over it as if to keep the "peaceful look" there.

ON RAND HALL STEPS

(Tune—"Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes")

JEANIE SEWELL GRAHAM, '13

I.

Come, sit awhile on Rand Hall steps,
And sing a song with me,
While, o'er the dark'ning fields, the birds
Fly homeward silently.
Between the boughs of campus trees,
The length'ning shadows fall;
The gentle spirit of the night
Is brooding over all.

II.

In years to come, when far away
From *Alma Mater* dear,
Oft in our dreams at twilight hour
These echoing songs we'll hear;
And see the faces of the friends
We loved in days of yore.
When shadows fall, we'll long to sing
On Rand Hall steps once more.

BURR'S ILLUMINATION

(Concluded from the March number)

CHARLES N. STANHOPE, '12

Dorris lay by the window in the upper hallway, looking out across the back yard, over the ridge, into the oil field that belonged to Southy, painfully aware that she had stayed at home in spite of his plans to get her and his sister away. The burn had proved to be more than the artful Dorris had intended, but she had the satisfaction of knowing that she was in the house where things were going to happen, even if she could not have a part in them.

Her father was busy at the other house; she had scarcely seen him all day. Evelyn was busy in another part of the house, and thus Dorris was left quite alone, as she was only too glad to be.

She heard the front door open down in the hallway below and shut again, as two strange voices began to mingle with those of Southy and his foreman. When the four men had passed into the adjoining room, Dorris came to the top of the stairs and peered down. Separated from them by only a heavy portière, she could hear all their conversation, and she gripped the balustrade as she heard something laid on the table that she knew must be the model of the stolen invention. She wanted to rush downstairs and do something, but what to do she could not tell, and she could but listen, tortured by the knowledge that the underhanded man was winning out, after all.

The demonstration was going on, and she thought that the strangers were becoming convinced. Only a few minutes remained before Southy would be declared the propagator of the new revolution in oil machinery, and the man to whom it all belonged would be ruined. The irony of her powerlessness to do anything but sit and listen to such a complete lie, overpowered her, and she started blindly down the stairs. Half-way down she stopped, and, looking out to the road, saw her father and Burr coming up the walk.

By the time she reached the top stair again, Frostworth was inside the house, and got to the curtains just in time to hear one of the strangers exclaim,

"Why, this valve is on the wrong side to operate the feed pipe. Is this your own model, Mr. Southy?"

Evidently the strangers were becoming suspicious, and Cecil, quick to see that something had gone amiss, replied easily, "No, indeed. It is my foreman's work, and I am only financing it for him."

The next moment, the curtains had been drawn aside, and Burr stood by the two strangers, looking across the table at Cecil and his foreman. Not waiting for any explanation from anyone, Burr seized the model, and, looking the foreman squarely in the eye, paralyzed that individual with,

"Tell the truth about this, Snell, or I'll tell the truth about those examination papers. Your full beard don't fool me a bit."

No one would surmise that these two men facing each other across the corner of the table had ever been college room-mates. Hatred, contempt, and loathing, showed in one face; cowardice, fear, and selfishness, in the other.

Snell managed to pull his discovered self together enough to parry,

"And suppose you did, who'd believe you, here?"

"I, for one," said the Professor, stepping into the room.

As the men turned toward the newcomer, Burr fell heavily to the floor, and a heavy, glass paperweight clattered down beside him. In the confusion Snell slipped out to the back piazza, unnoticed, hugging the model under his arm. Blood flowed freely from a long gash on Burr's forehead, and a swelling was fast closing an eye.

The Professor led Dorris away from the room into which she tried to force herself, as Southy lifted Burr bodily and carried him up the stairs to the best room in the house. Southy had learned a good deal, since Snell threw the paper weight, and he went thoughtfully down the stairs to meet the doctor, who was already waiting below.

That evening, Southy left his charge long enough to come down to his guests, who were sitting in the thin shadow on the piazza,

"Dorris," he said. "can you come upstairs a minute?"

She arose quickly and walked to the door with Cecil.

"Frostworth keeps trying to say something that sounds like 'Dorris,' and I think, perhaps, you had better go up, only you must remember he is not entirely rational yet."

She found him lying by a west window, and, in the feeble gas-light, made out a chair by the head of the bed. As she sat down, he seemed uncannily quiet, and she shuddered a little. It seemed an age before he moved, but it was only a few seconds in reality before he knew she was there.

When he opened his eyes, it was to see a feminine outline against the window, and he was puzzled for a moment to know how Southy had changed so much.

"I'm taking Cecil's place for a few minutes," Dorris ventured. "Can I get you anything?"

"Oh, it's Dorris," he exclaimed. "Just a sip of the grape juice, please."

When she brought it, his hand closed over both her hand and the glass, and he drank thus, but she remembered that Southy had said the patient was not fully rational.

"You must think the West is some wild, after what you saw this afternoon, Dorris," he began, but she interrupted him.

"The doctor says you are to do nothing but keep quiet."

"Hang the doctor and his catnip tea," Burr burst out. "He's afraid of his own shadow," and tried to sit up.

Dorris gently forced him back on the pillow but when she tried to take her hands from his shoulders they were prisoners in his larger ones. It was then for the first time that he noticed the bandaged arm.

"What has the country done to you?" he asked in consternation.

"I spilled some hot water on it this morning. It's nothing," she added.

"Oh, yes, now I remember," Burr replied, "Evelyn told me about it and that you did it purposely. Why did you?"

Not knowing that Burr was guessing, she admitted, "I wanted to stay home to-day and know what went on here."

"And how did you know that anything was going on here to-day, in the first place?"

"I—I heard you and Southy down by the front gate last night," she stammered.

It was Burr's turn to feel uncomfortable.

"You heard us last night on the steps," he said, half to himself. "Then you must have heard me sa—" and then grasping a possible diversion, "Do you know where that infernal model is?"

But he did not release her hands.

"Southy has it, I think. Snell didn't get far," she explained. "But you mustn't bother about that now, you know. It's all right, and Cecil will help you with it."

"I am going to give the whole thing to him, Dorris. I have no—" but just then a great flame leaped up in the distance, followed by another and another. "There goes one of Southy's tanks," Burr said calmly and regretfully. "That man Snell has dug up the hatchet, I guess, and some firewater, too. Might as well try to bail out the lake with a dipper, as to try to stop a fire in a tank."

"Isn't there anything to do to it?"

She shivered, and he felt her draw a little closer to him—there's something about fire that makes people kin.

"That's his best tank, I think," continued Burr. "Too bad, too bad, but, then, mine are full and he will have them in a few days." Then, as she turned questioningly to him, "Southy is going to have my whole property. I—I'm going back to college."

The entire country was lighted up, trees standing out plainly, and the details of the whole works were as light as at noon.

That's some illumination beside of the last one I saw," Burr mused. "I'm glad I—we—were there."

Somehow her hands met behind his neck, and he drew her up so that both got the same view.



Editorial- STUDENT

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It is pleasant to see that progress is being made on the new science building. Thru all the snows of winter, the unfinished and unsightly structure has stood, not as a blot upon our campus, but as a promise of things to come. Now, the season favoring, the work is being pushed rapidly, and the work will probably be completed by the first of July. Students interested in the science courses, whose work will be in the new building next year, may look forward with the expectation of finding their work more pleasant in their new surroundings.

Many of the students are looking ahead now to the prospect of going to the annual Student Conference at Northfield, in June. It is a significant and noticeable fact that the students who have had the pleasure of going to Northfield, are always ready and willing to talk about their experiences there. The influences of the time spent in such a place and among such men are those that seem never to be erased from the mind of the person who is so

fortunate as to attend one of these conferences. He invariably pronounces the trip the best he ever enjoyed. The trip itself, thru the delightful New England scenery; the atmosphere of the little village of Northfield, where the spirit of Mr. Moody seems even now to dwell; the experiences of ten days of inspiration and recreation; the fellowship of several hundred men, each fired with high Christian motives; and the inspiration and help received from leaders of the conference, such men as John R. Mott and Robert E. Speer, men whom no one who has seen and heard speak can ever forget, all combine to make this trip of untold value to a student. The trip should be considered an essential part of any man's college education. It should be one of the aims, a very vital ambition, of each Bates man to go to Northfield some time during his course. The Bates delegation this year ought to be large, and it goes without saying that, whether large or small, it will be enthusiastic.

The STUDENT regrets deeply the absence of the Exchange Editor, Miss Margaret Aimee Ballard, who was called home from her college work at the beginning of this semester by illness in her family. The work of her department has been carried on for the March and April issues by Miss Vera C. Cameron, who has successfully maintained the standard of the department, and the work will be continued, until the return of the Editor, under the direction of Miss Elaine Currier

The death of Charles Ripley Tracy just before the Easter vacation came as a shock to the members of his class, and to the whole college. Mr. Tracy, who was a member of the class of 1915, came from St. Albans, Me. He was a conscientious and promising student, standing high in his college work. He enjoyed the friendship and respect of the students who knew him, and the confidence of his teachers. He took an active part in the Christian work of the college, and by his kind and courteous manner won many friends. Truly, it may be said of him that he was a man to be known of men, a man worth while. We need more such men at Bates.



Louis Jordan, '15, won the prize of ten dollars for excellence in Greek, offered to the member of the Freshman class attaining the highest rank for the first semester.

George C. Nilsson, '15, has left the hospital, after an operation for appendicitis, and is improving rapidly.

There has been quite an epidemic of measles at Bates College. Grace French, '12, and Helen Hilton, '15, were among the first afflicted. Since then, Belle Twombly, Annabel Jones, Helen Deering, Claramay Purington, all of '12; Verne Blake, '13, Gladys Warde, '14, and Marion Greene, '15, have also been ill. Among the boys, William Sawyer, '13, C. H. T. Bayer, G. B. Moulton, J. L. Moulton, and H. M. Wight, all of '15, have been sick with measles.

The recent death of Charles Ripley Tracy, '15, of St. Albans, came as a sad shock to the whole college. Mr. Tracy suffered a relapse, due to over-exertion, while recovering from an attack of measles. All the classes sent flowers to the funeral, which was held at his home. His class was also represented by Norman C. Richardson, and Franklin M. Gray. Professor George M. Chase represented the Faculty. In the short time that Mr. Tracy was in college, his earnest, Christian character won him many true friends.

The walls of Carnegie Science Hall are now complete, and the roof is being put up.

The site for the new chapel has been selected near Parker Hall, parallel to College Street, and facing Skinner Street. It will be opposite Coram Library, and will serve to complete the quadrangle.

Friday evening, March 15, in the Main Street Baptist Church, William T. Ellis, a well-known author and lecturer, gave the second lecture in the George Colby Chase Lecture Course. The lecture was well attended, and the audience was indeed well repaid.

President George C. Chase introduced the speaker. Mr. Ellis spoke of the oneness of our world; that affair which affects one part of our globe affects every part. The world is not large. He dwelt upon the national pride of Americans, justifying their pride. "No nation has ever wielded the power and influence that America wields at the present day. The United States of to-day is shaping the ideals of peoples and of nations. Shall this government perish like the governments of Egypt, Babylon, Athens, and Rome? This is a government of the people, for the people, and by the people, and we are bound not to perish; this nation which God has made to lead the world shall and will not perish." Mr. Ellis next spoke of the rearing of following generations. "What shall we teach our children? Live for the world and the service of God. The founders of our country established our country in faith, God-fearing, steadfast, firm, and true. 'Keep thou the Faith.'"

On the afternoon of the same day Mr. Ellis spoke to members of the Sophomore class and to the Faculty. Saturday morning Mr. Ellis addressed the students at chapel. His underlying thought was that a nation rises or declines in power and influence, just as its character improves or deteriorates

Tuesday evening, March 19, Dr. G. S. C. Badger, of Harvard Medical School, lectured before the young women of the college on the subject of "Mothercraft," or the relation of education to childhood. The lecture was most interesting and instructive, and was heard by a large and appreciative audience.

Lecture: One of the most practical and entertaining lectures of the year was given by Miss Miriam Birdseye, Friday afternoon, March 15, in Fiske Room. Miss Birdseye spoke on the theme, "Practical care of the Sick Room." Her remarks included hints upon the furnishing and disinfecting of sick rooms, and the proper care of the invalid. An interesting feature of the lecture was the practical illustration of the care of the invalid by a young lady who

impersonated the invalid. The lecture was especially well attended, not only by students, but also by outside guests. A tea followed the lecture.

**Lecture:
Dr. Leonard**

Prof. A. N. Leonard recently gave a lecture before a literary club of Berlin, N. H., on Wagner's "Tannhauser." Parts of the opera were sung by a soloist from New York. The affair was in charge of Mrs. Anne Weston Twitchell, Bates, '06.

Bates Round Table On the evening of March 22, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Boothby, with Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Hartshorn, entertained the Bates Round Table in their home on College Street. Prof. L. G. Jordan gave a splendid talk on "The Insurgent Chemist." Prof. Jordan applied the term "insurgent" to those chemists who have sifted everything down to the truth. After this, Dr. H. H. Britan and Prof. R. R. N. Gould spoke a few words. Mr. S. F. Harms was elected to the executive committee. At the end of the evening, Mrs. Boothby and Mrs. Hartshorn served ices and cake.

Bates Needle Club Particularly enjoyable was the afternoon of the Bates Needle Club with Mrs. George C. Chase of Frye Street. The afternoon was given to a practical demonstration of domestic science. All members were supplied with note-books and pencils, and much pleasure as well as profit was derived. The committee in charge consisted of the hostess, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. George M. Chase, Miss Elizabeth D. Chase, Miss Miriam Birdseye, Mrs. R. R. N. Gould, and Mrs. A. N. Leonard.

Lenten Musicale A delightful affair was the Lenten Musicale given in the home of Mrs. A. W. Anthony, College Street, for the benefit of the Women's Christian Association. Bates College was well represented on

the program by numbers from the Girls' Glee and Mandolin Clubs; piano solos by E. G. Barrows, '14, and a violin solo by Miss Miriam Birdseye. The afternoon was in charge of Mrs. W. Risby Whitehorne, Mrs. A. W. Anthony, Mrs. F. D. Tubbs, Mrs. A. N. Leonard, and Miss Kate Anthony.

**St. Patrick's Day
Celebration**

Especially unique and jolly was the St. Patrick's party given to some of the college students in the home of Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Hartshorn of College Street. As the guests entered they were requested to look for snakes. They found the little green creatures hidden everywhere. The prize for finding the greatest number went to Miss Alice Thing, '13. Edith George, '13, won first prize in an Irish poem contest. Prof. Hartshorn gave a very interesting and amusing talk on his trip thru Ireland. Miss Edith George gave a reading. In the dining-room, quaintly decorated with Irish pipes and pigs, Mrs. Hartshorn, assisted by Mrs. Blanche Roberts and Mrs. George M. Chase, served delicious refreshments.

**"Gym"
Demonstration**

The annual demonstration of gymnasium work by the women's classes in physical training was held on the afternoon of March 27, in the gymnasium at Rand Hall. Members of the faculty, trustees, and many friends of the college watched the work with interest. The exercises showed practice and efficiency such as is acquired only by very careful training. Much credit is due the instructor in the course. Music was furnished by Marion E. Lord, '14. The program was long and interesting.

**Jordan
Scientific Society**

On the evening of March 11, the Jordan Scientific Society held a very interesting meeting. President Fuller opened the meeting by introducing Dr. L. G. Jordan. Dr. Jordan spoke in a practical and informal way upon "Teaching." He showed the problems that must be met and overcome by every instructor.

After Dr. Jordan's address, the society briefly discussed scientific current events. President Fuller then called upon Clair E. Turner, '12, who made a brief speech of presentation of a framed picture of the society to Dr. Jordan, its godfather. Dr. Jordan replied in a few well-chosen words of acceptance. The meeting closed with an informal chat.

At 7.45, Thursday evening, March 28th, the **Senior Exhibition** Class of 1912 gave the annual senior exhibition in Hathorn Hall. Prof. Lyman G. Jordan presided. The Bates orchestra furnished music.

The program:

Overture	Orchestra
Prayer	Canon Nolan
Response	Orchestra
Woman's Suffrage	Miss Elizabeth M. Campbell
Institutional Church	Clarence I. Chatto
Pre-eminence of Germany	Miss June Atkinson
Awakening of China	Ernest H. Brunquist
Selection	Orchestra
Tragic Element in Poe's Works	Miss G. M. Kincaid
What Is a Liberal Education?	C. N. Stanhope
The Decadence of Spain	Miss M. F. Dunlap
Gladstone—A Character Study	R. A. Clement
Selection	Orchestra
Sarah Orne Jewett	Miss Florence Gray
The Measure of a Man	Roscoe C. Bassett (excused)
The American Short Story	Miss Mary E. Audley
The Referendum	George F. Conklin, Jr.
Selection	Orchestra

Committee of arrangements from class, Edw. H. Fuller, chairman, L. S. Smith, W. E. Davis, M. Evangeline Redman, Hazel E. Howard.

Entertainment for Endowment Fund The second of a series of entertainments for the Bates endowment fund was given Saturday evening, March 16, under the direction of Miss Ruth Davis, physical directress. The affair was "Scenes from an Irish Village."

As one entered the gymnasium, at the right was located a booth in which various wares were sold, such as doilies and handkerchiefs.

There were three divisions of fortune tellers. They were in charge of Mrs. Jordan. In the palmistry section, flowers were on sale and the shamrocks were in great demand. This booth was in charge of Miss Nola Houdlette. A farm yard scene was in charge of "Gramp" Leavitt, '14, stage carpenter and decorator of the village.

The next object of interest was the stage, and on the stage under the direction of Miss Ruth Davis were enacted various pantomimic scenes from the play, "She Stoops to Conquer."

Samuel F. Harms was special officer; Samuel Allen, '12, was judge; and Frederick P. Jecusco, '12, was prosecuting attorney.

The village post office was in charge of Miss Alice Smith, '13, and Miss Mary Smnith, '13.

The farmyard shed, with its thatched roof lent a true to nature appearance to the scene. Here ice cream was served. A large number were present. The proceeds from the affair, added to the sum received from the pageant, amounted to about sixty-five dollars toward the endowment fund.

Saturday evening, in New Odd Fellows Hall, **Polymnian Banquet** Auburn, the members of Polymnia Literary Society of Bates College held their triennial banquet. It was largely attended by alumni and present undergraduate members of the society. The members met at the hall about eight o'clock, and after enjoying a social hour in renewing acquaintances sat down to an excellent banquet.

The post prandial exercises were in charge of Harry Rowe. Mr. Rowe called upon Mr. George B. Files, '60, for the "Origin and Development of Polymnia." Mr. Files traced the growth of the society from the earliest date to the present time. His remarks included many incidents of his life at Bates.

Professor Lyman G. Jordan was the next speaker of the evening. He said that he did not come prepared to speak, in fact he had told all the funny stories he had at his command to the

other speakers of the evening. He spoke in an interesting manner, describing the founding and early life of the society.

The next toast, "Women in Polymnia," was given by Mrs. Emma J. C. Rand, '81, of Lewiston. In closing she gave a toast to the Polymnian men.

In a very spicy and appropriate manner, Rev. Rodney F. Johonnot of Auburn, spoke about new organizations at Bates and the great changes which have occurred in the social life at the college.

President Clair E. Turner, '12, responded to the toast, "The Future of Bates' Literary Societies." Mr. Turner spoke of the disappearance of debating and some other forms of literary work in the society, giving the reasons for the changes which have taken place. He commented upon the usefulness of the societies at the present time and spoke of the spheres of activity for the societies in the future.

The following was given by Professor W. H. Hartshorn, '86, as a conclusion to the toast which he gave in his usual pleasing manner:

"Here's to Polymnia,
May her sons be the sturdiest,
May her daughters be the fairest and truest,
May success come to all their efforts."

The party broke up after a social hour was spent, and all pronounced the affair a success. The chairmen of the banquet committees were Leo W. Blaisdell, Ray Allen Clement and Walter E. Lane.

The Polymnian Society is a prominent factor in the social life at Bates. This is the forty-third year of its existence, for it was chartered March 3, 1869. The officers for this year are: President, Clair E. Turner, '12, Vice-President, John F. McDaniel, '13, Secretary, Geneva W. Sturtevant, '14, and Treasurer, Enoch H. Adams, '13.

Music for the evening was furnished by the college orchestra.



Rev. Charles G. Mosher, D.D., of Augusta, told the story of "The Other Wise Man" in a simple, forceful way to the men of the college at the Vesper service, Sunday, March 3d. A pleasing feature of the service was a vocal solo by Mr. Harold B. Stanton, former instructor in French at Bates.

The last Vesper service of the year was addressed by Canon Nolan, of Trinity Church, Lewiston. He spoke in a convincing and interesting manner upon the topic, "The Breadth of Life."

The committees of the Y. M. C. A. for the following year have been appointed, with chairmen as follows: Religious Meetings, Alton DeLano, '13; Social, Frank O. Leavitt, '14; Bible Study, Karl D. Lee, '14; Social Service, Paul S. Nickerson, '13; Membership, Wade L. Grindle, '13; Church Relationship, Blynn E. Davis, '13; Missions, Philip H. Dow, '14; Counsel, Walter P. Deering, '13; Employment, L. H. Durrell, '13; Finance, W. S. Warren, '14; Hand-book, H. W. L. Kidder, '13; Book Agency, H. Crandlemire, '14; and Northfield, J. R. Packard, '14.

The speakers listed for the Northfield Student Conference, June 21-30, are exceptionally strong. They are Dr. D. S. Cairns, John R. Mott, G. Glen Atkins, Robert E. Speer, G. A. Johnson-Ross, and E. T. Colton.

The newly created Advisory Board of the Y. M. C. A. recently held its first meeting, at which Rev. C. H. Temple was elected chairman.

General Secretary Cushman made an interesting report, showing a marked increase of efficiency in the work done. Among

other items included in this report, is the fact that 112 men of the college have been regular attendants in Bible classes during the past year. A large number of men of the college are now engaged in social service, due to the efforts of Mr. Cushman.

The first Y. M. C. A. meeting after the Easter vacation was devoted to a discussion of the importance of going to Northfield. It was held April 10, under the leadership of J. R. Packard, '14, vice-president of the association. The speakers were Harry W. Rowe, '12; Mr. Arthur E. Morse, '09; Ernest H. Brunquist, '12; Earle D. Merrill, '12; John F. McDaniel, '13; and Mr. A. G. Cushman. A large Bates delegation to the Conference this year is desired and expected.

There has recently been organized at the University of New York a Politics Club. Steps have been taken to ally this with the Intercollegiate Civic League.

Princeton and Syracuse have added compulsory swimming to their curriculum.

The University of Havana, Cuba, is endeavoring to enter into an agreement with the University of Virginia for an inter-varsity athletic carnival to be held at Havana during the Christmas week of 1912.

New York University now has a total enrollment of 4,306 students. This is the largest attendance that the University has ever had.



Annual Indoor Meet

At Lewiston City Hall, Wednesday evening, March 20, was held the 19th annual indoor meet. The meet was in every way a success.

Two state records were broken; one in the high jump, when Kempton, '13, cleared the bar at five feet, nine inches; the other in the shot-put in which event Shepard put the weight 41 ft. 8 1-4 inches. Gove also did fine work in this event, putting the shot 40 ft. 10 in.

The times in the races were not exceptionally fast, in part owing to the fact that spiked shoes were not allowed. In the low hurdles, this handicap was clearly evident. Capt. Blanchard, '12, slipped and lost his stride, thus hitting his first hurdle. Woodman, '13, lost about two yards, by slipping at the start, and was unable to close up the gap given his competitors.

The closest race of the evening was the relay race between 1914 and 1915. To many of the spectators it was a question as to which team had won, until the judges' decision was announced, giving the victory to 1914.

In the mile run a mistake was made in counting the laps, and the men ran 24 1-2 laps instead of 23 1-2. The time as announced, 5 min. 4 sec., is too slow by ten seconds. The results of the race were not affected by the extra lap.

In the 25-Yard Dash—First place was captured by a dark horse, Lee, '14.

The summary:

25-Yard Dash—Won by Lee, '14; Small, '15, 2d; Blanchard, '15, 3d; Nash, '15, 4th. Time, 3 1-2 sec.

25-Yard High Hurdles—Won by Blanchard, '12; Woodman, '13, 2d; Thompson, '13, 3d; Remmert, '12, 4th. Time, 4 sec.

Running High Jump—Won by Kempton, '13; Drake, '14, 2d; Woodman, '13, 3d; Bartlett, '12, 4th. Height, 5 ft. 9 in.

Shot Put—Won by Shepard, '13; Gove, '13, 2d; DeLano, '13, 3d; Bates, '15, 4th. Distance, 41 ft. 8 1-4 in.

25-Yard Low Hurdles—Won by Thompson, '13; Coady, '14, 2d; Blanchard, '12, 3d; Lee, '14, 4th. Time, 3 3-4 sec.

Potato Race—Won by Keaney, '14; Emmons, '13, 2d; Tabor, '14 3d; Pidgeon, '15, 4th. Time, 36 1-2 sec.

Relay Race—Bates, '15, vs. Bowdoin, '15. Won by Bates. Time, 1 min. 20 sec.

Pole Vault—Tied for first, Bartlett, '12, and Woodman, '13; P. Stinson, '14, 3d; Crandlemire, '14, 4th. Height, 9 ft.

Relay Race—1912 vs. 1913. Won by 1913. Time, 1 min. 19 1-4 sec.

Relay Race—1914 vs. 1915. Won by 1914.

Mile Run—Won by Deering, '13; Parker, '14, 2d; Tibbetts, '13, 3d; James, '13, 4th. Time, 5 min. 4 sec.

Relay Race—1913 vs. 1914. Won by 1913. Time, 1 min. 19 sec.

POINTS BY CLASSES

	1912	1913	1914	1915
25-Yard Dash			5	6
High Hurdles	6	5		
Low Hurdles	2	5	4	
High Jump	1	7	3	
Potato Race		3	7	1
Shot Put		10		1
Pole Vault	4	4	3	
Mile Run		8	3	
Class Relay Races	1	5	3	2
Totals	14	47	28	10

INDIVIDUAL POINT WINNERS

Woodman, '139	Parker, '143
Blanchard, '127	Small, '153
Thompson, '137	DeLano, '132
Lee, '146	Tibbetts, '132
Bartlett, '125	P. Stinson, '142

Deering, '13	5	Tabor, '14	2
Kempton, '13	5	Blanchard, '15	2
Shepard, '13	5	Rummert, '12	1
Keaney, '14	5	James, '13	1
Emmons, '13	3	Crandlemire, '14	1
Gove, '13	3	Bates, '15	1
Coady, '14	3	Nash, '15	1
Drake, '14	3	Pidgeon, '15	1

The class drills were of unusual excellence this year. The class of 1915 deserved the victory which they won, for their Indian Club Drill was almost perfect. In the Parallel Bar Squad, the results of Director Purington's careful training were shown. The squad was handicapped by the absence of Hooper, '12, and Wight, '15. Remmert, '12, as clown, furnished amusement.

The officials were: Starter, Burton C. Morrill, Bowdoin; referee, Dr. W. W. Bolster, Jr.; clerk of course, Harold A. Allan; assistants, A. W. Buck, '12, and F. A. Nevers, '12; judges of finish, Dr. W. W. Bolster, Jr., Prof. F. E. Pomeroy, and Prof. H. H. Britan; judges of relays, Prof. G. E. Ramsdell, John L. Reade; judges of drills, Prof. H. H. Britan, Mr. S. R. Oldham, Dr. W. W. Bolster, Jr.; judges and measurers of floor events, Professors Pomeroy, Ramsdell, Britan, Messrs. Lathrop, Reade, Cole, Oldham; announcer, William E. Lovell, '12; inspector, A. R. Cole, '12; scorers, R. C. Bassett, '12, Geo. E. Brunner, '12.

BATES GIRLS INTERCLASS BASKETBALL SERIES

The first of the young women's championship games of basketball were played on the evening of March 21, in the girls' gymnasium in Rand Hall. There are three games by each class team. All the games were held under the direction of Miss Ruth E. Davis, the physical director of the young women.

The various class teams have elected the following captains, Seniors—Miss Howard of Lewiston; Juniors—Miss Macomber of Winthrop; Sophomores—Miss Helen Blethen of Rockland; Freshmen—Miss Durgan of Farmington.

Two games were played in the championship series, the first between the Juniors and the Freshmen. It resulted in the defeat of the Freshmen by the score of 26-8. The game was well played and interesting, although the score would indicate a loose game. The Juniors were picked before the game as the winners, owing to the fact that they were second last year only to 1911.

For the Juniors, Miss Vose excelled, caging no less than ten baskets. Miss Macomber also played well, getting three goals from the floor. The work of the Junior guards was noticeable.

For the Freshmen Miss Bassett and Miss Rideout starred.

The score:

1913	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Macomber, lf	3	0	6
Vose, lf.....	10	0	20
Graham, jc.....	0	0	0
Rollins, jc (2d half).....	0	0	0
Atto, sc.....	0	0	0
Smith, l.g.....	0	0	0
Rackliffe, r.g.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	26	0	26

1915	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Bassett, r.f.....	2	0	4
Rideout, l.f.....	2	0	0
Dolliver, jc.....	0	0	0
Kimball, sc.....	0	0	0
Durgan, l.g.....	0	0	0
Gray, r.g.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	8	0	8

Miss Leland, referee; Conklin, '12, umpire. 15 and 12 min. periods.

The second game of the evening was between the Sophomores (1914) and the Seniors (1912). This game was exceptionally well played and just as close and exciting as the score indicates.

The work of Miss George for the Sophomores was splendid. She caged eight baskets, many of which were difficult shots. Her

playing was the feature of the evening. For the Seniors, the honors fell to Miss Pingree and Miss Alley. The score:

1914	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
George, rf.....	8	0	16
Garcelon, lf.....	1	0	2
Ryder, jc.....	0	0	0
Fowles, sc.....	0	0	0
Smalley, r.g.....	0	0	0
Blethen, lg.....	0	0	0
Totals	9	0	18

1912	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Alley, rf	1	0	2
Pingree, lf	5	1	11
Meserve, jc.....	0	0	0
Hodgkins, sc.....	0	0	0
Neal, rg.....	0	0	0
Sweetsir, rg.....	0	0	0
Noyes, lg.....	0	0	0
Totals	6	1	13

Referee, Miss Leland; umpire, Conklin.

Two more games in the girls' interclass basketball championship series at Bates, were played in the gym, Rand Hall, on the evening of March 25, the Juniors defeating the Sophomores and the Seniors winning from the Freshmen.

The latter class met 1914 last evening, and defeated them handily, the final score being 23 to 8.

Miss Macomber led in the scoring with eight baskets from the floor. For the losers, Miss George played the best game, caging four goals and scoring all the points made by her team. Miss Vose also played well, while Miss Smith and Miss Rackliffe guarded well. The summary:

1913	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Macomber, lf.....	8	0	16
Vose, rf.....	3	1	7
Graham, jc.....	0	0	0

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Atto, sc.....	0	0	0
Smith, lb	0	0	0
Rackliffe, rb.....	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	11	1	23

1914	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
George, lf.....	4	0	8
Garcelon, rf.....	0	0	0
Ryder, jc.....	0	0	0
Fowler, sc.....	0	0	0
Smalley, lb.....	0	0	0
Blethen, rb	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	4	0	8

Referee, Miss Barker, '11. Umpire, Miss Leland, '11. Time of periods, 15 and 12 min. Final score, 23-8.

The Seniors had even an easier time defeating the Freshmen. Through the scoring ability of Miss Pingree and Miss Alley, they defeated the class of 1915 by the score of 31 to 6.

Miss Bassett starred for the losers. Miss Sweetser and Miss Noyes both guarded closely. The Seniors did especially fine work in passing, and kept the ball in Freshman territory the greater part of the time.

The summary:

1912	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Pingree, lf.....	8	2	18
Alley, rf.....	5	3	13
Meserve, jc.....	0	0	0
Howard, c.....	0	0	0
Sweetser lb	0	0	0
Noyes, rb	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	13	5	31

1915	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Bassett, lf	2	0	4
Rideout, rf	1	0	2
Googins, jc	0	0	0

Kimball, c.....	0	0	0
Durgan, lb	0	0	0
Gray, rb	0	0	0
	—	—	—
Totals	3	0	6

Referee, Miss Baker, '11. Umpire, Miss Leland. Final score, 31 to 6.

The Juniors are the champions in the girls' basketball series. They have won three games which they have played, defeating the Freshmen, Sophomores, and Seniors. The Junior team played together consistently during the series.

After the Junior and Senior game, when the Juniors carried off the laurels to the score of 23-17, red fire was burned in the gymnasium and the victorious Juniors paraded around amid wild cheers. They bore in the procession black caskets upon which were the numerals of the defeated classes.

The games have been noticeable for the amount of class spirit shown by the girls and the intense, but friendly, rivalry. The girls have had organized cheering and singing at all the games and dressed in class colors.

The first game of the evening was the Sophomore-Freshman contest, which was decidedly one-sided, the superiority of the Sophomores' team work winning the game. The individual playing of Miss George was a feature, as she caged no less than nineteen baskets. Her excellent eye for the basket has been the feature of the championship series. Miss Garcelon also played an excellent game. Her three goals being from difficult angles. The work of the whole team was commendable, the backs, centres, and forwards playing in perfect unity. For the Freshmen, Miss Bassett and Miss Rideout were the stars. The score of this game was the largest of any game in the series 49-10.

The score:

1914	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
George, lf	19	2	40
Garcelon, rf	3	1	7
Ryder, c.....	0	0	0
Fowler, c.....	1	0	2
Blethen (Capt.), lb.....	0	0	0

Smalley, lb	0	0	0
McDaniel, rb.....	0	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	23	3	49

1915	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Rideout, lf.....	0	2	2
Bassett, rf	4	0	8
Googins, c.....	0	0	0
Kimball, c.....	0	0	0
Gray, lb	0	0	0
Durgan, rb	0	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Totals	4	2	10

Referee, Miss Barker, '10; Umpire, Miss Leland, '11. Time of periods, 15-12.

Then came the game for the championship. The Seniors made the Juniors work to their utmost to capture the game and with it the championship.

From the start the game was fast and rough. The work of the whole Junior team was fine. The Seniors also played well together. The work of the Junior forwards was the feature of the contest, but this was closely rivaled by the strong games played by the Junior backs, Miss Rackliffe and Miss Mary Smith, the latter's work being especially noticeable. The Seniors' stars were Miss Pingree and Miss Alley, who played the game to the limit. Miss Noyes played a good defensive game.

With the conclusion of the struggle the Junior girls, after celebrating as much as possible, adjourned to Ross' Inn where the celebration was continued. This is the first year the Juniors have had the championship and it is a fitting reward to their strong team work.

The score:

1912	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Alley, lf.....	3	0	6
Pingree, rf	5	1	11
Meserve, jc	0	0	0
Howard, sc	0	0	0

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Noyes, lb	0	0	0
Neal, rb	0	0	0
Sweetsir, rb.....	0	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Totals	8	1	17

1913	Floor Goals	Foul Goals	Points
Vose, lf	5	0	12
Macomber, rf	6	1	11
Rollins, jc.....	0	0	0
M. Lougee, sc.....	0	0	0
Rackliffe, lb	0	0	0
M. Smith, rb	0	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
Totals	11	1	23

Referee, Miss Barker. Umpire, Miss Leland. Time of periods, 15 and 12 min.

THE FINAL STANDING

	W	L	P C
1913	3	0	1.000
1914	2	1	.667
1912	1	2	.333
1915	0	3	.000





1867—George S. Ricker resides in Wichita, Kansas.

1869—Rev. L. C. Graves is in Granville Centre, Mass.

1872—Mr. F. W. Baldwin, D.D., and Mrs. Baldwin, have spent the winter in Upper Montclair, N. J.

1876—D. J. Callahan has been re-elected as a member of the Library Committee for the Lewiston Public Library.

1878—Alden M. Flagg has been elected assessor for the City of Auburn.

1881—Hon. Fremont Wood of Boise, Idaho, spent a day at the college recently, for the first time in thirty years.

1882—Benjamin G. Eaton, of St. Paul, Minn., has just been appointed instructor in one of the summer training schools for teachers for a term of five weeks. This is Mr. Eaton's sixth appointment.

Frank Leroy Blanchard, managing editor of *The Editor and Publisher*, New York, has been invited by Walter Williams, dean of the University of Missouri School of Journalism, and chairman of the Department of Journalistic Education of the National Press Association, to deliver the principal address before the latter body, at the annual convention of the Association, to be held at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, June 24-26. Mr. Blanchard's subject will be "The Professional Journal as a Teacher."

1885—Rev. George A. Downey is pastor of the M. E. church at Spencer, Mass.

1885—Rev. E. B. Stiles is located in Alton, N. H.

1887—Surgeon E. K. Sprague, on February 13th, was relieved from duty at Key West, Florida, and directed to proceed to Ellis Island, New York Harbor, for duty. Mr. Sprague is engaged in the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service of the United States Government.

1887—Miss Mary N. Chase is President of the New Hampshire Woman's Suffrage Association.

1888—Dr. Ralph A. Parker, of Auburn, who, in January, received a fractured limb, is much improved.

1890—Miss Ellen F. Snow is living at Maplecrest Farm, Old Orchard, Maine.

1891—Miss Mabel S. Merrill has a very interesting story, "The Road to the Hill Rim," in the issue of March 21 of *The Youth's Companion*.

1892—C. C. Ferguson and wife are in West Brookfield, Mass.

1894—A daughter was recently born to Dr. and Mrs. Albert H. Miller, of Providence, R. I.

1895—J. G. Morrill is Superintendent of Schools for Clinton, Canaan, and Burnham, Me.

Rev. Lester W. Pease, who has been located at Centre Strafford, N. H., for the past few years, is soon to leave that place to accept a new pastorate.

1896—Oliver F. Cutts is Secretary for the Alumni Work of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, with headquarters at 124 East 28th St., New York.

F. W. Hilton, formerly of Warren, Mass., is now in the High School at Attleboro, Mass.

1898—O. H. Toothaker of Berlin, N. H., is connected with a real estate office on State Street, Boston, and will soon move his family to that city.

1899—Miss Wildie M. Thayer has written a book, "Flower Fancies from Fairyland," published by the C. M. Clark Co.

Rev. T. H. Scammon is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Farmington, N. H.

1900—Urban G. Willis is spending his sixth year in the employment of Congressman F. O. Lowden of Oregon, Ill. He spent the last winter in California. He has gained considerable fame through his excellent thesis, "Commission Form of Government in American Cities." Last winter he delivered addresses in two Illinois cities on Commission Government.

1901—C. E. Wheeler, Superintendent of Schools in Montville, Conn., and surrounding towns, resides at 63 Lincoln Street, New London.

William K. Holmes and wife, Alice Frost Holmes, of 1904, are in Southington, Conn., where Mr. Holmes is principal of the High School.

1902—E. A. Childs and wife are in Linesury, Conn., where Mr. Childs is Principal of the High School.

Evangelist A. A. Walsh is soon to move his family to Kansas, where he has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church. Mrs. Walsh was formerly Miss Ruth E. Pet-tengill.

1904—Rev. Eugene B. Smith has recently resigned from the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Lebanon, Conn., and will sail in May for the British Isles, where he expects to spend the summer.

The engagement of Miss Alice Sands to Sidney Ernest Stockwell has been announced.

Rev. E. M. Holman, of Bristol, Vt., is Vice-President of the Vermont Christian Endeavor Union.

1906—Harry D. Harradon, who has been teaching Modern Languages at Westbrook Seminary, is going to Washington, D. C., to accept the position of Translator in the Carnegie Institute.

Blanche A. Bragdon is teaching in Dalton, Mass.

1907—Mr. and Mrs. James E. Barlow have a little daughter, Esther Manson, born March 14th. Mrs. Barlow was formerly Miss Georgie Munson.

E. P. Freeze and wife are in Brookfield, Mass.

Miss Sarah Hillman is in Springfield, Mass., 73 Spring Street.

E. P. Colson is in Westbrook, Conn.

An unusual honor came to Jerome Holmes, in his recent ordination at Salem, Mass. On Feb. 6, 1812, the first five missionaries of the American Board, were ordained and commissioned in the Congregational Church at Salem. In the celebration of the centennial, Mr. Holmes was one of five young men chosen to be ordained as a part of the memorial exercises, the centennial being observed almost to an hour, and the same table and settee were used as at the first ordination. Mr. Holmes is soon to go to Japan.

Mrs. F. W. Jackson, formerly Miss Marion Files, of Jackson, N. H., has been in Lewiston, recently.

1908—George W. French is teaching at Monson Academy, Monson, Mass.

Guy Tuttle is teaching in Hopedale, Mass.

Ruth Sprague is teaching in Wilmington, Mass.

Maurice V. Brown is a dentist at 1 Norfolk Street, Dorchester, Mass.

1909—A reception was tendered by the faculty and students of the Presque Isle High School to Mr. and Mrs. Carl F. Holman on the eve of their departure to Lincoln, R. I.

John B. Sawyer of Groveton, N. H., was in Lewiston, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Carroll have a little daughter, born in March.

1910—Miss Mildred Jones is in Springfield, Mass.—4 Massasoit Avenue.

Miss Nellie T. Barker acted as Referee, and Miss Christine Leland as Umpire at the Girls' Championship Basketball games at the college.

Recent visitors to the college were Mabel Eaton, Ruby Parsons, Katherine Parsons, and Gladys Greenleaf.

1911—On Feb. 28th a son, John Herbert Pierce, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pierce.

Among those who visited the college in March were Una Brann, Genevieve Dwinal, Elizabeth Ingersoll, Edna Jenkins, Eulela Little, Elizabeth Whittier, F. B. Quincy, L. R. McKusick, and R. S. Gupstill.

President H. E. Walter, of the Providence Alumni Association, has announced that the annual dinner will be held on Friday evening, April 12.

Forty enthusiastic guests were present at the annual lunch of the Alumni Association of New York, which was held at Hotel Gregorian on March 23d.

Arrangements are being perfected for the twentieth reunion of the Class of '92, to be held during Commencement week this year. The correspondence with the class indicates that a very large percentage of the class will be present.

The STUDENT has received the following from the Secretary of the Connecticut Valley Association:

The fourth annual banquet of the Connecticut Valley Bates Alumni Association was held in Worthy Hotel, Springfield, Mass., March 15th. In spite of a downpour of rain, forty-two were present, Blake, '05, and McKusick, '04, journeying from Vermont to enjoy the good time. After an excellent dinner, President C. E. Brockway, '78, started the ball rolling and it continued to roll until after eleven. Among the guests present were Prof. T. L. Angell, formerly at Bates, Prof. and Mrs. C. M. Geer of Hartford Theological Seminary, Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75, and R. B. Stanley, '97, who came down from Boston to lead the singing of the evening. Dr. Leonard, the guest from the College, spoke most happily on the theme, "Our Quest and Bequest." Besides the guests, all of whom spoke, other speakers were Hazel Donham, '03, and Fred R. Noble, '08.

The officers elected for the coming year are: President, Rev. Roscoe Nelson, '87, Windsor, Conn.; Vice-President, Alice L. Sands, '04, Hartford; Secretary and Treasurer, Rev. E. B. Smith, '04, Lebanon, Conn.

The Connecticut Valley Association is young, but it is gaining momentum, and will bear watching. Please let the officers know of any Bates people in Connecticut or Western Massachusetts.

At the banquet of the Connecticut Valley Association in Hartford in 1909, Prof. Stanton gave a characteristically beautiful talk on what life meant to him, as he looked back upon it, and on the meaning of old age. This has been printed in a neat booklet entitled, "A Retrospect of Life," containing a fine cut of Prof. Stanton. About one hundred copies are available and will be sold at ten cents each to those applying first. Address, Eugene B. Smith, Lebanon, Conn.

Frequently letters are received by THE STUDENT from the Alumni, stating that this department is very unsatisfactory. It is with much disappointment that we learn this to be the case. We have been using every means which we can devise to make this department successful, but we have come to believe very firmly that it can be made what the alumni desire and expect, only as they are all willing to co-operate with the editor. Shall we not hope that the consistent efforts of all who are interested may improve it?

ALUMNI EDITOR.



In the March number of the *Review of the University of Ottawa* is an excellent article entitled, "What Home Rule will Mean for Ireland." This sets forth, in an enthusiastic manner, the advantages to Ireland which will result from the granting of this power by England and the subsequent change of feeling of the Irish people toward the English.

The contents of the *Williams Literary Monthly* are, as usual, well varied. The story, "A Human Life," is very impressive and leaves in the reader's mind the question as to what he would do if placed in a similar position.

The *Buff and Blue*, which comes to us from Gallaudet College, might be improved by the addition of a few good poems

"Some Suggestions for Whiling away Recitation Hour," in the April issue of *The Vassar Miscellany*, describes the profitable occupations in which many students engage during this hour, such as letter writing, preparation of other lessons, drawing, etc., It is a very amusing article and well written. The poem, "A Message from the Sea," which was suggested by an etching of that title, presents the picture very vividly to us.

CHRISTUS

Pax Vobiscum! Ah, the sound
As it falls upon my ears!
Ah, the sobbing sighs it brings,
Tears for past, for better years.

Agnus Dei! Softer, softer,
As a glimpse of purer days;
Softer yet in subdued silence,
Soft submission, whispered praise.

—*William and Mary Lit. Magazine.*

THE BATES STUDENT

SLAVES

Too weak to dare the sleep immortal,
Too faint to bear the yoke of life,
We shrink from fears that keep its portal,
Yet cringe at every stroke in strife.

So all our living is a task uncourted,
So all our dying is a last defeat;
Our pleasure is a grinning mask distorted,
And pain sits throned upon the master's seat.

—GEORGE W. TREVOR in *Williams Literary Monthly*.

THE HARP PLAYER

God of the stillness, the night-thrill, the thundertone
Making, destroying thy world evermore;
God of the sun streaks that, quivering, glimmering,
Whirl down the surges to flash by the shore—
Fash'ning with sound I create thy world after thee.
Glinting of birches and pine-swaying strong,
Sweetness of thistle and coolness of gloaming time,
Live like an echo in throbs of my song.
For in the forests I heed thy great silences
Thrilled with a dream of a world to be born;
Sing a new saga for joy of thy wonderlight,
Sing a new God in a temple outworn.

—ELIZABETH TOOF in *The Vassar Miscellany*.



Here and There

Freshman—"Does the part ever equal the whole?"

Professor—"Take the conceit from a Freshman and there is nothing left."

He—"When I left for Europe, I promised to write to her if anything came up."

The other—"Well."

He—"I wrote to her eight times the next day."—*Clipping.*

Temperance lady to prisoner—"Ah, my dear man, Rum brought you here."

Prisoner—"No, mum. 'Twas Jones, the sheriff."

"Let me kiss those tears away," he begged tenderly. She fell into his arms, and he was busy. Still the tears flowed on. "Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly. "No," she murmured. "It is hay fever, you know. But go on with the treatment."—*Ex.*

He—"I shall kiss you when I go."

She—"Leave the house at once."

She—"I like grand opera music."

He—"Um."

She—"But the chorus is seldom pretty."

He—"Um."

She—"And the light effects here aren't good."

He—"Um."

She—"However, if I shut my eyes I can enjoy it."

Voice from the Rear—"And, if you shut your mouth, the rest of us can enjoy it."

"Sold again," murmured the second-hand picture. "Well, I'll be hanged."

"Here's where I get a call down," said the elevator boy at the top floor.

"I see signs of an early spring," said Tommy, as he saw the cat watching a bird.

"You shock me," said the corn to the farmer in harvest time.

How do you like your work?

"I find it uplifting," said the elevator boy.

"It is all right," said the stenographer.

"It keeps me busy," said the bee.

"It keeps me going," said the locomotive engineer.

"I'm right in the swim," said the life-saver at the beach.

"I make it as light as possible," said the electrician.

"Too dead," said the undertaker.

"I'm getting along well," said the artesian well digger.

"I am prone to failures," said the merchant.

"I am continually broken up," said the dollar bill.

"I have to scrape to get along," said the barber.

"I don't like it very well," said the physician.

"It's wearing on my friends," said the tailor.

"I have to dig for my money," said the sexton.

"I have to figure closely," said the bookkeeper.

"I find no difficulty in making both ends meet," said the snake.

"It keeps me flying," said the aeronaut.

"I am all worked up," said the butter.

"I am growing stronger every day," said the cheese.

COLLEGE LIFE

There was a chap in our town
Who vowed he'd go to college:
"For I," said he, "would wander down
The flow'ry path of knowledge."

He packed his trunk, he took the train,
And soon was domiciled there;
He 'gan at once to pack his brain
With wisdom not for child fare.

But, study hard or study late—
He never knew the reason—
He could not cram within his pate
The half his work in season.

With lessons long and lessons hard
Did teachers all enslave him;
What others reeled off by the yard
He couldn't learn to save him.

And when he found exams. were done,
And he was "fired" from college,
He said: "I fail to see the fun
In flow'ry paths of knowledge."

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