

11-1905

The Bates Student - volume 33 number 09 - November 1905

Bates College

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Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 33 number 09 - November 1905" (1905). *The Bates Student*. 1890.
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THE STUDENT



BATES COLLEGE

LEWISTON, MAINE

NOVEMBER, 1905.

Volume XXXIII.

Number 9.

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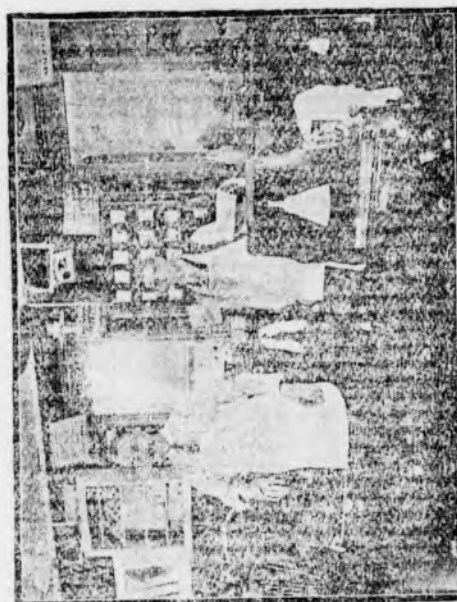
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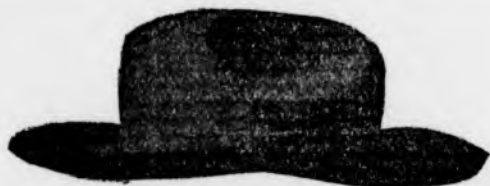
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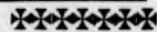
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THE STUDENT

VOL. XXXIII LEWISTON, ME., NOVEMBER, 1905 No. 9

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

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR; SINGLE NUMBERS, FIFTEEN CENTS

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

CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

IT is hard to read Craddock critically. We forget to criticize, but read on and on, lost in the beauty of the hills and the simple strength of the life that she depicts. She has woven together so charmingly and skillfully, plot, characterization and description, that the lover of any of these is satisfied. Only when we have reached the end can we stop to think how she has told her story.

Her plots are comparatively simple. They are wholly consistent with the simple life of the Tennessee Mountaineer. His life is uneventful, as monotonous as the hills about him and Craddock has pictured it by means of but few incidents. These follow each other as naturally as do the every-day happenings of our own lives. Very few startling things occur in these solitary hills. Some things, like the raiding of a moonshiner's den, the appearance of a "Harnt" on a cliff or the shooting of a man would be startling were they to happen any where else, but to the Mountaineer, these are the commonplace things and as we read them, they form but a part of the whole wild, rugged life. Some may call her plots complex, for often there are two or three threads. But never for a moment do we mistake or lose the main one. From the first, Craddock keeps before us the problem to be solved; every incident, every character helps toward its solution. She fully develops her plot. We may not always be satisfied with the result, but Craddock clears up every situation and when she has done this she ends her story. Often

the end seems to us abrupt. In the story, "In the Clouds," although we know that the problem is solved when "Mink" dies, and that the story is done, we do not feel quite right to leave Alethea listening to the mocking-bird and imagining it to be her lover's voice calling her. We close the book and dream about her awhile and wish that Craddock could have made up a little more. In "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," while we know there is nothing more to say, we wish that we could know Dorinda's future. One might think that so many stories all with the same setting would tend to exhibit a sameness and be monotonous, but instead of this, the originality of Craddock has made each distinct by itself and we begin each one with a fresh interest.

Nothing in Craddock's works is better than her portrayal of character. She reads it keenly, sympathizes with it deeply and reveals it clearly. She gives us a human man, with virtues and faults. We admire the nobility of Teck Jepson and at the same time we recognize his weakness. We see him led into disgrace by his violent temper and then we see his better self arise. In the case of "Old Man Cayce," we think he has no heart or conscience. Our contempt is climaxed when we hear him plot to kill a certain man and when by mistake he kills the wrong man, we almost hate him. But how we sympathize when he repents, as deeply as his primitive philosophy can, and cries out piteously, "It air a dreadful thing, Pete, ter kill a man by accident."

Craddock gives us no colorless characters. They are as pronounced and clear-cut as is "Great Thunderhead" itself. Her characters are not described but are made to reveal themselves in what they do and say. Clem Sanders, the bold, brawny smith of Boomsedge Cove, reveals his fearlessness when Longwood, brandishing a knife, rushes into the smithy and demands, "Clem Sanders, stand up ter fight! I be a-goin' to kill ye," by coldly remarking, without lifting his eyes from the anvil, "Kill away." He reveals another side of his nature when Marcella flatly refuses to marry him. "Yes-sum," he timidly replies.

"Oh," exclaimed the girl, "ye air so tormentin' tiresome."
"Yes-sum," said Clem, drawing back rebuked.

But few people inhabit the valleys and rugged sides of the Tennessee Mountains and Craddock, true to life, introduces comparatively few characters into her stories. But in these few she shows us every possible kind of person that one would find there—the blacksmith, the moonshiner, the county sheriff, the circuit-rider, the adventurer, the hunter and the mountain herder and farmer. In these simple folk she brings out every emotion of the heart, every trait of character. Cynthia proves what love can do. So do "Lethe" and Dorinda. Craddock's men love, but her women prove that human love is often a tragedy. Hate is portrayed, but it is not hate for hatred's sake. The Mountaineers are not naturally malicious. Jealousy, fear of the raiders and cowardice often lead them to crime. They are essentially religious. Their religion is of the fiery kind. "Ye must be convicted and git religion and be saved from the wrath to come," is their creed. They warn their young people by, "Time is short, hell is yawning, git convicted." On rare occasions they gather at the rude church and hear the circuit-rider picture Heaven and Hell in glowing terms. One of the strongest elements in the Mountaineer's character is superstition; many the "harnts" that walk the Great Smoky Mountains. The life of Teck Jepson hung on the proof that Lethe had really seen "The Idjut" and not only his "harnt." The conscientiousness of the Mountaineer is revealed in the character of Alethea who says, "Things seem right ter me an' the folks thinks 'em wrong, an' I feel obleeged ter do what I low air right an' it all turns out wrong. An' then I'm beside myself with blame." We find sarcasm also. In speaking of people, who think evil thoughts of a comrade, Craddock represents her character as saying, "Would ye grudge 'em the mean, little things that they can think?" The sorrow and pathos of life is vividly brought out. The simple Mountaineer strives, like us, for the Truth. He, too, demands the true in his fellow men and when he fails to find it, his sorrow is as keen as ours. We understand Dorinda when she

says, "No, I never loved ye. I loved what I think ye war. But ye warn't that, ye war sunthin' else. I war jes' in love with my own foolishness." The Mountaineer feared, and in a way respected the law. He did not pretend to understand it, but, "It is agin the law," was reason enough to decide the right or wrong of any action. In short, Craddock's men are live men, we walk with them, talk with them, feel with them and live with them. She does not portray child life to any extent, but she pictures men and women in all their moods and experiences. Her perfect mastery and use of the mountain dialect is one of the best means of bringing out her characters and of giving such a charming local flavor to the books.

Nothing in prose can surpass Craddock's descriptions. She usually introduces her story by describing the place where the scene is laid. She fills all the visible world with mountains and sky. As we read we feel the hills rising up all about us, we see the sky grow blue and the fleecy cloudy scud across and rest on the lofty summits. Into the very heart of nature we go and when the bold Mountaineer says "Howdy," we are not surprised. Throughout the story we are kept close to nature. Our author loves it and so do we. The very nature of the book demands it. The people would mean nothing to us without nature as their background, and they help us better to appreciate the strength of the hills. To understand one, we must have the other. No aspect of nature is unrevealed—the tempest, calm, morning, evening, vastness, solitude—all are felt and seen by the reader. Craddock knew the value of concreteness in description. She takes a shrub, a log cabin, an old mountain road and behold!—a picture. See this—"Tall trees on every hand, great beds of ferns; impenetrable jungles of mountain laurel all along the dark ravines, now and then a flash of crimson, from afar gleamed the red cones of the cucumber tree, the trumpet flowers blossomed in the darkling places; he marked the lustre of the partridge-berry by the way-side." Her mountain cascade is "A cascade in a rocky channel, a flash of foam, a glittering swirl, laurel and ferns crowd its banks and a solitary cardi-

nal flower reflects multiform in a deep pool. A mossy log spans it as a foot-bridge." Craddock is equally fine in picturing vastness and solitude. We feel lost when she says, "The growth of the forest was of incredible magnitude. Up and up with a canopy of leaves so dense that all the firmament was effaced. What infinite stretches of solitude! What measureless mountain wilds! In these solemn spaces Silence herself walked unshod." But Craddock's powers are not limited to nature descriptions, her tiny villages are real with their group of log huts, the crude post office and the blacksmith's forge. Her cottages or cabins are not neglected; she gives them mud chimneys, a porch covered with vines and on it always a spinning-wheel, at which a slender girl in home-spun blue is usually spinning. See this old mountain dame, "A dark, withered, white-haired crone she was with a hooked nose and a keen, fierce, intent eye." Craddock is certainly realistic; to get to her post office we walk over chips, splinters and shreds of bark, around the wood-pile, across a patch of "butter and eggs," and gain the rickety little porch.

The life of the Tennessee Mountaineer was not told idly by Craddock. She saw in it a beauty, a strength, a purpose and from it she learned a lesson. She recognized in it the illustration of a great truth. We cannot read a chapter without feeling the beauty and the strength that she felt, but perhaps it is harder to learn the lesson and recognize the truth as she did. We must look behind the mere story, the characterization, the description. Craddock does not sermonize; what she felt she leaves us to feel and appreciate as we will. Craddock saw illustrated in the Mountaineer the Brotherhood of Man; she saw that worth and nobleness are found in the roughest paths, that life in any place is as noble as life in any other place if it is rightly lived. She expresses her whole attitude to life when she has Dorinda say, "An' I'm boun' to help him, ef I kin, 'pears like ter me ez that thar air all the diff'ence 'twixt humans and the beastis, ter help one another some. An' ef a human won't, 'pears like ter me ez the Lord hev wasted a soul on that critter." Craddock makes us feel a contempt for the

artificialities of life, we feel as she does when she tells us briefly what her lesson was. She says, "The grace of culture is, in its way, a fine thing, but the best that art can do—the polish of a gentleman—is hardly equal to what Nature can do in her higher moods."

LILLIAN M. OSGOOD, 1906.

THE HEART'S GUESTS

The heart with chambers twain
 Is fashioned,
 Where dwell our Joy and Pain.

If Joy wakes in the one,
 Then slumbers,
 The Pain safe in his own.

Oh Joy, I pray, take care!
 Speak softly,
 Lest Pain should waken there.

ELIZABETH ANTHONY, 1908.

[From the German.]

OUT FROM THE SHADOW

CHAPTER III

THE cab rattled off down the street, the splashy tread of the horses' hoofs over the wet pavement only adding to the weirdness which the ghostly flickerings of the huge arc light through the bare wet branches of the elm trees cast over the scene. But the effect was lost on the girl who had come in the carriage; not even the windows of the familiar houses glaring in the light of the electric as in holy horror at the unusual noise at such an hour, appealed to her. She had paid her fare, turned immediately and went up the granite steps where pausing for an instant she drew a key from her pocket and thrust it into the lock. It turned noise-

lessly and as the door swung inward she entered and closed it behind her.

Up over the broad staircase feeling her way mechanically, up the second flight she went, then a few steps down the corridor she stopped and passed her hand along the wall. A slight click from the secret lock and a second door opened, disclosing a small room through the unshuttered windows of which the light from the street entered sufficiently to show the simple furnishings; a couch with two or three pillows opposite the windows, at the farther end a desk—yes, it was still open and the papers were scattered about as he had left them. The chair was still standing before it as it had stood when he had risen from it one year ago to-day; when he had gone in answer to a message from one of his "clients," as his wife sneeringly called them; when in answer to her anxious query he had said, "Don't fret, little girl, I've got my coat on this time," and she answered playfully, "Don't give it away before you get home, father." He had turned and smiled as he went out at the door and for some reason she had run to the window to look after him as he passed down the street, modifying his athletic stride for the sake of the small, poorly dressed boy who was acting as messenger and guide.

Only a few moments later they brought him back. There was a black bruise over his temple, his face was white and set, and the kindly eyes that had smiled back at her from the doorway were closed in the eternal sleep. Since that day Nicia Wallace's heart had been as cold as the heart of the dead and the kindness which he had in spite of her mother's protests, instilled into her nature by precept and example, had passed away with him. How could it be otherwise? Her father whom she had worshipped from her first breath lay dead and all for the sake of a "beggar's brat" that he had snatched from under the hoofs of a pair of runaways.

Only a year ago, and by this time to-night her mother was the Hon. Mrs. Stanley. Her hands clinched and her lips drew tightly back over her set teeth. Thank God this

home was hers and neither that man nor—his wife—should ever set foot inside it, it was hers alone.

Alone? Yes, in truth alone for she had no part with her fashionable relatives. They had given her up in despair as they had her father, they sneered at her as they had at him. Aunt Elspeth's spiteful speech to Dr. North had voiced the feelings of the family, "Egbert Wallace always was a crank, it's fortunate he died before he drove his wife crazy." Nicia had not entered the house since. She thought of her mother's angry words yesterday, "Not content with wasting his money on every beggarly cheat he could find, he must spend half his fortune on those infernal inventions and put our lives in continual danger with his disgusting experiments."

Here in his own little den Nicia's soul went out to him in apology, protest and sympathy. He had been so sensitive in spite of his strength and it seemed even now as if he must know, he must have heard those heartless words and she could see his eyes as they used to darken at her mother's cutting speeches when every word had fallen on her own heart.

As in torture she tossed her clinched hands above her head with a convulsive movement. A flash from the distant corner beside the desk caught her eye. She advanced quickly and unhesitatingly pushed aside the little curtain. Ah, here was the invention into which so much of the money lamented by her mother had gone. The silver mirror which was to read the future for any who dared to test it; the result of days and nights of study and exertion on her father's part. Yet it was to be simple, he had often told her. Just step onto the ebony platform, grasp the little lever beneath the mirror with both hands and turn it to the right. He had put on the finishing touches the night before—ah! had he tested it? Did her father know that morning when he had turned and smiled back at her, that it was the last time? That he should never come back to his home?

The thought flashed fiercely through her brain, she sprang onto the little platform, seized the lever and turned

it—to the left. She realized her mistake and tried to turn it back. Too late! her hands were held as by supernatural power, there was a sound of music, low, sweet, entrancing, the surface of the mirror rippled like a lake in the summer breeze, and then as in a dream her father stood before her and—herself a tiny child of six sobbing over the fragments of a china vase scattered over the carpet. Her father caught the child up in his arms, "That's right, little girl, cry it out now, and then we'll see." A moment's darkness and the surface brightened again. Once more she saw herself, a trifle older, trembling before her angry mother who had accused her of some petty mischief. Her father, passing by the door, stopped and looked in, "Speak up, Nicia," he said, "Don't ever be afraid to tell the truth."

Alternating with the darkness scene after scene of her life passed before her eyes as she stood motionless like one in a trance. Then came, O how well she remembered it, one year ago yesterday. The cynical Dr. North had called and she came to bring lunch up to her father's den as she often did. She entered the room as her father was speaking, "What are you fretting about the shortcomings of the world for? It's enough to look out for your own. Great Heavens, man! what does it matter if your friend is false to you if you're only true to yourself." Then perceiving her standing with the tray in her hands he rose—snap! The mirror shivered to atoms, her hands fell from the lever, she staggered back as the woodwork fell with a crash, and sinking into the chair burst into tears for the first time since her father's death.

The light from the street began to pale in the gray of early dawn but still she wept on sobbing out anger, grief, and sorrow with her head on her arms amid the littered papers on the desk.

The moments passed, slowly the clouds cleared away, the storm god departed with low mutterings for his home in the West, the sun appeared and spread its warm rays over the dripping world. It peeped into the dusty room, looked meditatively at the heap of wood and glass in the farther corner, and lingered longingly

on the bowed head of the girl who slept on like a tired child unmindful of time or trouble. What matter that now the lever could never be reversed, that never could she read the future in the silver glass because the hand that might have repaired the shattered mechanism had lain for a year in the grave? What matter? The past sufficed. Out from the shadow of death the voice she loved had spoken bringing peace to her troubled soul and with it the strength to face the world once more. '06.

THE FIRST COLLEGE SPREAD

"**H**USH, girls, the proctor is coming." Agnes pushed the box under the couch, Edith put the box of cocoa behind her, and I grabbed the bottle of wood alcohol and quickly slid it under a sofa pillow. "Sh-h-h!" Everything became as still as death and the only sound that could be heard was the retreating footsteps of the proctor as she passed down to the lower end of the hall.

In the morning Edith had received from home a box which contained chicken, fancy cookies, cake, pies, candy and peanuts. Several of the girls had congregated in one of the rooms to prepare a real college spread. In order that we might not be obliged to study that evening, Agnes, Edith, and I had so combined our mental forces that in a half an hour during the afternoon we succeeded in translating two pages of Livy and in solving twelve examples under the Binomial Theorem.

Promptly at eight o'clock we slipped through the corridor into Room eight and quietly locked the door behind us. We drew up two study tables and placed them side by side. These were to serve as our dining table, but what should we do for a tablecloth? We had nearly resolved to eat from the bare table when Olive exclaimed, "O, girls, why can't we use this?" She held up a piece of white cloth. What had been its former use I can't imagine, but it looked to me as if it magnified twenty diameters. We spread it on the table as best we could and placed a dish over each hole.

"Oh, say, girls, for goodness sake, what are we going to do about dishes?" exclaimed Edith, the hostess of the evening. Everyone looked aghast. We tiptoed to our rooms and succeeded in finding two cups, three plates, a knife which looked as if it had been in active service for at least twenty years, and one spoon. We next decorated the room with our class colors, garnet and green, and the last as it shone through the paper gave a glowing tint to the room. Then after we had piled the couches high with sofa pillows and had covered the floor with rugs we sat down to view our work. We pronounced it good. Next came the preparation of the food. I took the only knife we had in our possession and sawed away at the bread, and Olive prepared the chicken. When finally the sandwiches were completed they looked more like fish balls than anything else. While the others were busy arranging the dishes I took up a bottle of olives. I had never been baffled before in opening a bottle, consequently I proceeded with all the air of dignity I possessed to draw out the cork. I was progressing finely when splash! and I was covered with olive juice. I had not fairly recovered from the shock when our attention was attracted to the chafing dish which was acting in a most outrageous manner. The wind had puffed the flames and when I looked up the whole dish was one mass of blue flame, the cocoa was boiling over, and the tablecloth had already caught on fire. I grabbed the handle of the dish and rushed to the other side of the room. Olive smothered the flames with her apron and the rest of the girls looked on and giggled. Such a sight as the room was! Everything was covered with cocoa even to my shoe. We scrubbed up the mess with our handkerchiefs and then invited the girls to the feast. "Take off your shoes, girls," whispered Alice, "and don't laugh out loud," put in Agnes. Every girl, shoes in her hand, crept into the room on tiptoe. "Now, girls, don't raise your voices above a whisper no matter what happens," solemnly implored Edith.

Between giggles and fits of smothered laughter we began to eat our lunch. I was just in the midst of pouring out a cup of cocoa when the lights dipped. Only ten minutes

more! We must finish quickly; chicken, sardines, cakes, cookies all found a way to our mouths at once. Oh, if we could only eat faster. My jaws fairly ached. It was of no use, we must prepare to clear away. We piled plates upon cups and sardine cans upon olive bottles and with both hands full we watched our chance of slipping through the corridor and depositing our dishes where they could be washed. I hastily glanced out of the door each time before I ventured and once I caught sight of the proctor. Did she see me? I did not know, however, I felt that she mistrusted something. "Be careful," I said, "the proctor is watching us." We worked very fast and once I looked out in time to see Agnes and Edith run directly into each other. A cup flew in this direction, a saucer skated in that and poor Edith's face looked as if she had just returned from a football practice. I rushed out and picked up the pieces and had just reached the door when everything turned black. I was so bewildered that for a moment I stood still. Presently I felt something soft touching my arm and then I heard a faint whisper saying, "Which way are we going, I can't see." I felt my way back to the table and after I had succeeded in lighting a candle the girls all started along through the corridor in single file and by the light of the candle succeeded in depositing their dishes. Then with one accord we broke into uproarious laughter which sounded startlingly loud through the deserted corridors. Presently we heard a door open, and the sound of footsteps. "The proctor," whispered Edith in dismay. I rushed to the closet, Agnes, Edith, and Olive got behind the screen and Alice, a dignified young lady, desired the space under the couch. For a moment everything was still and I had just poked my head out through the door when there was a rap. "Oh, my land," thought I, "what shall we do?" I could hear the frightened whispers of the girls. Someone must go to the door. I went. There stood the proctor. She looked at me; then came directly into the room.

"What does this mean?"

O, if there had only been a hole in the floor through which I might have vanished! I wished I had staid in the closet.

"Where are the rest?"

There was an awful moment of silence and then Alice laboriously crawled out from under the couch. The proctor's face was a study. I thought I detected the far off beginnings of a smile.

"Young ladies, proceed to your rooms."

And then we were alone. We are still wondering whether or not we are to receive any terrible punishment.

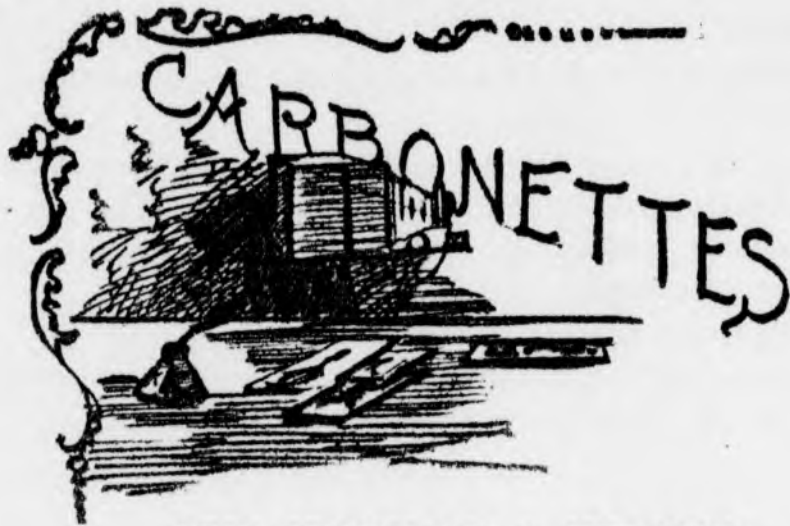
GRACE S. WHITE, 1909.

CONSUMMATION

Once in ancient night the stars were weeping
(Meanwhile their tears to silent worlds did flow,
"Oh, this shadow path and lone watch-keeping
Steal from us fast dear hopes that once did glow."

Then a slumber song of wondrous beauty
Stole on the night with its opening bars
(For thus Love cometh to Patient Duty)
And now we speak of the peace of the stars.

D. L. P.



THE STORY OF A HEROINE

WHO can say she was not a heroine? Did she not give up the dearest desire of her heart for the sake of her mother? From earliest childhood, Mary Lane's ambition had been to be a great singer. Her wonderful voice was ever the delight of her companions. She gloried in singing as the sparrows glory in the sunshine. Oh! if she could only express in song the wonderful thoughts and heavenly inspirations which filled her heart! Nothing would be too hard, no hardships too great to endure, if she could only carry her beautiful message of hope and peace to sin-burdened hearts. She felt sure that she could help so many people if she had the chance.

Just as she was stepping from the misty borders of childhood into a radiant young womanhood, the chance was offered her to study her beloved music. But—she would have to leave her sick mother alone in her little village home, with no loving friend or relative to care for her. You may ask why she could not take her with her to her new home. Have you never known of the passionate love some people feel for the place where their saddest as well as their happiest moments have been passed? It was in the humble little cottage that Mrs. Lane and her husband had begun their married life together. Here her husband had died. Here she had first felt around her neck the clinging arms of her only son, whose short life

had so soon faded away. Sacred memories clustered around each room. Mary could not ask her mother to leave these beloved scenes, for new and unfamiliar ones, which would but aggravate her illness.

Could she leave her mother behind in the old home? She thought of the words she had often repeated in her childhood, "Honor thy father and thy mother." She remembered even now the thrill she felt years before when her grandfather had rebuked her for being angry with her mother. "Child," he had said, "Your mother is your best friend. Be careful that you do not do or say anything you will be sorry for when you are older." No, her mother in her lingering illness needed a daughter's loving care and attention. She could not leave her.

And so she gave up her hopes of a musical career, and stayed at home with her mother. No one ever knew of the temptation she had had, not even her mother. Patiently, each day, she did the duties which fell to her lot. Patiently and cheerfully she tried to brighten the lives around her. Not once did she let the disappointment or her hopes mar the pleasure of others. Ought she not to wear a crown of honor? Was she not a true heroine?

1908.

EDITORIAL

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THE responsibility of the BATES STUDENT, upon whom does it rest? The idea seems to prevail among the student-body that the editors, and the editors alone are responsible. Think, however, how pleasant it must be for these editors, after striving hard to publish an excellent number, and being disappointed by person after person, to receive all the blame because the number is not better. As college students, we should be able to realize that we must respond to the call upon us individually, if the STUDENT is to succeed; we should realize that the editors cannot compile a number without our coöperation. We readily support the athletic interests, the debating interests and all other interests. An appeal for the Bates spirit to support these interests always meets a satisfying response. Now let this Bates spirit well out in support of our college paper, let it be just as enthusiastic and soul-satisfying. Let our college paper be as truly representative of our loyalty to our *Alma Mater* as any of her other interests. In this way alone can the STUDENT become what it ought, a truly inspiring college paper.

Happiness consists in growing into a larger and larger world, with increased faculties of comprehension.—*Bishop Creighton.*

THIS is doubtless a new definition to most of us, but consideration proves its truth. What can conduce to our happiness so much as to feel that we are growing broader and yet broader, that our interests are increasing, our influence extending farther! In order to increase our

interests, our growth, we must inevitably add to our powers of comprehension, we must carry open eyes, open minds, and, above all, an open heart ready to receive impressions and to convert them into useful properties to be once more returned to the world increased in value because we have thus considered them. This definition is one which should be studied by us as students; we should strive not only to see its possibilities but to perceive its tacit demands. We all enjoy an appeal for our advice, it make us feel we are of some importance in our little world at least. We should, however, think whether we have that larger, broader interest in the world which will enable us to advise rightly. In this day of specializing, while perfecting ourselves in our own line of work, we must not let our interests be confined solely to that line, we must seek the open fields of knowledge also, that our minds may be fully rounded, not abnormally developed here and stunted there, but finished and rounded in all directions as are the true athletes. Growth is, indeed, the foundation not only of genius but of happiness.

LOCALS

MANAGER'S NOTICE

The management wishes to state to the subscribers instead of sending receipts in acknowledgment of subscriptions paid the check syitem will be used. That is, the date on the wrapper will show the date to which the subscription is paid.

Mr. Aldrich, '07, with the aid of Miss Pease, '06 and Miss Rich, '06, is preparing a Bates Calendar. All who wish them are asked to apply to Mr. Aldrich.

Did you know that according to good authority we have a genius here at Bates? Well, we have, for it is indisputable that Miss Briery has "an infinite capacity for taking Pain(e)s."

A week or two ago, we had with us one of the most powerful and versatile minded men of the world, Mr. Isaac Rice, LL.D. Mr. Rice is an authority on chess and international law, is one of the foremost railroad lawyers of the day, is the man who took the Holland sub-marine boat, when apparently a failure and perfected it. He is president of this boat company, which has orders amounting to eighteen million dollars placed for the coming year. He came to us as a friend and helped us all by his keen interest in us and his simple, unpretentious manner. We hope to see him again.

The parts for Senior Class Day have been assigned as follows:

Chaplain,	Merritt L. Gregg
Address to Halls and Campus,	Warren W. James
Address to Undergraduates,	Albert G. Johnson
Oration,	William R. Redden
Poem,	Jessie M. Pease
History,	Grace W. Pratt
Prophecy,	Alla Libbey
Farewell Address,	Wayne C. Jordan
Peace Oration,	Luther I. Bonney

We still believe there's much in a name.

Libbey.—A corrupted form of liber, Latin for book; as applied to a person it means a book-worm.

Blackwood.—Compounded of black and wood. As black wood is at least unusual, the name has come to be applied to a person who is not of a common type, in other words, one who is a "freak."

Davis.—Contraction of De Avis, "from grandfathers;" means a peculiar person with a prominent tendency toward old-fogyism.

Mahoney.—Dialect "Ma honey;" a sweet, loving, childlike, inoffensive person.

A certain high-crowned, thick-haired, profound-browed, altogether wise-looking senior went down town a few days ago and had his hair cut. On his way back, he fell in with one of our old professors, who greeted him heartily and

immediately began to ask him strange questions about his success in his work at Yale. Our friend was greatly puzzled and perplexed. Finally he said, "Why I haven't graduated, I'm a senior." The professor stopped short and looked at him for as many as two minutes and then said, with a chuckle, "Well, well, I thought you were a fellow who graduated four years ago. You've had your hair cut, haven't you?"

At the meeting of the Maine Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools held in Portland, four members of the faculty were present, President Chase, '68, Professor Knapp, '96, Dr. Lavell of the History, and Dr. Leonard of the German departments. Dr. Lavell had a paper on "Greek Sculpture and the Christian Art of the Renaissance."

The editors for the coming STUDENT year have been announced:

HARLOW DAVIS, Editor-in-Chief.

JOHN S. PENDLETON.

MISS CAROLINE CHASE.

JEROME C. HOLMES.

MISS ANNA WALSH.

MISS LILLIAN LATHAM.

We of the old board wish you of the new, joy in your impending troubles. We beg you to feel free, so far as we are concerned, to make any changes for the strengthening of the paper. We shall be pleased to help you in any way we can to take up your new work.

FOOTBALL

	Bates Score	Opp. Score
New Hampshire State.....	0	0
Hebron	6	0
Fort McKinley.....	22	0
Harvard	6	34
Amherst Aggies.....	16	0
Colby	28	0
Maine	0	0

We are proud of this showing. We have been scored on by no team except Harvard's. But we are proud

not simply of the showing. We are proud of our team. We have a straight team and a clean team, as clean a team as ever clawed earth between goal-posts. Such a team is an honor to a college and a powerful argument for football. We hope our college will cling to the standard this team has set. We want our teams to be made up of clean men, straight men, intelligent men. Ringers, hirelings, and physically perfect ignoramuses, we will leave to those who want them. *We* want clean, intelligent Bates men. Then if we lose, we have no reason for shame; if we win, we can with clean conscience rejoice.

TRACK

The meet between Bates and Bowdoin Freshmen was not held because of the bad weather. Nevertheless, it has accomplished a great good here. It has drawn out good material from the Freshman Class, which we feel confident will give a great impulse to our track interests here.

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club has organized for the year. Schumacher, '08, has been elected director and Johnson, '06, manager. We ask the alumni and all friends of the college to advertise us. We are going to have a good club and we want a good business. Mr. Johnson is ready at any time now to talk business. Recommend us for that high school concert.

"BATES NIGHT"

"Bates night" which was held in the Bates Gymnasium October 30, 1905, was a decided success. Speeches encouraging athletic sports were made by distinguished Bates alumni and leaders of the student body. Mr. W. F.

Garcelon, '92, acted as chairman and took occasion to say that the alumni appreciated the work of the men on both first and second teams. Interesting addresses were made by Hon. O. B. Clason of Gardiner, L. B. Costello of Lewiston, F. H. Briggs and Hon. Henry W. Oakes of Auburn, Hon. W. H. Judkins of Lewiston, Scott Wilson of Portland, Professor Hartshorn, and Hon. C. N. Blanchard of Wilton.

CHENEY CLUB

The following is from the *Manchester Union*, Manchester, N. H.:

"The fourth annual meeting of the Cheney Club graduates of Bates College, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Cox of Manchester Street, last evening. Twelve members of the club were in attendance. A social session formed an enjoyable part of the program.

"The special guests of the Club were Prof. J. Y. Stanton of Bates College, Lewiston, Me., and Oren Cheney Boothby, a grandson of the first president of the college, for whom the Club was named.

"The election of officers resulted in the following choice: President, C. C. Ferguson, '92, Somersworth; Vice-President, Mrs. I. N. Cox, '91, Manchester; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Alice W. Collins, 95, Concord.

Following the election of officers Mr. Boothby addressed the Club, presenting greetings from the organization in Boston. Professor Stanton was also asked to speak.

"His remarks were of a reminiscent character. Professor Stanton spoke of his love for President Cheney, and how at the early age of ten years he came under the influence of this able man, as a pupil in the high school and how again when the college was founded.

"A college must grow," said the speaker, "and I am glad that money has come to Bates slowly for I never wish it to become the college of the rich student."

A hearty vote of appreciation was extended Professor Stanton for his attendance at the meeting of the Club in Manchester, and for his remarks. The Bates song, presented by T. A. Roberts, '99, of Lebanon, and other college airs were sung with the old-time vigor of college days.

"The following members of the Club were in attendance: Alice W. Collins, '95, Mabel Brett, '01, Concord; Edward Tucker, '98, Henniker; George L. Griffin, 1900, Concord; G. H. Libby, '89, Mrs. G. H. Libby, '91; C. H. Little, '84, Manchester; Charles Walker, '04, Goffstown; Cheney Boothby, '96, Boston; Prof. J. Y. Stanton, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.; I. N. Cox, '89, Mrs. I. N. Cox, '91, Ethel L. Cummings, '94, Manchester."

ALUMNI PERSONALS

1868.

President Chase spoke before the History Club and the Sorosis Club, who were guests of the History Club October 31, in the new Fiske Reception Hall. His subject was "Eminent People That I Have Met."

President Chase will be absent from college November 15-21 inclusive, to attend as a delegate the Interchurch Conference on Federation held in Carnegie Hall, New York. Five hundred principal delegates will be present.

1870.

Mr. W. E. C. Rich, formerly Master of the Robert G. Shaw School in Boston, has been transferred to the Christopher Gibson School of the same city.

Professor Jordan has been to Hartford to visit his son, who is yet very ill.

1886.

Mr. F. E. Parlin was recently elected president of the Norfolk Teachers' Association, Massachusetts.

Professor Hartshorn was the guest of the Schoolmasters' Club at their annual banquet, October 19. Of the fifty-one present, eleven were Bates graduates. Professor Hartshorn

also spoke the next day, before the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association at Concord, on the "Preparation of the Teacher."

1887.

Mrs. Nancy Little Bonney has been travelling in Europe during the past year.

1888.

The following is from the *Lewiston Journal*:

"Dr. Frank S. Hamlet of Gorham was killed November 6, by falling from the roof of his house while cleaning out the gutters. Dr. Hamlet was a native of Brownville and completed his education at Bates College. He had been a resident of Cumberland County since 1899, coming from Hallowell. He had a large practice at Gorham and stood very high socially, being at the time of his death, master of the local Masonic Lodge. Dr. Hamlet was about 45 years of age. He is survived by a widow and three children."

1890.

Rev. G. H. Hamlen on his way back to India, stopped at Gibraltar and from there sent a very interesting article to the *Morning Star*, Boston.

1893.

Mr. N. C. Bruce of the Bartlett High School at St. Joseph, Mo., had the pleasure of seeing his boys win the football championship this fall. At a reception given to them on Hallowe'en he made a speech in which he told of his appreciation of the work of the school and his hopes of their better and higher future.

1895.

Prof. W. W. Bolster is taking a course in Bowdoin Medical School and is assisting Dr. Whittier in the Bowdoin Gymnasium.

1896.

Mr. A. L. Kavenaugh is clerk of the Turner Electric Road.

1897.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Milliken (Miss Emma Chase) have a daughter, born recently.

Richard P. Stanley, Esq., of Boston, is visiting in Lewiston for about a week.

1900.

Mr. A. C. Clark has an excellent position in Monroe School, No. 15, Rochester, N. Y. He is taking a course in philosophy in University of Rochester.

Mr. Elwin Jordan, who is in the Hartford Theological School, is slowly recovering from a severe attack of typhoid fever.

Miss Ethel Vickery has resigned from her place in Grafton, Mass., and is now occupying a better position in the Dover, N. H., High School.

Mr. H. E. E. Stevens of Lewiston, has received his M.D. from the Harvard Medical School, and is now practicing in a hospital in Boston.

Mr. W. K. Holmes, who has been teaching in Lubec, Maine, has gone to Massachusetts Institute of Technology for postgraduate work.

Mr. G. S. Bragg, M.D., is practicing in a Bangor hospital.

W. H. S. Ellingwood, formerly sub-principal at Bucksport, is now principal of the Gorham, N. H., High School.

Rev. Thomas Scammon, Bates, '99, and wife (Miss Nina Landman, '01), have a son born recently.

1902.

Miss Georgiana Lunt is teaching in Edward Little High School, Auburn, Maine.

Dr. Ernest W. Emery is associated with Dr. Sherman G. Bonney, '86, in Denver, Col.

1903.

Miss Bessie Bray was recently married in Everett, Mass., to Mr. Arthur L. Stevens. They will make their home at 363 Main Street, Lewiston, Me.

Mr. N. C. Bucknam was official linesman at the Bates-Maine football game.

Miss Theresa Jordan is teaching in Edward Little High School, Auburn.

1904.

Mr. Nelson S. Mitchell, formerly teaching in York Harbor, Me., is now principal of the High School at Wallingford, Vt. His engagement is announced to Miss Bessie M. Langille of York, Me.

1905.

Miss Maude Thurston, assistant in the Mechanic Falls High School, who has been in Lewiston on account of the illness of her brother, has returned to her work. Miss Peabody, also of '05, substituted for her.

Miss Mary Walton was married October 19 to Mr. E. Kimball Conant, in the Bethany Church at South Portland, Me. Mr. and Mrs. Conant will make their home in Jamestown, R. I., where Mr. Conant has charge of a Baptist Church. The girls of the Class of 1905 gave the bride a linen shower.

Miss Marion Ames visited college recently and was present at the Colby game.

Mr. Thomas Spooner is working for the Columbia Improvement Company as an electrical engineer. His place of business is Minneapolis, Minn.

Mr. Eugene Tuttle is principal of the Littleton, N. H., High School.

FROM OTHER COLLEGES

Cornell has three thousand five hundred students, one thousand of whom are Freshmen.

At State College, Pennsylvania, a football game is scheduled between the "Toothpicks, composed of elongated students who lack in avoirdupois," and the "Tumblers, a conglomeration of short runts whose vertical and horizontal dimensions more nearly approach equality."

Three Sophomores have been suspended for one year by

the authorities at Columbia for hazing Freshmen in defiance of the agreement entered into between the students and faculty last February.

Smith and Radcliffe are to benefit by Mr. Carnegie's generosity. To Smith he will give half the cost of a biological laboratory and to Radcliffe \$75,000 for a library provided a like sum be raised for endowment.

Bliss Perry, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, delivered the Commencement Address, at Mount Holyoke. His subject was, "On Being Academic."

Pennsylvania's football training house is the poorest in the country among the big colleges. It will be replaced in time for the next year's team.

Princeton now has a faculty of one hundred and thirty-eight professors and instructors.

The *Pennsylvanian* (U. of P.) owns its own printing plant which has been furnished by alumni aid.

The work on the new Walker Memorial Building at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology will be begun as soon as plans can be prepared and a site purchased. The gift for the equipment and running expenses of the building is provided in the will of Frank Harvey Cilley, '89.

During the summer the Supreme Court of Massachusetts handed down a decision to the effect that the Institute of Technology may not sell the land on which the buildings now stand. This decision practically struck the death-blow to the proposed merger between Tech. and Harvard.

The largest prize ever offered for excellence in academic work will be given at Harvard this year. A prize of \$500 is offered for the best thesis on any economic subject.

According to the regulations attending the honor system adopted by Amherst, Freshmen caught cheating will be suspended, for a term, while guilty ones from the three upper classes will be expelled.

The old University Hall at Brown, erected in 1770, has been restored to its original appearance, which was entirely lost during the craze for stucco decoration in 1855. Everything has been done to make it conform as much as possible to old pictures of the building.

A unique feature adopted by Brown in the development of her football team is the requirement that the members study the rules and be ready to recite on them from time to time.

President F. Clark Seelye of Smith College has received an offer from Fred Bennett, a wealthy merchant of Joliet, Ill., to remove that institution from Northampton to Joliet. Mr. Bennett agrees to secure an endowment of one million dollars and a tract of eighty acres of land. No change will be made for some time yet.

Freshmen and Sophomores of Tufts have decided to abolish the customary flag rush.

Ground has been broken for the new Carnegie library at Tufts. It is expected to be ready for use at the beginning of another college year.

Abraham Shuman of Boston is to give Tufts a bronze bust of the late President Capen.

A pianola and over a hundred rolls of standard compositions have been added to the Tufts College Music Department by the kindness of Albert Metcalf.

The first of a series of life-work talks to be given at Jessup Hall, Williams, during the winter, was given October 29. Dr. Albert Vander Veer of Albany spoke on "Medicine as a Profession."

Among the many improvements at Williams College during the vacation is the completion of Thompson Memorial Chapel, perhaps the finest college chapel in the country.

The score of 70-0 by which Brown defeated Colby was the largest a Maine college ever had scored against it by an outside college.

The second annual Colby Day "Smoker" was held in Memorial Hall, October 14. Speeches were made by representatives of the Colby Club, the faculty, the city, and the alumni.

On October 31, the young women of Colby College celebrated Colby Day for the women. Alumnae and friends were invited. A basketball game, three acts of "Midsummer Night's Dream," a harvest supper, drills and Hal-

lowe'en sports made up the festivities. The celebration is likely to become an annual affair.

To You.

I love to hear the songs of birds by night,
When in the dusky evening, soft and low
Their fairy souls in music overflow,
In carols with the lilt of love all bright;

Or when, the sunset clouds in gold bedight,
They sing in joy, while flitting to and fro,
Calling their loved ones as they come and go,
Themselves like sunbeams flaming on the sight;

Yet sweeter than the love-song of the bird,
When at the glory-jewelled close of day
Its voice in carols sweet and clear is heard

As from its heart it sings its fairest lay.—
Far more than thus my stubborn heart is stirred,
When words of love I hear you, sweetheart, say.

—R. F. A. in *Boston University Beacon*.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

An artist prayed for a model true
Of the Virgin's color, the heaven's blue,
And in his dreams his vision met
A God-sent flower—the Violet.

—GERALD EGAN, '06, in *Georgetown College Journal*.

SONG.

I came into the garden-close,
When all the world was fresh and fair,
Beside me blew a crimson rose,
And somehow a great flood of air
Seemed everywhere.

It was not lonely there nor still,
Not one least living thing was dumb,
The laughing leaves, the thrush's trill
Sang to my heart in one sweet sum
Of Love to come.

I came into the garden-close
When all the world is chill and grey,
Beside me droops a crimson rose,
And all that's fair seems fled away
With yesterday.

It seems so lonely here and still,
No flower lifts its heavy head,
No bird voice sounds with throb or trill
And all things seem to pine instead
For love that's dead.

—K. S. GOODMAN, in *Nassau Literary Magazine, Princeton*.

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