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Bates College

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THE BATES STUDENT



Bates College March, 1910

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TERMS: One dollar a year; single copies, fifteen cents.

Vol. ~~XXXIX~~^{VIII}

LEWISTON, ME., MARCH, 1910.

No. 3

Entered at the Postoffice at Lewiston, Me., as Second Class Matter.

EMERITUS.

With brow of silver and with beard of snow,
He stood among a wistful laureate throng;
His words of mellow thought and accents low
Voiced the refrain of life's pure, golden song.
The strange, sweet ecstasy that lights its fire
In hearts responsive to the quivering strings,
When the time-wonted minstrel smites his lyre,
And unto all the listening ages sings,
Was felt and welcomed, if in joy or pain,
What then the import of his muse might be;
And first and last he sang old age again,
Pronouncing thus its fitting eulogy.

FRANKLIN F. PHILLIPS, '77.

PEBBLES AND WHEAT.

Scarcely a winter passes in the Lebanon Mountains during which, on some cold night, the young ones of the family do not eagerly gather from the lips of their beloved old grandmother the tale of the boiled wheat. This tale seems never to lose its significance, the youngsters, as well as the grown-up people, seem never to tire of listening to it, and the aged seem never to forget to tell how, once upon a time, on a cold December night, a strange man visited the hut of the poor widow and the house of the rich woman, in a humble hamlet. But let me retell the story as it has been told thousands of times.

It was a cold December night. The sky was clear, and the hoary heads of the ancient Lebanon Mountains, high in the air, proud and formidable, reflected the silver rays of the cold moon. From the West came the sighs of the Mediterranean, deep and solemn like the echo of a fervent "Amen," rising higher and higher to the lofty domes of a cathedral, from the bottoms of the hearts of a multitude of ardent worshippers after a benediction; and from the North the cheerless hum of a low wind was heard among the leaves of the sturdy oaks, and the touch of its icy fingers was felt on the ears of the traveler. From the deep and dark valleys rose the murmur of the winter stream, broken often by the wail of a jackal, which was as often answered by the bark of a watch dog.

All the doors and windows in the hamlet were closed. No light was to be seen from the houses except the long and thin streaks from the crack in the roughly constructed shutters and doors.

It was the first watch of the night, yet no one was stirring abroad. The men who were in the habit of gathering of an evening in the house of one of their number (each entertaining the company in his turn), where four played their innocent game of cards while the others smoked, watched and became more excited than the players themselves, and waited to ridicule and scoff at the two losers,

take their places, lose and be ridiculed and scoffed at in turn, these men sat by their own hearths that evening, for it was, of all the year, the evening on which, from time immemorial, the mother boiled the wheat, and every one wished to partake of it in his own home, surrounded by his own family. Laughter and sounds of merriment found their way through the cracks with the streaks of light, and the children's excitement was beyond description. Not that the boiling of the wheat was a rare occurrence, but, some way or other, the wheat had a different odor and a different taste on that particular night, and the children as well as their elders partook of it with joyful and thankful spirits.

Around a low fire in a corner of the humblest of the huts sat three little children, two boys and a girl,—the oldest being a boy of nine. Their eyes were fixed intently on the low flame while they pressed against each other in an effort to assist the fire to warm their shivering limbs. Their haggard features told a long and heart-rending story of sleepless nights spent between the fangs of a savage hunger gnawing at the stomach like the wildest of beasts, and the claws of a piercing cold penetrating through the thin coverings of cloth and flesh to the very bones, followed by cheerless days of yearning and suffering. The looks in their eyes were, to those who could read such a language, a melancholy poem of timidity and fear, longing and covetousness. Where the body was exposed, the bones stood out prominently, as if they were meant more strongly to emphasize the deep lines and hollows of privation. At the other side of the fire was the young mother on her knees, cleaning some roots and winter herbs, while she waited for a few pieces of dry bread to soak in a bowl. Her appearance gave the finishing touches to the picture presented by her children, and the looks that she frequently levelled at them disclosed the indescribable anguish that the hearts of mothers alone know when their children are suffering and no assistance is forthcoming.

“Not so a year ago!” thought the widow. “My good

man was alive and strong. This pot was full and was merrily singing to the accompaniment of the blazing logs. Every stomach was full, every lip smiling and every heart overflowing with joy and thanksgiving. The bodies were comfortable—there was flesh on the bones in those days * * * ”; and the mother turned her face away from the fire.

“Not so a year ago!” thought the nine-year-old boy. “Father was sitting in this corner, little sister was in his lap tugging at his coat, while he sang and I counted my marbles.”

Poverty is a cruel teacher! It visits the tender hearts with the rod of anguish and compels the young mind to ponder bitterly.

The hut could not have been more than a dozen feet square. It was built of roughly hewn stones, with a flat roof supported by pine logs once white, but now of a glossy black, caused by the smoke of the fireplace. This was a primitive contrivance. Three slabs about a foot square and four inches thick, made of clay and dried in the sun, were put together so as to form with the floor the four sides of a hollow cube. Then the interior corners were filled with clay to give a circular shape. A groove was made on the upper edge to hold the pot. In front there was a walk of clay about three inches high, semi-circular, and with its two ends touching the front ends of the fireplace. This served as a brazier where sometimes charcoal was burned. The floor of the hut was partly covered with a coarse mat made from the leaves of a certain swamp reed.

Finally the bread was ready and the children fell to with almost savage eagerness. It did not take long to finish the miserable meal, and the hungry ones were left in a worse condition, their appetites having been only aggravated by the scanty repast. The mother then began to prepare to put her children to sleep, deeming it more comfortable for them to be huddled together under a cover, however thin it might be, and hoping in sleep they might forget. “But, Mother,” cried the oldest boy, “are you

not going to boil some wheat for us? You did last year, Mother, don't you remember?"

The poor mother felt the two fingers of fate pressing her throat.

"I didn't forget, Mother," continued the boy. "Father was sitting here on the large sheep skins—say, Mother, where are all the sheep skins we had to cover the floor? All boys were talking about the wheat their mothers were getting ready, and a while ago I smelled the anise seed from our neighbor's house and I put my eyes to a hole in the door and saw the family around the hearth watching the steam rising from the boiling pot. Oh, Mother, the smell was so good! The mother there was reaching down the string of pomegranates from the rafter, and one of the girls was cleaning the pine nuts. I also saw a bowl full of sugar and a bottle of rose water. Oh! don't put us to sleep, Mother, we want some wheat. We are hungry, Mother!"

And what could the poor mother do? She forced the tears back and began to think. Would it be better to deal the blow to the longing and confident hearts, or to be humane and deceive them? Would it be better to put them to sleep with the understanding that God, who sent wheat to all the neighbors to boil, and eat and make merry, had forgotten them, or to make them watch the boiling pot with hope until they tired and fell asleep, and forgot in the morning what and how the evening was spent?

At last she reached for the pot, opened the door and went out. Presently she entered with the pot full of water and a handful of pebbles in the bottom, and put it over the fire. Every hand was busy with the sticks, every mouth was blowing, trying to start a higher flame, while every eye travelled from the fire to the cover of the pot, expecting to see the steam rise and fill the house with the aroma.

The steam began to escape, but with it came no smell. The children looked at each other and wondered. "Has mother forgotten to put some anise seeds with the wheat?" "Shall we ask her? Perhaps she has forgotten them?"

Thus ran the thoughts of the children, while the mother watched their faces and prepared an answer for the forthcoming question. But while the lips of the oldest boy were already opening to shape the question, the cock crowed.

"A stranger in the hamlet," whispered the mother. "Cross yourselves, children, and keep quiet, for God alone knows who the stranger may be or what his quest. It is better for children of your age to be fast asleep when strangers are walking among the houses of the hamlet on a night like this."

But the children pressed closer to their mother's side and continued to watch the pot with eager eyes. The steam rose higher and higher towards the black rafters, but it was not laden with the odor of the anise seed.

And the children began to doubt!

As the situation grew harder and harder for the mother and the children showed no sign of approaching slumber, a step was heard in the yard, the door flew open, and a man walked in.

It was dark near the door, for the fire was the only light in the hut, but they were able to make out the tall form and noble bearing of a gentle looking man. Before the woman could gain her feet the stranger approached the family and said: "May God send you grace with this evening!"

Room was made for him near the fire and he began to warm his hands over it, explaining the cause of his strange visit. He told them that he was a constant traveler who had interest in every town and every people; that it was on an errand that he visited the hamlet on this night. Then he turned suddenly to the woman and said: "Don't be troubled, my good woman! I always carry my supper with me, and I have supped an hour since."

The woman started. The stranger had read her mind. She was thinking that a traveler that enters a house at that hour of the night must be given something to eat. But what was there in the house to give him?

"But tell me," continued the stranger, "what are you boiling in your pot?"

The lips of the mother quivered. She looked at her children and then lifted her eyes to her visitor with a beseeching look in them and murmured: "Wheat."

The stranger understood her. He slowly lifted his hand over the pot, a bright glorious light shown in his eyes and, with a solemn but sweet voice, he said: "Wheat? Yea, wheat it shall be."

And suddenly the odor of boiling wheat, seasoned with the anise seed, filled the house. The children smiled and looked up, but the stranger was nowhere to be seen.

But the stranger's visit to the hamlet did not end then and there. In the neighboring house the rattle of wooden spoons in earthenware vessels was heard, the voices of children were mingling with the jest and laughter of their elders. The bottle of rose water was in the center of the low table, with a plate full of pine nuts on one side, and a plate heaped with the seeds of the pomegranate on the other. The wheat was ready to be served. Some were arguing that sugar was the proper thing to use with it, while others were maintaining that nothing is like the old and reliable way of serving it with lots of broth mixed with a liberal dash of molasses. At this moment a hand pushed the door and the strange visitor stood on the threshold in full view of the whole family. He stood there studying their faces. There was not a word of welcome. The children frowned, because they knew that his arrival would interrupt their pleasure; the father frowned because, according to the tradition of hospitality, he was to offer his seat by the fire to his guest, and he was obliged to follow those rules, however little he was inclined towards real hospitality; the mother frowned because she could not very well shut the door in the face of her guest, and, while in their house, they were bound to share with him their cheer. Then the stranger frowned in his turn and approached the fire unasked. No room was made for him and he stood musing.

“What are you boiling in your pot, my good woman?” finally asked the stranger.

The frown on the woman's brow deepened and she sharply answered: “I am boiling stones,—pebbles,—what is that to you?”

“Stones? Pebbles?” exclaimed the stranger, with a voice that awed his hearers. And, lifting his hand over the pot, he said: “Pebbles, then, may they be.”

And the stranger disappeared from their midst.

The odor of the anise seed disappeared likewise; and in the bottom of the pot the mother found a handful of pebbles where the wheat had been.

“And, my children,” the good old grandmother would say on reaching this part of the tale, “I was told that the widow's pot remained full of boiling wheat until her children became old enough to work and take care of their mother and themselves. And I was told also that, whenever the other woman tried to boil wheat for her family, the wheat was always changed to pebbles.”

SALIM Y. ALKAZIN.

HIS ROSARY.

The long, slanting rays of the late afternoon sun streamed through the high windows of the narrow cell, and fell caressingly upon the form of Brother Carolus, bowed in the attitude of silent prayer. For a long, weary hour he had knelt there upon the cold, bare stone, when he slowly raised his head until his eyes rested on the little image of the Virgin, before him. The sunlight shed a soft glow upon the white, upturned face of the monk and formed a faint halo about his uncovered head. The sensitive face, usually so peaceful in its expression of quiet renunciation, looked worn and haggard, and the hands clasped before him, trembled slightly.

Brother Carolus had not spent all his life in the Mon-

astery of Saint Bartolomie, but few except the aged Abbe had passed the portals of the Monastery—a youth, strong, beautiful, but crushed and embittered by some sorrow which had overtaken him in the great world outside.

“Father,” he had said, “I come to forget.”

And the saintly Father had answered, smiling mystically, “My son, you shall stay—to learn.”

So the years had passed, and still Brother Carolus dwelt among them, no longer hard or bitter, but long since grown outwardly gentle and serene, surpassing all the rest in zealous devotion. The younger monks even remonstrated with him for the rigor of his fasting and of his doing penance, but he only smiled humbly, deprecatingly, and prayed and fasted yet more often, seeming to fear that the slightest relaxation would break the rigid control with which he was trying to keep his wayward soul in abeyance.

But through it all, in spite of prayer and abnegation of self, there had been moments, even hours, when in the solitude of his own cell, the heart of the man had asserted itself over the resignation of the monk, and he had wrestled with his emotions until the semblance of victory was his. Then he had gone forth with a mask of impenetrable calm, to minister untiringly to those about him and to renew his daily penances unflinchingly.

As he knelt there in the sunshine, his face, wan and wasted, betrayed the awful anguish of heart and mind. Once more he bowed his head and, lifting the rosary which was suspended at his girdle, he began mechanically to repeat the formula. But as the beads slipped through his transparent fingers, the prayer died away and his body, weak and emaciated from long fasting, swayed with the violence of a mighty struggle.

Brother Carolus' rosary was one of rare beauty. Each bead of polished ivory was curiously wrought and at the end hung a small, delicately fashioned golden cross. Once Brother Conrad had marvelled at the beauty of it, but the look of intense pain in the eyes of the owner had silenced

all further questioning. The good brothers dimly realized that it was in some way a link binding him to the past, but no one dreamed of the strength of the bond. And now, as the monk touched it reverently, the past rose all too vividly before him and a dry sob escaped his lips.

He saw himself, a youth again, in the fragrant, moonlit beauty of the old chateau garden, with Rosalie, his Rosalie. He could hear again the musical splash of the fountain and the ravishing sweetness of the nightingale's song. All too fleeting had been their rapturous dream of happiness. He shuddered as he recalled another evening. The air had been heavy with the perfume of the roses, and the velvety darkness of the garden had enfolded him, as he threw himself down under the shining stars and clasped to his throbbing breast her rosary—all that was left to him of one he loved "with all his heart and with all his soul and with all his mind." Her dying lips had sought the little cross, with a whispered prayer for him; so she had gone away and he was left alone to live his life, a deathless burden, through the years, with only a chaplet of ivory beads and—ah, yes!—the cross.

In the sudden, overwhelming misery of his loneliness and despair, he had sought the cloisters of Saint Bartolome. But the weary years did not bring oblivion, only an outward passivity and submission that made the agony of hours like this keener and more rebellious.

He raised the beads to his lips with an impassioned gesture. How often before had he sought solace for his grief in the touch of these bits of ivory. With human frailty he counted them over, one by one, as symbols of the lost hours spent with her at whose shrine he reverently worshipped, as the sweet saint of his devotions. Each bead held its own sacred memories, which the years could not steal away or sorrows mar. But as the last bead was told and his hand again touched the cross, he recoiled sharply. All the years of separation, of struggle for self-mastery would not deprive the cross of its cruel signifi-

cance. He had never learned to bow beneath the symbol of his bitter mourning, to kiss his cross.

Then before the kneeling monk, his own soul was suddenly laid bare in all its selfishness and unworthiness. In a flash, he saw the full measure of his sins and the scantiness of his repentance. Truly, he had prayed, but for himself; he had ministered unto others, but only that he might forget and be at peace. In a flood of humility and contrition, he murmured faintly, "Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." And as he prayed, breaking in upon the discords of his suffering sounded the sweet, vibrant tones of the bell of the Angelus, and, with the appealing accents, the hush of the evening hour softly descended upon the troubled heart. Faint at first, then clearer and stronger, came from the chapel the rich strains of the organ, and the chant of vespers.

Brother Carolus started, then sank back, the iron will at last subdued, overpowered by the faint, weak body and the exhausted spirit. His place among the others was vacant for the first time in twenty years; for the first time in twenty years, his voice was not lifted in the evening psalm. He wondered vaguely if they would miss him.

As the last note died away, a voice, as of a departed spirit, fell upon his ear. And as he listened, his pale, tired face became transfigured with a celestial brightness.

To the weary monk, waiting in eager awe, out of the discordant echoes of his life came the most perfect harmonies. All the dreary, desolate years, all the days and nights of hopeless, passionate anguish, all the remorseless yearnings vanished at the caress of an unseen hand, and the sound of a voice that had long ago been stilled.

The radiance dimmed, but the monk, left alone in the deepening twilight, lifted the sacred rosary and touched his lips to the golden cross. With a last, supreme effort, he struggled to rise, but his strength was spent and he fell forward upon the gray stone.

And the first pallid rays from the rising moon, falling through the high, narrow window, rested upon the lifeless

form of Brother Carolus as he lay there, his face uplifted in wrapt, adoring peace, and the little cross of gold pressed lovingly to his lips.

ELISABETH FRANCES INGERSOLL, 1911.

FRIENDSHIP.

Then what is friendship? But a cup to hold
 The golden wine of words, fair-spoken praise,
 Endearments tender, cheering when the days
 Are dark; a book wherein our secrets old
 We write, and know the page will ne'er unfold
 Our confidence; a light in this dim haze
 Of half-seen shapes to guide our feet in ways
 Of safety? Nay, not half of friendship's told.
 It is a cord of two strands twisted well
 That bears what neither strand alone could bear
 And still but twists more tightly with each strain,
 The cord that though we've fallen even to Hell
 And shudder in the dark caves of despair,
 Securely draws us back to Heaven again.

GULIE ANNETTE WYMAN, 1911.

A COLLEGE FANTASY.

"Just forty cents." Tom gazed ruefully at his meagre capital, recalled that Russell's Chocolates were fifty cents a box, and dropped into the cozy corner to think it over.

Tom was tired so he found difficulty in thinking fast. Only the night before he had worn a wet towel around his head until two o'clock and then could not finish his three-weeks-late essay because his ink ran out. Besides, it was examination week and Tom had that day worried through two of his minor subjects, trusting that his strategic posi-

tion behind the "Class Plugger" would pull him by. No more "exams" for him until Friday and this was only Tuesday evening.

But it was not an examination that was bothering him at this particular moment; it was The Girl. Tonight was Tom's night and of course everything must slide by before he would think of failing to keep that date. But she liked "Russell's" and Tom's credit was low, too low even for a ten-cent loan. Then, too, all the fellows had gone to the mass meeting, so there was no hope. Tom knew that it ought to be flowers or chocolates or something; Bill had taken flowers to her on Sunday so Tom thought chocolates would be better. You see, Tom was afraid of Bill. Tom was a track man, an all-round one, to be sure, but this was the foot-ball season and Bill was the big 'varsity guard, so things looked mighty strong for Bill. Tom had taken Her to all the games but it was getting to be rather monotonous to him, to keep answering questions about Bill. He had told Her several times that Bill was not the only man that was playing the game hard.

She was like all other college widows, however, she always managed to pull the right string after all. Then the little manikin would recover himself and wonder how he could ever have imagined that She cared for anyone but him.

So Tom said, "Hang the chocolates," took a little more time with his tie and shoe laces, then set out. She was waiting for him and did not seem a bit disappointed when he produced no candy or flowers. They sat down without ceremony, Tom skillfully getting his six feet of college man between her and the piano.

"You look tired, Tommy," she cooed, as soon as he had finished a ten-minute explosion of excuses explaining why he was half an hour late. "Here let me put this pillow under your head so that you can feel comfortable."

Tom protested that he never felt more lively in his life, but the pillow went under his head, of course.

"Yes, Bill told me that you had a hard schedule of "exams" "this week," she said.

"Bill," growled Tom, and then subsided into quietness, thinking of what he might say to inform her that Bill had some back work to make up, too, and probably would be so busy that he could not come up this week.

"Yes, Bill"—but Tom shut her off with a request that she read something to him. He liked to hear her read and he wanted to have her finish the story which she had begun for him on Saturday evening. She seemed willing to do anything in the line of reading, singing or playing that he had ever suggested. So she hunted out the book, pulled the gas lamp over and began.

This was fine and Tom secretly congratulated himself on having a girl that could entertain him, even if he was indisposed to talk. But as she read he could not keep his mind from thinking of Bill. He did not have much regard for Bill, anyway. While he was trying to draw up some plan for the downfall of this rival, he suddenly became aware of another's presence in the room.

He rubbed his eyes to make sure; yes, it was Bill! Standing in the doorway, hat off and in the act of removing his coat. She had not seen him as yet, but Tom knew the discreet thing to do and without delay he did it.

He made a dive for the dining-room door, hurdled over two chairs, made a running broad jump that carried him through the kitchen, and the sprinted for the back door. Just as he grasped the latch he heard a commotion in the dining-room and waited only long enough to see big Bill break through into the kitchen; then down the steps he went, his pursuer only a few yards behind. Tom made a flying leap over the ash-barrel, which was on the corner, and Bill knocked the aforesaid obstacle into the gutter in a vain endeavor to grasp the fleeing Tom.

"What's he chasing me for, anyway?" thought Tom, as he settled into his stride and turned to see that Bill was lumbering along after him. "I left Her there and he can go and stay until one o'clock for all of me." Tom had

not failed to notice that Bill had held in his hand a square package, the shape of which suggested Russell's chocolates.

"Wait 'til I catch you, you long-legged galoot," panted Bill, far behind him. "I'll teach to you to come up here on Wednesday nights."

"Wednesday night." Had Tom made a mistake? Sure enough, Monday was a holiday and this was—but no, Tom felt very sure that he was right about the date. She had evidently expected him, too. The more Tom thought about it the stronger grew his convictions that this was Tuesday night and that Bill was wrong. He slowed down and waited for Bill, who was now far behind.

"See here, Bill," began Tom as the former came up, "it's Tuesday night and you know it; you're twisted. Come on back and we'll get our things and call it square."

Bill grunted an affirmative reply, but just as Tom came up to him he changed his mind and again attempted to "square things" himself. Tom could not stand for this. The moment he saw that hostilities were to be resumed, he doubled on his pursuer and raced back towards the college. His route lay down the street on which She lived and through which he had so recently made the unceremonious dash.

As he came in sight of the house he thought that he saw Her on the steps. Yes, the arc light across the street which had always been so bothersome now made it clear to him that She was there,—waiting for him?

"I knew that you'd come back," she said. And Tom, much out of breath, grinned with delight as she led him into the house. "What ever started you flying off up the walk? I did not even get a sight at you. What was the matter?"

"Matter," exploded Tom, "tell me, was you expecting me or Bill tonight?"

"You, of course, you silly boy. Tommy, I suppose it was mean, but I was just testing you about Bill. I told him Sunday not to come any more."

"But"—

“Yes, I see the chocolates and Bill’s hat. Can’t you understand, Tommy, that it is not them I care for, it’s you,” and she brushed his hair back from his damp forehead.

Things began to grow hazy to Tom. He had never dared to think of this. And now, she was so beautiful, she had said it so sweetly! He felt as if he were living in another world. He heard a noise on the steps; it was Bill. He must act quickly. With his heart jumping vainly around in a grand attempt to choke him, he reached out his arms to embrace Her, the Woman he adored, then—

Whoosh! * * * For the first time since he was a Freshman he saw the Big Dipper, the Northern Cross, and every other constellation of any account all grouped in a big mass, moving right down his way. The terrible thunder that accompanied this sensation lasted but a minute and then it changed to the sweet voice of Her.

“Tom Loring, I’ve been reading for an hour and you’ve been here within five feet of me and I don’t believe you’ve heard a word of it, you old sleepy-head, there”—and she let fly the other pillow.

Tom dug himself out from under the stuff, picked up the book that had slid off from his ear, took a careful survey of the room to make sure this time, then, almost afire with disgust and shame, he bolted. Seizing his hat, he flung open the door, forced a “Good Night,” and was gone into the darkness.

The next night Bill called.

CLARENCE PAUL QUIMBY, 1910.

ETCHINGS

She was such a strange, solemn little darky girl, that I used to watch her curiously. She was an odd figure as she trudged along, her feet scuffling on the sidewalks and her eyes looking unblinkingly over her glasses. A green tam-o-shanter was drawn over her head, hiding every kink of her wooly, black hair. Her solemn brown eyes peered soberly out through gold-bowed glasses that sat astride the very end of her pudgy, black nose. Her brown coat was buttoned snugly from the curve of her dusky throat to the ankle of her wrinkled stockings. Voluminous mittens fluttered and swung like captive crows at the ends of her coat sleeves, as if seeking to escape from the shoe-strings which held them in place. There was solemnity in every motion. Her lips met in a sober line, hiding the gleaming white teeth, and not a dimple showed in the little black cheeks.

Even play was a serious subject for her, and when she skipped down the long walks with the other children, she put her feet down as thoughtfully and seriously as if the balance of the world depended on where she set them, and indeed it almost seemed as if the equilibrium of the earth must be influenced by the weight in those huge, black rubbers.

Grace Jarvis Conner, 1913.

How fragrant it was, just at the eventide—a rose with petals falling like a caress on fingers, soft and withered as the flower they had despoiled. The Little One had plucked it for Her, tinged, as it was, with the Dawn's own flush,—a dewy bud, whose petals, parting wide, disclosed the deeply golden heart that nestled there. The freshness faded and the flower drooped. But with each petal passed a memory, now sad, now dear, of dawning maidenhood, or sweet girl-bride, the touch of deathless

Sorrow, then an answered prayer for life and love. As one by one they fell, the day, too, waned, till in the western sky the sun sank low and vanished in a burst of gold and crimson fire. Anon, a fusion of pale tints and ashen hues reflected, tenderly, the golden day. And still a single petal clung, until the last breath of the dying day dissevered it, with gentle, reverential touch. Or was it, else, an angel kiss, that softly swept, as well, the saintly-smiling lips? E'en as it passed, up there amid the deepening azure quivered and shone forth a radiant star. A rose, a life,—a star? Ah, no! a pure soul-flower, new-blossomed in the Garden of the Lord.

FROM THE GREEK.

No one of mortals, perfect though he be,
Goes down to death without an enemy.
So Zeus, of gods and men the ruler wise,
Escapes not censure in our mortal eyes.

Gulie Annette Wyman, 1911.

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EDITORIAL

College Sentiment The present interest in the organization of a Student Council to co-operate with the faculty in placing the blame for and removing the causes for many of the evils that appear in our college life, leads us to the source of all these evils, the distorted conception of college spirit. To think that loyalty to school or class must be shown by viciously interfering with the peace and industry of other students, or that enthusiasm must find expression in wholesale destruction of college property is absurd, to say the least! We all like fun. Our college days ought to be full of it. But it puzzles the thinking man to see what real amusement can be obtained from breaking up the furniture in our halls, defacing our buildings, or turning the quietness of our dormitories into Pandemonium. It is a deplorable fact that, in general, the underclassmen who object to such things withhold their condemnation. Disapproval is silent while applause is outspoken. One may well ask, What is the real sentiment of the student-body? Does it favor "rowdyism"? If not,

why should ten per cent. of the students who have no sense of responsibility be allowed to represent the college to those outside and practically to mould its life? Why should the spirit that these few manifest, be regarded as the spirit of the whole institution? If we have any love for our college, the least we can do is to oppose any sentiment that we know is a detriment to it. Reticence will accomplish nothing. The ideal way to get rid of these evils is to create a sentiment so strong against them as to make them unpopular. This will be easy when every man is brave enough to express openly his opinion and—condemnation. Public opinion is the greatest force in the world.

Shall Bates spirit mean a spirit of wanton irresponsibility expressed in acts of nonsensical child-play; or shall it mean genuine manliness, clean good-fellowship, and sincere interest in the welfare of our college, expressed in terms of helpfulness to one another and respect for the institution?

CYRUS WILBUR DOLLOFF.

The upperclassmen and faculty of the college were much grieved to learn of the sudden death of Cyrus Wilbur Dolloff of the class of 1908, at the Augusta City Hospital.

He was born in Dixmont, April 15, 1885, the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Dolloff; but has lived nearly all his life in Gardiner. He graduated from Gardiner High School in 1904 and then entered Bates. Here he was one of the most popular men; a good athlete, an active leader, and a bright student. In his Senior year he was manager of the baseball team.

After his graduation he was elected Principal of Easton High School and reelected at an increased salary the following year. Here he was very prominent in public life. He raised the standard of the school, started a school paper,

wrote a drama for the Senior class, and had started in to obtain a public library for the town.

He was very popular, making friends wherever he went, and, by his own ambition, inspired his associates to better work.

LOCAL

President Chase is still absent, soliciting the \$50,000 required by Mr. Carnegie. It is hoped that this money can be raised in time to start the new science building by spring.

The winter term of the college closes Wednesday, March 23d. This is earlier than usual, in order not to interfere with the services of Holy Week.

Prof. A. W. Anthony will deliver the opening address at the Intercollegiate Y. M. C. A. Conference, which is to be held at Colby College, March 3d. This is the conference of the associations of the colleges and fitting schools of the State.

G. A. Stuart, a former Bates graduate, who is Superintendent of Schools at Rockland, Maine, gave a short talk before Prof. Britan's class in education, Feb. 4th, on "How to Get a Position." Other lectures are being arranged by Dr. Britan which should prove of great assistance to the students.

Dr. Leonard gave an illustrated lecture, Feb. 7th, before the Murray Club of Lewiston, on "Legends and Castles of the Rhine." On Feb. 10th he addressed the Women's Literary Union, on "German Influence in English Literature."

H. W. Berry, of Boston, one of the closest friends of Bates, who has given all the pianos used here at the college,

recently made a pledge of \$6,000 to New Hampton Literary Institute, to increase its endowment.

Prof. Pomeroy and Horatio N. Dorman, '10, attended the meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Board, which was held at Boston, February 12th. R. B. Stanley, '97, represented the alumni of the college. One of the resolutions passed was that the board should recommend to the athletic associations of their respective colleges that they authorize their present football managers to arrange a rotating schedule of games between all the Maine college teams, for a period of three years, beginning with the fall of 1911. The question of better policing of the athletic fields during games was also discussed.

Harold C. Peasley, '10, of Lewiston, has been appointed assistant in Chemistry. Because of the large number taking the course, Prof. Jordan found it necessary to have another assistant.

Prof. Knapp delivered a lecture at Bowdoin College, Feb. 14th, on "Martial and some of his Epigrams." This is an exchange lecture, as Prof. Sills of Bowdoin will lecture here, March 10th, on "Vergil and Tennyson."

The advisory board is to meet the first Monday of every month in the college year, in regular session. This started with the January meeting. The object of this is to promote the general cause of athletics in the college.

Mr. Gilmer of the English Department has been giving a course of dramatic readings in Libbey Forum, Sunday afternoons. This course is proving of unusual interest and instruction to the students who attend.

In line with the extended renovations made in Science Hall in connection with the new steam heating plant, several other changes and additions have been made worthy of note.

Electric lights have been installed on the fourth floor in the suites of rooms occupied by students, and meters

have been placed in the halls. In the basement a new shower bath has been set up which will be a great convenience to students who room in the building.

In the Physics Department, the assistant, F. A. Smith, '10, has made many new pieces of apparatus which aid materially in the laboratory work.

Current Events Club

The Current Events Club held its first meeting on Saturday evening, February 12. Prof. H. B. Stanton gave a very interesting lecture on "The Present Conditions in Paris." At the next meeting, held February 26, another lecture will be given by some member of the Faculty.

Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club has been faithfully continuing its practice. There has been good attendance at the semi-weekly rehearsals and much interest has been shown in the work. The club has now been fully organized by Miss Randlett in the following manner:

First Soprano—Misses Randlett, '11; Harmon, '10; Blake, '13; Rounds, '12; Purington, '12; Logee, '13; Moulton, '11; Perry, '10; Pemberton, '11.

Second Soprano—Misses Cox, '11; Hall, '10; Leard, '11; L. Little, '11; Lowe, '11; Preston, '13; Stanhope, '11; Wyman, '11; Boulia, '10; George, '13.

First Alto—Misses Archibald, '10; Barker, '10; Campbell, '12; Farnham, '10; Irving, '12; Manter, '11; Verrill, '10; Vinal, '10; Audley, '12; Braun, '11.

Second Alto—Misses Dwyer, '11; Corey, '13; Gray, '12; S. Little, '10; Quimby, '12; Tasker, '11; Humiston, '12; Chandler, '11.

Accompanist—Miss Weeks, '13.

The club sang for the first time before the public at an

entertainment in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Wednesday, February 16. It has already had several invitations to sing and its members hope that they will be able to accept the most promising openings.

Afternoon Teas The first of the series of "At Home's" was given by the Ladies of the Faculty to the Seniors, on Saturday afternoon, February twelfth, at the home of Mrs. Britan, 166 College Street. The receiving line was made up of Mrs. Halbert Britan, Mrs. Lyman G. Jordan, Mrs. Frank D. Tubbs, Miss Hester P. Carter. Mrs. Leonard and Mrs. Whitehorne poured. Music was furnished by Miss Hazel Leard, '11. The dining-room was very prettily adorned with flags and an unique feature of the decoration was an imitation of a rail fence around the center of the table in honor of Abraham Lincoln, the rail splitter.

The second of the series was given to the Juniors on Saturday afternoon, February nineteenth, at the home of Mrs. Anthony, 336 College Street. The receiving line was made up of Mrs. Alfred W. Anthony, Mrs. Arthur Leonard, Mrs. George M. Chase, Mrs. Fred A. Knapp, Mrs. Herbert Purinton. Mrs. Robinson and Miss Anthony poured. Music was furnished by Miss Juanita Porter, '10, and Florence Perry, '10. The house was artistically decorated with flags, giving due honor to another great patriot—George Washington.

The third of the series of "At Home's" was given by the Ladies of the Faculty to the Sophomores, on Saturday afternoon, February twenty-sixth, at the home of Mrs. Ramsdell, Wood Street. The receiving line was made up of Mrs. Fred E. Pomeroy, Mrs. L. M. Robinson, Mrs. George E. Ramsdell, Mrs. Royce D. Purinton. Mrs. Knapp and Mrs. Britan poured.

The fourth will be given to the Freshmen on Saturday afternoon, March fifth, at the home of Mrs. Jordan, 24 Frye Street.

Rand Hall Girls' "At Home" The Girls of Rand Hall entertained all the other girls of the College in Fiske Hall, Tuesday evening, February twenty-second. The entertainment consisted of a one-act farce, "The Kleptomaniac," and a minuet in colonial costume. Those who took part in the farce were: Misses Lillian Randlett, '11; Grace Archibald, '10; Hazel Leard, '11; Georgia Hamilton, '10; Olive Farnham, '10; Grace Parsons, '11; and Effie Stanhope, '11. The girls in the minuet were: Misses Mann, '11; Manter, '11; Tole, '11; Pingree, '12; Sweetster, '12; Greenleaf, '10. Pianist—Miss Perry, '10.

The executive committee for the entertainment was: Misses Howard, '11, chairman; Archibald, '10; and Rounds, '12.

Lecture by Payson Smith On Thursday evening, Feb. 10, at the chapel, Mr. Payson Smith, State Superintendent of Schools, delivered an address to a large audience, consisting of students, faculty, and many of the teachers from the city schools. He was introduced to the assembly by Professor Jordan.

Mr. Smith's subject was "Ideals in the Teaching Profession." He presented a graphic and instructive analysis of the qualities an ideal teacher should possess, as follows:

First, good physical health.

Secondly, ability to grow. Education in itself is growth. Every teacher should cease to teach when she has ceased to grow, mentally.

Thirdly, ability to lead. Here the speaker illustrated by stating an instance of how a country school teacher in northern Maine used her executive ability by leading the community to renovate her dilapidated school building.

Fourthly, ability to judge. A teacher should be able to see a thing in the proper perspective. She should have

a sense of proportion, and the ability to judge herself as well as others.

Fifthly, ability to set a good example by her own mental habits.

Sixthly, ability to challenge her pupils to independent thinking. She should make them think for themselves.

Seventhly, ability to inspire. The teacher should expect the right things from her pupils and inspire them in the right direction. She should also inspire parents with a belief in their own children.

The speaker went on to say that the supreme work of the teacher is done with the individual pupil and not with the mass. The character of the teacher is more fundamental than her knowledge of the subjects taught.

**Lecture by
Prof. Black**

Prof. J. W. Black of Colby addressed the faculty, students, and college guests on the subject of "Washington, the Statesman and Patriot," Feb. 22.

He spoke briefly of the observance of national holidays and applied this to colleges. Then he sketched Washington's early life, mentioning him as the richest man of his day, having amassed a fortune of \$800,000, of which he had accumulated a half million himself.

Next he spoke of Washington's relation to the colonial wars, especially of the War of the Revolution. He divided this into three periods, the seat of action being first in New England, then the middle, and then the southern states. He reviewed the promotion of Washington's rank until he was appointed commander-in-chief.

He described the problems Washington solved during the latter part of the war in defeating Cornwallis at Yorktown, his meeting with Lafayette, and joining forces, and finally the ratio of Colonial to British troops being two to one.

He stated the difficulties overcome by Washington and his advisers—Hamilton, Jefferson, and Madison—in financ-

ing the government, and showed a great many precedents established by him. He dwelt at length on Washington's departure from active service, and in conclusion characterized the man as being not brilliant, but sober and serious, systematic, devoted, shrewd, and human. He made few enemies, and won his way into the hearts of the people by heroism, not by a great personality.

While in Lewiston, Prof. Black was the guest of Prof. and Mrs. A. W. Anthony.

**Lecture Course
by Dr. Woodin**

Dr. Woodin, pastor of the High Street Congregational Church, Auburn, is giving a series of one-hour lectures, Thursday evenings, at Roger Williams Hall, based upon "Dawn on the Hills of Tang," by Harlan Beach. Those lectures give a very interesting and instructive glimpse at many phases of life in China. Dr. Woodin was himself born in China, his parents being American missionaries there, and he illustrates many features of his lectures by relics and trinkets which he brought with him to America.

**The Mandolin
and Glee Clubs**

The Mandolin and Glee Clubs have given several successful concerts during the last month. A trip was made to New Gloucester on Feb. 11th, and on the 15th one to Gardiner. The latter was made on a special car, the members returning after the concert. The following night a concert was given at Wilton and the next night another, at Farmington.

On account of the Sophomore debates and the Freshman declamations, trips for more than one night have been given up. A trip to Lisbon has been planned for later in the month. On March 18th a concert will be given at the Main Street Free Baptist Church in Lewiston.

Senior Exhibition The Senior Exhibition will be held in the chapel on March 17th. This is not an innovation but has been the custom for years. Last year it was omitted because of the poor health of Prof. Hartshorn. All of the Seniors prepare parts which they read before a committee of the faculty, about ten days before the exhibition. The ten best are then selected to render their parts later. These speak at the chapel and the three best are announced in their order of excellence. The purpose of this is in line with the policy of the College, to prepare its students for public speaking.

Debating The debate between Bates and the College of the City of New York has been postponed until the first of next term. The Bates team will continue its work, however, and complete its case.

Clark Debate On Friday evening, February 25th, occurred the annual Bates-Clark debate, held this year at Clark College, Worcester, Mass. The team representing Bates consisted of Walter E. Mathews, Robert M. Pierce and Bernt O. Stordahl; all from the class of 1911. The team from Clark was the same as last year; Perlie P. Fallon, Robert J. Streeter, and Philip O. Wesson of the Senior class. The question debated was "Resolved, that the commission plan of municipal government should be generally adopted throughout the United States." Rev. Edward Payson Drew, pastor of Old South Church, presided. The judges were Hon. Francis C. Lowell, Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court at Boston; Prof. Wilmot B. Mitchell, of Bowdoin College; and Prof. William Orr, principal of the Springfield Central High School. The judges decided in favor of the Clark team.

ATHLETIC NOTES

**The I. A. A.
of the U. S.**

Bates has become a member of the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association of the United States. This is the first college in the State that has joined it.

This association is composed of 67 colleges, representing about 100,000 men. The object of this body is to improve amateur athletics among the colleges and universities of the country, and to establish a proper balance between athletics and education. This association is not organized as a governing athletic association for all institutions in the United States but rather as a body that can give recommendations and suggestions in regard to the sports.

Basketball

The annual Sophomore-Freshman basketball game was played on Washington's Birthday, at the gymnasium. The Freshmen won by a score of 40 to 28. The game was close and exciting throughout, the score at the end of the first half being 16 to 15, in favor of the Freshmen. Until the last few minutes of play it was impossible to pick the winner. Then 1913 rose to the occasion and threw the baskets that won the game. There were no individual stars, but every man played hard and fast. The summary:

1913	1912
Holden, l.g.....	r.f., Conklin, Lamorey
Dacey, r.g.....	l.f., Lovell
Gove (Capt.), c.....	e., (Capt.) Bickford
Woodman, l.f.....	r.g., Brunner, Rhoades
Dennis, r.f.....	l.g., Remmert, Smith

Score, Freshmen 40, Sophomores 28. Baskets made by Woodman 5, Holden 5, Dennis 5, Gove, Dacey 3, Conklin 4, Lovell 3, Brunner, and Remmert. Goals from fouls, Lovell 9, Dacey 2. One point was given to the Sophomores for interference. Time, 20 minute halves. Timers, Rams-

dell and Stanton. Referee, Goode of Colby. Umpire, Purington. Scorer, Peakes.

Track Bates sent its indoor track team to the 21st annual B. A. A. meet at Boston, held February 12th. The following men were taken:— Capt. Williams, '10; Peakes, '11; Dennis, '13; and Holden, '13, for the relay team: Blanchard, '12, and Woodman, '13, for the 45 yard high hurdles.

The relay team defeated that of Colby in a close race, largely through the excellent work of Holden, '13, who opened up a lead of fifteen yards in his relay. All of the men ran well, as is shown by their time in the race, 3 minutes, 17 1-5 seconds. This goes to show the value of good coaching and consistent training. A cup was given to each member of the team.

Blanchard, '12, easily won his heat in the high hurdles but was disqualified for knocking them all down. Woodman, '13, also ran in these and made a good showing.

On February 21st the indoor track team, composed of Capt. Williams, '10; Blanchard, '12; Holden, '13; Dennis, '13; and Woodman, '13, competed at the meet given by the Emmet Guard of the 9th Regiment, M. V. M., at Worcester. Because of the low handicaps given, the Bates men did not do much. Capt. Williams, '10, made the highest jump of the evening, 5 feet, 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches, but because of the handicaps given against him he only got third place. Holden came out second in the 880 yard run, but was disqualified. Blanchard, running from scratch, qualified in the finals of the 40 yard low hurdles but failed to get a point. At the finish of the meet the Bates relay team ran against that of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute. Capt. Williams, '10, Blanchard, '12, Dennis, '13, and Woodman, '13, ran for Bates but were defeated in a close race.

On Monday, March 14th, comes the Annual Indoor Meet, which will be held at City Hall. The track men are already out getting into condition for the races.

The list of events for the Indoor Meet is as follows:—

1. Overture.
2. Broad sword drill.
3. Dumb-bell drill.
4. Club drill.
5. Parallel bars.
6. High hurdles.
7. 25 yard dash.
8. Potato race.
9. Intermission and obstacle race.
10. Relay race—Lewiston High School versus Edward Little High School.
- Relay race—Frye Grammar School versus Webster Grammar School.
12. Relay race—Bowdoin 1913 versus Bates 1913.
13. High jump, shot put, and pole vault.
14. Relay race—1910 versus 1911.
15. Relay race—1912 versus 1913.
16. Mile run.
17. Finals of interclass relay.

Baseball The 'varsity squad reported for their first practice in the cage, Saturday, Feb. 19th. The Freshman squad has been cut and the remainder will continue their work with the upperclassmen. From now until the season opens, practice will continue in the cage.

The team this year will be fitted out with new suits and coats.

Girls' Gymnasium Exhibition The Girls' Gymnasium Exhibition will be held Friday afternoon, March 11, at 3 o'clock, in the Girls' Gymnasium. There will be demonstrations of the regular gymnastic drill, games, and aesthetic gymnastics.

The candidates for the 1913 girls' basketball team are as follows:—M. Lougee, V. Cameron, J. Graham, M. Rackliffe, M. Smith, B. Atto, H. Vose, A. Ballard, F. Day, and E. Dyer. These candidates have been out for practice three nights every week and good work has been done.

Miss Macomber has been elected captain of the team, but as she is ill, Miss Preston is acting as captain in her place. The team will be chosen by Miss Preston, under the supervision of Dean Carter.

**The Athletic
Association**

The Athletic Association of the college has voted an amendment to the Constitution, concerning the representatives of the Maine Intercollegiate Board. The clause provides that the representative from the alumni shall not be a member of the faculty nor a resident in the town where the institution is located.

ALUMNI NOTES

A "Neighborhood Reunion" of the members of the Connecticut Valley Bates Alumni Association, who live in or near New Haven, was held at the home of Mr. Sherman Graves, January 28. The evening was spent informally, in talking over college days and comparing the Bates of today with the college as it was when some of the earlier graduates present were in college. Letters were read from several members of the faculty and student-body.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. A. Veditz were present as guests of the evening. Dr. Veditz, who was for two years Professor of History and Economics at Bates, has recently come to Yale as Assistant Professor in the Department of Economics.

Those present were L. M. Tarr, '82, Local Forecaster of the Weather Bureau in New Haven; C. J. Atwater, '83, an attorney in Seymour; Harrison Whitney, '84, a veterinary surgeon in New Haven; Sherman I. Graves, Superintendent of the Strong district, New Haven; Miss Jeanne Tole, '03, and Miss Alice Foss, '09, who are teaching in Milford; and William Ames, '09, Guy Williams, '08, and Neil Stevens, '08, who are studying at Yale.

This is the second annual reunion of the New Haven Bates Alumni; the first was held at the home of Mr. Tarr in November, 1908.

The Bates alumni banquet was held in Boston, Feb. 11. C. E. Milliken, '97, was elected president; Oren C. Boothby, '96, vice president; and Richard B. Stanley, '97, secretary.

Pres. George C. Chase was the principal speaker; William F. Garcelon, '90, Dr. G. F. Mosher, Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75, Julian C. Woodman, '94, Rev. Arthur Given, '67, and George F. Bolster, '09, also spoke.

The annual banquet of the Stanton Club was held Friday evening, Feb. 4. Thirty-seven Bates alumni and alumnae were in attendance. Prof. J. Y. Stanton was present as guest of honor. D. J. Callahan, '76, was elected president, and Lauren N. Sanborn, '92, treasurer.

Charles Sumner Cook, '81, of Portland, acted as toastmaster for the exercises. Prof. Stanton spoke briefly. Other speakers were Prof. Lyman G. Jordan, '70, and John R. Dunton, '87. A letter from President Chase, '68, was read.

Those present were:

Prof. J. Y. Stanton, A. S. Woodman, '87, Prof. P. T. Gardner, Prof. Fred E. Pomeroy, '99, and Mrs. Pomeroy, Mr. Scott Wilson, '92, and Mrs. Wilson, Miss Mabel M. Steele, Lenora B. Williams, '91, Arthur Irish, '09, Charles L. Porter, Mabel M. Wise, Lilla A. Stetson, '05, Prof. G. E. Ramsdell, '03, and Mrs. Ramsdell, Marion Mitchell, '05,

Charles Sumner Cook, '81, Alice N. Woodman, Prof. and Mrs. A. W. Anthony, '01, Nellie B. Miller, W. R. Miller, '89, L. N. Sanborn, '92, Mr. Jed F. Fanning, '93, and Mrs. Fanning, Frank H. Purington, '96, W. H. Whittemore, Gracia Prescott, '90, Sarah L. Staples, '95, J. R. Dunton, '87, D. M. Stewart, '98, Bertha True Powell.

1868 —Miss Ellen Emery, daughter of Dr. Grenville C. Emery, Bates 1868, of the Howard Law School, Los Angeles, California, was married, Dec. 17, 1909, to Joseph Oscar Downing.

1876 —At a meeting of The Franklin County Teachers' Association, held Feb. 11, in Farmington, I. C. Phillips took part in a discussion on "Agriculture in Our Schools."

D. J. Callahan, Esq., has been appointed President of the Stanton Club.

1878 —Alden M. Flagg was married, July 9, 1909, to Mrs. Gertrude E. Davis of Auburn, Me. Mr. Flagg was recently appointed by Gov. Fernald a member of the State Board of Arbitration and Conciliation.

1881 —H. E. Coolidge, Esq., recently addressed the students of the Lisbon Falls High School on law as applied to everyday affairs.

Rev. Bates S. Rideout of Norway, Maine, died of typhoid pneumonia, February 5.

1883 —The wife of Prof. Fred E. Foss died at her home in New York, Feb. 8th.

1890 —William F. Garcelon, Bates 1890, Harvard Law School 1895, was one of the speakers at the annual dinner of the Harvard Club of Maine, held Feb. 4, in Portland.

1894 —Rev. A. J. Marsh of Auburn took part as President of the Bowdoin Conference in the recognition services of Rev. Hilbert Lockhart, January 31, 1910.

1896 —Dr. Edgar Hanscom, assistant physician at the State Hospital for the Insane, died Feb. 19, 1910, of blood poisoning.

1898 —Ralph H. Tukey, Bates '98, has recently been elected Professor of Greek in William Jewell College, Liberty, Missouri. Mr. Tukey has recently completed an extensive investigation on the works of Dionysius; his article on "The Composition of the *De Oratoribus Antiquis* of Dionysius" appeared in the October number of "Classical Philology."

1900 —Dr. Dennett L. Richardson has been elected Superintendent of the new city hospital for contagious diseases in Providence, R. I. Dr. Richardson has been assistant superintendent in the Rhode Island hospital.

1901 —Mrs. Lena Towle Solomon of Groveton, N. H., has a little daughter seven weeks old, named Eleanor Stanton Solomon.

1904 —Harry E. Fortier is teaching in Ansonia, Conn., High School.

1906 —Ross M. Bradley of Jamestown, N. Y., has a little son, born last month.

1908 —Daniel R. Hodgdon, formerly Bates 1908, has been elected assistant professor of Physics in the State College of Washington. Prof. Hodgdon has been the head of the department of sciences in the State Normal School at Gorham.

Wynona C. Pushor, who has been ill with appendicitis, has resumed her teaching in the High School in Whitefield, N. H.

Cyrus Wilbur Dolloff died of cerebro-spinal meningitis at the Augusta City Hospital, Feb. 10, 1910.

1909 —John B. Sawyer is teaching in Groveton, N. H.

Raymond S. Oakes has been elected President of the Georgetown Debating Club, an organization of over four hundred students, at the Georgetown Law School, Washington, D. C.

EXCHANGES

A TOAST.

A Toast to the land of promise,
 To the realms of the bold and free,
 Where the rapids foam, as the hills they roam,
 On the way to the mighty sea.

To the land of the lofty mountain,
 Where the hidden riches sleep,
 The land of the mead and fountain,
 With waters broad and deep.

To the land of summer sunshine,
 With skies of brightest blue,
 The land of winter pastime,
 'Mid snows of radiant hue.

To the land of the beauteous maple,
 To the Queen of the Western World,
 Where all may come and make their home,
 'Neath freedom's flag unfurled.

—*University of Ottawa Review.*

“The Idylls of a College, Gareth and Lynette,” in “The Acadia Athenaeum,” is an interesting story of college life and happenings.

“The Vassar Miscellany” has a good story, “Boarders Taken”; the story of the attempt of a father and mother to provide for their sick son.

BOOK NOTES.

The French Verb, by Lieut. Charles F. Martin, teaches the student how to use the French verb at the same time that he learns to conjugate it. American Book Co., \$1.25.

Plane Geometry. Developed by the Syllabus Method. By Eugene Randolph Smith, A.M., head of the Department of Mathematics, Polytechnic Preparatory School, Brooklyn, N. Y. American Book Company, 75 cents.

This book reflects the growing opinion among teachers that the proofs of geometry should be worked out by the pupils, rather than merely memorized. The list of theorems is sufficient for any college entrance examination. The laws of logic used in plane geometry are first stated in the most usable manner. The methods of discovering proofs are reduced to as few kinds as possible, and the definitions and axioms are given in quite complete form. The theorems are clearly stated, and the pupil is taught to discover the proofs by the application of his reasoning powers. The propositions are classified under heads suited to practical application to the work following. The exercises are numerous and helpful. This method stimulates the pupil to think to the limit of his ability, lays emphasis upon accuracy in the work, and encourages originality.

Lamb's Selected Essays of Elia. Edited by John F. Genung, Professor in Amherst College. American Book Company, 40 cents.

This, the most recent addition to the Gateway Series of English Texts for College Entrance Requirements, contains fifteen of Lamb's best essays, including those on Poor Relations, Old China, Grace before Meat, and the celebrated Dissertation upon Roast Pig. The appended notes serve to promote the student's interest in the essay itself, and in what the author has at heart, rather than in mere dry and dead details of grammar or philology or history; they will, therefore, inspire the wish to know more of this delightful essayist and his work. The Introduction treats of Lamb's life, interests, and personal traits, with special reference to their relation to his writings.

Library Notes Since the last issue of the "Student" the following books have been added to Bates College Library:

From the Bates Fund:

Worlds in the Making, Svante Arrhenius; The Story of the Comets, G. F. Chambers; Problems in Astrophysics, A. M. Clerk; Other Worlds, G. P. Servise; What Have the Greeks Done for Modern Civilization, J. P. Mahaffy; Political Parties in Athens, L. Whibley.

From the Alumni Association:

The Great Divide, W. V. Moody; The Servant in the House, C. R. Kennedy; The Winterfeast, C. R. Kennedy; The Melting-pot, Israel Zangwill; Mater, Percy Mackage; Jeanne D'Arc, Percy Mackage; Plays trans. by Richard Hovey, 2 Vols., Maurice Maeterlenck; Paolo and Francesca, Stephen Phillips; The Girl with the Green Eyes, and Her Own Way, Clyde Fitch; Peer Gynt, A Doll's House, Rosmershohe, Heddo Gabler, Henrik Ibsen; The Makers of English Poetry, W. J. Dawson; An Introduction to the Poetry of R. Browning, W. J. Alexander; An Introduction to the Poetry of Browning, Arthur Symons; Exercise in Education and Medicine, R. T. McKenzie; Medical Inspection of Schools, L. H. Gulick and L. P. Ayres; The Efficient Life, Mind and Work, L. H. Gulick; Two Hundred and Forty Breathing Exercises, G. W. Lundgren; Folk-dances, Elizabeth Burchenal; Bacterial Food Poisoning, Dr. A. Dieudonne.

Presented by Miss Elizabeth Houghton:

Greek Lands and Letters, F. G. & A. C. E. Allinson, Schools of Hellas, H. J. Freeman; Stories from Greek Tragedy, H. L. Havell; Days in Hellas, Mabel Moore; The Universities of Ancient Greece, J. W. H. Walden.

From the William H. Bowen Fund:

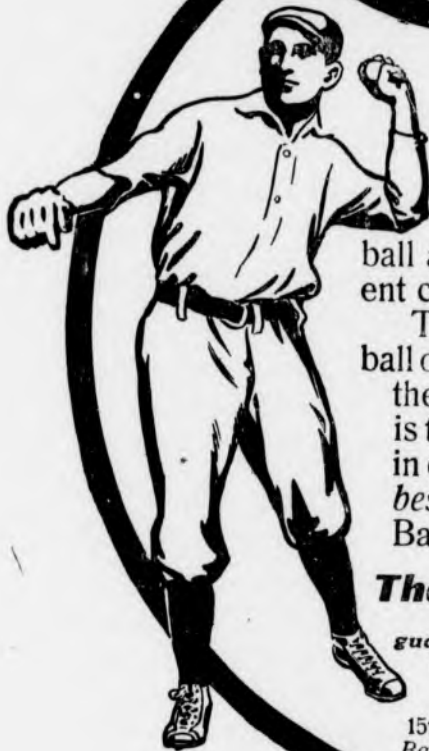
The Growth of the Brain, H. H. Donaldson; Man and Woman, Havelock Ellis; Fact and Fable in Psychology, Joseph Jastrow; Sleep, Its Physiology, Marie de Monacairie; Hypnotism and Suggestion, Rufus O. Mason; Hypnotism, Albert Moll; Introduction to Comparative Psychology, C. L. Morgan; Psychotherapy, Hugo Munsterberg; The Dissociation of a Personality, Morton Prince; Experimental Psychology, 2 Vols., E. B. Titcher.

MAGAZINE NOTES.

The North American Review for January, 1910, contains an article,—“Richard Watson Gilder,” by Brander Matthews—which merits the attention of every reader. It is a worthy tribute to a life which was consecrated to the betterment of humanity. The article touches upon the noble purpose and wonderful achievements of Mr. Gilder—the author of both prose and poetry, the editor, the civic reformer, the patriot and the man.

Professor Henry Jones is the author of a most noteworthy article on “Tennyson,” which appears in the January issue of The Hibbert Journal. The masterly manner in which Professor Jones deals with his topic, no less than the subject matter, itself, should commend this article to every admirer of the great poet.

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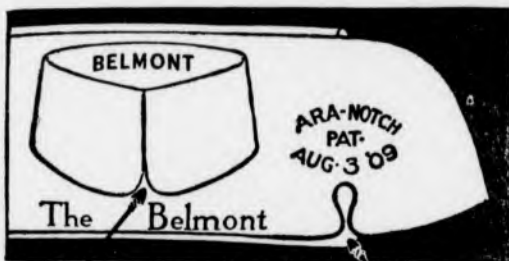
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