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BATES STUDENT

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THE CHARGE OF THE LANCERS

JAMES FRANK HILL, '14

Charge! to the front, the lancers,
The pride and the pick of the clan,
The fighting brigade of the army
Since ever the army began.
Mount, then, pride of the legions.
Charge, to the fore of the fray.
Spare not rein, spur, or charger,
Fighters are needed to-day.
Hear not the roar of the cannon
But the roar in your ears of the wind.
See but the banner, all tatters,
And the black masses swarming behind.
Before, all about, thunder-heads of the storm;
Remember, remember the Legion
And ever and ever, on! on!

On down the dark valley, breathing
The dragon-smoke of the fight,
Down in the hell mouth grim, seething
With slaughter. On! charge with thy might.

Of heroes who never were conquered,
Of the sword of the victories won!
On with the speed of the Death-blade
And ever and ever, on! on!

FOR THE CAUSE OF SCIENCE

LEON E. CASH, '13

"All right, Professor, shall I let go?"

"Let go, Johnson."

"Jump!"

A quick scramble followed, and a moment later, a ruddy-faced, bright-eyed, athletic young fellow stood beside an elderly college professor, in the basket of a dirigible balloon, and watched the earth fall rapidly away from beneath his feet.

Professor Norton, a man of about fifty years, was at the head of the Astronomical Department of Perham University. He was considered one of the foremost scientists of the country, and for several years had been spending infinite time and labor in the spectrum analysis of the planet Uranus. In this labor he had been glad to receive the interest and assistance of his star pupil, Johnson, whose earnestness and appliance was a source of constant wonderment to the worthy professor. "No other young man in all my knowledge," he told his wife and daughter, "has ever shown such interest and application for scientific research, and such apparent fascination for his work. I predict a great future for him. A great future."

The Professor was right in his judgment of his pupil. No youth of Johnson's age could associate intimately for two years with such an enthusiastic astronomer as Norton without catching something of his spirit and ideals; moreover, association with this versatile scientist was a college education, many times over, in itself. Besides, if the professor's shy, little daughter, Florence, was often in the observatory, and quiet glances and whispered sentences passed between her and Johnson, even under the professor's unobserving nose, that was nobody's business, and it certainly kept Johnson entranced with astronomy and eager for more scientific investigation.

The balloon, in which the two had just ascended from the lawn of the professor's summer cottage, was one especially designed and constructed for their purpose. It was spherical in shape, made of the finest fabric and filled to overflowing with Hydro-Helium gas, a product manufactured by the professor and

his pupil themselves, through burning a quantity of the rare metal helium in a fierce hydrogen flame, the resulting gas being of a density sufficiently light to be marked almost minus. With the aid of this gas it was the hope of Professor Norton to be able to reach a sufficient altitude above the earth, such that he could successfully carry on his light analysis without the effects of our earth's atmosphere which up to this time had competely baffled his efforts.

"Five thousand feet, professor," read Johnson from the barometer. "We had better be putting on our oxygen helmets, or we shall soon be distressed. The balloon is rising rapidly."

"Yes, yes, you are right," said the professor, "the experiment is a greater success than I dreamed. Thanks to your suggestion for the change in that upper valve, I believe we are going to rise to undreamed heights and surpass all possible forecasted records."

"Eight thousand—ten thousand feet—two miles—three miles—five miles," read the imperturable student from the barometer. In silence, the delighted professor looked over his shoulder.

"We shall suceeed," he murmured, "we shall succeed."

A life time's labor seemed as nothing to him, compared with this, at last, assured success.

Higher and higher the balloon rose. Beneath them, the earth stretched out, a flattened hemisphere, the outlines of waters and lands laughed up at them through the passing clouds.

"Fifty—one hundred—two hundred—four hundred miles," came the silent report. An extremely nervous, frightened student and a delighted, excited, nerve-shaking old man, watched with fascinated gaze.

Then with hurried movements lest the balloon should begin to sink, the professor began his observations. With shaking hands he passed quickly from one instrument to another. Duplicate after duplicate photographic plate was taken of the spectrum shown in the spectroscope. Result after result verified the long life-thought theories. Evidence after evidence was taken of data which would revolutionize the world of science. The name of Norton would go down through the ages of time from the results that afternoon.

As the professor finished his labor, he was startled by a con-

cussion, an explosion rendered terrific in that slight atmosphere and by the quick, horror-stricken grasp of Johnson upon his arm. The barometric instruments had exploded. With terrified signs the pupil asked to know the meaning. With a white face and ashen countenance, the professor stared at his broken instruments, then around about at the blue, airless void about them. In no direction was aught to be seen but the same terrifying blankness.

"What does it mean?" signalled Johnson to his companion.

"I do not know. Let me investigate," telegraphed back the professor.

Five minutes of tense anxiety followed, during which Professor Norton examined closely his remaining guides and dials, and scribbled unending figures and formulas upon his notebook.

"We have passed, my dear boy," he began, "apparently from beyond the earth's atmosphere. The density of our invented gas is truly a negative quantity, which was larger than we dreamed, and has been sufficient to carry our combined weights and what little oxygen we have stored up, beyond the gravitational effects of our planet. Where we will go I do not know. The situation is unparalleled."

More minutes of figuring and calculating followed, then he continued:

"The nearest celestial body to us now is the moon, but owing to the present conjunction of Mercury and Venus, we are being rapidly drawn towards one of the latter, Venus in all probability. Do not be afraid, our rate of speed is tremendous and is increasing rapidly. We are not falling, but are being drawn magnetically forward. Our present supply of oxygen will undoubtedly permit us to reach that planet without much suffering, for Venus is just now in opposition with the Earth only 25,700,000 miles distant, and we are traveling, thanks to this wonderful gas, nearly—don't be frightened, boy—5,000,000 terrestrial miles per hour."

Hours passed, the Professor and the boy alternated watching dials and celestial influences; at the expiration of the fourth hour, the boy drew up beside the white-haired Professor and began nervously to engage him in conversation.

"Professor," he signalled, "I have much I wish to speak of to you—before," shuddering, "we reach that place there beyond."

"Yes," returned Professor Norton. "You and I, my boy, are about to enter upon experiences never yet encountered by human beings. Upon us devolves the discovery and exploration of a new planet. We may well pause before beginning such an undertaking."

"I know, I realize," returned Johnson, "and there is something of which I wish to speak that has lain close to my heart for a long time. Florence, sir—I, sir—we're very much in love, sir, and—"

"Ah!" sighed the Professor. "Is it possible, my boy! my boy! I am overwhelmed. To think that I should ever have led you into such an adventure. The thought overcomes me. My boy, if we ever succeed in returning to earth again, I promise you nothing will make me happier than the knowledge that my Flossie has chosen so wisely."

The two men clasped hands and tears shone in their eyes.

"Edward," he signaled, dropping the stereotyped college formula, Johnson, "the atmospheric dial is beginning to show activity. We must be very near to the planet now and can be said to be truly falling. Let's hope the gas will hold out sufficiently to ensure us a safe landing."

"Let me see," he mused, "the earth's density is 5.53 compared to water, and Venus only 4.89. In mass, Venus is 0.82 that of our planet. The atmosphere must be somewhat similar, and though extremely rare, still sufficient probably to enable us to live. We must, however, be prepared to endure all kinds of discomfort."

By this time the surface of the planet was clearly visible. The speed of the balloon began to decrease as the atmosphere thickened, and the two strangers sank slower and slower down towards the mysterious unknown.

As the balloon settled upon the ground Professor Norton leaped quickly out, trembling with suppressed excitement. Johnson followed a moment later and busied himself making the balloon fast. The professor smiled at the inferred respect through which his younger companion had permitted him the honor of being the first terrestrial being to set foot upon the new planet. Overhead the sun beat down with scorching fierceness. The field in which they had landed was a broad, meadow marsh, the grass reaching nearly to their waists.

"Edward," said the awe-struck professor, in subdued tones. "We are assuredly upon the planet Venus. The seasons here are shorter, apparently, than at home and farther advanced, due, perhaps, to the small mass of the planet and its closer proximity to the sun. Moreover, the vegetation would be much more luxuriant, for the amount of light and heat per unit area is almost double that of the earth, and it is no wonder we find the grass here already so deep."

"In what part of the planet, Professor, do you think we have landed," inquired Johnson, as he finished securing the balloon.

"I have hardly determined as yet," answered Norton. "I should judge from the changed position of the sun, and its altitude on the horizon, that we must be somewhere near one of the planet's poles."

"Why, Professor!" gasped the astonished pupil. "Can we find swamps and marshes here on Venus at the poles?"

"Certainly, certainly, my boy, the increased solar energy received per unit area is sufficient according to this thermometer, to raise the planet's temperature at least thirty per cent. above that of our earth. This is sufficient to extend the terrestrial hot belt to the poles and to give tropical conditions over the entire planet, but come let us make our way to that higher ground over there, and consider our next movements.

With painstaking care the two made their way gingerly through the marsh and muck of the swamp till they reached a small knoll, a few hundred yards distant on the side of a widely extending meadow. Just as they reached this position, something stirred at their feet and leaped in the grass. A sharp cry arose from the professor, and springing forward he fell upon his knees and made frantic clutches at the disappearing object. A second leap was more successful and the professor rose to his feet, mud-besmeared from head to foot, but the proud possessor of a tiny object that kicked and squirmed in his hands as he held it up to view.

"A bull frog!" cried Johnson, thunderstruck, staring bewilderedly at the unique figure before him—"a bull frog! On Venus!"

"No, no, my boy! A *Rana Catesbiana* of the sub-order Firmisternia, of the order of Anura, of the division Chordata. This is undoubtedly the nearest approach to human habitation which we will find upon the planet. We are in a world which is undoubtedly millions of years less developed than ours. We have been graced with the good fortune of being able to make first-hand investigations of the Paleozoic period. Prehistoric mammals and reptiles are all we may hope to find. Prepare yourself, at any moment to fight for life with these creatures."

At this instant, the professor's conversation was interrupted by a deep, thundering challenge from the distance beyond the meadow. Again, both faces blanched with conflicting emotions and both men stared across the meadow into the woods beyond.

"Honk! Honk!" Again came the challenge and a large red touring automobile ran suddenly out of the woods and along a hitherto unnoticed road down toward the two adventurers. Johnson averted his face, the professor's eyes dilated, his mouth drooped, and open-eyed consternation showed in every feature.

"Father," came a clear musical cry, and a white figure leaped from the slowing car and ran rapidly across the intervening grass.

"Father, are you back all right? Oh, you wicked, wicked man to go way off up in that horrid balloon, and never say a word about it to any one. Why!—"

Her torrent of words ended in a sharp gasp, as she saw the dumbfounded, expressionless face before her, and the queer, mud-soiled, dirt-grimed figure of her father.

"Father Norton! Are you crazy? What have you been doing? Oh, see the funny bullfrog."

Her merry laugh broke over the meadow. Suddenly she turned with a snap and stamped her foot.

"Ed Johnson, are you mad? What wild prank have you been playing on my poor, dear father."

With a guilty look Johnson came forward and stood by the side of the professor and began sheepishly.

"Dear Professor Norton, I didn't intend to do this really. It's all a hoax. We have simply dropped back to earth and are on *terra firma* again. I am very sorry, forgive me."

The old man stared, first at Johnson, then at Florence. Low-

ering his eyes he dropped the frog, which, after several frantic leaps, disappeared in the swamp beyond.

"But the instruments, boy, the data. It was unquestionable!"

"I know it, professor, and I am, oh, so sorry! When I saw how everything was working so splendidly, and there was no possible chance of failure, I couldn't help holding a match beneath the barometer and seeing it go up; and I was too careless and it exploded, and then you seemed so earnest, and it was such fun, I could not help it. I am sorry."

"But my spectrum analysis, my plates?"

"All your work, professor, is correct. We did, really, reach an altitude of fifty miles, and we have accomplished enough to revolutionize science and to perpetuate our names through all time. Oh, professor! Won't you forgive me?"

The big blue eyes filled with tears, and a very repentant boy stood before the professor. For a moment Professor Norton hesitated, then a broad, deep light of understanding broke over him and reaching forward he grasped the hand of his pupil.

"Edward, I forgive you! What a fool I have been, but it was sublime, that flight of the imagination. I shall be indebted to you for the rest of my life. I have accomplished enough for science and the world. My life's work is successful and I can die happy. I fear I must leave the discovery and exploration of the planet of Love to you and Florence. It is a task for younger hands than mine. But Edward Johnson, so long as ever you live, don't you ever dare, nor you, you little scamp Flossie, to breathe the slightest word about this escapade of the frog. Now promise!"

It was a happy, blissful pair of young people who placed their hands in those of the grimy professor and promised.



RAYMOND—A FRAGMENT

JEANIE SEWELL GRAHAM, '13

Still watching by the window Raymond spoke
To those who served within his father's house:
A lad, I dwelt within this castle hall
And listened to your tales about the King,
Who conquers all the evil foes without,
Yet rules his subjects with a kindly heart;
Who turns away in scorn from those who seek
The selfish aims of weak and little minds;
Yet bids the weary, heaven-laden come.
By night I dreamed that I had seen him; pledged
To him my deepest fealty; and by day
I played with painted soldiers on the floor,
And fought the mighty battles of the King,
Yet oft, I left the tumbled armies there
To watch his valiant knights go riding by.
Long years have passed since then; to manhood grown,
Impatiently I wait my turn to go.
I've learned the lessons which you've taught to me
Of courage, faith, and deepest loyalty,
Of mercy and of love for all mankind.
O hark! I hear, without the castle wall,
The thud of troop upon the dusty road—
And see! the gleaming helmets of the knights,
The flaunting banner of the mighty King.
Will he not turn to see my eagerness.
Does he not know that I have pledged my faith
To serve him with all strength and loyalty,
And follow him against the foes without
To spread the rule of right throughout the world?
Ah, look! The King has stopped before the gate;
His silver bugle sounds upon the air.
Oh, reach me down my shining sword and shield,
And buckle all my splendid armor on.
I must away to fight beside my King,
At last I hear the call, I hear the call.

AN HOUR WITH A CYNIC

ARTHUR B. HUSSEY, '14

"Come on," said the Man in Red, as I left the eating club one morning, "I fear that your education here at Bates is getting a little one-sided. You should look around in your country more."

I looked at him in astonishment. Scarcely four feet tall, in an all-enveloping cloak of dull red, he presented a picture both strange and humorous; but a certain sparkle in his eye showed a will-power and determination that would brook no interference. So I meekly followed him back toward the dormitory.

"Now, we will begin at home," he said, when we had reached the top floor of Science Hall. Pointing to the library a few rods away he asked, "Now, what is your opinion of *that*?"

"Why, that's where we can go to look up subjects and read them up more minutely than in our regular text-books."

"That's what I thought you'd say," he returned, shaking his head slowly and dejectedly. "Indeed, things are in a bad way."

"But isn't it for that?"

"Of course not. The library is the place to go for gossip, or read up the jokes in some of the new magazines, or to make a sufficient disturbance to warrant Miss Robins interfering."

"Oh," said I, half convinced, "there *are* a few, come to think of it, who know how to use the library, then. And is it the same in all departments?"

"Very similar. That piano in Roger Williams Hall should be used only when there are recitations going on; then it should be played with a good banging technic that can be heard more than half way to the door."

"But you were going to broaden my outlook, you said."

"Why, so I did." Sitting down in my desk-chair, he helped himself to some candy on the table and began to give me the promised "education."

"Did you ever read the Constitution?" he asked, suddenly.

"What constitution?" I was bewildered for a moment by his apparent digression.

"Why, the Constitution of the United States."

"Of course I have. But why?"

"Do you believe it?"

"Certainly, at least all that I can remember."

"All men are created free and equal," he began in the tone of one reading from a very uninteresting volume. "And have equal rights in the pursuit of life, liberty, happiness——" here his voice trailed away.

"Yes?" I said encouragingly.

"Did you ever hear such tommyrot," he queried, "of course that's a string of lies. The idea of saying that Prof. Brinton—pointing to a passing professor—would have piled up Rockefeller's millions if he had started in his place, or that John D. himself would have got beyond the first elements of biology! It's ridiculous. And if all have equal rights to happiness and all the rest, please explain the slums of our great cities, where you must know exists such misery that even philanthropists shudder and are inclined to give up in despair."

"We-e-ll, there may be something in that, but the country does all it *can* to help them out."

"Oh, yes, certainly. This year the United States is going to spend half a billion dollars for war and the results of past wars. This year congressmen are going to send mail free of charge that *costs* the government half a million. This year grafters in our state and city governments are going to get millions more than their just dues. And this year bills for the suppression of liquor and opium traffic—the great cause of this misery,— bills for the formation of a national employment bureau, bills for the needed improvements in many a harbor, bay, or inlet, bills for the reclamation of public land, bills for the foundation of a national scientific investigation plant—all these bills will be defeated. And yet they would not cost half the money paid out for pensions alone."

"Oh, I know all that, but then, you never can tell. We're going to have a new president before long, I guess, and then perhaps things 'will take a turn.'"

"You mean that man Roos——"

But here the chapel bell began to ring.

The Man in Red looked at me curiously as I arose and began to get my books together for the recitations after chapel.

"I suppose you think chapel is meant to attend. Well, it isn't; it's meant to cut, as your own professors often show you. Why don't you follow their example? Stay here and learn a little more about the way our great and glorious nation is run."

"Come out of that brown study!" shouted my roommate. "You've been dozing and scowling the last hour."

"Beat you to chapel!" I shouted, as the Man in Red disappeared into thin air.

THE CHAPEL BELL

MARGUERITE E. LOUGEE, '13

The old bell hangs in the belfry,
Where 't'as hung for many a year,
Calling us now together
As it called our fathers here.

We listen in the morning
For its rich and vibrant hum,
As it summons us to chapel
With its "Come, come, come."

Again and again from hour to hour
Do we hear the bell resound,
As it bids us back to classes
And the tasks of the daily round.

And then in the time of vict'ry,
When the hard-fought game is done,
How it peals forth the joyful tidings,
"We have won, won, won."

Yet it seems sometimes as we listen
To the echoes of its refrain,
That it speaks of those other students
Who come not back again.

There's a minor chord in the undertone
Heard ever and anon,
A sound of grief, it seems to say,
"They are gone, gone, gone."

Thus we feel that aloft in the belfry
There's a great, big throbbing heart,
Which echoes our moods of gladness
And sorrows when we depart.

Ah! dear to every student
Is the voice of the chapel bell.
At morn, at noon, at evening,
We hear and love it well.

Ring on, oh bell, in the belfry!
Ring on for many a year!
Call other students hither
When we've gone out from here.

And perhaps of us, in the future,
As you vibrate on and on,
You will say in your mournful accents,
"They are gone, gone, gone."

TIDDY MCGIBB

RUTH M. MOREY, '14

"An' do yez take it, Tiddy McGibb, and nivir let me see yez again,—bad cess to yez! And to think yez was onct my Acushla!"

"But, Nora Darlint! Let me tell yez how it happened!"

"Not another word, ye varmint!" The door of the little hut was slammed in the bloated, perspiring face of Theodore McGibb. But who would call him Theodore—the big, raw-boned foreman of the brick works; as Nora Baggerty, his sweetheart, said: "It's Tiddy ye be, and Tiddy's yez name. Theodore—Theodo-r-re! Ha! Don't make me laugh again—it hoits!" And fat, happy, Nora Baggerty had held her sides, and shook like a well-developed jelly-fish. To be sure, Tiddy drank, but then—he had so carefully explained to Nora—he couldn't "be the odd one, ye know." But for once in his life, all was not going well. He had

lost his position because he drank too much, and now he had lost Nora. Bad 'cess to his household god! So he took the ring Nora threw at him, and put it carefully in his pocket. Then Nora was not fooling—she meant it! She didn't want to see him again—ever! Sobered by these thoughts, Tiddy walked toward the station, and boarded a west-bound freight.

* * * * *

All that happened twenty years ago. Nora was dead, and Tiddy, having met streak after streak of ill-luck, finally landed in the poorhouse. It was Christmas Eve. Stronger than ever did the picture of Nora come into the old man's mind, as he sat before the stove, with his head in his hands. He owned nothing—nothing—except the clothes on his back, and—Nora's ring! He took it out and looked at it. It shone back at him, and seemed to say: "Tiddy, me darlint!"

"An' I ain't got nothin' to send to me Katie,—and her goin' to be married nixt week!" Tiddy heard an old woman—an inmate of the same poorhouse—weep feebly, and in her hand he saw a photograph of her beloved Katie!

"Whin is it she's going to be married?" queried Tiddy—shaking with excitement.

"Tuesday nixt," sobbed the old lady. "But what in th' devil are yez listenin' to me ravin's for! It's an old fool yez be!" She blazed furiously at him.

Unheeding, Tiddy held out his hand, and dropped something into the knotted fist of the old lady.

"Here, take it, it was me Nora's—we was to be married this night—Christmas eve—twinty years ago. Now she's dead, an' I'm goin' soon. Send it to Katie, wid me love!"

The old lady turned to thank him, but he was gone.

* * * * *

On Christmas Day, blessed with the feeling of having helped a needy person, Tiddy's potatoes and corn mush were as honey to him, and his black coffee was as nectar. For had he not tasted the fruit of unselfishness, and then—Nora would have wanted him to do it!

"Nora, yez is wid me! Yez be right here! I feel yez, Nora, Acushla!" And his soul sang, as he sipped the bitter black coffee!

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A very suggestive thought was expressed at the Bates Night celebration by Hon. Carl E. Milliken, Bates '97, when he quoted the words of the celebrated Dr. Gordon. Mr. Milliken was introduced as a Bates man, and Dr. Gordon said: "Young man, remember that the world is before you and Bates is behind you." It is an inspiring thought that Bates with her reputation is behind every man that she turns out from her halls, and yet every man and woman of the Alumni can testify to the truth of the assertion. However much Bates owes to her graduates, they owe more to her. Theirs is the heritage of two generations, theirs is the support of a college that stands for the highest physical, intellectual, and spiritual development of manhood and womanhood. Besides the enthusiasm and spirit created in the atmosphere of such an occasion as the annual Bates Night, there is

developed in the minds of the far-seeing a broader outlook upon life, a truer conception of the meaning of Bates to her sons and daughters. The "fools rush in where angels fear to tread" feeling comes over a student when he hears an Alumnus exalting his college, and speaking highly of his own college career, and he begins to wonder if he, as a student, is realizing all his opportunities and is making the most of the possibilities which lie before him. It is well that Bates men pause in their activities and think of the realities of college life, of the tremendous meaning of Bates to them, as college men and as future citizens of this country.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology is the first American Institution that has established on American soil a volcanic observatory.

The University of Michigan has made an important concession to the high schools in the revision of its entrance requirements. The candidate for admission will no longer be forced to offer three or four years preparation in any one subject, and thus the road from the primary school to the university was never so easy as now.

Bryn Mawr is one of the few colleges which does not aim to be large. At the most it will not admit more than four hundred women, believing that they can teach that number better than they could a larger number. The faculty wishes to continue to have personal knowledge of the students and to come into close contact with them.





At a meeting of the Class of 1914, Miss Helen E. Humiston, of East Jaffrey, N. H., was elected Vice-President of the class. At the same meeting, Mr. Herbert W. Hamilton, of Brockton, Mass., was elected manager of the class track team.

Frank O. Leavitt, '14, who has been absent from college, has returned and resumed his studies.

Miss Elsie Lowe and Miss Curtiss of '11, Helen Meserve, Ada Rounds, Evangeline Redman, Melissa Roinson, Mary Audley, Florence Rideout, Claramay Purington, and Iantha Irvine, all of '12, have been guests of the College recently.

Art Collection

By courtesy of T. T. Kitagawa, there is at present in the Art Gallery a collection of Japanese prints and other bits of Japanese art. Among the prints are some oddly quaint reproductions of old Japanese masters, and exquisite bits of the modern laquer-work. The collection is certainly a delight to those who appreciate the unique, delicate art of that country of the far East.

Picnic Walks

A very delightful form of the cross-country walk has been recently introduced by Dean Woodhull, among the young women of the College. On Tuesday afternoon, a party of girls, as guests of Miss Woodhull, tramped for some distance through the fields and woods. Then having found just the best possible spot to rest, they proceeded to enjoy a picnic supper. These walks have been a great pleasure to every one participating.

Faculty Notes

The Bates College faculty members attending the Maine State Teachers' Convention, at Portland, were President George C. Chase, Dean Woodhull, Professor George M. Chase, Professor W. H. Hartshorn, Professor L. G. Jordan, Dr. A. W. Anthony, Dr. H.

H. Britan, Professor R. R. N. Gould, Professor A. N. Leonard, Miss Theodora Root, Mr. S. F. Harms, Mr. S. R. Oldham and Mr. W. W. Jamison.

President Chase and Dr. Anthony lectured before the college section; Professor Leonard gave a talk before the Department of Modern Languages; and Professor Hartshorn spoke before the Library Department.

On Thursday afternoon, Oct. 24, Mrs. A. N. **Bates Needle Club** Leonard and Mrs. Arthur Cushman entertained the Bates Needle Club at Mrs. Leonard's home on Riverside Street, Lewiston. The house was very pretty in its decoration of autumn leaves, ferns, and flowers, and the afternoon was much enjoyed. A very dainty lunch was served by the hostesses. In two weeks Mrs. Arthur F. Hertell and Mrs. George M. Chase will entertain at the home of Mrs. Hertell, Main Street.

Of special interest in view of the prevailing **Polymnian Rallies** political enthusiasm have been the rallies in the Polymnian Society. Hon. Jesse Libby, of Mechanic Falls, gave a talk on the Progressive Party. Mr. Libby was a delegate to the last Taft Convention and his views and impressions were very interesting.

No less interesting and enthusiastic was Dr. W. R. Whitehorne's talk on Woodrow Wilson in the Democratic Rally a week later.

Thursday evening, October 31, the annual **Hallowe'en Party** Hallowe'en party was held in Fiske Room, Rand Hall. Each newcomer was admitted at a side entrance and conducted through subterranean passages and up darkened stairways where ghostly forms were in waiting to welcome the guests. After the grand march, those who were in costume unmasked, and Miss Mabel Durgan entertained the com-

pany with a weird ghost story. Later in the evening, refreshments, appropriate to Hallowe'en, were served in the dining-room.

Jordan Scientific Society

A meeting of the Jordan Scientific Society was held in the Carnegie Hall, Monday evening, Oct. 21. In the absence of President Adams, Secretary Wm. H. Sawyer, '13, presided. An interesting talk on photography by Professor W. R. Whitehorne made up the program for the evening. After a short discussion, the meeting adjourned.

Forestry Lecture

The third meeting of the Jordan Scientific Society was held in Hedge Laboratory, Monday evening, Nov. 4. President F. C. Adams, '13, was in the chair. He introduced Assistant Coach Frank Moody, '02, who gave an interesting talk on Forestry. The meeting adjourned after an informal discussion of the subject.

The New Bates Chapel

On Wednesday afternoon, November 6, the laying of the corner stone of the new Bates chapel was commemorated with appropriate exercises. At two o'clock, a procession made up of the college band, members of the faculty, prominent citizens and the student body, marched from Libby Forum and gathered in a semi-circle around the foundation for the chapel. On a temporary stand near where the stone was to be laid were seated President Chase, Rev. T. H. Stacy, Rev. A. J. Marsh, Rev. James A. Howe, and Professor J. Y. Stanton.

In a small box in the corner stone were placed copies of Bates catalogues, bulletins, and the name of the donor of the chapel, which, by request, has not been made public. The scene was very

impressive and will live long in the memory of all who attended. The program was as follows:

Invocation	Rev. Arba John Marsh
Historical Address	President Chase
Oration	Rev. Thomas H. Stacy, D.D.
Ode	By Miss Mabel S. Merrill, Bates, '91
	Sung by the Students
Laying of the Corner Stone	by President Chase
Prayer of Consecration	Rev. James A. Howe, D.D.
Singing of the College Hymn,	Duke Street
Benediction	Rev. Arba John Marsh

The first annual catalogue of Reed College, Portland, Oregon, has been issued, and a copy may be found in Coram Library. This college was established by the bequest of Amanda Wood Reed, and has several distinctive fundamental features. In some respects it resembles Bates—it emphasizes scholarship and eliminates fraternities. A very efficient faculty has been elected, and the college bids fair to prove successful in the work it has outlined. William Trufant Foster was elected president in June, 1910. President Foster was at that time Professor of English and Argumentation in Bowdoin College, on leave of absence, and Lecturer in Educational Administration at Columbia University. He was Instructor in English at Bates, 1901-3, and Bates should feel a special interest in his work at the head of Reed College.





Notes

P. A. Swartz, Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, visited Bates, October 9th. He addressed the entire student body at the morning Chapel service. The remainder of the day he spent in individual conferences with students, who were interested in making their lives count for the most. At the regular Y. M. C. A. meeting, Mr. Swartz made a strong appeal for men and women to give their lives to the mission work during this strategic period. The women of the college, who were present, were given an opportunity to meet the speaker after the meeting.

Blynn E. Davis, '13, led the meeting October 16th.

The Balkan situation was presented at the meeting October 23d, by Eliopolous, '13, whose home is in the very heart of the disputed country. The personal touch which Mr. Eliopolous gave to his remarks made the meeting one of special interest.

Bible Study

About one hundred and fifty men are now studying the Bible in the Y. M. C. A. classes. Seventeen classes have been organized in all; twelve dormitory classes under the following leaders: Mr. Harms, Mr. Jamison, Sec. Cushman, Wade L. Grindle, '13, Frank Jewett, '13, Leon James, '13, John McDaniel, '13, Joseph Vaughan, '13, E. H. Brunquist, '12, Karl D. Lee, '14, J. Roy Packard, '14, Kenneth Witham, '15.

Five classes for college men have been started in the Sunday Schools of the city, two in Pine Street Congregational Church, one in Bates Street Baptist Church, one in Park Street Methodist Church, and one in Main Street Free Baptist Church.

Eighteen men are now enrolled in the Boys' Leaders Club, which holds weekly meetings.

Saturday and Sunday, October 12 and 13, Y. W. C. A. Miss Corbett, the Territorial Secretary, was a guest at Rand Hall and made many helpful suggestions in regard to the work of the Y. W. C. A. Saturday, Miss Corbett met the members of the different committees for conferences along the various lines of work. In the afternoon, the young women gave a reception to Miss Corbett in Fiske Room. The affair took the form of a tea, and was enjoyed by all present.

The Bible Study courses offered during the first semester have been organized and offer unusually interesting courses of study. The Seniors are studying "Christian Essentials," with Mrs. Salley as leader. The Juniors are taking up the course, "Introducing Men to Christ," under the leadership of Mrs. Rand. The Sophomores are in two divisions, with Miss Cutts, '13, and Miss Smith, '13, as leaders. The course in both divisions is a study of the Book of Mark. The Freshmen in two divisions are taking the courses, "Jesus the Man of Galilee," and "Parables of Jesus." Miss Fales, '14, and Miss Humiston, '14, are in charge. Many students have volunteered for these courses, and the attendance has been good so far.

Wednesday evening, October 29, Mrs. Woodin, of Auburn, gave an interesting account of the American Board Conference of Missions, which she recently attended in Portland.

October 22, Miss Bessie Atto conducted the meeting of the Y. W. C. A. Twenty-five new members were admitted into the Association.



**Bates 27
Fort McKinley 0**

The feature of the football season so far has been the unexpected strength shown by Bates in the championship games. Early season form gave no indication of unusual strength; consequently, Bates men went wild when the big Maine team was held on practically even terms. Although the team is out of the running so far as the State championship is concerned, owing to failure to kick a goal from a muddy field, every Bates man feels proud of the fighting spirit which has been shown by the team in every game.

On Oct. 19, Bates defeated Fort McKinley in the last game before the State series, by a score of 27 to 0. Nearly every man in the Bates squad was given a chance to play.

The summary:

BATES.	FT. MCKINLEY.
Danahy, Cobb, l.e.....	r.e., Burgnan
Dyer, l.t.	r.t., Linehan
Shepard, l.g.....	r.g., Adams
Harding, c.....	c., McAuliff
Manuel, c	c., Russell
	c., Hubbard
Russell, r.g.....	l.g., Burgin
Hubbard, r.g.	
Gove, r.t.....	l.t., Krumenaker
Stillman, r.t.	
Thompson, r.e.....	l.e., Schrim
Talbot, q.b.....	q.b., Zimmerman
	q.b., Sherlock
Eldridge, l.h.b.	r.h.b., Mills
McNish, l.h.	
Kennedy, l.h.	
Kennedy, l.h.b.	

The Bates-Bowdoin game at Brunswick, Nov. **Bates 7, Bowdoin 6** 2, was called by many the best football game they had ever seen. The teams were evenly matched, and both fought hard for the game. Fumbling hurt Bowdoin's chances, while long end runs by Capt. Dennis of Bates put the Garnet in a position for a touchdown. It would be unfair to pick any stars, for every man on both teams played the game of his life.

The summary:

BOWDOIN.	BATES.
L. Brown, Dole, l.e.....	r.e., Thompson
L. Wood, Moulton, l.t.....	r.t., Gove
L. Pratt, l.g.....	r.g., Russell, Manuel
Douglass, Barry, c.....	c., Harding
Lewis, r.g.....	l.g., Shepard
Leadbetter, r.t.....	l.t., Dyer, Stillman
Fitzgerald, Beal, r.e.....	l.e., Danahy
Crosby, q.b.....	q.b., Talbot
Weatherhill, l.h.b.....	r.h.b., Dennis
Foster, Faulkner, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., Bates, Dyer
Lacasse, f.b.....	f.b., Eldridge

Score: Bates, 7; Bowdoin, 6. Touchdowns—Dyer and Foster. Goal from towndown—Dennis. Referee—E. G.

Cross-Country Trial

The trials for the cross-country team were held Monday, Oct. 28, over the Bates course. Parker was an easy winner, covering the course in 22 minutes flat. The record for the course is held by Capt Deering, at 21 min. 9 sec. The many rains had made the course very soggy, which was responsible for the slow time. The first seven men to finish were entered for the Intercollegiate cross-country race, Nov. 2.

The men finished by classes as follows.

THE BATES STUDENT

	1913:	Position
Entry		
Kidder		2
Tibbetts		3
Houston		7
Sawyer		8
		—
Totals		20
	1914:	
Parker		1
Packard		9
Pike		18
Keer		21
		—
Totals		49
	1915:	
Mansfield		4
Gustin		14
Gerry		16
Baldwin		19
		—
Totals		53
	1916:	
Syrene		5
Doę		6
Woodman		10
Snow		12
		—
Totals		33

Cross-Country Meet On Nov. 2 took place the first M. I. A. A. cross-country run, over the Bates course of four and a quarter miles. Maine won easily, taking the first three places. Power, the winner, covered the course in the splendid time of 24 min. 42 sec. This run will be made an annual fall event, held in succession at the four Maine colleges. The result in a few years will be a better bunch of dis-

tance men in the Maine colleges. As a proof of this, we need only observe that Bowdoin and Maine, who for several years have held a monopoly of the mile and two-mile events at the spring meets, are the only two Maine colleges to make much of this kind of work before this year.

The men finished as follows:

MAINE

Power	1
Bell	2
Towner	3
Burgess	5
Morris	9
	<hr/>
Totals	20

BOWDOIN

Hall	4
Emery	6
Tarbox	7
Haskell	13
Bacon	15
	<hr/>
Totals	45

BATES

Parker	8
Syrene	11
Houston	12
Tibbetts	14
Doe	17
	<hr/>
Totals	62

COLBY

Rand	10
Hussey	21
Kennedy	22
Dyer	24
King	25
	<hr/>
Totals	102

A mass meeting was held in Hathorn Hall the night before the U. of M. game to arouse the enthusiasm of the student body. The college band furnished music, and members of the faculty, of the team, and several alumni, spoke to the men. The enthusiasm and spirit of the student body certainly helped the team in the hard game of the next day.

The third annual Bates Night was observed Friday evening, November 1, in the gymnasium. Professor W. H. Hartshorn was toast-master and introduced each speaker in an appropriate manner. Among the alumni present, the following were the speakers: Hon. Carl E. Milliken, '97, of Island Falls; Judge O. B. Clason, '77, of Gardiner; Richard B. Stanley, '97, of Boston; Scott Wilson, '92, of Portland; Rev. R. F. Johonnot, '79, of Auburn; and Professor G. M. Chase, '93. Captain Dennis and Coach Lathrop also spoke briefly. Enthusiasm ran high and the speakers were cheered repeatedly. After the last speaker had finished and the cheering and the music had died away, there was not a student present there who did not feel himself a better Bates man for the feeling and spirit shown during the evening.

Tennis

In the tennis tournament, Class A, P. S. Nickerson, '13, of Medford, Mass., won the championship by defeating Capt. Woodman in three straight sets. Nickerson played a sound game and deserved to win, although Capt. Woodman was not in his best form. Richardson, '15, won the championship of Class B by defeating Morrison, '13, in an interesting match.

The class A doubles were won by the faculty team, Dr. H. H. Britan and Mr. S. R. Oldham, who defeated Alley, '13, and Nickerson, '13, in the semi-finals and Woodman, '13, and Tomblen, '14, in the finals.

Members of the tennis team hope the faculty will allow them to take a short trip in the spring to have a dual tournament with some other college. Certainly the success of Bates in the M. I. A. A. tournament has earned them recognition.

New Elections At a meeting of the baseball "B" men, Tuesday, Oct. 23, E. H. Griffin, '13, of South Portland, was elected captain of the baseball nine for next spring to succeed Reagan, '14, who did not return to college.

At a business meeting of the Bates Athletic Association, Monday, Oct. 21, T. H. Blanchard, '15, of Gardiner, was elected the second assistant track manager to succeed F. H. Lynch, '15, who has entered Harvard. F. H. Manter, '13, of Whitefield, was elected cheer leader for the football games this fall.

Through subscriptions from the student body, fifteen garnet blankets with black "B's" have been purchased for members of the football team.



THE ETERNAL FEMININE

A buzzing June bug, whizzing by,
Barely escaped her hair.
Out of the floor crept centipedes—
She sees too many to care.
Then suddenly a streak of light
Shot straight across the floor.
"A mouse!" she cried, and fled the room,
And will return no more.

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb;
By a burst of strength or a thought that is clever,
We plan to outwit and forestall time.

—*The Acadia Athenaeum.*



1868—President George C. Chase is to be one of the speakers at the Baptist Congress held in Ithaca, N. Y., Nov. 12-14. He is a delegate to the Quadrennial Meeting of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, held in Chicago early in December.

1874—Rev. C. S. Frost, formerly pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Manchester, N. H., has accepted a call to a church in Eden Park, Providence, R. I.

1876—F. E. Emrich, D.D., of Boston, this summer underwent a second critical operation, but is now gaining strength, and after six months' absence will return in November to his work as Secretary of the Congregational Home Mission Work of Massachusetts.

Rev. Thomas H. Stacy, D.D., of Concord, N. H., delivered the address at the laying of the corner stone of the chapel, Nov. 6.

1877—Hon. O. B. Clason, of Gardiner, addressed the men of the college on Bates Night, Nov. 1.

Hon. N. P. Noble, of Phillips, has a son in the Freshman Class at Bowdoin.

1878—F. H. Briggs is Clerk of the Commerce Court in Washington, D. C.

1882—The one hundred and twenty-first session of the New Hampshire yearly meeting of the Free Will Baptists was held recently at Rochester. Rev. O. H. Tracy, D.D., was chosen president of the State Association.

1884—Rev. Aaron McGaffey Beede has been working among the Indians for about ten years, tenting seven months of the year, living on wild game, and following a roving life. He has recently written a book dealing with the folk-lore of the Indians. It "deals with the old Indian idealistic attitude toward Nature and the 'world unseen,' plus the disturbing element which had to come when the Indian was finally at bay before the white man,

with nowhere to flee." Mr. Beede's son Ralph is an engineer on a boat in the Pacific. His daughter Margaret is Assistant Principal of the Rolla High School. His youngest child is a student in the State University of North Dakota.

1891—Miss Mabel S. Merrill has written the ode for the laying of the corner stone of the new Bates chapel.

1892—Hon. W. B. Skelton has been elected President of the Lewiston Chamber of Commerce. J. L. Reade, Esq., Bates, '83, is its Secretary.

1893—Dr. E. C. Perkins of Farmington, N. H., has recently lost his wife, formerly Miss Louise Todd of Lewiston.

George C. Hight, formerly of 1893, has been elected Superintendent of the class district of Island Falls, Sherman, and Crystal.

1897—Richard B. Stanley visited the college recently. He was one of the speakers on Bates Night, November first.

1899—Everett Peacock is principal of Potter Academy, Sebago, Me.

1903—Ralph Leslie Hunt, principal of the Dawson County Free High School, of Glendive, Montana, was married in June to Miss Sadie McCullough, of Calais, Me.

1904—Mr. and Mrs. John David have a son, born sometime during this last summer. Mrs. David will be remembered as Miss Emma A. Bray of 1904.

Perley H. Plant is in the employ of E. H. Rollins & Son, bankers, of Boston.

Dr. F. W. Rounds, Bates, '04, of South Paris, Maine, was married October 1st to Miss Mildred W. Elder of Malden, Mass.

1905—Miss Marion Ethel Mitchell was married on October 12th to Mr. Bernard Lewis Stetson, of Hanover, Mass.

1906—John C. Merrill is Superintendent of Schools, Machias, Me.

On July 16th Miss Jessie Pease was married to Mr. Rodney C. Walker. They are living in Bellows Falls, Vt., at 10 Hapgood Street.

1907—L. N. Wight is teaching in Albany, N. Y.

Charles P. Steward is a teacher at Ashland, Mass.

1907—Rev. and Mrs. Harold I. Frost (Mabel L. Schermerhorn, Bates 1908), Free Baptist missionaries in Khargpur, India, have a little son, born recently.

Ethel J. Davis is teaching in the high school at South Manchester, Conn.

1908—Ellen H. Packard is a teacher in Millburn, N. J., High School, in the departments of Latin and German. Last year she took work in German at Columbia University.

Phebe R. Boole is teaching in Newport, N. H.

The engagement of Miss Frances M. McLain, of Dorchester, Mass., to Mr. George E. Merrill, both of 1908, has recently been announced.

Miss Bertha Lewis is a teacher in Northfield Seminary.

1909—Laura M. Weare was married on October 7th, to Hubert D. Tanner, of Providence, R. I.

Charles L. Harris has entered Harvard Law School.

Corinne M. Brown was married on October 12th to Fred D. Ordway, of Milford, N. H.

Raymond S. Oakes has recently been admitted to practice at the Maine Bar.

Clinton D. Park has begun his second year as a teacher in the Fay School, Southboro, Mass.

1910—Adelina E. Crockett is teaching in Littleton, N. H.

Agnes Boulia is teaching in the High School at Bethlehem, N. H.

Mildred Jones is teaching in Hadley, Mass.

Carmen Taylor and Georgia Hamilton are teaching in the Wells, Me., High School.

1911—Ray M. Huntington is principal of the Unity High School.

Miss Grace Lewis is teaching in the Biddeford High School.

B. O. Stordahl is reading law at the University of Wisconsin. His address is 541 W. Johnson Street, Madison, Wis.

The marriage has been announced of Drusilla Irene Townsend to Arthur Lawrence Smith, of New Vineyard, Me., on October 28th.

Elsie B. Crockett is teaching in West Springfield, Mass.

1912—Walter E. Lane has been elected sub-principal of the Lubec High School.

Albert W. Buck is a student at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.



The *Brunonian* is the first of the college magazines to reach Bates this fall. I quote a sentence from the editorial which voices a thought that is good for students of all colleges to remember. "And so while the year is young let us try to remember that our college is the biggest thing here, that our Brown-spirit is the master that we should serve, and that we ourselves, are only worth as much as the good we can do for Brown." "The Little Tin Gods They Served" is a pleasing story which shows the author's keen insight into human nature. Through two amusing incidents the writer shows that those things which are supposed to be pleasures for us may become our burdens, and that after the necessary disappointment is passed, we are happy to be relieved of them.

"The Turning of the Leaves," in the *Holy Cross Purple*, is a well-told story, showing that the thing which brings happiness to one person, may be the emblem of sorrow for another. An artist painted a picture, "The Turning of the Leaves," which in one night brought him fame, while in this same locality, the turning of the same leaves brought the death of an only child, causing anguish and heart-wringing to the mother. The writer knows how to draw out the reader's sympathy, and to make the story seem real.

The *Clark Monthly* has a large supply of entertaining stories.

The *Vassar Miscellany* is always gladly welcomed for its abundant supply of stories and verses. "The Hangman's Rope" shows the tortures that are caused to a priest when he must keep silent about some of the confessions that are said to him. Here we can see the conflict between the priest, as a minister to the people entirely giving up personal interests; and the priest as a man with human desires and impulses.

THE BATES STUDENT

The *University of Ottawa Review* gives us a beautiful poem, "The Interpreter." The style is of a superior quality, and the thought indicates a deep and far-seeing mind. These last two stanzas of the poem are particularly rich in suggestion and thought.

"And herein lies an image of the poet,
 Who is of earth, but, floating in an air
 Of golden inspiration, quickens to it,
 And, kindled through with light, grows God-aware;
 That so his being, letting light-drench through it,
 Reflects a light to others, and doth share
 With angels, though but dimly, that clear glance
 Which ever sees of Love the countenance.

"Therefore I deem it is the poet's mission
 In this, God's court, to stand interpreter
 'Twixt Him and man, who reads with clouded vision
 The code of Love, and in its law doth err.
 That code is writ for all with clear precision;
 But the Great Master's language, for the slur
 Of mortal sense o'er-fine, needs one to stand
 In touch with heaven and earth on either hand."

SLEEP-SONG OF THE PINES

Dimness and dusky bars
 Drift on the branches' light;
 Dearer than song are stars,
 Dearer than day is night.

Moon-quivers pale and long
 Meet on the mosses gray.
 Dearer is dream than song,
 Dearer is night than day.

—ELIZABETH TOOF in the *Vassar Miscellany*.

Here and There

Heard in Senior English:

If George Borrow, why did Richard Steele?

What did Robert Grant? Ade.

Will Charles Dudley Warner? Zangwill.

If Bulwer-Lytton was Owen Meredith, did he owe Thomas More?

If Charles Reade, can he teach Julia Ward Howe?

What ailed Harriet Beecher Stowe? Bunyan.

If Longfellow were to Hall Caine, would Frances Hodgson Burnett?

Found on the bulletin board:

Lost: The Human Mechanism. Finder please leave at the library desk.

Query: Are the Freshmen lacking in reverence, or is it due to their ignorance that they enter chapel during the prayer?

Why does a man make his boat fast when he doesn't want it to go at all?

Why does a man run up into the country in the summer time because he runs down in the city in the winter time?

The college athlete—"Yes, Jones is a star football player. I've picked him for our best man next year."

She—"Oh, George, this is so sudden."

Little flunks in Latin,
Little flunks in Math.,
Make the jovial Freshmen
Tread the homeward path.

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