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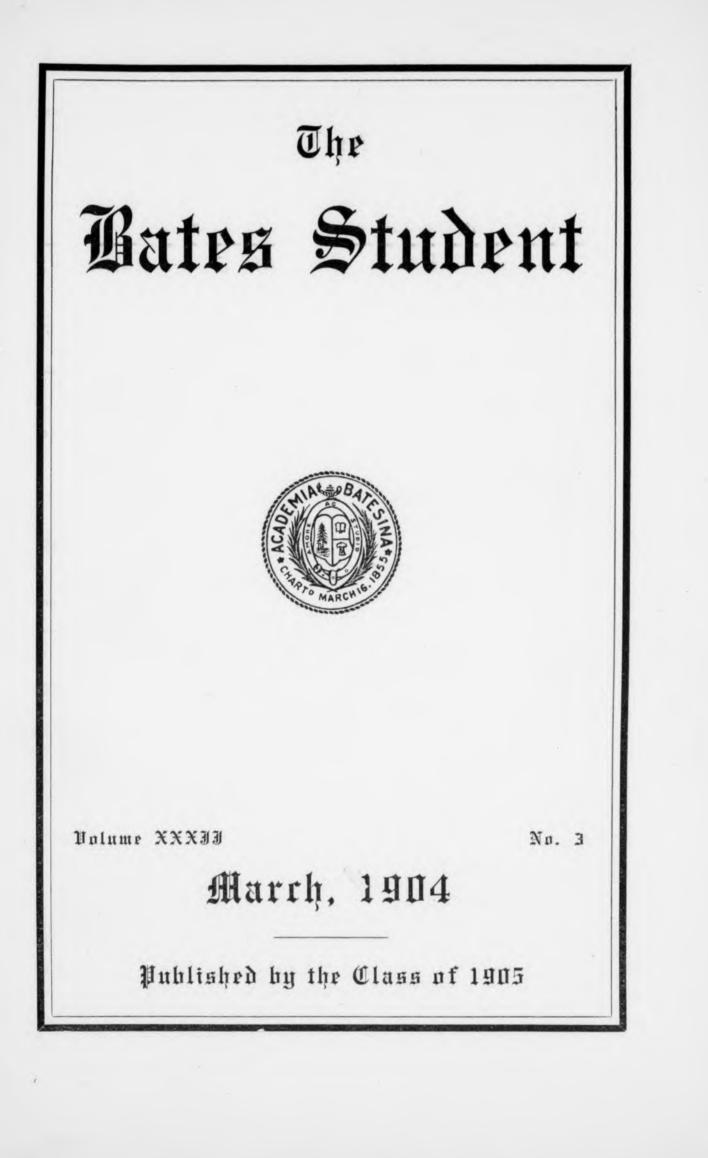
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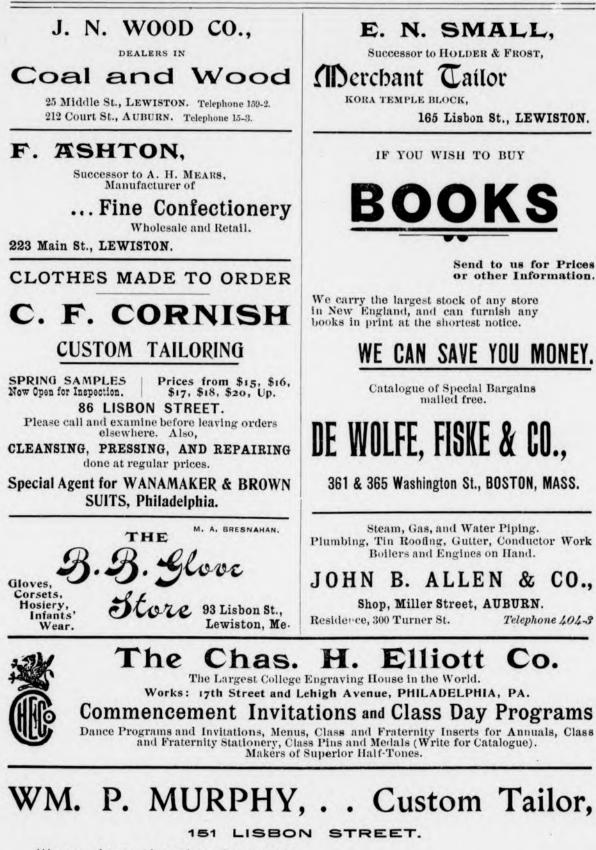
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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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Citerary.

FROM THE GRAY TO THE GOLD.

Merry and happy and always gay, Dwelt a wee fay of the sea; A fay afloat on a salt wave crest Of the tumbling, green-blue sea. And she rode and played in the crispy curl Much like a sea-born ocean girl, And she gathered the froth in her elfin hands And scattered it high to the yellow sands. Tossing it high in madcap glee, Out o'er the tumbling, green-blue sea. And the wind it caught in her rumpled hair, Throwing it wild in thready gleams; For the light it had caught from the day-sun's ray, Or the softer glow from the pale star beams; Hair that was thready and spun and fine, Finer than gossamer, filmy fine; Hair that flung out on the ocean breeze And twisted its strands with the dancing seas. A wee, wee fay with a twinkling laugh Playing about in the ocean's trough.

Tossing, leaping and care-free fay Playing about in a madcap way, Flitting about on a crispy curl Much like a sea-born ocean girl, Bide a bit in a pale pearl shell, And make with a salt sea drop a spell, Or spin me a thread that is long and fine, Finer than all-of the green sea brine, So long it will reach o'er the ocean brine And close to a far-off, sad thought twine. Twine about twice and thrice, my fay, All in a clinging, entangling way, And make the thin thread, oh long, oh long, And tremulous, too, with a thought of song. And spin it with tender, tiny hands And fasten it here on the sad sea sands. On the sad, on the gray, on the lone sea-sands, Tie the gossamer line with your dear, dear hands.

Out on a tossing, foaming crest An enchanting fay of the ocean's breast Leaped and played with a madcap glee At a riotous game with the plumy sea. She dashed the salt sea-spray from her eyes,

And rode on the billows' fall and rise, And poising aloft on the topmost curl Sprang down deep in the merry swirl, Patted the drops in a childish way, Did the elfish, care-free, salt-sea fay, Braving the broil with an elfish glee At her riotous game with the green-blue sea. Bide thee, my fay, in a pale pearl shell, Spinning a thread with a magic spell; Spin it so long and thin and fine It will span the foam and the crispy brine; Then in thy tiny, elfish hands Bear the filmy thread from the cold, gray sands. Bear it away through the sea gray mist Straight as a ray by the day sun-kissed; Bear it-oh far, oh far away, Through the drifting mist of the falling spray Steady, and straight, and true, and well. Bear the slender, gossamer, fay-wrought spell Afar from the sands so cold and gray, To the sands afar o'er the blinding spray; Carry the thread on its mission told From the sands of lead to the sands of gold And twine it, oh gently, my fay, my fay, But surely and well in a fairy way, The thin, fine thread of a fairy spell Born in a far-off, pearl-lit shell Tremulous, whispering, gossamer thin As only the fays of the fay-world spin. Twine about surely the far-off found, Twine it not twice, but thrice around. Only a thread, just a fine-spun thread, To the sands of gold, from the sands of lead.

-MAUD A. REED, '05.

BROWNING'S MUSIC POEMS.

S HOULD we take a glance at the early life of Browning, we would more easily understand why he writes so truly about music and art. So fond of these was he indeed, that it is a wellknown fact that it took him several years to decide that his life work should be literature. However, having at last adopted literature, his musical tendencies by no means disappeared. His poems which contain musical references, show they are written by one who knows. They are not mere sentimental gush, but come from a man whose soul is really moved by music. No English poet has ever excelled him.

Although musical references are found in many of Browning's poems, he has left us four which are especially on music. These are "A Toccata of Galuppi's," "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," "A Parley with Charles Avison," and "Abt Vogler."

Galuppi was born in Venice early in the eighteenth century. He produced over fifty operas, most of which were comic. His works have disappeared from the stage, but his church music is still sometimes performed in Venice.

A toccata or touch-piece approaches its theme rapidly. It is brilliant, and even superficial, yet here and there, one hears a solemn chord seemingly inconsistent with the gay mood of the piece.

Notice how this is carried out in the poem. We hear the sound of light music. We see before us the gay, beautiful city of Venice. Through this worldly, pitifully monotonous life, a strain of sadness comes stealing. As in the music, so in the poem, the solemn chord is struck. A deeper note of life's meaning is sounded, soon to be shaken off by the gayety. The "Toccata" touches these deep thoughts only suggestively, yet it arouses in us the heart-searching questions of our higher nature. It shows the hopeless longing and incompleteness of a life of gay repetition.

In the thirds and sixths, one feels the longing for a larger life. There is also a haunting fear of death. Turning from the yearnings of the minor, the decisive major is struck, and an octave answers the "dominant's persistence." The solutions and suspensions might have taught the Venetians lessons of experience and hope, not merely the haunting "Must we die?"

Browning gives us a picture of a life of pleasure pursued for pleasure's sake. He shows us that unless love and knowledge are combined, life is not complete. Thus it is that the Venetian beauties live only in shadows, and Galuppi's cold music makes us shudder.

"Master Hugues" must not be taken too seriously. Although there are many humorous touches, one cannot believe that the poet is poking fun at the old musician, famous for his "mountainous fugues." Hugues is a fictitious name, probably chosen to rhyme with fugues. The construction and harmonizing of the different parts of the fugue are among the most difficult things in music.

The poem is a monologue. The unnamed organist of an unnamed church addresses Master Hugues, whose shade, he

imagines, is hiding in the darkness about him. The organist has just finished playing one of Hugues' fugues,—"four flats, the minor in F." He has mastered the mechanical difficulties but he finds no meaning. It seems but a wrangle. The first part gives its opinion; the second has a different view; the third disagrees; the fourth and fifth parts add to the jangle; a quarrel is underway. The organist, provoked, exclaims, "But where's the music, the dickens?" The truth is hidden by the jangling sounds, as the beautiful work of the ceiling of the church is hidden by cobwebs. The organist ends his monologue by telling Hugues and his parts to "clear the arena," that he may "unstop the full organ" and "blare out" in the "mode Palestrina." As he ends the candle goes out and he shouts,

> "Lo you, the wick in the socket! Hallo, you sacristan, show us a light there! Down it dips, gone like a rocket! What, you want, do you, to come unawares, Sweeping the church up for first morning prayers, And find a poor devil has ended his cares At the foot of your rotten-runged, rat-riddled stairs? Do I carry the moon in my pocket?"

Ruskin says that we laugh at those we love. This may be why Browning holds up to friendly ridicule the organist, satisfied with the mechanical only. The poem may be interpreted thus. The organist, not understanding, may be likened to a hard-thinking man, who, struggling to understand the difficulties of life, turns at last to God.

"A Parley with Charles Avison" is a very different kind of poem. Avison was a famous English musician and critic. His music lacks originality but it is light and graceful. The real subject of Browning's poem is the Grand March written by Avison.

The poem starts with a very pretty picture. It is a cold winter morning. Looking across his London garden he sees a blackcap tugging at a piece of flannel nailed in the wall. It strikes him as an odd fancy that the little bird should come to London for a piece of woven wool, when it could have found natural wool in any hedge near its nest.

This is an image of his own mind. He has passed over the rich new music of the day to pick out the forgotten March of Avison. The march has run in his head until, from the "thinnish air effect," it seemed to be played by a full orchestra. He is roused from his day dream before he is able to put verse to the

music. The march has aroused him as much as it would have stirred the people of Avison's time. The great master of any period moves the souls of the people of that period. Browning gives a reason for this in two lines:

> "There is no truer truth obtainable By man, than comes of music."

The poet proceeds at great length to explain this truth. Soul is something which no one can define with a word. It is Something, yet it is not matter. It shows itself in Feeling over which Mind has no mastery.

"Yet who tells of, tracks to the source the founts of the soul?"

All the arts try to solve the problem of Mind and Soul. Music without achieving comes next to attaining. Music has increased in power during the ages, yet it cannot reach its ideal, because like the other arts, it is subject to the law of change.

Browning turns from these great thoughts to tell more of Avison. He first plays the march through in a minor. Changing from the minor to C major, he drives away all doubts and bids man see that he is not ridiculed with false gifts. Hope, Fear, Joy and Grief were gifts in the "far days of music's dim beginning." Truth also was a gift and though it keeps taking new shapes, truth is truth whatever the covering. Avison wrote it for man's cause. Browning's purpose is the same. He gives it words that make it a patriotic march, words that protest against the king's tyranny and the arrest of the five members, and are able to explain the result. Art is subjected to natural laws. Will, which is higher than law, is able to frame from three notes of music "not a fourth sound, but a star."

It has already been stated that no English poet has written on music as Browning has. Milton, who was a musician, has not left a single line to show that he thought it was more than a sensual pleasure. Shakespeare does more for music in the "Merchant of Venice" than all of Milton's writings. Browning goes deeper than either of these. To him it is an intellectual pleasure. It does more, it appeals to the soul. Music brings the truth to us without the aid of form and substance.

> For music (which is earnest of a heaven, Seeing we know emotions strange by it, Not else to be revealed), is like a voice.

Sorrowful though the Abbe is because the music is beyond recall, he can still be comforted with the lasting qualities of any good. Our aspirations and our passion are really music sent to Heaven. All our ideas will be found complete in the mind of God. "On earth the broken arcs; in Heaven a perfect round." He feels that the secret of life rests in the musician's hand, so proudly and patiently he says:

"Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again, Sliding by semitones, till I sink to the minor, yes,

And I blunt into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,

Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep; Which, hark, I have dared and done, for my resting place is found, The C major of this life; so, now I will try to sleep."

The last part of the poem gives Browning's philosophy. We can see the processes of painting and poetry.

"Fife, trumps, drum, sound! and singers then Marching say, "Pym, the man of men!" Up heads, your proudest—out throats, your loudest, Somerset's Pym!"

"Strafford from the block, Eliot from the den, Foes, friends, shout 'Pym, our citizen!' Wail, the foes he quelled,—hail, the friends he held, 'Tavestock's Pym.'

"Hearts prompt heads, hands that ply the pen Teach babes unborn the where and when. Tyrants, he braved them,—patriots, he saved them— 'Westminster's Pym!'"

While the music of Charles Avison is of the earthly type, the music of Abt Vogler is of the heavenly. Charles Avison gives us the reasoning of an outsider. Abt Vogler gives us the enthusiasm of one of the favored few to whom "God whispers in the ear." Charles Avison was a critic; Abt Vogler, an artist.

Some one has well said that if Beethoven, the Shakespeare of music, had written a poem it would have been Abt Vogler. This has also been called the "symphony with all the world."

In the first seven stanzas is found the music of the poem. The Abbe is extemporizing on his instrument, probably the orchestrian. His touch on the keys seems to possess as much of a charm as Solomon had over the spirits of Heaven and Earth and Hell. "The slaves of the sound" build him a palace, not solasting as Solomon's, but much more beautiful. The foundations.

65-

are laid deep in the earth. The transparant walls rise, towering to the skies. The summits are ablaze with meteor-balls. Earth was striving towards Heaven, and Heaven yearned towards earth and "there was no more near nor far."

> "A low voice calling fancy as a friend To the green woods in the gay summer time; And she fills all the way with dancing shapes Which have made painters pale, and they go on Till stars look at them and winds call to them As they leave life's path for the twilight world Where the dead gather. This was not at first, For I scarce knew what I would do. I had An impulse but no yearning—only sang."

-J. E. BARR, 1905.

LIFE'S DAY.

A DREAMY stillness in the air, the soft mystic strains of an unknown lyre, and lo, he is born into the world. Soft hands place the tiny form on its mother's breast, the giant pain that has griped her stalks sullenly away as over her rushes the mother's love, fadeless, immortal. And still he lies, but a spark from the Divine yet to be kindled into the flame of immortality. Life's sounds, indefinable, jangle and discord; life's lights and shadows dazzle and gloom.

From the myriad sounds about it, one soft and sweet soothes its care and sorrow; amid the blended lights and shadows one face beams with infinite gladness. It stirs, it thrills, the mother's love has transformed it into conscious life—and lo, the morning of life has dawned. Morning, soft with the blending colors of earth and sky; morning gay with the crimson of the flooded deep—the green of the shimmering meadow; morning, with the babbling stream of its childish voice—the limpid gush of its mystic cooing; morning, which whispers to the mother in the excess of joy as she clasps the babe—her babe,—to her breast.

And the sun of life glides onward, leaving a golden gleam in the sky. The tender limbs grow strong—the voice catches the mysterious strain of speech, the eyes read the language of the trees, the flowers, the sky, the sea, and the morn of life is high.

A voice thrills him like an eternal symphony, soft eyes search the hidden mysteries of his soul; a thousand mystic shadows which have lurked in the corners of the day flee before the immortal glory of love. The blue of heaven deepens, the earth takes on

new hues, a million bird voices until now silent, pipe in songs triumphant. Breezes whisper in voices thrilling—shadow and gloom melt into sunlight, ambition calls; he looks, and before him looms the unconquered world awaiting the arm of the victor. He hears restless waves surging in the sea of life; he sees frowning peaks white with eternal snows, his heart calls within him to breast the torrent, to ascend the untrodden height. He sees through distance dim,—the goal, the victory; he feels rush over him the strength of ten. The sun has risen; it is the noon of life.

Noon under the burning sky, noon on the dusty road of patient struggle; noon amid the humiliations of failure—the joys of triumph. And he presses on. The heat and burden of the day appall him not; the fountains by the wayside tempt not his throbbing brow; the cooling shade allures him not. Beside him, ease and pleasure; behind him, fields Elysian; before him alone the joys of victory. Tempter's voices whisper "rest yet a little," dishonor, falsehood speak with insidious voices, "the way we teach is easy—better the wings of the eagle than the measured stride of the lion; better wisdom than the might of ten thousand."

But he lingers not—he turns not from his way—onward ever onward he presses until at last he has surmounted every obstacle and the summit of his hopes, his ambitions, rests beneath his feet. And the triumph is sweet. He breathes in ecstacy the breath of heights, he feasts his eyes on the glory of the world at his feet. When lo, before him he sees faint through sunlight distance another peak beyond and above him, and still as his eyes learn to bear the shining, another and yet another reaching above him lost in infinite distance. And he girds himself for the journey. Rosy tints from the lingering footsteps of day—soft breezes inebriate with the dew of heaven whisper of rest. The shadows have fallen toward the west—it is the eventide of life.

The glory of the sinking sun floods his face with radiance; the weight of years crowns his head with snow and bends to earthhis form. And the shadows lengthen into the shades of night.

He feels the mighty stream beneath him flow—he hears the surging of restless waves as it bears to the infinite ocean of eternity. Familiar voices float across the dreary waste of years—soft hands through sentient distance beckon with infinite yearning; the feeble limbs relax,—the feeble eyelids close,—it is the night of life. —1904.

WORKING FOR THE FRESHMAN PRIZE.

"THERE come the two smartest girls in the class," said Kate Bigelow, as two neatly dressed girls came across the campus. "It's a mystery to me how they can be so friendly and both of them so bright. Each working for the Freshman prize, too! Why, May," turning to a little girl at her side, "if you were any brighter or knew any more than I, I'd be so jealous that I'd never chum with you."

A group of girls were standing on the portico of the main building watching the two young ladies in question. At first it was hard to tell which of the two was the prettier as they came up, bright and happy. Sue Walker was the taller, with the frankest blue eyes and a pleasant smile. Belle Morse was fully as pretty, but there was something in her steel gray eyes which kept the other girls in awe of her.

Both greeted their classmates cordially, then went on to recitation. "Oh dear, I wish I had my Geometry originals," said Kate, "and could translate Latin and German the way those girls can."

"Maybe you could if you studied a little more and went into recitations instead of going car riding for your health so often," answered little May.

"I don't like Belle Morse anyway," continued Kate unabashed, "she acts as if she knew it all. Now Sue is always willing to tell me anything I ask her, and when I say, 'Oh, how smart you are,' she says, 'No, I'm not, I am older than you, that's all.' But when I say that to Belle she looks at me in her superior way and with that smile which says, 'How unfortunate not to know everything,' she walks off. You just wait, she'll come to grief some day." With this awful prophecy ringing in their ears, the girls went to their recitations.

It was true that Belle and Sue were the brightest girls in the Freshman Class. They were always together, seemingly the best of friends. It was as hard to tell which was the more popular as it was which had the higher rank. The latter question would soon be answered, for the Freshman prizes were to be given the next day.

Both young ladies had studied hard during the whole college year. Sue was as fresh as ever, but Belle looked tired and worn. Whenever Sue spoke to her quickly, she started guiltily, then glanced round to see if any one had noticed her embarrassment.

She failed in Latin, a thing which Kate Bigelow afterward declared was good enough for her. "She can see just how I feel when Professor Johnson raises those great eyebrows and says 'Unfortunate!'"

In the afternoon of the same day sixteen of the girls went on a tally-ho ride. They bumped along over the country roads, laughing and singing, for a couple of hours, then stopped under a shady tree to eat their lunches and gather wild flowers.

It was nearly dusk when they started back, and a happy crowd they were seated on the high box of the tally-ho, behind four horses who were trotting briskly home to get their supper. They had gone nearly half of the way when a big fat pig waddled out of a farm-yard. The horses already going at a smart trot, were terribly frightened at the great white animal with his "Ooshoosh." They began to run, the carriage to tip and the girls to scream, and in a second over went the whole thing.

Five minutes later all of the girls, except Belle Morse, were picking themselves up and wondering what had happened. Kate was the first to notice Belle lying perfectly still beside the road not far from a large stone. She ran and raised her up and with the help of the others carried her into the nearest farmhouse. Then Kate ran for a doctor.

When the doctor had examined Belle he said that she must be kept very quiet; that she must not be moved for many days. He thought she must have struck the rock in her fall, because she was severely injured. And the next day the Freshman prize would be awarded!

When Belle became conscious she called Kate to her and said :

"Don't let Sue pack my things. You do it all and promise me that you will never tell what you find in my room. Say to President Gilbert for me, 'The prize belongs to Sue Walker. She has earned it faithfully and honestly.' I have never done my own work and do not deserve the credit I have received."

What did Kate Bigelow find in that room? Latin and German translations, Geometry originals worked out, English themes copied from old papers—in short, everything showed how Belle Morse had obtained her rank.

Kate Bigelow was the sorriest girl in the class the next day when the prize was given to Sue Walker. No mention, whatever, was made of Belle Morse's work. The girls all wondered why, because Belle had really been the quicker in recitations.

Kate could have told them, but she would rather have lost her place in college.

If you lose respect for yourself what do you care for the praises of others? —Adelaide Briggs, 1905.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

"The gardens of the world I searched all through," And yet I could not find a bud or bloom To still the restless longing of my soul, Till that June day I wandered out to you.

I found you in a meadow all apart; Your waiting face turned to the radiant sun. I plucked you while the blush of life still glowed, And crushed you close upon my hungry heart.

I hoped to wear you always shielded there, But my protection all too selfish proved: I saw your frail and tender beauty fade, And now I face a pain I have no will to bear.

-R. M. B., 'o6.

MENTAL SLAVERY.

A BOUT forty years ago the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, putting to an end an institution which is as old as civilization itself. Here in the land of Washington and the Puritans, almost two thousand years after Christ had brought his message of the brotherhood of all men, slavery existed. But there still exists another slavery. This, too, is as old as civilization and cannot be abolished by any man's proclamation—the slavery of the mind.

The mind, subservient to heredity and environment, to traditions and institutions, to superstitions and opinions of others, and, by the iron law of habit, to its own self. "All men are born free and equal," is Democracy's "class yell." But evolution is teaching us differently to regard man. Man is the resultant of innate and external forces. He has inherited certain tendencies and potentialities from innumerable ancestors. He is a product of past ages of human life and experience. Man is placed in a certain environment, physical, social, educational, religious, and the environment works on his plastic mind. He is a product, too, of environment. Is he then free? Is the child of the lowest Italian

immigrant, wretched, illiterate, base, with all his better instincts stifled, with all encouragement for his worse ones, is he free to choose if he will be a scholar, a bishop or a statesman? Here is a boy born of a noble father and high-minded mother, surrounded from his babyhood with healthful influences, breathing the atmosphere of Christian ideals. He is educated and given every opportunity for a noble career. Are these two both born free and equal?

And how is it with ourselves? To what church do we go, what creed do we profess, what politics do we uphold, what is the stock set of principles that governs our conduct? They are the church, creed, politics and principles of our fathers and mothers. We did not originate them, nor examine them, nor consent to them. We have mental indigestion, for we have hitherto swallowed things whole. By the time we are old enough to do any independent thinking we are already biased. Our own standpoint and petted theories are our all in all. We see everything through smoked glasses, especially prepared for us, and the true light of the sun dazzles us. If we go to a book our minds are made up beforehand and we extract all that is consistent with our inveterate opinions and are impervious to all the rest. We are indeed bondmen; bound with fetters of which we are not conscious, bound and content in our bondage, for we know not the delights of freedom. We are indeed slaves. Where is our Lincoln? Fear not. Does not the Anglo-Saxon blood still flow in your veins? Have not the deeds of the Luthers and the Cromwells left their traces upon our race memory? Yes, and are not Copernicus and Newton and Darwin also a part of our inheritance, and is there not within us that spark of freedom that responds to the spirit of honest inquiry and impartial search for truth which will have the truth-the truth at any cost, be the price dearest ideals, long settled theories, fondest hopes?

Each one is but a point in the Universe, and the view of each but one of infinite points of view. If we are to escape old-fogyism we must abandon for a moment, at least, our set of ideas and look into the matter. We must get the other man's point of view, must see if there be any virtue or any praise, must examine the evidence and be impartial in our decision.

If we can do this in the spirit of truth, then shall we know the truth and the truth shall make us free. No longer shall we bow the knee to dead creeds whose only virtue is age, nor longer

pay homage to formulas of cut and dried ideas which are inconsistent with our broadest outlook and keenest judgment. All things shall be weighed in the balance, all ideas shall be tried before the tribunal of our reason before entering our personality. This spirit of honest search for the truth and reverence for the truth is the mind stuff that moves the thought of the Age, that with its creative energy adds to the knowledge and culture of the past to make the inheritance of future generations richer, that helps to lift the world to a higher plane and vibrates in the harmony of the great plan of all things.

February 15, 1904.

Alumni Round-Eable.

-Bessie L. Bray, '04.

On December 22, 1903, the Rev. Oren Burbank Cheney, D.D., founder of Bates College, and for many years its honored first president, passed from this to the spirit land.

We, therefore, the Boston Association of Alumni and Alumnæ of Bates College, as a token of our high appreciation of the exalted Christian character of the deceased, and of the valuable service which he rendered to his fellow-men, and to ourselves in particular, desire to spread upon our records the following as a tribute to his memory.

We rejoice in his long useful life, a life of honest toil and joyful service, urged on to high ideals by an unfaltering courage in himself, and a steadfast faith in God's help for support; a life devoted to the destruction of the influence of the social and political evils of the time, especially slavery and intemperance, and the introduction in a larger way of the Christian graces; a life which culminated in his founding of an institution which embodies to so large a degree his loftiest aspirations, our own *Alma Mater*, which we cherish so highly for these ideals.

We rejoice that we have been privileged to come under the immediate influence of such a personality, and that it has been so strong a force for good in our time.

We shall see his familiar face no more about the college grounds, but every spot on the campus is made sacred, and memory will ever keep in mind the form and virtues of our beloved president.

We feel that these words of the Revelation are peculiarly applicable: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the spirit, that they may rest from their labors: and their works do follow them."

We extend our heart-felt sympathy to the family of the deceased and assure them of our sorrow in their bereavement.

W. E. C. RICH, '70, L. M. PALMER, '75, RICHARD B. STANLEY, '97, Committee.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'68.—President and Mrs. Chase are spending a few weeks in California. They will return early in next term.

'68.—G. C. Emery has established a large and successful secondary school, "The Harvard," at Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Emery's second daughter, who is at the head of the French department of the school, is temporarily in France.

'70.—W. E. C. Rich, head master of the Robert G. Shaw School, Boston, has maintained for years a Kelvin Club, originally for the benefit of certain boys in his schools. Many of its members are now grown to manhood but are still engaged in the club in the study of literary and scientific subjects. The club meets at Mr. Rich's home.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin is at the head of one of the largest high schools in New York City. His pupils are numbered by thousands. A new school-house with best appointments is now occupied by Dr. Goodwin's school and will be dedicated in May.

'73.—Freedom Hutchinson, Ames Building, Boston, is attorney for the Swift Corporation, now the largest beef-packing industry in the country.

'73.—George E. Smith, Sears Building, Boston, is one of the counsel for the McAleer will, which is now being contested in the courts at Boston. The amount involved is a million dollars.

'74.—F. B. Emrich, secretary of the Congregational Missionary Association of Massachusetts, was one of the speakers at the Missionary Conference in Bangor, March 7.

'77.—Franklin Phillips, 211 Holland Street, Somerville, Mass., has a son to graduate from Harvard in 1904, and another to enter in the Class of 1908.

'77.—Mr. Stewart, superintendent of schools at New Britain, Conn., will address the New England Superintendents' Association, at their next meeting, on "The Strength and Weakness of the Kindergarten System."

'78.—Frank H. Bartlett, M.D., 349 West 145th Street, New York, is a member of the staff of the Manhattan Eye and Ear Infirmary.

'81.—William P. Foster is a member of a firm of brokers, 89 State Street, Boston.

'82.-L. T. McKenney of Belmont, Mass., has a real estate office in Boston.

'82.—I. M. Norcross, master of the Elliot School, Boston, suffered a serious injury recently from being run over by a heavy wagon while crossing the street in Boston. Mr. Norcross was thrown down by contact with a rope connecting two heavily loaded wagons, while trying to pass between them in the dusk. His friends anticipate his recovery, but not immediately.

'84.—E. H. Emery, the head of the Signal Service in New York City, is almost daily summoned as a witness in the New York courts on matters in which the weather is a factor.

'86.—C. E. Stevens, superintendent of schools in Stoneham, is president of the Town Improvement Association.

'86.—E. D. Varney is principal of the Carew School, Springfield, Mass. They are occupying a fine new building.

'87.—Israel Jordan is pastor of the Congregational Church at Falmouth, Me.

'88.—S. H. Woodrow, pastor of Hope Congregational Church, Springfield, has organized a men's literary club of more than a hundred members.

'89.—F. J. Daggett has, during the last two months, won an almost uninterrupted series of verdicts in the courts of Boston.

'91.—F. V. Emrich is teaching in the Stevens Polytechnic Institute, Hoboken, N. J.

'91.—F. W. Plummer, principal of the Woodward Institute, Quincy, Mass., has recently been blessed with a son.

'93.-M. E. Joiner has established a practice as attorney-atlaw in Washington Life Building, Broadway, New York.

'93.—D. B. Lothrop is pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Bangor, Me.

'95.—B. L. Pettigrew is engaged in a successful law practice at 94 Liberty Street, Boston. His professional duties take him frequently to Kentucky.

'96.—A. B. Hoag is in newspaper and real estate business at Priest River, Idaho.

'98.—A. H. Toothaker is employed in the New York Branch of Ginn & Co.

Around the Editors' Gable.

TE often get tired of studying, but is there really anything Did you ever much more precious to us than books? enter a cosy library with comfortable corners for quiet hours and walls lined with books, without wishing you could just stay and stay right on-forever perhaps you thought then, when the world outside seemed so noisy and everybody too busy even to think? Perhaps there was an open fire with an easy-chair before it where you could rest and, forgetting all the hurry, could think and dream. A few sober pictures on the walls suggested perfect taste and harmony with the atmosphere of peace. There was no struggling to be oblivious of noise and confusion, for all was calm and restful. And then, when you had dreamed long enough, you found such a host of friends around you, quiet, unobtrusive friends who waited for you to make the first advances. For who does not regard his books as friends? You could find one to suit your every mood, and they were such true, unchanging friends. And then, when you had to leave them, did you not linger a moment in the hope that you, too, could sometimes have as many books-all your own, and just the ones vou loved most?

How shall we get a library of our own? Shall we wait until some indefinite future time and order from the publisher a hundred or a thousand books? That seems improbable. Certainly they would not be so precious to us as if we had got one at a time and turned its leaves with loving care, treasuring carefully its thoughts and underlining those we liked best. Now is the time to begin increasing our collection. If we spent some of the money for books which we now spend for the pleasure of an hour, our small libraries would no longer be insignificant; and we should have the satisfaction of seeing all around us the works which we treasure and of reading them just when we were in the mood for it.

Many of the students sell needlessly books which they have used in college and which might be exceedingly useful to them later. Nearly all of our books would be valuable for future reference; and should we not also prize them more because we had used them ourselves and "cribbed" them with notes which recalled our professors and college days? Let us not be too willing to

part with our old books, and let us start a fund for new ones. Then, sometime, when we have a quiet hour, we can spend it with our own books; and they will be books of our choicest selection.

LTHOUGH in many phases of our college life there are opportunities for improvement, although our students are doubtless at fault in many ways, nevertheless,---if for once favor-able criticism will be pardoned,-there are prominent here at Bates many commendable features and one in particular which is worthy of highest praise. As a rule in bodies of men and women representing numerous committees and as many different sentiments, some self-dependent, others favored financially, some used, others unused to society, it is human nature for the most favored to consider themselves on a plane above the less favored. In many and beyond question in the majority of institutions of learning this condition exists, but in Bates we are peculiarly blessed in being free from any such objectionable features. With us there is everywhere and at all times present a thorough and true spirit of democracy. No favor is shown the boy who can afford the costliest garment, no prejudice, the one who is poor. Honors are given to those who deserve, and popularity to those who by virtue of their own personal qualifications have won the good-will of their associates. Otherwise there is no discrimination. One man is just as good as another and what is for the interest-of the first is made the interest of the second. There is absolutely no tendency toward class distinction. In fact more than once considerable self-sacrifice has been made in order to accomplish this end. Not long ago when it so happened that a favored few were given the opportunity to enjoy a privilege, which could not be enjoyed by all, there arose for a moment the question as to what course should be pursued. In keeping with the ever-present democratic spirit, a leading man arose and emphatically asserted that considerations of the few should be subordinated to considerations of the many, and that this privilege, which was indicative of social distinction, must be for all or for none. And it was.

We should be prouder of our college because of the democratic instincts of her students. We should continue to encourage this spirit until it is traditional with Bates for few things in society are more desirable than the existence of that condition wherein is seen "The greatest good for the greatest number."

T has been said that money is the root of all evil, and it is well known that Satan can easily find plenty of mischief for idle hands to do. The common cry about the campus is, "I've so much work to do," and the library is the common meeting place. In all this turmoil of studies, we are liable to look longingly at the peaceful days just ahead, when headaches disappear and study lamps are seldom lighted. I wonder if we ever think of what is coming from the training we get here. I sometimes consider what I should do if I had a class of young men and women and wonder if they would do for me what I try to do for my instructors. I wonder if I should be more lenient, but I can't say that it is possible. I am beginning to realize that unless I had to apply myself closely I shouldn't do so; and therefore it is best. Then, too, do we come to college for the straight course or do we expect to do the outside work that lies ready to be done? In a different way, I may ask if it is not worth while to fail in a lesson some day and take the evening to see Othello or to listen to some of the practical lectures that are given in the city. It is not my idea to go to everything that we want to, but keeping the purpose in mind to make the best use of our time, consider we'l what may further that purpose. "No time for this," "No time for that,"very true if these things are not worth it, but our course is what we make it. If we do the outside labors, besides the studies, it requires great concentration of mind oftentimes. If we fail to do any of the irregular work, we lose much. If we do all outside work and leave our studies entirely, we make a great mistake. So consider what your plan in life is and find a course suited to your plan. We are all old enough to do a little thinking for ourselves and we ought all to consider the best use of our time.

L AST summer, in a town far distant from the good old Pine Tree State, one of the editors met the manager of a wellknown Teachers' Agency. During the course of the evening's conversation—which, by the way, was not at all of a business nature and could have had no ulterior purpose of winning agency members,—a lady present asked the manager where he obtained his best teachers. Without a moment's hesitation he answered, "Bates College."

The editor sat just a few seats away, and being a loyal Bates student—a fact of which, however, the manager was ignorant thought that perhaps here was a time when a little listening could

do no harm. The lady in question was none too well posted concerning our college, and began to question the agency representative. She was skilled in this art, and her questions sought out every possible field. She tried to swerve him aside to normal schools, to large colleges. He remained firm. "Bates College gives us our best teachers, and I could show you to-day statements which would prove to you this fact. I am not averse to a normal education, in fact I favor it if it can be added to that of a college, but this I can say, that any Bates College graduates who have found positions through our agency have filled those positions most satisfactorily. It is not alone their knowledge of the studies, though that seems thorough, but it is a grasp of human nature which they possess. It may be that it is naturally in the persons, but finding it in so many, I have been led to think that it was principally the influence of a small college, and that college-Bates."

There was a little more conversation and then the manager moved away, but he had said enough to give the unknown Bates student considerable food for thought. The more that student thought, the stronger and greater grew love for Bates,—a college which, after a little more than a quarter century's existence, has won for itself such a name. Fellow-students, we may well be proud of the name of *Bates*.

E-XAMINATION week is with us again, accompanied with the usual grumbling and despair. The students who have done good daily work should have nothing to fear, for they have studied well and paid attention to details. No one need be a "grind" to do this either. Try a little systematic work. Set apart a few hours for study and don't allow yourself to be interrupted. See how much easier the drudgery will become. Notice how much quicker the lessons are prepared. By this method, we may form a sure and a safe manner of application. No one excels without effort. The most studious application to study generally foretells and accompanies a corresponding application to business. But you say that some of our greatest men were poor college students. True, and if you are a great man or a genius, this article is not for you.

Local Department.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. W. C. A. has a large membership, and every girl ought to feel some responsibility in the work of the Association.

Although the attendance at the meetings has not been so large as last term the work has been more prosperous in other lines.

The Association was well represented at the New England Convention, February 9-11, held at Holyoke, Massachusetts. Miss Edith Thompson, Miss Hamilton and Miss Walton gave a very earnest report.

We are looking forward to the Silver Bay Conference of the summer. The receipts of the leap-year party held on Washington's birthday start a fund for this convention. This is something for every girl to think about, for not only should the Association be well represented, but the college as well. When associations of no larger memberships than ours send twice as many delegates, it seems as though Bates could make a greater effort.

The regular monthly meeting of the Y. M. C. A. of Cobb Divinity School met in the chapel of Roger Williams Hall. A literary program was presented consisting of readings by Mr. Baldwin, a poem by Mr. Tibbets, three-minute speeches on philosophical subjects—Messrs. Mann, Pettingill and Coleman, musical numbers consisting of vocal solos by Miss Weston, and violin solos by Miss Bartlett and an instrumental duet by Mr. Paige and Mr. Gould, concluding with an original topical song. The meeting was of a high order and the program well rendered. After a program a unique form of entertainment was afforded the guests present, namely a visit to the various rooms in Roger Williams Hall. This open house was greatly enjoyed by all present as it was the first opportunity which had been offered the guests of the school to gain an idea of the living quarters in the hall which adds so much to the dignity of the college campus.

The evening closed with refreshments, and games of Pit and Ping Pong.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The French Club is very successful in its meetings, which are held every two weeks. Nothing but French is spoken. The instruction is under Mrs. Veditz and Miss Libby.

Much sympathy has been expressed for Dr. Veditz, who was called away from college late in February by the death of his father. While away, Dr. Veditz was ill, and had not wholly recovered on his return.

The lectures of the University Extension Course have been especially good during the past month and many of the students have been enjoying them. February 29th the lecture was by Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth of Boston, on South America, with a subject "Over the Andes and Across Panama." March 7th, Mr. Butterworth continued his lecture, taking for his subject, "The Heroes of South American Liberty," and giving a very instructive talk on the Incas in their glory. The other lectures of the month are "The Town Beautiful," by Professor Lewis, Ph.D., of the University of Maine; "Goethe's Faust and the Faust Legend," by Professor Leonard, Ph.D., of Bates; and "The German Emperor," by Professor Files, Ph.D., of Bowdoin.

A rare chance was afforded to lovers of literature, Tuesday, March 8, when Mr. Leighton, principal actor in "Othello," gave a very interesting and instructive lecture in the college chapel. A large number of students and friends filled the room, and received the speaker very warmly. Mr. Leighton spoke on three subjects, the Actors' Church Alliance, the National Theatre, and Shakespeare. His words showed considerable thought, although not everybody agreed with his ideas. He spoke of the stage and class of plays, then considered the elevation by stating that the better class of plays will be given when the public demand it. He gave the plans of the National Theatre, which he considered one of the possibilities of the future. The larger part of the lecture was given to a discussion of Shakespeare's life. Many of the students attended the presentation of "Othello" in the evening, and many words of praise for the acting were heard about the college the next day.

Notice has been received at Bates concerning M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, who is the seventh annual lecturer brought over from France by the French Circle of Harvard. He will give the Hyde lectures this year and will also lecture under the auspices of the Federation of French Alliances in the United States. M. Leroy-Beaulieu is a member of the French Institute and a brother of Paul Leroy Beaulieu, the famous economist. His birth was in 1842, in Normandy. He was early interested in economic studies, and in art. In 1872, he made a trip to Russia which gave

him a chance to study the customs of that country. He was elected professor of contemporary history and Oriental affairs at the Free School of Political Science in 1881. He has written many well-known articles. In 1887, he was elected member of the Academy of Moral and Political Science; also he is President of the National League against Atheism; President of the Society for Social Studies in Paris; President of the Committee for the Protection of Social Advancement; and in 1900 he was chairman of the International Jury classes at the Paris Universal Exposition. He is, therefore, well suited to the work which he is coming to this country to do.

The prize division declamations of the Freshman Class came off Saturday, March 12th. The speaking of both the boys and the girls was uniformly good and the selections for the most part had the unusual desirable characteristic of newness. Rev. Percival F. Marston, Mrs. Hartshorn and George C. Wing, who constituted the committee of award, gave the prize for the young ladies to Miss Amy F. Clark of Gray, and the prize for the young gentlemen to Mr. J. S. Pendleton of Northport.

The program was as follows:

PROGRAMME. MUSIC.

PRAYER. MUSIC.

Miss E. C. Davis. Patsy.-Wiggin. G. V. Aldrich. The Union Soldier .- Thurston. Miss A. F. Clark. Miantowona .- T. B. Aldrich. Dedication of the Shaw Monument .- Prof. William James. J. S. Pendleton.

MUSIC.

The Other Wise Man .- Van Dyke. Miss L. L. Latham. The Unknown Speaker. The Swan Song.-Brooke. The Responsibilities of Young Men.-Clark. MUSIC.

Saladin and Malech Adhel. Our Lofty Purpose. How the Tories Broke Up Meeting. Abraham Lincoln. MUSIC. AWARD.

Miss A. F. Walsh. D. S. White.

J. C. Holmes.

Miss M. B. Kiest. W. H. Whittum. Miss M. E. Files. E. P. Freese.

Athletics.

BASE-BALL.

The candidates for the base-ball team for the coming season are busily at work in the cage under the careful direction of Coach O'Brien and the expectant eye of Captain Doe. Cage practice has now been going on for two months and although as yet nothing definite can be known in regard to the strength of the 1904 'varsity, perhaps a reasonable conjecture can be made. Of one thing we are sure,-if we are allowed to judge from the showing made by those who are daily in the cage,-namely, that the members of the base-ball nine this season will be without exception, from catcher to fielder, willing and faithful hard workers. All base-ball men know that this is of primary importance, and any captain will testify to the fact that the team consisting of individual stars, with individual purposes, will invariably lose to the team' composed of ordinary players, who with united purpose and co-operative determination, will work. This year Bates has not a few superior players, but a number of fast players. Among the twenty candidates for the different positions there is bound to be fierce competition.

Last year four strong players graduated from college and at the opening of the present year the prospects were a bit cheerless, but "there are always as good fish in the sea as have ever been caught out," and so in the Freshman Class has been found baseball material to meet the demand. The Class of 1907 brought to Bates some promising men for the diamond, and unless the conjecture of coach and captain prove false they will constitute an important part of the 1904 nine. Rogers, Bowman, Bower, Wight and Johnson are unquestionably likely candidates for five positions. Rogers is a fast out-fielder, Bowman has a reputation as catcher, Bower and Wight will doubtless figure conspicuously when the time comes for making up the infield, and Johnson has the qualifications of a pitcher.

The men now in college who occupied positions on last year's team are: Kendall, whose ability as first baseman is recognized as superior; Austin, a fast shortstop; Wood, who held down second base with credit; Dwinal, one of the out-fielders, and Captain Doe whose speed and skill in the box is well known in base-ball circles.

This is some of the most promising material for the team.

Whether it wins or loses remains to be seen. Its contests will be with the following schools and colleges:

April 20—Bridgton Academy at Lewiston. April 23—Bowdoin at Brunswick. April 30—Boston College at Lewiston. May 4—Dummer Academy at South Byfield. May 5—Harvard at Cambridge. May 6—Boston College at Boston. May 7—Tufts at Medford. May 11—Tufts at Lewiston. May 12—U. of M. at Lewiston. May 21—Bowdoin at Lewiston. May 28—U. of M. at Orono. May 30—Bowdoin at Lewiston. June 4—Colby at Lewiston. June 11—Colby at Waterville.

The above schedule which has been carefully arranged by Manager Plant shows that the base-ball nine will be afforded an unusually desirable list of games and it is their part to do their best to win the share legitimately belonging to Bates. We doubt little but that the base-ball men will do their part. It is for the alumni and particularly the students to see to it that the team is helped, encouraged and thoroughly supported. In the coaching we can find no fault. In Captain Doe we have a leader who *cannot* fail to keep the team united, and who *will* not fail to make every, effort in his power to lead the garnet on to victory. Let us show our appreciation.

Exchanges.

T HE exchanges this month have, on the whole, contained well written stories and essays, but have hardly averaged so high as those for January. Good poetry has been lacking in them all. Indeed, scarcely any poetry has appeared, and nearly all of it has been rather more mechanical than spontaneous, heartfelt productions.

The Bowdoin Quill ranks high among the January publications. "The Legend of the Great Stone Face" made an excellent subject and contained some well-written paragraphs, though the interest was not kept up so well as it should have been. "The General Manager's Busy Day" is well worth reading. It is nat-

ural and both pathetic and humorous. We quote an incident in which a small lad made a call on a merchant, in somewhat trying circumstances:

"Sit down there,' said the manager, pointing to a vacant chair.

"Shoving aside the account books, he tipped back his chair and regarded the boy quizzically. The latter was the first to open the conversation.

"'Say, this is just like my last Sunday-school lesson,' he said.

"'What was that?' asked the manager.

"'Daniel in the den of lions,' returned the boy."

We like stories of outside life such as these two. We are too likely to confine ourselves to college life in our writings and forget all about the sphere of small boys and merchants. "Who is My Neighbor?" is also a story worthy of mention. The moral tone is high, yet the moral is not forced upon us. We see from the standpoint of the hero and feel the principles of right with him. We feel uplifted for having read of his triumph over wrong and temptation.

The University Cynic for January 16, under "The Oxford Scholarship," contains an interesting and instructive account of university life at Oxford. It is worth reading and thinking about. The Rhodes scholarship which goes to a Vermont man this year provides \$1,500 a year as his allowance for a threeyears' course at Oxford. He has to choose which of the twentyone colleges of the university shall be his own as if there were no connection between them, though he finally gets his degree from the university. "In general the course is more cultural and less practical than that usually offered in this country. Less scope is given to science and modern studies than is the case here, while the classical discip ine and humanities are more in vogue than with us.

"The student will be served by a servant who will wake him up in the morning and serve his breakfast and see him safely stowed away in bed at night. He will be provided by his college with a tutor who will be his associate, advisor and friend. He may go to the lectures, if he pleases, entertain his gentlemen friends in the morning at breakfast and his lady friends and their chaperons at tea in the afternoon. He will be expected to choose one of the accepted forms of exercise, and to devote a liberal portion of his time to this chosen sport. . . . And continually and whenever he goes about Oxford he will be surrounded by an

atmosphere of beauty and repose and scholarship which will permeate his inmost being. The great names of England's mighty statesmen and orators and writers and preachers will be his daily companions, and the ivy-covered walls which echoed to their footsteps will call to mind the associations of Oxford's seven hundred years of existence which is bound up so closely with the great events in the history of the British nation."

The Tuftonian is excellent in many respects. It is invigorating to read such a paper. In the "Lake School," an essay on Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey, the author gives his personal impressions of these poets, as gained, evidently, by a thoughtful and appreciative though critical study of their works. The originality of the writer is commendable. We wish more of our writers would think for themselves. A writer cannot hold the attention of his reader unless his thoughts are his own, unless he thoroughly believes, himself, in what he is writing and puts his own enthusiasm into his reader. "Booker Washington, the Educator," is written in a lively style and contains interesting facts not met with at every turn. "Found" is a charming little story. The humor is woven in so delicately and the characters are so well brought out that one could not help enjoying it. There are also some excellent bits of description in the Tuftonian. "When the Ship Sails" and "Contentment" present the most perfectly defined pictures.

The *Tufts Weekly*, February 18, contains a concise and comprehensive account of the relations between Japan and Russia.

An interesting article on the poems of H. C. Bunner, an almost forgotten humorist connected with "Puck" twenty years ago, appears in the *Brunonian*. It is often these half-forgotten people who are the most interesting. In "Popular Music" the writer condemns modern toleration of poor musical compositions and urges a return to the high appreciation of masterpieces in classical music.

The William and Mary is disappointing this month. It is not, in our opinion, up to the standard of a college magazine, at least in its fiction department. "The Reformin' of Pop" and "A Reminiscence" are not worthy of their place in this paper. The moral element is not what it should be, as representing the college. "The Philosopher of 'The Ancient Mariner'" and "Chaucer as a Delineator of Character" show careful study however, are very well written and interesting.

The Smith College Monthly is up to its usual standard, though we miss the usual number of short poems. "Romans XIII." is an excellent story. It is original, dealing with a character of girlhood not most commonly represented. "Theodora" is independent and firm, but, like Desdemona, is won by pity at last.

> THE DIFFERENCE. Once 'pon a time when I was sick I had just lots of things And played that I was greater Than all and all the kings.

And mother always bowed to me, And father stood salute, And uncle gave me candy And a really soldier-suit.

The doctor said I almost died, I fell from out the tree, They gave me anything I wished And were so good to me.

But now it's just the same again, I've just been sent to bed, I guess that they've forgotten That I was almost dead.

-Smith College Monthly.

"SWEET AS THE PETALS."

Sweet as the petals blown from out the breast Of a full-blooming rose, her voice upon the air. Rich as the crimson sunset in the west, Her beauty. She is wonderfully fair.

Soft as the breathing of a new-born child Her footfall comes toward me; and her eyes Shine full of life and hope, twin blue-bells wild, I rise to greet her crying "Paradise."

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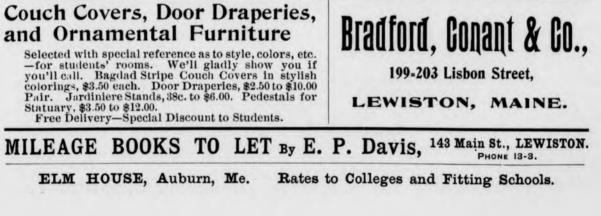
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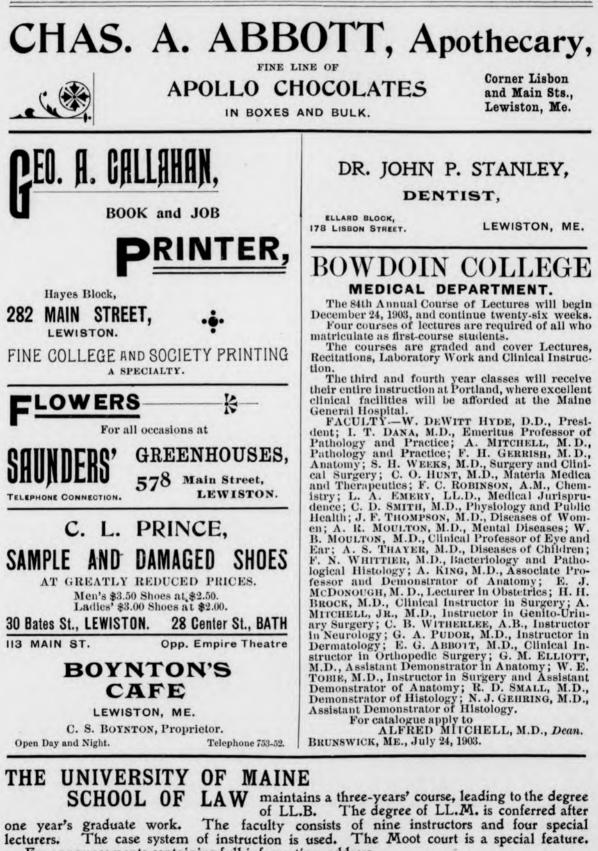
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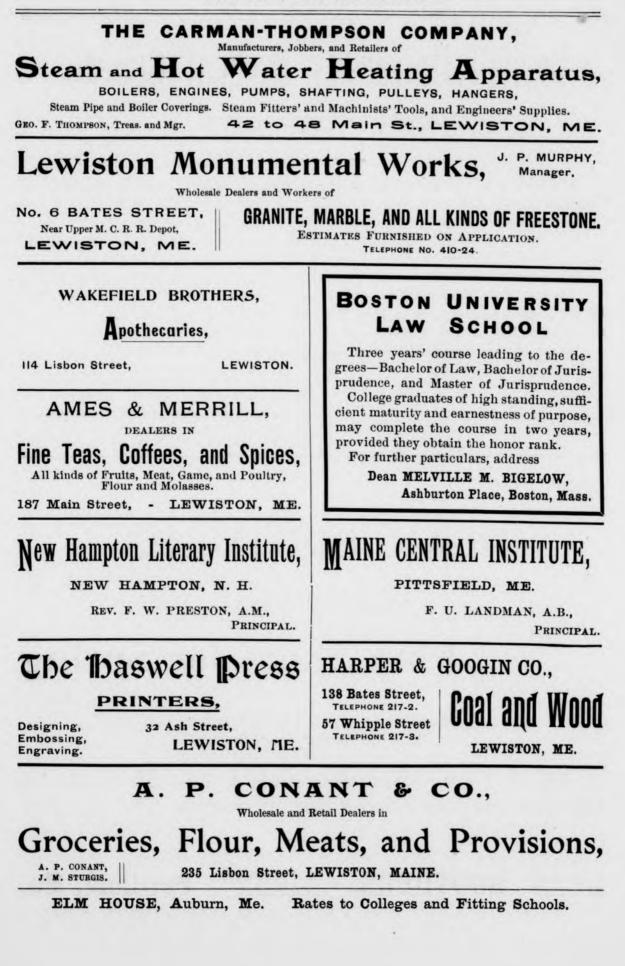
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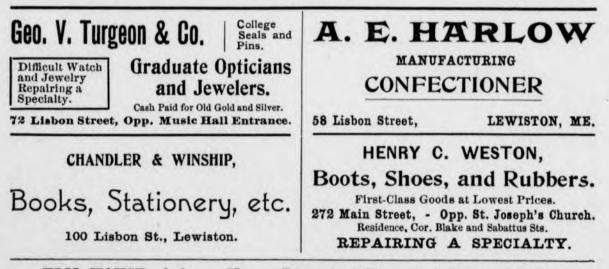
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