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THE BATES STUDENT



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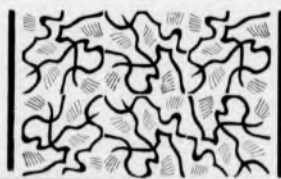
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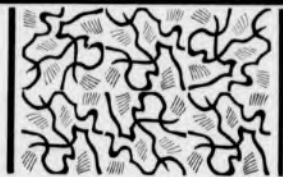
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Literary.

ONLY A NOTE.

Only a warbled note
From some lone bird
Amid the distant shade,
Only a song that floats
And dies in some cool glade.

Only a simple strain
Breathed o'er and o'er;
Yet in the distant west
The mother o'er her brood
Is soothed in loving rest.

Only a breath of song
From some lone soul
In music sweet and low,
Only an uttered note
As streamlet's liquid flow.

Only a simple strain
Lost all amid
The world's vast warring strife,
Yet one has heard and thrilled,
And ope'd is paradise.

—'04.

THE FUTURE OF RUSSIA.

FOR a thousand years all western Europe has been filled with a new life. Progress and liberty have been her watch-words, while the fires of rekindled zeal have cast their glow upon the mighty waves of western civilization, until the answering tread from distant shores is heard. But, hark! Comes there no response from the East? Is there no answering voice? All is silence. For eight hundred years there is not heard the faintest echo of the onward tread of humanity. Yea, the whole vast country from the Bosphorus to the regions of the midnight sun, from the shores of the Baltic to the lone steppes and tundras of Siberia, has fallen into a lethargy which the western glow can little affect.

The West has faced the westward. New continents have been reached and crossed. The Pacific yields no barrier; and the East and West have met. When, lo! They halt; and the Future of the West challenges the Future of Russia.

Russia's lethargy has passed. She has awakened with a start that reacts upon all Europe. Peter the Great has crossed the Caucasus and Dagestan is united to the empire: nomadic tribe after tribe has gone down before the conqueror, and his threatening knock is heard at the very gates of Herat; scarcely half a century has passed since the west bank of the Amur was gained by treaty from China, and to-day, with nearly two hundred thousand Cossack troops in Manchuria, Russia accepts the challenge.

Hampered on the one hand by the strongest powers in Europe, and on the other by the ice-bound regions of the North, Russia could hope for little growth in political power and commercial wealth, although possessing a fertility of soil that might make it the granary of the world. Thus driven by economic and also by political reasons, her vast population of one hundred and thirty millions, composed largely of peasants, and hardened by climate and Tartar domination, is like a huge glacier moving down upon the empires of the East. Even, if so disposed, the Czar with his absolute authority is powerless to turn this tide. Its future career must be determined by the outside forces, which are hastening to maintain a barrier.

Well may all Europe turn from its dreams of the South and West to shudder at the nightmare of the East. Well may England watch with keenest interest the power to which a million men annually become eligible for military service; the power which controls not only eastern Europe but has even crossed the Oxus, and from the borders of Afghanistan and Cashmere threatens the Indian Empire; a power which gains not only the traffic with nomadic tribes but wrests the eastern ports and shuts the "open door."

To the east and south of the Urals and Caspian, Russia holds in her power the most abundant resources for future development. By her Trans-Siberian Route the door to the wealth and natural resources of the Orient is thrown open to Russian official speculation. It also affords a military base at the very door of Japan and offers the rapid transit of troops and supplies at a strategic moment. Yet the day of development for Asiatic Russia has scarcely dawned. Still undeveloped, except by nature, the Trans-Ural "black lands" await but the mere touch of skilled cultivation to flood the store-houses of the world. One step beyond these rolling prairies, and the ancient forests skirt the base of the Alais and stretch away to the Behring Sea. This vast solitude,

unbroken except by the trapper's or miner's lonely hut and scarcely seared by axe, holds in its depths a wealth for which Europe must some day pay the price. But it is not alone in forests or in lands that Russia's future wealth depends. Both within her present limits and those to which her future points, there still exists a hidden source of wealth and power. With full control of the unlimited coal-fields and with Chinese labor at her command, Russia holds in her grasp the sceptre which, in years to come, shall sway the commercial and industrial destiny of Europe to the building up of her own commerce by land and sea.

Yesterday, it was to Russia that China looked for aid when beset by other powers. To-day, she appeals to the once hostile powers to preserve her integrity. It is to meet and baffle these that Russia must attend. She no sooner seizes Port Arthur than England confronts her at Wei-Hai-Wei, a point of no commercial significance; and the Island Empire of Japan, justly incited by the plunder of her hard-earned spoils, makes common cause with England to meet the mighty force bearing down upon the East. But while holding an iron grasp upon the very heart of northern China, Russia with "kid-gloved" diplomacy holds out the fleece of universal peace. She turns the gaze of nations upon the Hague while she sows a railroad and reaps an empire in the East. Yea, Russia's destiny is that of a world power. With or without broader territorial possessions her geographical position compels it, while her political position renders her advance hazardous, her retreat impossible.

—G. H. HARMON, '04.

A NIGHT ON MACKINAW CLIFF.

IT had been only three months since Robinson first visited the little Indian settlement. He recalled the morning now, as he stood on a hill overlooking the valley of the Mohawk village. He, with several other sturdy English youths, had been chasing a herd of moose and had run on the settlement by mere accident. He had strayed away from his party and was too hungry and thirsty to go on. So he approached the village to see if he could purchase a breakfast. As he went down the hill he saw a young squaw bearing an urn of water. He hastened and, addressing her in the Mohawk tongue, with which he had become familiar, asked for a drink. The maid turned two startled brown eyes toward him. The smooth black hair falling over her shoulders glistened in the morning sun. She was a picture of simplicity and wild-

ness. She glanced back toward the village and was about to run away from the stranger, when Robinson again spoke.

"See, I will give you this pretty scarf," and he drew a silk kerchief from his neck.

The bright colors and fine texture attracted the girl, and before five minutes Turgigah was his staunch friend. She promised to bring him corn-bread, if only he would stay in concealment on the hill.

"My father, Canistinah, is a great chief," said the girl simply, "but he is poison to the whites."

.
"That was only three months ago," thought Robinson as he watched the smoke curling up from the hundred wigwams, for it was the time of the evening meal.

Again the beautiful dark face came before him. This time the eyes had a sorrowful expression. He recalled the second time he had met Turgigah on the hillside.

"Where did you get the strange necklace you wear, little girl?" he had asked.

It was made of small caribou hoofs. On the front was a flat circular bone. This bone, she explained, was the knee-pan of a famous Ottawa warrior, whom Winonah had slain. Robinson could not repress a smile at the matter-of-fact way in which she spoke of such barbarity. Winonah, who had given her the necklace, she said, was her suitor. He was a mighty warrior and huntsman. Her *father* wanted her to marry him, but *she* did not like him.

"I shall obey my father, if he commands it," she added.

Then her lip quivered and the lids drooped sadly over the brown eyes. There were no tears, for Indian maidens were taught that such emotion was cowardly, and cowardice was as much a vice as was bravery a virtue.

"Surely," mused Robinson, "this girl has finer sentiments and stronger, deeper feeling than many an English maid," and he thought of his English cousins with their flirtations and affectations manners, and how he had preferred to leave them all for wild, new America.

"This is simplicity," he said aloud. "This is truth."

Since then he had met Turgigah often on the hillside. He pitied the lonely girl. Her tastes seemed far above her surroundings, her manners gentle and pretty in their artlessness. He told her of the eastern settlements, of his English home, of

schools and books and the wonders of the great, wide world. Turgigah listened to every word, sometimes asking him to repeat the parts so wonderful to her. She looked on him as a being sent by the Great Spirit especially for her pleasure. Every evening she slipped away from the settlement, while the squaws were met for their evening gossip; for the great chief Canistinah had gone to the white settlement and no one missed her.

One evening Robinson had asked Turgigah to become his bride. Her face lighted up with sudden joy. She raised the brown eyes and gazed earnestly into his face. Never had she been more composed. Never had she looked more beautiful. Then her brow clouded.

"My father will not permit it," she answered firmly. "He hates the pale-faces. Winonah will be chief when my father dies and I shall be *his* bride."

"You shall not!" exclaimed Robinson angrily, rising and clenching his fists hard. I will go to your father this night. If he forbids it, Turgigah, you must——"

His voice lowered and she interrupted him:

"Winonah will kill you if he finds out that you want me. You must wait. I will go back alone."

A week later, Robinson had walked boldly into the Indian town. He found the chief alone, before his wigwam, mending a canoe. After a friendly salutation, Robinson made known the object of his visit, presenting to the chief two belts of wampum, the price of a bride. Canistinah rose without a word and looked at the man. At first he threw back his head as if disposed to laugh at the absurdity of the proposition. Then his dark face grew black with anger. A hungry passion for blood gleamed from his deep-set eyes. His thin lips twitched with excitement and rage.

"Marry my squaw to a pale-face?" he hoarsely screamed, throwing the wampum at his feet. "I'd sooner scatter her bones on the rocks."

(To be Continued.)

THE DEVIL IN LITERATURE.

WHO has never heard of Old Nick? To be sure, we may not wish to claim an intimate acquaintance, but certainly we must acknowledge that our limited ideas are in no way due to the negligence and unconcern of writers. Indeed, could they

review literature, well might they be happy, for where is the connoisseur of devils who cannot find at least one which satisfies the caprice of his fastidious taste?

All ages, beginning with Pagan mythology, have contributed to the portrayal of this character who flits gaily from century to century. The real conception and function of the devil has been so varied that we have anything from the master portrayal of Dante, and those other bright, merry, mischievous, mediæval spirits up to those who bartered for men's souls and strove with God for supremacy.

As we enter into the spirit of the *Divine Comedy*, we gaze awestruck on its vividly pictured imaginations. Lucifer the devil is no faint tracery of art, but rather a living monster. Terrible in the very intensity of the terrible, he appears the personification of horrors as, flapping his wings larger than the sails of the sea, he sits gnashing a sinner in each of his three mouths.

Perhaps we wonder what part has such a being with the word comedy, but we forget that it satisfies the demands of such, only in its happy ending, for it is rather the word-picture of a sorrowing life.

Surely Lucifer is a typical example of Dante's characters "whose gloom," Macaulay says, "discolors all the passions of men and all the face of nature and tinges with its own livid hue the flowers of Paradise and the glories of the eternal throne."

In the mystery and moral plays the devils, doubtless somewhat patterned on those of Norse mythology, swarm upon us in all their strange fantasies. These are those gruesome demoniac figures half man, half beast; then those gay, sprightly troops of sly, crafty imps whose whole existence is devoted to anybody's affairs but their own.

Let us follow these grotesque phantoms as they set out to provoke the poor peasants by souring milk, turning things topsyturvy, breaking up furniture, slyly boxing or pulling some poor wretch's ears, often playing Jack Frost to perfection, now mournfully howling down chimneys, by times representing ghosts, and finally popping up here and there, committing all sorts of gay pranks and capers.

Then, too, who other than such provoking fellows caused the thunder-showers, but you see not having been to school, I fear they forgot that rain has its advantages. Thus these nimble Harlequins ever scampered after mischief.

Some of these lesser devils had such a sense of humor, were

such a jolly, rollicking, happy-go-lucky sort, that I must confess a lurking approbation for them.

The Apollyon of John Bunyan, possibly a descendant of some of these minor agents of evil, became the black-man of the nursery and the coal-hole—the salvation of the exasperated nurse-maid, in other words the bug-a-boo man for all mischievous rogues.

Burns appeals to the better nature of these devils when he says:

“But fare ye well, auld Nickie-been,
O wad ye take a thought on men!”

Quite distinct from all these conceptions, out of Goethe's subtle brain looms the mocking figure Mephistopheles. Representing the polished, well-bred, worldly man, cynical with that bitterness resultant from spiritual deprivation, his whole being is a mockery of the Holy. Faust is his victim—to drag his soul to Hell is Mephistopheles' boast. Mephistopheles, the embodiment of animal passion and greeds, how ready art thou to condemn Gretchen, the erring woman who forgets all but love? But he forgets the wonderful love of God which said not with Mephistopheles she is judged, but she is saved.

Now Mephistopheles and his followers stand before the grave of Faust confident of victory. Ever and anon the angels scatter roses whose delicate leaves falling on the devils scorch and burn. As the angels draw nearer, Mephistopheles forgets all; a sensuous passion kindles in his boastful heart. He turns too late. The grave is empty and the soul of Faust has passed on to its God.

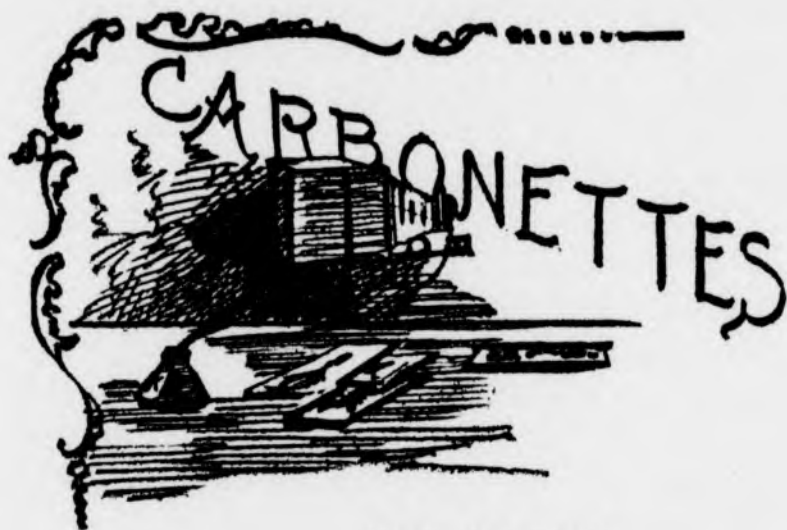
Milton's Satan, discontented with all else, aspires to be greater than Heaven's matchless King. Intellectual, proud, ambitious, revengeful and of indomitable will, yet, a superhuman being, a worthy rival of God. Amidst inconceivable agonies he deliberates, exults and resolves that ever to do ill be his sole delight. His spirit requires no support from anything external nor even from hope itself.

But wafted over and above it all like the faint fragrance of lilies we ever feel the beautiful influence of heaven and God still clinging about him. Then beholding Adam and Eve his soul cries:

“O, Hell, what do mine eyes with grief behold?
Honor and empire with revenge enlarged, compel me now
To do what else though damned I should abhor.”

As monuments of other stages through which human thought has evolved a more rational conception of evil, and as illustrations of the endless conflicts which evil wages in the human heart, the devils of literature form a most valuable contribution to its pages.

—EVA INGRAHAM PHILLIPS, '04.



THE DECISION.

Instinctively the brothers turned down the familiar path to the old water gap. The second crop of clover was in blossom, the late corn was putting forth its silky tassels, and the trees, along the creek, looked cool and green in their summer leafage. It was good to be back.

They talked of the crops, of the neighborhood happenings, of their experiences, but of that which lay heaviest on their hearts—not a word.

The little farm yielded a scant living for the family, and the boys had been compelled to make their own way through the academy. Early in the spring they had gone away to earn money for college. They had succeeded even better than they had hoped, and by the middle of August they had saved enough to pay the expenses of the first year.

They had been home three days, and, although not a word had been said by any one of the family, they had known from the first hour of their return that one of them must give up college for that year. The unasked question had been constantly before their minds, "Which?"

It was by that subtle understanding that often exists between those who love, that they had turned toward the old water gap to

talk it over. Here they had always gone when a weighty problem was to be solved or a new castle built. They sat on a log by the creek, idly throwing bits of bark into the clear, swift water. The sun was low and already the cool shadow of the hill stretched across the valley.

"Notice how father looks?" Nathan said at last.

"Yes," answered David, looking off into the distance.

"He is hardly able to do the chores," said Nathan.

"He isn't able," added David. Then there was a silence.

"I'm afraid one of us must give up college." Nathan spoke with an effort.

"Yes, it looks that way," assented David. He looked intently into the water. After awhile he raised his eyes to his brother's. "I shall stay," he said decisively. "I am the stronger. Besides—you hate the farm and I don't."

For a moment Nathan did not reply. What David said was true; he had always been dissatisfied on the farm. But this time he *would* stay and—do his best. Nothing more was said till they stood by the west gate. Nathan noticed the cows coming leisurely across the pasture to the water gap. The hungry pigs were squealing for their supper. On the breeze was the scent of the tasselled corn.

At last they agreed to decide the question by lot. Nathan would write "Go" on one slip of paper, and "Stay" on another. David would draw and abide by the decision of fate. Nathan leaned upon the gate to write; he paused and looked away to the west. The purple light above the hills was turning ashen. For a moment his face lighted with the thought of his dream. Then, as he looked toward the bare little farm-house there flashed upon his mind all the toil and longing that staying meant. Ah,—he must go! Yet—he set his lips firmly and wrote. Then he held the slips out to his brother in silence and David drew one. "Go," he read unsteadily. Nathan crumpled the other in his fingers quickly. For on it, too, was written "Go."

—L. M. WORMELL, '06.

THE EMPTY DAYS.

"No," said Thanny explosively, "No, I won't." The tall young woman in the blue and white striped gown moved quietly about the room. As Thanny looked at her, his sense of injury increased. It was all her fault, anyway. How happy they had

been,—he and father and mother, before *she* came. A tear of self-pity rushed to his eyes, trembled undecided on one lash and trickled down a snub nose. “Why,” demanded Thanny fiercely of himself (the tear had loosened his self-respect, and he was very angry), “why couldn’t she have carried—it—somewhere else, where they *wanted*—it? Did she think his mother had any time to take care of—people—that didn’t belong to them at all? And to ask him to go and see—it.”

He shut the screen door very hard, and pretended not to see the reproach in nurse’s face. He hoped he *had* waked it up. Perhaps—perhaps—mother might grow tired of hearing—it—cry, and have it taken away.

Out doors, the air was full of a gentle buzzing, that sounded like a lullaby. Thanny lay flat on the grass beneath the biggest apple tree, and frowned at the closed blinds. Five whole days he had not seen mother. Five whole days he and father had sat alone at dinner, and tried to pretend to each other that they were happy without her. And all because she must take care of—a—little—little—(in his wrath Thanny paused for an epithet)—a—little—*thing*—that didn’t belong to them at all. And they wanted him to *love* it. His *sister*, indeed. He dug his heels into the soft turf with vicious energy.

The gentle buzzing in the air, and the wind-ruffling of the leaves, soothed him somewhat. Presently he forgot a little of his anger. He thought vaguely of many things. And still that gentle buzzing in the air, and the June wind ruffling the leaves overhead.

After a long while, he stirred restlessly, listen. Was that—couldn’t be—*her* voice? And he had not heard it for five weary days. So sweet it was—so—father said naughty things always hid fast when mother laughed. But this new note—what was it—this sorry—sorry voice? It was mother’s surely,—but—a lump came into his throat, and it hurt to swallow. “And I think he’s forgotten about me,” the voice said, slowly, “because I wanted him—you told him so—and he wouldn’t come.” The voice sank lower. “I wanted him,” it said,—“and he wouldn’t come.”

It was the lump in his throat that woke him. He sat up very still for a moment. Then he went softly into the house, and up to the blue and white figure in the kitchen.

—ISABEL BARLOW, '06.

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—Prof. J. H. Rand was recently called to Dover, N. H., by the illness and consequent death of his aged father.

'68.—G. C. Emery has built up a most flourishing preparatory school, the Harvard School, at Los Angeles, Cal. This institution fits for all the first colleges of the country.

'72.—George E. Gay has been made superintendent of the Massachusetts Educational Exposition at the International Fair in St. Louis.

'74.—H. H. Acterian is organizing work in different parts of the country for the University Extension Society.

'76.—Rev. George L. White, New Hampton, N. H., who has a daughter in the Class of 1904, has also a son in the entering class.

'77.—Hon. O. B. Clason has a daughter here in the Class of 1907.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee received in June the degree of A.M. for a year's work in philology at Harvard.

'81.—C. S. Haskell, after a long and painful illness, died early in July at his summer home in Maine. He was a District Superintendent of Schools for the City of New York. Mr. Haskell leaves a wife and two sons.

'81.—W. B. Perkins is manager for a patent coke and coal car that is attracting wide attention.

'81.—H. P. Folsom of Augusta has recently presented the library with seven volumes of current fiction.

'87.—On account of the plague situation in India, which continues very bad, Surgeon-General Wyman of the Marine Hospital Service, has determined to station expert bacteriologists at Calcutta and Bombay. Past Assistant Surgeon E. K. Sprague already has been designated for the post at Calcutta, and Acting-Assistant Surgeon Hume will be assigned to the post at Bombay.

'87.—Percy R. Howe has removed to Belmont, Mass., and opened a dental office in the Warren Chambers on Boylston Street, Boston.

'88.—Miss L. A. Frost, teacher of Physics in the High School at Dorchester, Mass., entertained at the High School building some forty Bates graduates on one of the days of their attendance at the National Educational Association.

'88.—Dr. F. S. Hamlet is practicing medicine at Gorham, Me. He is also Superintendent of Schools for Gorham.

'89.—Mrs. Ethel I. (Chipman) Johnson is about to visit England.

'90.—Ellen F. Snow is teaching in the High School, Gorham, Me.

'90.—Mabel V. Wood will take graduate work in history at Radcliffe during the current year.

'92.—E. W. Emery is a student in the Harvard Medical School.

At the tenth anniversary of its commencement, the Class of '93 presented Bates College with a beautiful bronze bust of Plato, copied from the original found at Pompeii. It is an expensive piece of work and an ornamental addition to our library.

'93.—F. L. Hoffman is practicing law in Cincinnati, O., and lecturing in the Cincinnati Law School.

'93.—C. C. Spratt holds a very fine position in the University School at Detroit, Mich.

'95.—Dora E. Roberts is teaching in the High School at Dover, N. H.

'95.—On May 20th was born to Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Webb of Franklin, Penn., a daughter—Evelyn Gaylord.

'95.—Nathan R. Smith is principal of Parsonsfield Academy, Parsonsfield, Me.

'95.—F. T. Wingate is teacher of sciences in the Medford High School, Mass.

'96.—Mary A. W. Cross is teaching in the High School, Plymouth, Mass.

'96.—F. A. Knapp, after having completed two years' graduate work in Harvard, is Professor of Latin at Bates.

'96.—Gracia B. Prescott is teaching in the South Portland High School.

'96.—Frank H. Purinton has returned to the Yale Law School for his second year's work.

'97.—E. F. Cunningham is instructor of Physics and Chemistry in the Jordan High School, Lewiston.

'97.—H. L. Palmer is principal of the High School at Waldo-bero, Me.

'97.—Walter P. Vining is principal of the Winthrop High School.

'97.—Blanche Porter has a position in the High School at South Portland.

'97.—H. P. Parker is teaching in the Hallowell High School.

'98.—Alice M. Brackett has a position in the High School at Valley Falls, R. I.

'98.—J. F. Brackett teaches in the Academy at Bluehill, Me.

'98.—Rev. Thomas S. Bruce is principal of the Shiloh Industrial Institute in North Carolina.

'98.—G. H. Conant holds a Fellowship in Physics in the Northwestern University, Chicago.

'98.—On Wednesday, August 19th, at St. Patrick's Church, Lewiston, Miss Julia F. Leader was married to Mr. John D. Moore of New York City. Mr. Moore is a graduate of M. I. T. and a mechanical engineer in New York City.

'98.—Mary H. Perkins is teaching in the High School, West Springfield, Mass.

'98.—J. P. Sprague has received his M.D. at Northwestern University and begun the practice of medicine in Chicago.

'98.—Edward M. Tucker is teacher of sciences at Great Barrington, Mass.

'98.—Ralph H. Tukey is taking graduate work in Philology at Yale.

'99.—Miss Ena Augusta Maxim was married to Dr. A. B. Moulton, September 2, 1903, at South Limington.

'99.—E. L. Palmer is principal of the High School at Guilford, Me.

'99.—On August 19th, at Madison, occurred the marriage of Perley E. Graffam of Lewiston to Miss Annie Belle Turner of Madison.

'99.—Everett Peacock is teaching at Eliot, Me.

'99.—Wildie Thayer has just published a second volume of poems. She is engaged in literary work in Lowell, Mass.

1900.—Mary B. Ford is teaching in the Groveland (Mass.) High School.

1900.—Arthur W. Lowe is principal of the High School, Orono, Me.

1900.—Mabel E. Marr is instructor of history in Yarmouth Academy.

1900.—Guy E. Healey is principal of the Fort Fairfield High School.

1900.—Bertram E. Packard is principal of Leavitt Institute, Turner.

1900.—Howard G. Wagg is teaching in the High School at Helena, Mont.

1900.—M. G. Sturgis received his M.D. from Harvard in June and has since been employed on the hospital ship in Boston harbor.

1900.—Emerson Whitman is Superintendent of the Electric Works, in Malden, Mass.

'01.—Mae S. Bennet is taking a course at Farmington Normal School.

'01.—W. R. Ham is teacher of sciences in the High School at St. Louis, Mo. He attended the Harvard Summer School this year.

'01.—E. K. Jordan is about to enter the Hartford (Conn.) Theological School.

'01.—Louise L. Parker is teaching in the Yarmouth High School.

'01.—Vernie E. Rand is principal of Litchfield Academy.

'01.—Florence E. Osborne is assistant in Lisbon High School.

'01.—Josephine B. Neal is to enter the Johns Hopkins University Medical School.

'01.—Harold A. M. Trickey is taking graduate work in science at Tufts.

'01.—Lincoln Roys is teaching in the Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) High School.

'01.—Frank P. Waggoner is Professor of Mathematics in the Normal School at Madison, South Dakota.

'01.—L. E. Williams is principal of the High School at Lisbon.

'02.—Irving O. Bragg is principal of the State Normal School just established at Presque Isle, Me.

'02.—Bessie D. Chase is secretary to President Chase and college registrar.

'02.—E. F. Clason is principal of the Lisbon Falls High School.

'02.—Willard M. Drake is Professor of Chemistry and Physics in Pritchett College, Glasgow, Mo.

'02.—J. F. Hamlin is head teacher in the English department of the High School at Salem, Mass.

'02.—Annie L. Merrill has been elected teacher of French and German in the High School, Natick, Mass.

'02.—Walter E. Sullivan is principal of the Anson High School.

'02.—Mabel A. Richmond is teacher of modern languages in the Rumford Falls High School.

'02.—A. D. Ohol is to enter Hartford Theological Seminary.

'02.—Bessie V. Watson is teacher of French and German at Fort Fairfield, Me.

'03.—Harriet B. Lord is teaching in the High School, Middlebury, Vt.

'03.—T. A. Lothrop is to attend the Harvard Law School.

'03.—Ida M. Manual is at her home in Franklin Falls, N. H.

'03.—Frances A. Miller will take post-graduate work at Radcliffe.

'03.—R. W. Nichols is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work.

'03.—Lillian A. Norton teaches in Gould's Academy, Bethel, Me.

'03.—Clara B. Pingree is teaching in the evening schools, Lewiston.

'03.—John O. Piper is studying medicine with his father.

'03.—James E. Pray is engaged in topographical survey and civil engineering.

'03.—Nellie L. Prince is at her home, New Boston, N. H.

'03.—E. H. Purinton is engaged in business.

'03.—Vivian B. Putnam is teaching in Monmouth Academy.

'03.—G. E. Ramsdell is instructor of sciences at Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield.

'03.—E. A. Roys is teaching at Norridgewock, Me.

'03.—Carl D. Sawyer enters the McGill Medical School, Montreal.

'03.—Alberta E. Sharp is principal of the Bingham High School.

'03.—Linneon E. Smith is teaching at Westport, Me.

'03.—Amy M. Staples teaches in the Lisbon Falls High School.

'03.—G. E. Stebbins is assistant in Physics at Bates.

'03.—Bertha M. Stratton is teaching in the High School, Hillsboro Bridge, N. H.

'03.—Marion E. Tasker is principal of the High School at North Dartmouth, Mass.

'03.—H. H. Thayer is assistant in Chemistry at Bates.

'03.—Jeanne M. Towle teaches in the High School, China, Me.

'03.—Harry M. Towne has a position as teacher of sciences in the Oxford School, Chicago.

'03.—Delmont Tozier teaches in the Gorham (Me.) High School.

'03.—L. E. Wardwell is a student of business in Chicago.

'03.—L. H. Trufant is to attend the McGill Medical School, Montreal.

'03.—Clara H. Williams is teaching in Lisbon Falls.

'03.—R. L. Witham is principal of the Chebeague High School.

'03.—L. E. Bailey is to enter Boston University Law School.

'03.—Grace E. Bartlett is assistant in the Bowdoinham High School.

'03.—C. L. Beedy has entered Yale Law School.

'03.—R. A. Brown is principal of the High School, Milo, Me.

'03.—N. C. Bucknam is principal of the Dexter High School.

'03.—Anna L. Clark is teaching in the Robinson Female Seminary, Exeter, N. H.

'03.—C. W. Coolidge is studying law at Lisbon Falls.

'03.—Edna Cornforth teaches in the High School, Woodsville, N. H.

'03.—Guy Cumner is employed by the Swift Corporation, Ames Building, Boston.

'03.—Hazel Donham teaches Latin in Edward Little High School, Auburn.

'03.—P. R. Everett is principal of the High School, Milbridge, Me.

'03.—Olive G. Fisher is teaching in the Freeport High School.

'03.—Lucy L. Freeman is preceptress of North Yarmouth Academy.

'03.—Charles E. Hicks is principal of the Windham High School.

'03.—N. S. Lord is instructor of sciences in Parsonsfield Academy.

'03.—A. P. Howes is in care of his deceased father's affairs in Hartland, Me.

'03.—R. L. Hunt is sub-master of the Calais High School.

'03.—H. R. Jennings is to enter the Boston University Law School.

'03.—C. L. Jordan is traveling secretary for the Brotherhood of St. Andrew (Episcopal).

'03.—Theresa E. Jordan is teaching in the Houlton High School.

'03.—J. C. Junkins will enter the Staunton Military Academy, Va.

'03.—H. C. Kelly is teaching at Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, N. H.

'03.—Katherine H. Kendrick is teaching in Bowdoin, Me.

'03.—Susie M. Kendrick is assistant in Dexter High School.

'03.—W. W. Keyes is engaged in canvassing for maps.

'03.—E. C. Higgins is superintendent of schools and principal of the High School at Bowdoinham.

PROFESSOR LEVI WENTWORTH STANTON.

FROM the day that Bates College first opened her doors she has constantly had at least one great teacher. Such a teacher was Levi Wentworth Stanton, her first Professor of Greek. Professor Stanton's term of service at Bates was from 1860 to 1865; but during one year of this time he was a student in Andover Theological Seminary. As the college was not organized till 1863, he spent just one-half of his four years in Lewiston in the service of Maine State Seminary, out of which the higher institution grew. Nominally, then, he was connected with Bates but two years. In reality his two years in the preparatory school were of priceless value to the college. For the earliest students at Bates, with scarcely an exception, had been introduced to the study of Greek and Latin by Professor Stanton; and the assurance that he was to be the Professor in Greek had no small influence in securing the first Freshman Class. Undoubtedly, he was regarded by those who had been under his instruction as the peer in his department of any college teacher in New England. His mere name awakened student enthusiasm, and inspired confidence in the new college.

The character of a college is largely determined by the personality, the attainments, and the ideals of its earliest teachers. The influence of Professor Levi Stanton in those formative years was pervasive and dominating. Men and women who sat under his instruction could not be superficial and pretentious without feeling the silent rebuke of his refined yet forceful presence. It was a coarse and unresponsive student that did not gain some of his teacher's enthusiasm for the Greek language and literature. And how gracious and charming was the teacher's recognition of the awakening interest, the developing scholarship of his pupils! For some of them, at least, forty years have not effaced the memory of that sympathetic glance, that kindly smile, that appreciative nod, that gracious lifting of the brows, and that exquisitely modulated voice.

Nor was he less effective in puncturing conceit and exposing pretence. Whatever his actual feelings, he never betrayed the least agitation. Without the slightest change in expression,

voice, or manner, he placed the offender face to face with his own folly. A smart student once challenged the Professor's construction of a word, loftily referring him to an apparently conflicting remark in the grammar. Without an instant's hesitation the Professor referred the student to another remark that explained the whole matter and established his own position. Then he added with a quiet smile, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." A certain student habitually rushed panting into the recitation room, just as the five minutes allotted to the grammar lesson were expiring. His haste seemed to say, "Pardon me. I have done my best to be here." One day, after a few repetitions of this, the Professor said to the breathless student as he seated himself, "Mr. ———, please begin the grammar lesson." The delinquent rose blushing, and as quickly sat down speechless, while the class, who had just completed the lesson, laughed at his discomfiture. He was never late again.

But while wonderfully helpful through his personality and his skillful teaching, Professor Stanton's greatest service was in promoting high ideals of character and scholarship and in winning for the new college the respectful recognition of educators. It was not easy to sneer at an institution in which Levi W. Stanton was a professor.

In still other ways his connection with Bates was of vital importance to her. It was the serious illness of this older brother during the winter of 1861 that brought Jonathan Y. Stanton to Maine State Seminary as his temporary substitute, thus preparing the way for that unique and illustrious service which, beginning in 1864, still continues. Few of the nearly one thousand graduates that love and honor *our* Professor Stanton can realize that the name was ever borne at Bates by another—himself a central figure among the makers of our institution. *Very* few know that the tender and affectionate designation of our oldest living Professor is the survival of that brief period when it was necessary for students to distinguish between *two* Professor Stantons.

The Stanton family was rich in teachers, and three of the brothers have borne the title of Professor, the oldest of them, Benjamin, having filled for many years the Chair of Latin in Union College. To each of these brothers Bates College will forever remain a debtor. To Benjamin, for opening the way, amid numberless discouragements, to a college course for himself and then summoning his brothers to follow him. Cheerfully he faced his duties to home and kindred, and counted himself happy when

he had gained his bachelor's degree at the age of thirty-one. Stepping at once into the front rank of teachers, he made it a primary care to aid his brothers in preparing for college. Slowly maturing and delayed by opposing circumstances, Levi was twenty-nine when, in 1855, he was graduated from Bowdoin College. Like Benjamin he had completed his college course in barely three years, having done most of the first year's work at home. Like his older brother, too, he won immediate reputation as a teacher. He followed Benjamin as a teacher at New Hampton Instituton, and was in turn followed by Jonathan at the same place.

After leaving Bates in 1865 he was for some eight years Principal of Dummer Academy in Massachusetts. His health, which was never firm, at length became unequal to the exacting demands of his calling. During the last twenty years of his life he lived at the old home of his wife in Sandwich, N. H. He had learned a trade before he entered college, and in the skillful use of his carpenter's tools and in the culture of a small farm he took unabating pleasure until a few months ago his failing strength compelled him to relinquish tastes delightful in themselves and dear from their associations.

In his private life Professor Stanton was simple, affectionate, and refined—happy in the devotion of his wife and children and secure in the confidence and esteem of the community. Everywhere and always he was a Christian gentleman. His daughters inherited his scholarly tastes and his rare gift for teaching.

The news of his death during the opening week of our college year has revived cherished memories for the three members of our Faculty who are so favored as to have been his pupils. Faculty and students unite in loving homage to a noble life in whose influence they are still richly blessed. To the widow, the three daughters, and to the surviving brothers of our first Professor Stanton they extend their sympathy. They are specially mindful of him whose presence among them is a daily benediction.

Unknown to the students and to all save a few of the graduates of Bates, the first Professor Stanton is none the less one of the founders and benefactors of their cherished College, and they cannot willingly let his memory die. When the humble beginnings of our College shall find a worthy historian, among the little group of wise men that gathered about the dauntless first President, he will assign an unchallenged place to Levi Wentworth Stanton.

—GEORGE C. CHASE.

Around the Editors' Table.

COLLEGE SPIRIT.

WE hear a good deal about college spirit these days. Yet like a great many other things which are very near and very real to us, it would be hard for us to give off-hand a clear or adequate definition of what we mean by college spirit. This is not because we do not know it when we feel its invisible influence, when we are fired by the ardor which only it can inspire or when afar off, a name, a familiar strain, some deep meaning suggestion gives a clue which makes the heart beat faster and the senses more alert. But while this college spirit of which we speak is a very real and tangible thing, a known quantity, a potent factor in college life, it is often misrepresented, quite as often misused and probably more often misinterpreted. There is a true college spirit and there is a spurious type of a college spirit. When the real is not present (for it is as impossible for both to be present openly side by side as for truth and a lie to be regnant both in the same sphere at the same time), the counterfeit very often misleads and allures those who would recognize and follow the true college spirit should it present itself.

This college spirit of which we speak is manifest in the aggregation of men and it is manifest in individuals.

We speak of the fine spirit of the team, the excellent spirit of the student body, the old spirit of the college which has become a part of the bone and tissue of its alumni. We have a right to speak this way. What we say is true. We are speaking now of the spirit manifest in the aggregation of men. Probably most of the time this spirit thus manifest is the true college spirit. What we need to watch for, is, that single unworthy motives do not dilute the essence till the quality becomes inferior, so that we do not have the true college spirit at all. This leads us to considerations which should be borne in mind by the units of the aggregate: That the agglomeration of men does not lessen personal responsibility and to be a party to an unjust movement cannot justify the individual; that a motive too low for a man is not high enough for him when the mass has no other; that cause and effect are not modified by multiplied thoughtlessness.

But we have said that college spirit is manifest in individuals. We say such a one shows a fine college spirit. He trains whether he is applauded or not. He supports the various interests of the

college by his presence, his time, his enthusiasm. He is a good student and gives his college a good name abroad. This is right. But the very fact that such eminent possibilities are wrapped up in individuals and the further fact that not all who pretend to have college spirit are patterned after this prototype, suggests: That our individual ideals in this regard should be heightened and encouraged; that the fawning and unmanly should be discouraged; he who says he will be out on the track and train when in a crowd and loses his enthusiasm while going to his room so that he fails to appear, will never give great impetus to track athletics; he who blows loud for reform when among saints, and swaggers among his companions will probably never overturn any theology or inspire a movement against out-grown customs. In very truth what the college spirit requires is the spirit of Manhood that stands on two feet, has a clear eye to perceive the right and a strong arm to defend it; then wherever it be found, in the individual or the aggregation of individuals, it will have power, power to permeate, to thrill, to conquer.

CONCERNING A SHORTER COLLEGE COURSE.

SINCE November, 1902, when President Nicholas Murray Butler published in the *University Bulletin* his proposed plan of a two years' college course, much has been written on the subject and not a little in favor of shortening "that delightful period of comradeship, amusement, desultory reading and choice of incongruous courses of what we are pleased to call study."

We, who come to college in search of other than a loafing-place, dread to disturb the "four years of college life"—the phrase itself has become dear as suggestive of a period in existence apart from the labor of professional preparation. And yet, is it fair for the academic department to require advanced work done by first grade high schools or for professional institutions to make no account of subjects of which the requirements have been met in the college days? As Dean Mains says in the June *Education*:

"The problems involved in this question are not those of the secondary school nor of the professional school, nor of the college. They are the problems of the three working together."

By friendly coöperation a three years' college course might be arranged which would reduce time without lowering educational standards and without destroying culture ideals. Johns

Hopkins University has always offered a three years' course. Harvard grants the degree of Bachelor of Arts after three years, provided that the student has met the four-year conditions in that time. In many colleges where four years of study are required, a student could be given credit for Freshman work completed in the secondary schools, take the required studies in three years and then be free to investigate international law, sociology, or comparative anatomy—these subjects which professional schools must teach also.

Colleges could make immediate arrangements for this method by establishing two sets of admission requirements of which one should be preliminary and one advanced.

Objection may be raised that professional spirit would destroy the liberal culture ideal, somewhat necessary to a people designated "the best educated and the least cultured." If these critics, however, plead for college environment as being conducive to complete living, they will surely prefer to have a student specialize during his Senior year than to see him go a year earlier to his professional school.

"Another incentive to a faster gallop!" says Grandfather, "and even now your A.B. means more than mine did." But is this true? Does the graduate of twenty-three, measured by the standards of our time, possess greater world-knowledge and a better introduction to social environment than did the man under twenty-one who obtained the A.B. fifty years ago?

No. The educated man of the twentieth century must know more than he did "in the old-gold past;" the world has grown and the requirements as well. Therefore the degree represented less, absolutely, than the same degree does now, but relatively, it stood for far more. We ought to save time, we must save ideals—those ideals which guard the real value of the Bachelor's degree in America.

THIS seems to be a fitting time, when so many are entering upon a study of the classics, to say a word about those inventions of an evil genius, commonly known as "horses." In talking with friends here and with students from other colleges, we really are shocked to find how universal is the use of translations, and we have racked our brains for an excuse to extenuate a fault so wide-spread. Of course natural stupidity is one reason for "riding through" Latin and Greek. The dull scholar we do

not blame so severely. It is to those clever students who think it is right to use a horse that we address this editorial. Why, a brilliant scholar said to us the other day, that the reason why he used a translation was that it *improved his English!* Now, we all know that a conscientious study of Latin and Greek, a thorough research into the roots of words is of incalculable value in studying English. A conscientious search for the best meaning of a word develops a nicety of expression hard to acquire in any other way. Another says that he can "horse his lesson out" in an hour, thereby gaining time for profitable reading. This extra time spent in "culture" cannot compensate for the loss in mental vigor due to a slovenly habit of sliding over his lessons. Can time be spent more profitably than in doing the task set before you, and doing it the best that you can? Remember that you are forming a habit of *sliding through life*, which will always hinder your success and your highest development.

WHEN students have so much and such varied kinds of work to attend to, it is a serious problem as to when there will be time to do everything which a college life demands. Shall we give up athletics in order that physical training may not interfere with our mental growth? By no means, for of what use in the active, business world is a man who, through continual study, has developed his mind at the expense of his physical powers? Shall we shun the social life which is so characteristic a feature of every college? No—he succeeds but poorly whose head is filled only with book knowledge. Are we to slight the spiritual? No, indeed, for without that everything else counts as nothing. Enter with spirit into all these phases of college life, carrying no one of them to excess. A systematized plan of work will help very much in accomplishing all we would like to do. Make out a daily schedule and see if good results do not follow from its careful observance.

Local Department.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS' RECEPTION.

The social event of the week at Bates was the reception of Thursday evening, tendered to the entire class of '07 by the two Christian Associations at the college. It is needless to say that the gymnasium was crowded, the Senior in his and her dignity,

the Junior gracious, the Sophomore bold and the Freshman just as green as ever.

The latter were duly escorted into the presence of the Faculty, who supported the two presidents of the hospitable associations, Mr. P. L. Cole and Miss A. M. Wheeler, both of '04. This receiving line was quite informal and most cordial in greeting the young stranger at Bates this fall. In this social way each became more clearly identified by Faculty and college mates. It was a time for dropping all study and cares in the perfect enjoyment of each other and the program.

During the evening the exercises were broken up with promenades and with orchestral selections from Payne & Plummer's skilled players. The first address was that given by Mr. Cole, president of the Y. M. C. A. of the college, who, in behalf of that organization, offered the open hand of welcome to the Class of '07. He was followed by Miss Shaw who gave a humorous reading and by Mr. Garland whose baritone voice was much enjoyed in a solo with orchestral accompaniment. Miss Barker, '04, then gave a humorous reading, followed by a selection by the male quartet made up of Messrs. Holman, Paige, Winslow and Garland.

Only a short time was given up to addresses. President Chase in behalf of the college extended a welcome to the students and eulogized the highest type of Christian life in the student body.

Dr. Veditz made a brief speech along the same line, instilling into his words, however, a touch of wit that kept his audience a-smile. Mr. A. K. Spofford, '04, who is manager of the football team at Bates this season, had a word to say for these interests and was loudly applauded.

Refreshments were served later in the evening.

Miss Bessie C. H. Cooper and Mr. E. C. Garland, both of '04, had charge of the arrangements for the evening, which were so entirely satisfactory and pleasurable to all.

SOPHOMORE VS. FRESHMAN.

FORMER WON IN THE CLASS GAME AT BATES, SATURDAY AFTER-
NOON.

The great Sophomore-Freshman base-ball game at Bates is over and the Sophomore Class still holds supremacy over the Freshies. It was an easy victory, and it was merely a matter of how large the score would be. Seventeen runs were scored by the Sophomore team. Every man on the team scored a run while Paine, who pitched for the Sophomores, brought in three runs and five of the other players brought in two each.

The Freshman team showed some good material which needs developing. The team work was sadly at fault as it is to

be expected in a team that never played together. The Freshies did their best and scored three runs. At the same time the 'varsity players got a line on the players for next spring's base-ball season.

The game was more interesting from a spectacular point of view. Never was so much importance attached to the array previous to the game. All the ladies of the college were dressed in white. The Sophomore and Senior girls wore blue and white turbans upon their heads and the Freshman and Junior girls wore white hats with red rosettes. The upper class men wore tall hats, and bunting and ribbon were very profuse.

During the game several of the Sophomores tried to encroach upon the Freshmen's territory and procure the banner. The committee in charge of the banner, however, were alert to the scheme and the Freshman Class rallied and the attempt was fruitless.

Following is the summary of the game:

SOPHOMORES.						
	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Dwinal, l.f.....	5	1	1	1	0	0
Wood, 3b.....	6	2	3	2	2	0
Kendall, 1b.....	6	2	0	12	1	1
Austin, ss.....	5	2	1	2	1	1
Allan, c.f.....	1	2	0	1	0	1
Connor, c.....	5	1	0	5	1	0
Phillips, r.f.....	4	1	0	1	0	0
Paine, p.....	5	3	0	0	7	0
Bonney, 2b.....	4	2	2	3	3	0
Totals	41	17	7	27	15	3

FRESHMEN.						
	AB.	R.	BH.	PO.	A.	E.
Bowman, c.....	3	1	0	5	3	1
Wight, p., c., 2b.....	4	0	0	3	5	1
Corneilson, p., 2b.....	4	0	0	0	4	1
Bowers, 3b.....	3	1	0	1	0	2
Rogers, ss.....	4	1	2	1	2	2
McIntire, 1b.....	4	0	2	14	1	4
Carter, l.f.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Donovan, r.f.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
Jackson, c.f., c.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Foster, c.f.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	3	5	27	15	11

Struck out, by Paine 2, by Corneilson 2, by Wight 2. Base on balls, off Paine 3, off Corneilson 6, off Wight 4.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Bates should consider herself fortunate in securing the services of Dennet Richardson, as foot-ball coach. He graduated from Bates in 1900, and since then has been attending University of Pennsylvania Medical College. While in Bates he took a prominent part in track athletics and foot-ball; playing on the 'varsity

for three years. At U. of P. he easily made the team, and played a star game at end last season.

The members of 1905 enjoyed their annual class ride at Merrymeeting Saturday, September 19th. All report a thoroughly enjoyable time.

Dr. Alice Weld Tallant, who is taking the physical examinations of the girls, is giving a series of lectures on hygiene to the young ladies of the college.

The celebrated Shaw Singers, from Shaw University, North Carolina, paid us a visit Friday evening, September 18th. After rendering an enjoyable concert in the chapel from 6.30 to 7.30, they visited Eurosophia, favoring the society with several highly appreciated and beautifully rendered selections.

Under the efficient management of Winslow, 1905, the glee club is rapidly getting into shape. It will be remembered that last year we had no college club, on account of a dearth of tenors. This year, however, this part can be well filled. There are Bradford and Holman, Seniors; Paige of the Divinity School, who sang for four years on the Brown Quartette; Robinson and Wills, Sophomores, the latter a new man, and Mabie and Corneilson, Freshmen. Altogether the prospects are excellent for a fine club.

Once more the foot-ball season has opened, and Bates has a strong squad out every night, getting into form on the athletic field. As is usually the case, there is a great lack of heavy line men. The positions to fill in the line are right guard and right tackle. Connor will make a strong bid for tackle; while Petten-gill, a man who has only been out a short time, seems to be the most promising candidate for guard. Turner, who played fullback some, last season, will make a close second. Behind the line the candidates are still doubtful. Rounds will probably start the season as quarterback with Wight, who played quarter on the fast Bridgton Academy team, a close second. Briggs will probably hold his old position at fullback. Owing to the graduation of Towne and Kendall's injury, both halfback positions are open. Redden, 1906, who did not come out last year on account of appendicitis, will probably make one of these positions, as he is both heavy and fast. The other candidates for halfback are Allan Reed, 1906, McIntyre, 1907, Corneilson, 1907, Pierce, 1907, Foster, 1907, and Mahoney, 1906. Of these McIntyre and Corneilson seem the most promising. The prospects on the whole seem good, and although the candidates for the back field are light as a rule, most of them are active and fast on their feet.

Exchanges.

THE college magazines of commencement time are worth reading, for then, if ever in their difficult existence, do the editors make a supreme effort to get something "literary" from the student body. Not always from undergraduates, however; the *Georgetown College Journal* comes forward with an elaborate alumni number equal to many of the best periodicals in the country. Indeed, it numbers among its contributors Robert Collier himself; other familiar names appear, including those of Charles P. Neil, Hon. S. S. Mallory, Hon. Edward D. White, and Hon. G. B. Cortelyou.

A student of the history of costume will be interested in an excellent collection of photographs found in the October *Delin-eator*. The pictures represent curious historic slippers, including the dress slippers of Marie Antoinette, of Louis XIV. and some Turkish shoes "in which the heavy ornamentations of gold and silver thread and imitation jewels is almost as elaborate on the sole as on the top and sides."

The *Vassar Miscellany* contains a paragraph in an address delivered by Mr. Whitelaw Reid before Phi Beta Kappa on "The Thing to Do." After emphasizing the fact that the present age believes in nothing, that it lacks stability and consistence, the notice reads:

(For this reason a conservative element is needed in society, an element which lawyers were once expected to provide, but for which we must now turn to the American woman. As illustrations of the failure in earnest purpose at the present day, Mr. Reid spoke of the glare and the vehement vacuity of modern society, with its passion for wealth, notoriety, and pleasure, and of the turbulence of politics and the waves of excitement which have carried the people of the nation to one extreme and then the other many times in quick succession. Even worse than such loss of faith and purpose he called the idea that all are equal.)

(The democracy claims the equality of all even tends to go farther, and make the lower element better than the higher, so that the unfit are elevated to a position above the most fit. All these conditions of our modern life, depending as they do on the nervous unrest which has become almost as characteristic of America as of France in recent years, require the conservatism which we may hope to gain from the American woman.)

TRUST.

A wandering, rambling little song
Of cheer, of hope and courage wrought;
A breast of warmth—an azure wing—

A nest—four eggs, an unknown thing;—
 'Twas this I heard and saw—which brought
 Me peace midst strife of right and wrong.

—*The Unit.*

Toys.

Poor little toys upon the floor!
 A battered doll, a top, a sled—
 “You have grown too old for these,” they said,
 “You will not want them any more.”

Why, little girl, did you weep that day,
 When they took the worthless things away?

Poor little toys!—a long-lost May,
 A dream proved false that I once had dreamed,
 An idle fancy—and yet, it seemed,
 I too must weep when they went away.

What, in this world of griefs and joys,
 Are the true, I wonder, and what the toys?

—*Edith Brown Gurley, 1904, Mt. Holyoke.*

A SONG.

Good-night, sweetheart!
 The silver moon afar
 Above the earth has hung her crescent lamp,
 And every star
 Encradled on the bosom of the deep
 Is lulled to sleep.
 I hear the sea
 Across the fog's grey damp
 Sob out its song in minor melody,
 While the salt-scented dew
 Lays its cool fingers on my tumbled hair
 As by my open window bowed in prayer
 I send my heart across the night to you
 To watch your dreams until the morning light.
 Good-night.

Good-night, sweetheart!
 Afar across the space
 Of weary, weary miles that intervene
 I see your face
 Smile out for me the beauty of your smile—
 Although the while
 The tears are wet
 Beneath the lashes' screen.
 I strain against this iron fate—and yet
 Dear heart, it sometimes seems
 That tears and truest love go hand in hand

That man's low heart may learn to understand
 That heaven is set beyond his dreams.
 And so,
 I patient wait, content to only know
 My heart may watch your dreams till morning light.
 Good-night.

—*Helen Corliss Babson, 1905, in the Vassar Miscellany.*

Books Reviewed.

DODGE'S GENERAL ZOÖLOGY.

This book for high schools and for undergraduate work in colleges presents the established facts and principles of zoölogy clearly and in a manner somewhat different from that of other manuals. The order of parts has been reversed, and the whole introduced with a new part consisting of a course in practical zoölogy which is almost identical with that recommended by the New York State Science Teachers' Association. This is composed of suggestions and directions for the laboratory and field study of a carefully selected series of animals which may be regarded as representative examples of their groups. The second part contains a systematic treatment of the animal kingdom, the scheme of classification followed being that adopted by Parker and Haswell in their Text-Book of Zoölogy. The comparative study of the organs and functions of animals forms the third section. The book fully meets the needs of those teachers who wish to follow the modern methods of laboratory and field instruction.

Practical, systematic and comparative. By C. Wright Dodge, M.S., Professor of Biology in the University of Rochester. Cloth, 12mo, 512 pp., with illustrations. Price, \$1.80. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

FOA'S LE PETIT ROBINSON DE PARIS.

This is not only one of the earliest, but also one of the best dog stories in literature. It recounts the adventures of a boy and a dog, alike waifs in the great city of Paris; and merits the popularity it has gained in France, both on account of the interest of the story, and also for its easy and graceful style. It is one of the books recommended by the Committee of Twelve for college preparatory work. The notes explain all difficult points, and the vocabulary is complete.

Edited by Louise de Bonneville, of Sidwell's Friends' Select School, Washington, D. C. Cloth, 12mo, 155 pages. Price, 45 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

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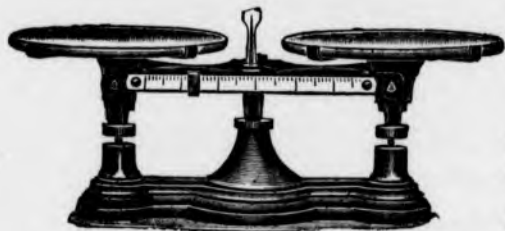
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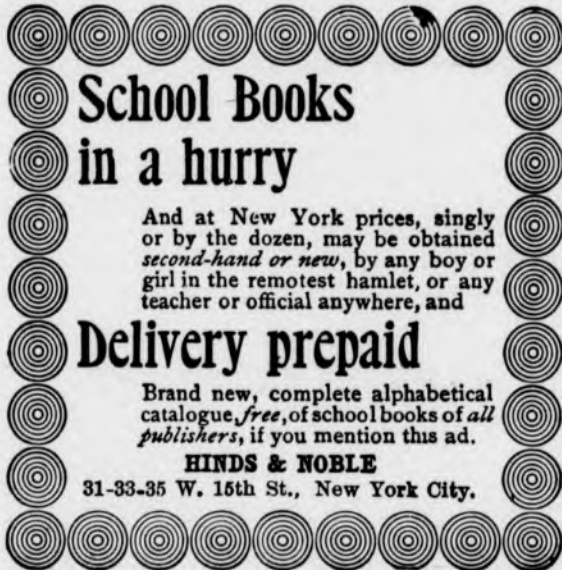
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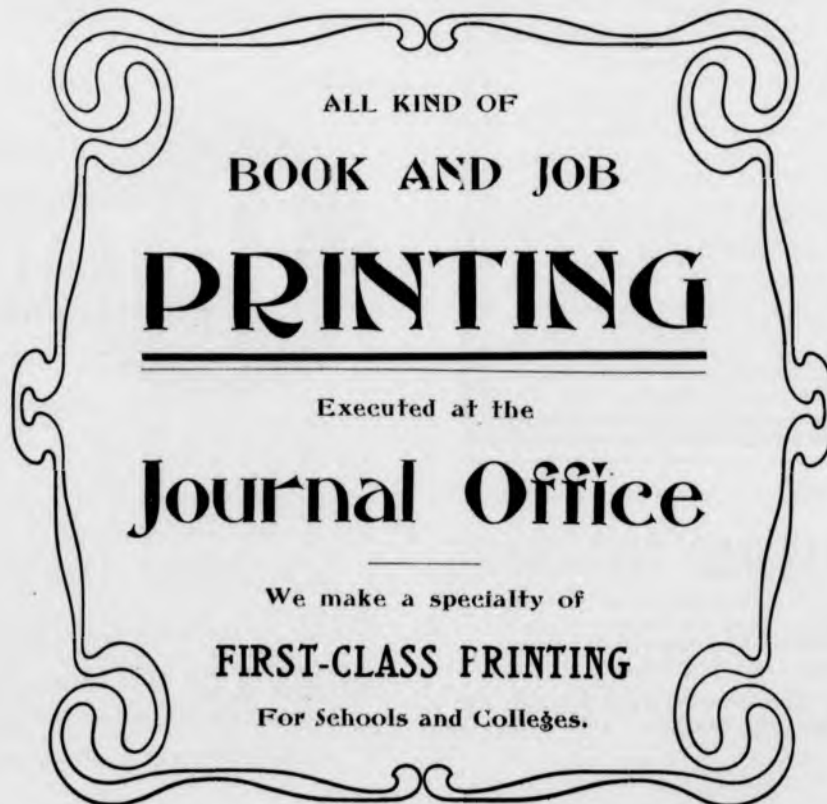
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