

10-1912

The Bates Student - volume 40 number 08 - October 1912

Bates College

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Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 40 number 08 - October 1912" (1912). *The Bates Student*. 1268.
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BATES STUDENT

Published for the Students of Bates, Past and Present

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

VOL. XL

LEWISTON, ME., OCTOBER, 1912

No. 8

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

TO A MAPLE TREE

ELAINE CURRIER, '13

Gaily gowned in scarlet splendor,
Richly robed in golden glory,
Flashing warmth like rays of sunshine,
Emblem art thou of my story.

Bringing joy to weary eyelids,
Bright'ning life in every crevice,
Giving hope to downcast mortals,
Maple tree, thou liv'st for service.

Thus may I in helpful kindness,
Cheer the lives of those about me,
Carry sunshine into shadow,
Live as thou, my maple tree.

THE LEGEND OF THE RIPS

LEON E. CASH, '13

It had been a disappointing game in many ways. Maine had come up suddenly and won out in the ninth inning. Perhaps it was the mental despondency naturally following such a defeat, united with the fact that fate necessitated my walking eight miles home with a University of Maine student that evening, or perhaps it was only the effects of the quiet, sombre, ghostlike moon shining over the hills and fields; at any rate it is certain my spirit was depressed more than usual and my mental alertness below the ordinary.

We had said but little after we had left the electric car, and had walked over a mile and a quarter out into the country, when the road came presently to the side of the Little Androscoggin River and ran along by its bank for quite a distance. The water flowed smoothly down, filling a tiny pond before an old sawmill. Along the banks on the opposite side was a small growth of bushes, through which the moon cast shady, myth-like figures out over the water. Several hundred yards farther the water fell over rocks for a short distance, making a slight but pronounced series of rips.

As I gazed up the stream through the rips, my heart gave a sudden jump, and my blood ran cold through my body. A white misty figure of a woman rose from the spray on the rips and seemed to half leap, half float from rock to rock along the opposite shore. I rubbed my eyes trying to dispel the vision, but it rose only the more plainly into view, and, hovering several feet above the rips, floated back toward the shore and disappeared among the bushes, while at the same time from the distance came a long, weird hoot of an owl. Fear seized me in every limb. Panic coming upon me, I grasped the arm of my companion with shaking hands, and cried in a hoarse, unnatural whisper,

"Charles! Did you see it? That figure there by the rips!"

He started quickly at the tone of my voice and the fierce grasp of my hands, and, following the direction of my finger to the spot where the figure had disappeared, broke out into a sharp exclamation.

"No! where? Did you see her? What luck! Why it must have been the 'Girl at the Rips' looking for her brother! Haven't you heard that story?"

And as we continued on our way home, he related to me the following legend.

It was a few years after the close of the Revolutionary War, and people had just begun to come into this section of Maine. A small settlement had grown up near what is now Norway.

The new settlers had but little trouble with the Indians. Occasionally a band of seven or eight, following the trails along the Androscoggin River, branched off up the Little Androscoggin and passed through the settlement on their way into New Hampshire. These, however, were of a very peaceful disposition, intent only on making a quick journey, and as the settlers treated them kindly, giving them food, drink, and shelter oftentimes when necessary, no danger or harm was thought of from them.

One of the latest arrivals who had come from Massachusetts to the village, was Eli Lovejoy. Lovejoy had been a member of the Continental Army during the war, and at its close had received a large tract of land in Maine in lieu of the pay for his services. Here, hoping to regain his broken health by a quiet, out-of-door life, he had removed his family from Boston and, clearing the land, planned to settle down to farming. However, misfortune came upon him at the start. Lovejoy's wife, a frail, weak woman, was unable to stand the rougher hardships of frontier life and died of pneumonia the first winter, leaving the care of the household and the bringing up of a tiny sister to Prudence Lovejoy, a shy, quiet girl of seventeen, who took hold bravely of the task thrown upon her and tried to make as pleasant a home as possible for her father and elder brother, Ernest.

One forenoon, in the summer following this bereavement. Prudence, having finished a large washing and spread it on the grass before the house to dry, took a tin pail and started for the spring a quarter of a mile up in the adjoining pasture to get fresh water for dinner. On nearing the spring, she was startled to see a young Indian warrior lying upon the ground. Her first instinct was to flee, but realizing that he was in trouble and could do her

no harm, she advanced and, kneeling by his side, hastily examined the pulse and feverish forehead. It was clearly a case of sunstroke. The dull, dark eyes followed her movements with scarcely any recognition of what she was trying to accomplish. Without wasting a moment's time, Prudence tore off a strip of her apron and bathed the hot forehead of the sufferer. Then she ran to the house and brought back a blanket and a small flask of liquor, a few mouthfuls of which she forced down his throat, and, having wrapped him in the blanket, watched by his side until he was sleeping quietly, out of all immediate danger.

In a few days he had recovered sufficiently to resume his journey. His name, he said, was Makohi and he came from the western part of Vermont, among which tribes he held some power and leadership. His eyes had never ceased, during his stay, to follow every movement of Prudence, and it became evident that the young warrior was deeply smitten by the charms of her person. This discovery brought only a contemptuous toss of that worthy's little head, but furnished much amusement to Ernest, who twitted her of her "Redskin sweetheart." Her father, however, looked very grave and said nothing.

Several months passed and the incident had become almost forgotten, when, one evening, Prudence was surprised to see the tall form of Makohi standing in the doorway. He was clothed in the wild war formula of his tribe and bore in his hands several magnificent silver-grey fox skins. Behind him stood an Indian youth with four ponies, loaded with valuable skins and furs.

"Ugh!" said the warrior. "Will the fair white lily, the tender nurse of the spring, accept these skins, so highly prized by the white sisters, and hold in her heart love and affection for the red chief, Makohi?"

With these words, he laid the beautiful gift at the feet of Prudence, and before she comprehended their meaning, had turned and was addressing her father with all the oratory and formalism of his race.

"Oh, Chief of the Pale Faces! Father of the fair maid of the Eastern trails! I, Makohi, address thee. A flitting bird from the southern winds hath entered into my breast and whispered to me, 'Thou lovest oh Makohi! Thou lovest the daughter

of the White Father. It has been long decreed at the council by the camp-fire of the Departed that thou shouldst lead her to thy wigwam. Thy tribe murmurs for the need of a chief to succeed thee. Return Makohi! take thy wealth and purchase of the white chieftain his daughter.' And I listened to the voice of the bird, Father, and am here. Take, I pray you, these tokens of my love for your daughter. Are they not enough, then I swear they shall be doubled. I have spoken, I, Makohi."

With a magnificent gesture, the Indian threw back his head and awaited the answer.

In spite of herself, Prudence admired the manly poise of her suitor; she realized that he came only according to the customs of his tribe, and that he was suing her in honest marriage. But before she could reply, a cry of scorn and anger burst from her father. "Dog of an Infidel! Thou savage! Dost thou dare venture to come here and insult my daughter beneath my own roof? Out of my sight! Out of my home! Away!"

The heavy hand rose, and fell full upon the cheek of the Indian. Makohi started back, eyes flashing. His hand leaped to the knife in his belt, but again his native dignity rose and saved him. Drawing himself erect, he glanced to the staring Prudence.

"I love," he said, simply.

A flush of scarlet swept over her face, with one deliberate move of her foot she sent the priceless furs before her rolling about the floor. The dusky countenance of the Indian paled beneath his conflicting emotions. His poise and dignity threatened to desert him. Without a word, he turned his back and stalked from the room. Once outside, he motioned to the boy to follow and the two were quickly lost sight of in the forest.

This time there was but little mirth left in the cabin. Ernest's face was graver than usual, and he no longer teased concerning "Prudence's lover." The father said little, but more attention was paid to loading the musket when going out to work and a closer watch was maintained while in the fields.

It was October when the blow fell. Lovejoy was absent in Portland, where he, together with the greater portion of the older inhabitants, had gone to buy their winter supply of salt and other necessities. Ernest had worked late into the afternoon, harvest-

ing, and had not been to the house since early morning, when he was startled to hear the blowing of the alarm horn from the house. Hurrying quickly home, he found a group of neighbors gathered. The house was in confusion, showing signs of a struggle. The baby was crying in the cradle.

"What's happened," he gasped. "Prudence, where is she?"

"Gone," cried one of the men. "Carried off by a party of Indians. Hurry, we are just starting in pursuit."

Ernest hastily left his little sister in the care of one of the women and joined them. There were only five grown men and a couple of boys in the whole party, so many were there away in the city. It was almost evening when they caught up with the Indians down near Page's Mills. The raiding party had succeeded in crossing the river and had rejoined their main body, over a hundred in number, who were camped on the opposite side of the river. When Ernest and his companion came up, they were already taking down their wigwams and preparing to leave. The appearance of the pursuing party was greeted with hoots and taunts by the Indians, who swarmed upon the bank and dared them to cross. The settlers were bold enough, and their courage was beyond all question of doubt, but to attempt a rescue in the face of such impossible odds blanched the cheek of every man.

Ernest ran up and down the bank distracted. Would not some power in heaven intervene to rescue his sister. Grasping his rifle he rushed as far out upon the rocks as he could go. Instantly, a dozen rifles covered him, but a tall form whom he recognized as Makohi, strode forward and motioned them to be lowered. Ernest ground his teeth and shook his fist at the figure of the warrior. At this moment, just as the long procession of ponies and squaws were beginning to disappear into the forest beyond, a white figure burst forth from the line, ran down to the bank, leaped out upon the river, and, kneeling on the rocks, stretched out her arms towards her brother.

"Oh, Ernest! Ernest!" she cried piteously, "shoot me! Oh, my God! won't you shoot me? Don't leave me to such a life! Oh, Ernest!"

The brother's heart was torn in pity and helpless anger. He rose to hurl himself into the roaring river, hoping to span the dis-

tance between them, and at least to die at her side ; but the helplessness of it all crushed him. He tried to raise his rifle, but his hands shook and he could not aim. The tears surged down the cheeks of the girl and she raised her arms again to her brother. A red figure suddenly appeared on the rocks and started towards her.

"Ernest!" came a last pathetic cry across the rips.

Something seemed to snap in the boy's brain. His eye grew clear, his nerves as steady as iron.

"Crash!" flashed the musket across the waters. Without a sound, painless and motionless, the figure of the girl dropped upon the rocks.

For a moment, surprise and consternation held motionless the occupants of both banks. Makohi stood facing Ernest from the spot where but a moment before the girl had knelt.

From both there broke out at almost the same instant a wild shriek, and, leaping into the rips, they met and seized each other, and sank whirling and tossing and struggling down into the pond below.

A LAMENTATION

'13

A dimpled face, fair eyes of brown,
Two lips of rosy hue,
A haunting dream of days gone by,
A broken heart for you.

How dared I, simple, foolish youth,
For such fair beauty pray?
God sends not such with us o'er long
On Earth's dull face to stay.

SUNSHINE VS. STORM

VERNE BLAKE, '13

Steve Harris was going to college—in fact, that had been settled some twelve years ago, when Steve, upon reaching home after his first day at school, announced his intentions to his widowed mother. They had been twelve long years of toil, and often privation, but the mother's indomitable courage won in the hard struggle.

The morning at last arrived. Such a morning as it was! To be sure, the sun penetrated with its piercing rays into the Harris home as in the past, but they seemed brighter this morning, and fairly danced in and out of the rooms, searching into every nook and corner. Somehow they felt they were needed here, and in spite of the widow's sorrow in having her boy leave her, these carriers of cheerfulness permeated her whole being. Laughing and chatting she packed the last few things into Steve's suit case.

Eight hours later, and Steve Harris found himself in the little world of which he was to be a member for the next four years. Such a confusion! Such a hurrying to and fro! Greetings were being shouted and exchanged—every one seemed to know every one else—so Steve thought.

Was *this* the place he had been looking forward to for so long? Was *this* the college he had dreamed about for the past twelve years? No, he wasn't exactly disappointed, and yet an indefinable mingling of feelings stole over him—it couldn't be he was homesick, and still, well—it was surely queer, the thought. what made him feel so.

While he was trying thus to analyze his sensations, a knock came upon the door. Before he had time to swallow the big lump in his throat and recover his voice, the door burst open, and in bounded half a dozen fellows. Poor Steve was more mystified than ever, but he tried faithfully to assimilate the different rules and by-laws, expounded to him. Their chief purpose, though, in interrupting his musing, was to invite Steve for a stroll about the campus.

Although naturally a shy fellow, Steve gladly consented to their proposal, and was soon viewing with all the astonishment

and bewilderment of which a Freshman is capable, the beauties of his *Alma Mater*.

About an hour was passed in this manner—a very pleasant hour so Steve thought, as he was returning to his room.

To be sure the sun wasn't shining so brightly as it had been, and as it occasionally peeped from behind the massive dark clouds, that were gradually obscuring it, it seemed to tell of an approaching storm.

Steve was wholly oblivious to all these signs, as with a light heart he climbed the four flights of stairs, not heeding the slouching form that crept stealthily past him. Gayly he opened the door and—

His suit case had been opened! The contents which the mother hands had packed so tenderly were scattered hither and thither upon the floor.

In a minute Steve was upon his knees hunting frantically among the disordered effects,—in vain he searched for the little bundle which meant the hard savings of so many years,—the little suit case still refused to reveal the treasure, or offer any explanation as to its mysterious disappearance.

Oh, why had he been so careless! Why hadn't he taken it with him! It was hard for him to believe that in college any one could be so base, so mean, and sink so low, as to steal, and yet slowly this fact began to make its imprint upon Steve's mind. With a moan of anguish the lad flung himself upon the bed, and there gave utterance to his overwhelming grief.

The slouching figure in the hall had returned, and was making its way past Steve's door—the ears caught the sobs, and heard each muttered phrase—a thrill passed through the form, and, crouching, it pressed itself against the door, restrained, as it were, by some powerful influence which prevented its passing on.

Louder now the moans became, and now dying away into a hoarse whisper—the form without shuddered as it caught the word "mother." As the grief within became more composed, more clearly could the one without catch the broken phrases, and weave them together into the sorrowful tale it told.

As though the story were being acted before him, even so clearly could the crouched figure without follow the life of the

one within—upon its keen imagination was imprinted all the labor, the toil, and the sacrifices of a mother for her son.

The sobs died away, the words ceased, all was quiet within. A step on the stairs was heard—the figure passed on.

Under his coat was hidden a bundle—to him it meant merely money itself, nothing more and nothing less. Now the debts of his wrong doings would be paid; his creditors no longer would annoy him;—ah, how well it all had come about. These were his thoughts, only a few moments ago, but now—try as he would, the pitiful little story he had just heard had a wonderful and strange effect upon him.

He, too, had had a mother once. He had almost forgotten her—she had died so long ago. Somehow he could seem to see her face again, at first faintly, but gradually growing clearer and clearer. Ashamed, he turned aside. Still those pleading eyes followed him—eyes in which some deep trouble and sorrow welled forth—now in this direction, and now in that. He tried to escape, but still those eyes haunted him. He divined only too well the words they seemed to say.

The seconds lengthened into minutes, and the minutes were fast approaching the hour, when Steve was startled by the appearance of a stranger. But it was not the stranger wholly, nor the quiet way in which he had entered that startled the lad. It was what the stranger removed from beneath his coat that excited Steve's emotion. Yes, there it was, that precious bundle—his treasure!

The stranger knelt by the bed, placed the parcel into Steve's trembling fingers, and after a whispered, "Forgive me," told the astonished lad how and why he had stolen the money and the reason for returning it.

Gradually the revelation of it all dawned upon Steve. Impulsively he clasped the hand of the form beside him and forgave the wrong.

The storm had passed away, and the contending elements seemed at peace with one another. As the rays of sunshine came pouring in at the window, some entered a heart already promising the fulfillment of a beautiful manhood; others entered a heart where hope was still dormant—needing but the rays of light to awaken and arouse the good impulse within.

Editorial- STUDENT

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The writers of Bates College history will record the change made in the name by which one of our halls has long been known. The hall at the eastern end of our campus, which was formerly the building of the Nichols Latin School, and which has for many years been the headquarters of the Physics and Biology departments, can properly be called Science Hall no longer. During the summer season, a complete renovation of the interior has been made. The laboratories and offices of the science departments have been transferred to the new Carnegie Hall, and the three upper floors have been remodeled into large and pleasant suites of room. This being the case, the faculty has voted that until further change seems wise this hall shall be designated as

East Hall. Old Science Hall is, then, no more. The new Carnegie Hall, in taking its place, becomes one of the waymarks by which the progress of the development of the college is indicated.

Again, Mount David, which has been one of the familiar landmarks around the college, has become a part of the college property. Bates students have long felt the right of ownership, and have found themselves only a little surprised when the news came of the transfer of the property to the college. Mount David offers excellent advantages for the erection of an observatory, when in the promising future of the college, this seems possible. Such changes as these mark an epoch of rapid progress for Bates.

Bates College has always stood for the highest ideals, since the date of its establishment. In two or three particulars it has taken a stand which has marked it as distinctively individual. One of these principles to which it has always firmly adhered, is to discountenance all hazing. Each year the Sophomore class, aided, perhaps, by the president of the college and the faculty, has arrived at the decision that hazing should be dropped, and thus far Bates has been free from the extreme forms of hazing which have disgraced some other institutions. There has been, however, a tendency to impose certain unpleasant ceremonies upon the members of the entering class, which have many times been unduly severe and undeserved. This year, hastened, perhaps, in arriving at their decision by the solicitations of President Chase, the Class of 1915 has voted unanimously to discountenance and to discontinue all forms of hazing. This decision rigidly adhered to, reflects much credit upon the Class of 1915, and marks another step upward. Of all college customs and mannerisms, nothing more savors of the age of barbarism, of the age when primitive man's chief delight was in torturing and killing, than this survived custom of hazing. Infinitely more credit will be reflected upon the college, if the Sophomores of the future decide to abandon this custom, and to respect the rights of those in the entering classes.



Local



Faculty Notes

The opening of the fall semester sees several new faces among the faculty. To all those new to us this year, we extend a cordial welcome, and in order to become better acquainted, we give the following information.

Mr. Walter Jamison, instructor in Freshman English, graduated from Yale in 1911. While in college, he took part in debating and athletics, and made special study of history, English, and German. He also was interested in boys' club work. The year following his graduation, he tutored in Detroit, Mich. His home is in Hazleton, Penn. That Mr. Jamison is a Phi Beta Kappa man is evidence of his ability as an instructor.

Miss Edna Manship, of Marshfield Hills, Mass., is a graduate of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics. Before coming to Bates, Miss Manship taught at Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I., and at Smith College. Miss Manship is Physical Director for the young women.

Miss Theodora S. Root, instructor in Domestic Economy, studied at the Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Miss Frances R. Whitney, assistant to Dean Woodhull, is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke. Her home is in Norwich, Conn., and she has taught in Stamford, Ct., before coming to Bates. While in college, Miss Whitney was leader of the Glee Club and active in the Y. W. C. A.

Dean Woodhull has just gone to South Hadley, Mass., where she will attend the 75th anniversary exercises at Mt. Holyoke.

On Thursday afternoon of October 3 Mrs. W. R. Whitehorne of College Street, Lewiston, delightfully entertained the Bates Needle Club. Mrs. A. N. Leonard served as chairman for a very brief business session. Mrs. Whitehorne, Mrs. Blanche Roberts, Mrs. R. R. N. Gould, and Mrs. A. N. Leonard, were the committee of arrangements. At five o'clock dainty refreshments were served by the hostess.

The next meeting will be held in two weeks at the home of

Mrs. A. N. Leonard, when Mrs. A. G. Cushman will assist Mrs. Leonard in entertaining.

Musical Clubs Greater interest than ever before is being shown this fall in the work of the musical clubs. More than forty candidates have been tried out under the direction of P. S. Nickerson, '13, of Medford, leader of the Glee Club, and W. D. Small, '14., of Lewiston, leader of the Mandolin Club. The initial appearance of this year's organization will be in the annual concert, to be given in Lewiston on December 9. Through the Christmas recess, the combined Glee and Mandolin Clubs will take a trip through Southern Maine and Massachusetts, the schedule, as arranged by Manager H. W. L. Kidder, '13, of Richmond, calling for seven concerts. From the material on hand, it is expected that the reputation for splendid musical clubs which Bates now enjoys will be more than maintained.

Hare and Hound Chase Tuesday afternoon, October 1, all the young women of the College were excused from recitations to attend the annual Hare and Hound chase. The starting place was the field at the foot of Mount David, where four attractive posters marked the beginning of each of the four trails. From the four posters trails of red, yellow, blue, and white confetti marked the routes to be followed by the four divisions of "hounds" in order to reach the "Hares' Retreat." These trails led, as usual, thru fields and across fences, over hills and across swamps, ending, at last, in a picturesque spot on the river bank where the "hares" were assembled. Fires were built and refreshments were served, consisting of baked beans, sandwiches, cake, and coffee. Corn was roasted and bacon cooked over the coals. In spite of the sudden shower which drove everyone to the nearest shelter, the usual time was spent in giving class songs and class yells. Much credit is due to the committees chosen from the Girls' Athletic Association, who were in charge of the affair and helped to make the Hare and Hound chase of 1912 a decided success.

East Hall

Old Science Hall is no more, for now it is to be known as East Hall. The inside of the building was extensively remodeled during the summer vacation, so that now it stands an excellent dormitory where a large majority of the men of the entering class room.

**The Passing of
Hazing**

The men of the Class of 1915, at a recent meeting called by President Greenan, discussed for an hour the merits and disadvantages of hazing, after which they unanimously voted to abolish hazing, feeling that this action was in keeping with the general progressive movement among the colleges, and that it was for the best interests of Bates. The class hope to have established a precedent for all future sophomore classes.

Art Collection

By courtesy of Messrs. Foster Bros., of 4 Park Square, Boston, privilege has been given to the College to exhibit a large collection of Medici Prints. The Medici Prints are the best known reproductions of the famous old masters and are exquisite works of art in themselves. An art gallery has been arranged on the top floor of Carnegie Hall, where 121 of these beautiful prints are on exhibition. Every student should make an effort to study a few of the prints, at least, for they are well worth a great deal of time.

**Girls' Mandolin
Club**

The Girls' Mandolin Club is already at work under the new officers, and although regular practice hours have not yet been assigned, some good results have been accomplished. The club is under the management of Amy L. Weeks, '13, with Marguerite Lougee, '13, as leader.

The Girls' Glee Club has not been organized this year as yet.

**Freshman Class
Ride**

Probably the most important event of the year for the Freshmen occurred on the afternoon of Sept. 28, when Professor Stanton gave them the annual Class Ride. For years Professor Stanton has taken each Freshman Class up to the State Fish Hatchery, introduced them to the delights of Lake Auburn, and endeared himself in the hearts of every one. This ride was the most enjoyable ever experienced as is always the case.

Track Meet

On Saturday evening, Oct. 5, the Class of 1913 entertained the Freshmen girls in the gymnasium at Rand Hall. The entertainment took the form of a track meet in which there were many interesting events. The "Standing Broad Grin," "Peanut Yard Dash," and many others were very amusing and very much enjoyed. At the end of the evening ice cream was served in boxes.

From the Appropriation:

New Library Books Muther: History of Modern Painting, 4 vol.
Montesquieu: Lettres Persanes.

Gale: Friendship Village.

Lounsbury: The Early Literary Career of Robert Browning.

Maeterlinck: Aglavaine and Selysette.

Strindberg: Plays.

Schelling: The Elizabethan Drama 2 vols.

Bennett: Syntax of Early Latin.

Cosenza: Petrarch's Letters to Classical Authors.

Harrington: Live Issues in Classical Study.

Richardson: Helps to the Reading of Classical Latin Poetry.

Stranahan: History of French Painting.

From the Geological Department:

Butler: A pocket handbook of minerals.

Hobbs: Characteristics of Existing Glaciers.

Milham: Meteorology.

Pirsson: Rocks and Rock Minerals.

Willis and Salisbury: Outlines of Geologic History.

From the Astronomical Department:

Flammarion: Popular Astronomy.

MacPherson: The Romance of Modern Astronomy.

From the Alumni Association:

Alden: Democratic England.

Cambridge Mediaeval History, vol. 1.

Fletcher: The Making of Western Europe: The Dark Ages.

Goodnow: Social Reform and the Constitution.

Goodnow: Municipal Government.

Haskin: The American Government.

Richard: History of German Civilization.

From the Bates Fund:

Bateson: Mediaeval England.

Cazamian: Modern England.

Belloc: The French Revolution.

Graham: The Mother of Parliaments.

Haney: History of Economic Thought.

Howe: Wisconsin, an Experiment in Democracy.

Levine: The Labor Movement in France.

Nearing: Wages in the United States.

Selbie: English Sects.

Squier: Old Age Dependency in the United States.

Thayer: Life and Times of Cavour.

Uyehara: The Political Development of Japan.

Stockton: The Closed Shop in American Trade Unions.

Who's Who in America, 1912-13.

Jenks: The Immigration Problem.

Paxson: The Last American Frontier.

Archer and Kingsford: The Crusades.

Earle: Stage Coach and Tavern Days.

Eginhard's Life of Charlemagne.

Graves: History of Education, 2 vol.

Jusserand: English Wayfaring Life.

Mathews: The Expansion of New England.

Roberts: The New Immigration.

Whitehead and Russell: Principia Mathematica.

Wood: Physical Optics.



1916 Reception The reception in honor of the Class of 1916, given by the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. on the evening of September 21st, in Fiske Hall, was a very informal and enjoyable occasion. All were furnished with tags upon which they wrote their names, class, nickname, and home address. In this way it was a very bashful person who could avoid making several acquaintances.

The following program was given, after all present had been welcomed by President Chase, Dean Woodhull, Mr. John McDaniel, president of the Y. M. C. A., Miss Florence Day, president of the Y. W. C. A., and others of the receiving line.

PROGRAM

Overture	Mandolin Quartet
Reading	Partridge
Selection	Vocal Quartet
Welcome to 1916 by President Chase, President McDaniel of Y. M. C. A., and Miss Day of Y. W. C. A.	
Selection	Mandolin Quartet
Bates Song	
Refreshments	

Morrison, '13, led a very helpful prayer-meeting for the Y. M. C. A. on Sept. 25th.

"The Place of the Bible in the Life of the College Man" was the subject of Mr. Oldham's remarks at the Y. M. C. A. Meeting on October 2d. In a very forceful manner he

treated the following three reasons why every college man should study the Bible: First, for its literary value; second, because the world will expect and demand that the college man know the Bible and its standards of morality; and third, because it will bring the man in touch with the greatest personality of the ages, Christ.

Bible Study

Twenty prospective teachers of Y. M. C. A. voluntary Bible classes, met at the home of Prof. Purinton on the evening of September 24th. Prof. Purinton has consented to lead the normal class. He briefly outlined the year's work, which will be "Studies in the Life of Christ," by Edward T. Bosworth. The group classes are to be formed soon.

**Dr. Seerley's
Lectures**

Dr. F. N. Seerley, of the Springfield Training School, who visited Bates last spring, delivered four very instructive and helpful lectures to the men of the college, Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5-6. The lectures were well attended, showing the appreciation of the young men for Dr. Seerley and the message that he had in store for them, the attendance being about 125 at each lecture. Dr. Seerley is a very earnest, forceful, and entertaining speaker, making a deep and lasting impression upon his hearers. His pleasant manner and sunny smile immediately win him friends. The men of Bates hope to have the pleasure of hearing him again, and it is safe to say that should he visit us in the future, he will receive a rousing welcome.





Owing to the strong showing made against Harvard by the University of Maine football team, the up-state college is being generally picked to win the college championship. Bates men, however, remember how Maine has been defeated in the past when supposedly a championship team had been developed, and there will, no doubt, be a fierce battle when these two teams meet on Garcelon Field. Bowdoin and Colby are so far unknown quantities.

Dartmouth 26
Bates 0

On Sept. 28, at Hanover, Dartmouth defeated Bates 26 to 0. It was simply a heavy and more experienced team against an undeveloped squad and the result was not unexpected.

The summary:

DARTMOUTH.	BATES.
Brady, l.e.....	l.e., Danahy
Etap. lt.....	lt., Shepard
Beer, l.g.....	l.g., Stillman
Whitemore, c.....	c., Harding
Hinman, r.g.....	r.g., Leavitt
Rector, r.t.	r.t., Leavitt
Loudon, r.e.....	r.e., Swanson
Llewellyn, q.b.....	q.b., Talbot
Whitney, l.h.b.....	l.h.b., Eldridge
Morey, r.h.b.....	r.h.b., Dyer
Snow, f.b.....	f.b., Dennis

Score—Dartmouth, 26; Bates 0. Touchdowns—Morey, 2; Hogsett, Brady. Goals from touchdown—Ghee, 2. Umpire—McGrath, Boston. Referee, Bragg, Wesleyan. Head linesman

—McConnell. Time—Four eight-minute periods. Substitutes: Dartmouth, Lafferty and Ashton for Brady; Ghee and Comiskey for Llewellyn; Hogsett for Whitney. Bates, Russell for Stillman; Dyer for Leavitt; McNish for Dyer.

Bates 19
N. H. State 14

On Saturday, Oct. 5, Bates defeated New Hampshire State College by the score of 19 to 14. The Bates team fumbled considerably.

Brackett made a 60-yard run for a touchdown.

The summary:

BATES.	N. H. STATE.
Danahy, l.e.....	r.e., Kiley
Dyer, l.t.....	r.t., J. Thompson
Shepard, l.g.	r.g., Willard
Harding, c.....	c., Holton
Russell, r.g.....	l.g., Peavey
Gove, r.t.....	l.t., Jenness
C. Thompson, r.e.....	l.e., Clark
Talbot, q.b.....	q.b., Brackett
Dennis, l.h.b., f.b.....	r.h.b., Bissell
Eldridge, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., Jones
Hubbard, f.b.....	f.b., Woodman

Substitutes, Bates: Manuel for Harding, Leavitt for Russell, McNish for Eldridge, Kennedy for McNish, Joyce for Dennis; N. H. State: Williams for J. Thomson, Haines for Woodman.

Referee, Mitchell (Wesleyan); Umpire, Jones (Wyoming); Head Linesman, Randall (Wesleyan); Assistants, Cummings (Bates), and Perley (N. H. State). Time, three 11-minute periods. Score—Bates 19, N. H. State 14. Touchdowns—Eldridge, Dennis (2), Woodman, Brackett. Goal from touchdowns—Dennis, Woodman, Haines.

Track

It has finally been definitely decided to hold a cross-country run at Lewiston between the four Maine colleges, probably on Nov. 2. Some time before this date, a dual run will be held at Lewiston between

Bates and Bowdoin. The interclass track meet will be held on Oct. 24 and 25. With all these meets ahead, the track men are working harder than ever before. The most promising candidates for the cross-country team are Capt. Deering, '13; Kidder, '13; Sawyer, '13; Tibbets, '13; Parker, '14; Baldwin, '15; Mansfield, '15; and Syrene, '16. Seven men will be picked for the team. Coach Lathrop believes that the great interest at Bates in cross-country work will develop good distance men for the Maine Intercollegiate Meet to be held at Orono next spring. Prospects for a championship track team were never brighter.

Tennis

The annual fall tennis tournament has been in progress for more than a week, and several very good matches have been played. As an innovation, all the tennis players were placed in one of two classes; the members of the team and Dr. Britan and Mr. Oldham were placed in Class A, the rest in Class B. This arrangement hastened the progress of the tournament and made the matches more even.

SINGLES—CLASS A

First Round

Woodman, '13, defeated Alley, '13; 6-1, 6-3.

Tomblen, '14, defeated Dr. Britan.

Nickerson, '13, defeated Mr. Oldham; 6-3, 6-3.

Second Round

Nickerson, '13, defeated Tomblen, '14; 1-6, 6-0, 6-4.

Nickerson and Woodman play for the championship of the college this week.

SINGLES—CLASS B

Morrison, '13, and Hall, '13, will play for the championship of Class B sometime this week.

No matches in doubles have yet been played. Good contests should be the rule in Class A, for the men are paired up as they played in the tournament last spring, and the faculty team is also strong.

The tournament has been made much more enjoyable for both spectators and players by the excellent condition in which the management has kept the courts.



1876—Thomas H. Stacy, D.D., of Concord, N. H., is to deliver an address at the laying of the corner stone of the new Bates Chapel.

1880—Rev. Francis L. Hayes is pastor of the California Avenue Congregational Church, Chicago.

1888—Charles W. Cutts has left his position as principal of the Merrimac, Mass., High School, and is Superintendent of Schools for Derry, Londonderry, and Windham, N. H. His residence is in Derry.

Alvin E. Thomas has left Centre Strafford, N. H., where he has met with singular success as principal of Austin Cate Academy, and is now principal of the Provincetown, Mass., High School.

1895—Ralph E. Files, for several years principal of the high school at Haverhill, Mass., is now principal of the East Orange, N. Y., High School.

1896—Miss Gracia Prescott, who teaches Latin in South Portland High School, was obliged to remain for a month after school began at her home in Warren, N. H., because of her mother's illness. She has now resumed her work.

1897—Fred W. Burrill is superintendent of schools at Brewer, Maine.

Hon. Carl E. Milliken, of Island Falls, is President of the Maine Free Baptist Association, which holds its annual meeting at Springvale, this month.

E. F. Cunningham is principal of the High School at Merrimac, Mass.

1900—Dr. Ferris Summerbell, Bates 1900, was married on October first to Miss Josephine King, of Omro, Wis. They will be at home after January 1 at Nahma, Mich.

1901—H. H. Stuart is principal of Cony High School, Augusta.

1902—Miss Helen Knowlton, formerly of Bates, 1902, a grad-

uate of Mt. Holyoke College, has accepted a position as instructor in Sanitation at Cornell University.

1903—Hazel Donham is teaching in the High School at Passaic, Mass.

1904—Bessie Cooper remains in charge of the English department in the Presque Isle High School, where she has been very successful.

Alta Walker Rankin is living in Worcester, Mass.

Amber L. Parlin has returned to her position in the Central High School, Springfield, Mass.

Rev. George A. Senter is located in Tamworth, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. William Trufant Foster have a young daughter. They are located in Oregon, where Mr. Foster is president of a new college. Mrs. Foster will be remembered as Miss Bessie Russell of 1904.

Dr. and Mrs. Irving E. Pendleton of Lewiston, Me., have another son. Mrs. Pendleton was formerly Miss Flossie Hodgson.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Dunfield are in Milford, N. H., where Mr. Dunfield is principal of the High School.

Grace V. Thompson is teaching in the Hartford, Conn., High School.

Gertrude Hartley is living in Portland, Maine.

John A. Sinclair still remains at New Hampton Literary Institute, New Hampton, N. H., where he has been very successful.

On October second, Miss Alice Laura Sands was married at her home in Lewiston to Mr. Sidney Ernest Stockwell, of Hartford, Conn. The wedding was a 1904 affair. Misses Parlin, Phillips and Milliken were present, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Eugene B. Smith. George Ross was the caterer. After Dec. 1 they will be at home at 37 Mountain Avenue, Hartford, Conn.

1905—Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Conant of Woodland, Me., have a young son. Mrs. Conant was formerly Miss Mary Walton of 1905.

Mr. Guy P. Benner, formerly of Bates, 1905, was married to Miss Julia C. Whitney, on August 14. Mr. Benner is located in Monmouth, Me.

1907—Miss Caroline W. Chase has been appointed Clerk for

the Social Service Commission of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

N. Harold Rich is principal of Bridgewater Academy.

E. P. Freese is principal of Austin Cate Academy, Strafford, N. H.

Eugene Foster is principal of the High School at York Village, Maine.

L. B. Farnham is principal of the South Portland High School.

Miss Alice Quinby of Westbrook, has taught in the South Portland High School for a month, substituting for Miss Prescott of Bates, '96.

1908—Gladys Ferguson is teaching in South Hamilton, Mass., High School.

Katherine Little is teaching in Merrimac, Mass., High School.

Eva Wentworth has a fine position in the High School at Gilbertville, Mass.

1909—Miss Grace E. Haines is teaching in Belleville, N. J.

On October seventh, Miss Laura M. Weare was married at her home in Auburn to Mr. Hubert Tanner of Providence, R. I.

1910—Florence A. Pinkham is a teacher in the public schools of Peekskill, N. Y. She is taking work in Education at Teachers' College, Columbia University.

Jane Edwards is taking graduate work in Latin Columbia University.

Sarah Little is teaching in Hanover, Mass., High School.

Isadore Harmon is teaching at Presque Isle High School.

Leon Luce is studying photography at Presque Isle.

1911—Nola Houdlette is taking a course this year in Bliss Business College.

Sarah McCann is teaching English in Livermore Falls High School.

Winnifred McKee is teaching in Alton, N. H.

Gulie Wyman is teaching in Gloucester, Mass., High School.

Rita Cox is at her home in Lewiston.

Isabel Kincaid has left her position in the South Portland High School to accept a similar one in Portland.

Effie Stanhope is Assistant Teacher of Languages in Foxcroft Academy

Charles L. Harris and Walter E. Matthews have begun their studies in Harvard Law School.

Samuel Anderson Aas, formerly of Bates, '11, was married August 15th to Miss Tella Qualset of Closter, Nebraska. They will make their home at Bode, Iowa.

Fred R. Weymouth has entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

1912—Because of poor health, Miss Gertrude Cox is not teaching, but is at her home in Poland, N. Y.

Zela Bridgham is teaching in Jefferson, N. H.

Melissa Robinson is teaching in the High School at Milo, Me.

Ada Rounds is teaching at Sherman Mills, Me.

Iantha Irvine is soon to leave for Salem, Oregon, where her father is to be pastor of the Methodist Church.

Evangeline Redman is teaching French and German in the Dexter High School.

Wilhelmina Noyes is spending the year with relatives in North Dakota.

Angie Smith is teaching in the Kennebunk High School.

Helen Meserve is teaching in Livermore Falls.

Mary Pingree is teaching in Newmarket, N. H.

Bessie Hart is a teacher in the Franklin, Mass., High School.

Ruth Humiston is at her home in East Jaffrey, N. H., recovering from a recent illness.

Edward Fuller and Vaughn S. Blanchard are at the Springfield Training School.

Hubert Davis is leader of the orchestra at the Empire Theatre, Lewiston.

H. M. Bickford is teaching in Chicopee, Mass.

S. L. Allen is teaching in Parsonsfield Seminary.

Charles Stanhope is principal of the Sangerville High School.

Paul Yeaton is principal of the High School at Abbott, Me.

Wayne Davis and Carl Rhoades are taking graduate work at Brown University.

THE STUDENT is giving the Class of 1904 excellent service, isn't it? This is because a member of 1904 sent in some items which he had gathered during the summer. If members of other classes would do the same they would get the same good service. Please help the alumni editor to locate all the members of your own class.

Be making your plans to attend the semi-centennial anniversary of the founding of Bates which is to be held in 1914.



Once more has fall returned, once more have the college doors opened to welcome eager students, and once more are the editors of the college magazines collecting material for their papers. After the summer vacation, which has been so full of work and play, there is an abundance of subjects to write about, but from all this superfluity, what material is there for the exchange editor? Anxiously the coming of every mail is watched, in the hope that some magazine will appear which will give an opportunity for review, but patience and hope are not rewarded, and even the very last mail fails to answer the cry of the waiting. Then despair? No, not exactly, because the exchange editor knows that there must be many others in the same position and misery finds its consolation in realizing that it is not alone. Then cheer up and remember that before the next issue is ready, there will be more magazines than are needed to satisfy even the exchange editor.

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.
 Far in the forest 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.*

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