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Special Commencement Number

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July 1907

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SPECIAL VALUES ON HOUSE ROBES AND SWEATERS.

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BATES STUDENT

Published by the Students of Bates College

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

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

Vol. XXXV.

LEWISTON, ME., JULY, 1907

No. 7

Entered at the Post-Office at Lewiston, Me., as Second-Class Matter

LAST CHAPEL HYMN

DORRANCE WHITE, '07

Father, thy light hath shined on our pathway
Making all-glorious springtime of years
Thou hast been leader, comforter and helper
Thou hast made calm the storms of doubt and fears
Now we invoke thee, stay with us ever
Find sweet abiding place within our breast forever.

In paths of peace thou tender Shepherd lead us
Oft' by the waters still and pastures green,
Thy rod and staff be comfort from all evil
Thy hand, in shadows dark of death, be seen,
Above all sorrow, stand as the blessing
Suffering but joy, to us thy holy love professing.

Now, as we're leaving joys of our youthtime
Paths of sweet blessing thou hast led us in
We only trust thee, knowing thee faithful,
Rest on thy promise, Spirit tender given,
Forth then to conquer, work and strive while praying
Loving as thou hast loved, thy holy law obeying.

AMERICA'S LEGACY TO JAPAN

AMERICA to-day is in the van of the great westward march of civilization. For thousands of years, from East to West, from sea to sea—has moved the centre of culture, of power and of learning. In turn India, Egypt, Persia, Greece, Rome and Spain have grown and flourished and become mighty.

Who has not heard of Persia's splendid armies? Of the perfect art and unrivalled democracy of Greece? Of the organization and mastery of the Roman dominion? Or of the countless treasure ships of Spain? And yet each nation—in turn supreme, has seen its glory fade and its greatness disappear. Has this westward movement ceased? Will there be another world power still further to the West? A power eclipsing in grandeur that of England and of America to-day? Is America to bequeath her boasted greatness to Japan and to awakened China?

Heretofore commercial centres have always built up world powers. Early empire had its seat by the blue Mediterranean. Later power centered around the broad Atlantic. Now the era of the Pacific is upon us. Is the circle to be completed? Is the farther Pacific—the home of the Mongolian—to become the center of a new world power?

To the careful statesman, the thorough student, the earnest patriot—to such these questions seem of vital interest. Some there are, who can see naught but national ruin, disaster and death confronting us. Some there are to whom America's future fairly glows with promise. But be the man optimist or pessimist—he cannot fail to see that there are grave dangers threatening our national welfare—serious problems in America to be solved by Americans.

In the first place a remarkable industrial development and a most wonderful internal growth have given us a great concentration of population into the cities with the resulting city problem. No problem before the nation to-day needs more careful treatment. The modern American city has great potentialities for the upbuilding or for the uprooting of our American institutions. The city is all too apt to breed a love for luxury, a thirst for amusement and a craving for vice that may become fairly awful. The city too often becomes a hot-bed of political corruption. The city brings with it the problem of child labor and the problem of the redemption of the slums from squalor, disease and ignorance to reasonable comfort with good sanitation and fair education. To these and other perils is the American city liable. To avert these evils, to solve these problems, we need strong public sentiment, courageous leadership and hearty co-operation from all classes. Then will the city become strong and healthy and well calculated to be the centre of a tremendous industrial and moral development that shall ensure solidity and comeliness to our American institutions.

But if—on the other hand—the city's evil potentialities shall dominate—then we may well say—on that day will

America seal her last will and testament as a truly great nation. And on that day may we fear Japan.

Hand in hand with the city problem comes the origin of the plutocrat, the tyranny of the trust, the party machine and the party boss. America is a democracy only in name and theory. No tyrant of old could have been worse than the tyranny of the plutocrat. What is to come of it? Are we to yield our national liberties to an absolute monarchy of graft and corruption? If so, I say again, on that day may we fear the rise of a new world power.

Several possibilities seem to present themselves. All these dangers and perils, grave though they are—all these may prove to be only surface dangers and the real inherent vitality of the sturdy American people may overcome them. In that event the American flag shall long have a lustre undimmed.

Another possibility. For years England and America have been forging stronger bonds of sympathy, common interest and real affection. Possibly America will discover that her highest welfare lies in an Anglo-American federation in which she shall lose none of her independence and yet be joined hand and heart to Mother England.

And there is still the third possibility—the passing of America's greatness—the triumph of plutocracy and of all that is bad in our industrial and city development and the rise of a greater sun than ours—when the Dragon shall devour the Eagle and the Yellow man dictate to the White man.

Shall America give to Japan for a legacy and a heritage all that is best of America? Or shall good citizenship and civic righteousness prevail? There are omens and portents most encouraging—the city problem is being met with campaigns for clean politics, with efforts to ameliorate the conditions of the poor,—in a hundred ways. The federal government is grappling with the plutocrat. All this is encouraging. Let the good work go on. Face these problems squarely. Meet them one by one and deal with them promptly and decisively. Then will America be truly great. Then perchance we shall see—not the arrogant domination of a new race—but England and America, hand in hand,—or it may be, a triple federation,—England on the one hand, America in the Western Hemisphere, and Japan in the East—working in harmony—guaranteeing Peace, Progress and Harmony to the world!

HARLOW MORRELL DAVIS, 1907.

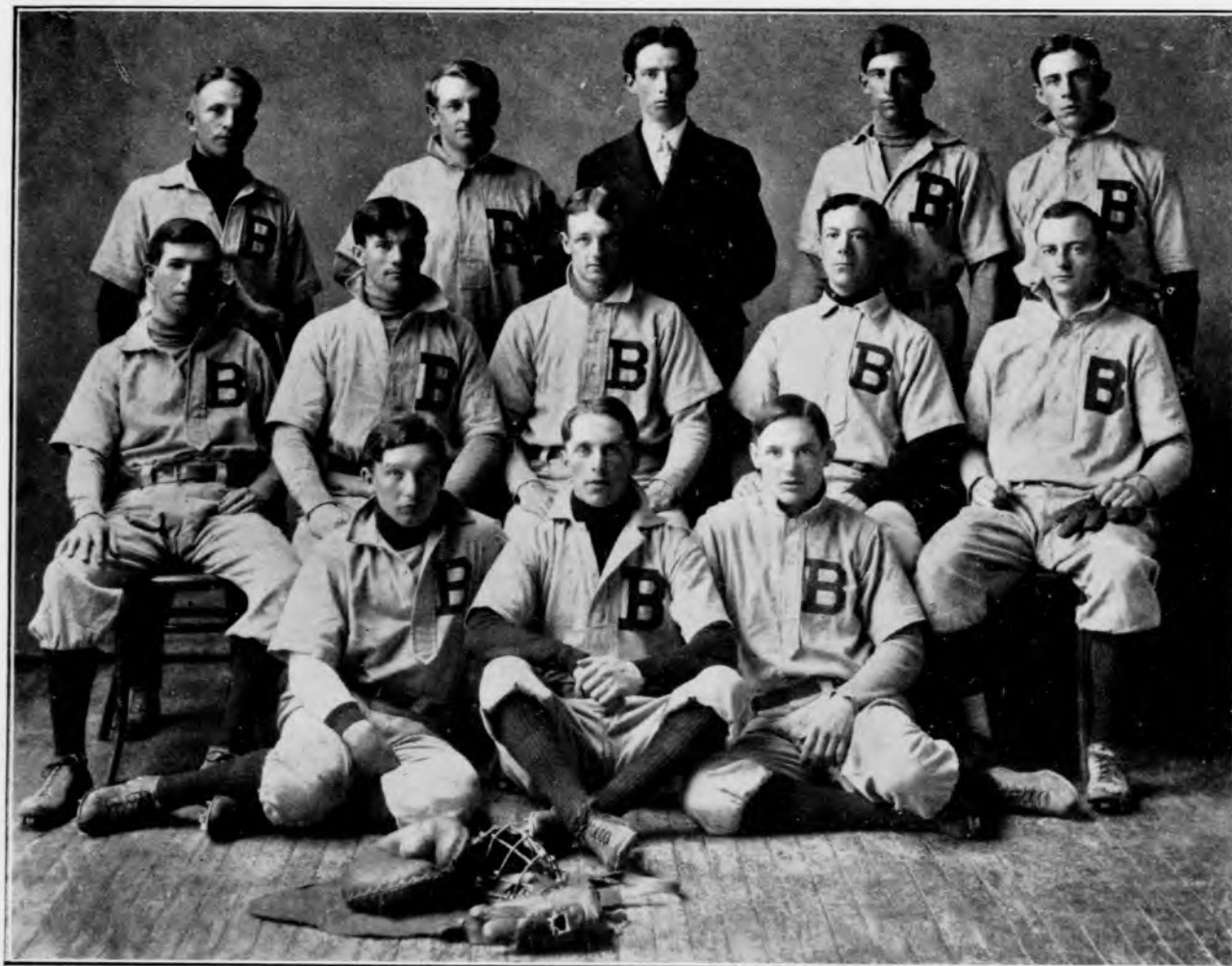
REALISM IN FICTION

THAT everything in real life must be modeled on the ideal, in order to stand on a high, dignified and respectively worthy plane, is now, and has ever been, a maxim. But that all should be ideal in life is too much, indeed, to be expected of human existence in whatsoever phrase we consider it. The necessity of a proper standard is recognized, and that example must needs be of a very exalted order. In literature, in fiction especially, since it is there that pertinent qualities of idealism and realism are most prominent and necessary, ideals are necessary, but the real must have its proper scope. Realism, nevertheless, has its limits and proprieties, which must be observed; it has reached its extreme limit and now comes the time when these two essentials must be more properly blended. The glory of the realist lies in his having rescued us from the extreme limits whither the school of Idealists had carried us—but is our present position enviable?

Like mathematics, realism, as we interpret it, is a comparatively modern element in fiction, although the word itself is old. Formerly realism meant what was true and good and beautiful; now it has come to mean true from the standpoint of the author, it may or may not be good, and is oftentimes anything but beautiful, generally presenting the more repulsive and objectionable phases in life. This new tone of realism is by some called "Positivism" or the "New Realism." The realist treats of men in relation to problems of conduct and social life, and the scientific hand is laid upon the writer to compel him to truthfulness. But the temperament of the author determines what he shall see and know and think of life. From what is presented, to many life is a desert of disappointments. Balzac believes in "mechanical fatalism;" Meredith, "for attempting to present 'Realities' infinite sweetness' enjoys a 'distinguished unpopularity'"; Tolstoi and Ibsen show us a hard, sad world. The power of the realist is such that we can but wonder and admire, although there are certain principles of beauty and truth which are lacking in his theory of life.

The "realistic novel" falls under one of two heads—the novel with a purpose and the novel written to sell. If an author wants to put upon the market a treatise on temperance, he should not, out of regard for humanity, call it "General Putnam and the Wolf." Crawford says "When a novelist turns prophet it will be time enough for him to convert his readers at the point of the pen." So much for the man who writes a purpose novel,—but there is no excuse for

Our Baseball Team



First Row—Jordan 3b Bridges cf Pendleton (Mgr) Cole 2b Burnell (Sub)
Second Row—Boothby c Wight rf Johnson lf (Capt.) Rogers p Stone c
Third Row—Cobb cf Harriman p Wilder ss

the man who for mercenary reasons puts like books on the market, for literature *has* degenerated to a trade. After an author has written a certain number of words, he has "written himself out." He must turn to something else, seek another trade, for which he is generally too old, or descend the ladder of ideals and write to sell. Hence the presence of so many so-called "realistic novels."

Since the aim in fiction is truth rather than beauty, it is not idle to discuss the limits to which this truth can be worked into it. "Trying to introduce things of actual life into works of the imagination without submitting them to a preliminary treatment" is the technical problem of the limits of truth in fiction.

"To a realist a seed is a hard little ugly thing, with no potentialities." Now, life from without may seem a barren isle, but there will be some fairy glen at the heart of it, in which the lark is singing joyously—but in the books of the realist we find only the length of years, the trials, the hardships. The exponents of realism to-day present certain pitiable phases, classes, individuals; they are not studies of life as a whole, in its vast extent and infinite variety. They do not depict our home, our friends, our society. The people in fiction who depress you with the intense monotony of their lives do not, except by moments, feel it any more than, by moments, you feel the monotony of your life. In Meredith the marriage bells chime for mis-matched couples. Does realism always mean putting up with second bests? Good and evil are pretty generally mingled. Is there any type without a taint of evil? On the other hand, does unmixed evil walk abroad? Do fiends assume human shape, cruelty and hate become incarnate? If so, is it best to see them, hear them, live with them in fancy? In spite of the fact that Howells says, "truth given the book cannot be wicked, cannot be weak," responsibility lies with the novelist for the theme he chooses, and for the method of treatment. It is truly said, "More good can be done by showing men what they may be, should be, or can be, than by describing their greatest weaknesses with the highest art." We know how bad we are, but it takes much to make us believe we can really be any better.

But there is already dawning a better, a brighter day. The ultra-heroic has gone by, together with the philosophy of our infallible re-adjustment, but a fashion more true to nature and a newer and truer "philosophy of the realities of human experience and the highest good" are ready to enter upon the scene. Future realism will be instinct with life and humanity. It will depict weakness, failures, struggles

and strength, sometimes a repulsive picture, but oftener the sunny side, because thus alone can it stimulate and inspire to higher, nobler things. Hope is greater than fear, and a story of victory is stronger than a record of defeat.

Failures of noble schemes and fading of visions, breed temporary depressions and periods of skepticism and despair, but spiritual vitality re-asserts itself and faith returns after every disaster and disillusion. Here, therefore, in facts of life is outlined to us the true scope of realism; namely, to inspire to all that is high and noble, virtuous and beautiful by a portrayal of the dark and light sides of life in such a manner as to cause us to turn from the one and avoid its allurements, and to pursue with the superhuman zest latent in us the other, which is the true path to the end of all life.

ANNA F. WAISH.

BACCALAUREATE HYMN

ALICE W. CHURCHILL, '07

Glory to Christ while we our voices ringing
Lift to His throne the incense of our praise,
Yet He is near while angels fair are singing
And listens to the ardent prayers we raise.
O gracious Saviour, list to us now
While drawing near Thee before Thy throne we bow.

Thanks be to Thee for years of preparation
Through pastures fair, our cup it runneth o'er,
Though far we roam through many a land and nation
Keep us, O Lord, Thy servants evermore.
Though classmates sever, friend part from friend,
Thou wilt be with us, kind and tender to the end.

Some of our number Thou from us hast taken;
Before Thy throne grand angel songs they sing,
There we some day shall in thy likeness waken
Forevermore with them to praise our King.
Grant us, dear Saviour, earthly life past.
Tender reunion, with Thee in Heav'n at last.

"OUR BOYS"

IZORA D. SHOREY.

(Ivy Day Toast)

IN THE beginning of things we are told, before the Heavens and earth, the moon and stars, the flowers and herbs and a few other important adjuncts were created, the Maker of Things put together a few ingredients and named it Man. That was an eventful make. Think of all the trouble which might have been saved had He thought twice before launching Adam upon this vale of woe. It would have been so much better had He created woman first and then she could have made so many valuable suggestions.

And here we are to-day, the daughters of Eve paying tribute to the sons of Adam and especially to the gentlemen of the class of nineteen hundred and eight.

To do justice to the merits of the gentlemen of nineteen hundred eight is indeed beyond the power of ordinary mortal. The mention of such a subject is sufficient to create marvelous feelings of admiration. We can only bow low in reverence, worship at their shrine, as it were, and say of them, "To those who know thee not, no words can paint and those who know thee well know all words are faint!"

Ever since September, nineteen four, when they occupied for the first time the Freshmen seats in chapel, have glory and victory formed a halo over their heads. They came, they saw, they conquered! They know not the word defeat. On the gridiron, the diamond, in track and at tennis, the '08 numerals float proudly out and the wearer is ever clothed in victory and glory.

They abound in courage! A truly characteristic incident occurred to show their zeal and daring when we were Sophomores. Dire famine and necessity compelled them at one instance to borrow nourishing food from a near-by chicken roost. They rose to the situation and mastered it. Upon being reminded that a charge for the feast was due, the remarkable honesty of the gentlemen displayed itself in the expedition with which they made amends. But besides sterling honesty, admirable daring in the heart of every man in the class was displayed the self-same evening when they breathlessly watched the nimble figure of one of their beloved classmates climb the flagstaff of Hathorn Hall. The staff swayed back and forth in the midnight breezes. Their manly bosoms were filled with undefinable awe. Hardly daring to move they watched breathless until the feat was accomplished, the lithe figure descended and the numerals of 1908 were raised

to a standard far above the housetops, a place from which it has never fallen.

Their excellence is manifest in mind and muscle. Not alone do they win laurels in athletics, they have the brains which accompany the brawn. Not only do we have in our ranks men of Herculean strength, and with their athletic, muscular bodies, but we have the talented man as well. We have a singer and football captain combined, of melodious voice and stalwart form, the editor of a popular magazine of whom it may truthfully be said, no one but himself can be his parallel, a sunny-haired Patrick Henry, who is an all-around athlete as well, a hurdler of Apollo-like grace and beauty, pedagogue, parson and electric car conductors, every type of man great, good and glorious may be found among the gentlemen of this class.

All honor, then, to the man who bears on his head the laurels of Olympic victory, all honor to the man who, clothed in academic gown, teaches the world lessons of truth. Let the world admire, let the stars rejoice, the great in body, the strong in mind—the gentlemen of nineteen eight!

THE MESSAGE OF PURITANISM

MAURICE V. BROWN, '08

(Junior Oration)

FOR NEARLY three centuries have men assembled to celebrate the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; to revere their virtues, to sympathize with their sufferings, to recall the thrilling story of their first winter upon the bleak coast of New England, to marvel at their victory over the wilderness, famine, winter, disease, savages and death itself, and for themselves and their children to swear anew fidelity to their father's God, to law and love, to liberty and learning, that these sacred fires may not die out upon the altars of the human heart. In scores of cities in our land, the sons and daughters of the Puritans through oration and eulogy, through song and story, recall the famous men of old, hitting off their father's foibles, but in the secret heart revering their ancestors and emulating their examples—for thus alone we prove that we are not the ignoble sons of a noble heritage. God raised up the famous men of yesterday as soul food and stimulus for the youth of to-day.

Lingering long upon these shores, where the first pilgrim stepped foot upon this new world, Webster uncovered his

head and joyfully confessed that the patriotism, fortitude, and faith of the heroes had entered into his soul, as iron enters into the rich blood of the physical system. For the faith of the fathers is, indeed, "the elixir of the children."

Looking back upon our history, we now do see that the Puritan spirit and principles first conquered New England, repeated themselves in New York and Ohio and afterwards journeyed into the towns and cities of the great North and West. Then, when the civil conflict came and the whole land shook with the earthquake of civil war, it was the Puritan spirit that again went forth in battle array to conquer servitude and make our soil too pure for the feet of slaves.

Now that long time has passed, all men do see that the age of the Puritans was the heroic age of our history. In its innermost genius the story of the Pilgrim fathers is a story unparalleled in all the annals of history for the weakness of its beginning and the glory and grandeur of its victory. To the end of time, Xenophon's march of the 10,000 will fascinate mankind. But the young Grecians were soldiers, men of iron strength. They marched not toward the wilderness, savages, and certain death; they marched toward life, home, and all welcoming love. With absorbing interest also we follow the adventurous career of Cabot and Drake, Ponce de Leon, De Soto, and Champlain, in their search for gold and gems and the treasures hidden in the palaces of Peru; for fountains of eternal youth, and for the fame that has ever beguiled brave men. But no dream of power or wealth allured these Pilgrims forth. Our heroes unfurled their sails to leave behind gold, lands, ancestral halls, and resigned forever all thoughts of ease and luxury.

How many times through stately oration and thrilling narrative have our orators and editors rehearsed for us the story of that unique voyage? When eight fearful years had passed over the factories and fields of Leyden, we see the Pilgrim band marching down to the seashore. Taught by our artists, we see these brave men assembled in the cabin of the *Mayflower* to sign their compact and covenant.

And when for weeks the little ship has tossed up and down upon the tumultuous sea, upon the shortest day of all the year, midst drifting sleet and snow, we see two little boats pull through the surf at Plymouth, and jumping into the water, the men take the women and children in their arms, and carry them through the surf to the shore. What dangers were theirs, when the first arrows fell upon them from the Indians ambushed in the forest! How pathetic the stern record of that first Christmas morn in the new world!

What sorrow and suffering are revealed in the fact that when the second December came, half of the little company were sleeping beneath the winter's snow! As once that Scottish hero, fleeing from his enemies, sprang over the precipice above the sea and clung to a narrow ledge of rock, while his enemies above pelted him with sticks and clubs; so this frail band clung to the edge of the forest, while hail and snow, famine and pestilence, harrassed and assailed them. There on the edge of the forest we see the Pilgrim rearing his cabin, for the home is the first of his free institutions. We see him dedicating his little church and on Sunday morning standing before it as a sentinel, with rifle in his hand, keeping guard over wife and child while they worship God in peace. We see him completing the first schoolhouse and calling a meeting of the citizens to pass a law that when there are one hundred families they shall be taxed to fit the sons for college and found a university. We see them coming together in public to discuss all questions of government in the town meeting that was to be the germ and seed of all our social institutions. Truly, these were "famous men, by whom God hath gotten glory," of whom "the world has not been worthy."

For criticize him as we may, we must go back to the Puritan for the foundation of our social happiness and peace. If these men of granite were cold, be it remembered that the mountain peaks that are crowned with white are not low-browed. If the Puritans were simple folk and without the graces of the modern drawing-room, let it not be forgotten that Doric temples have their beauty through a column that represents a single shaft of white marble. Our heroic fathers doubtless were different from their children. But what if the generation of Bradford and Brewster differs from ours, as warships differ from pleasure yachts, as great organs differ from harps, as the oak and pine differ from the vines that cover them? For if the Puritan fathers were not ideal men, neither can their children lay claim to that high honor. Nor will the ideal man ever come until one rises up who, to the stern virtues of the Puritan, adds the grace and sweetness of modern life, carrying his strength up to beauty, inflicting sternness toward sympathy, clothed with integrity, that is spotless indeed, but having also sweet allurements. Happy indeed the man who, to the rock-like qualities of law and justice without, conceals the amethystine qualities of affection and sympathy in the heart within.

No character in history is more fascinating or picturesque than the Puritan of Massachusetts Bay. A stranger in a strange land he treads the soil with the air of a king. He

crossed the ocean to find not a democracy, but a theocracy, where the Scriptures should be a guide, not only to right living but to affairs of state, and where church membership should be a prerequisite to state membership. Within the government which he was to establish, the right to serve God was vouchsafed, not according to the dictates of the individual conscience but of the Puritan conscience. Within the limits of that narrow circle each man was responsible neither to pope, nor priest, nor bishop, but to his God. He stood erect, conscious of his divine origin and his divine mission. Life to him was a serious matter, and only the essentials warranted his attention.

Stern and rock-bound as the coast on which he had fixed his habitation, cheerless and forbidding as the wintry day on which the first Pilgrim foot had touched the western shore, yet the grandeur of his conception and the fearlessness of his purpose make him one of the conspicuous types of history. That type at the present day is extinct, as is the quaint speech in which the Puritan clothed his thoughts, and perhaps it is better so; each man for his age; but the sturdy strength of his character, the unswerving integrity of his life and the earnest, purposeful following of his ideal, trickling down through generation after generation, are the saving qualities in New England manhood and womanhood to-day.

IVY ODE

GERTRUDE JONES, '08

While the pathway before us lies bright,
 And memories sweet urge us on,
 We linger a moment to think
 Of the glad, happy days that are gone.
 With reverent, loyal hearts we bring,
 With a love that is full and free,
 To memory's shrine, this little vine,
 A symbol of loyalty.

With thy tendrils, O Ivy, enfold
 These walls to our hearts ever dear,
 And guard them thro' sunshine and storm
 When our class shall no longer be here.
 With hope and courage we'll upward climb
 To the realms that gleam bright and fair,
 Tho' the way be long, we'll still be strong
 As we trust in our Father's care.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, THE MAN AND THE AUTHOR

MARIAN E. FILES, '07

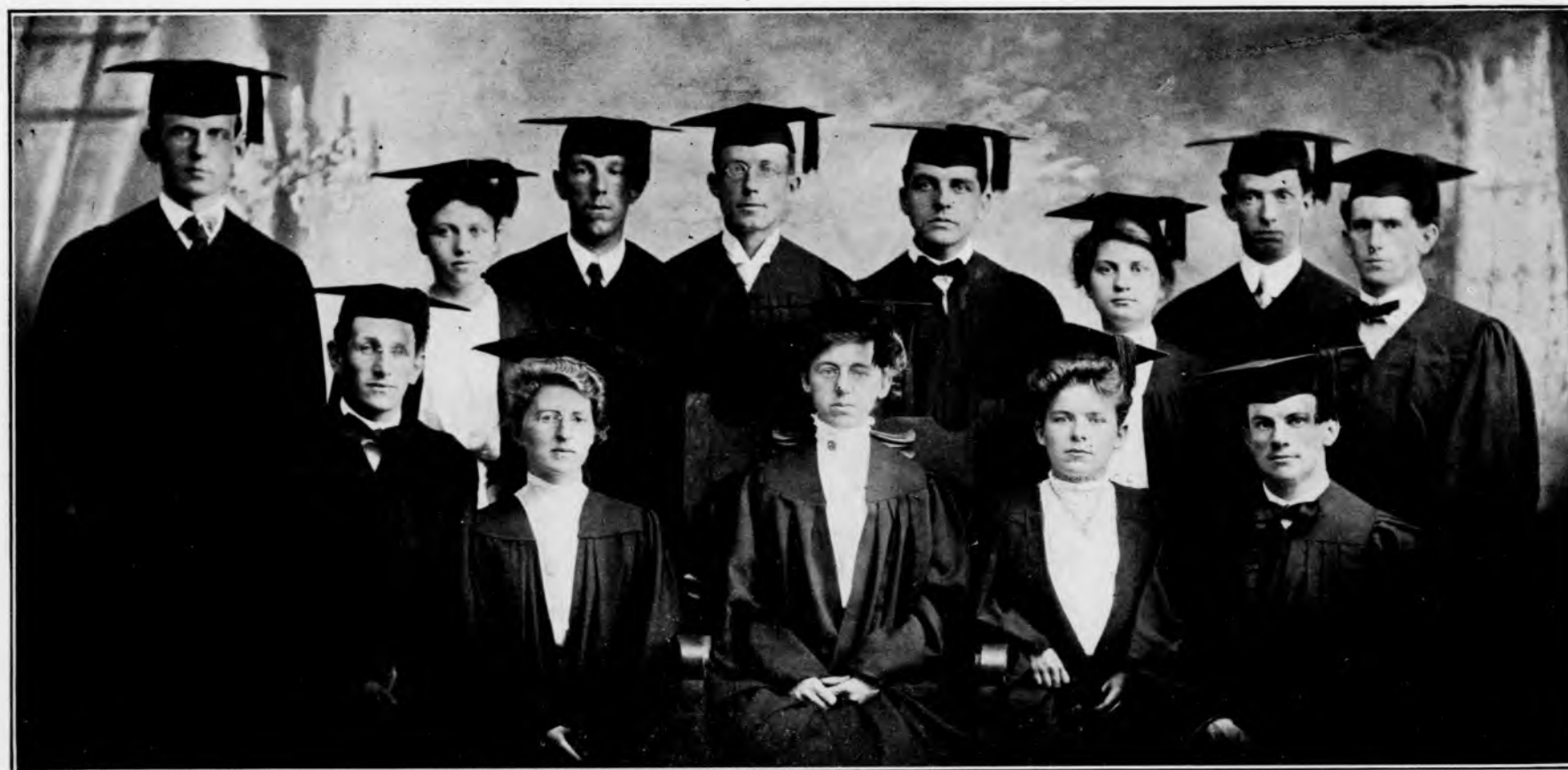
(Commencement Part)

IN THESE early years of the twentieth century when so much of our literature is the work of the amateur, we seek for those who reveal the spirit of the true author. Among the Jews we find such a one, a man with the "versatility of a genius," lecturer, poet, dramatist, essayist, and novelist—Israel Zangwill.

Zangwill, a man still in the youth of life's activity, was the son of a poor Jew in the Ghetto of the city of London. His early education was received in the Jewish Free School, where his brilliancy in scholarship foreshadowed his future glorious career. Against the disadvantages and hardships attending the advancement of a Jewish boy he fought his way, teaching school while studying for his degree from the London University. Early ambitious for a literary career, he gave up teaching at the age of twenty, and the later years of his life he has devoted to philanthropic and literary work. He has been one of the leaders of the great Zionist Movement, the gathering of the Jews from every land to a common Jerusalem, if not the old Jerusalem of Palestine, yet a chosen place somewhere called home. In the words of this great lover of his race: "If Israel is to live and speak again, it can only be on a soil of his own."

The possessor of striking features, long locks, aquiline nose, mobile mouth, this man has personal peculiarities which intensify his mighty individuality. Regardless of conventionalities, careless of dress, modest of bearing, he mingles with the world. When working on one of the inimitable productions of his pen, forgetful of others, oblivious of self, caring for naught save those creations of his fancy, he shuts himself away from the world, until a completed work meets his satisfaction. Well for himself, well for the world, that such intensity of exertion is not continuous.

His active career, lovingly devoted to his people, has been grandly supplemented by his literary work. True, like many another author who has dabbled in subjects beyond the pale of his intimate and accurate knowledge, Zangwill has produced works lacking the skill, the sympathetic touch of the Ghetto stories. His English novels are drawn less skilfully than the pictures of that Jewish life the author knows so well.



First Row—Davis, Pres.; Miss Churchill, Baccalaureate Hymn; Merrill, Pipe Oration; Jackson, Chaplain; Farnum, Halls and Campus;
Miss de Rochemont, History; Pendleton, Farewell Address; White, Class Hymn
Second Row—Whittum, Vice Pres.; Miss Quinby, Class Ode; Miss Ware, Prophecy; Miss Keist, Class Hymn; Wight, Address to
Undergraduates

The plots of the English stories, not strong, not ingenious, often tiresome, have one permeating unity, the unity of sadness, of disappointment, often of death, never of continued happiness. Recall the life of the heroine in "The Mantle of Elijah." Joyous, hopeful, ambitious for a career of usefulness, she marries the personification of selfishness. Her ambition becomes discouragement, her joy becomes sorrow, her love becomes hate, her hope becomes despair. In Zangwill's philosophy of life there is a profound significance in the words spoken by one of his characters: "A pure ideal is like pure alcohol—a poison."

But those stories, though striking, are not Zangwill's most characteristic work. When we hear the name of Israel Zangwill, to what do our thoughts revert? To his novels of English life, to his essays, to his poems? Ah, no. In our minds we see the Jewish Ghetto,—the rabbi, the schnorrer, the Shadchan. We enter the rich Jew's sumptuous home, the poor Jew's tenement rooms or hovel—home we cannot call it. We see the school wherein mingle the wealthy and the poverty-stricken, and the synagogue crowded with reverent worshippers. Yea, we tread the streets of a Jewish city, and breathe the spirit of the Ghetto.

We should laugh in surprise if we were asked if there were plot in human life, if there were unity in human experience. And yet, the unity of Israel Zangwill's Ghetto-stories is but the unity of life itself. He is criticised for portraying too many characters, but he is painting life, and life is not one character, or two, or three. It is life, and the life our artist draws is a life within a life, a city within a city, a nation within a nation. This life has its bad characters and its good, its saints and its villains. With the great characters of literature will live Esther, Salvina, Hannah and Debby, verily heroines of the Ghetto.

Zangwill paints life, nature but seldom, but when he does give us a picture from God's world, we are startled at the magnificent beauty and originality of it. We say, "Truly, the hand of a master." We wish he would give us more. "I strode past the old saw-mill, skirted the swampy border of the lake, came out on the firm green, when bang! zim! br-r-! a heavenly bolt of sunshine smashed through the raw mists, scattering them like a bomb to the horizon's rim; then with a sovereign calm the sun came out full, flooding hill and dale with luminous joy; the lake shimmered and flashed into radiant life, and gave back a great white cloud-island on a stretch of glorious blue."

We are studying a man who sees the tragedy of life, but who also sees its comedy, for mingled with his pessimism is

the wit of one of the keenest humorists of modern literature. The words of the serio-comic governess, that her life is "too horribly ludicrous," are confirmed by a critic who says of Zangwill: "He cannot paint the ludicrous without tinging it with sadness—with the deep-rooted sadness of the Jewish race; nor can he give vent to his human sympathies without having the tragic note drowned in the uncontrollable rush of his humor."

Israel Zangwill stands to-day in his life and in his works as the "unrivalled exponent of the modern Jew," as philosopher, as idealist, as reformer. May this ardent lover of his own people seeking for their emancipation from the shackles of hatred, attain the goal of his life, and may he reach the New Jerusalem of his dreams!

LAST CHAPEL RESPONSE

MABEL B. KEIST, '07

Lord, at thy throne we bow,
 In prayer to thee;
 Make us now pure in heart,
 From sin all free;
 Breathe thou thy Spirit, Lord,
 Spirit of power;
 Draw from our hearts, new songs
 Of praise each hour.

Sweet are the many ties
 That bind us fast,
 Sweet are the memories
 Of blessing past.
 Now, come anew with us
 Abide, dear Lord,
 Come with thy tender love,
 Thou gracious Word.

HISTORY OF 1907

FANNY DE ROCHEMONT

LONG ago in the dim, dark ages of history, a little band of pilgrims doomed to four years of pitiful wanderings and struggles, and the most intense confinement and restraint, disembarked on the shores of Lewiston. They had

gathered from all over the continent, drawn by a common bond, the cultivation of all that is worthy of development. Full of hope but modest, almost fearful, they entered upon this new life. Let us follow them in their course and see by what paths they attained this marvellous perfection, after which they were striving, for attain it they did the most scrupulous must admit. Their methods are not always the wisest, their plans and projects are often faulty, but the end reached is what counts after all, so be charitable toward whatever is unworthy of commendation and look with a kindly eye upon their brief career.

The natives of this country where our heroes landed, especially a certain class, were at that time slightly jealous of the latest arrivals and took the earliest opportunity to maintain their formerly undisputed sovereignty of the community. This superiority was decided by a somewhat crude athletic exhibition called in those early days a baseball game. Elaborate preparations were made for the event, and much practice was put in the execution of curves, catches and strikes. The participants and spectators were gorgeously decorated in honor of the occasion, the prominent colors being white and blue tastefully interwoven with garnet. Suffice it to say that in spite of all efforts to the contrary the natives still maintained their supremacy by an indisputable score.

As all the inhabitants of this fabulous country seemed to have divided themselves into three distinct classes, the newcomers organized into what they, too, called a class and all events henceforth took place in the name of this body, commonly referred to as the "Class of 1907." Through deep interest in the members of this class my narrative at times falls into the first person, making it often incoherent.

Class rides were early found to be a favorite and beneficial form of diversion and became so popular that they regularly took place twice every year in the Fall and in the Spring. The first of these was the famous ride to Lake Auburn with that dear leader of so many classes, Professor Stanton. Even now the members of the class were not mutually acquainted, but climbing Mt. Gile, visiting the Fish Hatcheries and eating lunch under the trees were not conducive to standing upon ceremony, and a more tired but far happier crowd returned that night than started out in the morning.

About a month later a Hallowe'en party was given, this, too, in Auburn. The records of all such occasions are from their inherent nature obscure and mysterious, but we find that each of the assembled company had a bright future

foretold for him, and there is a rumor that the crowd after tricks and games of all sorts so far departed from all laws of etiquette as to sit on the floor and eat refreshments.

The second class ride soon after was to No Name Pond, with Professor Stanton again. This was equally successful with the first in every respect, and is remembered particularly because of the large number of birds which were recognized on the long walk to the pond.

In August while the class was separated for vacation came the sad news of Amie Clark's death. This was one of the greatest losses that we have had both as a class and as individuals. Attractive and talented in so many ways, she was such a help to all with whom she came in contact. Her death was but symbolic of her life and the thought best suited to her life as to her death is the one which she herself had marked in the Bible: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

After the peaceful rest of a summer the members of the class were admitted to the next stage of civilization known as Sophomorehood. During this period they strictly adhered to the doctrine always so well defended by them,—discretion and deliberation rather than rash action which might be regretted later. Always acting with calm judgment that only true wisdom can foster—sterling qualities so weakly illustrated in the first publication of the entering class of that year and strengthened but little by them in the four years for which we subscribed to it. At this stage the class was almost immediately called upon to defend its honor against these intruders who took the place just vacated by them. The baseball contest was repeated and the "'07 luck" did not fail.

A class ride to Bath and a Hallowe'en party at East Auburn followed in quick succession. Many were the thrilling adventures of that ride. Some knights in sombre black and white armor attempted to capture the class ensign, and the foiling of this terrible assault was celebrated by an open air banquet in Merrymeeting Park. A "Jumbo" was lured from its native abode by the car track but its transportation and maintenance proved too expensive to be practical. There was a long walk after leaving the car which carried the party off for Hallowe'en but all were well repaid by the sight of the large, comfortable house where a jolly evening was spent. Illustrated songs first became popular on this night and the long shed furnished ample accommodations for more æsthetic forms of amusement.

At the successful termination of that inevitable ordeal known as "Sophomore Debates," an eve of rejoicing was

decreed. This took the form of a reception to Professor McNeill in humble gratitude for his part in the safe deliverance of the afflicted from this evil. The whole affair was voted one of the most successful informal good times in our history.

The boys who helped decorate chapel for the Juniors' Ivy Day so exerted themselves that some reward was unanimously decided to have been earned. Accordingly a party was given in their honor at Rand Hall, breaking all time-honored precedents by occurring during that period of solemn sobriety called test week.

The class ride at Maranocook is remembered by the great opportunities for boating which were improved there and the ride to Gurnet, the next Fall by that sparkling "Spring" which so refreshed those thirsty explorers on the woodland trail.

After the Hallowe'en party at Sabattus a party at Caroline Chase's and one at Marian Files' were the chief diversions of the Winter and early Spring, also several gatherings at William Whittum's house sometimes with practical and again with social aims.

The class ride to Squirrel Island is probably the most successful one which the class ever had. The trip down was thoroughly enjoyable and with Bath and Brunswick as side issues the opportunities of the whole day were fully appreciated.

Ivy Day brought to a fitting close our third year of active life. With the most becoming dignity we donned our caps and gowns and assumed for the first time the position and air of Seniors.

Vacation once more and we were Seniors in earnest with the weight of all traditional dignity and grandeur to be sustained on our young shoulders so little prepared for added responsibility.

Among the girls one of the first social gatherings of the year was an informal reception at the dormitory to meet Miss Norris and Miss Britan who had so recently joined us. That afternoon was certainly much enjoyed by all the girls and by the guests of honor as well if any conclusions may be drawn from the time and work that they spent in preparation for the Licksillet Sunday School Picnic given soon after to the Senior girls. Guided by those phonetic and lucid signs we wended our way to the picnic ground and—was there a rumor that our costumes and even the actions of some were not strictly in accordance with those assigned to the role of Seniors? Well, anyway, we could afford to slacken that awful tension for just one night and what a

relief it was! The program, at least, was dignified and classic, showing talents that lacked only the most earnest cultivation.

We had shortly before this been to Gurnet on a class ride. Here we were chaperoned by Miss Norris and Miss Britan and not the least important feature of the day's program was the corn roast that preceded dinner.

Hallowe'en once more drew near and the last party at Frost Park was the best one of our course. The place afforded all that could be wished for in any kind of amusement, and surely no one was tired even if so much work was necessary that afternoon to get ready for the evening's fun. Many hands and feet make light work.

In January once more death took away one of our classmates under the saddest circumstances that could possibly exist. Only six months from graduation, with so many friends dependent upon her, and everything to look forward to, surely it was hard to realize that Jo would never be with us here again. Her character, strong and pure in itself, in turn strengthened and elevated those with whom she associated, and of no one was it ever more truly said, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

During the Winter snow-shoeing was a favorite form of sport and many were the jolly parties that returned breathless and excited from long tramps only to hurry up to the hall for luncheon and entertainment. A most delightful trip in February was the sleighing party to Poland Spring which the Milliken girls enjoyed. Among the amusements of this term we must not forget the millinery opening at Cheney where so many becoming styles were designed, nor the party given by Lillian Latham at Milliken to the Senior girls in the dormitories, and last but not least those festive occasions of which only the name remains to posterity, the banquets of the Reform and the Anti-Reform Clubs at Lake Grove.

Our orators have been famous during our whole history. Aside from the most eloquent customary proscribed declamations and debates we furnished during our Junior and Senior years a team of which everyone had just reason to be proud in the Vermont and Clark debates.

In athletics while the quantity of the material has not been great, we have had many men of quality on every team, football, baseball, basketball, track and tennis. In every form we have had individual stars and point winners. Nor have all these talents been confined to the men. In future days we shall also proudly rehearse to wondering throngs the tales of how 1907 and 1909 vanquished their opponents

in a thrilling Ping Pong Footfall game by only one touch-down and how a baseball team composed of the Faculty athletes themselves won from the inexperienced Seniors by the close score of 11 to 9.

The last term has come and receptions, parties and last times galore. At Prof. Stanton's house we spent a most enjoyable evening examining and admiring his collections and curios. How could one but enjoy what that dear soul took so much pleasure in planning?

The class ride this Spring is again to Squirrel Island. A perfect day which each enjoys in his own way. It is not noisy and tiresome but each one seems to appreciate a quiet day, the last time the class as a whole will ever take a similar trip.

Departing from custom this year the class has two receptions at President Chase's instead of one. Can the girls ever forget that horrible sensation when they were auctioned off to the highest bidder like antique furnishings long since out of date? And how enviously we watched the prize couples in the cake walk. Why did we not rather carry off the blue ribbons?

The course is ended as far as the past is concerned. Much remains untold but it must ever be so,—some is forgotten, some we have tried to forget, and some we cannot forget. The four years given to our improvement have passed, As we go some one way, some another, may no tidings ever return to these grounds of less honorable acts than have been done while we were here, by any member of the Class of 1907.

PROPHECY OF THE CLASS OF 1907

BY ANNIE E. WARE

THROUGH long cycles of ages I have wandered about this world. In China, Egypt, India, in every land I have lived out the allotted fourscore years. All knowledge is mine, the beginnings, the ways, the ends, all the mysteries of life are known to me. As priestess, oracle, wizard, seer, I have known all, understood and interpreted for those whose visits to this world are transient, ill-defined and with difficulty understood.

This once in all my long existence I find my task a hard one. The webs the Fates are weaving for you are not all beautiful and perfect,—some are of dark, black threads, in some there are flickers of bright and beautiful hues but the

patterns are rude and unlovely, only a few are like the dream pictures of the artist perfect in color and in pattern.

Ah, well! since you will have it so, I needs must tell you the secrets of your future. In all the manners known to men of all the ages; in the trance, in visions, in dreams, in the magic mirror, in the crystal ball, in the stars in a thousand ways I have learned the stories of your futures.

It was fitting that the stars should reveal the future of our President. On the day of his birth a magnificent constellation of thirty stars in the outline of a scroll appeared in the heavens. In the scroll I read of the world's great law-giver, Mr. Davis, whose astute mind will have formulated, before his thirtieth year, The Perfect Code, which will pertain to all matters secular and spiritual. Mr. Davis will be the first member of the law firm of Davis & Corson, his office will very appropriately be in Rome, Mr. Corson having charge of the branch office in Tierra del Fuego.

The stars, my mirror, my crystal, availed me not at all when I would have known your life's work, Mr. Aldrich. But one dreary, stormy night while in a trance I saw you, Mr. Rich, Mr. Johnson and Mr. Ramsdell in the mountains of Tibet wearily, year after year, searching for Mr. Kelly, who had been ensnared by a little Mongolian maiden, while on a visit to the Grand Llama at L'Hasa.

In the heart of the Crystal Ball the drama of Ethel Davis' life was enacted for me. While still a sweet girl graduate she will wed one fifty years her senior. Within the year, having wept over his remains, as a gay young widow with a fortune, she will begin her annual trotting about this globe, with never an end to her journey.

After this drama the Crystal grew hazy, a glow of light appeared in its center. The light increased and spread through the whole ball, then suddenly, when I could not tell, Christy stood in the center of the light smiling out a welcome to me. It was the light of a cottage hearth, Christy, and you were welcoming me to your ain fireside and your children were clustered around you.

The light faded away and the ball grew dark at the center. Gradually the darkness formed into a dark, grim building set in the midst of a barren, desolate plain. The home of The Brethren of the Broken Faith. As I gazed, one by one, in their monk-like garb, the brethren came out of the portal, Boak, Freese, McIntyre, Farnham, I recognized them all. Bound together by many ties of a common experience, their one vow was to live in celibacy till eternity. Following far behind came Wells, not one of the brethren, for he would not take the solemn vow, but chef for the Brotherhood.

Ivy Day



First Row—Guy Tuttle, Toast “Our Girls”; Gertrude L. Jones, Ivy Ode; Alice J. Dinsmore, Class Ode; Marion R. Dexter, Toast “Our Athletes”; Izora D. Shorey, Toast “Our Boys”; Leroy B. Fraser, Marshal; Neil E. Stevens, Toastmaster; Thomas S. Bridges, Class Orator

Second Row—William V. Sweetland, Chaplain; Harold B. Pingree, Toast “Sociability”; Mabel W. Foster, Music for Ivy Ode; Sue L. Hinks, Toast “Faculty”; Arthur L. Harris, Pres.; Elizabeth W. Anthony, Class Poem; Fred R. Noble, Toast “Our Musicians”

I consulted the stars as to your future, Frances, and I marveled at the magnitude of your greatness. For I read in your horoscope that you would become the greatest actress in tragedy, which you would write yourself.

I wondered then, who else in our class would tread the boards; so I asked my magic mirror the question. A red and yellow poster met my astonished gaze.

COMING! COMING! COMING!

JULY 1ST, 1915,

AT

LAKE GROVE.

BATES SPECIALTY COMPANY

MISS RENA MERRILL,

The world's famous mimic and imitator.

WIGHT AND WHITE,

Acrobats and tumblers.

MISSES FRENCH AND IRISH,

Song and dance specialists.

THE GRIFFINS,

*In a funny farce entitled "The Nations," costumes imported,
all nations represented, lightning change artists.*

E. COLSON,

The famous boy musician, manager and band director.

And what of Jerry Holmes? I asked. He had some histrionic talent. Then a cutting from the *New York American* appeared:

"My lady no longer goes to Paris for her gowns. The productions sent forth from the millinery parlors and dress-making establishment of Mr. Jerome Holmes out-rival in beauty and effectiveness all foreign productions."

The next glimpse the mirror gave me of our class was one fraught with sadness and pain for me. I saw a prison corridor and behind the bars in the cell on my right I saw the once innocent face of Mr. Whittum. As I looked, my heart full of sorrow, a voice whispered to me, "This is Billy Whittum, gentleman sneak-thief and robber." "Look across the way," continued the voice. Ah, sad it is to tell! There I saw Mr. Morrill leaning idly against the iron bars talking with Billy, no doubt of college days. "Smooth confidence

man, promoter of wildcat schemes and here for ten years for counterfeiting" the voice told me.

Careful record of my visions and dreams have I kept since it was decreed I should be your prophetess. Thrice I have had the same dream concerning Miss de Rochemont. I saw her starting on a journey clad in dark blue and accompanied by an attentive, portly gentleman; her wedding journey to her home in a New York flat; her noble husband, a New York alderman.

Last fall a strange vision came to me and now in the presence of Misses Bickford, Porter, Walsh, Ring and Donnell it comes to me again. I see them touring the world in an automobile which bears on its high sides these words: "Rockefeller Light Dispensing Mission." At every stopping place they deliver addresses on "The Unrivalled Light Dispenser" and give away sample lamps. Mr. Foster acts as chauffeur *en route* and guardian in case of grand rushes.

A placid, care-free life do I predict for Mr. Bottomly, who will ply the cobbler's trade; but long will his life be and in the next century he will be the sage of the people.

Little know I of Mr. Turner, only this, no fame will come to him but he will be father of kings. And of Mr. Hemingway, I can say but this, inspired of the gods, he will be the poet of the age and write the most entertaining love poems.

I searched far and wide for knowledge of your fate, Miss Pattangall, and only at the middle hour of last night did this vision come to me. You are to live in a little house on the car track and your mission will be to journey through Maine collecting data for the Department of Sociology of this college.

Ah, Julia! a sad story is yours. I dread to relate it. A dark, dim garret will be your home, a wailing cry for bread will be constantly in your ears while you listen for a noisy, stumbling step on the stairs, all the time stitching, stitching, your needle singing the song of the shirt, but no song in your heart.

One night as I wandered in spirit through the world of to-morrow, I came to a stately mansion; over the door were these words, "Let She who enters here leave thoughts of Him behind." I entered and wandered through many rooms, feminine to every detail. Finally, in a sunny breakfast room I found the inmates grouped about the open fire each with a cup of tea in her hand and a cat in her lap. They all welcomed me warmly, for they were my old friends, Florence Lamb, Mabel Keist, Marion Files, Emily Willard and Abby Morse.

Sad as it is, it is true some of the noble company will fall.

from grace and some degenerate. Messrs. Frost and Jackson will fail in their chosen professions and earn a dubious living running a roller-skating rink at summer resorts. And there is Mr. Pendleton, the tale of his stars is also sad. At fifty he will develop new traits and become in a night, a sporting gentleman, owning fast horses, racing automobiles and winning great amounts on his bets.

'Tis good that the stars have shown that some will rise to heights almost sublime.

Mr. Rochford will write a book that will make his fortune. Its title will be "She and Her Wiles and Ways." Then he will retire from active life and build him a house back of Garcelon Field.

But the Great American Novel will be produced by Mr. Palmer, who will use for his heroine a typical Bates girl, and his hero a Bates professor.

In the stars I read the prophecy of a year of great peril for our country, when foreign relations will be all in a tangle. By the noble sacrifice of our Miss Burns the situation will be saved. For she will become the wife of the Sultan of Turkey, sharing the honors of Sultana with his other twenty-two wives.

It pleased me to learn of another noble success in our class. Mr. Rogers for seventy years will hold the editorships of *Punch* and *Judge*, spending half of each week in England and half in the United States. His journeys back and forth will be in an airship captained by Mr. Hoyt.

The stars favor Mr. Prock who will win renown and fame and by his astronomical work at Harvard will reorganize the universe.

One day in a trance I sent my spirit abroad to find for me the plans to be filled by such of my friends as my crystal knew not of. I travelled over far stretches of land and sea until I came to a small island in the South Seas. There a vision of the future came to and in a hut of bamboo I saw Miss Hopkins teaching the natives the art of singing.

To the East my spirit journeyed on and in the land of the ancients I found Mr. Bowman, studying Sanskrit, Hebrew, Egyptian, Syrian and Phoenician and digging in the deserts for lost cities.

Then my spirit drawn by sweet strains, travelled overland to Bayreuth, where a grand concert was in progress. Miss Chase, violinist, Miss Churchill, reader, Miss Quinby, pianist, and Miss Parker, soloist.

Finally, I returned to the home land again, there to find that a long-felt want was soon to be filled. For Miss Hillman, immediately upon graduating from college, will enter

upon a dirt-extermimating crusade in the slums of New York.

One day with Mr. Caswell in mind I took my magic mirror up and uttered his name. It broke in a thousand pieces.

As I stooped to pick up the pieces I heard a voice speaking as from a distance. "Perley Caswell is a man with a lost ambition and therefore he is doomed. An optimist he will be in his last days and preach this truth: "The world is only half bad and that half capable of reform if woman undertakes the task."

As I fitted the pieces of my mirror together I found myself gazing into the sober countenance of Mr. Merrill. As the mirror grew under my hands I found Mr. Merrill surrounded by a group of little red-headed urchins; I gazed in wonder at the picture and the appearance of these words underneath solved the riddle. "Mr. Lee Merrill, Bates, 1907, is engaged in an unique work. He has founded an asylum for boys with fiery locks, the primary purpose being to tone down their dispositions and send them out into the world when of age with hair warranted never to grow thin."

In the heart of the crystal I read the future of Miss Latham. For twenty-five years she will be state superintendent of schools and then she will be called to occupy the editor's chair of the *Harper's Magazine*.

In the midst of my sorrow at leaving this noble institution, I was comforted somewhat by the intuitive knowledge that I should leave two of my classmates behind. Mr. Sullivan, it is your lot to take a progressive course in this your *Alma Mater*, and graduate a second time in 1910. To Mr. Morse is left the physical welfare and happiness of those we leave behind. His place of business will be the old Piærian room and his stock in trade, peanuts, candy, ice-cream and pink lemonade.

Ask no more of me, my classmates, it would only sadden you to know the inevitable. I will bring you what joy and cheer I can as I make my annual round of visits among you.

CLASS ODE

BY ALICE ROSE QUINBY, '07

When the sunset ends the day,
 And the roseate fades to gray,
 Twilight falls and all is dark
 In the evening sky,
 But the world remains not drear,

Through the blackness soon appear
 Silvery blossoms of the sky
 The stars of Light Divine.

Now our college days are o'er,
 Naught is as it was before,
 Sunset of our golden days,
 Twilight of our youth,
 As we face the future dark,
 May there bloom in every heart
 Hope and faith in Love Divine,
 His stars of heavenly truth.

Full our hearts within us swell,
 Sad this moment of farewell,
 Sunny days at college spent,
 Future dark and drear,
Alma Mater, one last look,
 Lo, our grief dost thou rebuke,
 Onward, courage, faith and hope,
 With thee, our sponsor dear.

ADDRESS TO HALLS AND CAMPUS

BY LOUIS B. FARNHAM, '07

SWEET memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
 Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail
 To view the fairy haunts of long-lost hours
 Blessed with far greener shades, far lovelier flowers."

The sentiment of these lines finds an echo in every life. Memory is ever drawing the curtain of the Past, and bidding us to look upon the days that used to be,—days whose hours, whether dark or bright, loom beautiful "through the softening haze of time." Memory is ever calling back to old familiar scenes, back to the haunts of childhood, those whom the tide of years has borne far from the spot where life began.

To us, about to bid farewell to these time-worn halls, this campus with its cooling shade and familiar paths, what memories come flooding back,—hours care-free and joyful; autumn nights when we gathered on the campus around heaps of burning leaves and broke the evening stillness with our college songs,—victories that thrilled us, that made our halls and campus resound with many a glad cheer, victories

proclaimed by the peal of the chapel bells, victories whose spirit broke into flame on yonder hill-top. Then, too, memories of another nature come—lessons of truth and honor learned within these halls; friendships undying that will strengthen with the years,—and to some there come memories too sacred to speak of here.

Nor are these ours alone. No sweeter are the flowers of June, no greener the foliage of these maples and elms than are the memories that cling about these old halls. Break your silence, O ye Halls, and tell us of other scenes like this,—of classes that have come and gone before our day; of other sons and daughters of Bates who share the memories that we hold dear. Tell us, O Halls, of your beginning—the story of your life; who were they that laid your corner stones? Men whose actions were prompted by sacrifice—who gladly gave that we might receive. Their lives are still to the children of Bates a benediction.

Because of these associations and these cherished memories our halls and campus throw about us an enchantment that is undying; we have for them an affection that is enduring. We love them all, and yet it is Hathorn that claims our greatest reverence. It was there we first assembled as a class and there last we shall separate. As if it were yesterday, we can remember that first day of college life, when hesitatingly, expectantly, we climbed the chapel stairs. There we have performed our daily tasks; we have met struggle, disappointment, failure,—all of which have played their part in preparing us for life. There, too, other lives, nobler and better than our own, have touched ours, have given us support, sympathy, power. A work-shop where our characters have been moulded, our destinies shaped, Hathorn's very life has been inseparable from our own.

Soon other halls more beautiful than these will be added to our campus. Even now, in fancy, we can hear the workmen laying the foundation stones for our auditorium. But these old halls will ever have the favored place in our lives; they will always hold for us a hidden beauty surpassing that of any other structures that shall grace our college grounds. Bright is the vision of your future, dear Bates. On every hand men, dominated by the spirit of your founders, are coming to your aid. In thy prosperous years we implore thee, remain true to thy lofty principles! May those who come when we have gone find the same Bates that we have known.

O, *Alma Mater*, our years with you are ended. Soon these familiar scenes will pass from our sight. Soon other

students will take our places here. In a few fleeting years, if we return, strangers will greet us on these paths and in these halls. But as we look into their faces, we shall see those whom we used to know; in the hum of their voices we shall hear but the echoes of other days.

Dear Halls and Campus, we would linger here, but the voice of the world is calling us to go, and e'er we part, cherishing past memories, saddened by the thoughts of separation, hoping for thy future, we bid thee farewell.

LOUIS BENDING FARNHAM, 1907.

FAREWELL ADDRESS—CLASS DAY

JOHN S. PENDLETON

“This is truth, the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.”

TIME in its hurried flight compels us to move on. Our college days are past and we as members of the Class of 1907, stand at the Commencement door of life. Erelong we must enter in. A few short hours hence and hurrying trains will bear us to new and wider fields of activity. The parting word alone remains unsaid.

For the past twelve months we have watched leaf after leaf of the book of college life turned and strange has it seemed to us as we have said repeatedly, “It is for the last time.” Even the tones of the old chapel bell have taken on a new significance as we have realized that they shall sound for us no longer; but that others shall hear the summons and obey.

Our years of preparation are past and now we stand at the door of limitless opportunity. We are not downcast or sorrowful. Why should we be? Life lies before us and in the full strength of manhood and womanhood we stand ready to lay claim to the heritage which is ours. The well-developed and trained athlete never fears the struggle of the race. On the contrary he is eager for the trial of strength and skill. Even so as we look ahead over the course we feel new blood and fresh life surging in our veins and we are eager for the trial. As hounds held in the leash we have fretted and chafed under restraint waiting for release. Not that we are anxious to be done with the privileges of college life, but rather because

we seek trial in the world's refining furnace, that we may know how much gold or dross there is in each of us.

And so the hour draws nigh in which the ties of four years' association must be forever broken. For many of us these days together have been bright and pleasant and we have truly basked in the sunlight of youth's happiness. For some there have been days dark and stormy when joy seemed but a superficial thing. Yet with all whether we look back over sunshine or cloud, whether we recall the little habits and customs at which we so often grumbled or the great fundamental principles we have learned, nevertheless we know that deep in our hearts there is a tie that binds us to the college and each other.

And now farewell, familiar spots endeared by fond associations; recitation halls in which we have learned the truths of God and of His Universe; kind friends and advisors whose personal influence has enriched our lives. Yes, farewell to *all* that makes and holds Bates dear.

Classmates: In these days in which we have just begun to know each other we must separate. Like a flash our days of acquaintance have passed. In the words of Longfellow's Evangeline we are like

"Ships that pass in the night and speak each other in passing,
Only a message of light, then darkness again, and a silence."



Commencement Orations



First Row—Miss Chase Pendleton Miss Quinby Davis Miss Latham Farnum
Second Row—Jackson Miss Walsh Heminway Miss Files

SUMMARY OF THE SENIOR CLASS

NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	HOME ADDRESS	INTENDED OCCUPATION
John Howard Adams	Oct. 27, '85	Lewiston	Teaching
Guy Von Aldrich	June 29, '82	Newark, Ver.	Ministry
Maud Barbara Bickford	Feb. 10, '83	Lewiston	Teaching
Edward Kendrick Boak	Mar. 29, '82	Lewiston	Teaching
William Mitchell Bottomley	Sept. 16, '79	Lewiston	Teaching
Herbert Emmanuel Bowman	Oct. 9, '80	Vinalhaven, Me.	Business
Louise Hawthorne Burns	Oct. 21, '84	Westbrook, Me.	Teaching
Frank Perley Caswell	Apr. 2, '84	New Sharon, Me.	Teaching
Caroline Wood Chase	Apr. 3, '86	Lewiston	Undecided
Alice Walker Churchill	Feb. 5, '85	Brunswick	Teaching
Julia Trott Clason	Apr. 8, '85	Gardiner	Teaching
Ephraim Perry Colson	Sept. 11, '82	Rockland	Undecided
Linwood Ernest Corson	Sept. 30, '79	Skowhegan	Law
Emily Christina Davis	Sept. 13, '83	Rochester, N. H.	Teaching
Ethel Johnson Davis	June 20, '84	Portsmouth, N. H.	Teaching
Harlow Morrell Davis	Mar. 9, '85	Augusta	Law
Nellie Maude Donnell	Oct. 4, '85	Lewiston	Teaching
Louis Bending Farnham	Dec. 29, '79	Orland, Me.	Teaching
Marion Edna Files	Nov. 7, '85	Lewiston	Teaching
Eugene Stuart Foster	July 4, '83	Burnham, Me.	Teaching
Earl Percy Freese,	Oct. 31, '83	East Dedham, Mass.	Teaching
Maude Belle French	Apr. 5, '86	Auburn, Me.	Teaching
Harold Ionel Frost	Nov. 3, '86	Bowdoinham, Me.	Missionary Work
Bryant Wade Griffin	May 17, '85	Keuka Park, N. Y.	Newspaper Work
Mona Ruth Griffin	June 27, '87	Keuka Park, N. Y.	Kindergarten Work
Frankie Lawrence Griffin	Jan. 7, '82	Keuka Park, N. Y.	Secretarial Work
Robert Lynn Heminway	July 4, '83	Indian Falls, N. Y.	Business
Sarah Alice Hillman	July 20, '84	Hardwick, Mass.	Teaching
Jerome Crane Holmes	Sept. 30, '85	Lincoln, Me.	Ministry
Ruby Estelle Hopkins	May 21, '85	Providence, R. I.	Teaching
Guy William Hoyt	May 4, '85	Pittsfield, N. H.	Undecided
Gertrude Hall Irish	Mar. 10, '85	Auburn, Me.	Teaching
Frank Ward Jackson	Aug. 17, '75	Wiscasset, Me.	Teaching
Elmer Keyes Johnson	Oct. 14, '83	Machias, Me.	Prof. B. B. and teaching

SUMMARY OF THE SENIOR CLASS (Continued)

NAME	DATE OF BIRTH	HOME ADDRESS	INTENDED OCCUPATION
Mabel Beatrice Keist	July 5, '85	Auburn, Me.	Teaching
Fred Grant Kelley	April 9, '85	Lubec, Me.	Undecided
Florence Edith Lamb	Aug. 8, '84	Spencer, Mass.	Teaching
Lillian Lawrence Latham	May 4, '78	East No. Yarmouth, Me.	Teaching
Joseph Henry McIntyre	Aug. 11, '82	Whitefield, N. H.	Teaching
Lee Merrill	Sept. 5, '83	Anson, Me.	Business
Rena Maud Merrill	Mar. 13, '86	Gardiner, Me.	Teaching
True Clifford Morrill	May 3, '84	Gray, Me.	Teaching
Abbie Luella Morse	June 21, '83	Auburn, Me.	Undecided
Ernest James Morse	May 30, '79	St. Johnsbury, Vt.	Undecided
Geo. Washington Palmer	May 10, '84	Somersworth, N. H.	Undecided
Cora Belle Parker	Mar. 30, '84	Spencer, Mass.	Teaching
Katharine Jean Pattangall	May 6, '86	Pembroke, Me.	Teaching
John Scott Pendleton	Mar. 6, '84	Cambridge, Mass.	Ministry
Mabel Maud Porter	Aug. 12, '83	Eustis, Me.	Teaching
Granville Albert Prock	Oct. 6, '67	Lincolnton, Me.	Teaching
Alice Rose Quinby	Apr. 6, '85	Cumberland Mills, Me.	Teaching
Sherman Rodman Ramsdell	July 26, '87	West Lubec, Me.	Undecided
Nathan Harold Rich	Mar. 19, '81	Charleston, Me.	Teaching
Elizabeth Mabel Ring	Dec. 27, '85	Auburn	Undecided
Frances Estella Robinson	May 30, '86	Lewiston, Me.	Librarian
Fannie Geraldine de Rochemont	June 20, '86	Portsmouth, N. H.	Teaching
Frances Joseph Rochford	Dec 5, '81	Newton Lower Falls, Mas	Teaching
Frank Leston Rogers	Feb. 11, '84	Everett, Mass.	Medicine
Josephine Angeline Sanderson	Oct. 7, '84	East Waterford, Me.	Teaching
Walter Edward Sullivan	July 22, '85	Houlton, Me.	Medicine
Chas. Oscar Turner	July 29, '76	Lewiston, Me.	Teaching
Anna Fleming Walsh	Aug. 1, '86	Lewiston, Me.	Teaching
Amy Estella Ware	July 23, '80	Bangor, Me.	Teaching
Charles Albert Wells	May 1, '80	No. Bridgton, Me.	Teaching
Dorrance Stinchfield White	June 16, '83	Madelia, Minn.	Teaching
William Henry Whittum	Oct. 26, '84	Lewiston, Me.	Business
Lawrence Norman Wight	Feb. 22, '81	Gorham, N. H.	Teaching
Emily Rosamond Willard	Dec. 24, '84	So. Portland, Me.	Teaching

BATES STUDENT

EDITORIAL BOARD

NEIL E. STEVENS, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

PERCY C. CAMPBELL

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ELISABETH ANTHONY

MARION DEXTER

HARRIET RAND

GRACE HOLBROOK, '09

JOHN SAWYER, '09

GRACE ARCHIBALD, '10

CLARENCE P. QUIMBY, '10

WINSLOW G. SMITH, BUSINESS MANAGER

CHARLES ROSELAND, ASSISTANT

EDITORIALS

Honor System

Cribbing on examinations is undoubtedly one of the most injurious practices of college life. It is an injury to the person who practices it for obvious reasons. It is an injury to the person who does his work honestly; it makes the conditions of competition unequal and gives an unfair advantage to the unscrupulous student. And it is an injury to the institution since it enables incompetent and dishonest students to graduate. Consequently, anything which will stop such a practice is a decided benefit to the college and every one in it.

Probably the most effective way of remedying this evil is by the so-called "honor system" now being tried in several colleges. As we understand it, an honor system involves the following conditions:

Any student (except a Freshman) who is convicted of cheating on examinations is at once expelled from college. Any Freshman so convicted is suspended for one year. The decision in either case is announced to the student body in chapel.

Every student is responsible for the enforcement of these regulations and any student who sees cheating on an examination and does not report it is subject to the same punishment as the offender.

The administration of penalties is in charge of a committee elected from students of the two upper classes, and no instructor, under any conditions, is present during examination periods.

Of course an honor system is practicable only when backed by a right sentiment on the part of the students, and it furnishes for the students a character training of the severest sort. But the honor system is defensible on purely practical grounds, as it is the only effective way of insuring fairness on examination; thus giving those who do their work honestly a fair chance, and preserving the reputation of the college.

Bates ought to be the first of the Maine colleges to try the honor system because it has always been the boast of Bates men that *character* counted first of all here, and because here at Bates the honor system might profitably be extended outside the examination room.



LOCALS

[Because of the absence of Mr. Stevens, Mr. Quimby has had charge of the locals for this issue.—ED.]

Prof. Stanton to Senior Class

Professor Stanton gave his annual entertainment to the Senior Class, Thursday evening, June 6, at his home on Main Street. The reception was well attended nearly every member of the class being present. The class reported a very pleasant evening with the "dear old Professor" who is so well known to us all.

Miss Chase to the Senior Class

Miss Caroline Chase gave the members of her class a very pleasing reception at her home on Frye Street, Monday evening, June 17. The presence of President Chase, who had just returned from his long absence, made the evening doubly enjoyable. The time was mostly spent in recounting the happy incidents of the four years which the class had spent at Bates.

Last Chapel

The Seniors attended their last chapel, Tuesday morning, June 18. President Davis presided over the exercises in the chapel. Dorance S. White played the chapel hymn composed by himself. Prayer was offered by Frank W. Jackson. Led by William Whitum as marshal, the Seniors marched out of the chapel and arranged themselves along the chapel steps. The Juniors followed, led by Fraser. Following them were the Sophomores led by Boothby and the Freshmen led by Jordan. When all the students had lined up outside the three lower classes cheered the Seniors who cheered them each in turn. The exercises closed with class and college yells.

Ivy Day

The Juniors held very impressive exercises at the annual Ivy Day, Tuesday afternoon, June 18. The exercises in the chapel opened with prayer by the chaplain, Mr. Sweetland. Music by the orchestra was interspersed throughout the program. Thomas S. Bridges was orator of the day and chose for his subject, "Education." Miss Elizabeth W. Anthony gave the class poem. Neil E. Stevens acted as toast-master and his witty speeches enlivened the exercises. The following

responded with toasts: "Our Girls," Guy Tuttle; "Our Boys," Izora D. Shorey; "Sociability," Harold B. Pingree; "Our Athletes," Marion R. Dexter; "Our Musicians," Fred R. Noble; "The Faculty," Sue L. Hincks. Following the toasts was the singing of Class Ode, written by Miss Alice J. Dinsmore, to the tune of "Believe me if all those endearing young charms." The class planted the Ivy at the southeast corner of Hedge Laboratory. The exercises of the day closed with the Ivy Ode, the words written by Miss L. Gertrude Jones, and the music composed by Miss Mabel W. Foster.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

June 23-27

Baccalaureate Sermon

President Chase addressed the Seniors at the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Sunday morning. He took for his subject, "Individualism and Fraternalism" and gave a feeling address on these two ideas in the shape of a contrast. The condensed thought of the whole discourse was found in his text from Philippians II. iv, "Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others."

Sophomore Prize Debate

The Sophomore Champion Debate was held in the Main Street Free Baptist Church. Professor Spofford had charge of the exercises and arranged the debaters.

The question was, *Resolved, That the present distribution of power between the Federal and State government is not adapted to modern conditions and calls for a readjustment in the direction of further centralization.*

Affirmative Speakers—Fred H. Lancaster

John B. Sawyer

Isaac J. Cochran

Joseph A. Wiggin

Negative Speakers—Joseph B. Wadleigh

Rodney J. Page

Junior Exhibition

Monday evening, June 24, 7.45, at Main Street Free Baptist Church. The following was the order of speakers:

Oliver Cromwell

The Message of Puritanism

Failures

Abraham Lincoln

Two Jews of Literature

Sue Lynnette Hincks

Maurice Vivian Brown

Elizabeth Williams Anthony

Ralph Augustus Goodwin

Sadie Little Grant

The Power of Conviction	Thomas Jefferson Cate
Womanhood in Shakespeare	Wynona Captola Pushor
The Growth and Development of American Democracy	Guy Coldwell Haynes
Armenia	Phebe Rosa Bool
The Duty of College Men	Thomas Sheridan Bridges
"Simon says 'Thumbs up' "	Myrtle Jane Schermerhorn
The Power of Oratory	Floyd Willis Burnell
Music	Orchestra

Class Day The Class Day exercises were held on the College campus in front of the chapel. Harlow Morrell Davis, class president, presided over the exercises. The exercises were opened with prayer by Frank W. Jackson, class chaplain. The following class parts were given:

- History—Miss Fannie de Rochemont.
- Address to Undergraduates—Lawrence N. Wight.
- Address to Halls and Campus—Louis B. Farnham.
- Poem—Miss Mabel Beatrice Keist.
- Oration—Guy Von Aldrich.
- Prophecy—Amy E. Ware.
- Farewell Address—John S. Pendleton.
- Pipe Oration—Lee S. Merrill.

After passing around the peace pipe the services were closed by the President.

Commencement Concert The Commencement Concert was held in Empire Theatre with large attendance. Following was the program:

1. Overture—Orpheus
Philharmonic Sextette of Boston
2. 'Cello Solo—Andante from Conserto
Arthur Hadley of the Sextette
3. Tar's Song
Temple Quartet of Boston
4. The Old Hoosier and His Fiddle
Mr. Warren J. Richards, Boston
5. Andante from Quartet—Op. XII. Sextette
6. Minuet—(with flute obligato)
Mr. Brooks of Sextette
7. Bass Solo—Reef Bell
Mr. A. C. Steele
8. Jim's Sweetheart
Mr. Richards
9. Violin Solo—(a) Danse Espanola
(b) Variaciones Brilliante Carnival De Venice
Mr. Berleven

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Two Jews of Literature

Sadie Little Grant

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 8. Jim's Sweetheart
Mr. Richards
 9. Violin Solo—(a) Danse Espanola
(b) Variaciones Brilliante Carnival De Venice
Mr. Berleven

10. Twilight Temple Quartet
 11. The Humorous Side of Boston Life Mr. Richards
 12. Overture—The Barber of Seville Sextette
- The Committee of Arrangements for the concert were:
 Chairman, Guy Hoyt. Dorance White, True Morrell, Herbert Bowman, Alice Quinby.

COMMENCEMENT DAY

ORDER OF EXERCISES

MUSIC

PRAYER

MUSIC

1. Our National Safeguard
 Frank Ward Jackson, Wiscasset
 (General Scholarship)
 2. The Art of Tennyson,*
 Katharine Jean Pattangall, Pembroke
 (Modern Languages)
 3. Germany as a World Power*
 Granville Albert Prock, Lincolnville
 (Mathematics and Physics)
 4. Music and Poetry
 Alice Rose Quinby, Cumberland Mills
 (General Scholarship)
 5. Instincts in Education*
 Edward Kendrick Boak, Lewiston
 (Chemistry and Biology)
 6. Ancient Architecture*
 Mabel Beatrice Keist, Auburn
 (Ancient Languages)
 7. Realism in Fiction
 Anna Fleming Walsh, Lewiston
 (Rhetoric and English Literature)
- MUSIC
8. Israel Zangwill, the Man and the Author
 Marian Edna Files, Lewiston
 (General Scholarship)
 9. The Value of the Commonplace*
 Jerome Crane Holmes, Lincoln
 (General Scholarship)
 10. Why Retain the Classics?
 Robert Lynn Heminway, Indian Falls, N. Y.
 (Ancient Languages)

11. Prophets and Poets*
Emily Rosamond Willard, South Portland
(Modern Languages)
12. The Strength of Germany
Lillian Lawrence Latham, North Yarmouth
(General Scholarship)
13. The Rousing of the East*
Harold Ionel Frost, Bowdoinham
(Philosophy, History and Economics)
14. The Need of Thinkers
Louis Bending Farnham, Orland
(Mathematics and Physics)
- MUSIC
15. America's Legacy to Japan
Harlow Morrell Davis, Augusta
(General Scholarship)
16. National Nemesis*
Cora Belle Parker, Spencer, Mass.
(Rhetoric and English Literature)
17. Self Education*
Lawrence Norman Wight, Gorham, N. H.
(Chemistry and Biology)
18. New England Conscience
Caroline Wood Chase, Lewiston
(General Scholarship)
19. Japan of To-Day*
Frank Perley Caswell, New Sharon
(Philosophy, History and Economics)
20. An Appreciation of Barrie*
Florence Edith Lamb, Spencer, Mass.
(Rhetoric and English Literature)
21. The Voice of the Mob
John Scott Pendleton, North Cambridge, Mass.
(General Scholarship)

MUSIC

CONFERRING OF DIPLOMAS

BENEDICTION

*Excused.

TROPHY ROOM

At last, after years of delay Bates is to have a trophy room. The need has long been felt but the matter has been put off repeatedly. Now, however, the idea is to be carried out. The athletic association has appointed a com-

mittee consisting of Campbell, '08; Smith, '09 and Oakes, '09, to make a beginning. The idea is to have in this trophy room all cups won in inter-collegiate events, baseballs and footballs used in our victories, with the score printed upon them, inter-class cups, shields, etc., besides the victories of all the teams. It is hoped that hereafter every manager of every athletic team representing Bates will present a picture of the team he has managed to the trophy room.

The committee has secured a room on the second floor of the library and the work of collecting the various trophies scattered about has begun. And right here, it should be added, that this work belongs as much to every student in college and to every alumnus as much as to the committee. If you have or know where there is any baseball or football used in one of our victories please speak to one of the committee. Alumni especially are requested to lend their assistance. Pictures of teams that have represented Bates in the past are earnestly solicited. Let every one cooperate with the committee and in a short time Bates will have a trophy room to be proud of.

Class Officers

The following are the class officers for the ensuing year:

1908

President.....Thomas S. Bridges
 Vice-President.....Walter E. Libby
 Secretary.....Evelyn Melcher
 Treasurer.....Clarence Wheaton
 Executive Committee Ch.....James Faulkner
 Chaplain.....William V. Sweetland

1909

President.....Joseph A. Wiggin
 Vice-President.....Isaac G. Cochran
 Secretary.....Alta Brush
 Treasurer.....Fred R. Jones
 Ex. Committee Ch.....Rodney Page

1910

PresidentRoy E. Cole
 Vice-President.....Charles A. Magoon
 Secretary.....Lena M. Niles
 Treasurer.....Leon A. Luce
 Ex. Committee Chairman.....Carl Holman
 Ch. Prayer-Meeting Co.....Nellie A. Barker
 Ch. Com. on Class Numerals, Chas. E. Merrill

ATHLETIC NOTES

Athletic Association

The following officers were elected at the annual meeting of the Athletic Association:

President.....Guy Williams, '08
 Vice-President.....Rodney Page, '09
 Treasurer.....Prof. Fred A. Knapp
 Secretary.....Fay E. Lucas, '10

ADVISORY BOARD

From Faculty—Prof. F. A. Knapp, Prof. L. G. Jordan.
 From Alumni—J. L. Reade, '83, L. B. Costello, '98.
 From Student Body—Fraser, '08, Sawyer, '09
 The following managers were elected:
 Manager of Baseball—Cyrus Dolloff, '08.
 Manager of Track Team—Joseph Wiggin, '09.
 Asst. Manager of Track Team—Roscoe C. Bassett, '10.
 Manager of Tennis Team—H. M. Peterson, '09.
 Assist. Manager of Tennis—Clarence P. Quimby, '10.

The Intercollegiate Tennis Meet

The Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament was held during the week of May 27 on the Bowdoin courts. The 27th and 28th were cold and rainy and the tournament was not started until the 29th and then the weather conditions were most unfavorable. A cold wind blew almost continually with occasional showers to break the monotony. Under these conditions good tennis was out of the question. Maine won the singles and Bowdoin took first honors in doubles.

Our double teams had decidedly hard luck. Campbell and Tuttle ran up against the champions, Hyde and Ham of Bowdoin, in the first round and lost 6-2, 6-1. Whittum and Boothby after winning their first set at 6-4, lost the next two, 6-4, 6-2.

In singles Boothby got as far as the final round. Had he not been completely tired out he stood a good chance of winning. But the day before, after playing his preliminary match, he returned to Lewiston and caught the Memorial Day game. Then went back the next day and played the semi-final match. That certainly should have been enough. But the Maine team was anxious to return home that night,

so Boothby played even against his better judgment and lost. The score:

SINGLES

Haynes (Bowdoin)	} Whittum	}	Mitchell	}	Mitchell	
Whittum (Bates)	{ 6-1, 6-3					}
Hyde (Bowdoin)	} Mitchell	}	6-4			
Mitchell (Maine)	{ 6-1, 2-6, 6-1					}
Young (Colby)	} Boothby	}	6-4, 6-0			
Boothby (Bates)	{ 14-12, 6-0			}		
Goodwin (Maine)	} Goodwin	}				
Smith (Colby)	{ 6-4, 7-5			}		

DOUBLES

Whittum and Boothby (Bates)	} Dunn and Young	}	Hyde and Ham
Dunn and Young (Colby)	{ 4-6, 6-4, 6-2		
Hyde and Ham (Bowdoin)	} Hyde and Ham	}	Mitchell and Goodwin
Tuttle and Campbell (Bates)	{ 6-2, 6-1		
Smith and Jones (Colby)	} Mitchell and Goodwin	}	
Mitchell and Goodwin (Maine)	{ 6-1, 7-5		
Reed and Austin (Maine)	} Haynes and Pike	}	
Haynes and Pike (Bowdoin)	{ 6-3, 7-9, 8-6		
Hyde and Ham	} Hyde and Ham	}	
Mitchell and Goodwin	{ 4-6, 6-1, 6-3, 5-7, 7-5		

New Captains Ralph A. Wilder, captain-elect of the Baseball Team for 1908, was the universal choice of the nine. Wilder has played 'varsity ball for three years and has made the All-Maine team at short-stop. He has done some pitching since he has been here at college, but next year will probably find him at short-stop.

Percy C. Campbell is captain-elect of the Tennis Team for 1908. Campbell made the varsity tennis in '07, and with Tuttle, '08, represented Bates at the State Tournament. Campbell was winner-up in the interclass tournament last fall. He is a steady player and will undoubtedly represent Bates in next year's intercollegiate singles.

George A. Bosworth is captain-elect of the Track Team for 1907-8. Bosworth is too well known to need any statistics. He is holder of State two-mile record. He also holds the college two-mile record and the college quarter-mile record. Mr. Bosworth has represented Bates for two years at the B. A. A. Track Meet and each time made a creditable showing for the garnet.

Baseball Team It is with much pleasure that we print a cut of our Baseball Team. Many have been pessimistic concerning the envious record made by the team. By the way, we won over Colby and Maine and the hard fights we gave Bowdoin, it seems to us that the team has completed a successful season. Handicapped by the loss of our first baseman and heaviest hitter and weakened by the condition of the captain, the team has not for one moment lost spirit. Both of the Massachusetts trips were characterized by winning ball. Bates has made a most favorable impression on the Massachusetts colleges and even compelled the Harvard team to "back water." Losing but four of the varsity men Bates expects, under the leadership of Captain-elect Wilder, to turn out a still faster team next year.

Bates 9, Lewiston 8 May 22, Bates met the Lewiston League team on the South End grounds. The game was characterized by heavy hitting on the part of Bates. Harriman and Johnson both pitched for Bates and both received good support. The final score was 9-8 in favor of Bates. Irish, the Lewiston pitcher, was touched for fourteen hits.

Bates 3, Bowdoin 4 Bates played her third league game on the home grounds, May 25. The game was Bates' from the start and not once did Bowdoin outplay the garnet. It was only by a wild pitch that Bowdoin had a chance to tie the score. Captain Johnson went in the box in the seventh to replace Rogers who had pitched a remarkable game. In the tenth Bowdoin managed to work a man around and the hit off "Eke" gave the visitors the game. Bridges hit well for Bates and Manter excelled for Bowdoin. The final score was 4-3 in favor of Bowdoin.

Bates 2, Bowdoin 5 The annual exhibition game on Memorial Day was rather slow in comparison with the other games Bates has played on Garcelon Field this year. Bowdoin won through heavy hitting and sharp fielding. Bates made several grand rallies but was unable to tie the score. Wight and Cole both made long hits. Manter played a brilliant game for Bowdoin.

Bates 8, U. of M. 2 After recovering from her fit of Bowdoin dope Bates took the next championship game with ease. June 1 she batted out a victory over the Orono College. The base running of Bridges and the

batting of Jordan and Rogers were the features. Dow was found for eight hits. Maine bunched all of her hits in the fourth inning and managed to send two men across the plate. Bates showed her ability in this game more than in any other played on the home grounds.

Bates 11, Colby 3 The famous Colby team met defeat on Garcelon Field, June 5. Here again heavy hitting and brilliant base running showed Bates' superiority. Colby used up two pitchers in trying to keep the fifteen hits scattered. Two first double plays by Bates were features. Wight in right field made a fine running catch of a long fly. Tribou and Cotton both fielded brilliantly for Colby. Rogers pitched a very effective game for Bates, striking out five men and allowing but three safe hits.

Bates 3, Colby 1 Bates finished the season by defeating Colby in the final championship game at Waterville. The game was close and well-played throughout. Colby played an errorless game and put up a much better exhibition than at Lewiston. Rogers besides pitching a good game, excelled at the bat. "Eke" Johnson, who had not pitched for several games, went into the box in the seventh and Colby couldn't see the balls.

Summary of Games Bates has played nineteen games, winning twelve. Of the six Maine college games she has won four, giving us a standing of second in the League. From the first Massachusetts trip she returned undefeated. She lost her game in the second trip. Of the games played, Bates has made 103 scores, while her opponents have made 67.

Second Team Under the faithful management of Mr. Dolloff, '08, coupled with the executive ability of Capt. French, '08, the second team has closed a successful season. Since our last issue they have defeated the strong Mechanic Falls High team, 8-1, sent Edward Little, champions of the State Interscholastic League, down to the score of 5-0, and closed the eventful schedule by defeating the Ariel Club at the Maine State Fair Grounds by the score of 11-7. The team has much good material for the

next year's varsity squad. Bolster, Bassett, Dorman, Tasker, Fellows, Cummings and Williams from the Freshman Class have all done good work. As third baseman or catcher Bolster should make good next year on the first team.

**Girls' Tennis
Tournament**

The tennis tournament under the Girls' Association brought out some good matches. A cup has been offered to be competed for each year until won. It must be won three years consecutively to become the property of the winner. Miss Shorey, '08, is the winner of this year's play and so is the first to have her name engraved on the cup. Miss Swift, '09, is the runner-up. She had a much harder draw than the winner and deserves great credit for her showing. Miss Culhane, '09, also showed up well, losing to Miss Swift only after a hard fight.

ALUMNI NOTES

1867—Rev. Arthur Given, has been elected to the honorary position of pastor emeritus of the People's Free Baptist Church of Auburn, R. I.

1872—Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Baldwin celebrate their 30th wedding anniversary on June 27, at their home in Acworth, N. H.

1877—Hon. Henry W. Oakes spoke at the Bates Round Table May 24th at the home of Dr. Salley. His subject was "The Conservatism of the State."

1878—I. W. Hutchins, principal of Malden, Mass., High School, visited the college, recently.

1881—Rev. A. E. Hatch is located at Leon, Iowa.

1883—John L. Reade has been appointed Acting Clerk of Lewiston Municipal Court. Mr. Reade, who is ex-clerk of the Androscoggin County Court, is especially well fitted to fill the position and his appointment to the place meets with general approval.

1887—Rev. Roscoe Nelson, pastor of the First Church of Christ in Winsor, Conn., has presented to the library a copy of the history of his church from 1630-1905.

1890—H. B. Davis is taking work in Physics at Clark University.

1893—L. E. Moulton, for several years principal of the Rockland, Me., High School, has been elected superintendent of the Rockland schools.

1896—Dr. Ralph Thompson started the first of June for a trip to Germany. Professor Thompson visited his mother in Lewiston for some weeks before departure. He will spend the summer in Europe studying. Dr. Thompson holds an important professorship in the University of St. Louis.

Rev. J. B. Coy recently led the chapel exercises.

1897—Richard B. Stanley, Esq., of Boston, a well-known attorney of that city, was elected June 3, by the Bates Athletic Association to take the place of William F. Garcelon, '90, on the Intercollegiate Advisory Board. Mr. Garcelon was forced to resign owing to the press of other duties. Mr. Stanley is experienced in the duties he will assume and will be a valuable member of the Board.

1898—Miss Mary H. Perkins, who has been teaching for several years in the Springfield, Mass., High School, is to take graduate work at Radcliffe next year.

Miss Persie L. Morrison, who has been teacher of German in the Marlboro, Mass., High School, has been elected to teach German in the Jersey City High School.

1899—Rev. A. B. Hyde is preaching in Buffalo, N. Y.

Prof. O. A. Fuller, of Bishop College, is president of the East Texas Colored Teachers' Association.

1900—Dr. Milton G. Sturgis is practicing medicine in Everett, Washington.

U. G. Willis is private tutor to the children of Congressman Frank O. Lowden. His address is Sinnissippi Farm, Oregon, Ill.

Miss Harriet D. Proctor is to sail June 29th for Germany, where she will study during the summer.

Emerson Whitman and Grace Tarbox, both of 1900, were married this month.

1901—A. C. Clark, principal of Monroe School No. 15, Rochester, N. Y., is manager of "The Cedars" at West Chop, Mass.

Mame S. Bennet is to spend next year in graduate study at Radcliffe.

Prof. Vernie E. Rand, '01, is principal of the school at Millbridge, Me., and has been very successful; he will return there in the fall. His health is much improved over what it has been for several years.

Junior Parts



First Row—Thomas S. Bridges Maurice V. Brown Ralph A. Goodwin Floyd W. Burnell
Second Row—Mabel L. Schermerhorn Sue L. Hinks Harriet C. Rand Wynona C. Pushor Phebe R. Bool
Third Row—Guy C. Haynes Elizabeth W. Anthony Sadie L. Grant Thomas J. Cate

Percy D. Moulton has finished his medical studies and is about to establish himself in practice.

Mrs. Caroline (Libby) McNeill is to be in Cambridge another year. Her husband has a scholarship at Harvard.

W. R. Ham, who has been teaching Physics at the University of Maine, is to spend the summer in study at the University of Chicago.

Ethel Vickery, who is at present teaching in Massachusetts, is planning to spend the summer in Europe. She will sail about the first of July.

1902—Irving O. Bragg, recently principal of the Aroostook State Normal School, is to study law at Harvard next year.

L. W. Blanchard, Esq., Bates, '02, was married June 5th to Miss Claudia M. Priest, of Pittsfield, Me.

Katharine L. Shea sailed June 14 to spend the summer in Paris.

L. W. Elkins is a member of the firm of L. W. Elkins & Company, Book and Bible Publishers, East Boothbay, Me.

The announcement of the marriage of Lucian William Blanchard, '02, of the law firm of Swasey & Blanchard of Rumford Falls, and Miss Claudia Merlin Priest of Pittsfield, has been received by friends. The wedding took place in Brunswick.

1903—The new boys' school, "Jordan Hall," at St. Albans, Vt., just established by C. L. Jordan, is already attracting many students.

George E. Stebbins has obtained his Ph.D. by study at Clark University.

1904—Miss Bessie Cooper is to spend the summer in Europe, sailing June 29th for a tour of Ireland, England, Switzerland, Germany, France, and Belgium.

The engagement of Alta C. Walker, '04, of South Paris, to Percy Rankin of Wells, formerly of '87, is announced. Miss Walker has been teaching at Wells as assistant in the High School.

Mr. A. K. Spofford is to give a course of ten lectures on Education in the Summer School and Institute in Plymouth, N. H.

L. H. Cutten, '04, Frank C. Stockwell and E. C. Wilson, '05, have obtained the B.S. from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in two years, a feat considered rather difficult for any college graduate.

1906—Leon Payne and Augusta Briery, both of 1906, were married by Rev. Merrit L. Gregg, '06, in Litchfield, June 12. Scott Austin, '06, served as best man.

Ross Bradley is to be medical interne at the Dr. Cullis Consumptives' Home in Dorchester, Mass., this summer.

The engagement of Grace W. Pratt and Albert G. Johnson, both of 1906, has been announced.

Rev. Merrit L. Gregg, pastor of the People's Free Baptist Church, Auburn, R. I., has done much to build up the church since assuming the work. He is also taking studies at Brown University in Social Science for an A.M. degree.

Miss Florence E. Rich is to teach next year in New London, N. H.

Rev. D. L. Pettengill is pastor of the Congregational Church at Jackman, Maine.

Ernest C. Garland, who began work in Philadelphia last December, on *Pictorial Review*, is doing well. He will have direct charge of a large crew of sub-agents this summer.

Alfred E. McCleary, '02, John C. Junkins, '03, and W. L. Parsons, '05, have just taken the LL.B. degree at Boston University Law School, all with very high rank. Mr. Junkins is thinking of settling in the South.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The Cole scholarship is awarded to Harold B. Pingree. Mr. Pingree also receives the prize for general scholarship for the year.

Miss Maud Bradford and Miss Elizabeth Anthony tied for the general scholarship prize for young ladies.

In the Sophomore Class Mr. J. Murray Carroll was awarded the prize for general scholarship among the boys and Miss Grace Everlina Holbrook among the girls.

In the Freshman Class Mr. Charles A. Magoon among the boys stood first in his class and among the girls Miss Georgia M. Greenleaf. They each received a general scholarship prize.

JUNIOR ORATIONS

Mr. Thomas S. Bridges received first prize and Miss Elizabeth Anthony received second in the Junior Exhibition of Oratory.

Mr. Rodney G. Page was the successful contestant of the Sophomore prize debates. Mr. Page was also honored with the prize for the best Sophomore essay.

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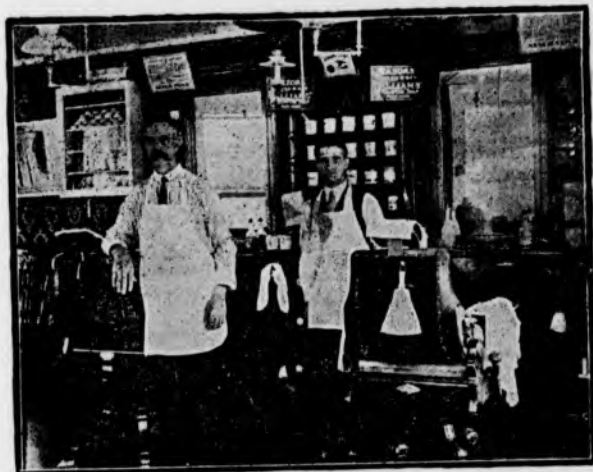
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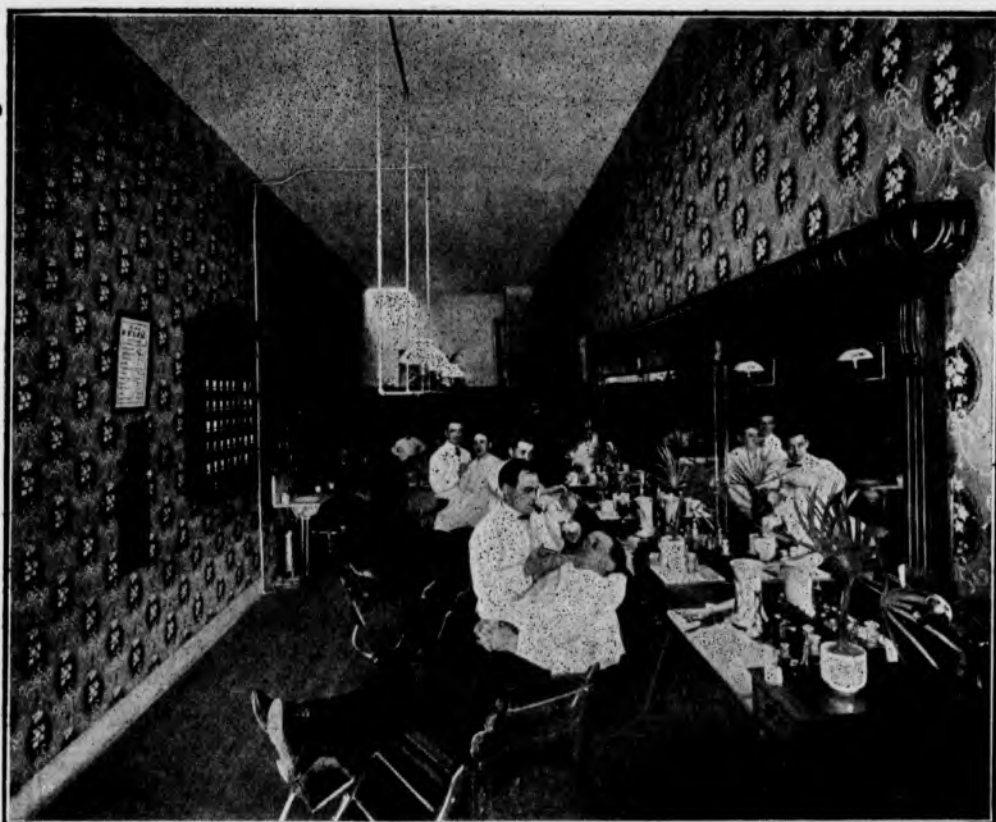
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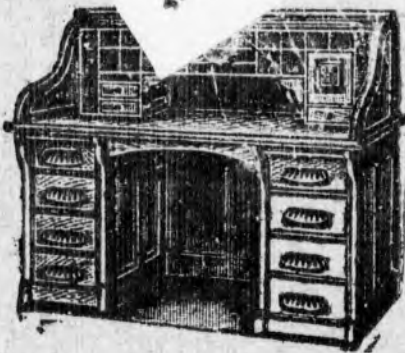
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