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# BATES STUDENT

Published for the Students of Bates, Past and Present

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VOL. XL

LEWISTON, ME., DECEMBER, 1912

No. 10

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## MOONLIGHT IN THE EARLY DAWN

ELAINE CURRIER, '13

Oh, thou moonlight soft and tender,  
Gently gleaming from afar,  
Calm and peaceful dost thou render  
All God's world, from star to star.

Thine is not the sun's bright brilliance,  
Thine is not the rainbow's hue,  
But thy gentler, softer radiance  
Streams upon my inward view.

Fold me in thy loving beauty,  
Wrap me in thy silvery calm.  
Tell me not of strife and duty,  
Fill my soul with all thy balm.

For my heart is sad, is lonely,  
All my faith in truth has fled.  
Bring to me God's purpose only,  
Pour His blessing o'er my head.

## THE OUTCAST

MABEL DURGAN, '15

Original part which won first prize for girls in Sophomore prize speaking contest

I ain't cryin'! No, Sir! I ain't cryin'! My eyes is jest as dry. I'm jest mad, that's all, an' I guess you'd be if you knowed. It's all on account of Aunt Maria, an' I hate her, yes I do. I don't care if mother did say, "My darling, you mustn't say such things; it isn't nice." I don't care, I do.

Did you say you wanted to know what the trouble was? Well, I'll tell you jest as soon's I,—No! I ain't cryin'—Mother promised me a new coat, 'n' she said I could wear it to school every day, 'n' I hadn't had a new one for so long, an' I told the fellers about it. An' then that old Aunt Maria came bringin' along her old green skirt, to make over into a coat for *me*! Mother said it was nice, almost as good as new; I hated it most as bad as I do Aunt Maria.

'N' I had to wear it to school an' the fellers made fun o' me. 'N' I jest couldn't stan' it. 'N' I took it off an' tore it all to pieces an' throwed the buttons at them. An' one of 'em hit Sissy Smith right in the eye, an' he began to cry an' he went in an' told the teacher, an' she kept me after school an' made me write "The Busy Bee" ten times, 'n' I'd ruther she'd licked me.

When I got home, Aunt Maria's old cat was prowling around the back yard. 'N' I was mad at Aunt Maria, so I took her old cat an' tied a little piece o' paper round every one of her paws. 'N' you'd ought to have seen her run shakin' 'em all at once, just so. Well, she jumped up on the window, an' Aunt Maria saw her, an' she came to the door in a hurry, sayin' something about "that wicked, cruel boy." I thot 'twas about time I was goin'; so I sneaked out 'round the corner of the house, an' stubbed my toe against a piece of board an' fell down an' knocked the skin all off my knees, an' stuck a great long splinter in my thumb.

I didn't dare to go into the house to supper, 'cause I knowed Aunt Maria had told Pa. So I went out back o' the barn an' stay'd until I was all a shivery and my throat felt bad. Then I went into the house and asked Mary—she's the hired girl—for something to eat' an' she said such a wicked boy didn't deserve

any thing. I said I'd tell Ma, an' she said Ma and Pa and Aunt Maria had gone out to spend the evening.

Then I went up stairs to bed; but I couldn't sleep, my throat felt so bad, and my head ached so. 'N' I kept a-twisting an' groaning, an' nobody came a near me—nobody but Mary, an' she said,

“For goodness' sake wan't I goin' to keep still an' let her get a little rest?”

In the mornin' my throat was so sore I couldn't eat any breakfast, an' mother said,

“My precious child, what a cold you have! You must wear your coat to school to-day.”

'N' I started right off without it. 'N' father said,

“Thomas, did you hear what your mother said?”

'N' Aunt Maria said,

“For the land's sake, Carrie, ain't you goin' to make that young one mind?”

'N' I said,

“I can't, I've lost it.”

'N' Aunt Maria said,

“Well, that's all the thanks any one gets for doin' anything for a young one.”

Then I just boiled all over, I did, 'n' I told her what I thot of her. I called her a mean old skinflint, 'n' I told her I wouldn't wear her old coat after the cows, 'n' I'd torn it all up, 'n' I was glad, so there!

'N' mother says,

“Why, my precious child!”

'N' Aunt Maria says,

“Did you ever hear the like?”

'N' father took me out in the shed and give me a thrashing, an' it hurt! Then he sent me up to my room where I've got to stay until I tell Aunt Maria I'm sorry, an' *I won't!* No, sir! 'N' my throat feels all tight, 'n' my eyes is all smarty, 'n' my head aches, 'n' my knees is stiff, 'n' my thumb is sore, an' nobody loves me, an' I'm goin' off and join the circus.

**MY DAY COMPLETE**

JEANIE SEWELL GRAHAM, '13

## I.

Sometimes I watch the sun's red gleams  
Climb o'er the eastern hill;  
They break upon a world of dreams,  
They glint on fields and flowing streams,  
And sleeping valleys fill.

## II.

At night, I see the golden sun  
Sink slowly in the West;  
His shining course is nearly run,  
His work is ended; day is done,  
And all the world may rest.

## III.

One thing I lack; (my weary feet  
Have journeyed many a mile)  
I need, to make my day complete,  
To bless my restless heart, my Sweet,  
The sunlight of thy smile.

## THE RING OF ALLAH

RUTH MILDRED MOREY, '14

Robed in spotless white, for it was the feast of Ramadam, the old Moor sat in the market place. He was bronzed by the sun's piercing rays, and was very dignified, very picturesque, and very shrewd. Around him were displayed his goods—cushions of Morocco leather of different colors, embroidered with bright-colored silks; Moorish swords; daggers of the best steel, with significant Mohammedan characters etched into the steel the length of the blade; slippers without heels; scarfs from Rabat, of gaily colored silk patterns; silken goods from Timbuctoo, brilliant as the plumage of a tropical bird; leathern pouches; and jars fashioned of silver, in curious designs.

Tempted by this alluring collection of merchandise, I approached the old merchant, and immediately a pair of keen eyes looked into mine—an electric spark in a wrinkled parchment case.

"Come," said he, in a whining voice, holding up a gay silken scarf from Rabat, "come, only seven pesetos."

As he raised his hand to display the bit of finery, I noticed an odd silver ring upon his third finger. I pointed to it, and said,

"No, no, not the scarf—the ring."

He let the scarf quickly fall, and drew back his hand, looking down upon the ring fondly.

"Let me take it," I urged.

"You not give it back," he objected, but when I slipped two pesetos into his hand, his objections vanished, and he pulled off the ring and handed it to me.

I examined it minutely. It was a curiously-carved affair. The floral design was wrought in solid silver, and the petals on either side were exquisitely entwined. The shrewd old Moor must have noticed the greed for such a possession, shining in my eyes, for he said—

"You want it bad?"

"Most certainly—how many pesetos?" I added.

Without answering my eager question, he rose to his feet, shook out the while folds of his garment, and called sharply to an object lying near him:

"Arusi!"

"Yes, Oh Sid," was the immediate answer.

I was startled, for what had seemed to be a brown bag dropped carelessly on the sand, contained that voice, and two long bones, covered tightly with skin, resolved themselves into legs.

Slowly the dark-skinned son of the desert ambled toward us, rubbing the sand from his eyes as he came. The Moor pointed to the cushion, upon which he had been sitting, and said:

"Arusi! My son! You sell them," and he pointed to his merchandise.

I was bewildered as to the cause of this, when the old man caught at my sleeve, saying,

"You give me back the ring—we will go up yonder, and I will tell you its sad story."

Eagerly I adapted my pace to his, and after a few minutes' walk through the market place, dodging snake charmers, donkey sellers, and vegetable venders, we climbed to a small Spanish graveyard, just back of the market place.

As we entered the enclosure, between two cheaply carved wooden pillars, we heard music and turned in time to see a funeral procession pass. Four men, in advance, were making a noise on a crude, wooden, stringed instrument, and were chanting a most doleful tune. Then followed four more men, bearing in a crate on their shoulders a body covered with straw and wrapped in a piece of cloth. Nearly a dozen men followed. They were going to the next cemetery a little way beyond, so the Moor informed me. The Moors were burying one of their dead.

In order to shut out the pitiable sight, I turned abruptly to my companion, and asked impatiently:

"The story?"

"Yes," said he, squatting on a small plot of grass, and bidding me do the same. He removed the ring from his finger, where he had greedily placed it when I gave it to him, and dropped it in the palm of his right hand, lightly touching it with the index finger of his left.

"Listen," he said, and he huddled down in a stooping position.

"It was here that Allah, bravest of Morocco's sons, first saw



Rahmana. He was riding up that hill on his black Arabian steed"—here the Moor pointed to the hill up which the little procession was toiling, a short distance away. "Rahmana had just risen from her rug, at the summit of the hill, where she awaited the coming of her father. She was the most beautiful woman in all Morocco—and when Allah saw her, he forgot all else. From that time until the faint sickle of the moon told that the feast of Ramadam had begun, no night passed without the secret meeting of Allah and Rahmana."

The story-teller was silent for a few moments, and I leaned against the fence which enclosed the old cemetery. Far below me lay the sea, with the city huddled near, its mosques and minarets shining in the sun. Mountains, purple with haze, raised their heads in the distance. In fancy the Moorish girl appeared to me. I could see her among the orange trees and the oleanders, a scarlet kerchief on her unbound hair, her brilliant costume of vari-colored silk tied at the waist with a soft sash, a richly embroidered velvet jacket, wide trousers half revealing silver anklets, with tiny yellow slippers embroidered with red, covering her feet.

The droning voice of the Moor awakened me from my reverie.

"The afternoon is drawing to a close—I must hasten."

He sat erect, and his wrinkled head looked like a mummy, in the dim light.

"Up there," waving his hand in the direction of the hill, "is the house of Mohammed Abd, Rahmana's father. He told his daughter he had promised her in marriage to Sid Ali, son of the pasha at Salée. The sheik had discovered that Allah had seen Rahmana. He was angered, not only because of the tradition of his people, but because of a feud that nothing but blood could wipe out. Mohammed sent for Rahmana, and told her of his will. Cunningly, he withheld his knowledge of her love for Allah.

"'It is well, my father,' she said, 'but let me stay here with you until after the next feast of Ramadam, for I am happy here, with you.'

"Her father, knowing that Allah was in chains—denounced that very day by the great sheik himself as the despoiler of a French vessel—laughed as he granted her wish."

The Moor chuckled softly, and gently fingered the ring. The sun was low in the west, and the rich perfume of flowers, wafted from the gardens over the hill, filled our senses with the very breath of the Orient. The low voice of the Moor took up the story again.

"Time passed. Allah had made his escape from prison, and it was rumored that he was chief of a band of brigands preying on the fat Moors of the city. At last the feasting for the wedding began, and Rahmana resigned herself to the fate awaiting her. The night came when the bridegroom would escort Rahmana to his home. The wedding party would pass through that narrow defile down there."

I looked down at the cliffs, as they almost met over the tiny road.

"As Rahmana and her bridegroom, mounted on mules, reached the bend in the road at the foot of that defile," the Moor continued, "mounted men could be seen on the hills, and there were cries, and many shots, and Rahmana, seeing nothing through her heavy bridal veil, felt strong arms lift her from the mule to the back of an Arab stallion. She heard her beloved Allah's voice whisper in her ear: 'Beloved, I have come for thee,' and she felt a ring being slipped upon her finger.

"Do you see that mountain covered with blue haze?" he pointed south. "The woods are almost impenetrable, but just below the highest point, Allah had built a resting place for Rahmana. In all countries, with all people, the one great thing is love, and so it was with them—a steady flame burning brighter and brighter as the days passed. When Allah was away, Rahmana thought only of him, and when he returned, his arms laden with silks for her, she would push them away, draw his head down to her lap, and croon over him until he slept.

"But there came a time when the forces of the enraged sheik captured Allah, and they slowly tortured him to death. Rahmana, with unseeing eyes, rocked back and forth over the body of Allah. She murmured words of love into his deaf ears.

"They took her to the market-place, but listen"—he put his lips close to my ear, and a hand on either shoulder—"in two days' time, she was gone. Before she went she came at midnight, to

my house, and gave me this ring—the ring of Allah, as she called it,—and made me promise to keep it, and wear it, until danger threatened Morocco. If at any time a plague should threaten the city, I was to sell the ring cheaply to a stranger, going to the West, and the plague would be averted. A plague threatens Morocco—the winds have blown for three days, and then suddenly died away, the camels at rest are uneasy, the sun sets too red—so,” and he took off the ring for the last time, and handed it to me, “it is yours for five pesetos. Pray for the plague to be averted from Morocco.”

I took the ring, slipping the pieces of money into his outstretched palm.

“But listen! Always wear the ring. It will bring you the best of luck, in all your undertakings, and when you look upon it, think of Allah, boldest of the bold, and Rahmana, fairest of the fair.”

The Moor ceased to speak and turned from me. I heard the faint bugle call from the minarets of the city and as the Moor prostrated himself, I turned to watch the sun sink into the sea. A French ship passed; the lights shone out from the distant windows; a shadow fell below on the market place; the Moor had disappeared and upon my finger was the ring of Allah.



**"ALL THAT A MAN HATH"**

HAZEL A. MITCHELL, '16

Life, that vital spark for which a man will give all that he possesses, that priceless boon for which all things are sacrificed, is, after all, simply what we believe it to be. It is filled with joy and happiness, with discontent and sorrow, just in the proportion which we ourselves determine it shall be. Much is written about the "sunny side" of life in comparison with its so-called "shady side." To me the "sunny side" and the "shady side" represent together the normal life. It is just as natural that joy should follow sadness, as it is that day should follow night. The law of compensation, as inexorable as life itself, promises a rainbow for every shower and a smile for every tear. So it is that life is given to us, the greatest of all gifts, for in it lies the power to make of it a garment worthy of the wearer, a casket fitting for the jewel, a garden gleaming and glowing with the steadfast colors of high resolve, brotherly love, and unselfish purpose.

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**ON STREETS OF GOLD**

CHARLES B. TIBBETTS, '13

The moon shone radiantly over the lake and turned each dancing wave into a silvery flash. With the help of the fresh, cool, sweet, night-breeze it made the surface a glittering expanse broken here and there by an island dark and shadowy. It showed in dim, uncertain outlines against the starlit sky, the huge pyramid of the Ossipee Mountains on the one side and the great wall of the Sandwich range on the other.

Out of the shadow of Ragged Island, swiftly and almost silently, came the Katrina. The only sound she made was the swish of the water as her sharp prow cut through it like a knife, and the hum of her engine as it propelled her over the waves. For the Katrina was a motor-boat.

To-night she had only two occupants. In the stern with his big, athletic frame reclining lazily on one of the side cushions lay Kenneth Merry, the picture of indolence. With his little boat skimming over the bosom of the lake at a twelve-mile clip, the occasional sound of her chime whistle bringing back echoes from the neighboring hills, it would seem as if he had as much reason as any one to be happy. But he was not. He was watching intently the girl who stood at the forward end of the cock-pit with her hands on the steering-wheel. He was in misery. His face was stern and his accustomed good-natured smile was missing. And here was the cause of his misery—this tall, graceful girl, clad in one of his own great Yale sweaters to protect her from the night air. She stood with her body bent slightly forward against the wind which was playing havoc with the stray locks of her fair hair, steering deftly, as the Katrina tore through the waters towards the distant lights of the Centre Harbor wharf. The beauty of the lake in the moonlight was worth going miles to see, but they were all lost on Merry. Not so the girl. She drank them in eagerly and drew long breaths of the fragrant night air that made her eyes sparkle and her cheeks flame. As they passed the lights of Shelter Island the young man arose from his seat and throttled his engine down to half-speed. Then he went forward and sat down by the girl. The boat with her speed greatly diminished, glided smoothly along.

"Why did you throttle the engine?" asked the girl.

"I'm in no great hurry," he replied.

"Then you appreciate the moonlight, too. Isn't it just glorious?" she exclaimed.

"I hadn't noticed," he said with affected indifference. She regarded him silently for a moment, then a girlish laugh rang out over the water.

"O, Kenneth, I believe you're going to propose again. Now, honest, Kenny, aren't you?"

Kenneth laughed in spite of his desire to say something very emphatic. Then quickly serious again he exclaimed:

"That's always the way, whenever I try to be serious, you treat it as a huge joke. Four times in these two years I have

tried to tell you how much I love you and each time you have turned me away with a jest."

Again the girlish laugh rang out.

"Go on," she said. "You're doing beautifully."

Kenneth paid no attention to the interruption but continued:

"Every time I have gone away with a little more experience, a little bigger ache in my heart, but with a determination to try again. I don't need to tell you what is in my mind now, you know as well as I do. But I must have my answer to-night. I shall never ask you again!"

"That's what you said the last time," she replied with a soft laugh.

"O, Phil, you wouldn't laugh if you knew how it hurt me."

"Forgive me, Kenny," she murmured, "I'm sorry if I hurt you. I am thoughtless, I know; but I didn't think you were so serious about it. It isn't like you, you know, to be serious. I do like you as a friend better than any fellow I ever met, but I can't think of getting married at twenty-four. You've been awfully good to me, Kenny dear, and I hope that we can be friends a good while longer."

"Then your answer is 'No?'" he asked quietly.

"What are you going to do if it is?" she inquired with a smile.

"Enlist in the army, or commit suicide, or enter a monastery, or something," he replied grimly.

Her buoyant laugh rang out again.

"Just imagine a Yale fullback in a monastery," she said, "I think I've a picture of it in my mind."

Kenneth repressed a smile and set his teeth with a snap. Was he going to let this girl go on in this way? It was the same old game; a jest, a laugh—and—well, she would never get another chance. He knew that he would never be happy without her, but it was very evident that his chance of winning her was hopeless.

Neither spoke again till they reached the wharf at Centre Harbor. He had an errand up at the hotel, and as she preferred to wait for him in the boat, he strode off up the platform alone, in a very unhappy frame of mind.

The boat was drawn up under the shadow of the wharf and the girl made herself as comfortable as possible and indulged in

some good solid thinking. The hour was late and there was no one around the wharves. The hotel orchestra in the distance sounded weird and lonely. The clouds shut out the moonlight and the lights on the hill seemed far away.

Phyllis began to feel that she had not treated Kenneth right. Ever since she met him two years ago at the Osmonds' house-party, she had regarded him as she would a big, good-natured brother, and imposed upon him about as much. She knew that their first acquaintance had been a complete conquest for her. The symptoms were unmistakable. However, he was such an amiable, jolly fellow that she never thought he was as serious about it as some of her other suitors. There was Tommy Douglass, for example, who had nearly committed suicide because she refused him. He had left his home, taken to drinking, and gone to the bad. But Kenneth would never do anything like that, even though he might think just as much of her as Tommy did. No, he would set his teeth and square his shoulders and do something grand and noble. *That* was like Kenneth. The other fellows had all shown a preference for some other girl after they found that their love was not returned, but Kenneth had always been the same toward her. There was no egotism about him: he was always kind and good-natured, no matter what happened, or how she treated him. She remembered the many things he had done for her in his quiet, unassuming way. What if the girls did call him "slow?" She knew that his college mates called him a "corking good fellow," and her brother Rodney called him "a strong man," and she valued her brother's opinion above that of every one else. Now she remembered that it had always made her happy when he won any honors in college work or on the athletic field. Perhaps she liked him better than she really knew.

As she sat there thinking she realized as she had not before, that during the last two years there had been something added to her life. Though she scarcely appreciated the fact, life had been brighter and happier. Now she knew what it was. It was Kenneth; strong, noble Kenneth. Suppose he should never ask her to marry him again. The thought made her start. She remembered the way he had squared his jaw when she had laughed at

him, and with a contrite little sigh she sank down deeper among the cushions, wishing that he would come back.

Kenneth's errand took him longer than he expected, for he met some of his friends and had to stop to talk, but as soon as he could get away he hurried to the wharf. With an apology for his tardy return he untied the boat and started the engine. The moon came out again in all its glory and the drops of water looked like sparkling gems as the dainty prow of the Katrina tossed the spray aside. Phyllis took the wheel and he sat down in the stern. Neither spoke for a while; only the muffled throb of the motor and the ripple of the water broke the stillness.

"Kenneth."

There was something in the tone that made him leap quickly to her side.

"What is it, Phil?"

The eyes that looked up into his were full of tears.

"Kenneth, can you ever forgive me?"

"What? You—you don't mean that you—O you dear!"

The moon went behind a little cloud just then; when it came out again they were standing together in the bow and his strong arms were about her. The Katrina left to her own devices, was just completing a half-circle with her nose again pointed toward Centre Harbor. Kenneth discovered the fact, but he did not bother to turn her around; he simply shut down the engine.

So they drifted.

"Why, what a grand night it is," he said. "I hadn't noticed it before."

The wind had almost ceased and the waves lapped gently against the sides of the boat. Low in the western sky, just above the dusky outline of the hills, the moon, shining in unclouded splendor, was reflected on the water in a path of golden light, leading from where they drifted to the distant shore.

Phyllis laughed softly.

"Let's imagine that we are in Heaven, and that this is one of the streets of gold," she said.

He looked tenderly down into the uplifted eyes.

"I am in Heaven," he replied.



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The Spirit of the Christmas time is again upon us. The swift-speeding days and weeks of the passing year have come nearly to their close. Soon the records of the year of 1912 will be folded up and laid away. Soon we shall stand upon the threshold of the New Year, and extend our welcome to the new opportunities opened before us.

With the passing of the year comes the passing of THE BATES STUDENT in its present form as a monthly publication. Plans are being perfected rapidly for the new editorial board to issue a weekly paper. This is something that Bates has come to need, and she is needing it more and more every year. While several of the editorial boards in the past, have attempted to establish such a paper, their plans have always failed to materialize. At the last moment, even, something has always happened to prevent

the accomplishment of their desires. This year, however, the time seems to be ripe, the student body is backing up the venture, and if the alumni will also give it the support that it deserves, the weekly is assured.

The weekly does not do away with the literary features of the paper in its present form. The magazine issue once a month will retain the characteristics of the present monthly, and the paper will be a happy combination of the new and the old. It will retain its alumni department, perhaps under more favorable conditions than at present. The news items, both locals and alumni notes, will have the advantage of being fresh, a feature that will be appreciated both by the students and by the alumni. The new BATES STUDENT will deserve and undoubtedly will receive the support of all the friends of the college.

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The 1913 Bates Art Calendar has just been issued, and has been distributed among the students. It has been pronounced the most attractive calendar ever issued for the College, and it now compares favorably with the best class of college calendars. It has been having a rapid sale, but several copies are left, and these may be obtained from Charles B. Tibbetts, Roger Williams Hall, for seventy-five cents each, postage prepaid.

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#### TOUCH ME WITH THINE HAND

Touch me with thine hand, dear heart,  
 Now while silvery gliding hours  
 Thread my life with lotus flowers  
 Perfumed with Olympian showers.

When the whitening Harvest calls,  
 Touch me with thine hand, mine own—  
 Little hand, like lilies blown—  
 And the cross shall be the crown.

When the sunset's solemn glow  
 Creeping, bathes my wearied feet,  
 Touch me with thine hand, oh, sweet—  
 Thus shall cease the Fever's heat.

If for me a Paradise  
 Wait in some celestial sphere,  
 There (or shall it be but drear)  
 Touch me with thine hand, my dear.

—*The William and Mary Literary Magazine*



# Local



## Household Economy Class

The course in Household Economy under Miss Root is proving of the greatest practical interest to the young women. Two of the most recent excursions have been to Penley's Slaughter House and the Turner Center Creamery, in Auburn. In both establishments methods were carefully explained to the visitors and Miss Root directed the students how to choose meat and dairy products with a view both to purity and economy.

## Current Events Club

A Current Events Club has been formed by some of the young women of Rand Hall in an effort to keep in touch with the swiftly making modern history of the United States. The duty of each member is to keep herself well informed on all topics of current interest, and two or three talks on such topics are given at each meeting. The officers of this organization are as follows:

President—Mildred Goudy, '13.

Vice-President—Esther Huckins, '13.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mabel Rackliffe, '13.

## Dramatic Club

At the suggestion of Dean Woodhull, a dramatic club has been organized among some of the young women of the college. The club started with only fifteen as charter members, but is rapidly increasing its roll. It is the intention of the young ladies to present comedies and plays of merit at regular intervals, the proceeds of which are to go towards building a fireplace in Fiske Reception Room, Rand Hall. The club has chosen for its name the "Fireplace Club" to signify its laudable design. The officers are as follows:

President—Ethel Cutts, '13.

Vice-President—Hazel Currier, '13.

Secretary and Treasurer—Mabel Durgan, '15.

Chairman Executive Committee—Rachael Sargent, '14.

**Walking Club** Under the direction of Miss Edna Manship, instructor of Physical Training in the Women's Department, a walking club is being formed. The idea is to take advantage of many of the fine afternoons by a long walk ending at some hospitable farmhouse, where hot stews and other delicious refreshments might be arranged for. Much interest has been displayed, and it is hoped in this way to make the most of the early part of the winter.

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**Freshman Party** On the evening of Saturday, Nov. 16, 1912, the Freshmen young ladies entertained the young men of the Freshman Class, in Fiske Reception Room, Rand Hall. A scene from "King Lear" was presented by those members of the dramatic club belonging to the Class of 1916. Games were played, and the very merriest of evenings was spent. The young ladies were assisted in entertaining by Dean Woodhull, Misses Root, Whitney and Manship, Mr. Harms, Mr. Jamison, and Prof. G. M. Robinson.

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**1916 Class Meeting** At a recent meeting of the Freshman Class, R. D. Stillman, of Saco, was elected temporary president. A committee consisting of Messrs. Buker, Swett, and Littlefield, and Misses Moore and Kane, was elected to draw up a constitution for the class.

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**Faculty Notes** Professors George E. Ramsdell and F. E. Pomeroy, and Dr. H. H. Britan, accompanied by Physical Director R. D. Purinton, enjoyed a brief hunting trip during the Thanksgiving recess.

President George Colby Chase attended a Church Conference in Chicago the first two weeks in December.

Professor W. R. Whitehorne gave a talk before the Trinity Men's Club, Nov. 8, on "The Science of Baseball." The talk was greatly enjoyed by all present.

The Bates Needle Club was delightfully entertained on Thursday, Nov. 7, in the home of **Bates Needle Club** Mrs. Arthur Hertell, of Main Street, Lewiston. Mrs. H. H. Britan gave the ladies an especially interesting account of her experiences while abroad. Miss Rose D. Nealey and Mrs. Lathrop were guests of the club. At the end of the afternoon Mrs. Hertell and Mrs. George M. Chase served ices, tea, and cake.

The Bates Needle Club also spent a very pleasurable afternoon with Dean Woodhull in Fiske Reception Room, on the afternoon of November 21. The room was very attractive in its decorations of evergreens and scarlet berries. Songs and readings by some of the Bates students were much enjoyed by the ladies. It was the pleasure of the club to have with them as guests Miss Rose D. Nealey, Miss Edna Manship, Miss Theodora Root, and Miss Whitney. Miss Woodhull, assisted by several young women of Rand Hall, served refreshments.

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The Bates Round Table held its third meeting of the season on the evening of Nov. 23, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Boothby, College Street. Mrs. Addison Small, Dr. and Mrs. A. N. Leonard entertained. Prof. G. M. Robinson presided over the meeting. The principal speaker of the evening was Hon. W. H. Judkins, of Lewiston, who spoke to the assembled members on "Progressiveness in Maine's Legal History." He spoke of the prevalent spirit of unrest among the people as a step forward in the progress of the State, and sketched briefly what the State has done on behalf of the general welfare of the public.

In the discussion following the address, Professor R. N. Gould spoke on "Legislation in Ohio as Compared to Maine," and Hon. H. W. Oakes spoke on "Initiative and Referendum in Maine."

At the close of the evening, ices and cakes were served.

## THE BATES STUDENT

### Debate

The faculty have put the competition for the Sophomore debating prize upon a purely elective basis. All Sophomores now take part in class-room debates, for which a week of preparation is allowed. About twenty have been chosen to take part in the preliminaries of the prize debate. The prize debate will be held just before the Christmas recess.

Soon after the Christmas recess, the preliminaries for the choosing of the "varsity" debating team will take place. This competition is open to all undergraduate men.

This year Bates will debate Clark College at Lewiston, and Colgate University at Hamilton. The dates have not been settled, but in all probability both debates will occur on one night during the last week of April. It is hoped that it will be expedient to debate the opposite sides of one question, thereby securing all the advantages of a triangular league.

The system of choosing intercollegiate debaters is to undergo a radical change this year. During the past few years, only men taking the advanced course in Argumentation have been eligible to intercollegiate teams. Because of this arbitrary limitation, it has been claimed that teams have not been representative and the student body has lost its interest in debating contests. These claims are not unfounded.

By opening the competition for places on all intercollegiate teams to men from all classes, and by making the selection of each intercollegiate debater dependent upon his ability to handle the question chosen for the intercollegiate contest, it is hoped that Bates may continue to secure those results that have placed her among the leading forensic institutions of the country.

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The third regular meeting of The Politics Club was held at Professor Gould's home, October 13. President Cave, '13, read a paper upon "State Control of Cities," and B. L. Dexter, '13, handled the subject of Current Events. After the meeting, appropriate refreshments were served and the members enjoyed selections

upon the Victrola. Professor and Mrs. Gould's interest and kindness are much appreciated by the club.

At a regular meeting held in Libbey Forum, December 3, Hon. William B. Skelton, of Lewiston, spoke upon "The City Council." Mr. Skelton's long service in various offices in the city of Lewiston enabled him to present his subject from the practical standpoint. A live discussion followed.

The remaining meetings of the semester will be devoted to an intensive study of other phases of municipal government. A movement is on foot to affiliate the Politics Club of Bates College with the national organization known as "The Intercollegiate Civic League." Such an affiliation would add a great deal to the prestige of Bates in intercollegiate circles.

**Sophomore  
Declamations**

The Sophomore prize declamations were held in Hathorn Hall, Saturday afternoon, November 16th. The following was the program:

MUSIC, COLLEGE ORCHESTRA  
PRAYER, REV. H. P. WOODIN  
RESPONSE

- |    |   |                 |
|----|---|-----------------|
| 1. | Tim's Vacation  | <i>Anon</i>     |
|    | Ida Florine Kimball   |                 |
| 2. | The Nineteenth of April   | <i>Lawton</i>   |
|    | Leslie Roy Carey  |                 |
| 3. | The White Dove  | <i>Green</i>    |
|    | Gladys Amelia Merrill   |                 |
| 4. | The Social Value of the College Bred                            | <i>James</i>    |
|    | Ernest Leroy Saxton   |                 |
|    | MUSIC   |                 |
| 5. | The King's Great Victory  | <i>Anderson</i> |
|    | Edith May Rideout   |                 |
| 6. | Extract from "Speech of Acceptance"                             | <i>Wilson</i>   |
|    | John Thomas Greenan   |                 |
| 7. | Virginia  | <i>Macaulay</i> |
|    | Elizabeth May Wood  |                 |
|    | MUSIC   |                 |
| 8. | Extract from the Plea for the Prosecution of William D. Haywood | <i>Borah</i>    |
|    | Allen William Mansfield   |                 |

## THE BATES STUDENT

9. Cicily and the Bears *Anon*  
     Frances Ellen Bartlett
10. Extract from the Plea for the Defense of William D. Hay-  
     wood *Darrow*  
     Howard Marshall Wight
11. The Outcast *Anon*  
     Mabel Cushing Durgan
12. Overcome Evil with Good *Van Dyke*  
     Harold C. Abbott  
     Music

The judges, Dana S. Williams, LL.B., Miss Teresa E. Jordan, and Rev. H. P. Woodin, awarded the prize for the girls to Miss Mabel C. Durgan, of Island Falls, and the prize for the men to E. Leroy Saxton, of Meriden, Conn. The committee of arrangements was: Mr. Carey, chairman; Miss Durgan, and Mr. Saxton.

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**Aroostook  
 Club Banquet**

The third annual banquet of the Aroostook Club was held at the Atwood hotel, Thursday evening, Nov. 28. A. R. Sullivan, '14, of Houlton, was toast-master. H. R. Nevers, '14, of Houlton; William Manuel, '15, of Houlton; and Kempton Coady, '14, of Patten, were among the speakers. All present were pleased at the enthusiasm displayed and hoped to have an even better banquet next year.

Those present were: A. R. Sullivan, '14, Abner Haggerty, '14, Kempton Coady, '14, Ralph Merrill, '16, Grover Baldwin, '15, William Manuel, '15, Hazen Nevers, '14, L. R. O'Connell, '14, Halliburton Crandlemire, '14, Floyd Redman, '13, Mark Gray, '15.

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**New  
 Editorial Board**

The editorial board for the ensuing year of the BATES STUDENT has been announced as follows James R. Packard, of Monmouth, editor-in-chief; assistant editors, Arthur B. Hussey, of Leominster, Mass.; Philip H. Dow, Gray; Flora M. Lougee, Lewiston; Edith G. Adams, Auburn; and Ruth B. Sylvester, Harrison. The



business manager of the STUDENT who succeeds Mr. Feinberg is Shirley J. Rawson, South Paris.

Plans for a weekly paper for Bates are rapidly being perfected, and it is probable that the first issue will appear in January.

### Musical Clubs

The Musical Clubs, both the Glee Club and the Mandolin Club, under the leadership of P. S. Nickerson, '13, of Medford, Mass., and W. D. Small, '14, of Lewiston, respectively, have been putting much time and hard work into rehearsals. Their initial appearance was at the concert given in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Monday evening, Dec. 9. Manager H. W. L. Kidder, '13, of Richmond, has arranged for an unusually extensive trip during the Christmas recess. He announces the dates as follows:

Friday, Dec. 13, South Portland; Dec. 14, Kennebunk; Dec. 16, Haverhill; Dec. 17, Melrose; Dec. 18, Medford; Dec. 19, Chelsea; Dec. 20, Danvers.

### Bates Concert

On Monday evening, December 9, the annual concert given by the Bates Musical Clubs was held in the Main Street Free Baptist Church. There was a good attendance, both of the students and of the people in the two cities who are interested in the musical work of the college. Generous applause was given each number, the readings of Mr. Carey and the solos rendered by Charles Hadley being especially well received. After the splendid showing in this first concert, it is expected that the Massachusetts trip starting Friday, December 13, will be a greater success than ever. The program:

Piano Solo—Selected

MR. BARROW, '14

La Spagnola

GLEE CLUB

*Di Chiara*

Reading—Selected

MR. CAREY, '15

Class Leader		<i>Gustafson</i>
	MANDOLIN CLUB	
Vocal Solo—Selected	MR. HADLEY, '14	
Selection	MALE QUARTETTE	
The Meteor	MANDOLIN CLUB	<i>Rice-Odell</i>
	PART II.	
"Toreador, Hola"	GLEE CLUB	H. Tritere
Reading—Selected	MR. CAREY, '15	
Selection	MALE QUARTETTE	
Rialto March	MANDOLIN CLUB	
Wot Cher	GLEE CLUB	
Cornet Solo	MR. NICKERSON, '13	
"Álma Mater"	COMBINED CLUBS	

The members of the clubs are as follows:

Glee Club—First Tenors, P. S. Nickerson, '13; A. C. Morrison, '13; F. W. Benvie, '16; S. Keneston, '16; Second Tenors, E. G. Bessey, '13; G. K. Talbot, '15; T. H. Blanchard, '15; L. R. Carey, '15; R. D. Stillman, '16; C. O. Miller, '16; Baritones, J. H. Dickson, '13; C. E. Hadley, '14; J. F. Corcoran, '15; A. F. Thomas, '15; J. L. Meader, '15; Basses, H. W. L. Kidder, '13; H. A. Woodman, '13; C. R. Thompson, '13; R. M. Bonney, '13.

Male Quartette—A. C. Morrison, '13, first tenor; P. S. Nickerson, '13, second tenor; C. E. Hadley, '14, first bass; H. W. L. Kidder, '13, second bass.

Mandolin Club—W. D. Small, '14; H. A. Woodman, '13; P. S. Nickerson, '13; R. M. Bonney, '13; J. H. Dickson, '13; C. R. Thompson, '13; W. J. Pennell, '13; F. Smith, '14; T. H. Blanchard, '15; E. F. Pidgeon, '15; L. R. Carey, '15; J. F. Corcoran, '15; G. K. Talbot, '15; E. G. Barrow, '14, accompanist.

FROM THE BATES FUND

- New Books** Paul Monroe, ed., Cyclopaedia of Education, vol. 3.  
 Katherine Coman, Economic Beginnings of the Far West, 2 vol.  
 James Bryce, South America.  
 E. A. Powell, The Last Frontier.  
 R. S. Rait, Life in the Medieval University.  
 R. M. Johnston, The Holy Christian Church.

FROM THE DIVINITY LIBRARY

- F. B. Jevons, Introduction to the Study of Comparative Religion.  
 E. G. King, Early Religious Poetry.  
 S. J. Case, The Historicity of Jesus.  
 W. M. Urban, Valuation.  
 J. R. Mott, The Future Leadership of the Church.  
 W. D. Weatherford, Introducing Men to Christ.  
 H. H. Horne, The Leadership of Bible Study Groups.  
 C. S. Cooper, College Men and the Bible.

FROM THE GEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

- T. J. Parker and W. A. Haswell, Text-book of Zoölogy, 2 vol.  
 A. L. Du Toit, Physical Geography for South African Schools.  
 G. G. Chisholm, Handbook of Commercial Geography.

PRESENTED

- By E. W. Dana, Norroena, R. B. Anderson, ed., 15 vol.  
 By the Author, The White Isles, F. F. Phillips (Bates, '77.)  
 By Hon. O. N. Hilton (Bates, '71), Current Law, 7 vol.  
 By Miss D. E. P. Stokes, Roman Portraits, W. M. F. Petrie.

FROM THE APPROPRIATION

- Mary Antin, The Promised Land.  
 W. T. Grenfell, The Adventure of Life.  
 J. E. Harrison, Themis.  
 R. W. Livingstone, The Greek Genius.  
 Theodore Hough and W. T. Sedgwick, The Human Mechanism.  
 John Galsworthy, The Inn of Tranquility.  
 Rand, McNally and Co., The Library Atlas of the World. 2 vol.  
 William James, Some Problems of Philosophy.  
 William McDougall, Introduction to Social Psychology.  
 Boris Sidis, The Psychology of Suggestion.  
 J. R. Angell, Chapters from Modern Psychology.



**Y. M. C. A.  
Meetings**

"What is a Christian?" was the topic treated in a most interesting and inspiring manner, by Rev. H. P. Woodin, of Auburn, at the meeting of the Y. M. C. A., October 30th. Mr. Slade, '13, led the union meeting of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.'s, November 6th. Mr. Slade told in simple, but effective language, the story of Jesus. The service was well attended.

That the Christian ministry of to-day is calling for the strongest and truest manhood of our country, was clearly shown by Rev. R. B. Mathews, of Ellsworth, at the Y. M. C. A. meeting of November 13th.

The discussion of college betting, which Wade L. Grindle, '13, conducted at the Y. M. C. A. meeting of November 20th, proved to be very successful, for it brought out a large number of representative men who took an active part in the discussion which followed the brief statement of the question by Mr. Grindle. It was admitted by all, even those who saw some good in college betting, that betting among college men was dangerous to their best interests in the future. More such meetings would be helpful to aid the general student body in arriving at definite conclusions with regard to other vital questions of the college life.

At the regular meeting of the Y. M. C. A. held Wednesday night, Dec. 4, the members had the pleasure of listening to a talk by Arthur Beane, Harvard, '11, of Boston. Mr. Beane's sub-

ject was, "What Harvard Men Are Doing for Boston Along Social Service Lines." After the meeting, Mr. Beane met those who were especially interested in his work.

**Y. W. C. A.  
Convention**

The Northeastern Field Committee of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., held a Student Conference at Bates College, November 9th and 10th. The program for the convention was as follows:

SATURDAY

- 10.15 A.M. Bible Hour: The Value of the Church  
Rev. Calvin Clark
- 11.00 A.M. The Place of the Association in Student Life  
Miss Helen Farquhar
- 11.20 P.M. The Secret of Interest Miss Henrietta Roelofs  
The Religious Work: Aim and Method Miss Farquhar  
Business Methods: Publications Miss Mary J. Corbett
- 2.00 P.M. Bible Hour: The Assurance of Immortality  
Rev. Calvin Clark
- 2.45 P.M. Plan of Auxiliary Members Miss Corbett
- 3.00 P.M. Address: The Importance of the Church as an Organ-  
ization Miss Caroline Colvin
- 3.30 Committee Group Conferences
- 7.30 P.M. Devotional Service
- 8.00 P.M. Addresses: Phases of Association Work Miss Roelofs  
Rural Work Miss Anna Seabury

SUNDAY

- 9.15 A.M. Prayer Service Miss Corbett
- 10.30 Church Services
- 4.00 P.M. Vesper Service Miss Katherine Boyd George
- 7.30 P.M. Devotional Service Mr. A. G. Cushman
- 8.00 P.M. Addresses  
Our Foreign Interests Miss Farquhar  
The World's Student Christian Federation Miss George

The Associations represented in the Conference were: Bates College, Colby College, Coburn Classical Institute, East Maine

Conference Seminary, Hebron Academy, Higgins Classical Institute, Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Oak Grove Seminary, Parsonsfield Seminary, Ricker Classical Institute, Sanborn Seminary.

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**Y. W. C. A. Party** Saturday evening, November 16, the Y. W. C. A. gave an enjoyable party in the gymnasium in Rand Hall. The Seniors were costumed as "grandmas," the Juniors as "aunts," the Sophomores as "nurses," and the Freshmen as "the children." A short program was given by the "children," and, after playing several juvenile games, refreshments were served.

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TO THE EVENING STAR

Oh thou much hymned of bards, whom now I see  
 Kindling thy beacon-flame in the grey west,  
 Hast thou a motive in thy constancy  
 Such as of old those signal-fires possessed  
 That brought the vessels safely to the bay?  
 Bright beauty-star! thou and thy fellow-fires  
 Of earth's most gloomy night make Heaven's day.  
 This is thy service, rendered faithfully:  
 Above the hell-broth of unclean desires  
 To keep truth's torch, and beauty's, calm and free,  
 Unquenched and undefiled eternally.

—DURAND HALSEY VAN DOREN,  
*Williams Literary Monthly*, Feb., 1912.

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The tender word unspoken,  
 The letter never sent,  
 The long-forgotten messages,  
 The wealth of love unspent;  
 For those some hearts are breaking,  
 For these some loved ones wait;  
 Show them that you care for them  
 Before it is too late.

—GEORGE B. GRIFFITH in *The Collegian*.



### Interclass Track Meet

On Thursday, Nov. 7, starting at 4.30, the annual interclass track meet was begun. Owing to rain, only half the meet was run off, at the end of which the Seniors led by  $12\frac{1}{2}$  points. The Class of 1916 made a good showing.

The results:

#### 120-YARD HURDLES

Won by Woodman, '13; Coady, '14, second; Tomblen, '14, third; Mansfield, '15, fourth. Time,  $17\frac{1}{2}$ s.

#### 100-YARD DASH

Won by Nevers, '14; Nash, '15, second; Small, '15, third; Murphy, '16, fourth. Time,  $10\frac{1}{2}$ s.

#### 440-YARD DASH

Won by Houston, '13; Pike, '14, second; Snow, '16, third; Sawyer, '13, fourth. Time, 56 3-5s.

#### MILE RUN

Won by Deering, '13; Parker, '14, second; Syrene, '16, third; Mansfield, '15, fourth. Time, 4m. 53s.

#### SHOT PUT

Won by Shepard, '13; Leavitt, '14, second; Gove, '13, third; Dyer, '14, fourth. Distance, 38 ft.

#### POLE VAULT

Won by Drew, '16; Tucker, '16, second; Woodman, '13, third; Crandlemire, '14, and Moulton, '15, tied for fourth. Height, 9 ft.

#### HIGH JUMP

Won by Kempton '13; Woodman, '13, second; Peterson, '16, third; Gibbs, '16, fourth. Height 5 ft. 4 1-4 inches.

## THE BATES STUDENT

	1913	1914	1915	1916
High Hurdles .....	5	5	1	0
100-Yard Dash .....	0	5	5	1
440-Yard Dash .....	6	3	0	2
Mile Run .....	5	3	1	2
Shot Put .....	7	4	0	0
Pole Vault .....	2	$\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	8
High Jump .....	8	0	0	3
Totals .....	33	20 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	16

Coach Lathrop will return after the Christmas recess to train the men for the B. A. A. meet in February. A large squad of men are expected to report, and prospects for a fast relay team are good.

**Football**

Bates suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of Colby at Waterville, Saturday, Nov. 9. The long runs by the fast Colby backs helped swell the total score. The line-up:

BATES	COLBY
Danahy, l.e. ....	r.e., Stanwood, Royal
Dyer, Stillman, lt. ....	r.t., Ladd, Murchir
Shepard, l.g. ....	r.g. Dacey, Dresser
Harding, c. ....	c., Bowker
Manuel, Hubbard, r.g. ....	l.g., Soule
Gove, r.t. ....	l.t., Robbins, Keppel
Thompson, r.e. ....	l.e. Crossman
Talbot, q.b. ....	q.b., Ayer
Bates, McNish, Dyer, Griffin, l.h.b. ....	r.h.b., Lowney
Dennis, r.h.b.	

l.h.b., Frazer, Merrill Read, Pratt, Goldthwaite  
 Eldridge f.b. .... f.b., Taylor  
 Score: Colby 35, Bates 6.

Touchdowns—Frazer 2, Ayer, Lowney, Taylor, Dennis.  
 Goal from touchdown—Keppel 2. Goal from field—Frazer.  
 Referee—Murphy of Harvard. Umpire—Dorman of Columbia.  
 Linesman—Jones of Haverford. Time—15-minute periods.



The football men broke training at the football banquet held at Hotel Atwood the Saturday night after the Colby game. Among the speakers were Coaches Purinton and Moody, and players Gove, '13, Shepard, '13, Thompson, '13, and Capt. Dennis, '13. Those present at the banquet were: Capt. Dennis, Harding, Danahy, Thompson, Stillman, Russell, Gove, Eldridge, Bates, Shepard, Talbot, Manuel, Hubbard, Clifford, Cobb, Walsh, A. Haggerty, Drumm, Tabor, De Lano, Small, Lovely, Hill, Baldwin, Manager Plumstead, Coach Purinton, and Coach Moody.

#### Elections

The Bates Athletic Advisory Board met Monday evening and awarded football "B's" to the following men: Carleton A. Dennis, '13, Worcester, Mass.; Guy H. Gove, '13, Dexter; C. R. Thompson, '13, Lewiston; J. H. Danahy, '14, Everett, Mass.; C. A. Dyer, '14, South Portland; Rich P. Eldridge, '14, Gardiner; Russell T. Bates, '15, Quincy, Mass.; Earl A. Harding, '15, Pittsfield; W. F. Manuel, '15, Houlton; George K. Talbot, '15, Gardiner; R. D. Stillman, '16, Saco. James F. McNish, '13, of Ansonia, Conn., was given a "B" for faithful work.

At a meeting of the football "B" men November 21, John H. Danahy, '14, of Everett, Mass., was unanimously elected captain for the season of 1913. Danahy is considered one of the best ends in the State and should make a splendid leader.

On November 21 also, E. M. Drumm, of Thomaston, Conn., was elected football manager for next fall. His assistants will be G. B. Moulton, '15, of Mechanic Falls, and C. S. Fuller, '15, of North Turner.

Halliburton Crandlemire, '14, of Millinocket, was elected assistant baseball manager to succeed Eugene Ellis, formerly of '14, who is now a student at the University of Vermont.

**Baseball Schedule** Manager Frank H. Jewett of the baseball team has announced the following excellent schedule:

April 19—University of Maine at Lewiston (exhibition).  
April 26—Maine Centrals at Lewiston (pending).

- April 29—Harvard at Cambridge.  
April 30—N. H. State College at Durham, N. H.  
May 3—University of Maine at Orono.  
May 7—Colby at Lewiston.  
May 14—University of Maine at Lewiston.  
May 17—Colby at Waterville.  
May 24—Maine Centrals at Portland.  
May 27—N. H. State College at Lewiston.  
May 30—Bowdoin at Lewiston.  
May 31—Bowdoin at Portland (exhibition).  
June 6—Bowdoin at Brunswick.

Baseball practice will be started in the cage soon after the Christmas recess under the direction of Capt. Griffin and Coach Purinton.

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### BOOK REVIEW

*Intercollegiate Debates.* Edited by Egbert Ray Nichols, professor of English Composition and Public Speaking, Ripon College, Ripon, Wisconsin. Published by Hinds, Noble & Eldredge, New York City. Price, \$1.50.

This book is a careful compilation of debates both affirmative and negative, on many of the important questions of the day, as they have been debated in several of our leading colleges. The debates bear evidence of a careful choice, and are finished productions, which show much painstaking work on the part of the men who produced them. They were used in the intercollegiate debates, and are arranged in logical order. Taken as a whole, the book is one that would prove of great value to an intercollegiate debater, and one which he could not well do without. They furnish information of a nature, at once accurate and to the point, and in a form that may be easily found and understood.



1868—Professor Oliver Clinton Wendell died on November 6 at the home of his son, Charles, in Belmont, Mass. Since 1898, Professor Wendell had held the chair of Assistant Professor of Astronomy in Harvard University.

He has been engaged in astronomical work in the Harvard Observatory since February, 1879. For the last twenty-five years he has had charge of the Great Telescope, made all the observations with it, and superintended the reduction of these. He took a large part in measuring with the first Meridian Photometer the light of 4,260 stars, and in reducing the more than 94,000 observations required. The results, which fill Volume 14 of the Observatory Annals, give the magnitudes of all stars visible to the naked eye, from the North Pole down to 35 degrees below the equator. In addition to this, he made many more observations with the second and larger Meridian Photometer. Besides this, he has made all the observations of eclipses since 1903, and a large part of the observations previous to that time. He discovered several variable stars, and one of his specialties was comets and meteors.

Professor Wendell was a graduate of Bates in the Class of 1868, and has always retained a warm love for his college. He was a poet, as well as an astronomer, and years never dulled the romance of his wedded life or lessened the charm of his dearest companionship. In college he was a thorough student, and accomplished with credit whatever he undertook. He was an earnest, consistent, and active Christian. His whole career was one of marked achievement and honor. He established for himself a wide reputation, and was a member of many scientific societies. He was in every sense a man of whom Bates may well be proud.

1879—Rodney F. Johonnot is pastor of the Universalist Church in Auburn, Maine.

Frank P. Otis is a successful lawyer and prominent citizen at Sonora, California.

Walter E. Ranger is State Superintendent of Schools of the state of Rhode Island. His address is Providence. He has his office in the State House.

Willard E. Lane is a successful druggist in Cambridge, Mass.

A. E. Tuttle, principal of the High School at Bellows Falls, Vermont, has been elected president of the Vermont Teachers' Association.

M. C. Smart, after having many important positions as an educator in Vermont, retired to a farm in Yarmouth, Me., about a year ago, on account of poor health. Trap rock was recently discovered on his farm and he has sold it for a large price. Until January 1, his address will be Yarmouth, Me.

F. W. Buker is station agent and telegraph operator of the Boston & Maine Railroad at Wells Depot, Me.

T. N. Lombard is a farmer in Auburn, Me. His address is Minot Avenue.

E. W. Given is principal of Newark Academy, Newark, N. J. He has held this position for over twenty-five years.

Dr. E. A. McCollister some two years since, moved his family to Dalton, Alberta, Canada.

Edgar M. Briggs is a successful lawyer in Lewiston.

1883—Clifford J. Atwater is an attorney-at-law in Seymour, Conn.

Rev. W. H. Barbour is pastor of a church in Glassport, Pa.

Dr. O. L. Bartlett is an eye and ear specialist in Pittsfield, Mass.

Mrs. E. S. Franklin, formerly a missionary to India, is now at Old Orchard, Maine. Mrs. Franklin will be remembered as Miss Susie E. Bickford, of '83.

Mrs. Nellie B. Little Clark lives in Exeter, N. H.

Professor F. E. Foss has a position in Cooper Institute, New York.

Oliver L. Frisbee has retired, and lives in Portsmouth, N. H.

Lee B. Hunt is a merchant at Gray, Me.

Frederick E. Manson is editor of the *Pennsylvania Grit*, Williamsport, Pa.

A. E. Millett is a furniture dealer in Adrian, Mich.

R. W. Nutter is a teacher in Malden, Mass.

John L. Reade is a lawyer in Lewiston, Me.

C. E. Sargent is a teacher in New Haven, Conn.

Hoyt H. Tucker is a teacher in the Newark, N. J., High School. His address is South Orange, N. J.

1893—Dr. John Sturgis, of Auburn, recently attended the Clinical Conference of Surgeons of North America, held in New York City.

1895—Nathan R. Smith, principal of the Ware, Mass., High School, has been elected president of the Hampshire, Mass., County Teachers' Association.

1897—A. W. Bailey, Esq., of New York City, has a little daughter, Beryl, born November 9th.

1899—Mrs. Blanche W. Roberts, the Bates Librarian, attended a meeting of the Eastern College Librarians in New York City, on Nov. 30th.

1903—Mrs. Warren Freeman, formerly Lucy Freeman, is in North Windham, Maine.

Jeanne Towle is teaching in the Paris High School, Paris, Maine.

Susie Kendrick is also teaching in the Paris High School.

Clara Williams is in Dedham, Mass., teaching Science in the high school.

Dr. John Solon is located in Solon, Maine.

1905—On October 12th, Marion Ethel Mitchell was married to Bernard Lewis Stetson.

1907—Caroline W. Chase, Assistant Secretary of the Commission on the Church and Social Service, acted as clerk during the meetings of the Commission at the Quadrennial of the Federal Council of Churches, held in Chicago, December 4-9.

1909—Miss Helen W. Adams died at St. Mary's General Hospital, Lewiston, November 9th, after an operation for appendicitis, which, although successful, was followed by inflammation around the heart. Miss Adams has been teaching in North Stratford, N. H.

Miss Florence M. Dunn is teaching in North Stratford, N. H.

Mary Hardie is first assistant in the Easton, Maine, High School.

Louis Woodward is studying in the Harvard Law School.

1911—Leroi Harris, formerly of 1911, was married on November 28th to Miss Morna Louise Nugent, of Windham, Maine.

J. Garfield Bishop has an excellent position in the Kentucky Military Institute, Lyndon, Kentucky.

Alvin S. Morse is principal of the High School at Marlboro, N. H.

The engagement of William F. Remmert, Bates '11, to Miss Laura Doris McAusland of Lewiston, is announced.

Warren N. Watson is employed as Chief Chemist at The Lewiston Bleachery and Dye Works.

Fred Hillman has a position in Lyndonville, Vt.

Because of ill health, Lela Little is not to return to her position in Presque Isle after this term.

1912—Maude Astle is a student at the Curry School of Expression, in Boston.

Carlton Bly has a position with the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, O.

Clinton Bonney is teacher of Latin and History in Chafin University, Orangeburg, South Carolina. It is a Negro college with about 700 students.

Ethel Downing is assistant in the high school at Easton, Me.

Earl D. Merrill is principal of Somerset Academy, Athens, Maine.

Beatrice Neal is assistant in the high school at New Gloucester.

Frank A. Nevers is a teacher in the Hartford, Conn., Public High School, where he is one of 80 teachers.

Alice Richards is at her home in East Livermore.

Harry Rowe is not in Y. M. C. A. work, as stated in the September STUDENT, but is traveling Field Secretary for the Christian Endeavor Society of Maine.

Leonard Smith has a position in Chicago.

J. R. Tucker is assistant instructor in the High School at Barberton, Ohio.

Clair Turner is taking graduate work in Biology at Harvard.

Howard Welch is studying in Newton Theological Institute, Newton Centre, Mass.

Wheatie Whitman was married in August to George H. Barron, of Lewiston.

Grace French is teaching in the High School at Thomaston.

F. P. Jecusco is principal of Kingfield High School.

Annabel Jones is at her home in South China.

Abigail Kincaid is at her home in South Portland, where she substitutes in the High School.

Francena Quimby is teaching in the Franklin, Mass., High School.

Jessie W. Alley is teaching in Conway, N. H., in the High School.

George E. Brunner teaches music in Mercersburg Academy, Mercersburg, Pa.

Clair V. Chesley has a position with the National Shoe and Leather Bank, Auburn, Maine.

Charles T. Doe is employed in Boston by the United States Felt Co.

Florence Gray is teaching in Bridgton Academy, North Bridgton, Maine.

William H. Hooper teaches in a High School in Tacoma, Washington.

Jesse J. Lamorey is teaching in the Rockland Military Academy, Rockland, N. H.

Alvin S. Morse was married on July 20 to Miss Angie Mildred Berry, of Carthage.

Roscoe C. Bassett is teaching in Hampstead Academy, Hampstead, N. H.

George F. Conklin is employed in the U. S. Chemical Works, Elizabeth, N. J.





The *Sibyl*, from Elmira College, ever offers a pleasing variety of prose and verse. "The Confidences of Bab" is a series of letters which show a realistic picture of college life and of the experiences of a college girl who is teaching her first school. They have a very natural touch. "Across the Way" is a story from which we not only derive pleasure in reading, but also one from which we can draw a practical lesson. The essence of the story can be expressed in the lines,

"Little hand stretching for the Pot of Gold,

Be careful lest you drop the treasure you already hold."

Youth, in its eagerness for glitter and dash, is only too apt to underestimate the sterling qualities of character and be attracted by the glamour of outside show; and this little story may show some of the students who read it that they themselves have been mistaking artificial worth for real worth.

*The Buff and Blue*, from Gallaudet College, has a splendid oration, "Books," from which we quote a passage which will speak for itself.

"Held in memory, the poets in their various moods and fancies become our musicians, who strike upon the chords of the mind and heart, and send vibrating through us the harmony of the world. Night enshrouded in her velvety darkness with the moon and stars as her gleaming jewels, awakens our soul to the "Music of the Spheres."

*The Sequoia*, from Leland Stanford University, California, gives us a most amusing story, "Bill Crockett Entertains." The action is somewhat improbable, but the characters are cleverly drawn. The writer has a keen sense of humor, and keeps us laughing all through the story. When the burglar was amusing a baby with his bunch of keys he remarked.



"Who'd a thought them keys ud a-come in handy here? Babies and safes are sure different. Keys opens one and shuts up the other."

## THE WATERFALL

Down the sunny glade 'neath the trees' cool shade  
There splashed the waterfall;  
It bounded gay in showers of spray  
Which caught up every diamond ray  
From the sunbeams sent by their lord to stray  
Through the leaves and branches all.  
And the stream's blue waters rippled past,  
Flowing 'round rock and stones so fast;  
And the sun was bright and the air was keen  
And the sky was blue and the grass was green  
Where splashed the waterfall.

—ALLAN L. LANGLEY in *The Brunonian*.

## THE CLOUD

I saw a cloud go sailing by,  
And it was made of gold;  
"'Tis for the king, I'm sure," said I,—  
But I had not been told.

And when the lovely golden cloud  
Stood just above my head,  
It whisper'd me, not very loud:  
"I'm all for you," it said.

—GEORGE BOAS in the *Brunonian*.



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