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John Goss '07

December 1907

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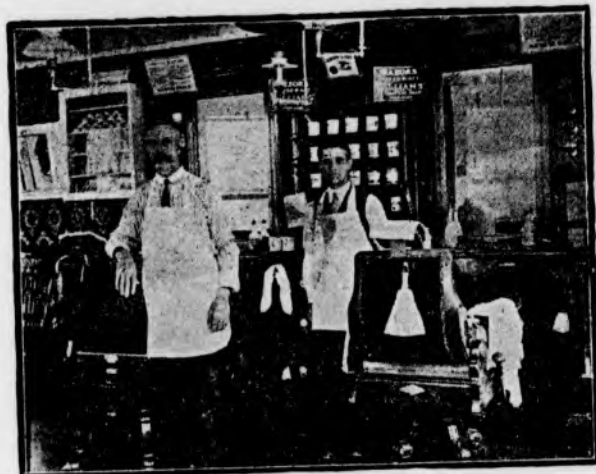
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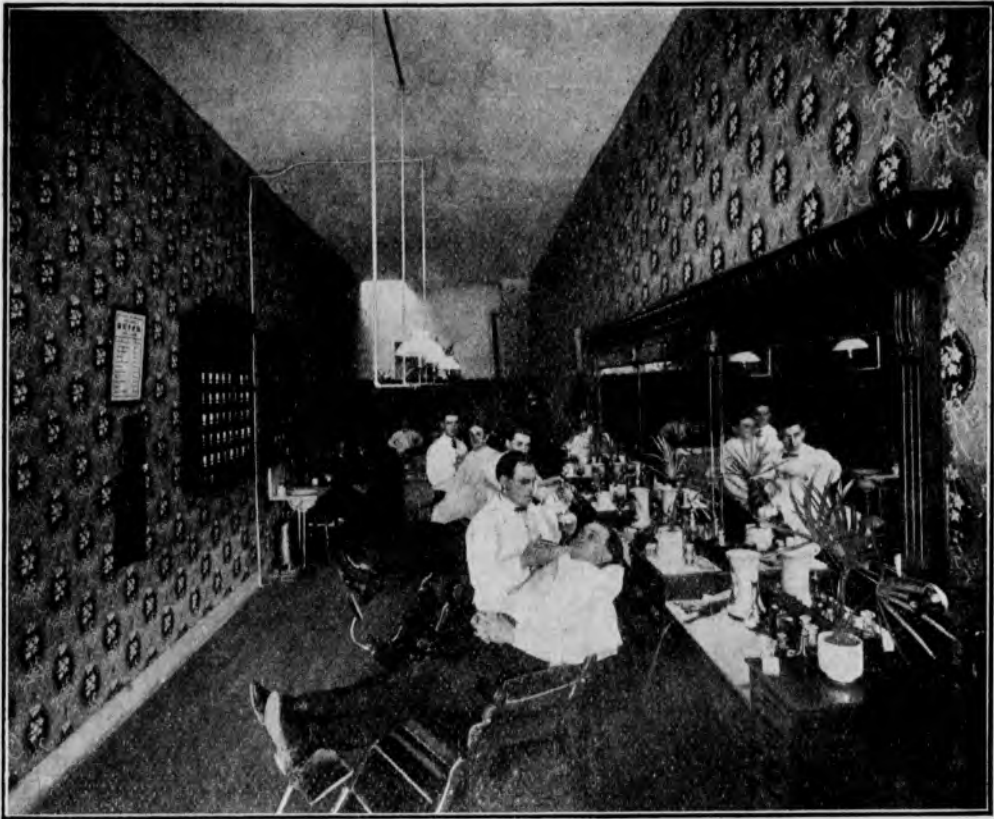
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BATES STUDENT

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., DECEMBER, 1907

No. 10

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

OUR CHAMPION

Come thou brother of the sable Night,
Relieve the anguish of a Champion,
Who nobly stands against the evening sun,
His eye aglow with its last beam of might!

Hang now his shattered armor on the wall,
The tourney's o'er; no more he'll try the field.
O Death, triumphant Death! to thee to yield
Is victory; for thou dost conquer all.

Believest thou, the stern can tender be?
The tears that fell upon his beard of white
Were but the weakness of the strong,—the slight
O'erflowing of a pent-up sympathy!

The champions in Life's great tournament
Are tender in their strength however bent.

A. KEITH SPOFFORD, '04.

A DISQUALIFIED IDEAL

I WASN'T at all surprised when Genevieve announced to me one day a few weeks ago that she had met her ideal. Genevieve is my room-mate, and naturally I am more or less familiar with her peculiarities, many of which had seemed to center about "ideals" of late. As long ago

as last term I had learned to avoid such places as Huntington Street, Exeter Avenue, and similar residential portions of the city when going down town with her. Because, you see, I had to use all my physical strength combined with Demosthenesian eloquence to prevent her from making a spectacle of herself right there on what Bidly designates as "the tony shtreeths." She used to stop and gaze up at the windows of the flats, speculating to herself upon the possibilities for a cosy window-seat here, and commenting upon the taste displayed in the choice of window-curtains there. I knew that she was picturing herself and that "variable" known as her ideal in some such a home sometime and —

But there! I am "digressing," and Miss Bentley says that to digress is an indication of a weak mind.

Well, when Genevieve told me that she had met her ideal, I wondered if it was the latest theatrical star or the new rector down at Saint Paul's. She's had several ideals in the past, so I thought I knew upon which road to travel. But my powers of perception proved amiss, as events will show.

I never shall forget the sensation Genevieve created when she made public who this latest was. We were all down in Patty Archibald's room that evening at a spread, and I can see just how all the girls looked when Genevieve came out with the statement that she had met her ideal. No one displayed the slightest degree of interest, for she had been having them "with increasing frequency of late," as Miss Bentley said of her headaches when she had given us three cuts within as many weeks last term. But I knew that Genevieve would be disappointed if nobody asked her anything about this new property of hers, so I said, with as much enthusiasm as I could muster, considering that I was trying to butter a hot fudge-pan without burning my fingers,

"Well, why don't you relieve this suspense and tell us who the happy man may be."

Genevieve's face shortened about ten inches. She had been waiting for just this remark. She set down the bottle

of olives that she had resignedly begun to open, with an impressive thump.

"It is," she replied in what the girls call her stagey voice, "It is—none other—than Doctor—Horatio—Plunk."

I dropped the fudge-pan k-splash into the chafing-dish full of boiling chocolate, spattering it comfortably over both my hands, while Patty stuck the hat-pin with which she was spearing olives half through her thumb. Doctor Plunk! Well of all things marvelous! Doctor Plunk was the notable whom Miss Baird had procured to give a course of lectures that winter before the classes in Archaeology and Ancient History. And he looks—well, his appearance is best described by the remark Kate Douglass made as we were coming away from his first lecture. Said she, "He looks as if he had just crawled out from beneath the Egyptian sphinx."

Naturally we were fearfully startled, and it took us several moments to recover our equilibrium. Little Trudy Golding was the first to collect her senses and regain sufficient breath to speak.

"Why Genevieve Truesdale," she squealed, her little black eyes fairly bubbling over with merriment. "Dr. Plunk is getting bald-headed, and—and—he wears a watch chain that looks as if it had been handed down from the second generation of Plunks, somewhere back in the year ten."

Genevieve flashed her a glance, that, as Trudy afterward expressed it, made her feel as if a wind from the Desert of Sahara had blown over her—it was so withering.

"Not everybody can appreciate Doctor Plunk," remarked the owner of the ideal, majestically. "He's a wonderful man, and I think it's a mark of distinction that his hair is becoming a bit thin about the temples. It's the result of severe mental labor, I'm sure —" Here Betty Pomeroy, who never studies until the week before mid-years, and then just passes by the breadth of a hair, began to feel of her curly top-knot anxiously.

"And as for his watch-chain," continued the ardent admirer of Doctor Plunk, "I've not the shadow of a doubt that it's a souvenir, from—from —"

"Solomon Levi's junk-shop down in the lower end of Main Street," finished Trudy wickedly, diving under the table to escape an avenging sofa-cushion.

From that time on Genevieve was a different girl. Once more I ventured to go down town with her by way of Huntington Street and Exeter Avenue. The "cosy flats" with all their "wonderful possibilities for the home-maker" had lost their charms for her who aspired to become the companion of a man who lived in his trunk. I secretly regretted that all my friend's previous ideals had not been men of globe-trotting propensities. In that case cosy-corners and window-seats would never have appealed to her, and I should have been spared the unpleasant necessity of seeking the city by way of Cat Alley and the Negro Settlements whenever accompanied by her.

Meanwhile "Doctor Plunk" echoed from every crevice and corner of Lyon's Hall at all hours of the day and night. The expression of his eyes, the droop of his mouth, the character of his slender hand—all were eagerly discussed by Genevieve in the intervals in which she was not devouring musty old books relating to the excavations of Doctor Schirmann in Pompeii, or to the mummies unearthed in Egypt. The recipe books which had formerly engrossed so much of her attention, lay in a neglected heap down near the waste-basket, while her chafing-dish comfortably collected a week's dust, undisturbed. Of what use to cultivate domestic tastes any longer, when one expected to eat hurried lunches at railway stations or partake of them at leisure in Pullman dining-cars?

The days dragged slowly around to Tuesday again—the day on which Doctor Plunk lectured before the Sophomore class. That morning at breakfast time Genevieve appeared in her severe tailored blue suit, one that she always kept for state occasions. She remarked that she was certain Doctor Plunk had aesthetic tastes and—. She didn't finish the sentence; it would have sounded too much like self-praise. For Genevieve was perfectly well aware that her blue suit was vastly becoming.

As Fate would have it, Doctor Plunk's lecture was

scheduled for the last period that day. After Genevieve had declared in Geometry class that a square was an object of which all points were equidistant from the centre, I shook and trembled through all the other recitations wondering what blunder she might commit next. She had the graces to say "Not prepared" in Latin, though I knew she had spent two hours on that very lesson, and just as Franklin Scheifferdecker called her name, in German, the bell struck. So I was spared further mortification. But I breathed a sigh of relief when we entered Doctor Plunk's lecture room.

Patty sauntered in first.

"Visitors," she whispered, as soon as she was well within the door. Visitors are rare things at Hill-crest recitations, and naturally one creates more or less excitement. Sure enough—there was Doctor Plunk, leaning eagerly over his desk engaged in earnest conversation with a stranger—a woman.

I wish that I had words with which to describe her. All I can say is that if one could believe Dr. Plunk to have just crept out from under the Sphinx, one might easily imagine this woman to have been posing as one of the mummies for years.

"His maiden aunt!" exclaimed Genevieve in a subdued whisper, with the air of one who has just solved a difficult problem. "See how gallant and lovely he is to her!" Isn't that just like —"

But the flutter and rustle that attends the incoming of a class had subsided, and Doctor Plunk was speaking, in his thin, squeaky, voice.

"I have a rare treat for you this afternoon, young ladies," he began.

"She's an archaeologist, like her nephew," whispered Genevieve, excitedly. "Hereditary, you know—runs in the family —"

"I will ask the class if they will please take notes, as the lecture about to be delivered is very important," Doctor Plunk was saying. "And now," he continued, "I have the great pleasure of introducing as the lecturer my wife, who has just returned from —"

But I heard no more. I don't know to this day whether she had just returned from Greece or from the dressmakers. My attention was too fully occupied with Genevieve. How thankful I was that we had seats in the back of the room, where the commotion occasioned by Doctor Plunk's remarks would not be too evident to that gentleman's near-sighted vision. By the end of ten minutes or thereabouts, three of us working together had succeeded in bringing Genevieve back to the world again, though she sat gazing stolidly out of the window during the rest of the hour, utterly ignoring the "rare treat" Doctor Plunk had arranged for us.

To this day nobody dares mention "ideal" to Genevieve. Why, the other day in Geology class when Miss Whitman began her lecture by saying something about "the ideal of the modern scientist," I gasped and laid a restraining hand on Genevieve's arm. For I had fears of Miss Whitman's safety.

GRACE E. HOLRROOK, '09.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A RHODES SCHOLAR

IT IS too late for an extensive exposition of Oxford life to be in order, for Thomas Hughes has already achieved that. Neither would I attempt to compete with Emerson in a discussion of English traits. But it certainly is wonderfully true that there are features in regard to both that can not fail to confront any American who is thrust into the midst of Oxford and brought face to face with countless things that he has formerly known only by report.

Most of the Rhodes Scholars from the United States, or "Rhodesters" according to Oxford usage,—had a fine introduction to this new period of life by meeting each other during the voyage. For several days the good ship *Merion* came near belonging to this party of 39. Everything tended toward rapid acquaintance and fellowship. How the extremes of the country were constantly being

brought together in most natural ways was shown by the habit of calling each other by states, which we dropped into the first day before we could remember all the personal names. A man would go striding along the deck and be saluted "Hello, Idaho!" and answer back at once "Hello there, Florida!" During all the usual pastimes on ship board we were becoming more closely bound together and at the same time were drawing nearer to Oxford.

But the first few days in this remarkable old town were wholly swallowed up in most prosaic occupations. The rooms already had many things in them but required much more. The typical room here has an open grate in one side and somewhere grouped around it a tremendously large sofa and two big easy chairs. But the furniture is only the beginning. One of the scouts says that it is just like setting up housekeeping only you don't have your wife to pick out the things for you. And one of the most interesting things about trading here is the traders. They certainly are a study. Another matter that has caused no end of trouble is that awful mystery of £., s. and d. One Rhodes man in paying for a haircut held out a handful of English money with an impassioned appeal to the barber, "Help yourself, please."

But beyond these matters, the process of getting to understand and become accustomed to English ways is far more difficult. That mutual understanding was a prime factor in Rhodes' idea can not be questioned. It can not however be gained all at once. The sensation of differences grows on anyone. The first sight of the Irish coast was striking not only because it seemed strange to see land at all, but such land, all checkered off by hedgerows, and even where it was rocky, appearing fanciful like a picture. No sooner had we landed in Liverpool than our eyes opened wide at one thing after another. All the tramcars have an "upper deck" and in Oxford are still pulled by horses. The appearance of railway carriages and goods vans (freight cars) were the cause of great surprise too. Moreover the readiness with which everyone picked out the members of our party as Americans led very soon to the

conclusion, which is really plain enough in itself, that the styles of dress are considerably divergent. But in the face of all this there was the comfort that it was no great matter as long as the language was essentially the same. But imagine the dismay with which I began to realize how different the accent, pronunciation and idioms are. One of my travelling companions said, "It's United States we have been talking, we must learn to speak English now." So varied impressions of things English have been mingled with those that have to do more particularly with Oxford.

The beauties of this famous old town have not been over-stated. Even at this time of year it is very attractive, that is,—all but the weather which is truly degenerate. It was my lot to be entered in Queen's College. This is centrally located on High Street. The most noticeable feature from the street is the dome that shelters the statue of Queen Caroline. One arch remains—that erected in the original structure of 1340. Passing in at the front gate,—which by the way it cost 1 d. to come through after 9 P.M.,—and on through a big quadrangle surrounded by cloisters, under a long archway, the inner "quad" is reached, around which are the rooms of most of the students. Here roamed as "commoners" Wycliffe, the Black Prince, Addison and many another noted Briton. And even this historic place is proving a pleasant one to live in. This is in large measure due to the kind efforts of the Englishmen in making us feel at home. Six other Rhodes Scholars are entered as Freshmen here.

Marching in a procession behind the Dean, all the Freshmen wearing caps and gowns appeared before the Vice-Chancellor, were relieved of "three pound ten," presented with a ponderous volume of statutes and thus formally received "in *Matriculam Universitatis*." And this life into which we have been introduced is a varied one. The athletic system is "jolly good." Tho everyone is busy in some form of sport, rowing claims the most adherents now. Strange as it may seem in the midst of such athletic and social advantages, there is still some time for study. Queen's has

an exceptionally good coterie of "dons." One of my American friends, to mention an example, has a schedule of fifteen lectures per week besides a large amount of reading. The Oxford Inter-Collegiate Christian Union, or more commonly called the "Oiccu," is typical of still another phase of University life. But all these impressions, you must remember, are fragmentary vistas of an elaborate system.

WAYNE C. JORDAN, '06

WHY NOT TODAY?

Dear college mate, in your ambitious dreams
 Of service that some future day may bring,
 Know that your world, and all around you teems
 With opportunities for minist'ring.

What ignorance perverse and error blind,
 And sin and folly past the finding out,
 Would yield to an appeal from life, refined
 By love and mercy as it moves about!

Strain not the eye or ear to catch a sign
 Of some far distant, faintly sounding need;
 For in each soul are aches like yours and mine,
 And all about us there are hearts that bleed.

For what is cultured skill and life devout,
 But for the help of those who fail and fall?
 Sweet Mercy here and now might seek them out,
 And bring the boon of friendship to them all.

Awake from sleep! Then set your hand to do
 Some kindly deed of helping, anywhere;
 And in each word and work of love from you,
 Will life be grand TO-DAY, and full and fair!

W. P. AMES, '09.

THE UPPER AND NETHER MILLSTONES

JOHN MARTIN sat before a desk piled high with papers when the office boy entered, and handed him a card with the oft-reiterated—"Gentleman to see you, sir." A shade of annoyance crossed Martin's face as he glanced up. "I'm busy now. Tell him"—he began. Then he read the name on the bit of pasteboard. "Show the gentleman in," he said. "Yes, sir,"—this with ill concealed astonishment. It must be a person of importance indeed who could be admitted to Martin's private office at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and the man waiting in the outer office certainly bore none of the marks of greatness.

A moment later the door of the private office swung open, and Martin rose to greet a thin, bent, little man with gray hair, and hollow cheeks. "Why Jim— Jim Preston of all men!" exclaimed Martin as he grasped the other's hand; "Sit down here," he continued, wheeling a chair close to his own. "Jim, how are you?"

"Oh, I'm nicely," answered Preston in a colorless voice, and at the same moment a fit of coughing gave the lie to his words.

"The air up river is helping those lungs of yours, I hope," said Martin. "And the boy Jim, how is he? He must be quite a chap now. Nineteen, isn't he?" Preston nodded. "How do you like up there?" Martin went on: "Got a cosy little home, I suppose, and just enough work at the bank to keep you busy."

Again Preston nodded; "Yes," he said "we've got a comfortable place there. It's a quiet town, but that's what I want, what I've got to have, and my work at the bank is sufficient to keep my mind off myself. I don't think my health is any better, John," he added.

"Too bad—too bad," said Martin. He was watching Preston, keenly noting the lack of enthusiasm in his voice. A great wave of pity swept over him. He realized all at once what it means to have outlived one's usefulness. Silence fell upon them both, while Preston's eyes wandered over the office taking every detail of its luxurious furnish-

ings into account; the mahogany furniture, the heavy rugs, and the paintings on the walls. Suddenly he straightened his shoulders, and turned to Martin. "John," he said, "I'm taking up your time. I'll get down to the business that brought me here. You know you said once when I left here that if you could ever be of service to me not to hesitate to call on you. Well, that time has come."

Instinctively Martin reached out his hand for a check book that lay on the table before him. Any amount that Jim Preston named he would gladly fill in. Preston saw the movement, held up his hand. His face flushed. "No," he said curtly, "it isn't that." It was Martin who flushed now, and stammered an apology.

"John," said Preston overlooking the other's embarrassment, "I came to you when I was a young man, you were a young man, too, you gave me every chance in the world. Your success was my success. You wanted the best there was in me; you paid for it, and I gave it to you. You are the kind of a man who gets the best, and even more out of your men. No," he held up his hand as Martin was about to interrupt, "it is not your fault; it is your way, and it is what you pay for. That is why I left you at fifty broken down mentally and physically. I had given you what was yours by right; you had paid for it; but there was no more to buy or to give." He paused. In Martin's eyes there was pity and pain.

"Now," he continued, "my boy is soon to start out in the world. He looks to you as the model of the successful man. He wants to come here to start as I did, and all I might say against it would have no effect. But, John, I can't let the boy live my life. I can't have him pumped dry at fifty. I can't have him at my age a nerveless wreck clerking in a country bank to keep his mind off himself. John, you don't know what it means. You haven't an idea of it. I've got to be an old 'has been' like Brown who used to be cashier here. Well, for all I laughed at him, I'm like him now. The boys in the bank call me a fossil, not to my face you know, but it slips out sometimes, and I know that when they are alone they laugh at me as I used to

laugh at Brown. I can't have my boy come to that. Now what I want you to do is to promise that you'll never take him in here."

Martin sat for a time in silence, tapping the desk with his pencil. At last he raised his eyes. "Jim," he said, "isn't there something I can do; some amends?"

"Nothing," said Preston, "absolutely nothing; just give me that promise, and I shall be quite content."

"I promise to respect your wishes Jim," said Martin.

Preston rose to go. "Thank you," he said simply. "There are the upper and under millstones. I don't want my boy caught between them as I was."

Martin walked with him through the outer office. As they crossed the hall to the elevator he placed his hand on Preston's shoulder. "Jim, for God's sake, don't let me think I have done this."

Preston smiled up at him sadly. "No, John," he said; "It's the times and the methods. Good-bye."

When Martin reached his private office he lighted a cigar, and sank back into his chair. Jim Preston, the smartest chap he had ever known, the greatest hustler, the hardest worker; Jim Preston clerking in a little bank to keep his mind from a realization of his true condition, and called a fossil! Martin felt a lump rise in his throat, and something misty blurred his eyes as he blew a smoke ring and watched it float slowly toward the ceiling.

WALLACE F. HOLMAN, '09.

BROTHER FELITIUS

A BRASS crucifix, bent and twisted so that the figure upon it seemed to writhe in the dreadful agony of Calvary, hung on the wall. Brother Felitius had owned it in the long ago. It had hung at his girdle as he had walked along the silent cloisters of the monastery, and it had known the impressed clasp of his hands as he knelt in prayer on the cold stone floor of the chapel. He was

the most sincere in self-imposed humiliation and none surpassed him in multiplicity of penances.

"He will deserve much in the Great Beyond," said mild-mannered Brother Antonius.

"Dark deeds in his past," said Brother Correctian, and both knew they were right.

Brother Felitius was of noble birth. His mother had died when he was but a child. His father, the old Count, had watched with alarm, the studious habits of the boy, fearing that the Church would call him, and that the family name would cease, as he was the last of the line. Then came the time when the young man fell in love with the Count's ward, Theresa. The Count, however, had higher aspirations for his son, and would not countenance a marriage. Consequently the boy was sent away, and the girl, knowing that her future, as had been her past, was in the hands of the Count, consented to be married to a neighboring nobleman. When the young man returned he was stunned at the news and sought solitude in his studies.

One night, filled with thoughts of the past, he sought their old trysting-place. Overcome with memories of those days, he cried out in the anguish of his soul, "May God forgive her!"

"May God forgive me," repeated a voice by his side.

"Theresa."

"Rupert."

The meeting had not been of their choice, but they had been thrown together by fate. Suddenly they were startled by the crash of branches. Harsh words were spoken, and a woman's name coupled with words of dishonor. Swords flashed in the moonlight and the silence was broken by the ring of steel. Vainly Rupert tried to parley with his frenzied adversary, but his words fell on heedless ears. Nothing remained but to return blow for blow and when quiet reigned upon the scene, Theresa's husband lay dead upon the ground.

A young man had appeared at the gate of the monastery of St. Janipero one morning and asked the good Abbot Augustine to admit him to the life of a monk. He was

ready to renounce the vanities of the world. His novitiate was a faithful one, and because of his nobleness, unselfishness, and earnestness he had been called, Felitius, The Blessed. One day kneeling upon the stones of the chapel, he had remained long after the celebration of mass.

"At last! At last!" he breathed, lifting his face to the altar in thanksgiving because of the fact that he had conquered the memories of the past and the desires of the human heart within him. But the prayer froze on his lips as Benidictus passed down the aisle with his cowl thrown back. It was the first time that Felitius had seen the face of the young man, and as he peered through the doorway, one word escaped from his lips: "Theresa!"

"It is not for the brothers of this order to mingle the desires of the flesh with their prayers before the altar," said an austere voice behind him. It was Correctian.

From that day Felitius doubled his penances and fasts until the dark circles under his eyes grew deeper and his cheek bones seemed to pierce his flesh. The Abbot watched with alarm and decided that a journey would do him-good, so it was decided that he should go on a mission for the order. "And to temper the severity of the journey let the gentle Benidictus accompany him," said the Abbot.

So they started. They had not been long on their journey when they were overtaken by a fierce thunderstorm and took refuge in the tumbled ruins of a hut. Darkness came down upon them and as the lightnings flashed they seemed to be enveloped in a living flame. Theresa shrank within the protecting arms of Felitius.

"Do you know that even death might follow the discovery of this violation of the laws of the order?" said Felitius.

"And what is life that I should fear death?" answered Theresa. "To be near him whose life I have blasted, to lighten one single hour, to relieve one moment's pain, is all that I ask."

Suddenly as they were talking, the sweeping branches unroofed their place of refuge, and with a startled cry Theresa turned to speak. Felitius bent closer above her

and their lips met. How long that close embrace lasted they never knew. The rain had ceased and only now and then a flash of lightning illumined their surroundings. In one of these fitful gleams Felitius looked up and met the steely glitter of Brother Correctian's eyes fastened upon them. In an instant the hands of Felitius were fastened upon his throat.

"Rupert, remember," came to him, and he relaxed his grasp as a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He waited for Correctian to speak.

"I came with a forgotten missive but I demand that you return to the Abbot. He shall deal with you. And as for you," turning to Theresa, "mild gentle Benidictus, you know your fate."

They returned and a meeting of the monks was called. In long solemn rows they sat rigidly upon stiff backed benches, their faces set and stern.

"You know of what you are charged," said the Abbot. "What have you to say?"

Felitius raised his head to speak. Meeting the cruel eyes of Correctian, he paused, then dropped his gaze and remained silent.

"You must now go upon your mission and when you return we will consider our duty to God and afterwards our duty to you."

Felitius then asked, "And what of her?"

"You know the law," replied the Abbot sternly.

With a smothered imprecation he rushed from the room. He went to the room where Theresa was awaiting the verdict of the Abbot, he seized her by the arm and led her by one passage and another, unseen, to a heavy oaken door, studded with bosses of iron. Down the cold stairway he led her, and again through winding passages by the vaults of the monastery. A heavy door was torn open, Theresa was thrust within and the key in the lock turned.

Through the iron grating Felitius whispered hoarsely, "They believe us guilty in their ignorance of our temptation and of its subjugation. They would not have believed

the truth. Fear not, I will return. Whatever may happen, make no outcry."

He hurriedly left her and started on his mission which took him two days. When he returned all was quiet at the monastery and he knew that they supposed Theresa had escaped. He reported the result of his mission and, as soon as possible, slipped away to seek Theresa.

Felitus hastened along the passages to the door behind which he had placed Theresa. As his eyes were not yet accustomed to the darkness he felt along the casement for the key. It was gone! Cold beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead as he sought the iron grating. A heavy oaken panel covered it so securely that only the complete demolition of the door could remove it. Felitus sank limp and nerveless to the floor, uttering the one word, "Correctian."

Stunned and hopeless, the power of action left him for a time. But he must speak to her; he must open the door now! Tearing the crucifix from his girdle, he pressed it hard to his lips with silent prayer, and began to dig away at the corner of the door with its sharp edges. Finally a hole large enough to admit his hand was made. He bent down to the hole. "Theresa!"

No answer came from within.

"Theresa!" he called again, "I am here. It is I, Rupert!"

It seemed that a faint sigh reached him. With the crucifix he enlarged the opening until it would admit his arm. He reached through and, moving his hand to and fro across the stones, felt Theresa's hand, still warm. The fingers seemed to flutter in his grasp, as though trying to return the pressure; then they relaxed, and lay lifeless in his palm.

When the meeting of the monks was called that night, after having waited till all was silence, Correctian said, "Brethren, follow me."

The monks filed down into the vault beneath the monastery, and unfastened the door which separated the two lifeless forms dressed in the habit of the order. Upon their dead, clasped hands rested a brass crucifix "bent and twisted so that the figure seemed to writhe in the awful agony of Calvary."

CLARENCE P. QUIMBY, '10.

BATES STUDENT

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EDITORIALS

The Student This number completes Volume XXXV. of the BATES STUDENT. The present board of editors has endeavored to make the paper in every way stronger and more interesting than ever before. We have published one hundred and twenty pages more than last year. We have made a special effort to cover College and Alumni news and in spite of the difficulty of making each issue cover all the news up to the date of going to press, we have brought the paper out on time.

We wish to take this occasion to express our thanks and appreciation of the good work done by the associate editors, especially Miss Holbrook who has been on the STUDENT'S staff for two years, and Quimby, who had full charge of the locals for one issue. We are sure they will make useful members of future boards.

What We Have Tried to Do In common with every STUDENT board for the last four years at least, we have recognized and tried to remedy prominent defects in the present system of publishing the STUDENT. We hoped to be able to start the long-talked-of and much-needed weekly newspaper. After carefully considering the matter for a long time we came to the conclusion that such a paper would be cordially received on

all sides, but could not undertake publishing it because we were unable to obtain faculty permission.

The need for such a paper is evident. The Alumni stand ready to support it, the students stand ready to run it. We sincerely hope that the incoming board, or, at least, some board before many years will be permitted to start it.

The management wishes to thank the Alumni and Alumnae and students who have so heartily co-operated with it, in making possible a considerable increase in the size of our college magazine. The extra expenditures for the year have been:

Increase of 120 pages over last year.....	\$120.00
Special Commencement number.....	119.50
Card index of all Alumni and Alumnae.....	15.00
Special circularizing.....	50.00
Extra copies of STUDENT for advertisers.....	25.00
Extra cut and half-tones (outside Commencement number).....	9.00
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	\$338.50
Estimated cost of last year's September number -(not published this year).....	56.00
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Total extra expense.....	\$282.50

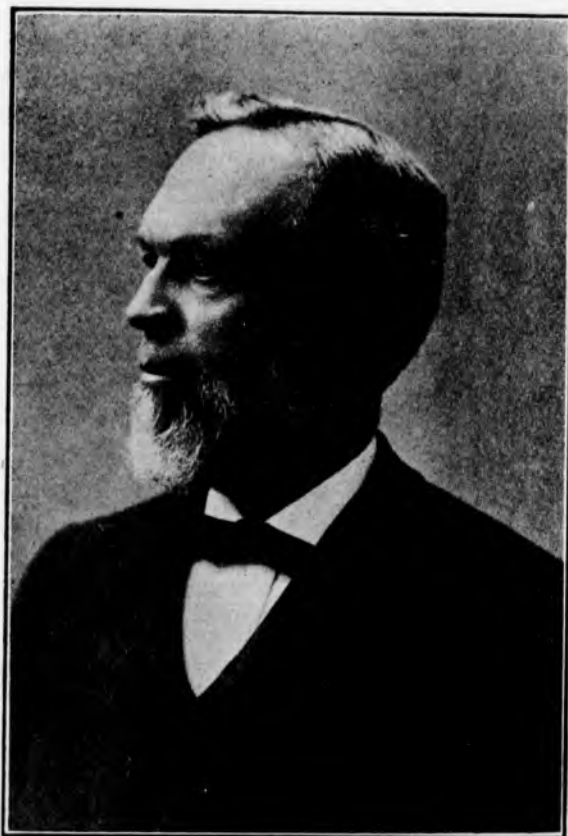
The management takes pleasure in stating that when the Alumni and Alumnae and students who have not yet paid for their subscription, have paid, there will be no deficit.

We ought to have at Bates one of the best college magazines in the country. Let every one support it not only by subscribing, but—if he or she has any literary ability whatever—by contributing articles of general interest, such as college news, poems, debates, and stories.

The first thing to do, however, is to subscribe and to pay for your subscription for 1908 at the beginning and not at the end of the year.

May the BATES STUDENT increase in volume and in interest to both the graduates and to the boys and girls who are now in college and to those who are yet to come.

WINSLOW G. SMITH,
CHARLES E. ROSELAND,
Retiring Management.



From a photograph taken in 1892

PROFESSOR JOHN H. RAND

The death of Professor Rand November 7, comes as a personal loss to every student and graduate of Bates College. A member of the first class that ever entered the College and a member of its faculty for thirty-one years, he was probably known personally to more Bates students than any other man.

To the readers of the BATES STUDENT, then, most of whom knew Professor Rand so well no words of appreciation are necessary. To those who did not know him no words of mine can convey any impression of the place he held in the minds and hearts of the undergraduates.

The work of Professor Rand was by no means confined to the class room. Twenty hours of recitation work a week might well be considered a full share of the work of the College, but in addition to this Professor Rand carried, more

than any other man, the care of the College eating clubs and of the campus and buildings. The erection of the new Dormitory was due directly to his efforts. Day after day, in term time and vacation he carried constantly the cares of the College.

At the funeral exercises in the College chapel, Sunday, November 10, which the students and faculty attended in a body, addresses were delivered by President Chase, Rev. W. H. Bowen, and A. K. Spofford.

President Chase in particular spoke feelingly of the work of Professor Rand at Bates and of their early friendship. It is the good fortune of the *STUDENT* to be able to publish here two of the addresses. They tell better than we are able to the esteem in which Professor Rand was held by those who knew him.

Address by Rev. W. H. Bowen

PROF. RAND'S life was that of a victor amid obstacles, through heroic struggle. Because he overcame he has been a power to help others overcome; because he triumphed over difficulty he has known how to aid others in their strifes; by his conquest of darkness he has been enabled to bring light to other minds and comfort to their hearts. He has been doing this high service all the years; especially since his work began in this college; doing it constantly, faithfully, unobtrusively. No college annals contain the record of that work which has strengthened the better purpose of a multitude of young men, and kept many a young woman true to her purest ideals.

Since the foundation of this college, no professor or officer has held a closer, more vital connection with the college as a whole, in its internal administration and its external well-being. Day and night, in term time and in vacation, he has carried within heart and brain its secular and academic interests, and promoted them by the sacrifice of money and needed rest.

Of sturdy New England stock, he partook of its reserve. Trained by hardship, working often amid discouragement,

and sometimes amid opposition and misunderstanding, he learned a self-restraint, which seemed almost Spartan in its severity. Modest and self-effacing, he could resort to no artifice to win applause. With these characteristics it is not surprising that many who met him daily never knew him. It was impossible to know him except through a sympathy established by intimate association. Not only did he exemplify justice, and unswerving integrity, but he had a tender heart, and strong affections; in his inmost nature flowers bloomed, and fountains of feeling had play, refreshing his own life and other lives. Nature early took him in her arms and taught him her delightful secrets; his love for her never lessened.

I cannot make it real that he is not to be here as in days gone by. Again I see him wrestling with the narrowness of his early lot; and now his eyes are kindling with new light as he comes to believe that a college education is possible; again I see him a most successful teacher in this college, no one more trusted and loved than he.

Can we forget him; is he gone from us? As long as this college, nay as long as the world endures, he will be here, his life built into the life of the college, into your life and mine. No structure rises, whether of institutions or of character, save in the lives of men like him.

The soldier is not consecrated until his baptism of fire in battle; friendship is not consecrated, nor is love purified until they become sacrificial; no life is glorified without suffering. So this college, your hearts and mine are becoming consecrate. No longer is this an unchastened college, without richest associations, as from year to year it stars in its catalogue the names of its graduates and professors

Address by A. K. Spofford

The silent gathering of the students of this college on this solemn occasion is a fitting tribute to the memory of the teacher whom we loved. These floral decorations and repeated expressions of sympathy are appropriate reminders of the worth and the sterling character of him whose

labors now are ended. We justly mourn his loss. For the ties that bound this venerable teacher to us were stronger than those which usually exist between youth and age. It is rare, indeed, that one who has reached the mark of three score years and nine should hold intimately, actively, and vitally in mind, the interests, the ambitions, the very personalities of those who belong to a generation so far removed from his own. And yet this was true of Professor Rand. He knew the students of this college and he loved them. He studied to know them individually—the temperament, the distinguishing characteristics, the peculiar difficulties, the hopes and aspirations of each. To be of service he felt that he must know them personally, and he wanted to be of service.

Not only was his interest for the students of the college intimate and sympathetic, but he sustained a knowledge of and an acquaintance with its graduates that was truly remarkable. It was only last Commencement that he told me that he thought there was not a graduate of Bates College that he would not recognize. He loved to dwell upon the past; the pleasant occurrences of by-gone days; the students he had known; their accustomed moods and distinguishing traits of character; the innumerable associations which gave life and warmth to his extensive and varied teaching experiences. And this love and interest was returned.

That the students of the college and those who have gone forth from its walls should cherish a high and dignified respect from this aged professor is not strange. We who are young are yet in that period of life when we are strongly impressed by those qualities of character which are usually termed heroic. We cannot, therefore, contemplate the manifestation of those high moral qualities which call for the exercise of courage; of sacrifice; of devotion to principle under peculiar and trying circumstances, without being impressed with a deep sense of admiration. Professor Rand possessed those qualities of character which appeal lastingly to the mind and heart of youth. Professor Rand was honest. Professor Rand was just. Professor Rand

was loyal. His was a courageous heart. Although of a modest and retiring disposition, naturally shrinking from the public gaze, he never learned to shirk a duty because it was difficult to perform. His high ideals, his strong convictions, his devotion to principle naturally, at times, brought strong opposition, but he suffered gladly if only he might help to make a better college. His sensitive soul was not spared the sting of contumely, and his worthy and noble motives were not always free from misinterpretation. Yet out of evil came good. He emerged into a purer and serener light. The past is a tradition. The present is full of honor and praise.

As a teacher his was a striking personality. Stern and methodical, tall and dignified, one did not know him until one had seen the gentler side of his nature. His lively appreciation of humor, his keen sense of the ludicrous, the twinkle of his eye, his homely jokes contributed as much toward making him loved, as did the sterner side of his nature toward making him respected. It takes years for a man to impress his personality upon an institution. A generation is none too long a time in which to weave the life of a man with that of a college, so that the life and principles of the man can be recognized in the life and principles of the college. And if the tribute is great which we pay this departed teacher today, when we say that the principles and ideals for which Bates College stands are to no small extent a reflection of his own, it is, nevertheless, not unworthy or unjust. Indestructibly he wrought his character into the institution for which he worked and sacrificed—into the college which he loved with his whole soul.

Was he your friend? How loyal, how thoughtful, how true! His strong character and his high regard of worth as he saw it in others enabled him in friendship to exercise a loyalty that may justly be described as absolute. He never compromised the name or the reputation of a friend to any man. Once assured of the integrity and sincerity of a friend—once having placed his confidence, having given his heart, the bonds that bound him were like adamant. It was as hard to shake his faith in a man after he had tried

him,—his confidence once given, as to shake the embedded rock of the mountains. He was as true as steel; as loyal as the day is long.

Professor Rand is dead. His spirit is wafted to the other shore. But his memory lives. The noble acts of his life will not perish. With us they are still alive. And so long as Bates College shall stand for the principles which he loved and cherished; so long as young men and women shall go forth from its walls to bless and enrich the world, so long shall the name and memory of our beloved teacher and friend be ineffaceably engraved upon the hearts and minds of men.

“Sink thou autumnal sun!
The trees will miss the radiance of thine eye.
Clad in their Joseph-coat of many a dye,
The clouds will miss thee in the fading sky;
But thou in other climes thy race must run,
This day of glory done.

Sink thou of nobler light!
The land will mourn thee in its darkening hour,
The heavens grow gray at thy retiring power,
Thou shining art of mind, thou beacon tower;
Be thy loved memory still a guardian might,
When thou art gone from sight.”



LOCALS

Student Editors The editors for the *Student* for the coming year have been announced. They are as follows: Carroll, Page, Sawyer, and Misses Holbrook, Walker and Keene. Fred E. Lancaster is manager.

A Tea Party A number of the Senior girls entertained the boys at a Tea Party at the New Dormitory, Saturday evening, November 16. Progressive games furnished the entertainment for the evening. Following the games the chafing dishes were started and all kinds of good things were soon concocted. The singing of college songs brought a fitting close to a very pleasant evening.

Mandolin Club The mandolin club is progressing far better than was anticipated at the beginning of the year. Good material has come out and indications point to a first class club. A trip is planned for this vacation together with a quartette and a reader. The mandolin club on this trip will probably consist of Oakes, '09, Tuttle, '08, Wadleigh, '09, Brummett, '11, Babbitt, '11, Loring, '10, French, '08, Moulton, '10, Robertson '11, Cowan, '11, and Abbott, '11.

Our Debaters Mr. Spofford has conducted the past term a course which is of great importance and interest to the college—the advanced course in argumentation. Bates has maintained a remarkable position in debating in the past and it is this course which will help her to keep that position in the future. There are thirteen men taking the course at present—Bridges, Noble, Smith and Corson from the Senior class and from the

Juniors, Ames, Carroll, Lancaster, Page, Oakes, Roseland, Wiggin and Wadleigh. From these men six will be chosen to represent Bates in intercollegiate debating. Probably Cate and Tuttle, '08 and Holt, '09 will be added as candidates for the team although they are not taking the course at present.

1908 Night

Friday, November 22, the Senior fellows celebrated 1908 night, the anniversary of that ever-to-be-remembered, never-to-be-forgotten Sophomore night. *Idyl Wilde*, a pretty little cottage on the shores of Lake Auburn, was the scene of the celebration. About forty husky Seniors gathered about the roaring fireplace. A hearty stand-up Dutch lunch was served. Then as the boys sat before the burning logs, college songs and yells were given and speeches made.

Freshmen Receptions

The Freshmen girls of the Milliken House entertained a party of Freshmen boys in the girls' gym, Saturday evening, November 16. The gym was tastily decorated and the little party enjoyed themselves. Freshmen games and refreshments were the principal attractions.

The Freshmen girls of the New Dormitory entertained the Freshmen boys in the "You and I" reception room, Saturday evening, Nov. 16. Refreshments were served. The evening was spent in playing parlor games.

Hallowe'en

The Seniors, for the second time went to Frost Park. A shore dinner was served. Prof. Kershaw and Coach Purinton and Mrs. Purinton chaperoned. Halloween games and social talks constituted the entertainment.

The Juniors went to the Grange Hall at Lisbon. A chicken pie supper was served. The hall was tastily decorated and a pleasant evening was reported. Prof. Brandelle went as chaperone.

The Sophomores went to the Grange Hall at East

Auburn. A harvest supper was served by the P. of H. Mr. Quimby acted as toastmaster. A social hour was spent in the Hall above after the post-prandial exercises.

The Freshmen celebrated as only Freshmen can celebrate, in the K of P. Hall in Auburn. Prof. and Mrs. Knapp were chaperones. Refreshments were served.

The faculty have recently revised the **Faculty Revisions** system of honors and courses of instruction. Studies are divided into three main groups. These lead to the degree of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science. The groups of courses are: (1) Language; (2) Philosophy (including History and the Social Sciences); and (3) Sciences (including Mathematics).

A candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts must complete before graduation a major subject in group 1 or 2 and a minor subject beginning after the Freshman year, in each of the other groups. A candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Science must complete before graduation a major and a minor subject in group 3 and a minor in each of the other groups.

In complying with the above conditions required subjects may count equally with electives. A student in making his elections for the Junior year should indicate in which group he intends to secure his Major and in making his elections for Senior year should indicate the Departments in which he intends to secure his Major and Minors.

The Friday of the eleventh week of the fall term of the Senior year the heads of the various departments will issue lists of subjects from which every Senior must choose a subject for a thesis in his Major. This thesis is due before May 15.

The method of awarding honors and assigning Commencement parts is as follows: Six honors, three to young men and three to young women, are awarded for scholarship in each of the three general groups. From the eighteen persons receiving these honors eight are selected to deliver Commencement parts.

New Courses

Several new courses have been added to the curriculum for next term and several more extended and expanded.

For the Seniors the courses in Astronomy and Geology have been extended so as to cover the whole year. Heretofore both these courses have occupied only one term, and have amounted to very little. But with the arrival of Dr. Tubbs, a thorough scientist and philosopher as well, the courses have become of inestimable value. Students who are not taking these courses have much to regret.

Dr. Britan has introduced a new course in Aesthetics for the Seniors. The work will be, in the words of Dr. Britan, "a study of the theory of the fine arts, leading to a more intelligent appreciation of their purpose and beauty."

Dr. Whitehorn has a new course for next term, a course in elementary mechanical drawing. This course will be followed the succeeding term by a course in descriptive geometry.

Y. M. C. A. Items The Bible Study department this year has been doing faithful work as the result of the canvas shows. Already one hundred and eleven men have been enrolled. It is probable that the enrollment this year will be the largest in our history.

On Wednesday evening, November 20, Mr. Anand S. Hiwale of the Junior class of Bowdoin College gave an interesting talk on his home country, India. Mr. Hiwale is a graduate of Bangor Theological Seminary and is completing his education at Bowdoin, preparatory to returning to his own country where he will work among his people.

Mr. Clarence C. Robinson, the new Student Secretary for the State, has called on us once this fall. He is expected to lead the last men's meeting of the term.

Mr. Joseph B. Wadleigh, vice-president of the Association, spoke before the Association at Kent's Hill Thursday evening, the 14th. This was in accordance with our policy of visiting other Associations and receiving visits from them

thereby closely allying the Student Associations of the State. We hope to send speakers to other Associations during this year.

A splendid opportunity is open for students now in the work of the Social Settlement. Leaders are needed for several of the classes and it is hoped that we may be able to supply the men.

The religious meetings this fall have been unusually interesting. A deep, clear, true note of spirituality has characterized them all. They have been largely attended and helpful in every way.

The Association has made a new departure this year in undertaking the editing of the college calendar. Every effort has been made to make the calendar one which should be of general interest on account of the pictures which it contains, and an artistic success as well. While the calendar is distinctly different from those which have preceded it we trust that it will give as good satisfaction to all.

New Books

Since the November issue of the Student the following books have been added to the library:

- The Making of America, 10 Vols.
- Reports of Sovereign Grand Lodge of I. O. O. F., 12 Vols.
- Proceedings of Grand Lodge of New Hampshire.
- Laboratory Equipment for Psychological Experiments, Charles Hubbard Judd, Ph.D.
- Personal Resolutions, Dr. Joseph Ricker.
- Financial Courtship, F. W. Rollins.
- Problems of the Present South, E. G. Murphy.
- The Negroes in the South, Booker T. Washington, W. E. G. DuBois.
- The Moon, G. P. Serviss.
- Rise of American Nationality, Amer. Nation Series, K. C. Babcock.
- Federalist System, Am. Nat. Series, J. S. Bassett.
- Jeffersonian System, Am. Nat. Series, E. Channing.
- Rise of the New West, Am. Nat. Series, F. J. Turner.
- Scenery of Scotland, A. Geikie.
- The Earth as Modified by Human Action, G. P. Marsh.
- The Age of the Earth, W. J. Sollas.

History of Geology and Paleontology, K. A. V. Zettell.
 Negro in Cities of the North, Charity Publ. Commission.
 Words and their Uses (2 copies), R. G. White.
 Hugo's Poems (in French), A. G. Canfield.

Sophomore Prize The annual Sophomore prize declama-
Declamations tions were held in the chapel, Wednes-
 day afternoon, November 13. Following is the program:

Prayer	MUSIC.	Rev. A. T. Salley
	MUSIC.	
The Lost Word—Van Dyke		Agnes Louise Boulia
Commemoration Address—Long		Peter Ignatius Lawton
An Esoteric Pig—Converse		Florence Helen Perry
National Monument to Washington—Winthrop		Clarence Paul Quimby
	MUSIC.	
The Gold Louis—Anon		Olive Lillian Farnham
Reply to Breckenridge—Baker		Stanley Edwin Howard
The Island of the Scots—Aytoun		Martha Isadore Harmon
The Philippine Question—Beveridge		Charles Alden Magoon
	MUSIC.	
The King's Pardon—Goodwin		Bertha Frances Comings
An Appeal for Dreyfus—Zola		Paul Cleveland Thurston
At the Turn of the Road—Gaspell		Frances Patten Kidder
At the Tomb of Napoleon—Ingersoll		George Hutchinson Babbitt
	MUSIC.	

Prizes were awarded to Lawton and Miss Harmon. Prof. H. R. Purinton, Rev. Arba J. Marsh and Mrs. Shirley J. Case served as judges.

The college orchestra furnished the music. The entire Sophomore class, wearing white sweaters and blue ties, occupied the front rows of seats. The boys' "Triumphal March" during the conference of judges was a feature. Each contestant was cheered and the college yells given with much spirit.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Football Manager The football team next year will be managed by Willard Boothby, '09, the assistant manager for the past year. E. L. Jordan, '10 is the assistant.

Freshmen Numerals In accordance with the class constitution the following Freshmen have been awarded class numerals: Andrews, Carroll, Clason, C., Clason, F., Gilman, Gordon, Ingersoll, Jenness, Keaney, Leavitt, Lombard, Loveland, Lovely, Mahoney, McKenney, Peakes, Parle, Pelletier, Preston, Stuart, Whittikind, Wright.

Gym Work The Sophomores and Freshmen have begun their gymnasium work. According to the new rule this work is required during the last few weeks of the fall term in addition to the regular winter work. The work consists of calisthenics together with work on the horizontal and parallel bars and the Swedish horse. The Juniors do not begin their work until next term.

It is very probable although not definitely settled at the present time, that Coach Purinton will not conduct the gymnasium work his winter. He wishes to attend Bowdoin Medical School. If arrangements are so made Coach O'Donnell will have charge of the regular gym work.

Basketball Captain George W. Schumacher has been elected 'varsity basketball captain. The Athletic Association voted to leave the election of the captain to ten of the best basketball men, these ten men to be picked out by Coaches Purinton and O'Donnell and Brown, '08. The men picked out were Brown, Bridges, Ellsworth, Fraser, McCullough, Schumacher, '08, Wadleigh, Peterson,

Parks, '09, Harriman and Dorman, '10. Schumacher is, without question, the man for the position. He is one of the best centers in the State and assuredly has the confidence of the men.

B's Awarded Football B's for the past season have been awarded to the following men: Captain Schumacher, '08; Brown, '08; Hull, '08; Cochran, '09; Cobb, '09; Booker, '09; Cummings, '10; Andrews, '11; Keaney, '11; McKenney, '11.

Bates Wins, 22-0 The game with the strong New Hampshire State team at Durham October 26 resulted in a victory for Bates by the unexpected score of 22-0. The victory is specially creditable to the team from the fact that Captain Schumacher was out of the game on the sick list. The first half of the game was very even although at the close the New Hampshire boys were near enough to our goal to try a field goal. Bates started the second half with a determination to wipe Durham off the map. On the kickoff Hull received the ball and aided by magnificent interference from the whole team carried it the length of the field for the first touchdown. The playing of the team was remarkable and three more touchdowns were added to the score. Keaney scored one and Sargent another. And on a pretty forward pass to Cummings the ball was again planted behind New Hampshire's goal posts. The line-up follows.

BATES.	NEW HAMPSHIRE.
Brown, l.e.....	r.e., M. Sanborn
Parks, l.t.....	r.t., O'Conner
McKenney, l.g.....	r.g., Huse
Cochran, c.....	c., Chase
Booker, r.g.....	l.g., MacGrail
Cummings, r.e.....	l.e., Leonard, Morrill
Andrews, r.t.....	l.t., Hammond
Cobb, q.b.....	q.b., Batchelder, Wilkins
Hull, l.h.b.....	r.h.b., E. Sanborn
Keaney, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., Wilkins, Proud
Sargent, f.b.....	f.b., Cone, Waite

Score—Bates 22. Touchdowns—Hull, Keaney, Sargent, Cummings. Umpire—Smith of Dartmouth. Referee—Halliday.

**Football Captain
for 1908**

The football men assembled after the Bowdoin game and elected as captain for next year Cochran. Cochran will be a senior next year and has played center for the last three years. He was the unanimous choice of the men and is without a doubt the man for the place. He has the weight, is sure of his position and above all has the grit and spirit so essential in a good player. So three good cheers for the team for 1908 and Captain Cochran!

**A Review of the
Football Season**

The same Bates team which last year won the championship of the State, this year takes last place. Such is the fortune of football. We started out by winning easily from the Fort McKinley team and Kent's Hill. Exeter defeated us by one score but our team, we feel sure, was the equal if not the superior of the Exeter team. Then at Cambridge we repeated our yearly trick of scoring on Harvard. And with fair decisions from the referee Harvard would never have rolled up thirty-three points against us. The strong New Hampshire State team, the team that gave Bowdoin a sound drubbing fell before us, 22-0.

Then in the series for the championship of the State our ill luck began in earnest. Colby defeated us on a questionable decision by a score of 6-0. Perhaps the absence of Captain Schumacher weakened the team. Perhaps the coach showed poor judgment. At any rate we lost. University of Maine played us a tie game—a game that really belonged to us. It is admitted by nearly everyone that in reality we scored two touchdowns to Maine's one but the referee allowed us but one. Then the game was called when we had the Maine team high in the air and the seventeen minutes left to play ought to have seen another score for Bates. Bowdoin won on another fluke, intercepting a forward pass and carrying the ball almost the length of the field. And when we practically won the game on that beautiful place kick of Capt. Schumacher's the referee took it away from us. Of course it was a close

decision but nearly everyone who was in a position to see, thought the kick was good. Even the Bowdoin men on the bleachers called it good. Thus the season ended, a very successful season in many ways, and we have only to hope that next year will see Bates again at the head of the Maine colleges.

The accompanying table shows the final standing of the colleges.

	Won.	Lost.	Tied.
Bowdoin	3	—	—
Maine	1	1	1
Colby	1	2	—
• Bates	—	2	1

November 9 saw Bates and Bowdoin **Bowdoin 6, Bates 5** fight out their annual football battle.

The game was very even throughout; both teams scored but Bowdoin was fortunate in kicking her goal while Bates failed. The game was remarkable from the fact that there was no organized cheering on either side. The recent death of Professor Rand cast a shadow over the contest and both colleges agreed to omit the usual cheering and bands.

The day was ideal for the game, warm and sunshiny with just enough frost in the air to put life into the players. Bates won the toss and chose to kick off to Bowdoin, Bowdoin taking the south goal. Schumacher kicked off and Bowdoin started with a rush. Around right end Bowdoin made some substantial gains but could not keep it up and was forced to punt. Bates, too could not gain and punted. McKenney distinguished himself in this half by breaking through the line and blocking a forward pass. The ball changed hands several times until Cobb, making a pretty catch, ran down the side line for fifteen yards. Then Sargent and Keaney were sent into the Bowdoin line for good gains. With the ball on Bowdoin's 18 yard line a forward pass was tried and Files springing into the air, caught the ball and started like a shot for the Bates goal. Schumacher was after him in no time. The race was pretty. With but a few yards to go "Schu"

dove for the Bowdoin man and just pulled him down on the 3-yard line. From there Bowdoin carried the ball over in two rushes and Newman kicked the goal.

Then in scarcely five minutes Bates scored. Cobb caught Newman's punt on Bowdoin's 43-yard line. Bates made four yards through the line. Then Keaney took the ball on a double pass around Bowdoin's left end for 20 yards. On the next play Sargent was given the ball and the Bates fullback plowed through the Bowdoin team, the entire 19 yards remaining and scored. Schumacher failed to kick the goal and the score stood 6-5 to the end of the game.

In the second half Bates missed a fine chance to score. The team was pushing the ball with decisive gains toward the Bowdoin goal. At about the twenty-five yard line a place kick was tried. The ball went high but at least two feet inside the posts. The wind took the ball and when it came down was certainly not behind the goal posts and in that way the referee was probably deceived. But there is not a reasonable doubt that the ball went between the posts. Nevertheless the referee refused to allow the goal and the game ended with the ball in Bates' possession and the score still 6-5.

The line-up follows:

BATES.	BOWDOIN.
Brown, l.e.....	r.e., Crowley
Andrews, lt.....	r.t., Commins
McKenney, l.g.....	r.g., Sewall
Cochran, c.....	c., Boynton
Booker, r.g.....	l.g., Haley
Schumacher, r.t.....	lt., Newman
Cummings, r.e.....	l.e., Wandtke
Cobb, q.b.....	q.b., Burton
Hull, Libby, l.h.b.....	r.h.b., Files
Keaney, Fraser, Mahoney, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., Phipps
Sargent, f.b.....	f.b., Lee

Umpire—Cooper of Boston Post. Referee—Davis of Wesleyan.
Field judge—Carrigan of Holy Cross.

It seems a customary thing now for **Bates 6, U. of M. 6** Bates to play Maine a tie game in football. This year Maine has much to be thankful for. She should pay obeisance, first to the officials, in that they did not happen to know the rules, secondly to nature, in that she dropped her black coat of darkness over an impending defeat, and thirdly to Dame Fortune, that she should throw them a horse shoe.

The above statement may seem rather broad but the facts of the case are these: Maine depended on Bearce to kick a goal from placement; the ball went wide; Cobb was "on the spot;" he tucked the ball under his arm and, successfully eluding the entire Maine eleven ran nearly the entire length of the field, being pulled down on Maine's one-yard line. Maine's official thought he blew his whistle. Well, he did, after he saw Cobb sprinting down the field with the pigskin. It was unfortunate that Bates did not make more of an appeal at the time for had they gone to the rules they would have found that the ball is still in play until the referee blows his whistle, and when a field goal is tried and missed the ball is not dead until it is touched down.

The game in general was a good one. After riding several miles in a crowded car and being received on a field that resembled a clam flat Bates was not a bit discouraged. The band, of eighteen pieces, put life into the team, and the ceaseless cheering, led by Noble, '08, created enthusiasm that was bound to win. In the first half Bates played entirely a defensive game. Each time Bates had the ball Schumacher punted, thus keeping Maine away from our goal. In the second half Bates played a fierce, aggressive game. We were working the ball well down towards Maine's goal when Higgins intercepted a forward pass and with little opposition carried the ball over for a touchdown. Higgins kicked off to Bates and the garnet started for Maine's goal. Long line plunges by Cummings and Lovely placed the ball on Maine's 20-yard line, Keaney dodging and evading several tackles, took the ball over for Bates' touchdown. Capt. Schumacher kicked the goal, tying the score. It was so dark that neither team could see the ball, so the game was called with about seventeen minutes of the second half left unplayed.

The line-up.

U. OF M.	BATES.
H. Cook, l.e.....	r.e., Cummings
Bearce, lt.....	r.t., Andrews
Houghton, l.g.....	r.g., Booker
Cavanaugh, c.....	c., Cochrane
Black, r.g.....	l.g., McKenney
White, r.t.....	l.t., Schumacher

King, r.e.....l.e., Brown
 Miner, A. Cook, q.b.....q.b., Cobb
 Higgins, l.h.b.....r.h.b., Keaney
 Chase, r.h.b.l.h.b., Hull
 Hammond, f.b.....f.b., Sargent, Lovely

Touchdowns—Higgins, Keaney. Goals from touchdowns,—
 Bearce, Schumacher. Umpire—Clough, Dartmouth. Referee—
 McCreedle, Portland. Linesman—Goode, Colby. Time—30 Min.
 and 13 minute halves.

Basketball

Manager Brown has the basket ball schedule almost complete. There are several open dates at present but these will probably be filled before the season opens. We will meet Maine and Colby twice each. The game with Colby February 22 on our own floor will add considerable interest to the holiday. The regular Freshman-Sophomore inter-class game will be played the same day. The two games ought to prove a great drawing card. The schedule is as follows, subject to some further alterations:

- January 24—Rockland at Rockland.
- January 25—Rockport at Rockport.
- February 1—Open.
- February 8—New Hampshire State at Durham.
- February 15—Maine at Orono.
- February 22—Colby at Lewiston.
- February 29—Colby at Waterville.
- March 7—Maine at Lewiston.

Track Notes

Bates is to-day in a position to compete on an equal basis with any college in track athletics. The great trouble along track lines in previous years, has been the fact that there was no work during the winter term, thus forcing the men to get all their training and experience in the spring term.

But this year we have remedied our trouble. This has been done chiefly by the erection of an outdoor running track. This track, which gives us a 75 yard straightaway and a circular track of 12 laps to the mile, makes it possible and even makes it pleasant work for a man to run during the winter months. This track is situated in a place easily

accessible to the gymnasium and to Parker Hall, thus keeping the men out of doors only during the actual time of running. We have also a place fitted up in the gymnasium for weight men to work with the shot, keeping their muscles in condition and ready for hard work at the beginning of the outdoor season.

This year should be the best one that Bates has ever had on the track; we have developed steadily along this line for the past few years and we must continue to do so this year. The Freshmen, when they defeated the Bowdoin Freshmen, showed us that they will be on hand next spring and help us to place Bates in the front rank. Now the upper-classmen must take the lead in this affair, encourage the men, see Capt. Fraser and make arrangements to do faithful work this winter, and we will make 1908 a year long to be remembered in the annals of Bates' track athletics.



ALUMNI NOTES

THE CHENEY CLUB

On the evening of October 18, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Cox of Manchester, N. H., the Cheney Club held its sixth annual meeting. This club is composed of Bates graduates, who are either residents or natives of the state. Each year Mr. and Mrs. Cox have kindly opened their house for the meeting and have generously provided refreshments.

It has been the custom of the club to invite one of the Bates College Faculty as a guest of honor, to enjoy the social evening with the members and bring news of the college to those who are not able to keep in touch with its interests. This year the club welcomed Professor A. W. Anthony. His reports of the growth of the college were very gratifying. Especially interesting were the statistics compiled from data furnished by the undergraduate body in answer to the question, "Why I came to this college."

This very clever idea of Prof. Anthony has brought to light results most complimentary to the college, showing that the principles for which Bates stands are recognized and appreciated. Through the thoughtfulness of Prof. Anthony an opportunity was given the club members to purchase the biography of Dr. Cheney, recently written by Emeline Burlingame Cheney.

Reminiscences of college days gave an agreeable topic for all the members to talk upon—so vivid were these that the college seemed very near in time and space. This effect was heightened by the old familiar college songs sung heartily and happily to make an appropriate ending to a very enjoyable evening.

The officers of the club for the ensuing year are: Pres., Mr. C. C. Ferguson, '92; Vice-Pres., Mrs. I. N. Cox, '91; Sec. and Treas., Alice W. Collins, '95.

Many of the Alumni were in Lewiston to witness the Bates-Bowdoin game on November 9. Among them were Hon. O. B. Clason, '77; Albert Woodman, '87; Bertram Packard, '00; Daisy Kendrick, Virabel Morrison, Alta Walker, '04; Adelaide Briggs, Thomas Spooner, Wilson, Charlotte Millett, '05; Frank Thurston, Zelma Dwinal, Albert Johnson, '06; William Whittum, Julia Clason, Ethel Davis, '07.

1878—Frank H. Briggs with Mrs. Briggs is to spend the winter in Washington, D. C.

1879—Mr. Allison E. Tuttle of Bellows Falls, Vt., is treasurer of the American Institute of Instruction, the oldest educational association in America.

1880—Francis L. Hayes, D.D., of Topeka, Kansas, has an article in the October *Bibliotheca Sacra* upon "The Effective Blend of the Old and the New Evangelism."

1882—Frank L. Blanchard is giving a course of lectures upon the Theory and Practice of Advertising before the Educational Department of the Y.M.C.A. of New York City.

Judge Stephen A. Lowell of Pendleton, Oregon, gave an address at Walla Walla recently before the Labor Union Convention of Oregon. Judge Lowell is much interested in the development of his adopted state. He has an interesting article in the *Chamber of Commerce Bulletin* for September, the organ for the Portland Chamber of Commerce upon "Forest Reservation."

1886—Prof. W. H. Hartshorn expects to resume his work at Bates in January next. His health is much improved.

1887—Ira A. Jenkins, who was for fourteen years principal of the Provincetown, Mass., High School, has recently been elected principal of the Lawrence High School in Falmouth, Mass.

1888—Bert Mark Avery is doing a large commercial business in Garland, Me.

1890—Mary F. Angell-Lincoln is residing in Worcester, Mass.

William F. Garcelon, Esq., has been elected representative from Newton, Mass., to the Massachusetts legislature. Current reports indicate that he will be the floor leader for the Republican side.

1893—Charles Herbert, Swan, Esq., of Boston, Mass., has the honor of publishing a recent work of his upon the "Impersonal Taxation." This work was selected for publication by the American Academy of Political and Social Science. It is a learned and able presentation "of some of the rights and wrongs of Governmental revenue." In the October number of the *Journal of Political Economy*, Mr. Swan had a book review of the "*Internationale Wirtschaftspolitik*," by Rudolph Kobatsch.

1894—Calvin C. Brackett has a real estate office in the Old South Building, Boston.

1896—Augustus P. Norton of '96 and Miss Ivy Belinda Thompson of Chelsea were married recently. Mr. Norton is Clerk in the Office of the Sturgis Commission. Mrs. Norton was assistant entomologist and clerk in the office of Prof. E. F. Hitchings, State entomologist.

Rev. Joseph Coy, '96, and Prof. Landman, principal of Maine Central Institute were in Lewiston recently as members of the executive board of the Free Baptist Young People's Society of Maine. Rev. Mr. Coy is president of the board.

1898—O. H. Toothaker, of Berlin, N. H., has been in the southern part of that state recently with State Supt. Morrison attending school board conferences. He spoke at Hillsboro and at Keene.

Harry S. Goodspeed was a successful candidate for the position of State Assembly man in New York, on the 1st of November.

E. M. Tucker, of Pittsfield, has been appointed one of the deputy collectors of the port of Bath.

1899—Ernest Palmer has been made president of the Maine Teachers' Association.

Miss Louise Rounds is studying in the New York School of Philanthropy in New York City.

1900—Allison G. Catheron is having a growing practice as a lawyer at 53 State Street, Boston. He is in company with William Hoag, formerly football coach at Bates.

1901—A son, Lyman Knowlton, was born recently to Elwyn K. Jordan, 1901, and Mrs. Jordan (Hattie Truell, 1902).

Ernest L. McLean has begun the practice of law in Augusta, Me.

1902—J. A. Lodge and E. F. Clason were here for the Bates-Bowdoin game, Mr. Lodge remaining over Sunday to attend the funeral of Prof. Rand.

Mrs. Julia Babcock Childs recently underwent an operation for appendicitis.

1903—Carroll L. Beedy, Esq., who has recently opened a law office in Portland, is actively engaged in the educational work of the Social Settlement in that city.

George Ramsdell, instructor in Mathematics at Bates, has a young son, Byron Bishop Ramsdell.

Miss Hattie Milliken was in Lewiston to attend the meeting of the executive board of the Free Baptist Young People's Society of Maine.

1905—Miss L. Rae Bryant is teaching this year in Maine Central Institute.

Albert K. Baldwin has entered the Maine Medical School at Brunswick. Mr. Baldwin has been much out of health, but is now recovering.

William Lewis Parsons has opened law offices at 10 Tremont street, Boston, Mass., in company with Col. Francis S. Hazeltine, who is well known throughout New England. Mr. Parsons has an interesting biographical sketch in the *Lewiston Journal* for Nov. 9 upon D. C. Heath, the well-known publisher of educational work.

1907—Sarah H. Hillman is teaching in the High School at Antrim, N. H.

Reuel Jackson, formerly of '07, of Fall River, Mass., has a clerkship in the freight department upon one of the large Providence steamship lines.

EXCHANGES

FECUNDITY.

The wide land teems with deeply golden yield,
 And all the breeze that whispers o'er the grain,
 To bring a myriad ripples in its train,
 Is redolent with sweets of vine and field.
 Before the scythe the strong, bronzed reapers wield
 The startled quail whir up to sink again,
 Fed fat and slow of wing, yet fain.
 For further feasting, tho in haunts revealed.

O'er all this smiling plenty far I gaze,
 Half seeing only, and at heart alone,
 No part of that before my eyes unfurled.
 So barren; yet sunk deep in a dark maze
 Of longing for soul travail:—without mood,
 If only it bring harvest to the world.

—R. M. CLEVELAND, *Yale Lit.*

DELIVERANCE.

Autumn night is swiftly falling,
 Autumn leaves are rustling sere,
 Twilight winds are moaning, calling,—
 All the cold Earth's wrapt in fear.

Hushed we sit and watch the embers
 Glowing, fading through the dark,
 While some hour that each remembers
 Shines in each ascending spark.

Then upon my hand so lightly
 Falls a hand in mute caress;
 To my very soul how brightly
 Beam thine eyes to heal and bless!

Breathes a whisper, and from round me
 All my pall of sorrow slips,
 For God's mercy has unbound me
 In the touching of our lips.

—R. M. CLEVELAND, *Yale Lit.*

A QUIET SUNSET.

A clear, pale light that lingers on the leaves;
 An instant's stilling of the breezes play;
 Hushed twitter of the swallows in the eaves,
 A shadow, and a calm, the end of day.

BEATRICE DAW, 1909, *Vassar Miscellany*.

FROM OTHER COLLEGES

A fellowship of \$500 for the year 1908-1909, available for study in Europe or in America, is offered by the Woman's Education Association of Boston. The fellowship will be awarded to a college alumna who has completed one or two years of graduate work, and who has given promise of distinction in the subject to which she is devoting herself. No competitive examination will be held; the candidate, however, must present as evidence of qualification, her college diploma or certificate, testimonials as to ability and character, satisfactory evidence of good health, an account of previous educational opportunities together with her plans for future work, also examples of literary or scientific work already completed. Application must be made on or before Feb. 1, 1908, through the chairman of the committee, Mrs. N. P. Hallowell, West Medford, Mass.

The Peabody Museum of Archaeology has recently received as a gift a valuable collection of native weapons and utensils used by the natives of New Guinea. The collection was made by Mr. Thomas Barbour, of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, in the course of a year's trip through the South Seas from which he has just returned. For the most part the specimens were collected along the North coast of Dutch New Guinea. Some of the war

dresses and head dresses of the natives are beautifully made. Mr. Barbour also collected a large number of the smallest specimens of the animal life of the region which he has presented to the Zoological Museum.

The sixteenth annual four-cornered chess contest among Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Princeton, will be held December 21, 23, and 24 at New York. Last year Columbia won by the score 11½ out of a possible 12 points. Thus far Harvard has won nine times, Columbia five, Yale once, and Princeton not at all.

A movement is being agitated in the University of Michigan for the adoption of an honor system in examinations. At present this is used in the medical department only, but it has proved successful there.

James K. Hosmer, Harvard, '35, gave a lecture the evening of November 18, on John Harvard in England. This is the first of a series of lectures to be given in honor of the anniversary of John Harvard's birth.

The Amateur Athletic Union has decided that hereafter no college athlete will be permitted to compete under the colors of an athletic club during his school term, and during the summer he cannot compete with a club unless his parents live in the district in which the club in question is located.

The subject for this year's competition for the William H. Baldwin prize has just been announced. The topic chosen is "The Relation of the Municipality to the Transportation Service." This prize of \$100 is awarded annually by the Municipal League to the author of the best essay on a topic connected with municipal government. The competition is limited to undergraduates in American colleges which offer distinct and separate instruction in the field of municipal government. It is the intention of the founders of the prize to have each essay embody the results of individual investigation in the author's own part of the country, and so the subject is made as general as possible. This plan gives to the inquiry its greatest educational value, and also enables the competitor to make some permanent contribution of value to a subject of importance. A restriction of 10,000 words is placed on the length of the essays, which must be submitted to the secretary of the National Municipal League before March 15, 1908. Nine essays were submitted in last year's competition, when the competition was not restricted to undergraduates. The prize was won by T. A. Thatcher, Yale, '08, with an essay on "The Relation of the Municipality to the Water Supply."

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Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

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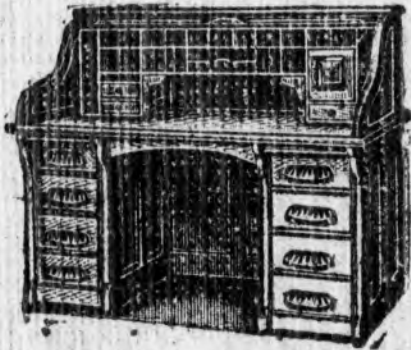
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