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THE BATES STUDENT



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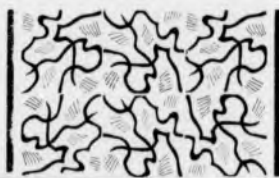
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Literary.

THE CHILD AT NIGHT.

Nights when I have gone to bed,
 And everything's as still as dead,
 I look up and only see
 Just the darkness over me—
 'Cept one side along the wall,
 Where the streaks of moonlight fall.
 Then sometimes I am afraid:
 Seems as though queer sounds are made—
 P'rhaps there's something there, who knows?
 So I hide my head 'n the clothes,
 Then I think I hear 'em creep—
 Till at last I go to sleep.

—ROSS M. BRADLEY, '06.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

WHILE Emerson, Thoreau and Hawthorne were in the midst of their literary careers, there lived in Concord a child, who was to win a fame nearly as wide as theirs—Louisa May Alcott, whose stories for children have been read even in the languages of Europe and have brought happy hours to millions of little people.

In knowing her books one knows her life, and in knowing her life one knows her books; for her best works are almost exact accounts of her child life—a life so unselfish, earnest and active that it is inspiring to those who are no longer children. Through her journals, the history of her inner life, we can best understand the child and woman.

She was born in Pennsylvania in 1832, but the most of her life was spent in Boston and Concord.

When Louisa was two years old the family moved to Boston. Six years she lived there, making friends with every child she met. On one occasion she fell into a frog pond, but was fished out by a negro lad. Of this period of her life she has given us a humorous picture in her book called "Poppy's Pranks."

At the age of eight she moved to Concord, which was her home during the remainder of her life. At seven she had begun a journal which her parents required her to keep. It was always open to their inspection, but she felt free to express in it her

thoughts and desires. As might be expected from a child, this early journal gives accounts of her difficulties and sorrows more than of her pleasures, though she was really a merry, light-hearted girl. She seems to have had a tender conscience and was always repenting for some hasty act. Her quick temper troubled her sorely. Many a day she wrote, "I was cross to-day and I cried when I went to bed."

Her father's school was almost the only one she ever attended. The children had their lessons in his study in the morning. Some of his methods of discipline were original. He laid great stress on language and often conveyed a moral lesson by the meaning of a word. In her journal Louisa wrote: "I got angry and called Anna *mean*. Father told me to look out the word in the dictionary, and it meant 'base,' 'contemptible.' I was so ashamed to have called my dear sister that, and I cried over my bad tongue and temper." The mother often wrote confidential notes to her children when she had any advice or reproof to give them. These were precious to Louisa who has preserved many of them. Her advice to her passionate child is worth remembering. "When you are angry, keep quiet, read, walk, but do not talk much till all is at peace again," and her motto—"Rule yourself, love your neighbor, do the duty which lies nearest you."

On Sundays the children had a simple service of Bible stories, hymns, and conversations about their consciences and childish lives. In these the journals show the child's originality. At ten years she wrote: "Father asked us what was God's noblest work. Anna said *men*, but I said *babies*. Men are often bad; babies never are. We had a long talk and I felt better after it."

Louisa was fond of reading and at this early age spoke of Martin Luther, Scott, Plutarch and "my dear 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

She early learned to sew and at twelve she wrote:

"I set up as dolls' dressmaker with my sign out and wonderful models in my window. All the children employed me, and my turbans were all the rage at one time, to the great dismay of the neighbors' hens, who were hotly hunted down that I might tweak out their downiest feathers to adorn the dolls' headgear.

"Active exercise was my delight, and no boy could be my friend till I had beaten him in a race, and no girl, if she refused to climb trees, leap fences and be a tom-boy."

One more picture of this early life, for it is this active nature and these early experiences which give life and interest to her

books. Many of the pictures she has drawn in her stories are directly from life. On this occasion Mr. Emerson, who was an intimate friend of the family, brought Margaret Fuller to call. The conversation turned on educational subjects and Miss Fuller said, as they stood on the doorsteps: "Well, Mr. Alcott, you have been able to carry out your methods in your own family, and I should like to see your model children." "She did in a few moments," says Louisa. "For around the corner of the house came a wheelbarrow holding May arrayed as a queen; I was the horse, bitted and bridled and driven by my elder sister Anna; while Lizzie played dog, and barked as loud as her gentle voice permitted.

"All were shouting with wild fun, which, however, came to a sudden stop as we espied the stately group before us; for my foot tripped, and down we all went in a laughing heap; while my mother put a climax to the joke by saying, with a dramatic wave of the hand, 'Here are the model children, Miss Fuller.'"

It was a free, happy life in Concord, with the woods to run in and the big barn where "Jack the Giant Killer" could tumble off the loft, and where they could show their dramatic ability in representing Mother Goose's creations. Louisa had already begun to write poems and compose dramas to be enacted in the big barn. In this her efforts were encouraged by both father and mother. She loved and revered her father, but Mr. Emerson was her ideal.

Louisa early began to see the hardships her mother was enduring for want of money, and longed to earn for herself. So at the age of fifteen she gave up this free and easy life for the heavier burdens which awaited her. It was to earn money that she began to write stories, taught school, took in sewing and even went out as a hired servant. She was willing to do anything to pay her father's debts and make the family comfortable. Her life was strictly unselfish. She placed the pleasure of others before her own.

The Alcotts now spent a few years in Boston, where Louisa kept her mind and hands constantly at work. She began to have some literary success, occasionally receiving five dollars for a magazine story. Her book "Flower Fables," a collection of stories written when she was sixteen, for Mr. Emerson's daughter, she now succeeded in getting published. This sold well, but she received only thirty-two dollars from it. She wrote several dramas, but only one was accepted. "They were written in

stilted, melodramatic style," says Mrs. Littlehale, "full of high-strung sentiments, with the most improbable incidents and without a touch of common life or a flavor of humor."

She had a strong desire several times in her life to be an actress. But her mother dissuaded her from this and she continued sewing and planning poems, plays and stories which she made use of later. Her stories which appeared in the papers from time to time now began to be recognized by the publishers and were soon in such demand that she was kept busy writing. She dashed them off in such a hurry that they cannot be called carefully written, but by this practice she gained a freedom and command of language and an interest in boys and girls which were useful to her in her later works.

In 1861, Miss Alcott began her first novel, entitled "Moods." Silvia, the heroine, was intended to represent Louisa herself, a girl of moods; but the plot was mostly the work of her imagination. This book was not successful. As it was one of her favorites, she made it over again and again, but not until she had won a reputation by her later works did she succeed in getting it published. It is well written and more finished in style than any of her other works except "A Modern Mephistopheles."

Her next novel, though she did not complete it until later, she called "Work." For this she took experiences from her own life. ["Christie," says Mrs. Littlehale, "is Louisa herself under very thin disguise, and her own experiences as servant, governess, companion, seamstress and actress are brought in to give vividness to the scenes."]

During the war Miss Alcott was filled with great pity for the wounded soldiers, and in 1862 she went as nurse to a hospital in New York. Though she remained there only a few weeks, her experiences gave her a far greater knowledge of the world and of human nature, and gave to her succeeding works just what her previous ones had lacked—reality. She wrote sketches of the life with which she had become acquainted, which were so popular that they were collected and published in book form under the name, "Hospital Sketches." This was the beginning of that great success and fame which were hers during the remainder of her life. She now wrote stories continually, receiving seventy-five or a hundred dollars for them. She would carry a dozen or more plots in her mind at once and have several stories uncompleted at the same time.

But this excessive labor was wearing her out and she took

advantage of an opportunity to visit France and England. The broader knowledge of the world gained by this trip, the variety of characters whom she met and the change of scenes had a marked effect on her writings. She was able to group better the incidents of her early life and to understand better its significance to herself.

On her return to America she was asked to write a book for girls. "I will try," was her reply. She immediately set to work and in three months had completed her masterpiece—"Little Women." This is, in the main, a story of her early family life. It is simple in style and the language colloquial. Mrs. Littlehale says of it: "Another generation has come up since she published this book, yet it still commands a steady sale, and the mothers who read it in childhood renew their enjoyment as they watch the faces of their little girls brighten with smiles over the theatricals in the barn, or moisten with tears at the death of the beloved sister. One of the greatest charms of this book is its perfect truth to New England life. But it is not merely local; it touches the universal heart deeply. The influence of the book has been wide and has helped to make a whole generation of girls feel a deeper sense of family love and the blessings to be gained by earnest effort and high aims." [Thousands clamored for a sequel to "Little Women" in which the girls should marry. Miss Alcott herself never married. She always said she got tired of everybody and thought she should of her husband if she married. So she never cared to have her heroines marry, though in this she yielded to the demands of the public.]

She did not care particularly for the fame which came to her. Her life was so crowded with work that she had little time to devote to her numerous admirers.

"Their doorsteps are the strangers camp,
Their trees bear many a name,
Artists their very night-caps sketch;
And this—and this, is fame!"

Still, Miss Alcott continued to write stories. She was no longer obliged to write stories for money, as her receipts for "Little Women" supplied her with all she needed. She was able to send her sister May abroad to an English art school and to see her mother and father supplied with everything which her childish generosity had longed to give them. But her mind had been too active to rest and the public made such demands for her stories that she was almost compelled to write. So during the

next few years appeared: "The Old-fashioned Girl," "Aunt Jo's Scrap-Bag," "Little Men," "Eight Cousins," "Rose in Bloom," and "Under the Lilacs."

During 1877, Miss Alcott wrote a novel which was published without her name. It was entirely unlike her books for children. It dealt with tragic mysteries somewhat as her early dramas and sensational stories had done and was entitled "A Modern Mephistopheles." Mrs. Littlehale suggests that she got her inspiration from Hawthorne. Though the structure was well finished, the plot and characters were poorly developed and the book was not much of a success.

Her last years were saddened by the death of her mother and her favorite sister, May. Her sister's child, Lulu, who was given into her care, helped to brighten these years and keep her still in touch with the young. Miss Alcott wrote a collection of stories which she called Lulu's library and a little later, one of her most pleasing books, the "Garland for Girls." But her life had been too busy to be of long duration, and in 1893 this friend of children died.

Such a life of love and self-sacrifice surely merits nothing but praise. We might censure her for overwork, but we must admire her energy and perseverance. She had misfortunes and sorrows, but she used them as a means for gaining her success. She had also many advantages which we might covet. The Emersons, Thoreaus, and Hawthornes were the constant companions of her childhood and youth. She learned to love the true and beautiful in the days of her father's teaching and the love and harmony in the home strongly influenced her character and writings. We must call "Little Women" and "Hospital Sketches" her best works, though in style "Modern Mephistopheles" and "Moods" are equally as good. She always wrote in a hurry and did little correcting. Her rule was:

"Use short words and express as briefly as you can your meaning. Read the best books and they will improve your style. See and hear good speakers and wise people and learn of them."

Her stories tend to inspire her youthful readers with high ambitions and true nobility of character. Her presentation of scenes is so vivid that they weep over the pathetic and laugh aloud over the humorous. It is this sympathy, this comprehension and appreciation of the young which bid fair to keep dear to the hearts of children for generations to come, the name of Louisa May Alcott.

—MARION E. MITCHELL, 1905.

THE FALL OF THE ACRE'S INVINCIBLE.

TIM MULLANEY felt blasé. He had evolved this conclusion through no intricate mental process; he was conscious only that the keen edge of desire was dulled. Being, however, neither French nor fashionable, he did not thus express his emotions. He simply regarded with extreme disfavor the scraggly terrier at his feet, and received his mother's well-meant suggestions in sullen silence, punctuated at intervals with "Air, g'wan!" The terrier, who was not sensitive, blinked joyfully, and Mrs. Mullaney who was used to it, applied herself to the warm suds in stoical content. Evidently, there was no ground for quarrel by the domestic hearth. Tim stalked disgustedly from the room, and shut the screen-door hard behind him.

Mrs. Mullaney glanced after her son apprehensively. There passed before her mind in quick panoramic succession, a procession of irate parents, bearing in tow their mutilated and protesting progeny, and fiercely demanding the author of the outrage. This was a thing not wholly unknown after the deadliest of Tim's raids. "He's his father's own son, the little divil," said Mrs. Mullaney proudly, and with this encomium on the belligerent powers of the elder Mullaney, his wife turned philosophically from the contemplation of possible disaster to an able and muscular consideration of the wash-tub. This, to Mrs. Mullaney, was an ever-present reality.

Her son, in bitterness of spirit, paced sourly up and down the enclosure, picturesquely called a yard, and sighed for new worlds to conquer. Despite the glory, there was, he reflected morosely, one drawback in having licked, in fair fight, every boy in the Acre. This drawback he felt most keenly now. Oh, for a chance to swing those doughty fists! He regarded them admiringly. So unbroken was the monotony of his existence, that he might almost have brought himself to lick them all over again, although the first undulled delight of conquest would be past. But unfortunately, the etiquette of the Profession demanded that the vanquished one prefer the challenge, and not one of his victims had ever evinced the slightest desire to have the operation repeated. Tim was very thorough. He reviewed his career with pardonable pride. Never but once had he released his grip until the other protested, with an earnestness accentuated by the threatening proximity of the youth himself, that Tim Mullaney was the gamiest lad in the Acre. Never—but once! Tim's face darkened. He snorted disgustedly. To be fighting fair, and to be scooped up

like a bag of meal, by his opponent's father! It was an affront—an outrage!

He flicked viciously at a piece of the tallest sunflower, and regarded with fiendish amusement the shamed shrinking of little Jakey Schwartz, who was engaged in the laudable task of wheeling up and down the yard the youngest lamb of the Schwartz flock.

"Hi, Dutchy," called Tim, facetiously. And then—

"How is your baby this fine day, ma'am?" The inflection, which was Mrs. Mullaney's own, was the maddening blend of pity and laboriously concealed contempt, in which she inquired every morning after the material well-being of the Flaherty twins, who were new to this world, and inclined to take shrill exception to the entertainment supplied them. The polite interest in Tim's tones gored the other to premature revelations.

"You shut up mit your dalk," he conjured Tim excitedly. "You ain't have licked *efferpody*—I guess *so*. Kid Cronin has got back from the Fresh Air place they dook him mit. You can't lick *him*."

Tim got down from the fence hastily. He even forgot to slap Jakey for his impudence. The light of oncoming battle blazed in his eyes. Jakey looked after him remorsefully. He liked Kid Cronin—and—he groaned inwardly—he had felt the might of Tim's pelting blows. The weight of these reflections resulted in his leaving the youngest lamb unceremoniously hitched to the clothes-line, an unattached end of which the abandoned infant made a spasmodic effort to digest.

Jakey presented himself before the unconscious object of his anxiety, with voluble explanations and warning, enveloped in a thick Teutonic mist.

"He's goming," panted Jakey, between expository jerks of the astonished Kid,—*"he's goming, I dell you—the poy mit der fists."*

The light of comprehension dawned on the Kid's ingenious countenance. There was no doubt in his simple mind of the excellence of Jakey's counsel. One course stretched straight and clear before him, and he took it. Without consuming precious moments in useless expressions of gratitude, the Kid retired, with marvellous celerity, to the highest plank of the shed roof. From this point of vantage, he called upon Jakey to witness that he felt no fear. His situation established, he proceeded to summarize the personal character of his pursuer. At the point where the epithets overlapped each other, a frowsy red head rose cautiously

from behind the Cronin. Jakey gave the alarm, and the Kid gasped, and was silent. Two malignant eyes followed the head, and—

“You would, would yer?” demanded Tim, furiously, which is the accepted form of challenge in the Acre. Then the Kid made some rapid mental calculations of the distance to the ground, and answered boldly that he would. Upon this, well knowing that arbitration was impossible, Jakey seated himself contentedly on the edge of the ash-barrel, and viewed subsequent proceedings with an interest in no wise impaired by personal prejudice. So the best of us, sustained by the remembrance of having striven for an amicable readjustment, look tolerantly upon the settlement of difficulties, by that most primitive and efficacious of methods. Civilization still tarries on the outskirts.

The instant Tim’s foot touched the shed-roof, Kid dropped from it and ran. Tim regarded this delicate bit of finesse with grim good-nature. It was—at best—a weak evasion; pitted against the long legs of the Acres Invincible, a subterfuge all in vain. Tim took to the chase resignedly, and finally confronted the legs of the fugitive to the windward side of the Flaherty abode. The head was lost to view somewhere in the recesses of the Flaherty hen-coop, through whose low door the Kid was trying vainly to coax the remainder of his pudgy form. Choking mightily, he was dragged forth by a sternly silent youth, with lurid locks and a purposeful jaw. Brought to bay the Kid was decidedly averse to personal combat, and confided to Tim, with such dignity as might be, his attitude.

“I ain’t feeling very good, to-day,” he told Tim lamely. “I— I ain’t feelin’ good,—you wait, a couple er days, Tim.”

Now in the Acre, you may accept a challenge or you may withdraw discreetly, but to do both betokens a lack of sportsmanship not to be tolerated. Tim continued to roll up his sleeves in heavy silence—obviously but one course lay open to the Kid.

What occurred during the next five minutes has never been definitely known. Jakey, who collapsed promptly into the ash-barrel, at the end of the first round, and who lay there, waving his legs ecstatically in the air, until exhaustion overtook him, has never been able to give any intelligible account of the fray, and the two combatants were each too much astonished by the outcome to remember distinctly what occurred.

After a curt preliminary signal, Tim took the initiative. With an assurance born of many victories, he swung out his arm in the

direction of the Kid and listened indifferently for the accustomed thud. During the interval, he reflected vaguely that his sensations were unfamiliar. He did not remember to have ever before experienced this whirring tingle in his ears, or to have seen such multitude of dazzling, shifting lights. After awhile, he sat up uncertainly and regarded the Kid with a dazed wonder. The Kid stared back at him with dilated eyes. It was at this point that Jakey gurgled and lost his balance.

As Mrs. Mullaney was hanging out the last pair of stockings, and making a few consolatory observations to the youngest lamb, who was wailing dismally in *b flat* (the clothes-line affected her pessimistically), her son entered the yard with inflated chest and sprightly gait. One cheek was unduly swelled, and one eye encased in an ominous rim of black, but all the morning's sullenness had vanished from his determined face. With the joyous abandon of one who has passed from mere existence into living, he swirled the yelping terrier dizzily in the air, a form of exercise for which that animal evinced a hysterical admiration. At a discreet angle to the rear of Mrs. Mullaney's portly form he paused to execute a swift pantomimic movement, the chief feature of which appeared to be a deft manipulation of his nose.

Then the Acre's Invincible disappeared into the house through the supporting medium of five handsprings performed with such reckless hilarity that the youngest lamb, who was used to hand-spring, and sunk in grief, ceased from her wail, and regarded him in awed silence.

"I'll ketch him," said the Invincible to himself, joyfully, and with head erect.

"I'll ketch him, an' whin I do—!" He rounded his lips expressively, and burst into a loud whistle.

Mrs. Mullaney, dishing up the cabbage for her son's noon-day repast, took up the strain.

"There'll be a hot toime," she sang ponderously, "in the ould town to-night."

—ISABEL BARLOW, '06.

DAY.

Across the starless gloom with soft caress
 The dawn's gray trembling light.
 Dew-laden winds from out the silent west
 Pressing from earth the curtains of the night.
 Far off bird voices greet the day star's rise.
 My soul awakes, behold
 My morn, love, in thine eyes.

Clear skies, folded to the mountain's breast,
 A billowing cloud sublime.
 Silence save, o'er the strand where the billows press,
 The distant ocean's voice with breath of brine.
 No shadows linger 'neath the gleam the while
 Enraptured eyes behold
 My noon, love, in thy smile.

Twilight and stars, beyond the azure deep
 The dying day's soft glow,
 Uplifted heavenly white the hands of peace
 In benediction o'er the day's last close.
 Lulled by sweet strains from night's soft symphonies
 Enraptured eyelids close
 My night in dreams of thee.

—1904.

THE MESSAGE OF THE DAWN.

I WATCHED by my study window one morning while the night was being transformed into day. Spread out before me, it seemed, was a vast hollow square. Its eastern wall was the long, low ridge, known as Sunset Hill. On the west, like a vanquished giant, blackened by fire and hideously disfigured by the woodsman's axe, lay Beech Hill. Many miles to the south, yet seeming within reach of the voice—so deceptive is distance in that region—the mountains of the Franconia Range presented the appearance of a wall with turrets reaching even to the skies. The easternmost is the Twin; next in order the Haystack; then Garfield with sharpened apex and sides of regular and gentle slope—a mammoth pyramid, chiseled from the solid rock; and last in the line is noble Lafayette, towering above its fellows with pride and independence, appearing to revel in its rugged strength and in its freedom from mathematical laws of angles and curves. All over the plain shut in by these walls lay shadows, heavy, dark and damp. And the grass in the field near by is loaded with myriads of glittering dew-drops. The sky is clear except for a few fleecy clouds floating near the horizon. Not a sound breaks upon the air. The whole universe holds its breath in eager, anxious expectation, awaiting the strange transformation. I, too, not caring to move, hardly daring even to breathe, watch, entranced by the spell of the presence of the Dawn, while she, in tones both soft and clear, tells to me her message.

Look at Lafayette—its brow bathed in the light of the on-coming sun, reflecting that light into the dark recesses below and pro-

claiming far and wide that day is at hand and is to triumph over the night. And see those gloomy shadows, stealthily creeping down into the valleys as if trying to hide themselves from the sun. "But," whispers the Dawn, with a tone of triumphant cheer, "there is no retreat for them. They will know that the forces of light will seek them out in their lurking places; and that their lifetime of gloom is quickly to end. Just see how they cower and cringe as they slink away!"

Now the sun's rays have just fallen upon the summit of Mt. Garfield, and the mountain, like a strong man with a kindly, genial countenance, seems to beam upon the valleys below, as if to say, "Be of good courage, all of you who have been battling with the shadows of night. Day is at hand; vice and terror and treachery thrive only in the night. Turn your eyes upon me, all you who fear and tremble and are well nigh broken by the power of temptation, and you shall see in my countenance promise of safety for you borne on the wings of the morning."

I throw open the window; but, with a shiver, I quickly close it again; for outside the air is chill and damp. But the faithful Dawn, touching my arm, then pointing away to the distant hills, cried with confident hope, "Don't you see that faint halo of light about the summits of the Haystack and the Twin? It is but the damp night air, rallying itself for one more resistance ere it be dispersed by the power of the day." And even as we look, the victory is won. The night air, gathered for a moment on the mountain tops for the final contest, is scattered, and in its scattering it gives out a radiance, in which all who see may read an assurance that chill and dampness will not linger long after the passing of the night.

Note also how the clouds, so lately cold and forbidding in their aspect, now glow with warmth and beauty. Basking there in the sun-light, they remind us of the foam on the crest of a wave for lightness, while in color they are like the blossom of the mountain laurel. And again the Dawn whispers her message: "Those clouds are no different than they were a few moments ago. The radiance you admire is not in them. They are the same dull, gray and lifeless masses, only now they are kindled by the rays of the approaching sun. They have entered upon a new life—a life with a mission. And they tell us that the coldest nature, when it has been transfused by the sunlight of truth, will become warm with love and sympathy; that the gloomiest disposition will take on a smiling countenance, radiating the spirit of good cheer and

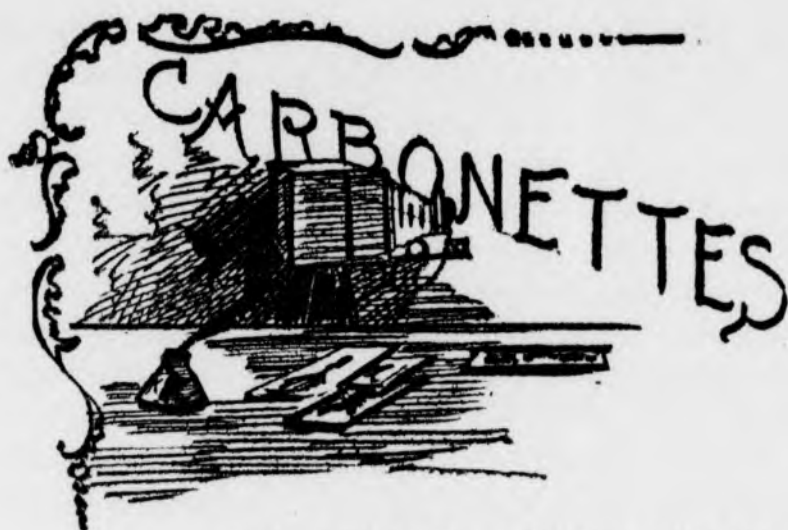
of loving helpfulness; that the most unresponsive soul will be made to live anew, reflecting into some other soul that same light and warmth and life which has been its own source of transformation."

Then, lost in thought, almost overwhelmed at the significance of the lesson, I allow my eyes to wander until at length they turn to the near-by field bathed in dew. I shudder. Why this lack of harmony with the rest of nature? On every side but here we read a promise of the day; a radiance of hope and cheer and joy pervades the world, but over this little field still broods a shadow—the shadow of a grief so lately passed that nature still weeps. I turn to the Dawn, wondering what explanation can be given. And with a smile of gratitude, she recognizes the dew-drop as one of her most efficient attendants. "At the close of yesterday," she says, "the grass was withered and drooping. Though greatly refreshed by the cool of the night, it is hardly able to endure unaided the heat of another day. The dew-drop is its food and drink; it gladly gives itself for nourishment; it clings lovingly to its friend, as if anxious to be all-absorbed, if only thus it may enable the grass to stand in the blaze of the sun. The earth was dried and parched last evening; and though the cool, reviving shadows have brought healing, still the unselfish dew-drop lingers, ready to give the last atom of itself, if there is need of more refreshment—yearning to fill its last moments with usefulness, yet welcoming the day with a gleam of satisfaction, rejoicing in a life well spent."

And as we look, the sun appears above the horizon. A flood of light pours over the mountain sides and fills the world. The dew-drops glitter, and one by one they rise to greet the sun and are lost in its light. The Dawn has given her message and has mysteriously flown. The day has come.

—IRVING H. GRAY, '99.

Twin Mountain, New Hampshire.



THE STORY OF A BIRD'S HEART.

White Throat was crouched under a bush close up to a stone wall. The bush had kept a few of its leaves—had just clung to a few of its brown, curled leaves to shelter little White Throat. For the wind had been blowing very hard, sometimes so hard that it pushed White Throat right against the stone wall which was very cold. Little White Throat did not dare venture far from the bush which had sheltered her for so long—for she had watched the green leaves turn yellow and red and then brown,—and then she watched them wither and fall to the ground.

At every rustle of the few curly leaves on the bush she would flutter her little wings and hop out into the open to look down the glade. The leaves had rustled many times—her heart had beat faster many times,—she had hopped back many times. She had been waiting so long. If birds could cry I know little White Throat would have cried out her heart long ago when the leaves were yet green. She was waiting for Black Wing. Ever since she was big enough to hop around, Black Wing had been telling her about the far-away South Land where it was so warm, where the bright sun made the birds glad all day, and where there were flowers and beautiful trees. She had so longed to go there, and, Black Wing,—he had told her he would take her. They would fly the long, long way together and Black Wing would show her so many wonderful and pretty things; but he had not been seen since one time a large flock of birds had come to the glade. She saw him fly away with them one day when the leaves were green and ever since then she had been waiting for him to come back. Every day it grew colder and every day the sun set without bringing Black Wing to her. She thought he must have forgotten her

and gone away to the South Land. But she had rather stay by the cold stone wall all the long winter than go without him. So she waited.

One day, when the rain had chilled everything with an almost icy coldness, and the wind had made White Throat very, very cold,—she heard a tiny noise—a far-off noise. Little White Throat tried to move, but she could not, her little legs were too stiff and she was cold. The noise came again. Again she tried to move. O, she must move, she must fly, for the noise was growing fainter.

Her *heart* must have lifted her, for she rose from beneath the wall and swiftly dropped down into the open. She saw one tiny black speck way down the glade. Black Wing!

It did not take White Throat long to get to the black speck. The noise was growing fainter.

Then there was a little fluttering sound and a rustle of the dead leaves and a low chirping.

The next morning was clear and bright and White Throat and Black Wing had been warmed by the sun which shone upon them through the bare branches.

The beautiful South Land lay afar off. But Black Wing had come home.

—B., '04.

WITH THE FLIGHT OF THE SPARROW.

The little three-year-old boy threw aside his toys. He ran from window to window, looking down, with troubled blue eyes, upon all the men and women who had come to his mother's lawn party. He saw his mother there. He knew he could get her to play with him, she was always so good and kind. Nurse would not let him out of his play-room, if she knew, but he would evade her.

Quietly he tip-toed to the door. No one was there, so he hurried down the hall. Nurse, however, sat at the head of the stairs. She let her sleepy eyes rest for a moment upon her young charge, then rose, took him by the hand, led him back to the nursery and left him.

He looked up at the wide-open window and saw there on the sill a sparrow hopping about, and chirping with all its might. It remained a moment, then flew away.

The little boy, his face bright now, and smiling, ran to the window. He, too, would fly—fly down to his dear mother. He

climbed to the window-sill and stood there with his chubby arms out-stretched.

Those below saw him and startled cries broke from their lips. But it was all over in a few moments. They carried him tenderly into the house—a still, broken little body. —L., '04.

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'69.—W. H. Bolster is pastor of the Congregational Church in Nashua, N. H.

'75.—Rev. A. T. Salley at the last annual meeting of the Maine Sunday School Association was elected president of that organization.

'76.—Rev. F. E. Emrich, D.D., after serving for thirteen years as pastor of Grace Congregational Church, South Framingham, Mass., has recently accepted the position of Traveling Secretary for the Massachusetts State Board of Home Missions.

'76.—Rev. Thomas H. Stacy was elected president of the New Hampshire State Sunday School Association at its annual convention held in Dover, November 4th.

'79.—R. F. Johonnot, D.D., Oak Park, Chicago, has published an address on "The Advantages of the Small College."

'81.—Hon. Charles S. Cook of Portland has recently been bereaved of his wife.

'81.—Rev. W. W. Hayden is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Milo, Me.

'81.—F. H. Wilbur is principal of the grammar school at Camden, Me., and a member of the town's Board of Selectmen.

'85.—Alfred B. Morrill has been warmly congratulated upon his success as president of the Hampshire Co. Teachers' Association. "The Hampshire Gazette" voiced the universal verdict when it said of their annual meeting at Northampton, Mass.: "The program was in all respects the strongest ever provided for a meeting of the Association."

'87.—John R. Dunton was one of the speakers at the recent meeting of the Maine Educational Association at Augusta.

'87.—Rev. Israel Jordan of the Congregational Church, Scarborough, Me., was a speaker at the meeting of the Cumberland Congregational Association.

'87.—Miss Mary N. Chase, president of the New Hampshire Women's Suffrage Association, was one of the speakers at the meeting of the Maine Association held in Auburn.

'90.—George H. Hamlen, on furlough from his duties in India, addressed the college Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. on Wednesday evening, November 11.

'94.—A. H. Miller, M.D., of Providence, R. I., has won distinction by his skillful use of anæsthetics. Dr. Miller's professional services are frequently sought in Boston and are in requisition from some of the most famous surgeons in the country.

'96.—Mr. O. F. Cutts, coach for the foot-ball team of DePauw University, Greencastle, Ind., was in the fearful railroad accident in which ten of the foot-ball squad and six other students of that university were killed. Mr. Cutts himself suffered injuries so severe that he must remain for some time in St. Vincent's Hospital, Indianapolis. In his devotion to the injured men he employed himself for a day and a night without realizing the extent of his own injuries.

'96.—On October 1, Lester Purinton was united in marriage to Miss Virgie Chadbourne of Mattawamkeag, Me.

'97.—A. L. Sampson is in the employ of the Steinert Piano Co., Boston.

'98.—Bertha F. Files is convalescing at home, preparing to resume her work as teacher of modern languages at Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield.

'98.—R. H. Tukey has been appointed instructor in Greek at Yale University.

1900.—N. A. Jackson is Professor of Mathematics and director of athletics in Keuka College.

1900.—George E. Manter is Field Agent for the Free Baptist Young People's Societies of Maine.

1900.—Mrs. Grace (Summerbell) Coffin is at Maine Central Institute, filling the place made vacant by the temporary withdrawal of Miss Files.

'01.—On October 29, Percy D. Moulton was united in marriage to Miss Evelyn Williams, daughter of a wealthy, retired glove merchant of Germantown, Penn.

'01.—Walter B. Pierce is pleasantly located at Goffstown, N. H., as principal of the High School.

'02.—A. L. Dexter is serving his second year as principal of Sherborn (Mass.) High School. He is making arrangements to take graduate work in English at Harvard.

'02.—Miss Florence Kimball is teacher of modern languages in the High School at Bristol, Conn.

'03.—The engagement is announced of James E. Pray of Gardiner and Miss Ethel Tortal of Peabody, Mass.

'03.—Miss Linneon R. Smith has been visiting friends at the college.

'03.—On October 28 in Auburn occurred the marriage of Emery H. Purinton and Miss Mabel Jordan. Leon W. Elkins ('02) was present as the groom's best man. Mr. and Mrs. Purinton will reside in Akron, Ohio.

'03.—Mr. C. L. Beedy is one out of some 3,000 Yale students of whom six were to be chosen for the debate with Harvard—three as regular speakers and three as alternates. The various departments of the University conducted separate trial debates in order to get their best men. Seventeen Law School men held such a trial debate and from this number five were selected to contend with those chosen from the other departments, two of these Seniors, one a middle-year man, one a post-graduate who debated with Harvard last year, and Mr. Beedy who has just entered the Law School. These five with twelve others representing the other departments then held another trial debate; from these seventeen, six were chosen—two from the college proper; two from the Theological School, the post-graduate in the Law School and Mr. Beedy. From these six the three regular speakers have been selected of which Mr. Beedy is one. (Mr. Beedy had desired that no account of this should be given, but as the daily papers have secured the facts and published them, the STUDENT feels no compunctions at doing likewise.)

Around the Editors' Table.

THE JOY OF CALM.

CONTEMPORARY criticism on the tendency of college women to "push," suggests a characteristic which must force itself upon every visitor to a girls' dormitory, and that is, the all-pervading spirit of restlessness. Whether there be clamorous outcries or not, it matters little; there is always the pell-mell of multitudinous calls, the nervous skurry through corridors, the spasmodic swallowing of shredded biscuit during a belated dash for chapel. Having waded through the outer tumult, the stranger grasps at the nearest door-knob and swings into the retreat with a feeling that here at last is peace for the giddy. Not so. Myriads of photographs stare at her from all directions, while a sidelong glance reveals unlovely posters and a medley of clutter without significance, pinned to curtains, screens, to every available support. Is it unaccountable that an environment containing so many meaningless objects should produce nature's lacking discrimination in courses of study, language, reading, or in the choice of all work or play? Few girls desire a gown "like everyone else's," but the number of those who have about them the charm which repose alone can give. And this gulf between the ideal home and college, the girls themselves can bridge; they can cultivate a modulated voice, a manner of quietness and calm, devoid of unnecessary movement and governed by the thought embodied in the words of William Ellery Channing:

"To live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and to birds, to babes and sages with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, *hurry never*—in a word, to let the best, unbidden and unconscious,—grow up through the common: this is to be my symphony."

IN all this fall's foot-ball battles, one incident stands out on the borders of my memory distinct and individual. It was like this. The game was most important, it being a championship game. Neither side had scored. The crisis was reached. It was in the last few minutes of play, in the second half. Stead-

ily the home team was pushed within a few feet of its goal line. Should the opposing side make the distance the game was lost. The call was—"Third down, line to make." Here is the problem. Imagine what it meant to those carrying the ball, what to those defending their line. The whole season's work was in that last rush. All the hopes, all the support of friends and students; all the patient, conscientious training and self-denial, all the hard work and bruises, all the excitement and interest of the season was wrapped up in the breathless stillness of that moment. Above the awful silence the voice of only one man is heard. The voice of the home captain rings clear but with two words, firm, dominant, irresistible,—Boys,—HOLD! It makes no difference who won the game, nor do you, reader, care for a picture of that last rush, all you wish to know is that the opponents did not score that time, that the home team held—held as one man, like a perfectly adjusted piece of machinery. The point of the story is this, not who won the game, but who, in the face of defeat, could rouse themselves as one man, sacrifice individual glory, defeat the on-rush and stand fast their ground.

Hail, Heroes of the Gridiron, your names shall live with the eternal! Let the world receive a lesson. Let it be proclaimed everywhere that there is still something that teaches men to see the objective point, to act as a unit and to STAND. Who has the courage to stand? It means something more than being a bulk of *avouirdupois* stuck on two pins employing involuntarily certain mechanical motions to adjust the equilibrium. It requires in these days the stiffening of the back-bone, the tension of the muscles, the clear eye to flash its message to an intelligent and attentive brain.

The world is looking for men who can stand. College men are wanted, who see the realness of life, who will not be led astray by the accidental or incidental, whose vision is broad enough to have an opinion, whose brains are developed enough to weigh rightly that opinion and then to stand. There are enough brakes and ferns in the world; there are not enough oak trees.

Attention, minute, patient attention to details, however insipid and prosaic,—who in yonder large business establishment will give it and then prepared *stand*? Find him, a place he can fill is waiting for him.

Politics are corrupt. Why? Because those who rule have not drunk in the spirit of these Heroes of the Gridiron. Because they have not the courage to sacrifice individual preferment and

glory for the common good. Because they are not strong enough to throw aside the affiliations of the unscrupulous, the jeers of injured political parasites, the influence of the whimpering few which they count more than the honest opinion of the many just without influence. Because they cannot stand on principle with immovable determination.

Hark, for the signal, the exhortation! Is every man in his place without questioning? Does he know his duty? Is he ready? Religion needs such a man. Not "How much salary;" but "where can I be of most service?" Education waits to recruit her ranks. Not, "Who has brains?" There is an abundance of brains, but "who has character?" Who has the courage to say "I will," and to *stand*?

COLLEGE students should remember that everything good in college life is not found between the covers of musty books. On the other hand they should not let the pendulum swing to the other extreme and make a resolution "Not to let study interfere with the regular college course." There is a golden mean. The best men that Bates has sent out into the world, were those who, when in college, took a healthy part in all college interests, building on the broad foundations of diversified labor and interests, that *solid* manhood which characterizes the well-rounded man.

WHEN we hear college students using some extravagant or vulgar phrase, we are really pained, are we not, although we are conscious that we ourselves are guilty of the same fault. All of us have our favorite words, our slang expressions. To one everything is "perfectly fierce;" to another, "positively awful;" to another, "bum." Many of us expect to be teachers, all of us desire to fill a high place. People will expect us to be refined and cultured. Have you ever thought how shocked they will be to hear us talking slang and other vulgarisms?

You may think, when you are graduated and are in possession of your coveted position, that these pet phrases will vanish, that you will choose your work with precision, because of your new obligations. The difficulty is that we become enslaved to our habitual expressions. The way to free ourselves from their control is to begin now. The reason of such vulgar expression is simply a limited vocabulary.

Why not promise yourself that you will look up the meaning of every unfamiliar word? Then try these new expressions on your friends. Use them at every opportunity and they will soon become a permanent part of your vocabulary.

Of course the acquisition of an extensive vocabulary is not easy. Like the breaking of all vicious habits, it is hard to restrain ourselves from using our customary expressions. It requires constant attention and patience. The acquisition of new words to fill their places is also difficult, but there is this satisfying thing about such self-imposed culture, that the results are perceptible.

The vocabulary of many of us, we think, is not copious. Let us all, then, try to cultivate greater refinement and precision in speaking, even at the risk of becoming pedants or purists. The old saying of Holmes is applicable here as well as in its usual moral sense,—“Carve every word before you let it fall.”

Local Department.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Egbert Case, 1904, is with us again after teaching a successful term at Lincoln, Me.

Percy Blake, 1905, is with us again, after a successful expedition in pursuit of the root of all evil.

Miss Bertha Files, '05, of Bangor, has left college to teach in one of the towns adjoining her home.

Professor Jordan is offering special work in chemistry to members of the Senior Class, for next term.

The board of editors to be appointed from the Junior Class will not assume its duties until the winter term.

The Bates Round Table met with Mrs. Addison Small, 173 Wood street, November 20, about 40 being present.

The foot-ball men are now taking moderate work in the gymnasium so that the change from rigid training will not be too abrupt.

John A. David, the college reader, has returned from teaching at Garland High School. He reports a successful term, and a large sized roll.

The genial manager of the *STUDENT*, F. W. Rounds, has left for Garland, Me., where he will teach the Garland High School for a short winter term.

A very pleasant reception was tendered the students Thursday evening, November 19th, in the vestry of the Pine Street Congregational Church.

The Class of 1905 has elected E. A. Turner of Palermo Centre, business manager of the BATES STUDENT for the coming year.

Many are beginning to leave college to teach a winter term of school. This is an excellent method of earning money during the long winter vacation.

Professor Anthony entertained his Sunday-school class, of college men, Thursday evening, November 19th. A delightful evening was enjoyed by all.

The students were favored with a short address by the famous "Parson Cutten," the old Yale center, brother of our own plucky little center, the other morning in chapel.

The Glee Club is being coached by Edwin L. Goss, the well-known basso. The Bates College Club is planning to give a concert in Lewiston, the latter part of this month.

Bucknam, Stone, and Charles Allan of 1903, visited their friends at Parker Hall a short time ago. It will probably be some time before Bates has such a trio of ball players in one class again.

Rev. Judson Wade Shaw of Portland gave a very interesting and instructive lecture in the chapel Wednesday evening, November 18th. His subject was "Our National Perils and How to Meet Them."

There is talk of forming a College Dramatic Club and presenting some Shakespearian play in the winter term. Such a move would add a new and important interest in our college life. We hope that the plan will be carried out.

The fact that C. L. Beedy, 1903, has been chosen as one of the three-for the Yale debating team against Harvard should give our debating work a new stimulus. Although Beedy is a man of remarkable ability, no doubt his Bates training counted.

The work of the literary societies this term has been above reproach. The society rooms are crowded Friday evenings. This phase of work peculiar to our own college is certainly not only entertaining but beneficial. They offer unlimited opportunity for literary and musical work, with an enthusiastic and sympathetic audience assured.

The Freshman Class began gym. work November 2d. The work for the other classes will not begin until the winter term. This year as usual the Freshmen commence work early so that they may become familiar with the gymnasium and know how to go through their work before the regular classes are formed. Harry Doe, '05, has been appointed by Professor Bolster, as leader.

The meeting was very interesting and instructive. Professor Robinson presided. President Chase of Bates led in the discussion of the educational convention held in Boston last summer. His remarks were listened to with rapt attention. Interesting remarks were made by other educators including Dr. Veditz,

Professor Anthony, Professor Hartshorn, Dr. Schmitz, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. A. T. Salley, Dean Howe, Professor Jordan and Professor Purinton. Fruit was served.

Two intercollegiate debates have been arranged this winter; one with the University of Vermont; also a return debate to be held at Hartford, Conn., with Trinity. The team to go against University of Vermont will consist of Briggs, '04, Parsons, '05, Peavey, '06. The team to go against Trinity will be the victorious team of last year against Boston University Law School, Spofford, '04, Swan, '04, Weymouth, '04.

On Monday afternoon, November 16, the foot-ball team met and re-elected John S. Reid, 1905, of Frye, Me., as captain, by a unanimous vote. Mr. Reid has shown himself a hard worker, a thorough foot-ball man who has the entire confidence of the men and one who never wavers in the face of opposition. He is well worthy of the position, and doubtless no wiser choice could have been made.

Quite an important meeting of the managers of the Maine college base-ball teams was recently held at Waterville, to arrange a schedule for next season. Those present were John B. Roberts of Colby, W. F. Finn, Jr., of Bowdoin, P. H. Plant of Bates, and John A. McDermott of the University of Maine. It was found that each member had arranged a number of outside dates and that these caused confusion. Most of the time was spent in clearing the way for the Maine schedule. The Maine schedule was blocked out and agreed upon but not finally accepted. It will be completed by correspondence and announced later. Two games will be played with each of the colleges by each team. The complete schedule will be finally settled and given out in a few days. The base-ball season another year, gives promise of being a most successful one. It is thought that all of the colleges will be represented by strong teams.

On November 14th Bates was defeated on Garcelon Field by Bowdoin by a score of 11-5, in the last Maine college foot-ball contest of the season. It was a magnificent game. The records of both teams showed them about equal, and every man on each team fought with grim determination to save his college from the unenviable position at the bottom of the list.

The game in detail:

Bates kicked to Bowdoin, Chapman receiving the ball on his 10-yard line and running it back 20 yards. Bowdoin was unable to gain and punted, but was off-side and the ball was taken back and a penalty imposed. Bowdoin immediately punted, Bates receiving the ball on Bowdoin's 45 yard line. They advanced it 15 yards and were then thrown back and compelled to kick. A place kick for goal was tried, but failed. Bowdoin, by steady line bucking, most of the time for gains of from 3 to 8 yards, took the ball over for the first touchdown in 14 minutes after play

began. Bowdoin kicked to Bates, and the latter did just what Bowdoin had done—took the ball straight down the field 85 yards for a touchdown, almost entirely by line bucking and hurdling for short gains. The goal was at a difficult angle and Rounds missed it, the ball striking the post. Bates kicked to Bowdoin and the latter took the ball from her own 5-yard line to Bates' 12-yard line, where they lost it on a fumble. Bates took it back 30 yards, when the half ended.

In the second half Bowdoin kicked to Bates, who took the ball from her 5-yard line to Bowdoin's 35-yard line. Here Bowdoin broke through and pushed Bates for a loss, and they took the ball back 20 yards to retain possession. They then continued their march to the goal and had the ball on Bowdoin's 18-yard line when the penalty was inflicted for side-line coaching. The penalty gave them 10 yards to gain for a first down, and they missed it by a scant yard.

Bowdoin then took the ball to her 50-yard line, where Kinsman got around Bates' right end with a clear field, except for Rounds, who failed to down him, and he ran 60 yards for Bowdoin's second touchdown. Chapman kicked the goal, making the score 11 to 5.

Bates again received the ball and advanced it from their 10-yard line to the 45-yard line, where they were compelled to kick, Johnson getting a fine punt to Bowdoin's 10-yard line, and Mahoney downing Chapman in his tracks. Bowdoin again took the ball straight down the field to Bates' 30-yard line, and the game ended there, with the ball in her possession.

Baldwin of Bates had his nose broken and had to retire. Speake and Cox were compelled to go out of the Bowdoin line. Their places were taken by Redman and Fernald.

This was the first victory Bowdoin has scored over a Maine college team since 1900. The summary:

BOWDOIN.	BATES.
Drummond, l.e.....	r.e., Libby.
Cox, l.t.....	r.t., Connor.
Fernald, l.g.....	r.g., Baldwin.
Finn, l.g.....	r.g., Jackson.
Philoon, c.....	c., Cutten.
Davis, r.g.....	l.g., Johnson.
Haley, r.t.....	l.t., Turner.
Bean, r.e.....	l.e., Libby.
Wiggin, q.b.....	q.b., Rounds.
	q.b., Wight.
Speake, l.h.b.....	r.h.b., Kendall.
Redman, l.h.b.	
Kinsman, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., Reed.
Chapman, f.b.....	f.b., Briggs.

Score—Bowdoin 11, Bates 5. Touchdowns—Speake, Kinsman, Johnson. Goal from touchdown—Chapman. Umpire—Hammond, Harvard Law School. Referee—Crowley, Bangor. Linesmen—Clemens, Head. Time—30m. and 25m. periods. Total number yards made by Bates, 217; by Bowdoin, 325.

In the postponed game with the University of Maine on Alumni Field, Monday, November 9, Bates was defeated by a score of 16-0.

Bates went to Bangor Friday afternoon, but Saturday morning the field was covered with about ten inches of snow, which made a game for that day impossible, so it was decided to postpone the contest until Monday. By Monday afternoon the field was cleared of snow and the two teams met for the contest under very unfavorable conditions for good foot-ball. The deep mud gave both teams many a chance to indulge in the luxury of fumbling and made fast foot-ball almost impossible.

At the end of the first half the score stood 6-0 in favor of Maine, and in the second half two more touchdowns were made:

MAINE.	BATES.
Bean, r.e.....	l.e., Cole.
Wood, r.t.....	l.t., Turner.
Sawyer, W. Bearce, r.g.....	l.g., Johnson.
Learned, c.....	c., Cutten.
Ricker, l.g.....	r.g., Baldwin, Jackson.
Reed, l.t.....	r.t., Connor.
Taylor, l.e.....	r.e., Libby.
Bailey, q.b.....	q.b., Rounds.
Parker, Collins, r.h.b.....	l.h.b., Reed.
Thatcher, Crowe, l.h.b.....	r.h.b., Kendall.
Bearce, f.b.....	f.b., Briggs.

Score—Maine 16. Touchdowns—Thatcher 2, Bearce. Goal from touchdown—Bean. Referee and umpire—Carter of Michigan, and Crowley of Bangor. Head linesman—Pugsley of Colby. Time—25-min. periods.

Exchanges.

A PERTINENT article about the neighborly relations existing between Emerson and Hawthorne, appears in the *Smith College Monthly*, which refutes statements that they had no use for each other. True, Emerson designated "The Scarlet Letter" "ghastly," that which we now cherish as the greatest name which America has produced. The philosopher added, however: "I don't read the sad in literature." He realized the charm of the other's personality, the nobility and tender reserve manifested in his daily life. Miss Marble says: "Hawthorne, on the other hand, recognized the charm of Emerson's lofty idealism and his simple, stimulating presence, but he found a theme for gentle satire in 'Mosses from an Old Manse,' in depicting the many 'hobgoblins of flesh and blood' who were attracted to Concord by cravings for sympathy and intimacy with the man whose spiritual visions had magnetized them. With a bit of rare self-revelation Hawthorne concluded: 'For myself, there have been epochs in my life when I, too, might have asked of this prophet the master word which should solve me the riddle of the universe; but now, being happy,

I felt as if there were no question to be put, and therefore admired Emerson as a poet of deep beauty and austere tenderness, but sought nothing from him as a philosopher.' Here is a suggestion of the keen literary appreciations often found among Hawthorne's chance journal notes."

And when the author of "Tanglewood Tales" had gone, and long talks and the woodland strolls about the "Old Manse" were memories, Emerson wrote his tribute to the wife:

"I have had my own pain in the loss of your husband. He was always a mine of hope to me, and I promised myself a rich future in achieving at some day, when we both should be less engaged to tyrannical studies and habitudes, an unreserved intercourse with him. I thought I could well wait his time and mine for what was so well worth waiting."

THE MOMENT OF CLEAR VISION.

The blinding sun has set; Earth is sincere.
Through the undarkened air sight travels free
To hills against the warm sky carven clear.
There are no shadows now. The wind is under key—
In the pure air lives the pervading light.
A moment truth and beauty meet e'er night.

—*Marjorie Helen Van Deusen, 1904, in Vassar Miscellany.*

HORAS NON NUMERO NISI SERENAS.

"I only count the sunny hours."

O worn Sun Dial, thou dost state
The art of life; unmarked by thee
Are all life's tempests on thy slate.
Thou hast no count of listless days,
Of bitter winds and skies of lead,
When all the earth is wrapped in mist,
And young hearts cold, and young hopes dead.
Thou knowest only the skylark's song;
And the passionate kiss of a rose of gold,
The deep of the sky and the meadows' scent,
Are in thy grey heart shrined and told.

And I, too, wish in my untried heart,
O lover of sun, who know'st no tears!
That when I am old and my pulses calm
And memory walks through the garden of years,
She may gather only the fairest flowers—
The thoughts that still keep a sweet perfume,
The friends who were true, the melodies gay,
And give them to me in a mass of bloom.
I shall gather them fast in my trembling arms
And over them bend my silvery head;
My age shall be noble and fresh and sweet
With a fragrance of thoughts from a youth long dead.

—*Frances Thomsou Towers, 1906.*

THE QUEST.

There's a Dreamer abroad in the day's young dawning,
Slow-musing, he wanders wide;
The world calls cheerly, and life's in its morning,
A god is the Dreamer's guide.

The broad fields are green, and the gardens fair,
 The Dreamer smiles as he goes;
 And ever, above and about him, the air
 Is sweet with the breath of the rose.

There's a Lover a-speed where the grasses are growing,
 His heart will not let him bide;
 He hastens afar where the pale buds are blowing,
 A god is the Lover's guide.
 Here flit dancers with silvery feet,—and there
 Lurk the deep-laid snares of his foes;
 But no toil is too strong for the Lover to bear,
 His quest is the heart of the Rose.

There's a Spirit a-seek in the world's young dawning,
 Eager for things untried,
 It dreams and loves through the long June morning,
 And the god who is its guide
 Points still to the faint blue distance, where,
 Half hidden, the flower glows;
 But no way is too rough for the Spirit to dare,
 Its life is the quest of the Rose.

ENVOI.

Ye seekers, above you, beyond you, it blows,
 By the side of your far, toilsome pathway it grows;
 Be true to the quest; the God who guides knows,
 And beauty lies hid in the heart of a Rose.

—*The Wellesley Magazine.*

Books Reviewed.

MOSANTO AND LANGULLIER'S PRACTICAL COURSE IN SPANISH.

For many years this has been one of the most successful Spanish grammars before the public. It aims to make the basic principles of Spanish grammar familiar to the student by constant practice and repetition *in Spanish*, and to this end the Spanish examples are made as numerous as possible. The advance in linguistics, and the new rules of accentuation promulgated by the Spanish Academy, have made a revision of the book necessary. The original form of the work has been retained so far as possible, but such grammatical statements as needed change have been recast. The Spanish text is presented in accordance with the latest rules for orthography and accent. In its revised form, this popular grammar will doubtless enjoy a new and even longer lease of life.

Revised by Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr., Assistant Professor of Romance Languages in Boston University. Half-leather, 12mo, 398 pages. Price, \$1.25. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

GRIMM'S KINDER-UND HAUSMARCHEN.

These tales need no introduction. There are no others which from the day they were published to the present time have so steadily retained their hold on childhood. Their interest and their simplicity render them particularly suitable for elementary reading. The collection here given consists of twenty-one of the most popular stories, seven of which have not hitherto been accessible in an annotated edition. The selections chosen are those which will possess the greatest interest for the American boy and girl. The introduction offers for the first time in an edition of the *Murthen* a fairly complete sketch of the two brothers Grimm. It gives also a brief estimate of their work from the literary, the stylistic, and the scientific points of view. The vocabulary is complete. The notes deal with the stories solely as literature, no attempt being made to treat them from the point of view of folk-lore.

Edited by B. J. Vos, Associate Professor of German in Johns Hopkins University. Cloth, 12mo, 191 pages. Price, 45 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

MCMAHON'S ELEMENTARY PLANE GEOMETRY.

This is the first volume to be published of the secondary school books of the well-known Modern (Cornell) Mathematical Series. It carries out the spirit of the suggestions made by the Committee on Secondary School Studies appointed by the National Educational Association, and meets the most exacting college entrance requirements in this subject. It offers a combination of demonstrative and inventional geometry. The subject is presented with Euclidean rigor; but this rigor consists more in soundness of structural development than in great formality of expression. Many changes from the usual methods of presentation have been made and independence of reasoning is fostered by compelling the student, no less in the demonstrated theorems and problems than in the original exercises, to rely on the propositions already proved. The work throughout aims to develop his powers of invention and generalization. The book is decidedly practical in plan and scope, and will doubtless be welcomed by teachers of mathematics.

By James McMahon, Assistant Professor of Mathematics in Cornell University. Half leather, 12mo, 368 pages. Price, 90 cents. American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago.

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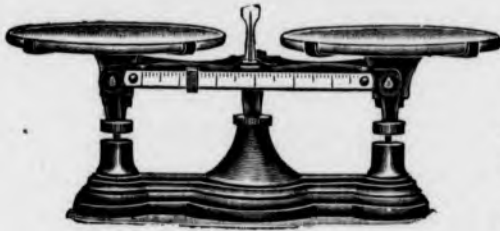
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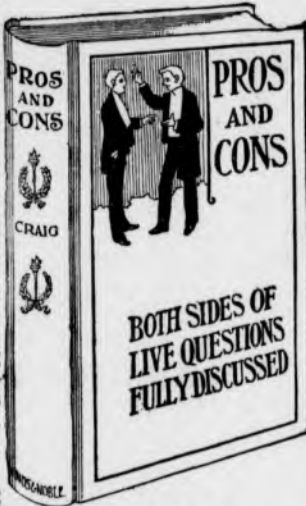
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