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FEBRUARY 1908

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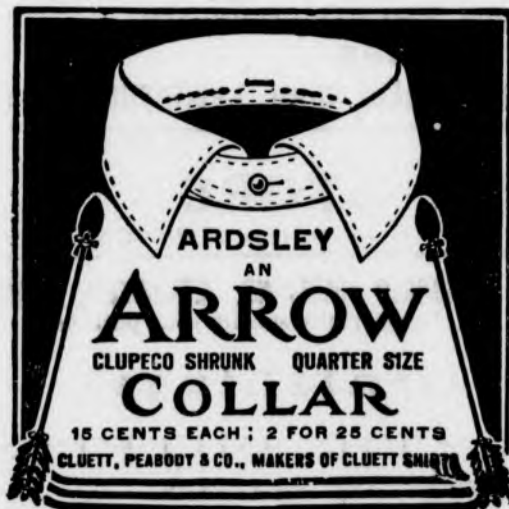
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Published by the Students of Bates College

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

Vol. XXXVI.

LEWISTON, ME., FEBRUARY 1908.

No. 2

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

A NIGHT SONG

Light sighing breezes,
Whispering through the pine tree tips.—
Low-blowing night winds,
Warm with day's sweet memories,—
Touch her brow with soft caress,
Breathing all the tenderness
Of the love I bear her.

Soft-shining star host,—
Circling spheres innumerable,
Filling heaven's high arches
With a silent harmony,—
As she marks your silver glow,
May love's music sweet and low
Fill her heart with singing,

O'er-brooding darkness,
Folding all in thine embrace,—
Sweet, magic mystic presence,—
Filled with hushed solemnity,—
Bend thou gently from above,
Whispering that 'tis thus my love
Ever close enfolds her.

—F. M. M., '08.

TEN YEARS AGO AT BATES

" '98 "

My subject tonight is just simply '98, in treating which I shall not attempt to speak logically, nor shall I enter into any scientific method of reasoning. But I wish that my discourse may show '98 as a solid magnet with its lines of magnetic force extending in all directions, influencing all things about it. Or, to use a planer simile, let us consider '98 as a hub whose spokes of influence and brilliancy radiate in all directions until they disappear in the common round of the world's experiences.

I mark first the remarkable unanimity of mind which this class has maintained from the very beginning. Indeed, in the Summer of 1894, sixty-six young men and young women, scattered almost all over New England, beset by all kinds of influences to go to other colleges, or to go to work and give up the idea of going to any college, made up their mind unanimously and *simultaneously* to come to Bates. It required a great deal of self-sacrifice to do this; but we all knew, before we were acquainted with one another, that Bates needed us. We came, therefore, in a missionary spirit. I have sometimes feared that the Faculty, in refusing us anything we ask in the way of midnight rides and oyster suppers, and in having us up for trifling offences, forgets, for the moment, the depth of love and gratitude it owes us. Think for a moment what would have been the result had we not come hither. Just suppose we had, while in our potato patches and hay fields that summer—at our homes and by our fire-sides—just suppose we had made up our minds *not to come to Bates*. Had we done this, the College would have been compelled to close its doors for at least one year. '99 would now be Seniors, an impossible yet an inevitable phenomenon; 1900 would have reached this locality without a friend to welcome them and help them in times of sore need. While 1901 would have missed a whole year of flunking and hazing and entered college in Sophomoric dignity. I repeat it then, we came in a missionary spirit,

and coming thus brought in our train many improvements and innovations.

Let us notice some of the improvements and changes which we have made since we entered college. Before we consented to cross the threshold of the college we had to have a new President for the college. We saw the need of this; demanded it and the thing was done. And who does not see the good things which this change alone has wrought? Indeed, it chased away the Hat Rush, that time honored and time condemned pest of colleges. New professors and a broader curriculum have been at the service of the students. The departments of Sociology and Political Economy have been extended, and the three upper classes have been earnestly getting into Geer. The Physical Laboratory has been greatly improved and a Strong man placed in charge; Roger Williams' Hall in which you now sit, furnished with all that comforts and cheers. This noble edifice stood in a ghotsly, ghastly unfinished state when we came, but we had this all finished up, and now the Campus is beautified by its presence. We have paid the Athletic debt of about \$800, thus enabling Bates to *line up* against her rival colleges. The organization and success of the New England Debating League can be traced to the immediate influence of '98. We felt the need of a new society when we first came here. Few of us were willing to join the old societies. We waited for weeks and months before we joined, and even after we had we would not stay in the society of our choice but launched out and made a new society, Piaeria, of our own creation.

Need I pursue this theme? Indeed before we came to college, the young ladies had no place they could call a home, but were rooming out among the neighbors subjected to being locked out entirely if they were not in at 10 P. M. We would not bring our girls here under such circumstances, but we secured Cheney Hall for the girls, so that we could see them home at night and stand on the steps until midnight if we would and watch the moon darting in

and out from the silver clouds that sprinkle the canopy of heaven.

—And what shall I say more?

We will not forget at this time to "Remember the Maine." Our first walk to Lake Auburn discovered to us the fact that the two bridges which span the Androscoggin were weak and insufficient to cope with the growing needs of the community. So we had the whole business carried away and since then we have completed two new bridges which are worthy of the two cities and worthy of '98... In our Junior Summer the Nation submitted to our discretion, "Whether it was safest and best for this Country to rest on a silver basis or a gold basis?" Happily, we knew all about *bases*, having been given many *bases* by '97's ball team when we were fresh from our homes and having also stolen many *bases* from 99's 9 in our Sophomore Fall. So we elected McKinley and the gold basis, and thus saved the country from anarchy and civil strife.

With such a record behind us who would not be interested in each individual member of '98? Let us look more closely at these. They range from 3 to 7 feet in height and rank from A to E. For all our sacrifice and service to the College, we have been rewarded only by cabalistic letters as symbols of what the Faculty thinks of us. Often have we puzzled ourselves to know the significance of these Algebraic quantities. But at last, we have found out by four years of personal experience what these symbols mean. It is simply this: (Oh under class men take notice!)

The A men (and I mean the women too)

The A men, on the honor roll, are sure of a place
Either under Joke, Johnny or Chase;

The men that get B feel no alarm,

For they feel that others are almost as warm;

The men who care nothing about where they be

Are the happy-go-lucky men those who get C;

The D men are now anxious to get their degrees

While the men who get E simply take their

e(a)s(e).

It is fitting at this time that we translate to you our motto which for four years has been our standard of life. Will the members of '98 please rise.—Now! ! One! two! three!

Rocky-chocky-eye,
 Sysboom-ae,
 Hick Hock Sackyadyock—
 Taraboomdyaa,
 Dock Dock hickery dock
 Hip, Hip, Hurrah,
 B-a-t-e-s, '98! ! !

Polymnia, Piaeria, Dear Eurosophia, '98 is gathering up her skirts to bid thee farewell forever. Father Time, pause, stop, listen! Where shall we go? Are there other societies like these? Will they receive us as these Societies have? Here we have learned to think, we believe, rightly, on all questions of our times. Here we have expressed our opinions and these societies have sustained us in them. Here we have laughed and these societies have laughed with us, and if there has been any occasion to weep we have not wept alone. Will the world receive us in this way? Will the world laugh when we laugh? And when we weep, shall we not weep alone? Oh Father Time, shall we find other minds and hands so helpful, and hearts so kind, so true as we have found here?

Then pass on Father Time, '99 is again anxious for her place; 1900 needs more room; 1901 is forging her way ahead. Pass on, Father Time, and hasten thy round, giving us opportunity to return and visit these dear scenes again. Pass on, '98 will follow whithersoever thou leadest.

T S. B., '98.

"WAY DOWN UPON THE SWANEE RIBBER"

The lurid sun was just dipping below the highest peaks of the Cumberland mountains, in the early evening of a torrid day. Its last rays, softened to a warm tenderness now, lovingly caressed the dark, wavy coils and delicate,

wistful face of a slender girl of nineteen. Around her was a scene of exquisite beauty. She was standing on the lower step of the terrace of a great mansion surrounded by a luxuriance of trees and flowers, which the soft breeze was gently swaying to and fro, causing the blossoms to nod to each other, their good night farewells. Stretching far to the left were the slave quarters, and on the right was a palmetto grove through which the far-famed Swanee river placidly flowed. The song of the slaves, returning from the fields, was borne on the evening air, together with the appetizing odor of cornpone and bacon.

Unmindful of the beauty around her, Allison Clairbourne stood leaning against the white pillar, her dark, expectant eyes fixed on the distant mountains. She did not notice approaching footsteps, until her brother Jerry called out in a merry voice, "What! Dreaming again, Allie? I only wish you'd think half as much of me as you do of that—"

"Jerry!" came the reply, in a soft Southern drawl. "And how did Virginia meet you this afternoon? Will she dance with you tonight, or didn't she deign to see you?"

"You've got it back on me now, Sis. The Calhoun house was the coolest place I've been in today, in spite of the length of the mercury. I felt the cold shivers run up and down my spine the minute I stepped into the drawing room. She was evidently trying not to freeze up altogether, for she actually informed me that she was coming to the ball, but as for dancing with me,—well I did not dare suggest it. I almost wished I was a polar bear. Guess I should have been if I'd stayed long."

It was Allison's turn to laugh, and she did, most heartily. "Cheer up, Jerry, suppose you try playing the iceberg, and perhaps she'll thaw out."

"Mis' Allison, honey, yo supper's done served," announced black Sam at this moment. The brother and sister turned and entered the house, where they were joined by a stately man of about fifty years, their father, Colonel Clairbourne.

An hour later Allison came down the broad, polished stairway, "all in a mist of white," and gave a few orders to the darkies, concerning the ball-room. Then she went out on the veranda and sat down on the topstep at her father's knee.

"You look just as your mother did at the Governor's ball, twenty-two years ago," said the colonel, gently stroking Allison's curls. "Yes, the very picture of her," he continued, opening a locket on his watch chain, which revealed a face, the counterpart of that before him. "All you lack is a rose and you will be the Allison of my youth." He broke off a dark red bud from the wild profusion clambering over the porch, and deftly slipped it in her hair.

"Do you know, Daddy, I feel as if some one was coming; someone from Richmond," said the girl softly after a long pause.

"It's most time for me to hear from Lee; perhaps Max may bring the dispatches," said the colonel with a smile. The blush that mantled Allison's cheeks explained who "Max" was, to her at least.

In a few moments the guests for the ball began to arrive from all the neighboring plantations. The evening wore on Virginia Calhoun, piqued more than she cared to show by Jerry's coolness, which hurt him as much or more than it did her, at last gave way enough to waltz with him.

When she saw how delighted he was, she could not forbear teasing him still further, and so when he suggested a stroll in the garden, she coldly declined.

The darkies were assembled at every window and door, watching the fun and clapping out the time, while the fiddlers themselves, carried away by the lively tunes, stamped and sang by turns. The merry dancers whirled faster and faster, the light, fluffy gowns, red cheeks, and bright eyes, of the girls, and the boys' bright, new uniforms giving beauty and color to a very animated scene. But amid all the fun and laughter, Allison's face, which was usually the merriest and brightest, wore a look of anxiety and excitement, not caused by her duties as hos-

tess. This was noted by the young people and they teased her saying. "Don't have any more balls until Max comes back; Allie looks as if she had to hold up the world and was afraid of dropping it."

"Thought I'd have a chance, now Max is away, but it's no use. He has the first four, the last four and all the dances in between, when he's here, so it's no use to try then. Ah! cruel one, see how you are making me suffer," cried one joker, wiping his eyes.

Allie quietly slipped away after one waltz and stepped out into the moonlight, where her nervousness would not be noticed. The large, low-hanging moon shed silvery radiance over the rippling Swanee. The night wind softly sighed among the palms, and seemed to whisper, "He's coming,—coming,—coming, Allie!" She walked over to the terrace where she could catch a glimpse of the spot in the Cumberland Gap, where Max had ridden forth, three weeks before. Something within her warned her of approaching evil. She was so young that as yet she had not understood the critical state of the nation and did not realize the serious mission on which young Gordon had gone. That the Carolinas had seceded, she knew; that an army in which her father, brother, lover and friends were enrolled, had been organized, she knew, but no hint of the secret mission on which Max had been sent, or the awful horror hanging over the South, had reached her ears.

Hark! a shot, followed by several others echoed across the valley. Soon she heard the furious galloping of horses and saw a tall, broad-shouldered figure in a gray uniform mounted on a foaming, staggering steed, riding madly for the river. Other figures on horses, raced after him, firing as they rode. The first rider and horse plunged into the river followed by a fusillade of shots, the reports of which brought both guests and negroes to the spot.

"Jerry! Daddy!" shrieked Allie. "Help! It's Max, quick; O be quick!"

Jerry, followed by the other young men, hastily armed themselves with revolvers and rushed down to the water. By this time the men on the opposite side of the stream

were hidden among the bushes and firing furiously at the man and horse struggling in the water. Seeing the plight of his friend, Jerry, forgetful of his own safety, rushed into the water and dragged Max up to the bank. In doing this he was unprotected from the shower of bullets coming from the unknown assailants. Max staggered up the terrace and was quickly helped into the house, but his rescuer fell, unnoticed by anyone.

Finally the colonel came out and began a systematic attack on the hostile party, which was evidently small, for, with many curses and threats, it very soon fled.

In the house there was a circle of hushed, awed spectators, black and white.

"Fo' Gawd Mis' Allie, honey, doan' take on so, he come out of it all right," crooned Allie's old nurse, Chloe, when Max fainted and, to Allie, appeared to be dead. The two oldest servants were working over Max when the colonel entered with the young men.

"Heyar, one of you niggers go for Dr. Poult, quick now," said Col. Clairbourne, and with a few orders he cleared the room of all save the two darkies and Allie, who begged to be permitted to stay.

Suddenly an agonized, terrified shriek was heard from the terrace, and a group of wailing darkies came in, bearing Jerry, unconscious.

"O, Good Lawd, it's Marse Jerry! O, he's dead, he is!" sobbed the group. Virginia Calhoun pushed them aside and began deftly to stanch the flow of blood, and to bathe the wounds.

An hour later, while the guests were still whispering excitedly in the drawing room, Dr. Poult entered with the good news that there was no occasion for alarm, as the recovery of both sufferers would be only a matter of time. Soon the carriages were brought, the guests departed, and the old house was once more quiet.

And Jerry, lying weak and exhausted on the couch in the long, dimly-lighted hall, forgot the sharp twinges of pain, caused by his wounds. For Virginia, her face very

tender in the pale light, had leaned over him and whispered something softly in his ear—something for him alone.

L. A. R., 1911.

MY MISSION

Why has a great Creator placed me here,
Endowed with soul that never is content
To do the lowly part for which 'twas meant,
But always longing for some greater sphere—
Some higher work than that which lieth near—
A work that in the end I may present
Before my Lord to prove a life well spent?
This question long did wait for answer clear:
At last by still, small voice the answer came—

Thy life has yet a noble work to do,
Tho' realms for service which thou hast desired
Are not the fields thy Master's will may name
Through other lives thy dreams may all come true—
Through those that by thy life have been inspired.

THE TRICK OF A HOISTING ENGINE

June was evidently giving the little town of Copper-
shield one of her famous warming-up days. The one prin-
cipal street which led over the hamlet-covered hill down to
the scattered collection of stores, lodging-houses, and
saloons, curiously intermingled, was fast losing all trace
of the mud which had so prominently marked its course a
few days before. The small stream which cut the street
almost at right angles, no longer turbulent with spring
water, was beginning to show outlines of jagged rocks
above its surface. On the opposite side of the stream from
the little village a long, low mountain range rose gradually,
on whose sides here and there lay the openings of the
copper mines marked by the masses of waste and rocks.

which reflected the hot rays of the sun with a dark reddish glare.

George Shield, junior member of the copper company, superintended the working of the mine in person. Under him were the chief engineer, called the "Second Hand," and four overseers, or "Third Hands," who had direct charge of the working crews.

Everett Thornton had come to Coppershield but nine months before fresh from a New England University where he had been graduated from a Civil Engineering Course. He was a tall, athletic fellow with clear-cut features and manly bearing which, together with the letters of high recommendation that he carried, had secured for him a position as assistant to the "Second Hand." He had so proved his ability in the nine months of his stay at the mines that when the chief engineer resigned his position because of ill health he had been chosen to fill it in preference to any of the "Third Hands."

Joe Durgin and Jim Mason were the two best "Third Hands" in the mine. Both were old and experienced miners and were known to be great hustlers with their crews.

Durgin was rather a quick-tempered, jealous-minded fellow but was never known to cause any trouble of consequence and in the eleven years which he had been with Shield & Shield had given good satisfaction with his work. Mason was a very different sort of fellow. He had come to Coppershield only three years before but his quiet, easy manner and ready mind quickly raised him, in the minds of the crews at least, to a most respected position. Moreover, it was known that when angry he was a terribly dangerous customer and doubtless the fear this inspired had much to do with the crews' respect for him.

All the miners knew that both Durgin and Mason desired and expected the promotion to "Second Hand" when the time for such a selection should come. All had awaited that time with undenied interest. Just what would have been the result had the position been given to either of them it is difficult to say, but now that it had been handed

to one whom they regarded as an outsider they were not disposed to take matters very kindly. To the majority of the other miners, however, the success of Thornton came as a pleasant surprise for he was a general favorite among them.

The afternoon was a half holiday among the miners. An important part of the machinery in the main shaft had broken in the last part of the forenoon and Superintendent Shield had ordered a general "lay off" for the whole crew. The one street of the village presented such a sight as a hot, sultry day might inspire in a crowd of idle men bent on simply passing the time away. A few were quietly resting in their homes, others were lounging about the stores and saloons but the majority was gathered in groups of various sizes discussing different topics of interest.

"It's jest thur way these 'tenderfoots' do. They allers kum 'but'n in' to sum good job and underminin a fellar's rights. I kin tell yer one thing, though, that's jest this,—if thet there fellar tries ter boss me round any he'll hev ter swaller some ov them fine gold teeth ov his. I'll make quick work ov him." The speaker was Joe Durgin who had been giving vent to his views regarding Thornton's promotion to a good sized group of miners.

"The Super says he knows a heap fer a youngster," ventured one, John Scott.

"He sartingly worked out thet last bit of metal bout right," put in another.

"I don't care what the Super says," replied Joe, knowing savagely at a huge plug of tobacco, "but I kin tell you one thing, thet's jest this—here are four of we fellars thet's been in standin fer the "Second's" job fer nigh to four years, and now thet thur time has come when a chance is open this here Yankee has ter put in his bill with all his new fangled notions and git thet job away from us. Thet's what he's done and we fellars thet's been here half our lives hev gut ter be bossed round by him who's just come, so ter speak." A few nodded in response to Joe's hot remarks but most remained silent, and, whether or not

they thought his verdict just, they kept their opinions to themselves.

To Jim Mason, sitting quietly by himself a short distance away the speech of Durgin gave great satisfaction. In his heart he cherished the deepest hatred toward Thornton, but he was not a man to seek his revenge by expressing his opinion in public. He had determined to settle accounts in a way better suited to himself. He coolly watched the proceedings and when, at length, Joe walked away by himself he quickly joined him.

A half hour later found them together in a quiet spot on the side of the mountain some distance from the mines of the town. This time Mason was doing the talking and to the weaker will of Durgin his words carried conviction.

"You say as how you would like to get even with Thornton: I'll tell you a way that will fix him," he said.

Joe opened his eyes wide at this.

"I'll tell you a way that will fix him," his companion repeated. "And we won't be blamed for it either."

"Well, old pard, I'm with yer, what's yer idee?" asked Joe eagerly. But Jim was hardly ready to unfold his plan.

"First," he said, "will yer promise to help me carry out my plan, providin she's all safe, of course, without consultin that finer conscience of yours?"

Joe hesitated.

"Guess my finger conscience won't bother me any," he answered at length. "I'll jest go yer one on this deal, anyway."

"Well, listen then." Jim looked about furtively, then drew nearer to Joe. "You know Pete, that half-bred Indian they've just hired to fire the engines?"

Joe nodded.

"Well he's down at the main shaft this afternoon running the hoisting engine. Thornton is down in the mine surveying a new bit of ground they are going to work."

"Well," said Joe, as Jim seemed to hesitate, "what of it?"

"Can't you guess?" said Jim. "Just this,—Pete's got as pretty a little woman for a wife as any man in Dell-

burge. She's a great flirt and he's more than jealous of her. I knew thum both before I ever came here." Jim's face added much to his story. "Well, we'll go down to the mine and I'll tell Pete a few facts as how this young Yankee's been flirtin with his wife, and we will leave the rest with the Indian. Guess he will square accounts with Thornton for us. While I'm doing my part you are to keep your eye peeled for visitors until I'm done and then we'll stroll off to the town and wait fer the news." Jim finished and wated to see what effect his plan would have on Joe.

"Pete's liable to kill him, ain't he?" gasped Joe at length.

"We don't know anything about what Pete's going to do," returned Jim. "Thet's none of our affairs. We don't know a thing about the outcome. Pete'll have to use his own judgment about the right punishment to give him, you know. Again Jim's face spoke volumes.

Joe Durgin was a man who never cherished any very deep hatred, and the idea of what might be the outcome of of the affair for Thornton made him shudder. But Jim had taken care first to influence his mind with a vivid account of his wrongs. Moreover, Durgin had naturally a very weak nature, and it took Jim only a few minutes more to bring him to his way of thinking. After a careful rehearsal of plans by Jim the two set out in different directions.

Manwhile Everett Thornton, more than six hundred feet below the surface of the ground, was working patiently at his task. Now that he had been made chief engineer he realized that without an assistant to help him he had a very hard task before him. Not only was he anxious to pass satisfactorily the scrutiny of his employer but he was determined to keep his work up to the standard set by his predecessor.

It was five o'clock before Everett realized that his work was nearly completed. He hastened to gather up his various instruments preparatory to his ascent to the surface. He had now finished his first really difficult task and

he felt quite satisfied with himself. He hummed a little song and tripped lightly along to the bottom of the shaft. The bucket was in its place and he stepped in, carefully placing his instruments in a safe spot. The signal line hung conveniently near and, without a thought, he gave the customary two jerks which signalled the engineer to hoist him. Then for the first time the thought came to him that it was Pete, the Indian half-breed, who was to hoist him. He wondered why that thought had come to him just at this time. He wished he felt as safe as when old Simon Jackson was at the little "dummy" engine. Yet the Indian must know his business for he had said that he understood the engine. He dismissed from his mind the idea of any danger and quietly waited for Pete to get his engine into motion.

He looked up the tunnel-shaped course of the shaft. The walls, cased with broad straps of iron were visible by the light of his head lamp, for only a few yards. Above, all was an uncertain gray.

Suddenly, without warning, he was jerked up with a force that knocked him over in the bucket. He tried to rise but the intense rapidity with which he was being hoisted prevented him. The landings, which were over fifty feet apart, flew by so fast that he scarcely saw them. He clung desperately to the handles of the bucket which swayed back and forth with a force that threatened to pitch him out. He felt thankful that the rope and bucket were made of steel, else they would have been broken. A fearful thought then dawned upon him! He would be thrown from the mouth of the shaft either high into the air to be dashed on some rocky craig of the mountains or else against the giant iron wheel over which the bucket rope ran. Pete must have lost all control of the engine.

Such were the thoughts that flitted through Everett's mind in the brief space of time occupied in traversing the length of the shaft. He was conscious of the fast increasing light and as he saw the opening appear and grow larger and larger above him he closed his eyes to the awful death that awaited him. He did not doubt that

he was past all possibility of being saved. An experienced hand could hardly stop the engine in time now.

Suddenly he felt a shock that brought his shoulder sharply against the handle of the bucket. He opened his eyes. Behold! he was safe in the bucket now suspended some fifteen or sixteen feet from the top. He could hardly believe that his eyes told him truthfully and he wiped away the tears caused by the swiftness of his ascent. Yes, it was true! gloriously true! There was the deep blue sky above and the flickering shadows of a descending sun playing about the mouth of the shaft. He drew in one long, deep breath of the pure, fresh air and then sank back into the bucket, overcome with the nervous strain.

He was not long in gaining control of himself and soon he began to wonder how Pete was going to help him out the rest of the way. In a few minutes, however, he saw the form of that person peer cautiously over the edge of the landing. Everett had expected to see him quaking with fear, but he was sadly mistaken. His face, generally dark and swarthy, now glowered even darker with a deep scowl of hatred. His eyes glittered with savage fury.

After a brief space of time, the Indian disappeared only to return again directly, this time with a plank which he quickly threw across the opening. Then, keeping one eye upon the man below, he cautiously crept out upon it to the rope.

Up to this time Everett had watched the proceedings too much in wonder to speak. Could the half-breed be insane, he wondered. He shouted earnestly at him, but only hoarse, guttural mutterings came in response. Seating himself carefully on the plank, the Indian drew a huge hunting knife and began to saw away at the steel rope. The idea of what was intended now became clearly evident. The swarthy scoundrel was about to make him fall back the six hundred feet to the foot of the shaft! Thus he was saved from one death only to be sacrificed to another and more ghastly one.

"Me fix you," grunted the Indian, speaking for the

first time. "Me learn cheap Yankee one lesson," and he shook his knife with savage vengeance.

What he could mean Everett could not imagine. No threats, pleas, or arguments which he put forth even brought him an answer. The Indian kept sullenly at his task. Already he had made quite an impression on the rope. He felt that something must be done, some help come quickly, if he was to be saved. For a moment he pictured his past life,—his aims, his struggles, his successes, and his hopes.

He leaned over the rim of the bucket and scanned the dark chasm below. The first indenture in the wall, or landing, as it was called, must be at least thirty feet below. He would never be able to catch that on a fall. No, he was surely doomed.

He glanced helplessly around the walls. Suddenly his eye lighted upon the signal rope and in a flash a thought came to him. The little rope was too small to climb, even if he dared brave the murderous knife of the Indian; but it was connected with a small whistle on the hoisting engine and if he could but give the danger signal some one might be near enough to hear his call and come to his rescue. A glance upward told him that the Indian was perilously near the completion of his task and was heeding little else.

Grasping the handle of the bucket firmly in one hand he cautiously leaned out over the side toward the signal line. As he did so he perceived a second little rope some three feet above his reach entwined tightly around the signal cord. He paused; what could that mean? Following it upward with his eye he saw the big wheel over which the steel rope ran. Looking more closely he could just see one end of the little lever which started the bucket on its descent. It was enough. He knew that the rope must be the one attached to the lever which the miners pulled to start their descent into the mine. A friction was so arranged on the wheel as to regulate its speed.

It took Thornton but a fraction of a second to decide upon his plan. He would pull the signal line four times,

thus indicating danger or trouble. Pete would attempt to stop him but would have to go some distance in order to do it, as the cord ran the first part of the distance to the engine underground. As soon as Pete was out of sight he would climb up and pull the other rope which would start his descent. This would at least delay the Indian in his work and the bucket might possibly stop opposite a landing.

Again Thornton leaned over toward the rope. Just as he grasped it the Indian saw him and quick as a flash devined his intention. By the time one blast of the whistle had sounded he was on his feet, acting so quickly that the knife wedged in the steel rope was wrenched from his hand and dropped in to the bucket behind Thornton. Another desperate pull at the rope, and the Indian was out of sight. Before Thornton could pull again something happened.

With a jerk the bucket dropped so suddenly and unexpectedly that Thornton almost lost his balance. At the same instant he heard a terrific yell, a yell of pain and fear. Then before he could realize what was happening the bucket slowed up, stopped, went down a little farther, and stopped again. For a second Everett could not think, but seeing the knife at his feet he unconsciously grasped it. Quickly recovering from his awful fright he saw just above the rim of the bucket the first landing. Slinging in the knife, he quickly scrambled into the recess, expecting every moment that the bucket would drop or rise. It remained quietly before him, however, and from above not a sound could be heard.

When some hours later Thornton was brought to the surface he had no stronger emotion than that of curiosity to know why the wheel had stopped. The reason soon became plain to him. The Indian had taken the shortest route to the signal cord and had attempted to slide thru the opening between the big wheel and the reel on which the rope was wound. By chance the rope attached to the lever had been so entwined with the signal cord as to trip lever at the second savage pull, just as Pete was darting through the structure. His flying coat had at once caught

in the turning machinery and he had been drawn into the giant wheel until his body had stopped the descent of the bucket.

When the workmen found him he was pinned between wheel and rope and was nearly cut in two. They carefully removed him and to their surprise he recovered consciousness for a few minutes,—long enough to whisper something about, “Mason—wife—me kill him.” Then he was dead.

When on the following day Thornton told his Superintendent all that he knew of the event he was informed that both Durgin and Mason upon hearing of his escape had fled from the town.

Mason was never captured but not long after the day of the attempted murder Durgin was arrested and returned to town. When brought to trial he was acquitted, however, since nothing but his flight was known to testify against him. Finally he confessed all that he knew of the plot, in order to clear himself of suspicion and to regain his position in the mines.

All this happened many years ago. The firm of Shield & Shield has long since changed to Shield & Thornton.

Thornton, though busy with the cares of his office and home, often relates to his friends how the one attempt that was made upon his life was thwarted by the simple trick of a hoisting engine.

J. B. S., '09.

THE WINNER

The trees upon the campus had donned again their robes of green, the tiny blades of grass were peeping through the fresh-smelling earth. Wee violets lifted their pale faces and smiled at the bright, Spring sky, and in the treetops the first robins were carolling a welcome to their neighbors, the bluebirds.

An old lady, walking slowly up one of the paths, paused now and then to breathe deeply, and to look, with pleased eyes upon the beauty around her. She was short with shoulders slightly stooping. Upon her head was a rusty

bonnet which corresponded well with her worn black dress. But her face was the more noticeable, because of the shabbiness of attire. Framed in snowy hair it reflected the brightness of the morning. Some unusual excitement had brought a flush to her cheeks and a brightness to her eyes.

She had come to visit Wallace, her only son, who, in a short time was to be graduated from the college. Now, as she waited, her thoughts were busy with the past. How proud they had been, she and the boy's father, the day Wallace came to college. Proud of him, and of the fact that they were able to give him that which both had desired for themselves, a college education. Then, that first year the father had died, leaving for the family little more than fond memories. After consideration it had been decided that Frank should continue with his studies, though he must pay his own way. The school was so far from home that he did not return for vacations and thus he knew nothing of the sacrifices his mother was making that he might complete the course. She sent money sometimes, but she did not tell him of the hard work, of the sacrificing and saving. Nor did he know that the beautiful old home had been thrown open to boarders.

But that was all over now, and she had come to give him a pleasant surprise and to see him take his degree. How happy they would be together! He would never leave her again! Had he changed much, her boy, who in the three years had received so many honors? Was he handsomer than before? What would he say when he first saw her?

This, with many other thoughts and questions, rushed through her brain. The more she thought about it the more eager she became, until, beginning to tremble, she sat down on one of the benches to wait.

Just then there was a sound of clapping and cheering and the chapel bell rang. Down the steps of the stately old building poured a throng of students. It was evident from the loud talking that there was some unusual excitement among them. Finally one group separated from the crowd and walked toward the place where the white-haired old

lady was seated. Everybody seemed to be talking at once to the youth in the centre, who, judging from the attention shown him, was a great favorite. His comrades were clapping him on the back, wringing his hands and capering madly about him. Evidently he was receiving congratulations.

Congratulations were indeed in order for Wallace Marston. That very day he had received the Oxford scholarship. The whole school rejoiced in his good fortune, for not a man in the college was more popular than he. His frank, jolly, disposition had won for him the confidence of the students, while his brilliant mind appealed to all his instructors.

At first the old lady on the bench watched the approaching group idly; but as it drew nearer she began to scrutinize the tall, finely-built fellow in the centre. Could it be—really? Yes, it was her Wallace—her boy! She glanced at his well-dressed companions, then looked down at her own shabby gown. For the first time a doubt entered her mind. Would her boy be ashamed of his mother—there, before all his fine friends? No—that could not be. Quickly banishing the thought, she waited, fairly quivering with happiness.

The group was directly opposite her now, but Wallace was intent upon something on the other side of the pathway. Timidly, the old lady spoke his name. For just an instant he turned his head, then quickly looked away. Not a hint of recognition showed in his face.

As the gay throng passed, there was a burst of laughter and nobody heard the moan as a little old lady sank upon her face in the grass. It was really so, then; he was ashamed of his mother—ashamed of her rusty gown! The frail little figure shook with great sobs; burning tears coursed down the lined face. She had come all this long way, then, only to meet with bitter, bitter disappointment; only to find that her own boy cared for her no more.

In a little while, she became calm. After all, Wallace was right not to recognize a shabby old woman. It might hurt his hopes in some way. She ought not to have been

so foolish as to come here. She would go back, before people knew that she was here—back home, all alone, to work, work, until she should join her boy's father in the little hill-side cemetery.

She was aroused from her revery by a voice, a voice strangely familiar.

"Why, Mother! Mother!" And in another moment two strong arms were clasped tightly around her.

For several moments there was no sound except the low sobbing of the little old lady.

"I meant—to—go away before you came back," she said at length, brokenly.

"Why, Mother! What do you mean? Go away—without seeing me?"

Then she told him all.

A happy laugh rang out as the boy dropped a light kiss upon the folded cheek.

"Well, Mother," he explained, "The reason I didn't see you was because I was thinking of you so hard. My mind was on a little town in Maine where we will go in a few days." Then his voice grew serious. "I had just been offered the Oxford Scholarship and was wondering if I could accept it and go so far away from my mother. I wasn't listening to a word the fellows said, and finally excused myself and was just going back to "Lyon" when I saw you. I was going to tell Prex that my mother was worth more to me than all the scholarships in the world and that I couldn't leave her. And now come, you foolish little mother, for I want Prex to meet the best woman in the world."

He lifted her to her feet and together, arm in arm, they walked to Lyon Hall. The birds sang joyfully, and the Spring sun shone upon them, upon the little old lady, her countenance beaming with joy and confidence, and the tall youth, his face shining with the light of a great sacrifice.

ETHEL CROCKETT.

BATES STUDENT

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EDITORIALS

Co-education at Bates

Co-education in certain quarters seems to be losing ground. Colby not long ago established separate classes for her women students, thus virtually declaring that the education of men and women in the same classes was not satisfactory. Now the President of Tufts College has expressed his serious doubts as to the wisdom of co-education at that college. It would perhaps be in order for Bates to be affected with some of the problems connected with the system of co-education that are said to agitate other colleges. But any one hoping to find here proof of its unsatisfactory results is doomed to disappointment. The atmosphere at Bates may render her immune to the troubles that are supposed to attack colleges that admit women to their halls of learning. Anyway co-education meets the approval of those connected with Bates College. Better still no prophet has yet arisen to point out any calamity impending from its direction. To state the exact reasons for the gratifying results of co-education here, is difficult. One would probably come nearest to an explanation by saying, in the words of Topsy, it just grew this way. For, in fact, when Bates opened her doors to women, no fixed customs had become established. The young women from the first, were welcome to share in the social as well as in the intellectual life of the college and

time has served only to create common interests and common activities. The college has had its greatest development under the system of co-education. College life has adjusted itself naturally to the varying interests of the students. As long as men and women of Bates believe in co-education, as they do now, it will continue as a useful and integral part of her educational system.

A Glee Club

The dormant condition of the musical interest here is apparently being aroused. The mandolin club has made a very successful beginning and assisted by a male quartet and reader, has attracted considerable attention thruout the state. Many now believe a glee club possible. This does seem to be a lacking adjunct to a successful musical club. There are thirty fellows in the college who have the natural ability and experience to constitute a strong club. It only remains for an energetic leader to collect this scattered material and produce a good glee club. A double male quartet which will accompany the mandolin club on their next trip is the connecting link between the first quartet and a glee club. Judging from the music in the societies and from the talent displayed in the Parker Hall "songs," we believe a glee club to be in the range of possibility and would encourage some action. Possibly some of the faculty who are endeavoring to forward musical interests at Bates would lead in the movement to insure a creditable glee club.

Winter is the Time for Work

The winter term is the formative period of the college year. It is then that least diversions occur to detract from study. After an eventful football season the quiet of winter gives opportunity for a concentrated prosecution of study and a careful preparation for baseball and track work. During the winter term also must be forged out the plans for debates that comes in April and May. Upon the work of

the winter depends much of our success in intercollegiate contests in the summer term. In the winter, moreover, students can find time for more extensive reading than the requirements of their courses demand. One of the most serious charges brought against college education today is that it separates young men and women from the world for four years and educates them away from intimate relation and knowledge with the vital experiences of life. While a diligent reading of the best books and magazines does not wholly supply the loss of actual contact with the practical world, it does acquaint students with the progress of real work, enlists their sympathies with new movements, and awakens their thoughts for the solution of grave problems. How important it is then, for society, that students by reading, improve their opportunity to keep in vital connection with the outside world and its ever changing activities.

**What will the
Answer be**

Bates, without doubt, has a thoroughly democratic student body. Does our democracy, however, carry with it too much of that "happy-go-lucky" attitude? When our college men see the need of some change that concerns them and the college, do they exhibit an active interest and initiative, that make a democracy healthy and vigorous? The need of a weekly college paper is evident to all. Its success, in a great measure, depends on the active co-operation of the students. In their attitude toward the movement to establish this paper, rests the answer to these questions.

Alumni Notes

As editors of the *STUDENT* we realize that the college news and alumni notes are of most interest to the alumni. We accordingly, endeavor to publish an account of every college event that is of interest. We shall also aim to have all the alumni notes that we receive appear in the *STUDENT*. The amount and value of the alumni notes published

each month depends, however, on the co-operation of the graduates in furnishing us with information concerning themselves or their classmates.

LOCALS

President Chase's Trip President Chase returned from his trip, Wednesday evening, Jan. 29. He reported that \$9,000 of the required amount for the Science department had been received. Of this amount five thousand was received from H. W. Berry of Boston. Mr. Berry was the first to subscribe to the \$100,000 fund recently received. Fifty dollars was received unsolicited from an alumnus and his wife, both of the class of 1902.

Members of the Boston alumni, such as Mr. Garcelon '90, Mr. Boothby, '96, Mr. Stanley, '97, Mr. Durkee, '97, earnestly advised President Chase that a methodical method be arranged for the further solicitation from the alumni. They think that whenever any such crisis arises, that the Alumni should be given a chance to render financial aid.

In addition to the pledged money, a lady, a warm friend of the college, has given a valuable set of books to the college library.

Another very welcome gift comes to the Physiological department in the shape of an expensive skeleton. This was presented by the following alumni: Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75 of South Framingham, Mass.; Dr. E. S. Fuller, '75 of Pawtucket, R. I.; George E. Smith, for two years a member of the class of '75.

President Chase will leave again, after attending to a few urgent duties, to visit other friends and alumni. He hopes that, by that time, the financial condition of the country will be more stable and that he will meet with better success.

President Chase will lecture before the students of Portland High School and Westbrook High School on February

6th. The subject of his lecture will be: "The Real Significance of Life."

Day of Prayer Preparatory services to the Day of Prayer began Tuesday evening, Jan. 28, when Dr. Anthony conducted a young men's meeting in Hathorn Hall. Wednesday evening, a Union meeting in the Y. M. C. A. rooms was led by Miss Bently, state secretary of Y. W. C. A. work in Maine. Six o'clock prayer circles were held each evening.

The real service began Thursday morning. President Chase conducted the chapel exercises. He spoke briefly of the significance of the day.

Following chapel, a meeting was held in the Y. M. C. A. room conducted by graduate secretary, Mr. Holmes. His talk on Christian duties was very helpful. A testimony and prayer service followed.

At 2.00 the main service of the day was held in Hathorn Hall. A large number attended. Dr. Marston, of the local Pine Street Congregational Church gave the main address. His talk, presented directly to the students, was full of inspiring thoughts. He urged the necessity of manliness in serving Christ. Miss Grace Barnard, the famous evangelist soloist, furnished several vocal solos, both in the afternoon and evening. They were given with much feeling and conveyed a great deal of Christian thought to the students.

The evening service at 7.30 was led by Dr. Marston. He gave an informal talk to the students. Quite a number of visitors were present at both meetings. Opportunity was given every student to meet Dr. Marston for perhaps the last time before he leaves the city.

The Spring Scholarships Bates has recently received a welcome gift of five thousand dollars to establish five scholarships as a memorial to Miss Lucia Spring. This amount was given by Miss Mary Isabel Corning of East Hartford, Conn., who was a neice of Miss Spring. Miss Spring is well known as a relative of Mrs. A.

M. Jones of this city and as a grand-neice of the celebrated Rev. Gardiner Spring, D. D., for more than 60 years pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York City.

Miss Corning is also well known here, having often during recent years, been a guest in the home of W. H. Judkins, esq., on Upper College Street. She has thus been brought into relations with the students here, especially the young education. In awarding these scholarships, preference is to be given to women. With the addition of this gift, Bates has 91 scholarships.

**Senior Girls'
Banquet**

On Thursday evening, January 16, the Lake Grove House was the scene of a jolly banquet, given by the Senior girls of all the dormitories, with Miss Norris and Miss Britan, as guests of honor. The crowd, reaching the grove at about half past six, was welcomed by Miss Sprague and Miss Shorey, who had gone in advance of the others to make necessary arrangements. Dinner was all ready, and the hungry banqueters lost no time in taking their places about the table. Favors had been distributed at every place, and much merriment was caused as gaily colored caps were put on and the singularly appropriate verses were read. Then came the shore dinner which, for one who has been to the Lake Grove House, needs no description. The committee of arrangements had, however, planned a little extra seasoning for the feast, and between the courses, Miss Dexter, who acted as toast-mistress, called for toasts, which were responded to as follows: "Lake Grove," Miss Shorey; "Our Guests," Miss Knight; "The Absent," Miss Jones; "Crustaceans and Sich Like," Miss McLean; "The Tramps," Miss Pushor; "The Cider Mill," Miss Clifford; "Ourselves," Miss Melcher. After dinner the guests all wrote their names in the register and then betook themselves to the hotel parlor, where for a short time they told stories and sang college songs. By that time the hour had grown late, and, as it was a glorious moon-light night, most of the party set out to walk in the direction of home. After they had gone about three-

quarters of a mile, however, the car overtook them, and they all got aboard, laughing and singing. As the car stopped at the corner of College and Skinner Streets, the 1908 yell rang out on the night air and the happy company dispersed to their respective houses.

**The Freshman
Girls entertain**

The Freshmen girls of Whittier House entertained a number of the Freshmen boys, Saturday evening, Jan. 25. The reception room was prettily decorated with banners and sofa pillows. Music, vocal and instrumental, and games gave entertainment. Chafing-dish refreshments were greatly enjoyed and at the end of the evening, flash-light pictures were taken. It was reported that the windows furnished the only accessible exit to the Freshmen lads. No one could explain the barricaded doors but a rousing yell suggested the presence of some of those grave Sophs who were evidently assuming parental guardianship over the 1911 youths.

**Quartette
Concert**

On Friday evening, January 24th, the college quartet, assisted by Mr. Quimby, '10, as reader, gave a concert at Belgrade under the auspices of the high school, which is now being taught by Lucas, '10. The concert was a very satisfactory one to all concerned. The excellent work of Tibbetts, '11, as accompanist deserves special notice as well as the readings by Mr. Quimby. Capt. Schumacher, baritone in the quartet, was unable to go on account of illness and much credit should be given Bangs, '08, who took his place at very short notice. The other men were: First Tenor, Graham, '11; second tenor, Bassett, '10; basso, Tuttle, '08.

The program was as follows:

- | | |
|---------------------------------|------------|
| 1. Carry Me Back to Old Virginy | Quartette |
| 2. The Maid of Picardie | Mr. Graham |
| 3. Jolly Blacksmith's Lay | Quartette |
| 4. How 'Lish Played Ox | Mr. Quimby |

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 5. College Medley | Quartette |
| 6. When the Bell in the Lighthouse Rings | Mr. Tuttle |
| 7. Heidelberg | Mr. Bassett and Quartette |
| 8. Hantin' of Aunt Ann Dunn | Mr. Quimby |
| 9. Love Me and the Word Is Mine | Mr. Bassett and Quartette |
| 10. Over the Meadows Fair | Quartette |
| 11. Hurrah for Bates | Quartette |

Debates

The debating tangle is now more complicated than ever. Only two of the proposed intercollegiate debates have really been decided upon. The return debate with Clark College will be held in Worcester, Friday evening, April 24. Clark will submit the question and as soon as it is received the Bates team will begin preparation.

The debate between the Sophomore classes of Bates and U. of M. has also been decided upon. This will be held in Orono. A new scheme for the selection of a team receives approval and will doubtless be adopted. This plan would do away with the Champion debate usually held Commencement week and substitute instead the intercollegiate contest. The Sophomore Champion debate is generally poorly attended and only those directly interested ever become enthusiastic. By alternating the place of holding it, this debate should be an attractive feature of Commencement week. The method of selecting disputants would require that the six men chosen from the preliminary contests should prepare debates on the proposed question as received from U. of M. The three men who prepared the best debate would represent the class and to the writer of the best forensic for the debate with U. of M. the twenty dollar prize would be given. This plan would undoubtedly be an expedient one for Bates. For under the present arrangement the best debaters in the Sophomore class can not enter the trials for the intercol-

legiate debate and prepare for the champion debate. Thus the team to debate Maine may not be composed of the ablest debaters in the class. This plan will be submitted to Maine for her consideration. It is hoped she will act favorably on the plan.

The debate with Vermont looks rather doubtful. Bates accepted the invitation from U. of V. last January. After considerable delay Vermont suggests that her committee must wait till the 15th of February before finally deciding upon the matter. This debate, if arranged, will be held in Lewiston.

Arrangements for the debate with Queen's College is rather complicated. Since our last issue word has been received from Queen's. They have submitted conditions which, owing to their novelty, our committee hesitate to accept. Bates has replied to these proposals and hopes to bring about a satisfactory compromise.

Library Notes During the past month the following new books have been added to the library.

From the Alumni Association:

American Anthology, Stedman, (2 copies); Arthur Mervyn, Brown; Heralds of American Literature, Marble; Outlines of History of Art, 2 vols., Luebke; Theism, Bowne; Werners' Readings and recitations, 40 vols.; School Speaker and Reader, Hyde.

From the Bates Book Fund:

Different Equations, Forsyth; Electrical Engineering, Parr.

Also the following from various sources:

Toasts, Pettinger; Practical Palmistry, Frith; Life Story of O. B. Cheney, (the first resident of Bates) Mrs. E. B. Cheney; Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature; Report of U. S. National Museum for 1907; Report of Commissioner of Education; Maine Senate and House Documents for 1907, 3 vols.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Basket Ball The first season in the history of intercollegiate basket-ball has opened at Bates. For many years we have considered a plan for a 'Varsity team but not until last fall was the plan realized. Under the training of Coach O'Donnell and the supervision of Cap. Schumacher we have presented a speedy, aggressive team. The fast '08 team, which was, for three years, considered the champion class team, has disbanded as a class team. However, nearly everyone of the men on that team have been used on the 'Varsity. Fine material was found in the freshmen class. It was found that much of the most likely material needed considerable training before it could be used on the College team. Team work has been the aim of the men and that they are fast acquiring perfection in this line is shown by the remarkably fine work they do in practice.

As to the games played thus far, the results have been very unsatisfactory. This can be accounted for in good part by the absence of Cap. Schumacher on account of illness. Acting Captain McCullough has handled the team in a very creditable manner but the position of centre, held by Schumacher, was much harder to fill. This is the most important position on a team. Brown, '08, has been played there some, being taken from his regular position of forward. Sargent, a freshman, shows up well in that place, but lacks the necessary experience.

The team went to Rockland and Rockport for the first trip. They were defeated at the former place by the score of 52 to 18.

At Rockport they played much more carefully and their passing was very commendable. They won this game by the score of 20 to 17. On this trip the line-up of the Bates team was, l.f., McCullough (Cobb), r.f., Frasier, c., Brown, r.b., Ellsworth, l.b., Bridges (Mahoney).

The next game was played against the fast E. L. H. S.

team of Auburn. All of the men who had been out for practice were tried out in this game. Bates won by the score of 20 to 14. The game was a rough one from start to finish. Coach O'Donnell gave very fine satisfaction as referee and did much to stop rough play.

The next game was with the strong Portland Y. M. C. A. five. Here again was the absence of Cap. Schumacher felt. Bates was defeated by the score of 45 to 28. Numerous fouls gave Portland a large score. Chase of Portland was the star man of this game, he scored twenty-one points for his team. The work of McCullough and Ellsworth was also worthy of mention.

Track

Interest in track athletics is already on the increase. After careful training and suitable preliminary trials a team was selected to represent Bates at the B. A. A. meet. Cap. Frasier was entered in the 40 yd. dash and 40 yd. high hurdles. Irish, the champion half miler of the State, was entered in the 1000 yd. run. Wittekind, the crack Freshman quarter miler from Exeter, was entered in the quarter mile run.

Manager Wiggin has also arranged an indoor meet with Portland Y. M. C. A. Twelve men will be allowed to compete. Coach O'Donnell is fast rounding the men into shape. The management earnestly urge every man who can do anything in the line of track work to come out and get into line. The new running track should be an inducement to every man in college to get out and try his legs. The teams are never decided upon until all the candidates have been given a chance.

Come out, and show your spirit!

Girls' Basket Ball

The basket-ball season is now on with the girls. The class teams have not been formed yet. The seniors are to pick the team for the sophomores and the juniors, for the freshmen.

It's doubtful that the seniors have a team this year owing to the withdrawal of their forwards, Cap. Dexter and Miss S. Grant. The juniors will have a strong team. They have done very little practicing as yet. The sophomores, under the supervision of Cap. Niles have begun in earnest. About fifteen likely candidates have reported. In the only game played thus far the sophomore girls worsted the seniors by a score of 23 to 4.

There are a number of promising candidates for the freshman team. Among those who have played in the practice games are: Lura Howard, Grace Lewis, Hazel Leard, Grace Parsons, Helen Davis, Agnes Dwyer, Pauline Chamberlain, Winnifred Tasker, Elsie Lowe, Marion Manner, Gertrude Cox, Mary Wright, Winnifred McKee. The team has not been chosen yet but probably will be soon. As soon as the junior and senior teams are organized the schedule will be arranged.

EXCHANGES

"THE INNER WISH"

I do not ask to sing as poets sing
 In swinging rhythm or in lyric strain,
 Nor e'en, like a great artist, am I fain
 To paint some noble masterpiece, nor bring
 A melody to birth—a passioned thing
 To stir the heart; nor do I count it gain
 To conquer worlds by mighty force and main,
 Nay, none of these—but for my offering
 I ask far more—when Duty calls to me
 May I with ardent heart her cry obey,
 Not loiter idly by some rose-strewn way,
 Charmed by a witching siren's luring song,
 But rather, strong, resisting, hurry on
 And like Ulysses, hark not to her pale.

WINTER SOLACE

Little lonely, lowly sparrow,
 Sadly chirping on my sill,
 Art thou come because so narrow
 Seems the world on yonder hill?
 Winter mists have fall'n and crowded
 All earth's space to smallest span;
 Clouds are dark and skies enshrouded
 From the ken of bird and man.
 Hearts are shrouded, too, and lonely,
 Hearts are shrouded, thine and mine;
 Hearts are sad and we may only
 Think of spring and, hoping, pine.

Winter, still, has brought thee nearer
 To thy sad forsaken friend;
 Winter mists have made thee dearer
 Than thou wert at summer's end.
 Why lament we then the weather
 Howe'er dark and drear it be,
 If it make thee, child of feather,
 Dearer, sweeter far to me?
 Why lament we, then, the coldness
 Of the winter, if, behold!
 Birdie comes with birdie's boldness,
 Cheering me with warmth untold:
 We shall make here, then, a summer
 Midst the gloom, sweet birdie dear,
 Let each mournful, strange new-comer
 Find with us bright summer cheer.

C. L. KAY, '01, in "*Boston College Stylus*."

O star-like life that shines on me
 From out the dark and dismal night
 Of sordid and of selfish lives,
 I love thee for thy changeless light!

Thou art supreme—and like the star
 That in the fabled East arose,
 Thou lightest me to that pure life,
 From whence all perfect Living flows.

—*The Bowdoin Quill*.

FROM OTHER COLLEGES

Wesleyan won the Triangular Debating League Championship for 1907, on December thirteenth by defeating both Amherst and Williams. Williams won the contest with Amherst at Williamstown. This is the second year of the league, Amherst winning the championship last year with Wesleyan second.

A course of five lectures has been arranged for students and friends of Colby college. Among the speakers are Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead of Boston and State Superintendent, Payson Smith.

Miss Maud Adams will give two performances of "As You Like It" under the auspices of the Harvard English department, in Sanders Theater, Cambridge, June first and second, nineteen hundred eight. It is interesting to note that the stage will be a reproduction of the "Fortune Theater" as it existed in London in Elizabethan times.

Amherst College is to have a new Biological and Geological Laboratory. The building is the result of a gift of \$75,000 from Andrew Carnegie and an equivalent sum raised by subscription.

December fifth and sixth the fifty-first annual meeting of the Association of Colleges in New England was held in Cambridge.

Dr. Grenfell lectured in Harvard Union, December tenth.

ALUMNI NOTES

Stanton Club The Stanton club meets for its annual banquet in the new Knights of Pythias Hall, Lewiston, instead of in new Odd Fellows Hall, Auburn, as announced in the January Student. February 7 is the day set for the banquet

Levi Stanton, brother to Prof. Stanton, and a former instructor at Bates, has sustained a serious loss in the death of his daughter, Therissa Stanton. Miss Stanton was teacher of English in Manchester.

1867 —Mr. Arthur Given has resigned from his position as corresponding secretary of the Baptist General Conference, but he still holds his position as treasurer of that organization. His address is Auburn, R. I.

1870 —Mr. L. M. Webb of Portland recently returned from a trip through Virginia, North Carolina and Washington. He went there with his daughter who is to remain in North Carolina for the winter for her health.

1870 —At a meeting held Jan. 27, 1908, for the purpose of organizing an Alumni Association of the Lewiston High School, Prof. L. G. Jordan, who was for fifteen years principal of the school, and for whom the new building was named, gave some reminiscences of the days when he was principal of the school.

1880 —Rev. F. L. Hayes, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church, Topeka, Kan., has an article in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* of December, 1907. His subject treated of the ethical note in modern politics.

1883 —Oliver S. Frisbee recently gave a very interesting address before the Deep Water Harbor Association of Portsmouth. His subject was, "The Things that Should Be."

1894 —As a token of appreciation from the members of the parish and the Ladies Social Circle, Rev. A J. Marsh, pastor of the Court Street F. B. Church of Auburn, Me., Christmas day was presented with a very substantial purse of money.

1898 —Rev. Thomas S. Bruce has just completed a building for chapel and recitation rooms at Shiloh Institute, Warrenton, N. C. Money to the amount of \$1000 was raised from the colored people of North Carolina. Many of his old friends and schoolmates in the North helped. The building cost about \$2000. Rev. Mr. Bruce is teaching and preaching in the heart of the "Black Belt"

of North Carolina where the negroes out-number the whites three to one.

1899 —Rev. T. H. Scammon, pastor of the church in East Rochester has accepted the pastorate of a church at Contocook, N. H. He entered upon his duties there February 1.

1902 —Mr. Augustine Deo Ohol sailed last fall under the direction of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, for Madras, India where he entered upon work among his people as Y. M. C. A. secretary. He took the first two years of his theological course at Hartford, and the final year at Yale. The Foreign Mail for January, 1908, commends him very highly for the position he is about to occupy.

1902 —Miss Elizabeth D. Chase is now in Paris where she went January 15. She expects to stay there some months.

1903 —Hulbert R. Jennings, Esq., of Amesbury, Mass., Bates, 1903, is teaching English and Mathematics to Non-English speaking foreigners, in the Y. M. C. A. evening school.

1904 —An early but very pretty wedding occurred Wednesday, December 27, 1907, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Beede, when their oldest daughter Josie Lenora Beede was united in marriage to Mr. Frank Merton Hammond, '94. Mr. Hammond is principal of the Phillips High school. After a short trip to cities in eastern Maine they returned to Phillips, Me., where they now reside.

1904 —F. W. Rounds is studying Dentistry in Louisville, and acting as instructor of athletics in the college.

1904 —Miss Alta Walker of South Paris and Percy Rankin, formerly of class of 1906, were married at the bride's home, February 4. They will reside at Wells, Me.

The following correction should be made:—E. B. Smith, '04, is attending Hartford Theological School, rather than teaching there as was reported in the last STUDENT. Mr. Smith is at present in the middle class in that school.

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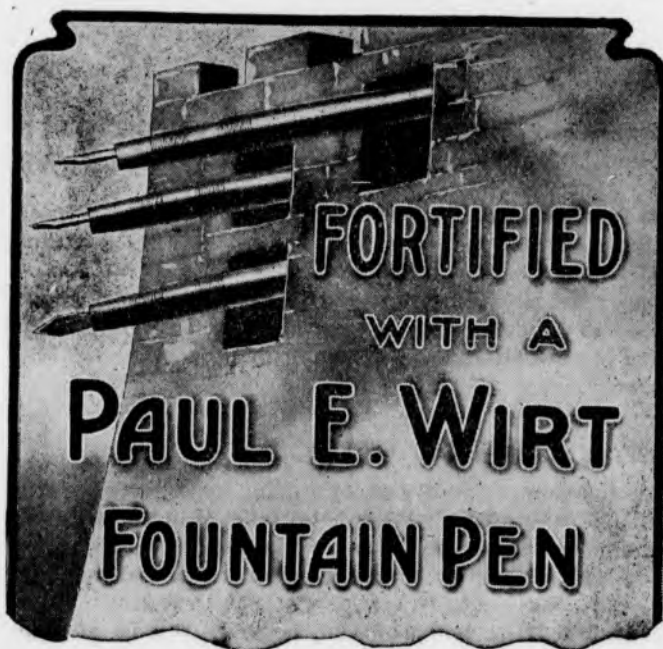
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