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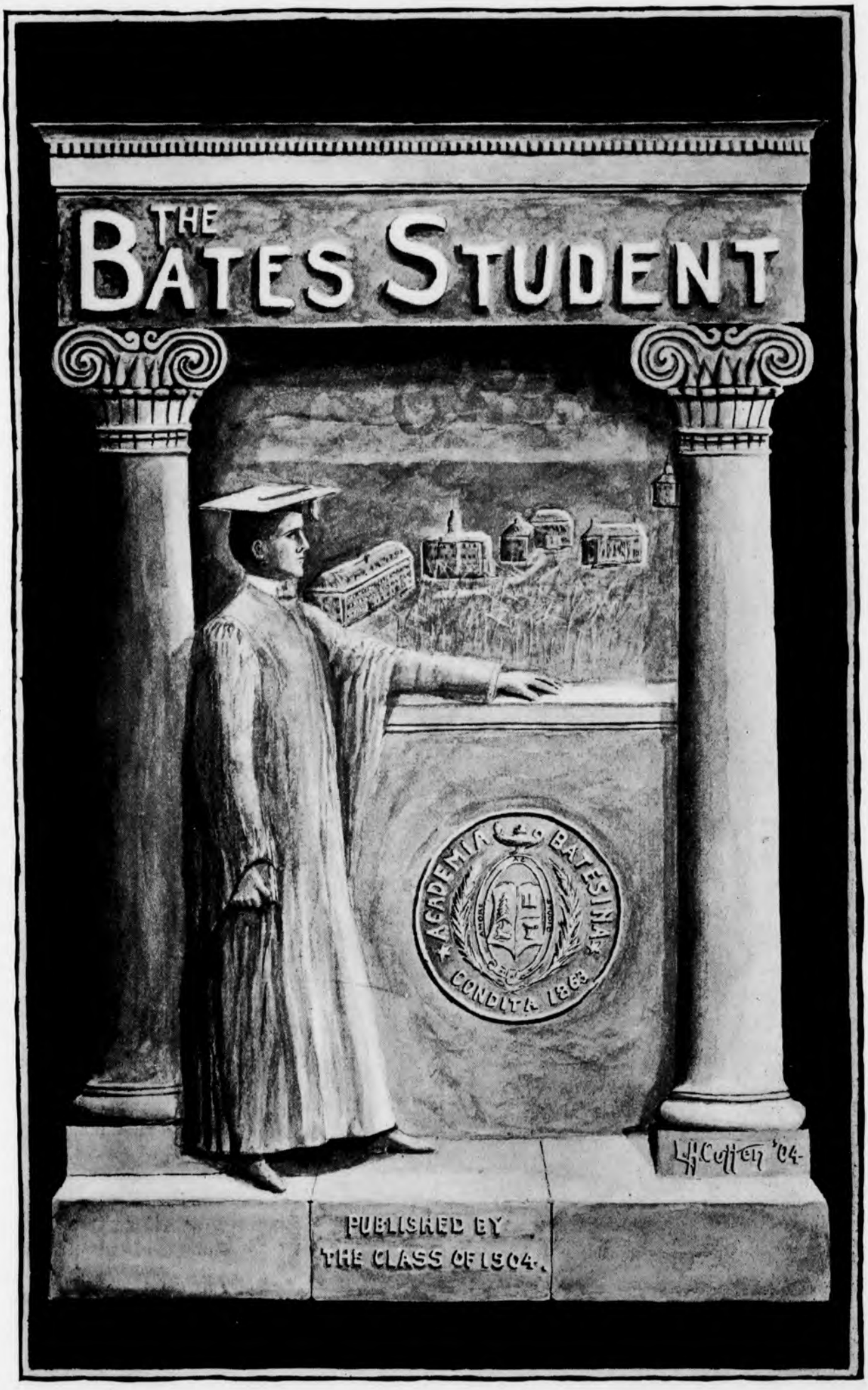

THE

# BATES STUDENT.

Vol. XXXI. March, 1903. No. 3.

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# Literary.

## EVOLUTION.

The truth can never be confirmed enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep. —SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT is evolution? Continuous change according to certain fixed laws,—is a reply which is very good but not as exact as the definition given by Mr. Spencer, which is: "An integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent heterogeneity, to a definite, coherent homegeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." If we will think about the definition we may be able to understand what it means, provided we have a good dictionary to which we can go for help. As understood by people in general, evolution is the theory that organic life has developed from simpler to more complex forms in obedience to universal natural law.

There have been various theories advanced to explain the origin of species, but they can, in the main, be reduced to three—the atheistic, the Christian, and the theistic.

The atheistic theory is that as the earth cooled, species sprang into existence by spontaneous generation. It holds up the idea that by their own power species have slowly become higher in the scale. It means simply that man may, by his own strength alone, gradually become better and better until, in the course of time he reaches that stage of religious nature known as Spiritual Life. Or, if Spiritual Life is denied to exist, at death the corpse falls to the earth, like a plant, or an animal, yielding rapidly to a transformation called decay, which is merely giving up of what has been recently of use to this form of life to some new form of the same sort, or of a different one. This theory leaves God out entirely.

It has been attempted to prove that life sprang into existence by Spontaneous Generation, by placing in a glass jar or vessel infusions of hay or some other organic matter. The material was then boiled to kill all germs of life and then hermetically sealed to exclude the outer air. Therefore, it was argued, if any life did appear in the jar it would be spontaneously generated. At

length life did appear. But it was afterwards discovered that some of the germs were all but fire-proof, and that the matter had not been subjected to high enough temperature.

But it is plain to see that this goes to prove nothing, for the early condition of the earth and atmosphere was far different from the condition of the matter which was placed in the glass jar.

Granted that living protoplasm cannot be manufactured by any artificial process or processes now known and what is proved? Nothing. We must remember that organic chemistry and molecular physics as well as physiology are just in their childhood. Some day the right conditions, chemical and physical, may be brought about so that vital protoplasm may be formed. Be that as it may, the earth in its early existence passed through chemical and physical conditions which it can never pass through again. Therefore, we cannot prove that the first plant was not Spontaneously Generated.

The Christian theory advances the idea that it was by the direct command of God that the earth was first formed, although it has changed some since; and that it was by direct creation that He brought into existence the different species, at the head of which stands man created with an immortal soul. This theory is based on the literal interpretation of the Book of Genesis.

In reading the Biblical account of creation we must take into account the ideas of science which the people of those times held. The history of humanity, in its efforts to understand the creation, resembles the development of any individual mind engaged in a similar way. It has its infancy, with its first recognition of surrounding objects. Those early observers do indeed seem to us like children in their first attempts to understand the world in which they live. Just as the "Vision of Newton rested on a clearer and richer world than that of Plato," so, though seeing the same things as the ancients, we may see them in a clearer and richer light. If the revelation of law had come sooner it would have been probably unintelligible. Revelation seldom volunteered anything that man could discover for himself—on the principle, without doubt, that it is only when capable of discovering it that he is capable of appreciating it. Besides, children do not need laws of a universe, but rather laws of commandments. They rest with simplicity on authority, and ask no questions. But there has come a time, or will come a time, when we desire to know more of the "Whys and Wherefores." It is for natural science

to illuminate what the inspiration of Revelation has left in the dark.

Don't I believe the Bible? Yes, I certainly do with all my heart, but not according to the literal interpretation. I believe that the figures of speech and ideas of science of those times largely entered into the Bible with God's revelation to man. Simply because the common interpretation of minor points has been shown to be wrong, it does not follow that essentials, which alone are the revelation of God to man, must be thrown aside. We must sift the wheat from the chaff, and bring together all phenomena from all sources and seek to discern what exact bearings these phenomena have on each other and on Revelation, and we shall then be filled with wonder that revelation and science are so much alike and agree so well with each other. They were never meant to be contrasted.

Science as well as Revelation, teaches us that in the beginning "the earth was without form and void." In regard to the creation of plants and animals we must take into account the ideas of the times. This was not God's revelation to man. For it is now proved that evolution was the mode of bringing the different forms upon the earth. In regard to the creation of man with a living soul, it is probable that man existed as a mere animal, and went through a long course of discipline and preparation, for a long time before the implanting of his divine nature took place. Evidence is fast accumulating that he was an inhabitant of the earth for some time before the time which history and revelation have alike assigned for his appearance. Be that as it may, his true creation as man, can only be dated from the moment when he first received that super-animal principle from which springs all that is distinctive in his character. Without this perception of moral and divine law he might have remained forever with the self-same nature as the beasts which he so much resembled, and have been superior to them only in the higher development of the same faculties as they had. When the living soul was implanted in man, he was endowed also with a knowledge of good and evil and the power of choice between right and wrong. This was the Garden of Eden and the temptation. Before, man had no idea but of self-indulgence; now begins self-control. Before, there was no conception but of life for the present; now, there is not only a conception of future life, but of the way in the present life to prepare for that future. What the first temptation consisted of, is not known. Several explanations have been sug-

gested, but it little matters what it was. The fact remains, that the inhabitants of Eden chose wrongly and thus made it easier for posterity to do the same. But not all the choices were made wrongly, so that in the main the tendency has been ever upward.

It is only when we can thus contemplate the whole series of events in which creation consists and can interpret Revelation with science, that we can attain to a conception of the goodness, power, and wisdom of God.

If science can overthrow the Bible, I am willing it should. I do not fear to have it tested, for I am sure the gold, the truly inspired Revelation, will stand the fire and come off the purer for the test.

Science and Revelation should go hand in hand. Therefore, though the advance of science has been more rapid in the past few years than in all preceding ages, do not be alarmed in the least. Remember that the greatest scientists hold to the God of our fathers and believe that his laws govern all things. Nature is but a volume of which God is the author just as surely as He is the author of Revelations. He has not left Himself without a witness in the shades of His perfection, for the power of God and the mysteries of Nature are taught in the unfolding of the leaves and the blossoming of the flowers.

"The earth is cram'd with Heaven,
And every common bush afire with God."

—G. E. R., '03.

[*Concluded in April.*]

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## WHAT IS FAME?

FREQUENTLY during the past three years has public attention been directed to the Hall of Fame, "the Westminster Abbey of America," which has been built on University Heights, New York, connecting two buildings of the New York University. The origin of this building was simply an architectural device for beautifying the structures with which it is connected; and its use in commemorating great Americans, was a later project. It is a colonnade semi-circular in shape, with an entire length of five hundred feet, affording an excellent view of the Hudson and Palisades. The interior is divided into seven apartments assigned to authors, teachers, scientists, statesmen, jurists, soldiers and the "septimi," those not included in the other six

classes. In the walls of these apartments are set panels of marble, on which are to be inscribed the names of the one hundred and fifty Americans considered most worthy of being thus remembered. Space is also provided for holding busts, statues, and other memorials of the chosen few. The names to be here inscribed are decided upon by one hundred eminent men selected from every state of the Union. Twenty-nine names have already been chosen; but there has been a great deal of discussion as to whether they were all truly famous. This leads us to inquire, "What *is* fame? Of what does fame consist?"

Pope saw the temple of Fame resting on a foundation of ice, "slippery and hard to reach," while within sat the goddess sought by a long train of eager suppliants.

But what is fame? Is it glory? Not necessarily, though often used synonymously with glory. The youth Herostratus fired the temple of Diana at Ephesus simply to make his name famous, but we give no glory to him. Nero, whose name has become a synonym for cruelty, is far-famed, but no halo of glory hovers around his head.

Again, fame cannot be defined as success, for men have become renowned by failure, and on the other hand, some of the most useful and successful lives have been entirely unknown to the world at large.

Charles Sumner defines fame as "the reputation which is awarded on earth for human conduct, the judgment upon our lives or acts which is uttered by our fellow-mortals." Among the earliest nations feats of strength and courage in war were regarded as the noblest accomplishments of man. Hercules was renowned throughout the world for his enormous strength. The North American Indian who could hang the greatest number of scalps at the door of his wigwam, was looked upon with admiration and his name handed down to posterity. In all ages men have been inclined to distinguish especially their warriors. Generals in history have almost universally been accorded the highest honors, have acquired the widest fame. To Alexander, to Scipio, to Napoleon, has homage been paid for their remarkable achievements in this line; but as time advances, the tendency to applaud those who are bold to destroy their fellow-men becomes less, while those who improve the world by uplifting humanity, who leave something which shall remain for good so long as the world endures, gain fame in its noblest and truest sense. It is the

philanthropist, the reformer, the inventor, the literary man who leaves the most enduring "foot-prints on the sands of time."

"Fame is but an empty name," yet how many have been willing to sacrifice even life itself to acquire it! The desire for fame, however disguised, is implanted in every human heart to some extent, and surely with wise design. It is the offspring of Ambition, the sister of Success, the very foundation on which rest progress and achievement. Yet no true fame can be acquired which is not governed by the higher principles of justice and regard for humanity. How unworthy a fame bought at the price of honor!

"Unblemish'd let me live or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!"

—M., 1905.

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## WHEN THE PRESIDENT CAME TO LEWISTON.

THE President was coming. This was the astonishing piece of news which was hailed with great interest by Lewiston people last August. Great pains were taken in preparation and the whole line of march was gorgeous with flags and tri-colored bunting on that afternoon when the great Executive arrived. He left his special train at the Auburn station and, amid the booming of saluting guns, went in triumphal procession to the Lewiston city park. Here there awaited him a vast and enthusiastic crowd, filling the streets and thronging around the platform in their eager desire to get a good look at the distinguished visitor. With Secretary Cortelyou, Detective Craig, who has since been killed, his private physician and a retinue of reporters and stenographers, he was escorted upon the platform, where the local dignitaries awaited him. As he sank into a chair to rest a moment, thousands of eyes were fixed upon him.

Now he was introduced to the audience. And as soon as he could be heard, he began his address to his fellow-citizens. He is a pleasant as well as pithy speaker. A peculiar characteristic, of which the cartoonists take advantage, is his habit of raising his upper lip in such a way that it shows distinctly his teeth and square jaw. He is not handsome, but of fine form and noble bearing, a type of strong and resolute manhood. None, who saw him that day, who heard him advocate the principles of integrity, could fail to heartily admire this man who commands the respect not only of the American people, but of the world.

But the time for departure had come. Even a greater throng than before accompanied him to the depot. With eager attention the people, assembled in the station, on top of freight cars, on the roofs of adjacent buildings, watched his every movement. Amid great ovation he stepped from his carriage and boarded the train. As the train pulled out, he stood on the rear platform of his palatial car and acknowledged the loud and prolonged cheers. President Roosevelt had gone.

—J. C. W., '06.

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## HUGO AND ROMANTICISM.

DURING the period of the French Revolution literature naturally suffered no change, since practically there was no activity. For the next few years while the nation was recovering from the effects of that terrible struggle, thought was undergoing a marked change. Still, while thought was changing there was no corresponding transition in literary style. Writers still clung to the modes of the previous century, models permitting of no digression from certain iron-clad rules. Consequently since writers could violate none of these requirements without censure from the Academy, and were unable to renew the beautiful works of the preceding century, they "contented themselves with reproducing in artificial guise a semblance of classic form."

The younger school of writers, finding themselves hedged in by the narrow, bigoted rules of the classicists, began to seek some way of escape, that they might indulge in something more natural and better qualified to appeal to mankind. The first to openly express this desire were Chateaubriand and Mme. de Staël, through whose influence it has been said literature "assumed a new life and regenerated both in exterior forms and in its inner life and spirit." But while their work served as the opening wedge, it remained for Victor Hugo, "the father of Romanticism," to drive this wedge home and rend asunder the old classic forms, letting into literature the sunlight and inspiration of real life—its hopes, yearnings, and aspirations.

Hugo began very early to write poetry, and showed such aptitude for versification and such brilliancy of thought that Chateaubriand called him the "sublime child." His first volumes of poems do not indicate any radical departure from the literary style of the period. His first romance, "Ha d' Islande," contained many instances of the grotesque horrible which was so

characteristic of many of his later works, and to a great extent, of the Romantic school. In 1827 Hugo was ready to make his decision, and cast his lot with the Romanticists. Then appeared his "Cromwell," which was not intended for staging but simply to serve as a gauntlet to the classicists. In the famous preface to this book we find Hugo's views stated clearly and boldly. "Romanticism," he said, "is simply liberalism in literature;" and after discussing the office of the epic, the lyric, and the drama he concludes thus: "The time has come for us to declare our position bodily, and it would be strange that at this time liberty, as the light, should penetrate everywhere except into what is most natually free in the world—the realms of thought. Let us put the hammer to theories, poetics and systems. Let us cast down this old plaster-work which masks the face of art! There are neither rules nor models; or rather there are no other rules than the general laws of nature, which hover over art as a whole, and the special laws, which, for each composition, furnish conditions suited to each subject. Some are eternal, interior and remain; others variable, exterior and serve only for one time. The first are the carpentry which sustains the house; the second, the scaffolding which serves in the construction and is rebuilt for each edifice. Finally the latter are the skeleton, the former the clothing of the drama."

Having thus laid down his ideas of liberty in thought, Hugo proceeded immediately to carry them out in his "Hermani." He based this play on life in Spain rather than in ancient Greece or Rome; and the time was the sixteenth century, not the reign of some pagan emperor. Place and time were thus disregarded, but a unity of interest was substituted depending chiefly upon unity of action. His characters are portrayed with all the true elements of life; there is a mingling of the sublime and the grotesque; and the words used are such as were in common speech rather than expressions consecrated to the use of poetry.

"Hermani" was written to act, though a critic like Hugo might have called it a lyric in five acts. Its production by the Théâtre Francais was a gauge of battle to the critics. They mustered forces to damn it. But on the other side came the young poets who by this time rallied around Hugo's standard. "Youth carried the day with Freedom and Romanticism as its watchword."

Hugo wrote several plays after this, but none possessed the merit or achieved the success of "Hermani." Later he turned his

attention to prose, when we find the same characteristics as in the drama—the portrayal of deep passion, the sublime and grotesque, visions, vagueness.

As a poet Hugo always delights and refreshes. "No poet has a rarer and more delicate touch, none more masculine or a fuller tone of indignation, none a more imperious command of awe, of the vague, of the supernatural aspects of nature. As a dramatist he evinces a masterly hand in portraying tragic passion, fertility in moving situations, and incidents of horror and grandeur. As a prose romanticist he shows a style incomparable in brilliancy, with startling digressions and dramatic situations. As the leader of the Romantic movement, his name will go down through the ages as the hero of that great drama.

"All that went into his mind came forth transformed, made his own by the right of genius." —B. W. S., '03.

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## HOW THE AMERICANS SAVE TIME.

THE fact that the Americans are a hard-working people is one that impresses all their visitors. An Englishman once said: "I do not wonder at the American iron and steel establishments getting ahead of ours, when I see their workmen, after delivering a load, running back for another. I never saw an English workman run, except out of the shop when his day ended."

This love for work that the Americans display is, however. of recent origin. In early times as "Poor Richard" and other writers tell us, the American was fond of his leisure; he loafed about, talked politics, and whittled sticks; nor did he care for any kind of over-exertion. Yet it must be remembered that in these old times the toil required to produce even the least impression on the wilderness that has since become our prosperous America, was immense. But, with each generation, the effects of labor become more and more evident and put new heart into the laborers.

Soon American ingenuity began to lay plans for relieving men of disagreeable toil. It was then that labor grew more attractive and at the same time, better paid. The days had ceased when the farm-boy had to work a month to procure the price of a coarse cotton shirt. Moreover, as conditions of to-day show, the Americans have taken no backward steps in their progress.

Labor, however, is not the only thing that Americans try to save. If there is anything in this world with which we are not fully supplied, it is time. Realizing this, genius again set to work to save all the precious moments it possibly could. One result brought to notice about a year ago is, perhaps, little appreciated by many of us. But let any one try just once to pick the feathers from a healthy hen or an active goose, and he will be aware of the value of the machine invented for the plucking of fowls. A fowl is placed in the machine and emerges completely stripped of feathers.

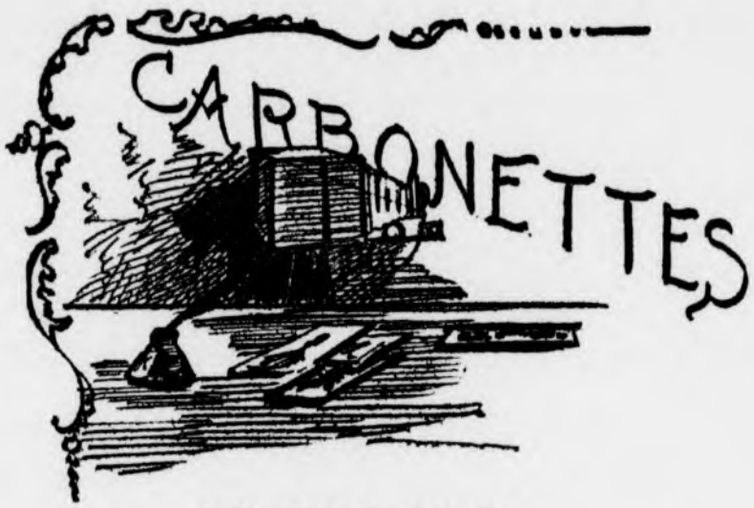
Of course, there are like machines in many departments other than hen-plucking. The records made by Americans in the invention of time-saving devices is astonishing. To-day a pig may become sausage before he has had time to think, and roast beef may have been the property of the lively bullock you saw enjoying himself only a few minutes ago.

We have certainly entered upon a wonderful age. Where will it all end? If Americans do not stop and rest awhile there is no knowing to what limits their energy will carry them. Truly, they deserve credit for this advancement of theirs, for it is due, for the most part, to the attention to work during hours that might have been claimed for recreation. At the present time their greatest danger is over-work. It seems as though they have forgotten how to be idle. They convert their very amusements into labor. Even at a base-ball game, the audience shares the exertion of the players, at least as far as nerves are concerned. Those who watch the players and "yell for their side" are more used up after the game than the base-ball men themselves.

Perhaps what the Americans need now,—since they have added a twenty-fifth hour to their day, by the invention of fowl-plucking machines and like devices,—is restful methods for spending this hour.

Let them not forget that after all, the world without any more modern improvements, is a very pleasant place to live in.

—B. A. L., '04.




## THE DREAM SPIRIT.

The Spirit of Dreams was abroad one night, and, in his swift, noiseless flight, he paused a moment, now and then, to hover lightly over some one who was sleeping.

Once he stole in at an open window, and lingered a moment over a child, who slept with a rag doll tightly clasped in her arms. The child's bed was only a ragged cot, and the room a dark, cheerless attic, but the Dream Spirit cared not for this. He touched the child lightly, before he sped away, and left her dreaming of all the delights which her mind had ever conjured up in her waking hours.

Then he crept softly into a sick-room, where lay an invalid with sleepless eyes. His touch was like magic, for in a moment, the weary eyes closed, and the sick one was wandering through green fields and listening to the songs of birds.

As the Dream Elf went on his way the glimmer of a light in a dingy office caught his attention. A man was sitting at his desk, which was strewn with many papers and accounts. He was not sleeping, but sat upright, staring at the papers before him, and trying in vain to make the accounts balance. His face had the worn look of one who longs for rest, but has no time to seek it. He could not see the winged sprite, but he felt his presence, and, half against his will, yielded to the gentle spell. His pen fell from his stiffened fingers, his eyes closed slowly.

Once more he was a happy, care-free boy, sleeping under the old home roof, where he used to lie and listen to the musical tinkling of the rain-drops.

Those long-ago days! He is living them all over again, in the half-hour that he sleeps. Life was sweet then, and heaven was

near, and for a little while he forgets that many years have passed, and that he is a work-worn man of the world.

But his unseen guest cannot linger. He flits away—through the starry night, to a prison-cell where sits a condemned criminal. For him there is no peace, even for a moment. For him there are no bright dreams of the past, though once the past was bright. The stern reality of the present forces itself upon him. He sees the past, but it only makes his self-reproach the keener, and, with a pitying sigh, his unseen visitor leaves him alone.

Once more the Dream Spirit is drawn toward a room where a dim light burns. It is very late now, and well the wise elf knows that no one but a college student would be working, so far into the night. The sprite cannot unravel the knotty problems, but he can at least immerse them for a little while in the sea of forgetfulness. And so the student sleeps, oblivious of all his duties, and dreams of his early days in the "deestrick school," when his highest ambition was to have a pair of red mittens, and a jack-knife with two blades.

Thus the Dream Spirit flitted through the night, bringing to some dreams of the future, to some memories of the past. And last of all he came to me in the "wee sma' hours" and touched me with his magic wand, and I slept, until the morning bell aroused me from dreams to the realities of another day. —1905.

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## AN AFTERNOON SPENT IN THE FOREST.

An afternoon spent in the forest may not seem very inviting to many of my readers, and there may be a few things they would prefer to such a pleasure; but I, who was weary of the writing of themes and the study of text-books, enjoyed no part of my vacation more thoroughly.

First there was the sunshine. The brave little sun-god seemed to be valiantly striving to free the long-suffering earth from the tyrant winter. He would not know defeat but smiled through the death-like chilliness of the atmosphere and seemed to whisper to the trees, "I shall soon be irresistible, I will put winter to flight and there will be a general rejoicing here in the forest."

Some fresh particles of snow had fallen the night before and the trees were covered with a delicate fringe of rime, which penciled each point and needle of every twig. All seemed to be arrayed in a garment of beauty.

Then there was the air. Don't talk of ozone. Don't tell me of any of your chemical concoctions in a laboratory. The forest puts life and spirit into me, for it was laden with the intoxicating delight of absolute purity, and was wholesome, vigorous, and bracing, with the energy which the united action of hard frost, brilliant sunshine, and the smell of pines had given it.

I could not be lonesome, for the forest was teeming with life which was revealed to me by degrees. I soon discovered what Professor Stanton would call H. locupus, but is generally recognized as a field mouse; then there flashed past me and settled over my head a pair of partridges, the swiftest of God's winged children. Next I saw someone in white moving slowly along by hops and jumps; it was Mr. Hare whom nature had been very partial to, and had arrayed him in a garment the color of the snow to protect him from Sir Reynard, for F-O-X spells death to him and devil in one, and he is Reynard's standing dish for miles around my home. On my way towards our farm-house I saw some slender tracks imprinted in the snow; these were evidences that Sir Mephistis Chinza (the skunk) had not yet taken his six weeks' sleep and was still out in society.

After I had reached home, and warmed myself before the blazing logs in the open fireplace, and heartily partaken of the supper especially prepared for a hungry boy, I involuntarily said, "It has indeed been an afternoon well spent."

—L. G. P., '06.

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## HELEN.

I can still see distinctly to-night a curly-haired little girl of eleven summers. She is such a bright little maiden, so wide awake that joy always resides with her.

When I saw her last, she was hand-in-hand with a play-mate, skipping merrily down the street, dressed in blue muslin, with brown shoes and stockings, and a broad-rimmed hat. As she ran, her brown curls, loosely tied with a large blue bow, shook carelessly.

Her neck and dimpled arms, tanned far beyond their natural color, were bare; her face also told of a summer sun.

She was always a happy child; one could tell this at any time by her smile and by the merry twinkle in her eye. In one of those brown cheeks was a dimple which grew deeper and deeper as she laughed. In her little square chin was another

twin dimple. The curls which lay on her forehead were not easily forgotten. Never was hair known to curl more tightly and never were curls more becoming to a fat little face.

Such an attractive child. I can still see her prancing gaily down the street. I remember those laughing eyes, of deepest brown, the curls shaking as she ran, the deep dimples in both cheeks and chin, and best of all, the happy smile which told of a good disposition.

—M. R. P., '05.

# Alumni Round-Table.

### BATES ALUMNI BANQUETS.

A jolly gathering, made up of fifty-eight members of the Bates College alumni of Boston, attended the annual banquet of that organization at Young's Hotel in that city Friday evening, February 20. The speakers were H. S. Cowell, '75, L. M. Palmer, '75, J. S. Durkee, '97, Joseph Coram, President George C. Chase, '68, B. B. Sears, 1900, R. B. Stanley, '97, and Clarence C. Smith, '88. F. L. Washburn, '75, retiring president, acted as toastmaster. The following officers were chosen: N. W. Howard, '92, President; J. W. Hutchins, '78, Vice-President; R. B. Stanley, '97, Secretary.

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The Bates Alumni Association of New York City and vicinity held its second annual banquet on February 20th at the Marlborough House. President Chase and Professor Stanton from the college, Frank A. Munsey of *Munsey's Magazine*, and Allen Thorndike Rice, LL.D., proprietor of the *Forum*, were the guests of the occasion. There were present of the alumni: Fritz W. Baldwin, D.D., '72, E. J. Goodwin, Litt.D., '72, Frank H. Bartlett, M.D., '78, Henry A. Rundlett, M.D., '78, Frank L. Blanchard, of the *New York Daily News*, '82, George L. Record, Esq., '81, A. F. Gilmore of the American Book Company, '92, M. E. Joiner, Esq., '93, George W. Thomas, Esq., '96, A. P. D. Tobien, '97, and Frank P. Ayer, 1900. The acting president and toastmaster was A. F. Gilmore, the president, C. S. Haskell, '81, being absent on account of serious illness. E. J. Goodwin was elected president for the coming year, and George W. Thomas, secretary

and treasurer. The speakers of the evening were President Chase, Mr. Munsey, Dr. Goodwin and Mr. Blanchard.

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## ALUMNI NOTES.

'70.—L. M. Webb, Esq., of Portland, has in good degree recovered from the serious illness resulting from appendicitis which confined him for some months in the hospital. Mr. Webb has been sorely afflicted recently in the loss of his oldest son.

'70.—Josiah Chase, Esq., of York, has been very successful financially and is now at the head of an extensive business enterprise.

'71.—Jesse M. Libby, Esq., Mechanic Falls, is a prominent candidate for Attorney-General of this State. Mr. Libby made a very able and witty speech against resubmission in the House at Augusta. To the charge that the law should be reinforced he said: "We might as well abolish the Christian religion because after a trial of two thousand years there are still a few sinners left in Lewiston."

'72.—E. J. Goodwin D.C.L., principal of the Mixed High School of New York City, has in the January number of the *Educational Review* an interesting article on the proposed shortening of the college course.

'73.—J. H. Baker, LL.D., president of Colorado University, was elected one of the vice-presidents of the Association of State University Presidents, which recently held its first meeting in Washington.

'73.—An expensive and beautiful library building in connection with Thornton Academy, has recently been dedicated. Mr. Edwin P. Sampson has been for a long time principal of this school.

'75.—Judge A. M. Spear, by his important rulings in the liquor cases before his court at Augusta, has received the strong commendation of all friends of good government.

'76.—John Rankin of Wells, Maine., has a son in the Friends' School, Providence, R. I., who will be fitted for college next fall.

'76.—D. J. Callahan, Esq., has been re-elected a member of the Lewiston school board. He received the compliment of running much ahead of his ticket.

'76.—E. R. Goodwin is still the successful principal of the Classical Hgh School of Worcester, Mass.

'77.—B. T. Hathaway, Helena, Montana, holds an important position in the civil service of the State of Montana.

'77.—During the present session of the Maine Legislature, Hon. Henry W. Oakes has introduced several important measures, most of which are likely to become law.

'79.—Walter E. Ranger is state superintendent of schools of Vermont. Mr. Ranger has been spoken of as one of the foremost educators of New England.

'80.—The wife of M. T. Newton, M.D., of Sabattusville, Me., has recently died.

'81.—W. T. Perkins, LL.B., is one of the officers of the Alaska Fur Co.—headquarters at Seattle. Mr. Perkins has recently presented to Bates College some very valuable specimens, including the tooth of a mastodon, a fish scraper, and a stone hammer; all of these specimens were found in Alaska—the last two of Indian origin.

'81.—Friends of C. S. Haskell, Assistant District Superintendent of New York City, have learned that he is very ill.

'81.—Rev. Herbert E. Foss is the very successful pastor of one of the largest Methodist churches in Philadelphia. He lately spent several days in this city.

'81.—Rev. R. E. Gilkey lately officiated at the funeral of the father of Rev. O. H. Tracy, Bates, '82.

'82.—Frank L. Blanchard has been engaged to deliver in the University Extension course, his very popular lecture on "How a Newspaper is Made." Mr. Blanchard's lecture is fully illustrated by stereopticon views.

'83.—Clerk of Courts J. L. Reade has been elected a member of the Lewiston school board.

'84.—Catherine A. McVay is completing her nineteenth year as teacher of Latin in Lewiston High School. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that she is very successful in her work.

'85.—C. A. Scott, proprietor of the Bridge Teachers' Agency, Boston, has an unusually convenient and beautiful home at Melrose, Mass.

'85.—W. B. Small, M.D., is president of the Maine Academy of Medicine and Science.

'85.—D. C. Washburn is in business at 13½ Bromfield Street, Boston.

'85.—Dr. William V. Whitmore of Tucson, Arizona, was married on Wednesday, January 31, 1902, to Miss Opal LeBaron McGauhey of Los Angeles, Cal.

'85.—C. W. Harlow, M.D., is having a desirable practice in Melrose Highlands, Mass.

'85.—B. G. W. Cushman, M.D., of Auburn, was elected to the Auburn school board.

'86.—Sherman G. Bonney, M.D., Denver, Col., has done some very important work in his profession in which he stands among the first in the country.

'86.—Dr. Herbert S. Sleeper of Lewiston, has a large and successful practice. He was recently a candidate for alderman in his ward.

'87.—A leading educator has referred to Frank W. Chase, principal of the grammar school at Newtonville, Mass., as one of the best grammar school principals in New Engand.

'88.—Norris E. Adams is meeting with excellent success as principal of Lewiston High School. The new school building which he occupies is doubtless the best of its kind in Maine.

'89.—A. L. Safford, superintendent of schools at Beverly, Mass., is quoted in the Boston dailies as advocating gymnasium, cooking and textile departments in the schools of Beverly.

'90.—Arthur N. Peaslee has been invited to give at the college early in April a course of lectures on Dante.

'90.—The Bridgeport (Conn.) *Standard* states that Dr. Fessenden L. Day was unanimously elected president of the Bridgeport Medical Association at the annual meeting of that organization January 6th.

'92.—William B. Skelton has been elected mayor of Lewiston.

'94.—Rev. A. J. Marsh is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Lynn, Mass.

'94.—Frank C. Thompson spent his Washington's Birthday recess at his home in Lewiston.

'95.—G. A. Hutchins is instructor of Physics and Chemistry in the High School, Melrose.

'95.—In addition to the regular work of Miss Emily B. Cornish at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, she has recently been appointed to teach vocal culture at the Knox Theological College in Toronto—the first time that a woman has been employed at that institution.

'96.—O. C. Boothby is at his home in Lewiston.

'97.—R. B. Stanley has been at home to visit his mother who is sick.

'98.—One of the 90 successful applicants at the examination for admission to the Massachusetts bar in January was T. E. Woodside, Esq., of Sabattus. As Mr. Woodside did not have the benefit of a law school degree, he succeeded in the examination by his own merit and is receiving many congratulations.

'99.—W. S. Bassett after his severe illness has resumed his studies in Newton Theological Seminary.

'01.—Lucy J. Small visited college during her short vacation.

'01.—Herman H. Stuart, principal of the Mechanic Falls High School, has visited friends in Lewiston.

'01.—On Thursday, February 26, in Lewiston occurred the marriage of Gertrude Brown Libbey to Prof. Alfred Williams Anthony, Cobb Divinity School, '85. Prof. Anthony is a graduate of Brown University and received the degree of D.D. from Bates College last June.

'02.—L. Florence Kimball has been elected to a position in the High School, Ware, Mass.

# Around the Editors' Table.

ONE of the events long anticipated every year is the Intercollegiate Debate. On the seventeenth and twenty-fourth of next month will occur the debates with Trinity College and Boston University Law School. The subject of the first debate is, *"Resolved,* That combinations of capital commonly known as trusts are likely to be beneficial to society." We have the negative. The second debate, of which Bates has the affirmative, is, *"Resolved,* That State boards of arbitration should be established with compulsory powers to settle industrial disputes between employers and employees." Of the different phases of our college work, the debate in several respects is the most significant. Athletics to a certain class of people are of primary importance, but forensic contests appeal to some people who are unmoved by foot-ball achievements. Conservative persons who hear of Bates' efforts in debate are pleased. They think that the college is striving for things of practical value. They say, "Well, this is something like it. This is what I send my boy to college for." Not that we minimize the value of athletics. But we say that there are many people, who, displeased with the prominence given to athletics, wish their children to spend more time in the practice of oratory and argumentation. Just now, probably on account of the approaching Sophomore and Intercollegiate debates, an increasing interest in argumentation is manifested at "Society." The number of speakers from the floor is becoming greater and the debates are more carefully prepared. This is fitting, for our societies are primarily debating societies. The young men, especially, ought to speak whenever they have an opportunity. Don't be discouraged if you fail at first and if others laugh at you. "Keeping everlastingly at it brings success." Only keep on speaking and speaking and speaking. Some time you may be President of the United States, and then you will bless the little college that offered you opportunities for becoming a thoughtful and persuasive speaker.

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FOR what sort of a reputation are we really striving? Is cleverness a better pass among intelligent men than honesty? The youth of "Honest Abe" has become proverbial, and every small boy who watches for the next number of the

*Success* magazine, knows, by heart, the early life of some prominent man, once a despairingly poor office boy but trustworthy—always trustworthy. And yet when we come to college we lay aside this fundamental rule of truthfulness as peurile, something to be packed away together with our go-carts; cribbing is a necessary evil, unfortunate, perhaps, but indispensable. It is useless to go over the old ground of the students' after life being determined by the habits formed during school days; that, in short, which bears the sign-board, "The boy is father to the man." To such a degree have we become calloused by these ancient precepts that when an instructor begins talking on the subject of integrity we fix our eyes on a familiar crack in the floor and let his well-turned sentences flow smoothly on. But—in this heedlessness,—and much of the fault lies in lack of thought—is this benumbed, lethargic, unresponsive attitude excusable? Small charity is bestowed on the well-dressed Freshman who ignorantly flaunts a cane; public opinion recently condemned the thoughtless wearer of the "B." We must make up to a sense of the fitness of things! In none of us are the moral sensibilities so hopelessly stunted that we do not, with the rest of the world, pronounce plagiarism a contemptible business; still with the knowledge that the stealing from another's writings is plagiarism, do we take another student's thoughts or deliberately copy answer after answer on an examination paper and hand the matter in under our own name. The result is that we put a risk in the friend who helps us; blight our own consciousness of right; wrong the Faculty and alumni who offer recommendations and—receive a little higher mark on a rank bill which, along with other unimportant things, will soon be forgotten. If "the educated individual is one who learns to make distinctions" we here at Bates had best make speed to learn what is worth while; for, as an editor of the *Miami Student* says, "It would be as impossible for one to attempt to pull himself up by his boot-straps as to attempt, by rules and measures, to rid a school of such practices until, among the students themselves, sentiment is developed that such unfairness is mean." The students of a great Eastern college have come to such a realization of the despisableness of cheating in examinations, that the man who is guilty immediately loses the respect of his fellows. An institution that can present a clean record in athletics can establish a code of honor in academic work which will stamp Bates as a college where students give and receive fair play.

WE feel that the increasing support and co-operation on the part of the student body in matters of contributions to the STUDENT is encouraging. We believe that more care is being exercised as regards treatment of subject and composition. However, we shall not probably reach perfection in the art this year. This fact ought to be the greater incentive to keep at it more diligently. We know that in Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," whose lines are so natural and easy that it seems as if the poet must have put his pen to the paper and the language just flowed right off, there is not a line but was rewritten, a word changed for a better one, or some other transformation which would add grace and clearness to the poem. It is not easy to write well. It is not easy to accomplish anything that is worthy of us. But there is a mighty lot of satisfaction in it. He who thinks he writes with ease should remember this saying of Sheridan's, "You write with ease to show your breeding, but easy writing is cursed hard reading." In poetry especially should we increase our endeavors. It is a difficult field of work, but it is an ample one, and persistent thought and patient study will do wonders. We write this, not for criticism, but to suggest and encourage, for we hope the pages of the STUDENT may grow brighter and more scholarly, that our pride may be centered in it, to endeavor and determine to make it the best publication of its kind.

## Local Department.

### GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The Seniors are thinking about commencement.

Kendall and Connors of 1906 are back again after a term of school-teaching.

B. E. Packard, 1900, has been seen on the campus several times this term.

Miss Shaw, '06, was called home a few days by the serious illness of her father.

E. P. Bessey, '05, who left college some time ago owing to illness, is still unable to return.

L. H. Cutten, '04, has returned after teaching a very successful term of school at Southport.

Captain Reed has returned to college from an absence of eight weeks in the eastern part of the State.

Hon. Henry W. Oakes addressed the Sophomores Monday, March 9th. His subject was "Evidence and Assertion." The address was of special value to the class in making the final draught of their prize debates.

On the night of February 21st, a masquerade was given in the Gymnasium, for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. The affair was highly successful, being one of the most enjoyable social events of the season at Bates.

There are three more lectures given by University Extension Society at Oak Street School Hall. April 9th and 23d, two lectures by George Emory Fellows, Ph.D., President of the University of Maine: "England Under Gladstone and Since," "Germany Under Bismarck and Since." April 30th, lecture by Professor Arthur L. Clark, of Bates College: "The Molecular Structure of Matter."

The University Extension lecture by Professor Hartshorn, February 26th, on Fiction, was one of wide range and interesting, not only to the student but to the general public as well. Professor Hartshorn began by explaining the different objects of reading fitcion. He then described the elements of the novel and the different schools of its development. The exceptionally large audience found the lecture of great interest and value.

The prize-division of the Freshman declamations occurred Saturday afternoon, March seventh, in Hathorn Hall. An unusually large audience was present and the speakers were given the credit of being among the best heard at Bates for several years.

The prizes were won by Miss Alice Pray Rand of Lewiston, and William Rufus Redden of Roxbury, Mass.

The program was as follows:

MUSIC.
PRAYER.
MUSIC.

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| Bunker Hill Monument.—Webster. | Winfield Scott Austin. |
| Two Gray Wolves.—Fontan. | Miss Dora Drake Shaw. |
| Irish Loyalty and Valor.—Sheil. | Ross Mortimer Bradley. |
| The Death Disk.—Mark Twain. | Miss Alice Pray Rand. |
| Abraham Lincoln.—Fowler. | Lewis Harold Coy. |

MUSIC.

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|---|---|
| The Boat Race.—Miss Annie R. Weston. | |
| Retributive Justice.—Corwin. | William Rufus Redden. |
| Two Home-Comngs.—Donnell. | Miss Annie Louise Dolloff. |
| Centralization in America.—Grady. | Simon Fillmore Peavey, Jr. |

MUSIC.

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| The Wonderful Tar Baby.—Harris. | Miss Clara Mae Davis. |
| Wendell Phillips.—Curtis. | Wayne Clark Jordan. |
| Thrush, the Newsboy.—Lovell. | Miss Alla Amantha Libbey. |
| The Commonwealth of Massachusetts.—Russell. | |
| | Paul Whittier Carleton. |

MUSIC.

AWARD OF PRIZES.

The judges were Tascus Atwood, Rev. R. T. Flewelling and Mrs. F. H. Briggs.

The members of the Senior Class read their original parts before a committee of three on Monday afternoon and evening. Those chosen for the annual Senior Exhibition were as follows:

Miss Nellie Prince, Miss Lillian Alice Norton, Miss Olive Grace Fisher, Miss Theresa Ella Jordan, Miss Hazel Donham, Miss Marion Emma Tucker, Howard C. Kelley, Theodore A. Lothrop, William W. Keyes, Lowell E. Bailey, Harry M. Towne, George E. Ramsdell.

The judges were Rev. C. R. Tenney of Auburn, Miss Mary A. Stevens of Lewiston, and Mr. George A. Hutchins.

## Athletics.

The annual Freshman-Sophmore basket-ball game was held in the Gymnasium, February 22d, and resulted in a victory for the Sophomores, by a score of 28-23.

During the first half, the Freshmen appeared stage-struck, but later played so hard a game that in spite of the score, which was already to the credit of '05, the outcome seemed very doubtful. The victory was due to the superior team work of '05 and the skillful playing of Doe.

The line-up was as follows:

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|---|---|
| Rounsefell, r. f. | r. f., Mahoney. |
| Staples, l. f. | l. f., Jordan. |
| Doe, c. | c., Redden. |
| Williams, r. b. | r. b., Carleton. |
| Cooper, l. b. | l. b., Salley. |

Referee—Rounds, '04. Umpires—Weymouth, '04, Flanders, '04. Time—15-minute halves.

The track men are in hard training for the intercollegiate meet in May.

This year, the meet comes nearly three weeks earlier than usual.

Manager Piper, of the track team, has been elected vice-president of the Maine Intercollegiate Track Association.

The base-ball squad is fast getting into trim in the cage.

Manager Hunt has completed his schedule and presents it as follows:

April 18—Bridgton at Lewiston.
April 22—Massachusetts Institute of Technology at Boston.
April 23—Dean Academy at Franklin.

April 24—Massachusetts State College at Amherst.
April 26—Amherst at Amherst.
May 2—U. of M. at Orono.
May 6—Colby at Lewiston.
May 8—Massachusetts State College at Lewiston.
May 16—Bowdoin at Lewiston.
May 23—U. of M. at Lewiston.
May 30—Bowdoin at Lewiston.
June 3—Colby at Waterville.
June 6—Columbia at Lewiston.
June 12—Bowdoin at Brunswick.

The annual interscholastic meet will be held in Lewiston on May 8th and 9th.

The Junior basket-ball team has played two games with the Y. M. C. A. team of Lewiston, and, although beaten both times, has given the city boys interesting games.

Thursday evening, February 6th, the Sophomore basket-ball team, under Captain Doe, went to Gardiner to play the Athletic Club of that town. The game was held in the Coliseum, one of the largest halls in the State. The team work of the Gardiner five was excellent and the '05 boys certainly kept them busy, for they put up one of the fastest games seen in Gardiner this year. It was nobody's game until the final basket was thrown. At the end of the first half the score stood 4 to 4, and at the end of the game 12-9 in favor of the home steam.

The line-up for '05 was as follows:

Rounsefell, r. f.; Staples, l. f.; Cooper, r. b.; Williams, l. b.; Doe, c. Referee—Rounds. Timer—Getchell.

Captain Stone is still hard at work with the boys in the cage. He is showing on the start the right kind of metal for a successful base-ball leader and is getting some good, faithful efforts in return for his efforts. The material in the Freshman Class is showing up well.

The first game is with Bridgton Academy, April 18th.

The track men are in hard training for the intercollegiate meet, which will be held in May, at Brunswick. This year the meet comes nearly three weeks earlier than usual.

Manager Piper, of the track team, has been elected Vice-President of the Maine Intercollegiate Track Association.

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## TRAINING.

WHAT difference does it make? College students often hear this question asked in regard to athletic training. Many people, among whom are a few athletes, claim that a man accomplishes just as much regardless of his observance of the laws of hygiene. Among college athletes, the argument is often advanced that the professional men in base-ball do not train, and do not even admit that benefit is to be derived from such a course. Let us look at the matter fairly and squarely.

Health is the key to all success, and without this, a man's accomplishments are far from what they should be. The life of every human being demands that every part of that being should be in the best condition possible. In order to attain this condition it is necessary that we should work upon certain lines with some object in view. What effect will "Training" have upon this result? What do we mean by "Training," and of what does it consist?

The writer regards training as the art of bringing anyone into such a condition, physically fit for the performance of any athletic contest. In other words, it is the observance of a few simple laws of hygiene, the sacrifice of a few privileges by the athlete. This art, if we may call it such, although till lately very imperfectly understood, is one of ancient origin and very general diffusion. Its elements may be discussed among every people, however rude and barbarous, who are led either by necessity or choice to undergo long and violent exertions. We are led by instinctive perceptions rather than by a process of reasoning to believe that certain circumstances have a tendency to invigorate, while others enfeeble the human frame. We find evidence of "Training" even among the savages, in their preparation of foot-races. It is shown more clearly among the Greeks in their Olympian games, and among the Romans during the time of Pliny. We might trace its course up to the present time, finding its principles upheld and adopted by all the larger colleges and fitting schools. Although confronted by the evidence of to-day in its favor, we still find three divisions among our students as concerns this question. The first division comprise those who doubt the necessity of training, and even laugh at those who maintain that it is the first requisite for a good athlete. The second division comprise those who admit the good to be derived from training but believe that it should be left to the athlete to decide for himself. Such people "are on the fence" and are so afraid of hurting the feelings of some person, that they always remain there. The third division comprises those who believe that training and strict training is the only salvation for an athletic team and that without this effort on the part of the athlete, he should receive no encouragement. The writer belongs to the third division and has taken that position from a long, hard personal experience.

What are some of the methods and results of training?

A person whom I consider authority on this subject is Bernard MacFadden, editor and publisher of *Physical Culture*. The author may be a crank on certain matters; no doubt he does carry certain of his ideas to the extreme; yet in the main he presents his views in an admirable manner and his argument is convincing.

May people fall into the error of supposing that nature is striving for their betterment; nature is concerned only with deadly logic. It is for man to decide whether he will become his best or his worst; nature shows no partiality.

Many methods of training are advocated, all of which have

their advantages. The writer does not intend to pose as an authority on this subject, but simply to give in a few words his idea of training and its results.

The question of what a successful athlete shall eat and drink is of paramount importance. In these progressive days when there is such a wide range in which to choose, the chief difficulty is not what to select for the palate, but what to reject as undesirable. No arbitrary rule can be laid down. Each one must to a certain extent be his own judge. Liquors of all kinds should be dropped. Stimulants like tea and coffee should likewise be barred from the table. These stimulants seem to impart additional strength for the time being, but soon have their reaction, leaving the victims in a worse condition than formerly. All pastry should be debarred. A plain, wholesome diet, enriched with a good amount of different fruits, tends to help the athlete to the condition desired.

Smoking should not be allowed. Many authorities claim that some men are so constituted that once given to the use of tobacco, a total withdrawal would result in harm, yet those same authorities admit that the partial withdrawal is a benefit.

An athlete must have strong muscles, plenty of agility, a quick, keen eye, lots of reserve power and a cheery countenance. A plain diet at regular stated times conduces to these qualities. Even old leaguers condescend to omit the pie at noon, knowing that it makes them logy, in fact they generally eat a very light dinner.

Another and perhaps the most essential feature is sleep—sleep. I do not mean twelve or fifteen hours sleep, believing that too large an amount causes as much harm as too little. From six to nine hours sleep, retiring at an early regular time and arising as soon as awake, makes the work of the athlete easy. All these small details, if observed, are productive of good results, such as a renewal of life, a vigor, characteristic of young men; an ability to stand practice without becoming winded; and a perfect rest at night. The principle result will be seen in the strengthening of the muscles, the developing of the body, the loss of that tired feeling and a condition in which an athlete will at any time be fit for work.

What attitude do the large colleges take in this matter?

Harvard and Yale, as well as all other of the larger colleges, adhere strictly to the most rigid training, whether it be in foot-ball, base-ball or track. Duffy, the great sprinter, never enters a special race unless he has spent weeks in faithful training. Ought we to enter upon our foot-ball or base-ball games without any special preparation? If practice is necessary to become acquainted with the rudiments of the game, how much more needful is training in order to use to our greatest extent what knowledge of the game we may acquire. Athletes often complain of being tired after their usual length of practice. Should young men, if they are in condition, complain of being tired, just

because they have taken sufficient exercise to keep them bodily active? What does two or three hours mean to anyone if he observes those little things that count so much for his health? Such an amount of exercise should be a pleasure and not a dread. If in condition, we ought to come from our base-ball and track practice with lungs expanded; shoulders thrown back; a light step and a glow that is the sign of health. All this is possible to a man who will regulate his habits and sacrifice a few personal pleasures.

All these things may seem foolish to that class of our students who doubt the need of strict training. The writer knows from experience what hard, consistent training means, and he also knows what it is to play foot-ball and base-ball without regard to this important factor. The first year in his fitting school was spent without training. At the beginning of the second year, at the suggestion of the manager of the team, strict training was undertaken. The good results were so plainly apparent that he has virtually kept in training ever since, holding himself ready at any time for any contest. From a personal acquaintance and association with professional ball-players, he knows that they do admit that good is to be derived from training and the managers so far recognize it as to demand early hours and refrainment from cigarette smoking.

The writer believes that it is time for the student body at Bates to take a decided stand in this matter and to demand of our athletes that they train consistently. Man cannot have midnight feasts, or be out on the streets until the small hours of morning, and be in good condition to play base-ball.

Players cannot break every known law of hygiene and expect to have a successful team.

Bates has not had a successful base-ball team since the spring of 1900. Many reasons may appear for this, but the chief one is a direct and gross violation of every known principle of training, and until this is stopped, Bates must expect to be at the foot of the ladder. With practically a new team this spring let the student body demand faithful training, with the understanding that the team will receive no support from the college unless it fulfills these terms. When such a stand is taken the welfare of athletics at Bates will be upon a firm foundation.

Let this coming spring see a step taken in this direction that will be of lasting benefit to the college. —H. M. T., '03.

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FOR THE MADNESS OF OUT OF DOORS.

Oh, it's not love, it's not love!
It's only the world and I!
And it's not the red of the passionate rose,
But the far, cold red of the sky!
And whether the wind lean down like a fate
And sing to the stripped trees their dole,

Myself is running apace with the world;
Myself, and the world's own soul!
Oh, it's not love, it's not love!
It's only the world and I!
It's only this joy of being alive,
And the singing up to the sky!

Oh, it's not love, it's not love!
It's only the song and the leap!
It's only the lifting of arms to the moon,
Half-poised on the sky-cliff's steep.
And whether the wind swoop down like a hawk
And wrest the day from the land,
Myself is praying the world-prayer strong,
And standing where world-priests stand.
And soon as the temple-veil of the clouds
Is rent by my wild, high prayer,
The temple lights of the stars shine out
And the Moon God stands in the air.
Oh, it's not love, it's not love
That makes me worship and cry;
It's only the prayer of the world and myself,
To the rest of the world in the sky!

Smith Monthly. —FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

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ON HEARING SOME OLD SONGS.

Something has come in my heart to-night
(Something so wild and shy!)
It flew from the amber depth of the West,
From the blaze of a jeweled sky.

Not slower than dreams it flew, it flew,
And nestled down in my breast,
As sure of a welcoming for the night
And sleep in a quiet nest.

O brown little bird of tenderness,
From whatever West you come,
Rest softly here in my heart awhile;
I pray you may make it your home!

II.

Bring out the song and sing it to me
(Soft while the lights are low)
Gently, tenderly touching the keys,
Let the dear old melodies flow.

Thrills through the dark will awake in me
And all in the dim room, lo!
Shadows and shapes will awaken too,—
Sweet shapes of long ago!

And you will not ask me why I am still
(Not you, for you always know)
And I will not tell him (ah, could I) how well
Sound the songs of long ago!

And when you are done, I will wait a space
Then quickly rising,—so,
I will press your hand. Then, silent still
Our separate ways we'll go!

*—Raymond Sanderson Williams, in Nassau Literary Magazine.*

PRAIRIE LULLABY.

Sleep, oh sleep, little child—
Over the prairie wild
The great red sun sinks low and low,
The stars come out to see him go,
The night wind rustles to and fro,
Sleep, oh sleep, little child.

Sleep, oh sleep, little child—
The Spirit great has smiled,
The moon mounts high in her silver trail
And the light of the stars on her pathway fail.
Sleep—till the morning star grows pale.
Sleep—sleep, little child.

—*Brooke Van Dyke.*

ON FRIENDSHIP.

I.

*In the Mouth of a Selfish Person.*

What is thy friend to thee? Bait for thy fishline
Wherewith to angle in the sea of honor
And catch for thee a full grown reputation?
Or is thy friend a bank whence thou cans't borrow
The coin of traffic, fashion, conversation,
To make thine own store seem the more abundant?
Or is thy friend a sponge which holds in keeping
The water of thy tears, complaints, and miseries,
And never drippeth nor gets saturated?
Oh, may the gods withhold me from thy friendship!

II.

*In the Mouth of One Who Loves.*

Let me be swift to understand thy mood,
To heal thy sorrow e'er the tale is told,
Perfect thy happiness before its light
Shines in thine eye,—a speechless language ours.
And thou shalt give, and I thy gift receive
Yet feel no gratitude; and thou shalt take
Of me, returning neither praise nor thanks,
The flowing of my life into thine own,
Until each stream be equal; thence to seek
The eternal sea; no longer separate
But borne along by one strong current, love.

—*Eva Augusta Porter in Smith College Monthly.*

# Books Reviewed.

FRANKLIN AND GREENE'S SELECTIONS FROM LATIN PROSE AUTHORS FOR SIGHT READING. *By Susan Braley Franklin, Ph.D., and Ella Katherine Greene, A.B.,* Instructors in Latin at Miss Baldwin's School, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

This little book contains material for students in the last year of a college preparatory course or in the Freshman year in college, and is designed to test and to increase by exercise their power to read Latin. Accordingly, passages have been chosen in which the difficulties of syntax, order

and vocabulary are fairly typical. The seventy-five selections, varying in length from half a page to two pages, have been taken from Cæsar's Civil War, the less familiar Orations of Cicero, and the narrative and descriptive parts of Cicero's Essays. Because of the book's suitability for weekly tests, examinations, and oral work, there are but few notes and no vocabulary.

Cloth, 12mo, 80 pp. Price, 60 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

TRUTH, *by Emile Zola.* Translated by E. A. Vizetelly.

"Truth" is the third of the group called "The Four Evangelists." The first two were called "Fruitfulness" and "Labor." The last had the author lived would have borne the name "Justice."

The plot of "Truth" is for the most part a resetting of the celebrated Dreyfus case, in which Zola took a very prominent and commanding part. The army, however, scarcely figures in the narrative, as the crime on which he bases the story is not ascribed to any military man, but a crime arising from those who have taken vows in the Roman Catholic Church, yet whose lives have been incongruous.

The realistic treatment sustains by vivid dramatic situation the intense interest and excitement of the reader's attention from the beginning.

This last novel of Jean-Jacques Rousseau's great and foremost descendant, Emile Zola, will undoubtedly have to be reckoned with in a social and literary sense.

John Lane, pub. New York. $1.50.

TERRA-COTTA, *by Alice McAlilly.*

"That there is in the soul of man an innate belief in the Power that rules in the destiny of human life is a universally conceded fact."

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