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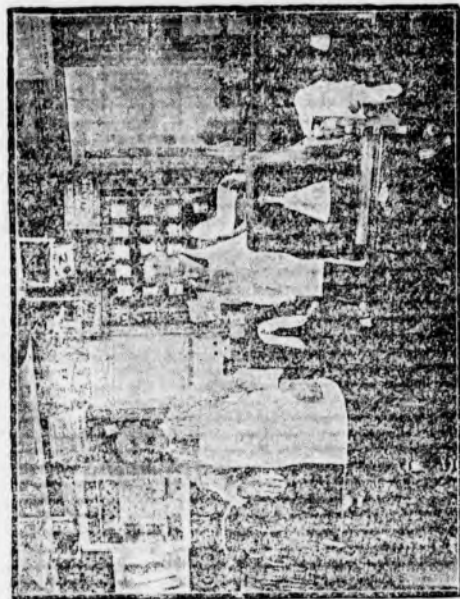
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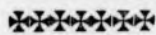
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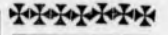
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BATES STUDENT

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No. 7

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ASTRIKANS

Talk about the roses

That, so pretty, bloom in June,
And lilies pure and handsome,
White and golden in the sun.

Them things is good for women,
But for creeturs rough, like me,
I'll take a walk in early fall,
Down by that old big tree,

That bears them great red astrikans,
White, juicy, crisp and fine,
And put a few right in my pocket
A crunching all the time.

I'll carry a few right home to Jane
To make that jelly red,
And pies and puddings, rich and tart,
And some for Cal and Jed.

Yes, roses course is pretty,
But so is astrikans
A settin' on the table
In glasses, plates and pans.

They say there's flowers in heav'n
To give pleasure unto man,
But I tell you what I'd ruther have
Is big, red astrikans.

M. B. KEIST, '07.

MUSIC AND LIFE

MUSIC! Strange, sweet power ineffable! Echo of the invisible world. Harmonious voice of creation. In thy hand is the golden key that unlocks all that is human, revealing the heart of man, its depths and its aspirations. Portrayer of Life, more vivid even than painting. Expression of the Soul, more accurate than language. Uplifter of Mankind, divine in consolation.

Painting can give stationary views of outward form and appearance, but in Music there is motion and the inward promptings and heart-throbs; and not a phase of life from the cradle to the grave but Music finds it in her power to portray. The "Berceuse" represents the babe being rocked in its cradle, and with a song gentle and lingering, warm and tender with the mother's love, the baby is rocked to Dreamland. Thus Music pictures all the experiences of childhood, its hopes, fears and affections; then the devotion of the lover and the protecting care of the husband; and finally the dirge and mourning for the departed.

Throughout them all throbs the heart of the musician. He does more than to portray Life, he expresses his own soul. To live is of necessity the destiny of the true musician. For him Life has a meaning and in his compositions is revealed his own experience or Life as he has seen it. Music is the organ of his expression fitted so closely about his soul as to become "the very Aeolian harp upon which his life can freely play."

For Mendelssohn, the world was all love and sympathy and in his music are sweet dreams and visions of bright joy. "He sings like a child in the valleys of asphodel weaving bright chaplets of spring flowers for the whole world."

In the music of Chopin breathes now a spirit of sadness, now contentment and grace; but in most are outbreaks of the wildest anguish and the melancholy of his disposition, the outcome of his own personal feelings, his own fancies, his wild fantastic and pathetic longings.

But in Beethoven is the sublime. He lived most, he suf-

ferred most, and he, *in truth*, spoke the language of the heart, the heart which in all ages remains the same. Shut out from seeing all that he loved, deprived of hearing that which was the expression of his soul, yet in music was his consolation. There is revealed the story of his life, of his long struggle with sorrow and the anguish of affliction, "all of unlanguage love, all of unlanguage pain."

The musician does not fear to live. He is born to suffer and to save, for "Music is for every one in the world to be lifted up and made strong." Its purpose is sacred, a part of the Divine plan. Its power has been recognized since the world was created. Its charms soothed the savage breast. It was the inspiration of the prophets. Philosophers, theologians, poets, *all* who in every age have had close connection with Life have realized the power of Music and its effect upon mankind.

From afar in the *dark* ages sounds this tribute of Plato:

"Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the universe, a charm to sadness, gaiety, Life, everything."

And since the *Light* has dawned and a *Power* has come to reduce the discordant world to harmony, there have gone back responses of a stronger truth and depth:

"Music is a fair and glorious gift from God. Save theology, it is the *only* art capable of affording peace and joy to the human heart."

"It is the child of prayer, the companion of religion."

"There is no truer truth obtainable
By Man, than comes of Music."

It has been united with worship since the time of Saint Paul. It was indeed a Comforter from the Spirit of Heavenly Truth.

"It quiets pain and sorrow
Like Love overcoming strife,
It seems the harmonious echo
From our discordant Life."

It reaches those retreats in our natures which no human eye can probe. It touches those depths too deep for words or tears. It is a comforter for Life and grief, and Death.

Youth, Manhood, Age! Joy, Sorrow, and Peace!
 Music! "a human thing" made up of tears and laughter, of
 ecstasy and despair. Death! and the Life beyond! All is
 harmony there, for

"All we know of what the blessed do above
 Is that they *sing* and that they *love*,"

and "Music is the language of the Angels."

ALICE ROSE QUINBY, '07.

THE BRUTE

[Second Emory Fiction Prize.]

YOU would never have suspected him of being a brute, he looked simply a thin, easy-mannered fellow with a worn face and inscrutable eyes; if you took the trouble to study him further you noticed that he limped badly and smoked interminable cigarettes.

No one had bothered to analyze him minutely when he came to the farmhouse among the Maine hills the second summer. For that matter he had ever served merely as a foil for his wife—a dainty bit of a woman with all the naïveté and appeal of a child with eyes of dusky sweetness and a tangle of russet hair. She had been a delectable puzzle to the somewhat austere village people albeit they were rather averse in the beginning to the unseemly height of her shoe-heels, the extreme laciness of her gowns, her more or less condemnable connection with the stage—that grazing ground of the cloven-footed, and oddly enough the tiny foreign twist in her speech, for the average New England farmer regards a departure from his time-honored twang as a direct personal affront. But the little lady displayed the quality of adaptation which in the rustic mind is a saving grace and went blueberrying democratically, in a picture hat, carrying a milk-pan which she designated along with other tinny household utensils, a "kettle," the like of which her sophisticated companions had never heard; but

she had failed to scream at the sight of a wood-snake, and only laughed when the sun burned her neck, the bushes tore her gown and tripping on a half-burned stump she overturned the "kettle." So she won her way to approbation and her manner seemed to them the direct antithesis of that of her morose husband who called her an odd boyish nickname and looked at her curiously when her head was turned.

But she had died suddenly of pneumonia the winter before, and they felt vaguely sorry for him when they remembered.

A few, however, of the ancient and honorable sisterhood that flourishes in country villages had discovered that he had abused his wife and these spread the ugly report with pious diligence, but for the most part he was let alone for the farm was a veritable haven where the Farmer and the Girl were unobtrusive presences; as for her, four years of university life had quite effectually routed the banal "one idea" that characterized too many of her associates, and she had come back to her old home knowing an unflatteringly small amount of calculus and infinitely much of human nature; and the Farmer was strangely like the old house; for a long experience of wearing city life had removed any traces of crudeness that he might have had in his youth, but had no more changed his firm, generous nature than the modern touches on the old house had spoiled the strong simplicity of its contour.

So these two were not critical, and it was therefore left to the Stout Ladies (chance sojourners at the farm) to show them the utter folly of attributing to the Brute such a humanly weak feeling as remorse.

As to the Stout Ladies, there were two of them; one, the possessor of a labyrinthic Russian name and a tendency towards insanity; the other, big, handsome, loud-voiced and aggressive—a strong, free, large nature that the irony of life had condemned to unremitting service to a lunatic and a pug dog.

From the first the Stout Ladies were convinced that he was a brute. Everything from his cigarettes to his dog

Boots irritated them; and indeed, they regarded the dog as the epitome of all his master's malice. The frilly, unbalanced Lady was devoted to a superannuated pug dog whose wrinkled frog-like face was cast in a perpetual mould of slobbery beatitude by reason of having outlived his teeth, the natural guardians of his tongue, and black-and-white Boots, elate in his perky, clean-limbed youth, danced madly about this mummified, smiling thing and barked out all the dog derision of his unhampered soul. All this was unproductive of concord.

Then, too, the Stout Ladies felt the keen protest of the openly garrulous against the man who carried his reserve and aloofness to the point of rudeness. They counted his cigarette stubs and whispered darkly of how he had neglected his wife. "He wasn't even with her when she died, he might have done that, at least, for decency's sake—the dog went with him everywhere!" So the measure of his unregeneracy was sifted quite to the bottom and the chaff blown for a missing bit, and it was beautifully proven that the dog was the *Whole Play* and the wife the *entr'acte*.

And the Brute returned their friendly offices in kind, and grew so surly that it was a relief when he got up growling in the midst of dinner, and a cause for jubilation when he limped angrily out to his hammock, grabbed it savagely from its place among the others in the pleasant locust shadowed ground toward the river, and established himself, his cigarettes, newspapers, and dog under the apple trees at the back of the house.

On this night peace reigned; it was too hot to quarrel, perhaps. Outside the summer dusk was sweet beneath the locust trees, and the Girl, steeped in contentment, lay very still in her hammock. Wisps of fragrance drifted from the massed syringas in the garden; fireflies glinted in the dank stretch of meadow land beyond. From the clump of beeches by the brook, a whip-poor-will's song, thin and liquid, wailed eerily, and the even, steady pull of oars came up from the river.

A screen of hop vines partly veiled her from the orchard

retreat of the Brute but she knew he was there for the lighted tip of his cigarette made wavy streaks of crimson in the gloom.

The creak of his hammock roused her slightly, and unthinkingly she turned his way—the Brute was talking softly, monotonously to the dog who whined in comprehension; the Girl's eyes turned lazily to the river again—but a new note in the voice—a note of tense, hard suffering, startled her into acute listening.

“Booth, you beggar,” he was saying slowly. “Have you forgotten Pete?” The dog gave an excited, protesting bark. “She thought a heap of you,” he went on, “and you hadn't much use for me when she was around—ah, Boots, boy, the smoking doesn't help”—the lighted cigarette cut rosily through the darkness and turned dully in the grass—“I've no heart for it—and they said we didn't love her, you and I—but we could laugh when tears would look better—Oh, Boots, Boots, you were with her when she died and I couldn't be—that cursed fall”—his voice caught sharply in a little breathless, heart-broken choke.

Some one moved a lamp indoors and the yellow rays slanted through the vines straight across the drawn misery of the man's face—it was wet with tears, and the puppy snuggled up to his breast, black muzzle against his turned cheek.

The Girl got up very quietly and slipped through the doorway into the big, light-flooded hall. She blinked slightly as the lamp light struck into her eyes.

The first Stout Lady was lurching to and fro in a rocking chair, her high-heeled shoes tapping the floor with each tilt, the second Stout Lady was feeding large spoonfuls of gruel to the toothless pug.

She looked up with quick, malicious interest. “Where's Brenton?” she queried with fat spite. She sniffed sharply, “He can't be far off, I smell cigarette smoke. I suppose he's making love to that dog!”

For an instant the Girl stared hard before her at the swaying lights on the river, then she wheeled sharply and walked straight through the room—"Yes," she assented with an acrid little laugh. "Yes—he's making love to that dog."

SUE LYNNETTE HINCKS, '08.

FOR THE LAST TIME ASKING

STURGIS broke the silence. "So you think you won't marry me this time?" he inquired.

"Oh, no," said Frances, politely.

"I'd be good to you," suggested Sturgis.

"Oh, of course," Frances replied. "You're humane, Gilbert. . . But father's very kind to me, thank you."

She tapped her foot absently on the low fender. It was the kind of foot a man involuntarily associates with a fireplace and a fender of his own. Outside it was snowing and blowing and here! Sturgis, gazing dreamily at the storm, reached out his hand blindly. Then he drew it back. Frances hated scenes.

"I say, Frances, why can't you?"

The girl looked at him dejectedly. "I don't know," she said. "I don't, really, Gilbert. We know each other too well, I think."

Sturgis went over the ground with infinite patience; he was used to it.

"You don't dislike me, do you?" he inquired.

"No," answered Frances promptly. "You're nice. I like you."

"I have a dog. His name is Fido," murmured Sturgis.

"Now! If you'd only stick to that," approved his audience.

"It seems to me," remarked Sturgis, "that you're pretty casual about me and my heart." Frances laughed.

"I should be," she said. "And you wouldn't want me to say, 'This is so sudden.' You couldn't expect me to say *that*, could you, Gilbert?"

Sturgis grinned. Then he stretched his long legs deliberately, and renewed the conversation.

"If you like me," he said, "why don't you marry me?"

"Can't," said Frances, rising. "At least not to-day. I'm going to a teachers' meeting this afternoon, and we're going to have people to dinner. To-morrow, perhaps——"

"To-morrow," interrupted Sturgis, rising also, and laughing back at her, "to-morrow will do very well. And Frances, I'm a pretty big boy to have a kid like you tagging along, but if you will hurry, you may walk down town with me."

Frances nodded her brown head appreciatively. The great, handsome boy! She went over and snuggled her hand into his arm. Even if one does not care to legalize the monopoly, it is good to have six feet of wholesome, practical masculinity at one's bidding.

"You're a dear, Gilbert," she told him warmly. "You weren't half so insistent this time. You're getting over it."

"Am I?" demanded Sturgis, sternly. "You wait till to-morrow, my dear."

"To-morrow? To——nonsense!"

"Nonsense yourself," frowned Sturgis.

"Do you think I'm going to wear out my young life proposing to you? I'm a busy lawyer, Frances, and you are only an idle, little kindergartner. My time is valuable; yours is not. You make me waste this valuable time in repeating a proposition of a perfectly lucid nature. My practice is falling off. So am I. Therefore, my good girl, for the purely commercial reasons above stated, you will be obliged—to—come—to—terms!"

Frances stared at him in mock admiration.

"My eye!" she observed.

"It is partly that," admitted Sturgis, "both of them, in fact. You see, they are so clear, and so gray, and so altogether——"

Frances laughed. "What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to marry you to-morrow," Sturgis informed her pleasantly.

"Do," said Frances. "And now, if you'll wait a minute till I get my hat, I'll tag along down town with you."

Her cheeks flushed as she ran up the stairs to her room.

"If he only would!" she cried softly. "If he only had initiative enough to do that. But he won't—he hasn't sprunk enough. Nobody would. And I *can't* tell him I—I *want* to. After saying 'no' so often, it would be positively indecent to recant. It's like—like leading a man on not to be afraid, and then accepting him. It's taking him at a disadvantage." She tied a long, soft pink scarf nervously.

"He—he expects me to say 'no.' And besides, he's so—so casual about it. He can't really——" Above the pink scarf her face grew suddenly pale—"love me, and I won't be married because I'm good fun."

She jabbed a pin viciously through a drooping hat that tipped in delicious contrast to her nose.

"Oh, I wish he would do that Lochinvar way!" she said, and went down to join Sturgis.

At the school building, Sturgis held out his hand with mock solemnity.

"Good-by, Frances, until to-morrow."

"Good-by," said Frances. "And I hope you won't forget to drop in and marry me. There's one comfort in telling the truth," she added to herself. "It sounds like the most abandoned lying."

Gilbert Sturgis, as he strode off, also inwardly and savagely communed with *his* thoughts.

"She must be in love with you," he told himself disgustedly. "She must be. Sounds like it, doesn't it? Blushing and coy, wasn't it, that last?"

For although no one, Frances least of all, would have gathered it from the imperturbable manner in which he accepted the inevitable, Sturgis had placed a good deal of hope on this afternoon's repetition of the program of many other afternoons. He had a sneaking idea that, loving Frances as he did, it wasn't quite square if things didn't turn out finally and make Frances love him. He was a great believer in Eternal Justice, although any one who

invokes justice in love must be very, very crazy indeed. Also, it was getting winter, and the use of living through another howling, blowing winter, without Frances and a fireplace of his own, Sturgis didn't see. But he didn't see, either, how he was to help it. All in all, he was a good deal discouraged, and as he frequently did under similar discouragement, he went to call on Mrs. Vining. Mrs. Vining was Frances' older sister; her first name was Constance.

"Turned down again," stated Sturgis, projecting himself cheerfully into Mrs. Vining's rose-colored little sitting-room.

"Frances?" inquired Mrs. Vining with a laugh. Sturgis nodded heavily.

"It's no joke, and the worst of it is, Constance, I don't believe it's that she really doesn't care. It's just force of habit, this 'no' business, and she can't bear to make a break. She should have become attached to me by now," he added gloomily.

"She should," agreed Mrs. Vining.

"We got to fooling," said Sturgis. "And I told her she'd wasted my time long enough. And I said I was coming around to-morrow to marry her. And she said,—” he paused disgustedly—"what do you 'spose she said, Con?"

"For heaven's sake," said Con, "what did she say?"

"She said," concluded Mr. Sturgis, "do! And she told me not to forget it!"

"Gilbert," said Mrs. Vining finally, sitting up and wiping her eyes, "it's gone far enough. Now, if I were you, I'd end this and marry her."

"Oh, you would, would you?" he inquired, with some indignation. "Well, really, Con——"

"Stop your noise! And to-morrow——"

"Oh, that! That was just a mess of Tommy-rot. I thought perhaps I could embarrass her or frighten her or something, do you see, and get her blushing and stammering. And then,—why, then, I thought I could wade in and do the masterful act. But, Lord, you can't do much grand stand wrestling with a cool proposition that just stands and

laughs in your face and says 'do.' And for heaven's sake, Con, stop your giggling. It's serious enough for me."

"So it is," said Mrs. Vining, brokenly. "Then, why don't you treat it seriously? If Frank had blushed and stammered, my dear, it would have been because she was sorry and hated to hurt you. I was behind the library curtains once, and heard her send Dicky Turner into the wide, wide world, and, Oh! my gracious, how she blushed! But——" Mrs. Vining leaned forward impressively, "if Frank said anything so perfectly outrageous as you tell me, it was the truth, and she knew you wouldn't believe it. And if I were you, I wouldn't be the one to back out."

At eight o'clock that evening, the Winslows' maid announced that Mr. Sturgis was down stairs and wished to see Miss Frances. At five minutes past eight, Miss Frances, going into the library, found him standing bulkily in the middle of the floor.

"Why don't you sit down, Gilbert," she asked.

"Can't stop," replied Gilbert, "and you can't either. Hurry up and get on your festive dress."

"But we aren't going out," protested Miss Winslow.

"Oh, but we are," retorted young Sturgis, grimly. "I know I'm a bit early—I said to-morrow, didn't I? But I thought there was no sense in waiting. Besides, I'm busy forenoons."

"Well, Gilbert Sturgis——," Gilbert wheeled on her wrathfully.

"Now isn't that just like a woman?" he demanded, irritably. "Can't remember an appointment ten minutes! Didn't I say we'd be married to-morrow? Well, I've decided not to wait. As I said before, I'm busy forenoons."

There was a long, miserable pause. Then Frances' voice, low and furious and hurt, came to Sturgis' ears.

"I—I suppose you—you think you're funny, Gilbert Sturgis. Probably you think it's a great joke, laughing at me, and at—at the most beautiful thing in the world! Oh, I know I'm not in love myself, but that doesn't make any difference. Lots of people are. And, at least, I liked you

before, and now—" her voice broke furiously, "I hate—hate, *hate* you!"

She turned to leave the room, but Sturgis, who had not answered her, did a marvelously wise thing. He took her firmly in his arms and held her.

"Sweetheart!" he cried, "Sweetheart!"

The give-and-take camaraderie had gone from his voice; in its place, there was fear and longing and *purpose*.

"You know I can't wait any longer, Frances. I can't, indeed."

"You'll have to," said Frances, coldly. "You'll have to wait forever."

Sturgis' arms tightened about her.

"Perhaps so," he said gravely, "I can't make you marry me, Frances. But I'm not going to be a hanger-on any longer. I have been so afraid I'd lose your liking; that was something, I thought. But I don't care now whether you like me or not. I want you to love me. And I wasn't joking when I came after you. You're going to marry me to-night, or I'm not going to bother you any more. Are you coming, Frances?"

Frances put out her hand faintly; the little motion of appeal broke down all Sturgis' self-restraint.

"Good heavens, are you afraid of me?" he whispered. "Don't be, dear. But I've loved you with every breath, for five years, and I—" his voice sank—"I have never once kissed you—be still, dear—and I'm going to now." He raised her head and bent over, and kissed her squarely on the lips.

The room was quite still. Then Frances heard Sturgis draw a quick breath.

"What an idiot I've been!" he said wonderingly. Then he bent and kissed her again.

When he came to himself, and was trying wearily to explain that he wasn't sorry for the kisses, but that he was sorry he had hurt her and that she wasn't to mind because he was going away and wouldn't she forgive him and say good-by,—Sturgis had really given up all hope, which is hard when one holds the only thing in the world he really

cares for close in his arms and knows he must open them—well, Sturgis has never puzzled out what happened then. Doubtless he thinks it was the operation of Eternal Justice.

For Frances, who never did things by halves, was telling Sturgis, between incoherent, frightened sobs, that he wasn't to go at all, and at intervals, saying softly, "Oh, you *do* really care," as if it were the most surprising thing in the world.

Now you can see how naturally the masculine being regains his lost ascendancy.

"Care," said Sturgis, "*care!* Well, I'll be hanged! Don't I make myself clear, or do you think I'm just trying to perfect my oratorical gifts? What do you mean, you little idiot?"

And the little idiot, from the leeward side of Sturgis' left shoulder, said, "I—I thought you just got used to asking me, and you thought I'd miss it. And that I was just good fun——"

"So you would miss it," said Sturgis unfeelingly, "and you needn't feel put out about the other. You'll save my buying a set of Mark Twain."

But Frances, struggling to put into words the bewildering completeness of her self-surrender, did not hear him.

"I want to marry you, Gilbert," she cried. "I want to!"

With a great laugh, Sturgis swept her close to him.

"You're going to," he said softly. "Run along and get your duds on."

'06.





MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL

VERY bravely I marched up the long walk to the school, viewing with complacent satisfaction as I went the patent leather tips to my little new shoes. Very loftily I waved aside the kindly hand my father offered me as we mounted the steps. Surely such childish dependence was not for one who was "going to school." When I was once inside the building, however, and saw the familiar gray coat disappearing down the path, my courage deserted me. Nothing in the world seemed so beautiful to me as those broad shoulders and that gray coat, nothing so worthy of all my efforts to reach. It seemed, for a moment, as if my shiny boots must carry me straight after them. And those eyes down before me! Those terrible eyes! Blue and black, gray and brown, all taking an inventory of poor little me, from the pink bow on the top of my hair to the tips of my toes. When the teacher led me down among those little, curious faces to my seat, I just closed my eyes tightly together and gripped her hand till I wondered if it didn't hurt. What if she should put me near that boy with the carrot-colored hair, the one who had looked cross-eyed at me a minute ago! I know that in case of such a catastrophe I should never be able to keep my shiny shoes from following the gray coat. But no. There I was beside a dainty little miss with yellow curls. I delighted in yellow curls, and by the time the owner of these had told me that

my pink dress was just the color of her baby brother's cheeks, and that she would share her bag of chocolates with me at recess, I felt quite happy and at home. I even dared to look around a little. My fear of the boy with the carrot-colored hair began to be mixed with admiration when I beheld him drawing a most ferocious looking dog on his slate. It reminded me so forcibly of the animal that had chased me a week before that I began fairly to tremble in living over that adventure again. Fortunately, however, my attention was diverted from such harrowing recollections. My education actually began; a slate was put before me and I was given the task of "making i's." I remember thinking that the little dots over the letters must be the EYES of the I's, and laughing at my own conceit, as I squeaked the pencil over my slate. I was laboriously starting my eleventh row of i's when I felt a tug at my sleeve, and she of the yellow curls was inviting me to "come have some CHOCERLIDS." Within five minutes I was seated in a shady corner of the yard, comfortably munching chocolates, and comparing notes on dolls with the owners of those very eyes that had so terrified me a short time before. After recess, the teacher told us stories—SUCH stories, ranging from "The Three Bears" to an account of Columbus discovering America. I wondered if Columbus was the "Gem of the Ocean" of the song I had heard. I was just deciding to ask that encyclopaedia of universal knowledge, my papa, this question, when the gray coat appeared in the door-way. My first day at school was over, and, as I skipped down the walk, proudly explaining that I could "make i's," I felt far wiser than I have ever felt since.

G. E. H., '09.



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PROFESSOR STANTON'S resignation from the college Faculty last summer is a matter of sincere regret to every alumnus and student of Bates. Long and faithfully has "Johnny" served on the Bates Faculty; well and earnestly has he labored for the interests of Bates and it is only fitting that the editor should sketch the outlines of his busy and interesting life work.

Jonathan Y. Stanton was born in West Lebanon, Me., June 16, 1834. He fitted for college at the Academy, West Lebanon, Me., and at Guilford Academy, Laconia, N. H. He entered Bowdoin College in 1852 and completed his college course in 1856. The Class of '56 of which Prof. Stanton was an honored member celebrated its fiftieth anniversary on June 30th of the present year.

After graduation Prof. Stanton read law a year in the office of the Hon. Daniel M. Christie of Dover, N. H. He then turned from the law to begin a life of teaching. For two years he taught in New Hampton Literary Institute. Then he took a course of three years at Andover Theological Seminary; after this he was principal of Derry Academy for two years. All this time he was fitting himself for the wider usefulness he found in his long service as a teacher at Bates.

In 1863 Professor Stanton was elected to the Faculty of Bates and ever since—until the close of the last college year—Professor Stanton has been in active service at Bates—a term of forty-three years.

Professor Stanton is a man of large and varied interests. He has never been a man to specialize so narrowly as to be at all one-sided. At one time he taught successfully higher mathematics and he was an exact and intelligent instructor. Late years he has taught with even greater facility the classics of the Latin and Greek. For some years Professor Stanton held both the Latin and Greek professorships. As the classes increased in numbers it was found expedient for Professor Stanton to give over the Latin and since then he has given all his time to the Greek.

Professor Stanton is the father of debating at Bates. Regular class debates were introduced in the fall term of 1864. For many years all the prizes were given by Professor Stanton and he exercised a considerable supervision of all the work in debating.

When intercollegiate debating became an established institution at Bates, it found in "Johnny" an enthusiastic champion and partisan. Sophomore debates and intercollegiate debates have always been matters of vital interest to him and a debator at Bates would feel lost if he were to begin his speech without seeing the kindly and interested face of Professor Stanton in the audience.

Another pet interest of Professor Stanton is the study of Ornithology. For years he has been collecting mounted specimens of Maine birds and the college has at present a very complete collection presented by him. Professor Stanton has also given regularly very interesting bird talks and every spring for years it has been his custom to take his classes out on early morning bird walks.

Aside from the subjects Professor Stanton has taught and to which he has given special study he has acquired a wide general knowledge in many fields and many a class hour has been brightened and made more interesting and instructive by talks on a great variety of subjects.

Professor Stanton has always been, too, a loyal sup-

porter of all branches of athletics and his attendance at practice and at games has been constant.

In every way Professor Stanton has been thoroughly a Bates man—heart and soul—and he has to-day the love and warm interest of every man or woman who has studied in his classes or who has had the privilege of his personal friendship.

And one must not forget, too, all those delightful class picnics to Lake Auburn that "Johnny" has chaperoned so well and so generously.

Last November Professor Stanton fell and fractured his thigh. Although the injury was very serious he recovered from it wonderfully and the summer term saw him again regularly at his classes and out on his bird walks.

Professor Stanton has well earned a rest and we only hope his health will long permit him to frequent the campus and Garcelon Field as he has in the past. In his retirement from active work he has the cordial interest and hearty friendship of every son and daughter of Bates.

The STUDENT announces with regret the resignation of a number of our most valued instructors who completed their work at Bates last spring.

Professor Stanton's retirement is mentioned above.

Professor Arthur L. Clark has resigned his work in the Physics Department to accept the chair of Professor of Physics in Queen's College, Kingston. His successor had not been elected when the STUDENT went to press.

Professor Clark came to Bates from a term of most successful teaching at Bridgton Academy. At Bates he has in connection with his regular class work found time for a considerable amount of research and original investigation and as a result received the Doctor's degree from Clarke University. He is a thorough teacher, a fine laboratory instructor and a splendid man to know personally. He has been actively connected with the management of Bates athletics through the advisory board and his work in this connection has been of the highest usefulness.

We all wish Dr. Clark success at Queen's College and sincerely regret his departure.

Prof. Cecil F. Lavell leaves Bates for Trinity. Professor Lavell took Professor Veditz's place as Knowlton professor of History and Economics. Although Prof. Lavell's term of service at Bates has been short, his uniform courtesy and sincere interest in his work have made him beloved by his students.

Mr. William E. McNeill leaves the instructorship in English for further study and graduate work. Mr. McNeill's coaching in debating has been invaluable and his courses have been uniformly thorough, interesting and comprehensive.

Dean Libby resigned in the summer term and shortly after commencement her marriage to Mr. McNeill was announced. Miss Libby taught French, Spanish and Italian, and in addition to these arduous duties was Dean of the Women. It would be difficult to find any one person as able to fill all these positions.

In Cobb Divinity School a vacancy is left in the Faculty by the death of Professor Benjamin F. Hayes, who had taught for years faithfully and ably.

To supply the places in the Faculty left vacant by the resignations just noticed, the STUDENT gives the following elections:

George M. Chase is elected Professor of Greek. Prof. Chase was graduated from Bates in '93, taught in Fairmount College, Kansas, three years, studied at Yale two years; and has taught in the International College, Springfield, Mass., for five years.

Raymond G. Gettell takes the Economics and History—Prof. Gettell is a graduate of Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa.—has been an instructor in History and English at Ursinus Academy and College and for the past year has been taking graduate work in Pennsylvania University.

A. K. Spofford of Paris, Me., is elected instructor in English. Mr. Spofford was graduated from Bates in '04, received a graduate Fellowship at Dartmouth, taught in Wells River High School and then studied at Harvard in 1905-1906.

Royce D. Purington is Director of Physical Training and Coach. Mr. Purington was graduated from Bates in '00. He was four years in business at Berlin Falls, N. H., and has been a student at the Y. M. C. A. Training School, Springfield, Mass., 1904-06. For two seasons he has been the Bates football coach.

The newly elected Dean is Miss Frances C. Norris, of St. Louis, Mo. Miss Norris is a graduate of Washington University—for ten years has been the head of the Modern Language department and Dean of the Women at Ottawa University and spent the last year in study at Oxford University and at Sorbonne, Paris.

Miss Britan is a graduate of Hanover College, Indiana. She has studied Physical Training at Yale and has taught successfully three years in St. Louis.

Prof. Hayes' chair in the Divinity School is taken by the Rev. Shirley J. Case—a graduate of Acadia College, N. S. Prof. Case has taught in New Hampton five years, studied at Yale three years and also taught there. From Yale he received Ph.D. He has been a pastor at Beacon Falls, Conn.

BATES ALUMNI NOTES

1870—Josiah Chase is the Democratic nominee for Senator to the Maine Legislature from York.

1876—Rev. T. H. Stacy of Concord, N. H., received the degree of D.D. from Bates on the 30th anniversary of his graduation.

1880—Mrs. Eliza Sawyer-Leland has a daughter in the Freshman Class.

M. T. Newton, M.D., is nominee for representative to the Maine Legislature from Sabatis.

Rev. J. H. Heald has charge of the Congregational Home Missionary Work in New Mexico. The Albuquerque Journal recently printed in full his very original and impressive sermon on "The Twentieth Century Christ."

1885—Hon. F. A. Morey has recently built four attractive houses on Wood Street. It may be interesting to note that three of these are to be occupied by Bates teachers. Mr. Morey is the Democratic candidate for County Attorney.

Charles T. Walker, A.M., received his Ph.D., from Harvard last June.

1886—Edgar D. Varney, A.M., Principal of the Milton, Mass., High School, recently delivered an interesting lecture at the Ocean Park Assembly.

1888—Norris E. Adams, A.M., till recently Principal of Jordan High School, has resigned his position to enter the real estate business.

1890—Mr. and Mrs. Jenney are to reside at Hingham, Mass., where Mr. Jenney has an excellent position as Principal of the Hingham High School. Mrs. Jenney was formerly Blanche Howe, '90.

1891—Mr. J. H. Chase has recently been elected Superintendent of Schools at Rumford Falls, Maine. Mr. Chase has an excellent record as a scholar and has held some fine positions in the educational field which make him well qualified for this work.

1892—Hon. W. B. Skelton of Lewiston has been appointed Bank Examiner for the State of Maine.

1893—George M. Chase has been elected Professor of Greek at Bates to succeed Professor Stanton.

E. L. Haynes is Principal of the High School at York, Maine.

1894—C. C. Brackett is in the real estate business. His office is in the Old South Building, Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Rev. Arba J. Marsh is pastor of the Court Street Free Baptist Church, Auburn.

Rev. Wesley E. Page is pastor of the Ellsworth Congregational Church.

1896—Miss Emily D. Cornish has an excellent position as instructor of literary interpretation and physical culture in the High School at Beverly, Mass.

Rev. J. B. Coy is Free Baptist State Missionary in Maine.

Hal R. Eaton is Principal of the High School at Stoughton, Mass.

1898—R. H. Tukey received his Ph.D. from Yale last June. He has been teaching at the Summer School at Long Lake Lodge, Bridgton.

1900—Florence A. Lowell sailed for Europe on July 6th. She will remain abroad a year.

1901—Bertha M. Brett is a teacher in the Edward Little High School, Auburn.

1902—Earle A. Childs is Principal of the High School at Grafton, Mass.

Willard Drake is Assistant Forester for the State of Wisconsin.

C. F. Donnocker is in the real estate business in New York City.

1903—The engagement of Miss Grace E. Bartlett, Dixfield, and Harry M. Towne, Culver, Ind., has been announced. The wedding will take place in September. Mr. Towne is a teacher in the Culver Military Academy. *

N. S. Lord is Principal of Bridge Academy, Dresden Mills, Me.

Raymond L. Witham is to spend the year in study at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute.

Marion Tasker is a teacher at Gardiner, Me.

Ralph L. Hunt is Principal of the County High School at Glendale, Montana.

1904—George A. Senter was graduated from Cobb Divinity School last June. He has accepted the pastorate of the Masardis and Oxbow, Aroostook Co., churches.

May Carroll is a teacher in the Edward Little High School.

Amber Parlin is to teach in the High School at Winchester, Mass.

N. S. Mitchell is Principal of the Warren High School.

A. K. Spofford succeeds Mr. McNeill as Instructor of English at Bates.

1905—G. D. Milbury is in the Senior Class in the Yale Divinity School.

Alice Bartlett is to travel as violin soloist of an orchestra this year.

Mabel Holmes is to teach in the High School at Montague, Mass.

1906—H. A. Allan is to do newspaper work.

W. S. Austin is to teach in the High School at Attleboro, Mass.

Myrtle M. Blackwood is assistant in the Norway High School.

H. G. Blount is Principal of Corinna Union Academy, Corinna, Me.

Ross M. Bradley is studying medicine at Queen University, Kingston, Ont.

Luther I. Bonney is to teach at Deane Academy, Franklin, Mass. Mr. Bonney's engagement to Miss Kathryn Bigelow of Lewiston was announced this summer.

Augusta Briery is the assistant in Patten Academy.

C. E. Brooks is to preach at Alfred, Me.

E. S. Conner is Principal of the Hallowell High School.

H. N. Cummings is to teach at Worcester, Mass.

Clara M. Davis has recovered from her severe illness.

Laura Day is a teacher in the academy at Stafford, N. H.

F. S. Doyle will teach at Littleton, N. H.

Leon Farrar is the instructor in Physics in the Presque Isle Normal School.

Ethel Foster is a teacher in Stevens Academy, Bluehill, Maine.

Florence Hamblen is to teach in the Peru High School.

Harry Harradon is teacher of the Ancient Classics at the New Hampton Literary Institute.

Leander Jackson is to teach Mathematics and coach Athletics in the Utica Free Academy, Utica, N. Y.

A. G. Johnson is a teacher in the Williston Seminary, E. Hampton, Mass.

Wayne Jordan is the assistant in Chemistry at Bates.

Ralph Kendall is the sub-master in the Jordan High School, Lewiston.

Anna Lanphear is teaching in the Northfield, Vt., High School.

Albion Lewis is the Principal of the Norwell, Mass., High School.

D. J. Mahoney is teacher of the Sciences in the High School at Houlton, Maine.

G. E. Mann is to preach in Thorndike and Freedom.

Forrest Mason is the Principal of the High School at Lisbon, Me.

Lillian Osgood teaches in the High School at Attleboro, Mass.

- Leon Paine is principal of Patten Academy.

Florence Pulsifer is a teacher in the High School at Windsor Locks, Conn.

W. R. Redden is instructor in Chemistry in Davis and Elkins College, West Virginia.

Florence Rich is to take up graduate work at Radcliffe.

Edna Robinson is a teacher in the Island Falls High School.

Harold Stevens is to teach Physics in Fiske University, Tenn.

Frank Thurston is the assistant-principal of the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine.

Elmer Verrill is principal of the Island Falls High School.

Ann Weston is a teacher in the Portland High School.

Howard Wiggin is teaching in the High School at Webster, Mass.

Myrtle Young is a teacher in the High School at Rochester, N. H.

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