

3-1908

# The Bates Student - volume 36 number 03 - March 1908

Bates College

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MARCH, 1908

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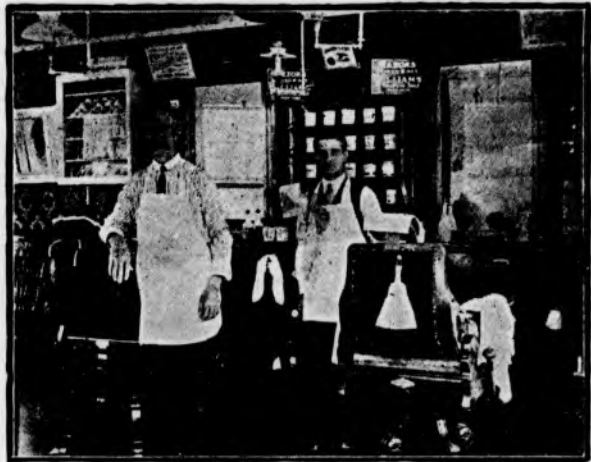
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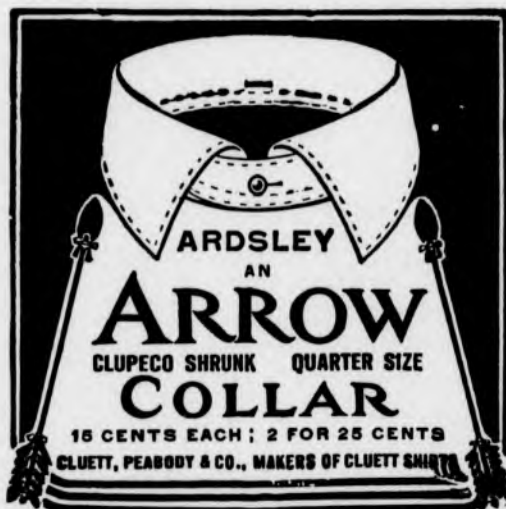
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Published by the Students of Bates College

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

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Vol. XXXVI.

LEWISTON, ME., MARCH 1908.

No. 3

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

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## WANDERER'S NIGHT SONG

(From the German Goethe.)

O'er all the hilltops  
Is peace;  
In all the treetops  
Hardly a breath;  
The birdlings are hushed in the wood;  
Only wait; soon  
Thou, too, shalt rest!

—J. H. N.

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## A LETTER FROM CHINA

Ponasang, January 16th, 1908.

Monday morning was the President's reception to the students of the Foochow College and Miss Ward and I were asked to come over and help entertain the boys. There are about two hundred students in the college and they came in instalments—four sections for a half hour each. So we just repeated the program for each new audience. Miss Ward played two or three selections on the piano; then accompanied Mr. Newell, who has a rich, clear voice. There were photographs and stereoscope views about for the boys to look at if they cared to do so. Then we

had them play "Going to Jerusalem," which was new to them and they enjoyed it thoroughly.

There were refreshments of tea, Chinese cakes and oranges. After this, the boys sang a hymn; one of the faculty read Scripture and offered prayer, and that section passed out to make room for others, who for fifteen minutes had been waiting with more or less patience just outside. I enjoyed the evening very much. Many of the boys know some English—so with their poor English and my poorer Chinese we could carry on quite a conversation.

Tuesday afternoon was the graduation of the Ponasang school, the one where Miss Ward is to be. This was in the church near by and went off very nicely. There were six pretty girls of from sixteen to twenty years of age, dressed alike in fresh light blue cotton gowns and black trousers, their hair smooth as glass. They gave their essays, sang their songs, played duets on the organ, and, in every way were girls to be proud of. After the graduation exercises the foreigners who were there all came over to Miss Hall's for tea. Some were in from the city (Foochow) and from South Side, of the Methodist and English missions.

That evening Miss Hall invited the graduates to come over. She had heard that they had said they could not come to the college next year because she had not asked them to come. The Chinese have to be "invited" to come to school, to wash your clothes, to teach you, etc. So she made this an opportunity to invite them to enter the college department, and they all seemed much pleased. Probably not all will be able to go on with their studies; in fact, one girl is to be married soon. We had tea and cakes for them and played "Jenkins up" on the dining-room table.

Wednesday afternoon were the commencement exercises of Foochow College, which is always a great event for the mission. The students had a military drill at one o'clock, then lined up on either side of the walk from the gate to the door of the Administration Building to receive the ladies and other officials who came to grace the occasion. These arrived in their sedans borne by four men in uniforms, with

a coolie ahead, carrying a red parasol with handle some eight feet long. The great man (this is the prefect, the highest official present) alighted from his chair at the gate, and passed through the line of students, while the military band played a lively tune. At the door he was received by President Peet in college gown with red bordered hood, and was escorted up stairs to the reception room where the other officials had already gathered.

As he came up the stairs, he was preceded by a runner who bore his master's calling card, a bright red paper, eight by four inches, in both hands, in a perpendicular position about chest high.

In the reception room which is furnished in the conventional Chinese way, they were served with tea, then proceeded to the church for the exercises.

There was some delay waiting for some of the guests, so the opening exercises had already begun when the officials arrived. It was in the middle of Pastor Ding's prayer that the band struck up a royal salute. The prayer was completed somehow but I hardly think any one heard it. The guests were ushered to the platform and the program proceeded.

There were two essays in the Foochow dialect, two in Mandarin, and two in English. Then the Commissioner of Education for the province, a native, made a short speech, and the diplomas were conferred. One of the boys, the valedictorian, had for his essay, something to do with astronomy, and had a black board with diagrams to illustrate his subject. He used a pointer and explained in Mandarin, and the officials listened with close attention to the Western learning.

As I could not understand much of the essays I got much of my enjoyment in watching these men, who are not yet used to foreign form. They examined the diplomas, three or four men standing up to crowd about one diploma. I was amused to see them put their programs into the tops of their long-legged boots. I must not forget to mention the firecrackers which were set off at the close,

outside the windows. Such a noise I never heard.

After the exercises President Peet served an American dinner to the officials and we common people had tea at Mrs. Hodon's.

In the evening the alumni had a feast and I went because nearly all of the others did and coaxed me to go.

I don't like Chinese food very well, had never been to a feast before, and the little I had eaten had made me sick. But Mr. Peet doesn't eat much of it either and said I might sit near him and eat the things he did. So as he was the guest of honor, he and Mrs. Peet and I sat at the first table with five Chinese. The Chinese tables are about three and a half feet square, and they always plan for either four, eight or twelve to be at a table. When we sat down we found at each place a small saucer—butter dish size—of melon seeds. On the table were twelve compote-like dishes, small, and heaped with various foods—chicken gizzard, sliced very thin, dried fish, two or three other varieties of fish, preserved ducks' eggs, two kinds of candy, and so forth. I longed for a pencil and paper then and there so as to note down the courses. The waiters brought on one bowl after another and placed it in the center of the table, and we all put in our chop sticks or spoons and helped ourselves. It was my first experience with chop-sticks but I had no difficulty. Some of the dishes were very good. There were pigeons' eggs, cabbage, boiled duck, pork and many other things.

Two of the most interesting dishes were those which were prepared at table. First, a plate of paper-thin wafers, six inches in diameter was brought on, and with it plates of bean sprouts, shredded yolks of eggs and vermicelli. Each person was supposed to make up a sort of turnover from this. The men made Mrs. Peets' and mine for us, and if the wafer had been cooked more before it was brought to the table, it wouldn't have been at all bad. As it was, it was rather tough.

The other dish which surprised and interested me was

the last course. Plates of very thinly sliced raw fish and chicken liver, celery leaves, spaghetti and chrysanthemum petals came on; then an affair very like a chafing dish in principle and not unlike it in appearance, except that the alcohol is in a shallow pan in which a standard rests which holds up the pan for cooking. The whole thing was of brass or copper. The stewpan was half full of hot water when brought on. The men all took a hand in concocting the dainty dish. First the fish and meat went in, and after these were partly cooked, the other condiments. I persuaded myself that I had had enough, so did not taste the result; but the others seemed to enjoy it. I asked if this sort of dish for cooking wasn't something new, and they said, no, the Chinese had used it a very long time.

After the feast, we adjourned to Mr. Peet's home and had a sort of business meeting and roll-call.

Thursday. Today I have put in five hours of study of the Chinese language. I am having some furniture made—a flat top desk with drawers down each side; and a chest of drawers for my room; also two chairs. If I like the man's work, I think I will have a dressing table with a mirror. A friend of mine sent the cabinet-maker to the house, and I explained to him, all myself, in Chinese, what I wanted. I am interested to see the result.

ELIZABETH PERKINS, '05.

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## THE HERITAGE

In the great fireplace at one end of the long picture gallery burned a wood fire which threw wavery, flickering shadows over the oak panels and here and there touched with life a faded canvas. The fitful light served only to intensify the darkness at the far end of the hall. Presently from the shadows which had concealed her, a woman stepped forward and walked slowly toward the fire.

She was a woman of perhaps thirty-five years, with a commanding presence. Tall, with stately dignity, one

hardly knew whether she most attracted or repelled. There was something in the dark, high-bred face that evoked sympathy, even while it awakened a feeling of distrust. The eyes were filled with a mingling of restlessness and despair, and the slender hands clasped and unclasped each other nervously.

The life story of Lady Constance Randolph was peculiarly sad. A long line of noble ancestors had bequeathed to her, together with their ancient castles and lordly manor-houses, the strange propensities which had descended with cumulative force through countless generations, until the blow had fallen on this woman with stinging, unmitigated violence.

And now she had come into the full measure of her heritage—the final hour of temptation was at hand. Would she prove her soul triumphant over the tempter, or would the human traits, intense in their humanity, supersede?

On this night, as the clock should strike the midnight hour, Baron Stromburg would be awaiting her decision. Would he listen in vain for the signal?

Amid the grotesque shadows, the gloomy and dreary grandeur of the great hall showed wierd and almost uncanny. The vaulted ceiling and fretted panels of oak, the walls, hung with heavy folds of tapestry, the elaborate carvings, the rich sculpture, gleaming white in every dim recess, all told of past splendor, and suggested melancholy, half-forgotten memories.

Of late she had grown accustomed to spending long hours here, communing with the spirits which seemed to cling to the place, reproaching, beseeching, but all to no avail.

Pushing a straight, high-backed chair toward the fireplace, she sank wearily into it. For a moment she seemed lost in thought, then she started nervously and peered about as if fearful of seeing some embodied spirit lurking among the shadows. The massy walls, the gorgeous draperies, even the very atmosphere itself seemed to breathe inarticulately of the past. Hers was not the first struggle faced in the midst of this dreary magnificence. It had

been the scene of many a conflict in the haughty souls of those who now looked down upon their victim from their massive frames cold and unsympathetic, whose yielding had been her temptation.

She touched a bell impatiently and a servant entered, and lighted the tapers in the candelabra at the opposite end of the room and then departed noiselessly. The blaze of the candles flared in the draught from the open window and two of them were extinguished. The woman moved toward the window, then checked herself, murmuring:

“What does it matter after all? Why should I care if they all go out? They cannot make the way any plainer, and it is foolishness, my fear of the dark!”

How short the time was, and she did not know! There came to her mind some lines that she had seen only the day before:

“There is no trait you cannot overcome,  
Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,  
Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn.”

Was that true? Was there, after all, something stronger than this which had been thrust upon her, which was a part of her? This poet spoke of will, an “eternal will,” did she have it, or if she did, perchance, was it possible that it was deeper or stronger than that other?

She wondered vaguely how it would seem to break away, to wrench herself free from these fetters that bound her. Even if it were true that she could overcome in this would she always be happy? Had there not always been new struggles ahead and new conquests to make?

She shrank, half in vague terror, from the realization of what was before her now. Dimly conscious of her own weakness, yet deeming herself powerless to triumph over it, she felt that she was drifting on, as a rudderless ship, out into the sea of uncertainty. Then she recalled herself sharply, crying out against the injustice of it all.

She looked around at the familiar objects near her. How often had she seen them all, and how strangely dear



to her was every nook and cranny of this ancestral home! Could she leave it to seek elsewhere—alas! perhaps in vain—a spot in which to forget?

An incipient madness seized her at the thought of what she must sacrifice. Just then a ray of light from a flickering candle fell upon the portrait opposite her, throwing into sharp relief against the dark background, a face of singular, yet placid, style of beauty. This woman had sacrificed as much—nay, even more than she must. Yet how serenely she looked down; surely she had never regretted. And the cold, hard-featured man at her side. He had played his cards—and had lost everything, but not a shade of regret darkened the handsome face. They did not shrink and, try as she would, she could discern no trace of remorse under the outward calm. It could not have hurt them as it was hurting her; it must have been that their hearts were as hard and proud as their faces.

A sharp agony of indecision swept over her, and she groaned aloud.

What of those dear ones whose hearts would be crushed with grief if she should prove false? They had believed in her, had loved her in spite of all her weakness. Could the future hold anything more precious to her than this love?

The faint wail of a little child fell upon her ear. She started to her feet, then sank back, moaning and writhing in the anguish of her passion. She could bear the rest, the shame, the pain of the others, even possible regret, but to lose the faith and love of this little one who called her “Mother”—! She raised both hands to shut out the low cry.

She raised her face to the portraits, looking intently at each one, as if searching for something hidden there. She rose quickly and began pacing noiselessly up and down, down and up, before the long row, halting now and then to scan some face more closely in the half light. Then she turned, as if reluctant, and stood gazing down into the dying embers.

Slowly, swiftly, the seconds passed, and the minutes.

Half wrapped in the long folds of the curtain, she leaned heavily against the window casement. What was that? The clock!—it was striking—one—two—. She shivered. It had come and it was hers to decide. Ah! There it was again! Could she decide—was her heritage to count for nothing?

“Say not thy evil instinct is inherited,

Or that some trait inborn makes thy whole life forlorn.”

The words rang out, persistent, stern, dominating the strokes of the great clock which almost seemed to hesitate as it approached the last stroke—twelve!

Suddenly she sprang erect and snatched from the chain at her neck a small object which gleamed with a metallic lustre. Then there came through the chill midnight air, a sound—faint at first. Was it some night bird calling to its mate? She raised her hand to her lips—clear and shrill sounded the answering call. Then silence fell, intense, oppressive.

As she slowly turned back into the room, for the last time, she heaved again a low sobbing cry—the cry of a little child. For an instant she faltered, then, forgetting all but the dark spell which wrought within her, she went steadily forth into the night.

ELIZABETH F. INGERSOLL.

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### THE MODERN PESSIMIST

Is the world a' growin' better?  
 Is there any reason why,  
 That the modern optimizer  
 Can with logic e'er deny  
 That the world is growin' blacker  
 That the times are harder now  
 Than the days when Andy Jackson  
 Turned the furrer with the plow?

*BATES STUDENT*

Shun, you double-faced Aurora  
 Of the golden days ahead.  
 Can'st thou see the far horizon  
 When the sky is overshadowed?  
 Have the blackest clouds no danger?  
 Are the furies of the storm  
 But a cheer inspirin' matter  
 In an optimistic form?

Can a nation be so healthy  
 Can it be so all-fired rich  
 When a hundred thousand workmen  
 Lie forsaken in the ditch?  
 Of a dozen empty baskets  
 If a couple gain in weight  
 Can you say the twelve together  
 Have increased at equal rate?

What about our boasted brain-work,  
 What of woman's higher thought,  
 When we view the boon companion  
 Higher education's brought?  
 For along with added knowledge  
 Woman's independence grew  
 Till the court room's filled o'erflowin'  
 With Divorce's mottled crew.

Even Prohibition's gainin'  
 But at what an awful cost  
 To the faithful few remainin'  
 In the cause that's nearly lost;  
 For in spite of waning numbers  
 Twice six million gallon's sold—  
 Yearly increase for restorin'  
 Confidence in Satan's fold.

Then don't begin to speculate  
 On happy days ahead

For the trusts are still aboomin'  
And the good men are all dead.  
Evils grow with persecution  
Life is but an empty dream  
We convince ourselves by thinkin'  
Things are always what they seem.

J. B. W., '09.

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### THE STAGE DRIVER

“Git up, thar!”

The little school teacher gave a start at the sound of the gruff voice of Old Joe, the stage driver.

“Careful thar, Miss.” growled the driver as his passenger’s foot brushed against a small clumsy parcel. And the teacher wondered at the gentleness with which he picked up the package and laid it on the seat beside him. She stole timid glances at him, feeling half afraid of this big, rough man who was to be her companion for a drive of sixteen miles.

He was rather past middle age, yet his gigantic frame was but slightly stooped; a fringe of ragged grey hair protruded from beneath his old cloth cap; his tanned and weather beaten face was set in firm, hard lines; short grey whiskers nearly concealed his square jaw. It was a stolid face, but in the blue eyes beneath the shaggy brows there was no harshness. His rough, ill-fitting clothes showed no sign of a care-taking woman’s hand.

Nobody knew very much about Old Joe. Thirty years ago he had come to Eagle’s Corner, a little village among the mountains, and had become the stage driver. People had long since ceased to surmise about and to wonder at his past and he had come to be regarded much as some old landmark of the country. For thirty years he had carried their mail and they had no thought but that he always would.

Church-members counted Old Joe among the sinners, for he was never seen at church on the Sabbath. He spent the

day roaming through the woods or along the banks of some sparkling stream. The birds twittered about him and squirrels ran across his path unharmed, for, as he quaintly said, he thought "the man pretty mean who would go 'round a-shooting' holes in the Sabbath day." Few people had ever penetrated beneath the brusque exterior of Old Joe.

This was Miss Haines' first experience in a country stage and soon she was no longer able to restrain her eager questions.

"Do you drive all this way every day? And don't you get dreadfully tired of it?"

"Ev'ry day fur nigh onter thirty year now, Miss, when flesh an' blood could get through, exceptin' one spell when I-was took with rheumatic fever an' the doctor says I would hev ter lay by fur six months. Mebbe yer think I wuz glad ter lay off fur a spell 'stead of travelin' th' same old road. But I couldn't stan' it, Miss, nohow. All day long I could hear that little brook yonder chatterin' an' callin' me over an' over; an' th' trees in this here forest were restless an' moaned all through th' night, wavin' their long arms an' beckonin' ter me; an' th' squirrels scolded an' fretted fur their bite of my lunch; even that big boulder back yonder seemed to be a-pullin' me; an' then—." He was fingering the little parcel at his side.

The little teacher gazed at the big man in wonder. He seemed to have forgotten his companion. His eyes shone and his face was eager.

"Well, yer see, I *hed* ter come back. Couldn't stand it. In two weeks I wuz at it agin an' I've hung to it ever sence."

The next minute, as if ashamed of his unusual display of emotion, Old Joe's face had again become stolid and for the next half hour he maintained a rigid silence.

They were passing through a shady wood now. Squirrels scampered about, chattering noisily and rabbits peeped expectantly from the bushes. Old Joe, taking advantage of the moments when his companion seemed absorbed in

some distant object, slyly threw to the coaxing creatures bits from his dinner pail until his own lunch was almost gone.

Soon they came to a clearing where an old farm house, evidently deserted, was falling to decay. On its farther side was an old orchard where a few early apples shone among the branches. Old Joe seemed uneasy. He cast a few sidelong glances at his companion and finally ventured:

“Guess I’ll step over an’ git an apple or two.”

He sprang from the stage, strode to the farthest corner of the orchard and vigorously shook a tree. Then he knelt upon the ground, but instead of picking up the fallen apples, the big, burly man carefully unwrapped the mysterious little parcel and laid a bunch of pansies on a little grassgrown mound. For the first time the teacher noticed a little headstone almost hidden in the tall grass, and as the old stage driver came back she turned aside her head, a mist blinding her eyes.

“What a lonely little grave!” she said.

Perhaps it was the sympathetic voice or the kindly light in the sweet young face that made Old Joe tell to the young teacher the simple little story which no one else had ever heard.

“I ’spect it ’pears mighty foolish in an ole man like me. But yer see I hed a little sister once. It wuz way back in th’ ole country. She wuz four year younger ’n me, an’ we used ter go ter school, she a-clinging hold o’ my hand as pert-like an’ contented. One day we wuz crossin’ th’ bridge on th’ way home. I got angry with little sister an’ struck her. With a little cry, she sprang to one side, stepped too near th’ edge uv th’ bridge an’ th’ next minute she wuz in th’ water. I wuz too frightened ter know what ter do an’ afore I could git her out it wuz too late.

Mother pined away after that an’ when she wuz gone I didn’t care what became uv me, an’ thar wuz nobody else ter care. That wuz fifty year ago. I knocked about ’most anywhar. But ev’ry whar I could see that little white face turned up an’ on th’ water. I would wake up in th’ night

at th' sound of that little frightened cry. Finally I come over ter this country, but that little face still follered me. I felt as if everyone despised me an' I hated myself. I grew hard an' rough an' wicked. Then I tried ter run away from my past wicked life by comin' to this little place. Th' woods an' th' rocks were my only friends. I started out on my trip in blinding storms an' through drifts so high thet th' hosses couldn't hardly waller through, with nobody to care if I never got back, an' I didn't care much neither.

Here he paused and, taking from the innermost pocket of his coat a folded red bandana handkerchief, he laid it on his knee.

"One mornin' I wuz drivin' along as usual when I overtook a little gal. She wuz jest a little dot uv a thing, a-trottin' along with her dinner pail an' primer. Afore I thought I hed asked her ter ride. Then I thought she'd be scared uv a rough old feller like me. But she jest raised them great blue eyes uv hers an' smiled, fer all th' world jest like little sister. It wuz th' first time thet anyone hed smiled at me like that fur thirty years. Well, thet little chick rode ter school with me ev'ry mornin' after that. She wuz allers a-waitin' fur me back thar by th' orchard, with her curls a-blowin' an' her blue eyes shinin'. Sometimes she would come runnin' ter meet me with her little hands full uv butter cups, an' she'd fill all th' button-holes uv my ole coat an' down th' front uv my vest with ther yaller posies. Then she'd jest laff an' tell me how beautiful I looked.

For weeks afore Christmas she chattered about Santy, an' she loved ter count over all th' packages in th' stage an' guess what wuz in um all. But Christmas hed never meant no more ter me but a lot uv extry work, an' I wuz allers glad when 'twas over with. This time it was lonesomer'n ever, 'cause I didn't take th' trip, an' didn't even see th' little gal.

But th' next mornin' she came flyin' ter meet me with a new doll in one hand an' a-wavin' this here handker-

chief in the other. She spread th' handkerchief on my knees fer me ter admire an' when I told her it wuz a 'daisy she jest clapped her hands an' told me it wuz my Christmas present. I tell yer, Miss, that jest took a-hold o' me right here!" and Old Joe's brown hand came powerfully down upon his broad chest.

For a long time the old man was silent while his hand rested tenderly on the red handkerchief, and his brown face worked with emotion.

"But the grave?" asked the teacher gently.

Old Joe roused himself again.

"Yes, it's ben thar fifteen years now. It's all there is left, that an' the handkerchief."

"And the flowers?"

"Well, yer see it seems sort o' lonely-like fur th' little one out thar, so each day I jest drops a few posies down."

But they were nearing the village now, and Old Joe, pulling himself together, prepared himself to meet the world with his old brusque manner and his stolid face.

MILDRED SCHERMERHORN, 1910.

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## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LUMP OF CLAY

You call me a wayside blessing and a Good Samaritan, but I will tell you what I am. I am but a lump of clay—one of Mother Earth's less favored children.

As long ago as I can remember I was deep down in the cold dark earth, motionless, and void of hope or ambition. From time to time a few drops of water would reach me from the world above. I liked them and my heart softened as they passed over me, but when they were gone I was not changed. They sometimes told me wonderful stories of a world of life and light above me, of the bright sun and the refreshing cooling breezes, of the clouds and rain from which they had come, and of the beautiful trees and flowers which they had watered and nourished. But they passed on and I understood them not.



Long did I lie there helpless, hopeless, and unknown, till one day I heard strange sounds above me. At first they were faint and far away, then nearer, and I was afraid, for I did not know that they were the sounds of pick and shovel, and that I was soon to be set free. But suddenly I was torn from the embrace of Mother Earth and thrown out, amazed and blinded, into the open day. There in the sunlight on the clay bank I gradually began to realize that I was in another world. I looked around and beheld and remembered all of which the waterdrops had told me. The sun warned me, the breeze kissed me, and the trees and flowers sang to me of joy and beauty. I lay there in the radiant light of day and wondered how I could have been so ignorant of life and yet contented, deep down in the dark, dark earth.

A longing seized me to become a part of this wonderful world. I looked to the sun but his burning glare only made me hard and more unlovely; I turned to the wind, he cooled my heated brow for a moment and was gone. Then I looked around to see if there was anything by which I could lift my head into the world. There were the trees—how grand and beautiful they looked! But they too were far beyond my grasp. Then I thought how vain it was for me to aspire to great things. I, who was but a bit of earth, must take my place with the common clods about me and be overgrown with rank weeds or else be trodden under foot as if I had never seen the light of day. My only hope was that perchance, some day, some modest flower on some thrifty stalk of wheat might find in me support and nourishment. In this even I could have found contentment, but alas, I had grown so hard in the sun and wind that no flower or even weed could find aught in me to nourish or sustain it. I was but a hard, dry piece of earth—a lump of clay.

Then a cloud passed over the sun cutting off part of his burning rays. A thrill passed through me for I realized that a friend indeed was near. I felt his cooling presence and as I tried to stretch myself out toward him a rain-

drop fell upon me, then another—Ah, they were old friends, indeed. How eagerly I received them and how quickly they softened my hard heart! I was ready then for flowers or weeds to grow upon me, and quickly too, they would have taken root had not the Potter found me and carried me to his shop.

There I lay for a long time with other lumps of clay similar to myself. I watched the others as one by one the Potter took them, placed them on his wheel, and with nimble fingers moulded them into vessels of various shapes and sizes. Some became beautiful vases bedecked with gold and gems and some became coarse, rough platters, cups, and mugs. At last my turn came and, although I yielded to his touch as best I could, I was made but a plain, brown cup. "Oh, had I but been a vase," thought I, "then life were indeed worth having; but what hope has a coarse, rough cup? Better had I stayed below, and never seen the sunlight." Then I thought, "Hath not the Potter power over the clay? Ah, yes, I was but clay after all." Then I was placed in the furnace and all hope fled as the fire leaped around me for I believed that it was all over and the end had come. The flames burned me till I was hard as stone. Of what use could I be now? But when I was taken out, behold, I was no longer a lump of clay but a smooth white cup! With a hundred others I was taken to a crockery shop and lay in the gathering dust for months till I was bought and taken home by a poor workman.

In that house I did not now enjoy the gilded vase that sat in idle beauty on the rich man's table. I had a work to do and I was happy in doing it. For years I dealt out draughts of nourishment and healing in that house. Over my brim the infant sipped his first drink, the stalwart father quaffed his steaming coffee at the breakfast table, and the aged invalid drained the dregs of bitter medicine. To old and young, sick and well, I was alike a blessing. I had become a part, though small, of the great living world and was content.

At length, grown old in service and nicked by many careless hands, I was discarded by the household and placed at the wayside spring. And here you see me old and worn but faithful yet. And to you, weary traveller, tossed about by the winds of passion or overheated in the stress of action, I offer the cooling waters of unselfishness and love.

F. R. W., '11.

# BATES STUDENT

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## EDITORIALS

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### **An International Debate**

For the first time Bates is to have a debate with a Canadian institution. On May 8, in Lewiston, a Bates team will meet a team from Queen's University. The arrangements for this debate are novel to Bates students. A return debate will be held in Kingston, Ontario, the last of November. The teams are to consist of two men each. Each speaker is to have twenty minutes for his main speech and five for rebuttal. Provision is also made that the home institution shall submit three questions. While these provisions are somewhat new to Bates, yet we believe the debates will for this reason be all the more interesting. In the first place a debate between teams representing nationalities so closely allied should be of considerable value to each. The provision for submitting three questions is expedient under the present circumstances and would probably be an improvement over the method of submitting only one question in all our debates. The time allowed each speaker gives an opportunity for a display of individual ability not possible in most intercollegiate debates. Some doubt remains as to the wisdom of having a team of two men, but two debaters under these arrangements will afford opportunity to show the advantages or

disadvantages of this feature as well as of the other provisions of the agreement. This series of debates should not fail anyway to add variety and give new interest in debating contests.

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**Prospects in  
Track Athletics**

While Bates' track team has fallen considerably short of first place in the Maine intercollegiate contests, there is encouragement in the fact that each year witnesses a stronger team and an increase in the number of points won. If the advance in track work has been slow, it is the more likely to steadily continue its advance. Bates students have grounds to hope for a winning track team this year. Besides the men who had experience in last year's track meet and who can be depended on to win points there are promising candidates in the freshman class and several in the upper classes who can if they will train add materially to the strength of the team. Track is the one form of athletics in which all college men can participate. No other form of athletics, moreover, can contribute more towards a healthy physical development. Track calls for individual courage of that quality which without praise still plods on,—the courage called for in every day life. Every man who diligently trains in some branch of track work will not only add to his own physical well being, but will bring nearer that victory which lies in the near future. Let every man begin early and work. Who can say that victory will not come this year?

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**Histories of the  
Societies**

The societies at Bates are now comparatively young. The events connected with them have not become historic. But time is passing rapidly. When the men who organized the societies and aided in their early development are gone the sources of data for many of the important facts relating to them will be difficult to obtain.

Now is the time to collect the material for histories of the societies. The action of Piaeria in authorizing a committee to write a history of that society is certainly timely. If the facts that will be collected for that history are too well known to be of interest to the present students, later classes will appreciate the work of the society in preserving these facts in a formal history. The histories of the societies at Bates will not of course be of any great value from the standpoint of the outside world, but to Bates men and women the past history of so vital a part of the college as the societies are must in later years be of living interest.

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## LOCALS

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Miss Bertha Comings, '10, has been called to her home in Derby Vt., on account of the death of her sister.

Pratt, '08, and Corson, '08, went to Augusta Friday, Feb. 21, to take the examination for the position of district superintendent of schools.

"Everyone seems to be proud of the Mandolin and Glee Club—they have been well received all over the state."—Lewiston Journal.

Nearly all of the students who were out teaching have returned to their college work. The "STUDENT" gladly recognizes the return of its missing editors.

President Chase is in Boston, working in the interest of the Science Fund. He reports success in his work thus far.

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**Lecture** The first lecture to be given this year under the George Colby Chase lecture course will be held in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, on March 16th. Dr. Hugh Black, the famous Scotch lecturer, will give the address. Dr. Black is now giving a course of six lectures before the

students of Cornell University. This will be the first of a series of three lectures to be given this term by the trustees of the fund.

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**Commencement Concert** The senior class have appointed committees to arrange for the Commencement concert and class day as follows,—To arrange for the concert, Campbell, Fraser, Miss Sands. To arrange for class day exercises,—Merrill, Pingree, Miss Blanchard.

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**Sophomore Debates** The course in sophomore argumentation has been opened with class debates. Two debates are held each week and on the third day of meeting each week these debates will be carefully reviewed and criticised. This practical course in elementary debating is proving of great value in training men for the sophomore champion debate and the intercollegiate debates that follow.

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**Debating** One of the debating teams is unfortunate in failing to make arrangements for a debate. The University of Vermont invited Bates to participate in a debate this year. Bates accepted the invitation, but after a long delay received word that the U. of Vt. could not definitely decide to arrange for the debate till the fifteenth of February. That date is past and no word has been received. The team that was to represent Bates in the debate with U. of Vt. as a consequence will probably have no debate this year. The men appointed for this team are Cate, '08, Libby, '09, and Roseland, '09..

The teams for the two debates now arranged are for the debate with Clark College, Page, '09, Carroll, '09, Sawyer, '09; for the debate with Queen's University, Bridges, '08 and Noble, '08. The Clark debate will be held in Worcester, April 24, the Queen's debate in Lewiston, May 8.

**Freshmen  
Declamations** Freshmen preliminary declamations began Monday, Feb. 24th. There were six divisions and each division is very large, some of them with twenty-four speakers. The committee of arrangements were, Weymouth, Miss Cox, Miss Jose. They selected as judges, Pratt, '08, Miss Shorey, '08, Merrill, '08. The prize division will speak on March 7th.

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**The New  
Band** A movement is now on foot to organize a band among the musicians in the lower classes who have never had experience in band work. John G. Palmer, '11, is the promoter of this scheme and it seems like a good one. Several of the upper classmen who have had long experience have gladly assented to coach the beginners. It is hoped that any one who is interested and can blow a horn will take hold of this enterprise and make it go through.

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**Concert Trip** Eighteen men composing the Mandolin club and double quartette, enjoyed a very successful concert trip to Livermore Falls and Wilton, February 12th and 13th. They were welcomed by large houses in both places and were very pleasantly entertained. The programme was as follows:—

## PART I

1. Love Me and the World is Mine,  
Mr. Bassett, Double Quartette and Mandolins
2. a Katie,  
b Japanese Love Song,  
Mandolin Club
3. The Jolly Blacksmith's Lay, Double Quartette
4. The Hauntin' of An't Ann Dunn, Mr. Quimby
5. Solo—Song of the Lighthouse Bell, Mr. Tuttle
6. a Director's Choice,  
b Gaiety Polka, Mandolin Club
7. College Medley, Double Quartette and Mandolins



## PART II

1. Carry Me Back to Old Virginy, Double Quartette
  2. a Pansies for Thought,  
b In the Moonlight, Mandolin Club
  3. My Rosary, Quartette
  4. Sombri, Mr. Quimby
  5. Solo—Banderlero, Mr. Schumacher
  6. a Imperial Two-Step,  
b Fan Tan, Mandolin Club
  7. Hurrah Bates, Double Quartette and Mandolins
- Those who went on the trip were:—

Mandolins—Oakes, Wadleigh, Loring, French, Babbitt, Brummert, Moulton, Bangs, Tuttle. Cello,—Abbott.

Double Quartette,—Graham, Goodwin, Bassett, Bangs, Schumacher, Ingersoll, Tuttle and Sweetland. Accompanist,—Tibbetts.

Reader,—Mr. Quimby.

**Union Meeting** Eurosophia entertained the other societies in a union meeting on Friday evening, Feb. 21st, at the Fisk Reception Hall. A very interesting programme was presented:—

|              |                    |
|--------------|--------------------|
| Selection,   | Orchestra          |
| My Rosary,   | Male Quartette     |
| Reading,     | Miss Andrews       |
| Vocal Solo,  | Miss Tasker        |
| Selection,   | Orchestra          |
| Reading,     | Miss Andrews       |
| Cornet Duet, | Fraser and Goodwin |
| Reading,     | Miss Andrews       |
| Selection,   | Orchestra          |

Miss Andrews of Gardiner made a great "hit" with her humorous readings and natural impersonation and contributed much to the entertainment. After the programme a short promenade was enjoyed in the gymnasium followed by refreshments of ice-cream and cake.

# ATHLETIC NOTES

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**Basket Ball** By the time this paper has gone to press the Basket-Ball season will have closed for Bates. In many ways Bates supporters should look upon this, the first season of intercollegiate basket-ball for Bates, as a successful one. Handicapped by inexperience, incomplete organization, absence, loss and change of captains, the team has shown good spirit to finish the season with a creditable record against the superior teams. The individual work of any one player can scarcely be considered as superior to his team mates. The constant changing of positions has made this impossible. The absence of regulated team work has been, at times, a serious drawback to the success of the team.

Since our last issue five games have been played. Four of them are here summarized, the fifth coming too late to be reported in this number.

Bates 36; Portland Y. M. C. A. 21.

Portland Y. M. C. A. met a much faster combination, Saturday, Feb. 1st, than the one which they vanquished on their own floor one week previous. Capt. Schumacher was in the game for Bates for the first time and he put life into the team. The game was fast and clean and it was clearly the superior team that won.

Portland played a loose game and gave Bates a chance to shoot basket after basket, seemingly being unable to adequately cover them. Bates had good team work and played smoothly, passing and shooting accurately. Cobb and McCullough for Bates were conspicuous for clever shooting.

| BATES   | PORTLAND Y. M. C. A. |
|---|----------------------|
| Cobb, r. f. ....  | l. f., Hearty        |
| McCullough, l. f. ....                                  | r. f., Hooker        |
| Schumacher, c. ....                                     | e., Hunkins          |
| Mahoney, Lynch, r. g. ....                              | l. g., Sims          |
| Libby, Harriman, l. g. ....                             | r. g., Chase         |
| Score, Bates 36; Y. M. C. A. 21. Goals from floor, Cobb |                      |

7; Schumacher 3; McCullough 2; Libbey, Lynch, Harriman, Chase 2; Hooker 2; Hunkins 2; Hearty. Goals from fouls, McCullough 5; Schumacher 1; Chase 7. Officials, O'Donnell of Bates; Roberts of Portland. Timers, Cochran, Clifford, 20 minute halves.

Bates 7; Colby 21.

The first intercollegiate basket-ball contest in which a team from Bates was represented was played in Lewiston City Hall, Saturday evening, Feb. 8th, against Colby. The game was Colby's from the start. Her fast back, Goode, was easily the star of the game. His dribbling and goal shooting called for continuous applause. The Bates five showed lack of proper team work. McCullough and Harriman did very creditable work for the home team.

Following is the summary:—

| U. OF M.                     | BATES.               |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| J. Scales, r. f. ....        | l. b., Bishop, Libby |
| Wadsworth, l. f. ....        | r. b., Harriman      |
| Black, c. ....               | c., Schumacher       |
| Morton, r. b. ....           | l. f., Cobb          |
| Marshall, French, l. b. .... | r. f., McCullough    |

Score, Colby 21; Bates 7. Baskets from floor, Goode 5; McClellan 2; Tribou 2; Harriman 1. Goals from fouls, McCullough 4; Schumacher 1; Blake 3. Referee, H. J. R. Tewksbury. Timers, Coombs of Bates, Smith of Colby. Time, 20m. periods.

U. of M. 48; Bates 8.

Bates met a fast team in the U. of M. five and Maine found little trouble in defeating Bates by a large score. Schumacher and Cobb excelled for Bates, while Scales Wadsworth and Capt. Black divided the honors for Maine.

Following is the summary:—

| COLBY.                    | BATES.                                       |
|---------------------------|--|
| Tribou, r. f. ....        | l. b., Bridges, Libby                        |
| Blake, l. f. (captain) .. | r. b., Harriman, Mahoney, Ellsworth, Sargent |
| McClellan, c. ....        | (captain) c., Schumacher                     |
| Goode, r. b. ....         | l. f., McCullough, Lynch                     |
| McKenzie, l. b. ....      | r. f., Cobb, Brown                           |

Score, U. of M. 48; Bates 8. Goals from floor, J. Scales 7; Wadsworth 6; Black 3; Morton 4; Marshall 2; French, Schumacher, Cobb 2. Goals from fouls, J. Scales 2; McCullough 2. Referee, Cornet. Time, 20m. halves.

U. of M. 22; Bates 15.

Maine played Bates a return game in the Bates gymnasium, Saturday evening, Feb. 22nd. This was the fastest game that has ever been played here. Both teams played hard and clean from the start.

Bates opened the game with a rush and scored four baskets in the first seven minutes of play. At this part of the game McCullough and Bishop did some fine shooting for Bates. The pace soon began to tell on the garnet team, however, and by desperate playing, Maine managed to tie the score by the end of the first half, 11 to 11. The second half Maine came back strong and her forwards began to get in some fancy shots. The speedy work of Bridges and Harriman in guarding these men deserves commendation. Captain Brown was against Black, the heavy Maine center, and he kept the big captain guessing most of the time. Dorman, who went in against this giant during the last of the game and showed up well and had the better of his man nearly every time on the toss-up. Maine's team played a good deal of the time on signals. The work of Coach O'Donnell as referee received the approval of every spectator. He appeared decisive and fair in his decisions on fouls. Each team made ten fouls. This is the last game that Bates plays at home, she meets the Colby team next Saturday at Waterville for the last game of the season. Following is the line-up and summary:—

| BATES                       | U. OF M.                           |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Bishop, r. f. ....          | l. b., Marshall, French            |
| McCullough, l. f. ....      | r. b., Morton                      |
| Brown, (captain)            | Dorman, c. ....(captain) c., Black |
| Bridges, Keaney, r. b. .... | l. f., N. Scales                   |
| Harriman, Libby, l. b. .... | r. f., J. Scales                   |

Score, U. of M. 22; Bates 15. Goals from floor, McCullough 3; Bishop 2; Harriman 1; N. Scales 4; Black 3; J. Scales 2. Goals from fouls, Brown 2; McCullough 1;

N. Scales 2. Referee, J. J. O'Donnell, Jr. Timers, Mahoney of Bates, Farwell of Maine. Time, 20m. and 15m. halves.

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### **Freshman-Sophomore Game**

After much deliberation it was found best to cancel this annual contest between the two lower classes. This game has always been held Feb. 22nd, and has always aroused much class enthusiasm and spirit. This year we were confronted by a double proposition. The 'Varsity team had a game scheduled with U. of M. for that day and they required many of the players on the two class teams to lay off for the intercollegiate game. Foreseeing delay and complications the advisory board cancelled the game. It is thought that this means the permanent loss of the once-established precedent.

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### **Management**

This being the first year of intercollegiate basket-ball here, much might be said about the management. Let it suffice to state here that the managers have worked hard, accomplished much, planned economically, executed expediently and arranged successfully. Brown and Libby have respectively had this work in charge. Capt Schumacher being obliged to give up basket-ball work, Brown was appointed captain in his stead to act for the last two games scheduled.

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### **Girls' Basket Ball**

The basket-ball season really opened for the girls on Thursday evening, Feb. 20th, when the sophomore-freshmen and senior-junior games were played. A large crowd (of girls) attended and enthusiasm ran high.

The first game was between the sophomore and freshmen teams. The former had a record of no defeats, even in practice games, and they kept this record good. The

freshmen worked hard but the excellent work of M. Vinal in guarding the fast freshmen forward, McKee, kept their score low. Barker, Niles and Perry excelled for 1910, the first named getting a few very difficult baskets. The final score was 15 to 7. Both teams were slightly broken up by the absence of one or two players. Following was the line-up for their game:—

| 1910.                             | 1911.                  |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------|
| Barker, r. f . . . . .            | r. f, Chamberlain      |
| Perry, l. f., . . . . .           | l. f., McKee           |
| Archibald, r. s. c., . . . . .    | r. s. c., Wright       |
| Niles, j. c., (captain) . . . . . | captain, j. c., Howard |
| Leland, l. s. c . . . . .         | l. s. c, Jenkins       |
| M. Vinal, r. g. . . . .           | r. g, Lowe             |
| Longfellow, l. g . . . . .        | l. g., Clifford        |

Goals from floor, Barker 4; Perry 2; McKee 3. Goals from foul, Barker 3; McKee.

The second game was between the '08 and '09 teams. The senior team showed up as one of the fastest combinations that ever played on that floor and almost swamped the juniors by the score of 26 to 8. The work of the senior forwards, Dexter and S. Grant, called for much applause. The junior forwards, Swift and Culhane, worked well together, and but for the skillful guarding of Melcher and Merrill they would have scored many more baskets. The senior team has shown its superiority over nearly every team, being defeated only by the sophomores in practice. When '08 and '10 meet for the final championship game there will be great interest in the contest.

Following was the line-up:—

| 1908                                 | 1909                  |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Dexter, r. f. . . . .                | r. f., Culbane        |
| S. Grant, l. f. . . . .              | (captain) l. f, Swift |
| Foster, r. s. c. . . . .             | r. s. c, Brown        |
| Blanchard, j. c. (captain) . . . . . | j. c., Hunt           |
| M. Grant, l. s. c. . . . .           | l. s. c., Lane        |
| Merrill, r. g. . . . .               | r. g., Chapman        |
| Melcher, l. g. . . . .               | l. g., Clason         |

Goals from floor, Dexter 4; S. Grant 9; Swift 3. Goals from foul, Dexter, Grant, Culhane, Swift. Referee, Miss Britan. Timer, Pierce. Scorer Bolster.

**Base Ball** Cage work has begun in earnest. Coach Purinton, who is taking medical work at Bowdoin College, is with the team and assisting Capt. Wilder in rounding out the freshmen squad. The following freshmen have been retained. F. Clason, C. Clason, Mahoney, Keaney, Leavitt, Lovely, Gordon, Damon, Carroll, Lombard, Hooper, Phinney, Lynch, Leavitt, Brummett, Wittekind.

The entire college squad has now started and about forty candidates will soon be taking work in the cage.

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**Track** Interest in track has never been so keen at Bates as now. Manager Wiggin has worked very hard and is preparing a schedule of meets. There will be six meets. The first meeting will be held in City Hall, Lewiston, Wednesday evening, March 18th. This will be the usual winter indoor exhibition. Nine competitive class events have been arranged as follows. Forty yard dash, High jump, Pole vault, Shot put, Broad jump, Class relay race, High hurdles, Potato race, and Mile run. A relay race between Bates, 1911, and Bowdoin, 1911, has also been arranged. Now the Bates freshmen have a chance to show what they are made of. Get out and train, 1911!

The second meet will be with Portland Y. M. C. A. on Garcelon Field, April 18th. This will provide as events all of the outdoor races and field events, with the possible exception of the two mile run.

The annual outdoor interclass meet will be held soon after this. This meet always arouses much enthusiasm among the classes.

The handicap meet, which may become an annual affair, will be held sometime in April.

Arrangements are now under way to arrange for a triangular meet between Bowdoin, Tufts and Bates. Bates has deliberated over the proposition and approved of the plan. The date of the meet will be May 9, and will prob-

ably be held on Garcelon field. No word has yet been received as decisive from the other colleges, but it is thought that they will accept the plan at once. Fifteen men will probably compete from each institution.

The M. I. A. A. meet will be held this year at Brunswick. The date is May 16th.

Now these meets have been arranged at much trouble, expense and inconvenience. Every man who can wear a running suit ought to get out, wear that new running track down! Make this year, as Manager Wiggin has suggested, "one long to be remembered in the track annals of Bates College."

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#### **Foot Ball Managers**

Willard Boothby, '09, has been elected manager of the football team for the season of 1908. Linwood Jordan, '10, who was formerly elected assistant manager has left college and resigned his position. Paul Cleveland Thurston, '10, of Bethel, Maine, has been elected to fill the vacancy.

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#### **Indian Exhibition**

Morton Virgin Bolster of South Paris has been chosen to lead the Sophomore Indian club drill at the indoor exhibition. This will not be a competitive drill as now planned. Every member of the class will probably be entered.

Robert M. Pierce has been elected leader of the freshmen wand drill squad. This freshman athlete is making a very promising showing in gymnasium work.

Joseph B. Wadleigh, of Kingston, N. H., has been chosen leader of the 1909 dumb bell drill team.

John L. Williams, of Worcester, Mass., has been elected captain of the 1910 indoor track team. Relay team work has begun for sophomores.

Daniel J. Mahoney, the young freshman athlete, has been elected captain of the 1911 indoor track team. Pierce has been elected assistant captain.



### Girls' Basket Ball Schedule

March 5.—Seniors vs. freshmen, juniors vs. sophomores. The date has not been fixed for the games between seniors vs. sophomores, juniors vs. freshmen. Later a game between the two teams who win the largest number of games will take place.

### Track Work

The time is drawing near fellows for the most important athletic event of the year, the M. I. A. A. meet at Brunswick. It is the only time that the four colleges of Maine have a chance to meet each other in a race which shows what Bates is, just what Bowdoin is, and the same of Colby and Maine.

Already Maine and Bowdoin are in a craze over this meet, talking track, eating track, thinking track and dreaming track, and such a spirit as that is what wins. Fellows, you've got to wake up! Maine has a track team better than last year and she won the championship of the state with that team. Do you dispute that? She lost for point winners, St. Onge and Wyman and what men has she got in return? Such men as Ponds in the dashes, Hicks and Whitney who are beating the state record in the two mile nearly every day up there and on an indoor track at that. She has also a stock of fine but undeveloped material in the weights.

As for Colby, she is dangerous and is apt to pull points which will count and mean a heavy loss to someone.

Now how about Bates? In the loss of Bosworth we have as yet no one to take his place. We expect such men as Wittikind, the snappy quarter miler, to show up strong. Also Mahoney, the old Lewiston High man, in the low hurdles and broad jump. Then there is Keaney, the half back, who has agreed to get out and dig for the mile, with Damon, Pelletier, Ingersoll, Peakes, Preston and Stuart. Other freshmen are Leavitt, Gilman, Robertson, Erskine, Brummett and Andrews. Also a couple of new stars have shown up in Dorman, '10' in the mile, and Pomeroy, '09, in the dashes.

Bates never had such a fighting chance as this year and it is only a fighting chance. But where is your fight? Here is the one way to show it. The distance men should be running now daily, the dash men and hurdlers should be practicing form and starts now, and the weight men—where are they,—they are the least seen nowadays, and instead of that they should keep the other men busy dodging falling shots. You can't put the shot in two days or fourteen and only earnest, daily practice at it will accomplish a thing.

We have our annual indoor meet March 18th and we meet Portland Y. M. C. A. April the 18th. This team is composed of old college and prep. school men who were stars and they are a tough proposition. They have not lost a meet for eight years and they are coming here the 18th of April especially strong in the weights, dashes, hurdles and distances. In fact their captain and manager claim that they have two men to break two of our State records in the mile and two mile. Also men to break our college records in the pole vault and the 220 dash.

Bates has also accepted an invitation to compete in a triangular meet between Bowdoin, Tufts and Bates to be held at Lewiston, May 9th. Never before has our track team had such a schedule before it. And it means a meet every Saturday after April 11th till May 16th and that says on the face of it "Get Busy." Any man can see that. No track team can carry out any such a schedule without daily work and consistent training, and hence, the track management require of all candidates for the team strict and earnest training, also the hearty co-operation of roommates and friends to track men in the carrying out of this requirement as it is the only way to put out a winning team. This requirement will be enforced to the limit, as the time has come when we can't put out a team of athletes who are in perfect condition from a training standpoint we had better disband and follow the example of Swarthmore. Bates' defeats in the past three years have been due to a large extent to slack training mixed with a little hard

luck. This statement applies to athletes in general and may be disputed but, the one who knows, is the one who is among the men day in and day out, and I refer you to any of them.

Bates receives men who have ability enough but never knew what it was to train. These men expect to get by and compete with men who train and have trained in prep. schools. Fellows, you can't do it. And so the management of track has determined to put a team of athletes on to Whittier Field, May 16th, 1908, that we can truly say are in the pink of condition and if we are defeated even to fourth place, may we be able to face it with a clear conscience.

(Signed.)

ROY B. FRASER,  
Captain of Track Team.

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## ALUMNI NOTES

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### **Stanton Club Banquet**

The annual banquet of the Stanton Club was held in Pyarian Temple in Lyceum Block, Lewiston, on Feb. 7. Prof. J. Y. Stanton was the honored guest of the evening, although, at his own request, he was not among the after-dinner speakers.

At the conclusion of the banquet, Pres. J. L. Reade, acting as toastmaster, introduced the following speakers: Hon. Scott Wilson, '92, of Portland; Miss Alice Frost Lord, '99; Pres. George C. Chase, '68; Mr. A. K. Spofford, '04.

The suggestion of Miss Alice F. Lord that a fund be raised within the Club, to bear the name of Prof. Stanton, and to be used for some college need recommended by Prof. Stanton himself or by the college faculty, met with instant approval. Before the session closed, it was voted that the Club should found a "Stanton Ornithology Fund"

of \$1,000, the income of which shall be used annually to keep up the interest in the department of ornithology. As the question of raising this fund was being discussed, Pres. Chase called upon Prof Stanton for advice. He expressed his hearty approval of the idea, and added a few words of cordial greeting and hearty appreciation for this Club which is named for him.

The following officers were elected:—President, W. L. Powers, '88; vice-president, A. S. Woodman, '87; secretary and treasurer, L. M. Sanborn, '92; executive committee, C. A. Milliken, '97; Mrs. Ethel Cummings Pierce, '94; George P. Emmons, '82; Dr. Winn, '97, and R. E. Donnell, '84.

Those present were;—Prof. J. Y. Stanton, Mrs. G. A. Chase.

- '68, Pres. Geo. C. Chase.
- '69, Prof. Geo. B. Files.
- '70, Prof. L. G. Jordan and Mrs. Jordan.
- '77, H. W. Oakes, Mrs. H. W. Oakes, J. R. N. Turner.
- '80, Hon. W. H. Judkins.
- '83, John L. Reade.
- '86, Prof. W. H. Hartshorn.
- '88, N. E. Adams.
- '88, E. I. C. Jordan, Henrietta Given.
- '90, W. J. Pennell.
- '91, Mabel S. Merrill, Katherine Merrill Small, C. R. Smith and Mrs. Smith.
- '92, Hon. Scott Wilson, L. M. Sanborn.
- '93, Prof. Geo. M. Chase, John Sturgis.
- '95, E. Y. Turner, Sarah L. Staples.
- '96, A. L. Kavanaugh.
- '98, Edward M. Tucker, Affie D. Weymouth.
- '99 Alice Frost Lord, Cora E. Edgerly, Prof. F. E. Pomeroy and Mrs. Pomeroy.
- '00, Royce D. Purington, Mrs. R. D. Purington, Dr. E. V. Call.
- '01, Florence E. Osborne.
- '03, A. Eleanor Sharp, Prof. Geo. E. Ramsdell.

- '04, Alice L. Sands, Harriet T. Milliken, A. Louise Barker, Mr. A. K. Spofford.  
 '06, Elizabeth C. Spooner, A. F. French.  
 '09, Caroline W. Chase.

**Boston Alumni  
 Association  
 Banquet**

The twenty-fourth annual reunion of the Boston Alumni Association was held in Young's Hotel, Boston, on February 14. Over ninety alumni were present. The President, Rev. J. Stanley Durkee, pastor of the Warren Street Baptist Church of Boston, acted as toastmaster, and introduced the following speakers:—Hon. A. M. Spear, '75, a justice of the Maine supreme court; Rev. A. B. Howland, '96, of Providence, R. I.; Prof. J. Y. Stanton; and John S. Pendleton, '07.

The following officers were elected:—

President, F. H. Nickerson, '86; vice-president, L. J. Brackett, '94; secretary, Richard B. Stanley, '97.

Following is a partial list of those who were present:—

Prof. J. Y. Stanton, Hon. W. S. Libby, Horace W. Berry.

'68, Pres. George C. Chase and Mr. Chase.

'70, Prof. L. G. Jordan, W. E. C. Rich and Mrs. Rich.

'73, Hon. G. E. Smith and Mrs. Smith.

'74, Rev. J. H. Hoffman and Mrs. Hoffman.

'75, H. S. Cowell and Mrs. Cowell, Dr. L. M. Palmer and Mrs. Palmer, Hon. A. M. Spear, Hon. F. L. Washburn.

'77, Hon. O. B. Clason, F. F. Phillips.

'82, L. T. McKenney.

'84, D. L. Whitmarsh.

'86, F. H. Nickerson and Mrs. Nickerson, L. G. Wentworth, Supt. F. E. Parlin.

'87, F. W. Chase.

'88, C. C. Smith and Mrs. Smith, Lucy A. Frost.

'89, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Emerson, F. J. Daggett and Mrs. Daggett, Supt. A. L. Safford.

'90, Mabel V. Wood, Jennie L. Pratt.

'91, Miles Greenwood.

- '93, C. W. Swan.
- '94, L. J. Brackett, J. C. Woodman and Mrs. Woodman.
- '95, R. E. Files, W. S. C. Russell, W. M. Nash, G. A. Hutchins.
- '96, O. C. Boothby, Rev. A. B. Howland.
- '97, R. B. Stanley, J. S. Durkee and Mrs. Durkee, Mrs. R. E. Files, Hon. C. A. Milliken, Caroline Cobb, Anna Snell.
- '99, F. P. Wagg.
- '00, H. W. Fernald and Mrs. Fernald.
- '01, Mrs. A. W. Anthony.
- '02, Florence Carver, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Dexter, Mr. Hunnewell.
- '03, H. C. Kelley.
- '04, J. K. Flanders, Harriet Procter, Florence Hodgson, F. M. Swain, Amber Parlin, Ida Manuel.
- '05, Harry K. Doe and Mrs. Doe, Marion Ames, J. C. Junkins.
- '07, J. S. Pendleton, Alice R. Quimby.

**1873** —Pres. J. H. Baker of the University of Colorado recently delivered an important address at a meeting of the Federation of State University Presidents, held at Baton Rouge. His subject was the "Teaching of Religion in Universities."

**1881** —Rev. B. S. Rideout, pastor of the Congregational Church at Norway, Me., has occupied his church for twenty-one years. At the end of the 21st year, which occurred recently, the parish presented Rev. and Mrs. Rideout with a beautiful present. Rev. Mr. Rideout's eldest daughter is to enter Bates next year.

**1886** —Rev. Dr. J. C. Perkins, pastor of the First Parish Unitarian Church of Portland, is to be one of the speakers at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the St. Lawrence Congregational Church. Rev. Dr. Perkins is one of the ablest, most conscientious and deservedly influential pastors in Maine.

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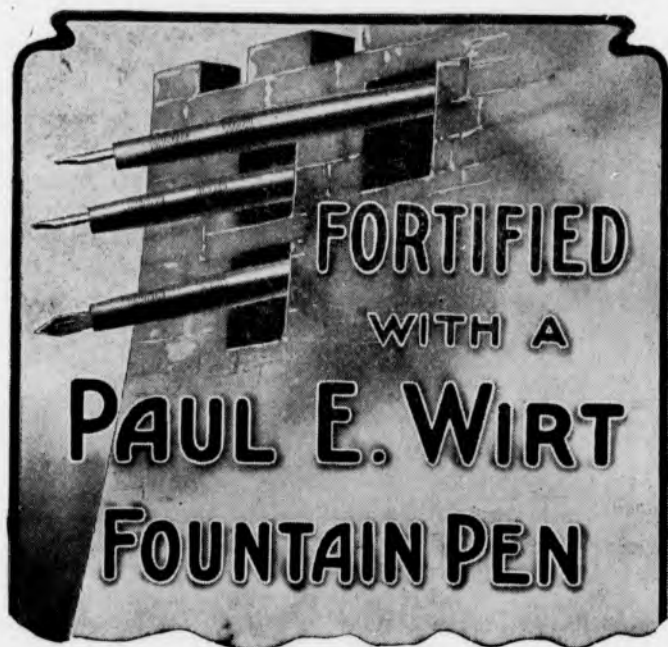
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