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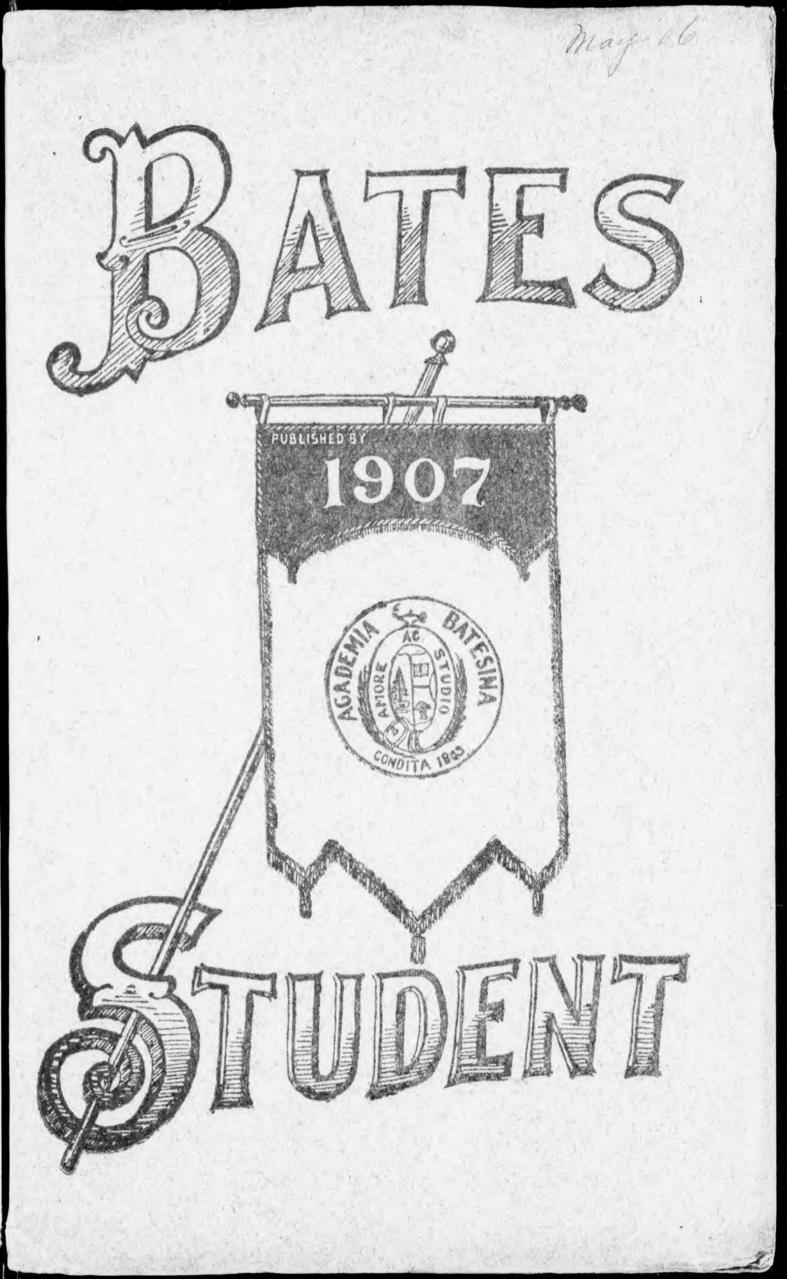
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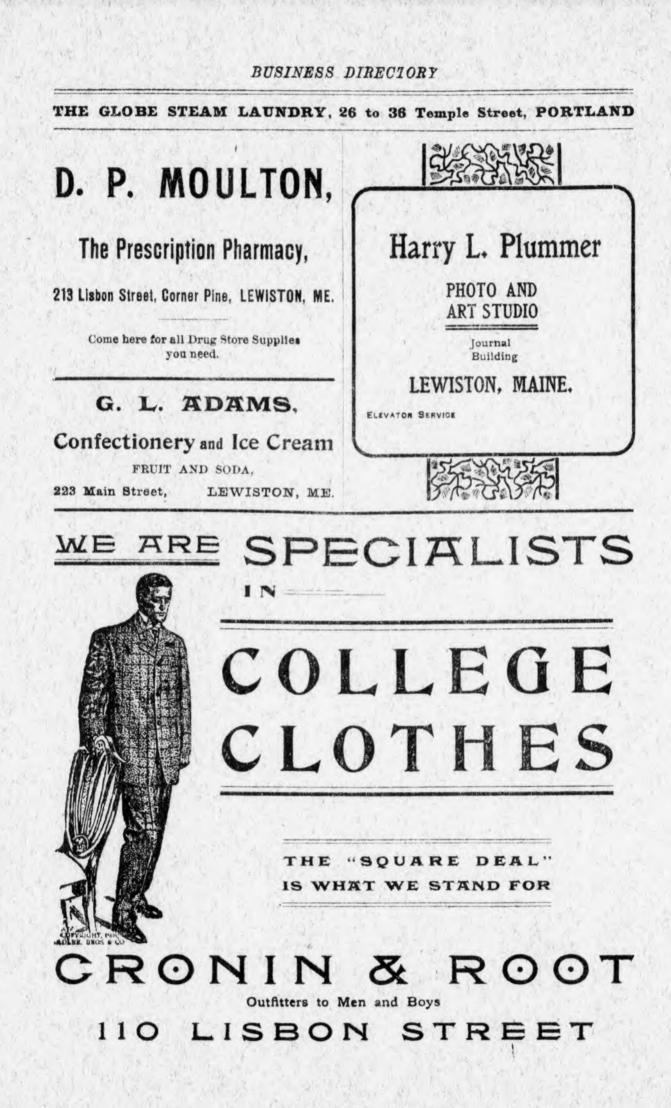
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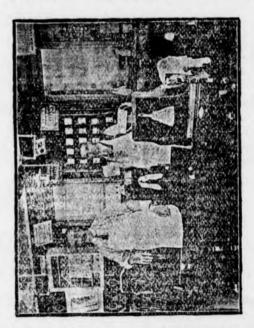
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Vol. XXXIV. LEWISTON, ME., MAY, 1906

No. 5

Published by the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Seven, Bates College

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR; SINGLE NUMBERS, FIFTEEN CENTS Entered at the Post-Office at Lewiston, Me., as Second-Class Matter

A-MAYING

Breezes whispering, But not to tell. Water glistening Beyond the dell. Birds are caroling As if they knew; But none revealing The way to you.

But the world is young, tho' long the hour We'll seek thee still, thou coy Mayflower.

> Demurely hiding Thy tiny head, All too confiding, Thy leafly spread 'Stead of concealing Thy blushing cheek, Now is revealing The joy we seek.

For the world is young, and sure to bless The seekers for hidden happiness.

J. M. P.

CHOCORUA AND ITS LEGEND

THE red-letter day of that wonderful summer spent in the White Mountains was the day on which we climbed Mount Chocorua. We had planned the trip for weeks and when our morning dawned clear and blue, we were happy. At six o'clock we clambered into the big mountain-wagon in which Mr. Goodwin drove us to the base. We were a merry party. "Jim," Mr. Goodwin's son, was our guide, Johnny, the little freckled-faced boy, who lived "over the hill," carried the lunchbasket.

Once at the base, we began the ascent and for a time walked gaily and briskly. "Can't keep this up," said Jim. And he was right. Soon our way grew steeper, the path narrower, loose pebbles made us slip back constantly. We panted and made frequent stops for rest and looked almost imploringly at the grim, huge pile that drew a black cloud over its head and frowned at our approach. But with perseverance and the friendly aid of twigs and branches we pulled ourselves along. After long climbing we saw high above us the mighty peak. With renewed courage we Imagine our surprise when we wearily hastened on. pulled ourselves to the top, to see still a higher peak ahead. Again we pressed on only to be disappointed as before. But this time we were sure that the peak above us was the real summit for it reared its head into the blue with a grandeur that was unmistakable. That last climb was comparatively easy. The loose pebbles and slippery path gave way to hard, smooth ledge and soon we stood on the topmost pinnacle of Mount Chocorua.

You must imagine what we saw. I can not tell it. Far away a strip of blue and a dark speck that Jim declared were the ocean and the city of Portland; below us field, river and forest, and around us such a vast space of air, and cloud and sky. Mr. Goodwin's great farm buildings looked like toy houses that a child had thrown down in play. With a piece of glass Jim sent flashes of sunlight down on the little house and was rewarded by an answering flash. How glad we were of our heavy shawls! And how good

our dinner was! Such an afternoon where we were far from the world and yet had the whole universe! Under a projecting ledge, sheltered from the wind we were warm and cosy as we rested. We listened to the music of the pine forests that the wind brought us from the valleys far below, we started when a rock let go its hold on the great ledge and crashed down the side sending back mournful echoes. In the silence that followed I think we looked at the mighty peak questioningly for Jim nodded and told us its story.

"Back in the far-off days before the white man had seen our mountain, there was but one man who dared scale its giddy height. That was Chocorua, chief of the tribe whose wigwams were clustered at the base. To this people the mountain was sacred and only their chief and prophet dared approach its summit. Here he loved to come and here his savage heart found comfort for, chief though he was, his people did not love him. 'Their little minds understood not the depths of his noble nature.' His soul cried out for something better than the freedom of the Indians' wild life. In the generous impulse that shone in his eye they saw only a strong, mysterious power, and they thought it lay 'coiled like a serpent' ready to spring upon them. So Chocorua used to flee to the mountain and here he was understood and his untamed heart reached out to the Great Spirit. One day a band of white men, led by Campbell, came through the forest and made homes in the land of Chocorua. For a long time the two peoples lived in peace, for their leaders, Campbell and the Indian chief, were friends. The white man and the red man knew, understood and loved each other. To Campbell alone, Chocorua opened his heart. He visited the mountain less, he learned to live with men more. Chocorua's little son was the constant playfellow of the white children and his delight was in the white man's funny house and its wonderful treasures. He examined everything, even to tasting it. One day he found a queer tasting mixture in a little dish and this son of the forest, who knew of no way of killing foxes but by bow and arrow, ate it and at night Chocorua's son lay

dead. Campbell and his people sincerely grieved, but the father, was it grief? At first, yes, but then what? Hatred, bitter and undying, came into his soul and burned all the fiercer because of the love he had once felt for Campbell. For weeks he nursed his wrath and then after watching the white men go to their fields for the day's work one morning, he crept toward Campbell's cottage where the wife sang at her spinning and the children played at the door. The day's story was never told in words, but in the silent, desolate home that met Campbell at night. Wife and children killed and the Indian chief gone. The white men formed a desperate, determined party and grimly started forth. Knowing well Chocorua's habits they climbed the mountain and after much searching found him in a cave. Up the rocky mountain side they forced him until he stood at bay on the very topmost ledge. No time was to be lost and they gave the red man his choice, to jump or be shot. The guns pointed straight at his heart. Five minutes grace and the watch slowly ticked off the seconds. Only a second left, Chocorua's eyes burned like coals, he looked down on the tiny village, the scene of his sorrow and crime, he looked at the vast outstretch of land and the mysterious blue sky and then at the guns and the set faces behind them. With a wide outfling of his arms and a hissed 'Curse upon you, white men, your thunder kills not Chocorua,' he plunged."

We gazed into the wild heap of rock below and shuddered. We no longer questioned the peak above us. Its very name held its story. It had witnessed a human tragedy and we felt its silence to be one of sadness. Without speaking we began to descend. Night, found us, a tired, silent group, wearily dragging our feet toward Mr. Goodwin's wagon. How restful it looked! With grateful hearts we climbed into the comfortable seats.

L. M. O., 1906.

"ALICIA WELLS, HONOR IN PROMISES"

"A LICIA!" Dick Wells dropped the receiver and went to the foot of the broad staircase. "Alicia! Alicia! Kid!"

"Y-e-s!"

"Telephone."

"All right, I'm coming."

Alicia's voice was gay, Alicia's swift step was gay, Alicia herself looked delightfully girlish and gay as she ran into the library and took up the receiver.

"Miss Dennison?——Oh, that's too bad!——I'm awfully sorry, Miss Dennison——I meant to have had it all copied for you, but I didn't think to look for the book. ——What? (Alicia's voice was very sweet and sympathetic.)

-----"Oh, your last rehearsal! Dick, stop whistling a minute-Well, that is too bad!"

Dick leaned back in the big Morris chair and listened stolidly to Alicia's responses. He was waiting for her to go and play tennis with the Randalls.

"Well, I'll tell you, Miss Dennison. Perhaps I can find something this afternoon——What time must you have it?——Five?——Well, I'll try—I certainly will, Miss Dennison——No, you needn't bother to send for it. I'll bring it over myself——What?——Oh, that's all right——No, indeed, you're perfectly welcome——Five o'clock——All right, I'll remember. Good-bye."

The receiver clicked again on the hook, and Alicia turned to her brother,—"Where's my racket? We're going to play the Randalls, aren't we?"

"You haven't anything else to do, have you, Kid?"

"Anything else to do?" Alicia turned from the mirror where she was putting a stray pin in her hair, and opened her eyes widely. "Of course not-Why? What do you mean-"

"Oh, I thought you were making an engagement with someone there at the 'phone."

"Oh!"—Alicia burst into a relieved laugh. "That was Miss Dennison. I promised to copy her something for the Morton twins to speak in character, and completely forgot it. She wants it to-night and I guess I can do it, all right. Do hurry up and come on, Dick. We haven't got one set this week."

Alicia rapped her racket impatiently. Still Dick did not start.

"When did you say you had to get that thing?"

"What thing? Oh, for Miss Dennison? Five." Alicia frowned a little at her brother's persistence. "Do hurry, Dick, it's a glorious day."

"It's three already. Go ahead and do it now, that's a good Kid, then I'll take you up the river after supper."

A tiny pink spot began to glow in the soft white of Alicia's cheek. There was something, she realized at last, back of Dick's blundering anxiety. He was her chum, as well as her brother; if something really worried Dick she must know what it was. Alicia threw down her racket and faced the young fellow squarely.

"What's the matter?" she asked. Dick straightened his shoulders.

"Well, there was that committee meeting you cut! And Marian says you never told her till the last minute, you couldn't read that paper at the club. And James expected you were going to design the orders for the dance. Of course, it isn't any of my business, but I wish you'd try and not promise so much, Kid!"

"What?"

Dick kept on doggedly—"I said I'd tell you, and I'm going to. I'm not going to wait and let you hear a lot of silly girls talking about it. I've been meaning to for a long time, but those dance orders were the climax! Of course, James didn't say a word, but he was clean mad. We don't mind if you don't want to do things—lots of girls

are like that—but you're so mighty game other ways I do wish you wouldn't make so many promises,—and then not keep 'em." Dick drew a long breath. "I said I'd tell you, and I have," he concluded.

"Dick," after a moment the girl spoke very quietly, "Dick, I understand. You mean we've always been chums and I wouldn't much mind your telling me this. And I don't, truly, I don't. But," her voice quivered suddenly, "I wish you'd tell me, Dick, are—do the girls—are the rest of them saying it, too?"

Dick sniffed disgustedly. "Catch them not gabbing."

The bewilderment in Alicia's gray eyes almost stopped him, but he knew the efficacy of a clean cut. "Why, Elsie Carter says you *can't* keep a promise, because you don't even realize when you make one."

"Oh!"

"You see, Kid, you're so mighty good-natured you want to do everything for everybody, but you're not used to bothering, and so you just end by not doing anything for anybody."

Alicia Wells sank into a deep chair, and looked dazedly at her brother. "A girl who couldn't keep a promise!" "A girl who didn't even realize when she made one!" The words hurt, grieved her; too, they wrung her pride. She, Alicia Wells! Her popularity had always seemed so assured, her position so unquestioned. No wonder the new idea was hard to grasp.

But, face to face with a difficulty, Alicia never hedged. Now, as always, she accepted the situation frankly. This ugly thing they were saying of her was undoubtedly true,— Dick said so, the girls said so, and the faintest shadow of resentment never entered Alicia's loyal heart. Lastly, James said so—Alicia felt her cheek grow hot—James had depended on her for the promised orders, and she had disappointed him. Truly, she didn't know why except, she told herself bitterly, that she was a girl who made promises—and broke them!

In a flash of self-contempt, revealing much, she saw in its true light her own graciousness, her kindness, her ready offers of assistance. It was the graciousness that lay wholly in words, the kindness which never developed into action.

Why, this very afternoon she had been reminded of her negligence, her faithlessness. There was poor Miss Dennison—of a sudden Alicia's bent head righted itself gallantly, and she smiled into her brother's grim face. "Poor Dickie! Never mind, it was awfully decent of you to tell me and I'm going to reform and be a comfort to you. You'll see! I'm going to start a Cash-Promise business, "Pay as you go—No credit."

"Run along and get Marian to play the Randalls, and, for mercy's sake, get one set. I've got to stay in the library (Alicia made a wry face) and find a dialogue for those wretched Morton twins. And Dick (Alicia ran to the door), Dick, I wish you wouldn't say anything to James about it—my reforming, I mean. He'd probably think it was just another promise."

At exactly five minutes to five, a very warm and disheveled Alicia hurried into the church vestry and delivered to a very weary Miss Dennison the fruit of her afternoon's search. "Why, my dear!" Miss Dennison cried, "how perfectly lovely of you to remember." Alicia bit her lip. Was it as bad as this—that she was not expected to remember a promise even three hours?"

This was only the beginning of Alicia's humiliation. It seemed to her awakened sensitiveness that nobody trusted her, and that nobody expected her to keep her word. People smiled indulgently at her promises, much as one smiled at little Tom's announcement that he was going to be President and take them all to the White House in a big red balloon.

And at first, too, it seemed to the girl that she could never conquer their distrust and make people believe in her. But her awakening was so complete and her shame so real that she never for a moment relaxed her vigilance, or if she did, and promised something before she really thought, she allowed neither time, trouble, nor forfeited pleasure, to prevent her keeping her word.

After she had given up a coaching trip, on which she had

planned all summer, to open the Wells' cottage at the beach for a Working Girls' Club, who might have gone as well the next week, but whom Alicia had thoughtlessly promised to take down this very day, she felt that her father's "Goodbye, Alicia, the Spartan," had not been misplaced.

But this experience left Alicia with a renewed respect for her own word. Lastly, there was a letter from James, who also had cut the coaching trip, and gone back to his Senior year at Princeton.

Slowly, and almost imperceptibly, Alicia's gay friendliness ripened into a graciousness all the more charming for the little touch of dignity and reserve that accompanied it. Slowly, too, and almost imperceptibly, she saw distrust change to confidence and amused tolerance give way to real respect.

And so, the next June, when a crowd of the young people who had always played together and grown up together went down for James' Commencement, Alicia's struggle was over and the field won.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Wells was serving tea in James' room and James carried a little cup to where Alicia sat looking out across the campus. The year's struggle had left its sign. Alicia's gray eyes, always frank, were steadfast, too.

"You said you were glad about—my honor," James smiled down into Alicia's gray eyes—"I guess you've been taking an honor, too. Alicia Wells, Honor in Promises." He paused, and the laugh died out of his voice. "Alicia," he said gravely, "I told Dick I wanted you to do something for me, and he said, 'Get her to promise, and you're safe.' Will you promise, Alicia?"

"Oh," cried Alicia breathlessly. He was so splendid and loyal, this friend of hers and Dick's. "Oh—I mustn't —until I am quite sure."—And, all at once, as she said it, Alicia *knew*. "I promise, James," she said simply.

ENID

THE winter was wearing into spring. One could scarcely have called it winter; rather had it been the rainy season of spits of snow followed by slush and rain. Disease had been prevalent in Y—— and sombre hacks in slow procession were seen day after day on the way to the graveyard.

Y—— was a shoe town. In one of its factories, alone, were employed over two thousand men and women, all of whom lived in blocks built especially for them by the factory. At the door of one of these houses a large black hearse was drawn up and four men were bearing a plain, dark casket across the sidewalk. On the cover lay a single bunch of white pinks, a little token of some one's love.

Out of the door soon came a slender little girl clad in black, who hurried along in the direction the hearse had taken. This little creature, so frail, so young, was Enid Moore. She was following her mother to her last home.

How tenderly she had cared for that mother in the last weeks! How bravely she had worked to get for her the nourishment which she vainly hoped would bring back the wasting life! But leaning over her one morning she found her cold and dead. Yes, the work would be lighter now, only herself to work for, but "Mother! Mother!" and the weeping tone seemed to plead with Heaven for a like freedom from toil.

Enid watched the casket while it was being lowered into the grave and then turned sadly away as the men piled in the earth.

Returning home she found on the stairs a letter addressed to Miss Enid Moore, Room 33, Block 4, Factory Row. It served to remind her—too needlessly—of the reality of the present. Opening she read: To Clarke, Reade & Co., Dr.; Casket, \$25; Embalming, \$5; Hearse and Men, \$10. Enid started back with sharp pain. Forty dollars and she had saved but four these many weeks! How could it ever be paid! She was working by the piece in Shaw Factory Two, and working as hard as possible she could make only four dollars a week. She was but an inexperienced girl. What chance of more pay for her, among so many experienced hands.

That night she said her prayer alone and wearily lay down to think, to think, to think. Oh, the bright, happy little girl she had been at home, far from this busy city. How bright it looked now in her present distress! But what availed it to think? Away! Away! She must work now, work and toil.

Monday morning, pressing her hand to her aching head, she ran down the stairs, out to work, without any breakfast. All forenoon she worked, thinking, thinking, two dollars for room, a dollar and a quarter for board. How should she ever get enough to pay that bill?

Word came through the factory that morning that leather had "gone up" a half cent per pound. However, the 600 hides Shaw Factory used a week would cause quite a loss. Worse than this, the "rise" was permanent. It meant nothing less than a "cut down," a "cut down" on all the "jobs."

Trouble loomed up all about her. Enid ate very little dinner. She began work early in the afternoon. Her head was hot and feverish, but she worked on. If they would only skip her in "cuts." Surely such a mean little job as hers would not be touched. She would hope, anyway.

Nothing more was heard in the afternoon. The next forenoon wore on as usual, but about three in the afternoon a typewritten list of prices was posted at the rear of the room.Enid crowded round with the rest. She could just see "List of Changed Prices" and in her imagination "Tips, something," but she could not tell what. After a time she got up nearer and there just as she imagined, "Tips, stitching, $4\frac{3}{4}$ cents." The tears started to her eyes. How could she pay the bill now? The best she could do was eleven cases a day and that meant less than three dollars a week. She had been getting six cents and could barely live on that. She went back to her machine. But what good to work! Useless, useless! Work and get in

debt! She would ask the "boss" for another job but the coldness of his hard face, looking down so haughtily on her slender little self, held her back.

Her head grew hotter and hotter and her body seemed to weaken. She stepped to the window to get some air, but dared not remain long; the damp breeze cooled her forehead but chilled her body. With a little shiver she went back to work.

After a long time, as it seemed to Enid, the five-thirty whistle blew, and she hurried out, to get a breath of air. She walked a long way past her own block, up into the better part of the town. She was passing the great Baptist Church on Tyndale Street when she noticed a white billet tacked to the bulletin. It looked like the other billet she had seen that day and therefore excited her curiosity. She stepped nearer and read:

"The children of the Baptist and Methodist Sundayschools invite all parents and friends to their Easter concert, 30 March. Following is the programme."

Enid read over the names and recalled her own little pieces she used to speak at home. She must come to this, it would help her. Perhaps it would take that pain from her head and that awful thought of "living, living" from her mind.

She ate very little the rest of the week. She felt weak and ill, but hardly would own it to herself. She worked harder "to work it off" as she tried to tell herself, but that thought of less pay, ever recurring, would bring back the pain.

At seven o'clock, Sunday evening, the great Baptist Church was crowded to the doors. The chandeliers were dazzling with brightness. Over the pulpit a great electric globe was arranged to shed its light on a huge cross, erected perpendicularly from the front of the platform and entirely made of white Easter lilies. Every now and then the rustle of silks was heard down the aisle mingled with the low murmur of interested parents and friends.

Enid was there, unobtrusively sitting in the inner side of a pew. It was very hot. The great windows were flung wide open, but only once in a great while did a breath of air come in to soothe her. She could with difficulty hear the words of the little tots,—scarcely see their tiny forms amid the flowers. But it was all so beautiful!

She could, however, hear the address of the pastor very plainly: "Casting all your care on Him: for He careth for you." It rang in Enid's ears. "Casting all your care on Him." He closed by saying "What more fitting thing can we do at this precious Easter tide than humbly at the foot of this cross, cast our care on Him."

The church was soon empty. Enid seemed to have been in a dream. Everybody had gone. She found herself alone in the great church with the great blazing lights and the white lily cross. She started up. Her knees weakened. She steadied herself by the pew. Then she made her way slowly up the aisle. Kneeling down before the great white cross, she cried "If I could, Oh, Mother, Mother!"

The sexton came in to turn off the lights. What was that small black space among the lilies? It looked strange. He came nearer. It was a black dress. He bent over and saw the slender form of a young girl, her face white as the lilies of the cross, her hands clasped. He spoke to her. She did not answer. Lifting her up he saw the glassy black eyes staring into his. Enid was dead, her "care all cast on Him."

M. B. K., '07.



EDITORIAL

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THE STUDENT takes great pleasure in announcing that Miss Merrill of Lewiston will judge the Emery prize stories. The award will be made as soon as practicable. Miss Merrill is herself a well-known short story writer, and should be exceedingly well qualified to serve as judge.

The editors have been very much gratified at the prompt and ready response made to our announcement of the Emery prizes. As space permits, several of the stories submitted will be published in the STUDENT. It is planned to make the June STUDENT a distinctively fiction number and it is hoped the number will meet with the approval of the subscribers.

WE ALL rejoice at the very generous gift of W. S. Libbey in promising us a suitable and spacious assembly building. The building will contain attractive society rooms as well as a main auditorium amply large for Commencement and Class Day exercises. Mr. Libbey has been for years a sterling friend to Bates, and the college and the students owe him a debt of gratitude they will never forget even though it can hardly be adequately discharged. And this new building will supply a very great and a very healthy need of the college. It is a splendid and fitting gift.

BATES-VERMONT DEBATE

O^N the evening of April 25 in City Hall, Bates defeated University of Vermont, in the third annual debate between these institutions. This made two victories for Bates out of the three. It also was her thirteenth victory in public debate.

The members of the Bates team were Aldrich, Pendleton and Davis,—all of 1907. Vermont was represented by Page, Wilson and Perry. The question read, "*Resolved*, That government control of railroad rates would be advantageous to the people of the United States. Bates supported the affirmative and Vermont the negative. The judges were Chief Justice Wiswell of the Maine Supreme Court, Orville D. Baker, Esq., of Augusta, and Prof. Lacock of Dartmouth. The judges, after ten minutes' deliberation, unanimously awarded the decision to Bates.

The Bates case for the affirmative was as follows:

A. It is a proper function of government to control rates when conditions demand it, for railroads are common carriers, quasi public, corporative and natural monopolies. Present conditions imperatively demand such control because of the elimination of competition and the abuse by the railroads of their unparalleled power.

B. Railroads abuse their power in three ways. I. They enable trusts to dominate the country. 2. They arbitrarily discriminate against certain sections of the country. 3. In an alarming number of cases rates are excessive.

Present laws are inadequate to remedy these evils.

C. An efficient remedy for these evils would be found in constituting a court to hear complaints and a commission to substitute maximum rates for those condemned. This plan would be constitutional and free from objections urged against other measures. Further, it would materially lessen discriminations and the pass evil in ways not possible without direct control, and it would stop excessive rates. Finally, the principles involved have worked splendidly in our states, in Canada, and in the experience of the present Interstate Commerce Commission.

Vermont in her case insisted on defining the question to mean that, either all rates must be fixed absolutely or else the rate mending would be so wholesale as to result in absolute rate fixing. This would result in putting rates on the disastrous mileage basis. Furthermore, excessive rates are not numerous or important and the evils of secret discrimination could not be hit by government rate fixing.

BASEBALL

Johnson, p.	Kendall, 2b.	Rogers, cf.	
Dwinal, p.	Jordan, 3b.	Bowman, rf.	
Boothby, c.	Wilder, ss.	Cobb,	
Connor, 1b.	Austin, 1f.	McEacharn, } subs.	

GAMES PLAYED.

		Opp. Score.
Phillips Exeter	4	I
Phillips Andover		3
Lewiston Athletics	4	0
Boston College	16	10
Harvard		4
Tufts	I	3
Lewiston Athletics		9
Lewiston Athletics		4
Bowdoin	3	2

The baseball team, contrary to custom, made two trips at the opening of the season. April 18 they started for Exeter playing there in the afternoon. Owing to the pitching of Dwinal and good support by the team the game was won. The next day the team played Andover but lost on account of weakness at the bat.

April 24 the fellows started on the second trip to Massachusetts. The first game was with Boston College and was characterized by heavy hitting. The next day Johnson held the Harvard men down to five hits, but our team

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Line-up:

fielded slowly and being unable to hit were whitewashed. Dwinal did excellent twirling against Tufts on Fast Day, but failed to win this game. All in all the trip was a success and augurs well for the team in the championship struggle.

The season was opened at home, April 21, by a slow practice game with the Lewiston Athletics. Since then two other games have been played with them in which our team has shown marked improvement.

April 30, Coach Purinton came to the college from the Springfield Training School and spent five days in coaching the boys. Rapid progress was made and there is no doubt that his work did much to strengthen the fellows.

But it was at Brunswick, May 2, that the real strength of the team was shown. With the score 2 to 0 against them in the eighth, and 2 to 1 in the ninth, the boys showed their fighting spirit and tied the score. With the game running into extra innings Bowdoin's chances of winning were small for in the tenth and eleventh Eke fairly "burned 'em over." So much for the start; and now may the team prove the old adage untrue that "A good beginning makes a bad ending."



Local Department

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE

Arrangements are being made for a series of entertainments to be given under the auspices of the Y.W.C.A. The proceeds will go for the Silver Bay Fund.

A number of students went to hear Sousa's band April 27. As it was the first time in four years that Sousa had visited Lewiston a large crowd was present and all reported an excellent time.

The State Y.M.C.A. convention was held in Portland, May 11 to 13. About twenty of the fellows went as delegates and report very interesting meetings. Among the speakers were Governor Cobb, Carroll D. Wright and Clayton S. Cooper.

The Freshmen are, as usual in the spring term, taking their morning bird walks. The interest in these walks seems as active as ever and it is reported that the young men have been very successful in seeing birds.

The system of charges for injuries to buildings has just been put in operation among the young men of Parker Hall. This term the fine was fifty cents each for damage done to the plastering by throwing furniture down-stairs.

Professor Knapp's room in Hathorn Hall hardly looks like the same place since the improvements effected during the vacation. A new floor and new windows have been put in and both the frescoing and the wainscoting have been renewed. This is due to the Junior Class, which has followed the custom of previous classes.

Great interest is being manifested intennisthis season and nearly every day the men may be seen out-doors practicing on the courts. This week the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Meet is going on at Waterville. As Bates won the championship in singles last year, it is hoped she may duplicate the trick this season.

Bates celebrated in grand style after the Bowdoin game, May 5. A large crowd of students met the team at the station. They then proceeded through the streets, yelling, drumming tins, and blowing horns. Several members of the faculty were called out and responded with fitting speeches. Late in the evening fuel was collected and a roaring fire was built on Mt. David.

Under the efficient coaching of our track coach, M. P. Kyne, the track team has showed up very creditably. On an average forty men or more have trained regularly each day. Altogether, the interest shown in this department of athletics, by the students, is more marked than ever before. An extended account of the Maine Intercollegiate Track Meet, held May 12, will be given next month.

On Monday evening, April 30, the Sophomores gave a very pleasant reception to Mr. McNeill in appreciation of his friendly interest and hard work on their debates last term. The college orchestra furnished music and refreshments were served. Not the least entertaining feature was the broom-stick parade which took place behind the scenes. Every one is agreed that it was one of the most enjoyable times thus far in the college year.

The out-door sports are receiving their full share of attention among the young women of the college this spring. The tennis courts and the hockey field have been put into good condition and both are in great demand each day.

Arrangements have been made so that everyone wishing instruction in tennis may receive it. All four classes have regular hours for playing hockey; and in the course of time class teams, for interclass games, will be formed.

Wednesday, May 11, the members of the Y. M. C. A. met and elected officers for the ensuing year as follows: President, Frank W. Jackson, '07; Vice-President, Thomas J. Cate, '08; Treasurer, Walter E. Libby, '08; Recording Secretary, Arthur F. Linscott, '09; Corresponding Secretary, Herbert L. Sawyer, '08. Following the election the President appointed the following chairmen of committees: Missionary, Holmes, '07; membership, Foster, '07;

Handbook, Boak, '07; Northfield, Frost, '07; music, Farnham, '07; prayer-meeting, Cate, '08; Bible study, Pendleton, '07; finance, Aldrich, '07; intelligence, Freese, '07; reception, Rich, '07; train, Oakes, '09.

The annual reports of the various committees of the Y. M. C. A. show that the past year has been one of great progress in that association. A few facts are worthy of mention. The membership committee reported that 47 had joined the association during the year, making the total membership at present 106. The Bible study committee reported an enrollment of 88 in regular Bible study classes, besides a normal class composed of the five Freshman leaders under the direction of Professor Anthony. The missionary committee reported three classes in mission study with an enrollment of 28 and an average attendance of about 16.

The Bates Second baseball team has been doing some good work the past month. April 30 they played their first game with E. L. H. S., losing by a small margin and with the exception of one inning, did well. May 2 the team went to Brunswick and by playing gilt-edged ball won from Bowdoin Second to the tune of 4 to 2.

Willis Brown and Burnell excelled at the bat, each getting two two-base hits; while Cobb at short was the star in fielding. The following men played the game: Burnell, c.; Pomeroy, p; French, Ib.; McCullough, 2b.; Cobb, ss.; Dionne, 3b.; Willis Brown, lf.; Wadleigh, cf.; Stinson, rf.; Maurice Brown, rf.; and Irish, lf.

PERSONALS

Martin, '09, is teaching school in North Weare, New Hampshire.

Miss Fanny Jordan, '09, is teaching school in Union, Me.

French, 'o8, has been elected captain of the Bates Second baseball team.

Miss Ruth McKay of Beverly, Mass., has recently been the guest of Miss Marion R. Dexter, '08.

Miss Florence Bray, formerly of '07, has recently been married. Her home will be in New Hampshire.

Miss Eleanor Blackwood of Westbrook, spent a few days last week with her sister, Miss Myrtle Blackwood, 'o6

Owing to the absence of President Chase who is working on the Carnegie Fund, Dr. Britan has taken the Junior Class in Psychology.

Professor McNeill and Davis, '07, attended the Georgetown-Boston University debate at Boston, April 16. The question was the "Government Control of Railroad Rates," and considerable information was obtained for use in the Bates-U. of V. debate.

Guy Hoyt, '07, has been elected tennis manager in place of Frost, '07, who resigned. The managers have done considerable work in putting all the courts into fine condition, so that now good practice is held daily.

Dr. McElveen of the Shawmut Congregational Church in Boston, who has recently been conducting a series of special meetings at the Main Street Church, gave a very bright and helpful talk to the students one morning after chapel.

Owing to a speedy recovery from the injury of last December, Professor Stanton was able to return to his work at the beginning of the term. The students, led by Redden, 'o6, welcomed him with nine rousing 'rahs in the chapel.

Mr. A. R. Vinton, one of the most earnest workers in the Student Volunteer Movement, paid us a visit recently. He conducted one of the Monday night meetings and on the following evening gave the college students a very interesting illustrated lecture on his personal work and experiences in Burma.

Word has recently ben received of the death of Bartlett Doe of San Francisco. Coming, as his death did, immediately after the disaster, it is believed to have been caused by the latter. Although the estate of Mr. Doe suffered some loss by the fire, it is believed that there is sufficient property left to enable the heirs to carry out the desires of Mr. Doe by paying the \$50,000 subscribed for the permanent fund of Bates.

May 7, President Chase announced in chapel that Mr. W. S. Libbey of Lewiston had decided to give money for the construction of a society building at Bates. This building is to contain a large auditorium, ample rooms for the three societies and a Y. M. C. A. room. Mr. Libbey plans to go abroad with his family next year and he will study architecture in Europe with a view to having the best possible building constructed at Bates. Work will probably be begun in the fall of 1907 after Mr. Libbey's return from abroad.

SMILES

It is hoped that the recent snow-storm has inspired the writing of a goodly number of winter sketches.

According to instructions received in Psychology the best way to determine the solidarity of an object is to put one's arms around it.

Rand Hall was pretty well tied up Fast Day. As a result "Blest Be the Tie" at once became popular with the young men.

Members of the Junior Physics Class are advised to look through the large end of the telescope henceforth if they wish to accomplish the best results.

The officers of one society, at least, are having a rather hard time, if reports are true, for it is said that Polymnia has a committee on pins.

DON'TS FOR JUNIORS.

Don't get jealous of the Sophomores. Green is the Freshman color.

Don't use your breath yelling for '07.

Some day you may need it for something important.

Don't throw water.

Leave that for the Sophomores.

Don't forget to cultivate a little dignity.

It doesn't come ready-made with the cap and gown.

Don't forget Squirrel Island.

The boat is due there June 2.

SOMETHING OF LIFE AT NORTHFIELD

NO ONE can look back on a trip to Northfield, with-out an intense longing that not alone he, but every man in his college might have those ten days to look back upon as red-letter days, standing pre-eminent in the midst of the deeps, the heights, the pleasures, the crises of his college days. It is almost two years now since I had the chance to be one of the representatives of Bates College at this big Student Assembly. There were something over six hundred men there that year. In the whole country there are seven Christian Association Conferences of college men held each year. This one includes New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Eastern Canada. It holds its sessions on the grounds used during the year by Northfield Seminary. There are six brick buildings and one of stone. The campus is large, situated on high ground not far from the Connecticut River,-not far enough to keep us from going swimming every afternoon in that sluggish, crooked old stream.

Part of the boys are accommodated in tents and part in the three dormitories. We were quartered in a tent,--the third, I think it was, in the line along the bluff at the north end of the campus. At meal time there was a rapid but telling preparation and then a period of rattling of tin dishes and nickel-plated spoons. Our tent measured twelve feet by eight. But that was plenty of room, for there were only six of us. It gave two sleeping rooms, a third apartment doing three-fold duty as kitchen, pantry and diningroom, and a fourth in which we received our callers on rainy days. We had brought with us a Bates banner about six feet long. It showed off well on the roof flap of the tent until one night it rained. The sun rose full and bright up above the great evergreen-covered ridge that morning. But it found its study in color rivalled by the delicate strawberry, old rose and magenta shades on our tent. But the old flag is never down. A careful trigonometric survey for the most conspicuous location

and a revamped banner stretched out before the eyes of all comers.

I well remember being waked up mornings by early morning tennis enthusiasts. There are, as I remember, about a dozen courts, composed of that funny looking, Connecticut valley red clay. But they were good courts and put to good use. I was either wise or rash enough to enter the tournament. They posted the entries,—106 in all—on the bulletin in Marquand Hall. It proved to be my fate to play Dorman of Harvard. Unless you have been at an automobile race, you can't imagine how quick that first set went by. But I was wiser at the end than the beginning and had considerable respect for Northfield tennis, which was not diminished by watching the final matches.

Fourth of July came Monday that year,-the first Monday after we got there Friday. It was well, too, that we had a day or two to get used to the place before that celebra-They built a big square tower of about six stories, cion. the horizontal work of dry boards and the uprights of green poles. Up sixty feet on the top of each corner pole was a barrel. I wish you could have seen for even half a minute that ripping, roaring blaze and the crazy mob of wild Indians it. C-O-L-U-M,-H-a-a-r-vard,-Coax around Ya-Penn-syl-van-i-ah Coax Heigho, Heigho, Yale, -sss Tiger Princeton-What's the matter with old McGill -Ray, Ray, Lehigh, High, High Le-Cornell, I yell, we yell Cornell-. Something like a carefully assorted mixup, you may be very sure. The natural thing for a man in such a crowd for the first time is to stand with eyes and mouth wide-open, to grin part of the time and stare the But we were not too much lost to give the "Boomrest. a-lacka" for the honor of the old college, adding our mite to the mighty hubbub. Why-a fellow will learn more about college cheering in one evening at Northfield than he can pick up at large in a life time.

But you are saying to yourself that you thought Northfield was a religious conference. It is. Besides meeting hundreds of Christian men attending college, you hear many of the strongest speakers in the world. Northfield stands for all that is best in American life. It is a synonym for all-around manhood. No man can stay those ten days at Northfield without a soul-lifting inspiration to be more of a man, to no longer hesitate in service for mankind, to be a pusher, not a drag, in the onward movement of the Kingdom of God.

WAYNE C. JORDAN, '06.

BATES ALUMNI NOTES

1868—President George C. Chase will deliver an address at the 76th meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, to be held in New Haven July 9-13, 1906.

1869—Rev. W. H. Bolster, D.D., President of the New Hampshire Sunday School Association, gave an address— "Relation of the Bible School to the World"—at the celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Curtis Memorial Free Will Baptist Bible School, Concord, N. H. Rev. Thomas H. Stacy, Bates, '76, is pastor of the Curtis Memorial Church.

1870—W. E. C. Rich has been chosen a deacon of the Warren Street Free Baptist Church, Boston.

1872—Rev. F. W. Baldwin, D.D., has resigned his pastorate of Trinity Congregational Church, East Orange, N. J., the resignation to take effect July 1st. Dr. Baldwin has been with this church seventeen years. In an article in the *Congregationalist*, Amory H. Bradford, D.D., says: "His ministry . . . from the beginning has been distinguished by vision, spirituality, and moral earnestness. The secret of its success has been in the strength and sanity of the preaching. Dr. Baldwin has been a teacher rather than an orator, a seer rather than a theologian, an inspirer of men rather than a tinkerer of machinery. Few ministers have lived in New Jersey whose influence has been more beneficent or more constructive."

John A. Jones is one of the Directors of the Lewiston Board of Trade.

1873—Dr. Leslie C. Jewell is superintendent of schools at South Portland.

1876—D. J. Callahan is President of the Lewiston Board of Trade.

1878—The daughter of F. H. Briggs is to be married, June 6, to Mr. Garret A. Hobart, of Paterson, N. J., the son of the late Vice-President Hobart. Mr. and Mrs. Briggs have been made members of the Bates Round Table.

1879—F. P. Otis, of Sonora, California, has been for several years District Attorney. He recently resigned this position.

Hon. Walter E. Ranger is Secretary of the Department of Education of Rhode Island. He is also President of the American Institute of Instruction. His office is in the State House at Providence. 1881—Rev. R. E. Gilkey has entered on his pastorate in the Free Baptist Church at Jackson, N. H.

The Memorial Day Address in Auburn will be delivered by Rev. B. S. Rideout.

At a dinner of 700 persons held in Jersey City, May 4, Mayor Fagan aroused intense enthusiasm by announcing that his section of the Republican Party had determined to name Corporation Counsel George L. Record as a candidate for United States Senator. The announcement was greeted with prolonged cheers.

1888—The lectures on nature study at the East Pittston Summer School will be given by Principal W. L. Powers of the Gardiner High School.

1892—C. A. Record was unanimously re-elected as superintendent of schools of Abington and Bridgewater, Mass., with an increase of \$200 in salary.

1893—Miss Grace Patten Conant has charge of the literature work in the Western College for Women, Oxford, Ohio.

1895—Miss Emily B. Cornish, who is teaching in Toronto, recently gave a talk on Japan before the Lewiston Sorosis.

1896—George W. Thomas, Esq., has been made one of the managers of the New York State Hospital for the Care of Crippled and Deformed Children. Bishop Potter is president of the board of managers; the members are appointed by the Governor.

A. B. Hoag is at Catarinan, Samar, Philippine Islands. He is the District Superintendent of Schools.

1897—Fred W. Burrill is superintendent of schools at Corinna, Maine.

Miss Nelly A. Houghton was married April 19 to Henry Wesley Dunn, a member of the law firm of Powers and Hall, Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Dunn will live in Concord, Mass.

Miss Caroline L. Cobb has taken Miss Houghton's place in the English High Shool at Lynn.

1898—W. S. Parsons is in Las Vegas, New Mexico. His stay there depends upon the effect of the climate on his health.

Camp Minocqua, a summer school for boys in the lake region of northern Wisconsin, is under the direction of J. P. Sprague, A.B., M.D., and A. A. Knowlton, A.M., both of Bates, '98. This is the second year of the Camp.

1900—Miss Pearl M. Small, teacher of Latin in the Hollister, California, High School, is to have a year's leave of absence. She intends to study for an A.M. in Latin at the University of California.

Miss Harriet Proctor is teaching in Hyde Park, Mass.

Ferris Summerbell is finding excellent opportunities as a physician in Norway, Michigan. He is in charge of a hospital.

Silas O. Clason has begun the practice of medicine in Gardiner, Me.

1901—Eben F. Davis, principal of the Thomaston Grammar School, received the rank of 100 in six of the ten examinations given by the State to teachers. Only one of the 305 teachers taking the examinations did better than Mr. Davis.

1902—F. B. Moody has taken his degree of Master of Science in Forestry at the University of Michigan. He has been appointed Assistant Superintendent of Forestry for Wisconsin.

Drake will take the same degree in June.

E. L. Wall is pastor of the Methodist Church, Patten, Maine.

Miss Florence S. Ames is assistant in the Stoughton, Mass., High School.

1903—Delmont Tozier is principal of the Vinalhaven High School.

Emery H. Purinton is proprietor of the Emery H. Purinton Co., Book and Bible Publishers, 134 and 136 Manheim St., Philadelphia. He has been engaged in this work continuously since his graduation and has a prosperous and growing business. L. Whitney Elkins, Bates, '02, is connected with this firm.

1904—A Manual of Argumentation for high schools and academies, by Professor Laycock of Dartmouth, and A. K. Spofford, Bates, '04, has just been published by the Macmillan Company.

1905—John W. Abbott, medical student at George Washington University, has been appointed assistant in the Chemical Laboratory of the University.

Miss Grace M. Peabody is teaching in Chester, Vermont.

John E. DeMeyer has been elected superintendent of schools in the district of Scituate, Marshfield, and Duxbury, Mass., at a salary of \$1,500.

FROM OTHER COLLEGES

Last winter more indoor championships were settled than ever before. Between the close of the football season and the second week of April, meets have been held in eight different sports. The winners are shown below.

Basketball-Pennsylvania.

Swimming-Pennsylvania-Columbia.

Fencing-West Point.

Water Polo-Pennsylvania.

Hockey-Harvard.

Chess-Harvard, Pennsylvania.

Wrestling-Yale.

Gymnastics-New York University.

At Union College the game of basketball has been formally adopted as a substitute for football which was abolished last December. Intercollegiate games will be arranged. It is expected that several other colleges will adopt this plan.

The annual class tennis tournaments at Harvard began May 6. After these the winners will settle the college championship. Later a round robin tournament will be held to pick men for the match with Yale.

Beginning with next fall Bowdoin will introduce the graduate coaching system in football.

At the annual regatta to be held on the Schuylkill River, Philadelphia, May 26, many colleges will enter. There will be two eights from Harvard, probably as many from Pennsylvania, one each from Syracuse and Yale, and possibly a crew from both Columbia and Georgetown.

Ón Thursday, April 19, King Edward, through the English ambassador, Sir Mortimer Durand, received the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Pennsylvania. Upon this day the bicentenary of the birth of Benjamin Franklin was observed. Among many other noted people who received degrees were Andrew Carnegie and Marconi.

The Junior Class at Yale has voted for class-room honesty. The arbitrary honor systems of other colleges were considered at Yale last fall, and were rejected. This previous act led to the stand taken by the Juniors.

Mr. Carnegie has recently promised to Acadia University \$30,000 for a new science building. The gift is unconditional. Plans for the new building will be chosen at once.

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Dr. A. W. Anthony of Cobb Divinity School will deliver the baccalaureate sermon at Storer College.



University of Vermont College of Medicine.



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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Williams Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to vive evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

THE BIBLICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

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.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians gener. ally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

Certificates of attainment will be granted to those who complete the course.

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information apply to SENECA EGBERT, M.D., Dean of the Department of Medicine.

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Assistant Librarian. CONSTANCE A. GUTTERSON, Director in Young Ladies' Gymnasium. ELIZABETH D. CHASE, A.B., Registrar.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows :

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows: LATIN: In six books of Virgil's Æneid; four books of Cæsar; six orations of Cicero; Latin Composition; Latin Grammar (Harkness or Allen & Greenough). GREEK: In four books of Xenophon's Anabasis; three books of Homer's Iliad; Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or equivalents. ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and in English Literature the works set for examination for entrance to the New England Colleges. The regular examinations for admission to College begin Monday, June 25, and on Monday, September 10. Candidates may present instead of Greek an equivalent in Science and Modern Languages as described in the Catalogue. Students admitted without Greek may enter upon courses in that language by beginning the study of Greek and taking iwo years of preserviced work in that language

two years of prescribed work in that language.

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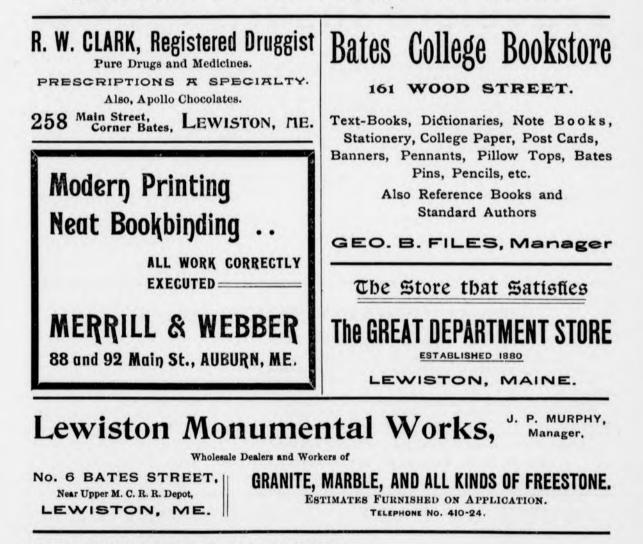
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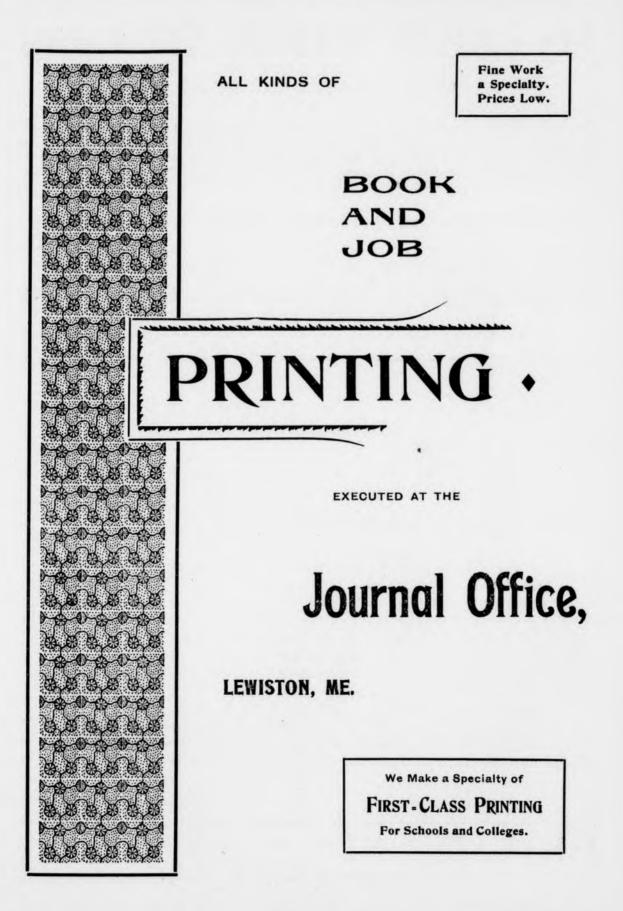
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This edition, which differs from all other editions in several important particulars, has been prepared to meet the needs of younger students, as well as those more advanced. Besides the usual notes meant to assist in the understanding aud appreciation of the text, there is a special set of notes designed to aid the students in visualizing an actual stage performance and to give suggestions for expressive reading. The appendix contains sixteen poems on Tell and his country by Schiller and others, and some extracts in modernized German from Tschudi, Schiller's chief source. The vocabulary is unusually full in phraseology and idioms; the introduction, which contains an analysis of the drama, gives a conservative view of the Tell *saga*. There is a full bibliography.

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