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THE BATES STUDENT



BATES COLLEGE December, 1910

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Published by the Students of Bates College

THE BATES STUDENT is published for the students of Bates, past and present. Its object is to aid the undergraduates in their literary development, to chronicle their doings and to furnish a medium through which Bates men may express their opinions on subjects of interest.

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

VIII

Vol. XXXIX

LEWISTON, ME., DECEMBER, 1910.

No. 10

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

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

Ever see it looking dark?
Swooping down a mighty drift
Of trouble clouds without a spark
Or gleam of light thru any rift
To break the night?
Well, so have I!

Ever feel 'twas not much good
To put up any fight at all;
Better yield the best you could—
The lower crouched, the less the fall
To reach the ground?
Well, so have I!

Ever lose your grit and think
God was all right in a book;
But when He poured your cup to drink,
The Hand that measured must have shook
And spilled the sweetness?
So have I!

Ever see the thing you sought
 Go to some other one than you;
 And all that careful work you wrought,
 Calling it good and strong and true,
 Turned dust and ashes?
 So have I!

Ever hear, in deepest night,
 A friend's voice calling, o'er and o'er;
 Grip a hand-clasp, strong and tight,
 Setting you on your feet once more,
 With heart to hope?
 Yes, so have I

For low in bitter dust I lay,
 And day and night were all the same;
 When pain grew sweet, and night turned day—
 'Twas then you came!

CLARENCE IRVING CHATTO, 1912.

THE RELEASE.

"We're poor little lambs that have lost their way;
 We're little black sheep that have gone astray;
 Gentleman rankers, out on the spree;
 Damned from here to eternity;
 God ha' mercy on such as we—"
 "Gentlemen Rankers."

The deep gloom of a tropical night hung over the jungles and rice paddies of the Philippines. The heavy drip, drip of the rain from the luxuriant foliage, and the footsteps of the sentry, as he paced to and fro, occasionally interrupted by the neighing of one of the side-lined cavalry horses, were the only sounds which broke the oppressive silence of the night.

Just ahead, somewhere amid the thick darkness, lurked a band of Filipino outlaws, which the little squadron of cavalry was endeavoring to capture.

From time to time Dick Freeman stopped his steady pacing, and with carbine held at "ready," listened intently and peered into the darkness before him. Then hearing no sound which betokened the presence of an enemy, he again resumed his beat.

All day the squadron of cavalry had ridden in close pursuit of the flying outlaws, but owing to Philipino skill in dodging and doubling, they had not succeeded in surrounding or capturing them.

A scouting party, sent out just before dark, had reported that the outlaws were in possession of a strong pass in the hills which surrounded the little valley.

To avoid a night attack, the lieutenant in charge had thrown out a cordon of sentries about the bivouac.

Thus it came about that Dick, tired and sore from his long day in the saddle, was stationed as the farthest outpost—the point of the wedge-shaped sentry line.

He was especially tired, to-night. He was dissatisfied with the march, the food, the weather, the army, the islands, himself—everything. He halted for a moment, and leaning upon his carbine, gave himself up to his meditations.

Yes; the boys back there in camp were asleep; well, let them sleep; they were, for the greater part, only devil-may-care fellows, with a buoyancy of spirits and recklessness which comes when one has no trouble or care. It was different with him. They could go home to the States when their time had expired, but he—well, one place was about as good as another for him; he could not go home.

He asked himself why he had taken the blame for the forgery. For a moment he almost wished that he had let the other fellow take his medicine. But his better nature soon asserted itself. For Millie's sake; yes, for her sake, he had shouldered the disgrace. Jack was always luckier

than he, and it came only as a matter of course that he should win Millie.

It had been hard enough to disappoint his father, a proud, high-spirited staff general; but to have Millie think badly of him—that was unbearable.

Now here he was—a God-forsaken “ranker,” unsuited for military life, yet forced to it by necessity and by the stern will of his father.

Here he had served five years in these pestilent islands; five years, fighting cholera, malaria, and dodging “bolos”; five long, hard, hot, tedious years; and what good had it done? None. He was still a private.

Now to-night, when he was utterly exhausted, and was just beginning to get into a sound sleep, he was turned out at one o'clock, for a three hours' guard mount, in the rain. How would it all end? Would there be a bullet, or a bolo in the back? It didn't matter much to him, anyhow; nobody would care—not even Millie.

He tried to put aside these pessimistic thoughts; and resumed his steady, regular pacing.

At length his ready ear caught a soft rustling sound; a twig snapped; something was coming toward him. Stepping beneath a palm tree, he peered alertly into the darkness of the surrounding undergrowth. All was silent; nothing moving. “Nothing doing, I guess,” muttered he, half aloud, “It was only a wart hog, I don't believe they'll prowl around any, to-night, anyway, after what we did to 'em to-day.” With these thoughts, he dismissed the affair, and continued to pace regularly back and forth.

After some time, he again stopped, and leaning against a tree trunk, endeavored to rest himself for a little. How sleepy he was; in spite of his efforts his eyes would close. He opened them resolutely and determined to keep awake. But exhausted Nature is stronger than the will of man. Half standing, half leaning, he dozed, while the soft dripping of the rain upon his poncho, and the gentle rustling of the foliage seemed to lull and sooth his ex-

hausted body and mind. Ever and again he would start up uneasily and peer sharply about him, endeavoring to detect any sign of a lurking "dacoit." Then, having satisfied himself that all was well, he would again sink back into his half somnolent condition.

Ah, well, he wished morning would come, so that he might get a little rest before the day's "hike." He wanted to look at his watch, but dared not strike a light, for fear of betraying his position to some lurking Filipino. But he thought that it must be about two o'clock—that would mean two hours more, before he would be relieved of the post.

He became more drowsy; it was absolutely no use; he had got to sleep. Why did the government put men on duty both day and night, anyhow? Did it think that they were machines, made of iron? Well, he guessed that the scare that the "niggers" had received the day before, would teach them to keep a proper distance from the lines.

Once more he looked searchingly about him. All was quiet; nothing moving. He would take just a little snooze—only an hour or so, and then be awake when the relief came.

With this thought, he leaned more heavily against the tree trunk, and soon sank into a troubled sleep. In his slumber, he seemed to be back home; with Millie he attended the dance—the last dance they had attended together. Then the mirage of his dream shifted; they were walking home in the moonlight; he was telling her of his love. She turned, and bravely lifted her face to meet his gaze. What was it she was saying? "Dick, dear _____"

A whizzing, whirring object came hurtling out from the darkness. He started up, and clutched his carbine, with words of challenge upon his life—too late. There was a soft, crunching sound, and a bolo buried itself hilt-deep between his shoulders. He staggered, reeled, and half turned, supporting himself upon his carbine.

“They’ve got me,” he groaned. “Well, no matter, —I suppose—it—might as—well—be this—as—” His grasp fell from the barrel of his carbine, his legs bent beneath him, and he sank slowly to the ground.

* * * * *

The dull grey light of a rainy morning was struggling downward thru the palms and mangoes; far back in the camp a cavalry bugle was sounding “Reveille.” The men were awaking to the dangers and hardships of another day.

The relief guard, led by a sergeant, was making its rounds. When they came to Freeman’s post, they stopped in surprise. There he lay; a bolo wound in his back, huddled shapelessly upon the ground. At an order from the sergeant, they lifted the body and bore it toward camp. As they were entering the little clearing they saw an orderly, with a despatch pouch upon his arm, dismount, and disappear between the flaps of the lieutenant’s tent. They tenderly laid the body upon the ground, and reverently covered the distorted form and glaring eyes, beneath the folds of a flag.

Within his tent, the lieutenant was hastily opening and perusing the despatches. One of them marked “Urgent,” first caught his eye. He tore open the envelope and read:

“Lieut. Brimson, Commanding Squad B.

Sir:—

Inform Private Richard Freeman of his honorable release from service. Order him to report at headquarters for further instruction. Furthermore, inform him that all has become right. Millie is waiting. He will understand.

(Signed)

Fred R. Funston,

Brig. Gen. Commdg. Dept.”

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, 1912.

BJORN TO HERDISA.

Suggested by Chas. Rann Kennedy's "Winter Feast."

I was braver than ye knew, my lass,
When all the world was drear,
And in this dour and dreary land,
I hunger for thee, dear.

And I am stricken sore, my lass,
For love doth naught avail,—
And home-land spectres throng around,
And in the midnight wail.

From out my speechless heart, my lass,
To thee my spirit called,—
But thou esteemest warrior not
And lovest him—the skald.

Here on this savage shore, my lass
The waves my songs in tune—
And change the warrior's heart to skald's,
Herdisa,—O my own.

Alton Ross Hodgkins, 1911.

"HOME KEEPING HEARTS."

It was a balmy day in late April, full of hope and budding promise. The warm spring sunshine flooded the dim corridor, and an occasional breeze wafted in a faint odor of lilacs. Down the hall, somewhere, a door opened and closed softly. A pale faced young nurse came out from the operating room. It had been a trying, tedious case, and there had been several spectators, eager, inquisitive, young students from the college over the way.

She paused a moment before the open window. Gay voices were audible on the courts below, where the young

interne and some of the staff were laying out plans for the coming season. Somewhere out in the park nearby, a carefree robin was carolling out his heart. For a moment a heart of happiness stole into her own. Then at the sound of footsteps she turned, Miss Madison, the matron, and Doctor Taylor were coming down the long hall. She went to meet them, apprehensively. "There is—nothing has happened"—she faltered.

The doctor smiled reassuringly. "No indeed, our patient is doing excellently. I suppose you know, or perhaps you don't know that the credit is all yours. We should never have accomplished it if it hadn't been for the two weeks of mental doctoring you administered."

Helen Faulkner smiled a deprecatory smile. "Miss Madison knows better than to believe that," she said, turning to the figure at her side. But there was a hint of something in her tone that made the self-sufficient young doctor change the subject rather hastily.

"By the way, Doctor Volmer tells me that Mrs. Nelson no longer needs a special, and I—we've a case we're so anxious to put into your hands. Its that little old lady in eighteen. Perhaps you've noticed her. Neuresthenia is the trouble, and this is the third month,—longer than it ought to be, you see. I don't know much about the case personally, except that there's a rich son. She has everything that money can buy; but I've a notion that tact and a little sympathy might work wonders."

"Yes," said Helen Faulkner, thoughtfully, "I've noticed her often, and do you know, I believe her trouble is far less physical than we imagine? You say she has everything that money can buy, which after all is so very little.—Yes—I'll go to-morrow. Meanwhile——"

"Meanwhile you're to put in a good twelve hours' sleep," called Miss Madison after the erect young figure which held a certain buoyancy even in its weariness.

Outside, the street lamps were beginning to twinkle here and there. The hazy spring twilight was settling over the city. Miss Madison gazed out over the thicken-

ing shadows. "That girl has a sad face," she mused. "I wonder——"

The door of number eighteen opened softly and the white-clad nurse beckoned to the figure restlessly pacing the corridor without. "You may see your mother now, Mr. Hardy." Then, answering the question in his eyes, "She is just the same. She lies there just as we found her with the letter in her hand. We imagined that it was bad news. Perhaps you had better read it."

Lawrence Hardy scanned the closely written page anxiously, then flung it down a bit impatiently. "There can be nothing there," he said as to himself. Then turning to the nurse, "Perhaps you, being a woman, might read a little between the lines." He handed it to her with an attempt at a smile.

Helen took it a bit reluctantly.

"Dear Mother,"—it ran—"You'll probably be surprised to hear that I'm sailing to-night from Pier Thirty-Two. I was booked for two weeks from to-day, as you know. A change in our settlement plans is the reason. So I must start to-night or not at all. Before I went I meant to consult you on a little matter, but now I'm obliged to settle it alone. I've sold the 'little white house.' It hardly seems as if we used to call it 'home,' does it? We had to have the money to pay Mrs. Celsen's expenses home,—the one you used to send plants and patchwork——"

But she read no further. Quite unaccountably her glance strayed to the hastily scrawled signature—"Your affectionate son, Dick Hardy." Of a sudden she saw it all. He had sold the old homestead. So he had brought cheer to one heart by breaking another. Hot tears sprang to her eyes, tears of yearning, strangely enough, for the great-hearted, impulsive, blundering man.

She had quite forgotten the figure at her side till an impatient movement arrested her attention. "I think—I—it is hardly necessary to read between the lines. Per-

haps she cared for the old home more than he,—than you all thought," she ended gently.

Lawrence Hardy was silent a moment. Then suddenly his face lighted up. "I can buy it. It's just gone and they'll sell anything if there's a chance of making a thousand or so."

Helen smiled an odd little smile. She had been expecting that. "Oh, no," she said,—“don't—can't you see that it wouldn't make any difference now unless he gave it back? But just now—perhaps to-morrow—” she essayed.

But Lawrence Hardy, head bowed, had left the room.

Left alone, she sank into a low chair by the window. A soft wind was stirring. She sat there a moment, a rare, restful moment, drinking in the loveliness of the new-born night, the letter still clasped in her hand.

It was just such a night as this—how long ago it seemed now—that Dick Hardy had asked her to marry him. He had very little to offer, then, besides his love and a dim promise of happiness. And she—she had been so absurdly young.—Love then was only a thing of dreams and vague fancy. She had been content then only to dream. How could a man understand that? And she hadn't attempted an explanation. She had told him—ah, foolish heart!—that she didn't care enough. She thought, too, of the lonely fisherman's town, where she had spent brief happy summers, where he was needed if ever a man was.

She rose to remove the flowers for the night, heavy scented Americans, and a bowl of old fashioned roses, pushed rudely into the back ground. She bent over them with a touch that was more of a caress.

“Do you love them, too? No—don't,” as Helen turned somewhat precipitately, her hand upon the bell. “I'm not ill or crazy yet—only you see, I had just read his letter and”—the thin voice quavered—“I was a bit surprised and then the doctor came, and they thought—you'll think it childish no doubt—but I couldn't bear to see any-

one just then. And you came and I knew you'd understand—I felt it in your voice, somehow—I——”

“Yes—yes” soothed Helen, “but don't try to tell me about it just now.”

“But I don't want you to think,”—the voice quavered on unheeding. “I—you see, it was my fault after all. I ought never to have given it up. I could have stood the winters, and he would have become used to memories. But I couldn't bear,—I reckon I loved him to well.”

Helen bent suddenly over her roses. “Her fault”—divine fault if it were one; only that wasn't the fault. But she said nothing of it. It would be better so. There would be less bitterness. She talked on vaguely, arranged the pillows, made the patient comfortable for the night, promised that she would telephone Mr. Lawrence Hardy early next day, and crept away.

Dick Hardy walked slowly down Hanscom street. He had waited ten minutes for the car which would take him directly to Pier Thirty-Two, and now, having consulted his watch, regardless of the “Keb, keb—have a ca-ab sir,” had set out to walk it. The close, damp fog which had shrouded the city was lifting, but the air was still oppressive and here it was stifling, smothering. Some boys were playing with the hydrant on the corner, while a dirty urchin resolutely stood guard to give the signal when the “cop” should emerge from the saloon nearby. A worn-out hurdy-gurdy was playing with true Bostonian delicacy of feeling, “There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night.” The tune jarred harshly with the loud but seemingly soothing lullaby which a brightly garbed Italian was singing to a sturdy infant.

Dick Hardy stopped at the second corner, when something—what was it—arrested his attention. A smothered oath—a cry of anguish——

The car, the last car, the only car that would take him to the pier that night, was coming around the curve; but he turned—“Oh,” cried the voice, “why its the parson hisself.”

Dick Hardy pulled out a bill with a shaking hand and the gruff man in the blue coat relaxed his hold on the little wrist. The young man thought with grim irony of the two long months spent in pouring over the records of the Boston police force, seeking prevention of the very act he had just committed so lightly. Was a man never justified? The young fellow took the ragged little figure in his arms and turned to hail a passing cab. "To the settlement," he ordered.

During that short drive, Hardy thought longer and harder thoughts than he had ever entertained in his young life before. His own work here in the city—what was it? Hard work, good work, but a work more of problems than of practice. He thought of the vast parish of St. Luthers awaiting his acceptance—it meant five thousand dollars, at least, a year, and a library such as he had dreamed of—and then he thought—

But the little figure who had lain all in a heap in the corner of the carriage roused suddenly. "I say Sir"—timidly—"yer won't tell her on me, will yer, Sir? Her with the brown eyes at the hospital. She was what made me get well. It wan't the doctor—I used ter swear at him. But I couldn't cuss, Sir, with them brown eyes a lookin' at me. I promised her I wouldn't never, but she won't never find out, will she, Sir?"

Dick Hardy bent and raised the pathetic little figure in his arms. "No, she shall never know unless you want to tell her, Jeremy," he said. "I'll take you to the settlement to-night and to-morrow—"

It was half past four in Sunnyside Hospital. The capricious New England spring had taken a wilful turn and the harsh damp wind that beat the rain against the windows might have been a February one. But now at that dreary, unwelcome hour of the day,—half past four,—the clouds lifted and the sun was shining.

The fretful baby in the ward nearby forgot to cry as it watched the gay sunbeams chasing one another up the

wall. The tired young nurse forgot to speak sharply to the young urchin, who had taken all his pills because he "liked the taste of 'em." The Dyspeptic patient didn't appear to notice that they had sent her tea instead of cocoa. The young girl in the corner forgot what was awaiting her on the morrow, as she turned to amuse the baby who was becoming tired of the sunbeams. There wasn't a soul in the vast hospital who wasn't the better for that bit of sunshine.

Mrs. Richard Hardy sat in the arm chair partaking of her afternoon tea which a nurse had just brought. She looked a bit frail in spite of the fact that she was going home to-morrow—home to the big house on Beacon street. She would be welcome—that ought to have been enough. Dick would be home in September, and he would take the big Episcopal church on the corner. It wasn't exactly the old age she had dreamed of, but it wasn't going to be bad, not bad at all, she told herself cheerfully. Still she would have liked—

The door of number eighteen opened—impetuously this time—and with a single stride Dick Hardy was at his mother's side. "Mother," he said—he was kneeling now and she was stroking his curly head—"mother, what a precious, blundering fool I've been."

She said nothing. Her heart was too full for words just then, but a light had come into her eyes which no one in Sunnyside Hospital had seen there.

He had risen now and was standing by her side, at the window, his head bent deferentially.

"Mother, whom do you think I had the luck to run across last night—little Jeremy! He didn't tell me much, but I guessed it all. And I never saw it before,—but those people need me and five thousand dollars when weighed with one human need is very small. Mother, we're going to have the little white house again and home—and—" the boyish voice broke.

Helen Faulkner had not meant to listen. She had slipped in unnoticed to get some medicine out of the chest

Now she turned to leave as quietly—a bit misty eyed.
But she found herself unexpectedly confronted. Dick
Hardy looked into the depths of those brown eyes.
“Don’t go,” was all he said.

And the mother looked on smiling, though she knew
that she had found her son but to lose him.

MARGARITA ELIZABETH TIBBETTS, 1913.

A SUMMER DAY.

Rippling through the forest
All the live-long day,
Murm’ring, splashing, gurgling,
Little brook so gay;
To its merry music
Add the wild birds song,
And the quivering shadows
Dancing all along;
Soft west wind of summer
Whispering through the trees,
And the slender grasses
Waiving in the breeze;
Gladsome glint of sunlight;
Cool of mossy bower;
And the sweet, bright colors
Of the forest flower;
Bind them all together
With the brilliant band
Of the heavens smiling
O’er the happy land.
Free, and fresh, and mirthful,
Soft, and sweet, and gay;
Clear, and bright, and joyous,
’Tis a summer’s day.

Isabelle Montgomery Kincaid, 1911.



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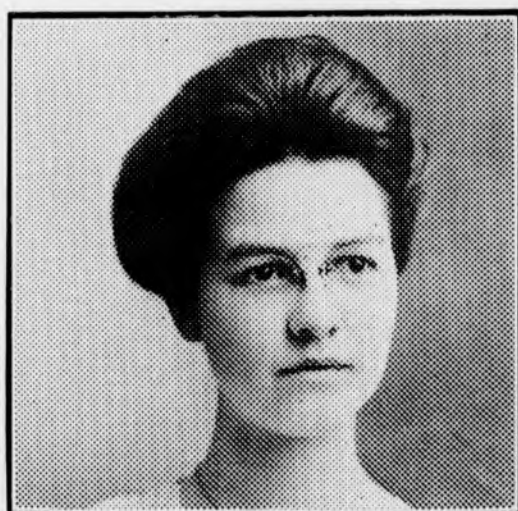
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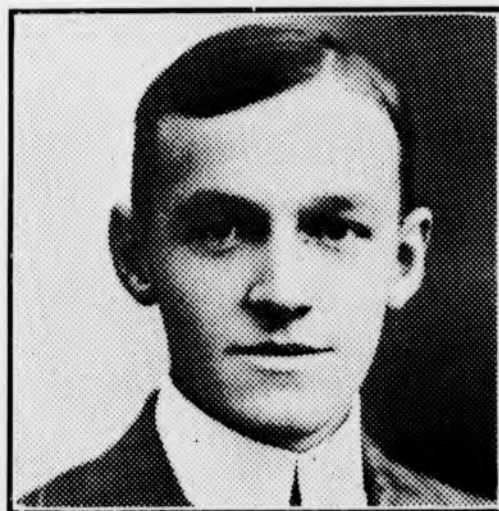
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THE SYMPATHY OF THE MOON.

Among all the happenings that the men of letters—may they find grace in the eyes of Allah—have intrusted to the bosoms of books, this is one of the strangest:—

During the days of the Abbaside dynasty in the "Court of Peace," even as the city of Baghdad was called, there lived one of the foremost sages of Islam. He had learned the Quraan according to the seven renderings, memorized the Hadeeth of the Prophet—with him may Allah's prayers and peace be—reached a high position in the world of letters and music, excelled in mathematics and astronomy, and plunged deep into the philosophy of Greece.

This man had in his household a beautiful and accomplished slave in whose love he found the charm that perfected his happiness. He loved her more than he loved the sight in his eyes; she was his earthly comfort. When she moved, it was a cypress swaying in the Saba, the morning breeze; when she smiled, it was as if the moon had swept aside her veil of gossamer clouds; when she spoke, it was the music of Ma'bed accompanying the majestic utterances of the poets of old; when she sang, it was the Bulbul fluting to the dancing beams of the moon on the polished surface of the Tigris. "Verily, it seems that she was moulded according to her own wishes," as the poet has it. But know you, O creatures of Allah, that when this treacherous world's cup of happiness is brim full, the least touch will cause to run over to the ground, and, perchance, overturn the cup and dash it to pieces. I say that when this man imagined that his happiness in the love of his slave was complete, death came and carried her away—blessed be the One, the Ever-living, the Ever-existing!

The master's grief for his beloved was beyond description; and he refused to be consoled. Finally, however, he ordered his servants to carry the deceased to her grave, and with his own hands he turned the earth over her mingled with a flood of hot tears.

Night after night he sat on the grave surrounded by a

profusion of roses and aromatic herbs, which reminded him of the charms and the bloom of the bride of the grave, and gazed at the sky, recalling to his memory the happy hours now gone, never to return. But can recollections and grief return what is lost?

As I said before, this man was learned in the laws of the sky and the movements of the heavenly bodies. Now, he knew that the moon was on the eve of a complete eclipse, and as the time approached, his voice broke the silence of the awful night and rang weirdly in the ears of those that kept watch with him. He was saying:—

“O moon, thy sister in her grave is hid
And thou with glory rise and light the land!
Wouldst not, O moon, thy mourning costume wear,
And deeply veiled with grief and sorrow stand?”

Even as he spoke, a shadow crept over the moon. Deeper and deeper it grew until the moon was covered with a veil of darkness.

And all who were present marvelled exceedingly.

SALIM Y. ALKAZIN.

BATES STUDENT

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EDITORIAL

Afterword

In the Foreword you were told that the success of the Student for the year 1910 should depend upon the subscribers as well as the editors. In accordance with this policy, we have withheld as much as possible, contributions from members of the editorial staff. Such a method, contrary to that in most colleges, has placed the fate of the magazine, more than ever before you, in your hands. Of your success or failure, you are to be the judge.

We wish, as we retire, to express our gratitude, not only to those who have contributed to the columns of the Student during the year, but to any who have generously expressed their appreciation. From the vantage ground of editorial experience we might suggest that if commendation and criticism were more out-spoken, editors and readers would understand each other much better.

To the newly-elected board of editors,—greetings.

Much work is before you. You must not only maintain the standard of the past, but produce a magazine that shall keep pace with the rapidly developing college which it represents. Such a task demands patience, constant freshness and originality, and consecrated effort. You have our best wishes.

LOCAL

Improvement of Campus

The college has been doing a very commendable piece of work this fall at no small expense in endeavoring to improve the condition of the campus. Some extensive grading has been done and several unnecessary trees have been removed greatly improving the general appearance. It is understood that more work of this nature will be done next spring.

Thanksgiving Day

The young ladies who spent the Thanksgiving recess at college were royally fed on a turkey dinner. In the evening of November 24, many were entertained by Mrs. Britan; others at the home of Warren Watson '11 of Auburn.

After-Dinner Coffee

Sunday afternoon, December 4, some of the young men of the Senior and Sophomore classes enjoyed after-dinner coffee and music with the young ladies of Rand Hall. Some of the young men of the Junior and Freshman classes will enjoy themselves in the same way on Sunday afternoon, December 11.

**Senior's
At Home**

Tuesday, November 29, the Senior girls entertained the Faculty ladies from 3:30 to 5 P. M. in the Fiske Reception Room of Rand Hall. Half of the large room, enclosed by screens, was very attractively decorated with pretty pillows, banners, and flowers. Music was furnished by Misses Downs '14, R. Morey '14, Smalley '14, and Weeks '13.

Refreshments consisted of tea, fancy crackers, olives, bonbons and salted almonds. Misses Dwyer and Lowe poured; Misses Randlett, Mann, Manter, Towle, and Barnard assisted in serving.

The committee in charge of the entertainment were Misses Lewis, chairman, Leard, Dwyer, Lowe and Mann.

**Sophomore
Declamations**

The Prize Division in the Sophomore Declamations was heard in the Chapel Monday afternoon, Nov. 21, before a good-sized and enthusiastic audience. The judges were: Rev. C. H. Temple, Mrs. W. H. Hartshorn, and J. L. Reade, Esq. The young men's prize was awarded to Floyd O. Mathews of St. Albans and the young women's to Miss Vera C. Cameron of Fryeburg. Honorable mention was made of Miss Edith M. Macomber of Winthrop. The following was the order of the exercises:

Music by College Orchestra

Prayer

REV. C. H. TEMPLE

Music

- | | |
|---------------------------------|----------------|
| 1. "Two Home Comings" | <i>Donnell</i> |
| LOUISE FRANCIS SAWYER | |
| 2. "Heroes of the Land of Penn" | <i>Lippard</i> |
| JOHN FRANK MCDANIEL | |
| 3. "Old Mother Goose" | <i>Phelps</i> |

VERNE BLAKE

4. "Speech at the Unveiling of the Shay
Monument" *B. T. Washington*
LEON CHARLES JAMES
Music
5. "Captain January" *James E. Richards*
VERA CATHERINE CAMERON
6. "The Murder of Lovejoy" *Phillips*
WILLIAM AUGUSTINE WALSH
7. "The Christmas Substitute" *Packard*
EDITH MARGUERITE MACOMBER
8. "Napoleon the Little" *Hugo*
LEWIS JULIAN WHITE
Music
9. "A Day of New Thought" *England*
MARGUERITE EMMA LOUGEE
10. "Robert E. Lee" *Daniel*
FLOYD OSBORN MATHEWS
11. "Darius Green and His Flying Machine" *Trowbridge*
GRACE JARVIS CONNER
12. "Reply to Hayne" *Webster*
JOSEPH DYER VAUGHAN

**Football
Banquet**

The football squad of Bates was tendered a banquet Wednesday evening, Nov. 9, at the Science Hall Club. The squad, Pres. Chase and members of the faculty, representatives of the William Tell Club which was indirectly responsible for the venison, baseball and track captains and managers, as well as the regular boarders at the Club, were the guests of the evening.

The dining hall was profusely decorated with college

banners and at one end of the room was the huge Bates banner used in the parades, and at the other a large American flag. Mandolin selections were given by the Gibson trio composed of Brunner '12, Remmert '12, and Allen '12, while the cheering was led by Holden '13.

Post prandial exercises were conducted under the able direction of Dr. Hartshorn of the faculty, who allowed no long faces among the banqueters. And by his witty introductions of the speakers brought forth roars of merriment and applause. The following responded to toasts: Pres. Chase, Prof. Pomeroy, Prof. Brandelle, Coach Purinton, Coach Mason, Capt. Lovely of the football team, Capt. Blanchard of the track team, J. H. Carroll '11 in the interests of baseball, M. J. Googin and W. E. Smith of the William Tell Club.

Prof. Hartshorn closed the exercises with a ringing speech in which he declared that Bates has certainly built up a team this year which is the best in the State.

Chef Voyer, from whose suggestion the banquet resulted, was given a hearty ovation at the close of the banquet, as also were the managers of the club, Brown '13, Griffin '13, and Plumstead '13.

This banquet was certainly one of the biggest affairs of its kind ever held at Bates and one which will live long in the memories of those who were fortunate enough to be present. The following was the menu:

Baked Venison, Hunters' Style		
Chicken Pie		
Mashed Potatoes		Green Peas
Celery	Olives	Dressed Lettuce
Parker House Rolls		
Ice Cream		Assorted Cake
Oranges	Bananas	Apples
	Grapes	
American Cheese and Saltines		
Coffee		

**Aroostook Club
Banquet**

Members of the newly organized Aroostook Club enjoyed a Thanksgiving banquet at the Atwood Hotel, Thursday evening, Nov. 24. The fact that they could not spend the day at their homes in the "potato" county did not dampen their enthusiasm in the least. They report a most enjoyable feast and that there was no lack of good fellowship. Post prandial exercises were well conducted by Pres. Quincy '11 of the Club and the following responded to toasts: Abbott '12, Pelletier '11, Nevers '12, Brown '12, and Bolster '12.

**Thanksgiving
at Science
Hall**

Thanksgiving Day was observed at Science Hall Club in the good old-fashioned way, when thirty-six hungry members of the club sat down at 2 o'clock to one of the best dinners that Chef Voyer has served there. The dinner was served in family style and there was small occasion for anyone to feel homesick.

**Faculty
Hunting Trip**

During the Thanksgiving recess several members of the faculty with other friends enjoyed a hunting trip to the camps of Prof. Pomeroy and Director Purinton at Pleasant Pond in Caratunk. The party consisted of Prof. Pomeroy, Prof. Ramsdell, Director Purinton, Prof. Britain, E. E. Decker of Portland, W. H. Bishop of Leeds, L. C. Mendall of Greene, E. P. Ramsdell of Hebron, and Hon. W. H. Judkins of Lewiston. While game was not as plentiful as usual, the party brought home nine deer and one of the party shot a fine fox. Hon. W. H. Judkins captured a buck with thirteen points weighing 250 pounds. The members of the party report a delightful time.

Massachusetts Club A permanent organization of the Massachusetts Club of Bates has recently been effected and a constitution adopted. Wallace F. Preston '11 is president of the club and the other officers are as follows: Vice president, George E. Brunner '12; treasurer, Lawrence W. Damon '11; recording secretary, Lincoln Hall '13; corresponding secretary, John H. Danahy '14; executive committee, Isaac B. Dunfield '11; chairman, George F. Conklin, Jr. '12; Harlan W. Holden '13, and Francis J. Reagan '14.

There are forty-three men in college from Massachusetts who are members of this club and a banquet is planned to be held in the near future either in Boston or Lewiston.

Candy Carnival

On Saturday evening, December 3, the Y. W. C. A. gave its annual candy carnival for the interests of the Silver Bay Fund. The girls' gymnasium was very prettily decorated with the respective class colors and at their own booths the Seniors served hot chocolate and fancy crackers; the Juniors, chafing-dish refreshments; the Sophomores, candy; while the Freshmen had charge of a "Chinese Laundry."

A short programme was given, consisting of:

Vocal Solo	Prof. Brandelle
"Wanted A Wife"	A Pantomime of One Act
Reading	Mr. W. Davis '12

Those taking part were Walter J. Graham '11, the lonesome bachelor; Miss Campbell '12, the slack one; Miss Astle '12, too slow; Miss Jose '11, too fast; Miss Manter '11, too haughty; Miss Randlett '11, the right one.

Immediately following the programme a grand march introduced several interesting games.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Bates 6
Bowdoin 6

In the annual football game between Bates and Bowdoin which was played on Whittier Field, Nov. 5th, each team scored a touchdown and goal from touchdown. The match was carried on in a pouring rain that made the field heavy and hard for open football.

Bates started the game like a winner. On an exchange of punts in the first quarter, Capt. Lovely punted from the center of the field and the ball bounced over Sullivan, the Bowdoin quarterback. Being recovered by Thompson, Bates' fast right end, it was carried over for a touchdown. Lovely then punted out and Conklin kicked an easy goal. This ended the scoring for Bates. From this time she seemed to be playing a waiting game.

Bowdoin made a touchdown in the last quarter of the game. As Capt. Lovely was far out-punting Hastings, it looked as if Bowdoin would not score. With the ball on Bowdoin's 45-yard line Capt. Frank Smith made a thirty-five yard run, being tackled on Bates 30-yard line. This gave Bowdoin her opportunity. A forward pass netted her eleven yards, but then Bates took a brace and held for two downs. Wilson went back as if to prepare for a place kick by Capt. Smith. Instead when the ball was snapped he caught it and made a perfect forward pass to E. Smith, Bowdoin's left end, who carried it over for a touchdown. E. Smith then punted out and Capt. Smith kicked the goal that tied the score. This ended the scoring for both sides. The rest of the quarter the ball hovered around the center of the field.

Both teams played hard, clean football, but were unable to use many shifts and trick plays because of the bad footing. Bates was successful on one onside kick for 30 yards, while Bowdoin got away with four forward passes netting 53 yards.

For Bates, Thompson and Danahy played a star game. They were down on the punts in fast style, and often tackled the man in his tracks as he caught the ball. Remmert ran the team well and was especially valuable in the back field in recovering Bowdoin's attempted on side kicks. Capt. Lovely easily out-punted the Bowdoin kicker and proved his ability as a great defensive player.

Capt. F. Smith played the best game for Bowdoin. His run of 35 yards, the longest in the game, gave Bowdoin her opportunity for scoring. G. Kern was not far behind Smith, and hit the line consistently for good gains.

The game throughout was a hard fought contest such as always takes place between Bates and Bowdoin. Both teams were striving for a victory and played their best.

The summary:

BOWDOIN

Daniels, l.e.

E. Smith, l.e.

Hinch, l.t.

Wood, l.t.

Hastings, l.g.

Douglas, c.

E. Kern, c.

Huston, r.g.

Burns, r.g.

Clifford, r.t.

Devine, r.e.

Hurley, r.e.

Sullivan, q.b.

Wilson, q.b.

Purinton, l.h.b.

F. Smith, l.h.b.

Winslow, l.h.b.

Weatherill, r.h.b.

Winslow, f.b.

G. Kern, f.b.

BATES

r.e., Thompson

r.t., Andrews

r.g., Jecusco

r.g., Bolster

c., Cole

l.g., Shepard

l.t., Dyer

l.e., Danahy

q.b., Remmert

r.h.b., Dennis

r.h.b., San Giacomo

l.h.b., Conklin

f.b., Lovely

Score, Bowdoin 6; Bates 6. Touchdowns, E. Smith, Thompson. Goals from touchdowns F. Smith, Conklin. Umpire, Dorman of Columbia. Referee, Hapgood of Brown. Field judge, Burke of Worcester Tech. Linesman, H. Jones of Haverford. Time, 15 minute quarters.

Bates 0
Tufts 0

Bates played its last game of the season in Portland, Nov. 12th, against Tufts. Bates outplayed Tufts throughout, but was unable to score because of the wet condition of the field. During part of the contest snow fell so heavily that the teams could hardly be seen from the side lines.

Dennis made several runs for long gains around left end and would have scored had it not been for the heavy condition of the field. At the beginning of the game Bates worked the ball down to Tufts' 12-yard line and lost it, on a forward pass. The play was almost wholly in Tufts' territory. Again in the last quarter with the ball on Tufts 10 yard line Bates lost it and Tufts kicked out of danger only to have it again carried back to the 20 yard line where the ball was lost on a forward pass.

Tufts gained first down only two or three times during the game, and at no time was in a position to threaten our goal. Several times at critical points Tufts line held like a stonewall and prevented a touchdown from being scored.

Bates tried several forward passes, the majority of which were unsuccessful. On the onside kick, however, she was more fortunate and recovered the ball several times for long gains.

For Bates Capt. Lovely and Dennis carried the ball well, and Lovely punted for long distances. The ends, Thompson and Danahy played a crack game and were down under the punts in very fast style. Capt. Ireland and Diettrick played the best game for Tufts. The summary:

BATES	TUFTS
Danahy, l.e.	r.e., Rickert, Gaw
Dyer, l.t.	r.t., Morrill
Sheperd, l.g.	r.g., Mountfort, Patten
Cole, c.	c., Winship, Ireland
Jescusco, r.g.	l.g., Russell
Andrews, r.t.	l.t., Costanza
Thompson, r.e.	l.e., Dunn
Remmert, q.b.	q.b., Bohlin
Dennis, r.h.b.	r.h.b., Diettrick
Conklin, Eldridge, San Giacomo, l.h.b.	l.h.b., Nason
Lovely, f.b.	f.b., Webber

Score : Bates 0; Tufts 0. Referee, Hapgood of Brown. Umpire, Nate Tufts of Brown. Field judge, O'Connell of Harvard. Head linesman, N. D. Colcord of Portland. Ten-yard linesmen, Daley of Tufts and Bishop of Bates; 20 yard linesmen, Isolay of Tufts and Damon of Bates. Time, 15-minute quarters.

Managers

At the annual fall meeting of the Bates Athletic Association, William E. Lovell '12 of West Springfield, Mass., was elected manager of the football team for the ensuing year. The two assistant managers chosen were Joseph E. Plumstead '13 of South Portland and Harry A. Woodman '13 of Portland. Ralph M. Bonney '13 of Turner Center was elected as one of the two assistant managers of track to take the place of Dean S. Pike '13 who has left college.

Football in 1911

The prospects for a good team next year look especially bright. Two men, Capt. Lovely and Andrews, are lost by graduation. Both are fast hard players, and Capt. Lovely's punting will be greatly missed another year. Lovely has

played full back for four years and has been one of the strongest men on the team. Andrews has held a tackle position during his college course, and has proved his worth in many games. There is an abundance of good material left besides the varsity, and everything points toward a successful season another year.

**Football
Captain**

At the meeting of the football B men, A. R. C. Cole, '12, of Gardiner was elected captain for the season of 1911. Cole is a very fast, aggressive man, and has played his position as center this year in an excellent manner. His passing has been almost perfect and has ranked with that of the best centers that the college has ever had. He prepared for college at Litchfield Academy and while there played on the team as halfback. Since he came to Bates he has played at different positions in the line and this year was made center.

Track

Work on the board track in preparation for the B. A. A. meet in February began Monday, Dec. 5. The prospects for a fast relay team are very good as three of the winning team of last year are still in college. They are Peakes '11, Dennis '13 and Holden '13. Several Freshmen have showed up well in the earlier practice in the fall and should make a good try for a position on the squad.

The track has recently been widened and is much better suited for the work this winter.

Coach "Eddie" O'Connors will be with the boys immediately after the Christmas recess and should have them in good shape by the time of the meet.

ALUMNI NOTES

1868 —President George C. Chase attended the inauguration of President Benton of Smith College in October. On December 2, he was present at a reception given in Orono to President Aley of the University of Maine.

1870 —Prof. Lyman G. Jordan was the guest of the Cheney Club at its annual meeting, October 21, in Manchester, N. H.

1875 —On November 29, Dr. A. T. Salley spoke before a Sunday School convention including the churches of Turner Center, Turner Village, and Greene. His subject was Adult Lessons.

1881 —Hon. D. J. McGillicuddy, formerly of Bates, has been elected by the Democrats, representative to Congress.

Rev. E. T. Pitts is pastor of the Congregational Church in Epping, N. H.

1883 —Oliver L. Frisbee has been elected representative to the New Hampshire legislature from Portsmouth.

1888 —Samuel H. Woodrow, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church of Washington, D. C., was elected president of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, an office of large responsibilities, at the National Congregational Council in Boston in October.

1889 —Rev. A. E. Hatch is editor of an Advent paper, "The Day Dawn," published at Howard Lake, Maine.

1892 —Scott Wilson, Esq., has just won an important suit before the Supreme Court of Maine. The members of a Game Club of Portland claimed that they alone had the right to fish and shoot on Great Pond off Cape Elizabeth because they owned the land that surrounded the pond. Mr. Wilson was enabled to show that the inhabi-

tants of Cape Elizabeth had always enjoyed this right from the earliest settlement of the town until now. Mrs. Wilson, formerly Miss Bodge of the class of 1891, greatly assisted in establishing this fact by her historical investigation. The court held that this right could not be taken away. The inhabitants of Cape Elizabeth gave Mr. and Mrs. Wilson a royal banquet and presented Mr. Wilson with a beautiful loving cup.

1893 —C. C. Spratt is principal of the high school in Putnam, Conn.

1896 —Frank Plumstead, Esq., is the law partner of Hon. W. R. Pattangall of Waterville, Me.

1897 —Mrs. Margaret Knowles Small has returned to Springfield, Missouri, from her recent trip East.

1898 —Thomas Bruce, formerly at Shiloh Institute, Warrenton, N. C., is now principal of Nausemond Institute, Suffolk, Virginia.

Miss Alice Brackett is teaching commercial studies in the high school in Manchester, Mass.

1899 —M. P. Dutton is principal of the Israel Putnam School, Putnam, Conn.

1900 —Clara Berry is teaching in Springfield, Me.

C. P. Dennison and L. G. Whitten are transferring their business from West Bethel, Maine, to Auburn, Indiana.

Harriet Proctor has just returned from a year in Berlin and is teaching in Fall River.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Jackman have a son, Edward Avery, born November 13. Mrs. Jackman was Jane E. Avery of the same class.

Guy E. Healey, Esq., has an office in Barrister's Hall, Pemberton Square, Boston. His home is in Somerville, Mass.

1901 —Rev. and Mrs. E. K. Jordan have a son, Wayne

Harold, born November 14. Mrs. Jordan was Hattie P. Truell of the class of 1902.

On November 29 Mrs. A. W. Anthony spoke before a Sunday School convention including the churches of Turner Center, Turner Village and Greene, on the subject of The New Graded Lessons.

1902 —Irving O. Bragg has opened law offices in Jose Block, Newport, Maine.

Alfred E. McCleary, Esq., was recently married to Miss Lena M. Hayes, a graduate of Mt. Holyoke College in the class of 1904. Their home is in Maynard, Mass. Mr. McCleary is with Stebbins, Storer and Burbank, 53 State street, Boston. He has been active in the recent political campaign in Massachusetts.

Miss Georgiana Lunt is studying in the Simmons College Library School.

B. C. Merry is superintendent of schools and principal of the high school at Hanover, N. H.

1903 —H. M. Town is teaching in Cleveland High School.

1904 —Alice L. Sands is teaching in the Hartford Public High School.

Amber L. Parlin is teaching in the Central High School, Springfield, Mass.

Florence Hodgson Pendleton has a son, Robert Erskine Pendleton.

Rev. J. Harold Gould is pastor of the Congregational Church, Wareham, Mass.

Earl C. Lane is teaching in the Government School at Chaugsha, Hunan Province, China.

George H. Harmon, principal of the Penacook, N. H. high school was recently elected president of the Cheney Club.

1905 —Ralph G. Winslow was married October 17 to Anna E. White.

1906 —Ernest C. Garland has a son, William Charles Garland, born November 9.

A. B. Lewis, a teacher in Staten Island Academy, is taking work in the Columbia University Graduate School.

1907 —Harold I. Frost is taking post-graduate work in Hartford Seminary.

L. E. Corson is in a business office in Boston.

Charles Wells has a position in the State Chemical Laboratory, Boston, Mass.

Alice W. Churchill is a teacher in Oak Grove Seminary, Vassalboro, Maine.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Freese, both of the class of 1907 have a son, George Lindsay Freese, born November 21.

1908 —Mabel L. Schermerhorn is taking special courses in the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy.

John S. Carver has been acting as substitute principal of the Whitefield, N. H. high school.

Daniel R. Hodgdon is a teacher in the Rutger's College and Preparatory School, New Brunswick, New Jersey.

Miss Frances M. McLain is working in Boston. Her home is now in Dorchester.

1909 —Harold E. Stone is sub-master of the high school at Winchenden, Mass. He is teaching physics, chemistry and mathematics and is also gymnasium instructor.

Myer Segal is a teacher in the Allen School for Boys, West Newton, Mass.

Miss Alethea C. Meader of Penacook, New Hampshire was elected secretary and treasurer of the Cheney Club at its recent meeting in Manchester, N. H.

1910 —The engagement of Miss Edna Bioren of Newark, N. J. to Fay E. Lucas, Bates 1910, has been announced.

Miss Gladys Greenleaf, who is teaching in East Corwith, was a guest of Rand Hall recently.

EXCHANGES

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Shake off our foes—again be free!

Miles W. Smith in "The William Jewell Student."

Tom Stanyard has to decide between the Falley Gold Medal and football, where he is sorely needed, and "Back to His Own," in "The Holy Cross Purple," tells how he did it.

"The Gods Go Forth" in "The William Jewell Student" is a fanciful little story of the Orient. "Robert Lockwood's Triumph" is somewhat like "The Man of the Hour" in its plot.

In "The Brunonian" is "A Plea for the Theater" which shows some of the good that the theater is doing, and points out the greater good that it might do if true Christian people help in the right way. "The Christening of Petit Joubert" is a French Canadian story of unusual strength of plot and workmanship.

"Sing Mir Dien Lied," the story of a German professor's love, is almost like a song in itself. "An Adhesive Joke," the prank of some college girls, and "College Chickens," a story of college men's jokes, are both amusing and true to life. These are found in "The University of Texas Magazine."

NON INITILE.

If I may plant a tiny flower,
 Where erst grew naught—or weeds;
 If I may give one soul the power
 To feel another's needs,
 I'll think it has not been for naught
 That I have lived and hoped and wrought.

If I may lighten e'en one cloud,
 To one face bring a smile;
 If I in mingling with the crowd
 Can shorten some one's mile;
 If I make clean one tiny stain,
 Then living has not been in vain.

Floy Devore Perfect in "University of Texas Magazine."

OCTAVE.

Then there is God: when out the shuddering sea
 The great moon, open bosom'd, swings on high
 With a translucent brilliance to the sky,
 And the black waters close mysteriously;
 Or when a star, low-drooping seems to be
 In a direct communion with the earth.
 And suddenly, as if in wonderous birth,
 There rises distant, calm serenity.

Geo. Boas in "The Brunonian."



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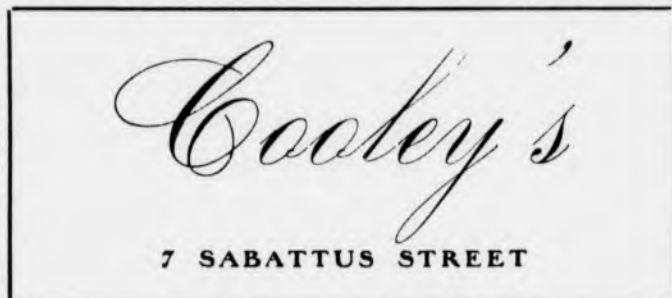
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