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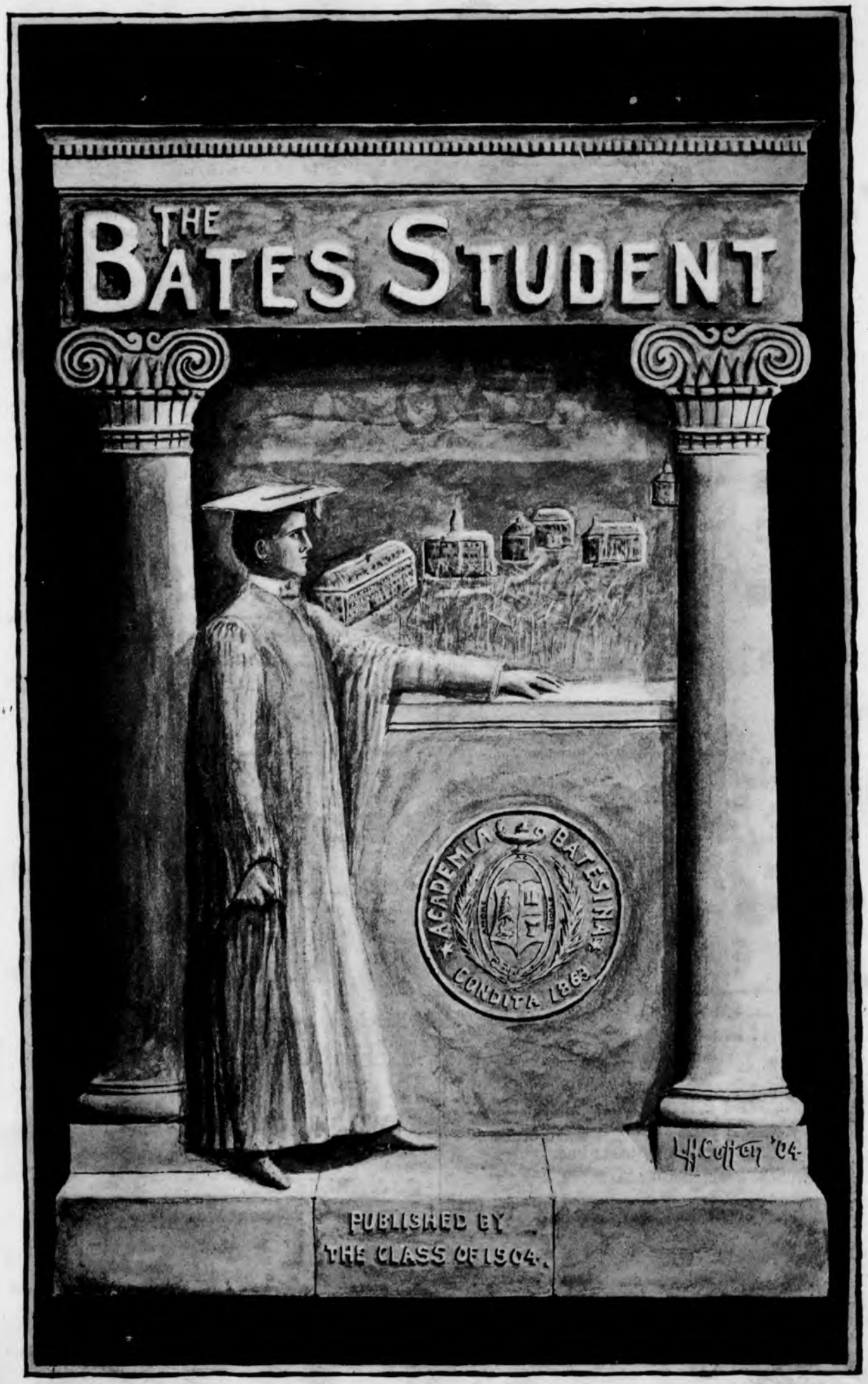


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THE

BATES STUDENT.

Vol. XXXI. December, 1903. No. 10.

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Literary.

MY PRESIDENT.

Snow on the bier and the campus is white:
What is the vision that comes with the night?
Long was the summer, the rose blossomed sweet,
Hiding the thorn that sprang up at his feet.
Clear was the springtime, thrilling the voice,
Calling him unto the life of his choice.
Pride and humility both marked his mien;
With the high and the lowly his laurel is green.
Slaves heard his voice, 'mid the pines' whispering boughs
Rising to heaven in Freedom's firm vows;
Mountains of gold and the plaudits of men
Nothing availed to silence him then.
A chivalry truer than knighthood of old
Ever blazoned in light on escutcheon of gold
Was his, for no sex in the wide realm of mind
Would he bar of the culture that honored his kind:
And this is the crown that his victory won,
To foster the lowly, both daughter and son.
Snow on the bier and the campus is white—
Such is the vision that comes with the night.
After a little verdure and bloom—
Fragrance and beauty over his tomb.

—FRANKLIN F. PHILLIPS, Bates, '77.

December 26, '03.

ORATORY.

ORATORY, the significance of words; the spice of thought; the illuminator of ideas; the inspiration to action. No passion of the human heart, no aspiration of the immortal soul eludes its reflection. Memory and all that lies in the wondrous "to be" yield to the stillness their music as this master art lightly touches the keys. Life is the stone it chisels, and life ennobled is the monument it shapes. The voice throbbing with the earnestness of resolve, the eye which mirrors the soul, the every feature informed by the pent-up fire of high purpose within, are the mysterious translators of the orator's indefinable power.

As the eye rests upon some face, which a master has painted, a feeling of reverence and admiration seems to invite a closer inspection, and as the observer with lingering glance finds new expressions revealing new thought, and as the artist's true conception gradually develops and unfolds from the dimly defined

to the distinct and visible, he stands transfixed with awe and admiration.

In the sculptured marble the finely chiseled limbs seem almost to swell and vibrate with life, while the expression of the features is so true to life that sympathy is excited spontaneous and irresistible.

The master-musician lets his fingers wander over the keys till strains of sweet music flow into the troubled heart, speaking silence and mystery and forgetfulness.

But if painting, sculpture, and music are works of art capable of producing ecstacy of sense, enduring enough to weave a spell about the imagination long after the master-hand has lost its cunning; there is another art more ravishing because eloquence charms both sense and soul; more life-like because it has been fashioned from life; more animated, itself being the embodiment of animation; more expressive, because its fairest production is a reflection of its own expression.

The orator knows no rule of color, or unity of form; no principle of concord which is constant and inflexible, but with instant decision, he must apply with unfailing accuracy the wisest course to a human throng, wavering, discordant, hostile. Most delicate of all arts is the subject; appealing to a higher moral purpose in the treatment of its subject, oratory is the finest of the arts.

But oratory has power. It fights its battles in the souls of men. It conquers by its charms. Would you gain a glimpse of its power? Listen— It is not an unusual day. Other days have been flooded by a brighter sun. Others, too, have been darkened by clouds heavier and blacker, if not less prophetic, than the small patches which now lace the Western horizon. Early morning is marked by an unwonted number on the streets. And as the day wears on the streets are thronged. The seriousness of every face indicates unusual excitement. A common interest seems to pervade all. From a little band yonder rises the agitated tremor of voices. Above the confusion are heard such words as home, fatherland, war. The surging crowd slowly moves toward the great market place. Suddenly as this jostling, huddled throng wavers and sways like a human ocean in a tempest, on a platform erected in front all behold a man step forward, and an expectant hush, like the wings of peace over a far-resounding sea announces—The Orator. "His look draws audience and attention still as night or summer's noontide air." How noble! What dignity! His very bearing inspires confidence. His first words,

clear and firm, display the sovereignty of self-possession, tempered and refined by a gentleness that seems almost demonstration. There appears to be reason in his words. The rich, full cadence of his voice is loaded with a vehemence of meaning. Under his genius the tame and the spiritless acquire a beauty and vitality to thrill with conviction even the indifferent. Under the fluctuations of passion, the audience sways with expectation and ceaseless agitation. What chord of their hearts has not yielded its sympathy, its sob, its effluence of patriotism? What cleverness of touch! How happy the allusion! How rich the color of illustration! What a mighty grasp of principle! The eye, every gesture, the whole manner are growing more eloquent. The contagion of his own convictions enforces the truth of his statements. Now he persuades by inflection sweet and musical, and now the force and rumble of his mighty syllables work an irresistible domination. Wholly forgetful of himself he seems to penetrate their souls, and before their eyes they see truth and justice, honor and virtue more real and holier than they have ever dreamed before. All forgot that they have held different opinions. The exposition is so clear, the analysis so plain, the argument so convincing that there can be no doubt as to the issue, and even the conclusion appears imminent and inevitable. How grand to think and hope and believe in unison with so superior an intellect! So in accord are the periods of the speaker and audience both in thought and feeling, that every action seems to summon a response of resonance. Now even the suggestion of the speaker finds a throb of assent in the responsive heart of all, and a tremor of enthusiasm records the general approval. Till at last the eloquence of spontaneity prefigures the unuttered thought and the eloquence of the orator is dimmed by the superior eloquence of his audience. It shows itself by every heaving breast, every sigh of relief, every eye suffused by long ecstacy, every hand which has sought another in the transports of the hour and now closed in unconscious grasp. The power of the orator has prevailed.

—A. K. SPOFFORD, 04.

OREN BURBANK CHENEY.

December 26, 1903.

The strong hand still and the great heart at rest?
Dear master-builder, loyal, steadfast, true.
Rearing thy house of hope the long years through,
Seest thou now the ending of life's quest,

Of the steep path thy tireless feet have prest?
Ever for thee faith's star burned on the blue,
Stout-hearted toiler, and in sun and dew
Blossomed the flowers that spring at love's behest.
Patience, the keystone of thine arch that rose
What time thy sun was dropping to the west,
Upholds the temple thou hast built for those
Who shall come after thee. Oh tear-dimmed eyes,
Behold the work and now the deep repose
Of him who wrought. Complete a life task lies.

—MABEL S. MERRILL, '91.

THE LOYALTY OF EAST TENNESSEE.

THE great fighting ground of our civil war, as of any other of similar nature, was in the borderlands. For though the interiors at times were raided by such daring invaders as Morgan and Sherman, the heat of the battle, the terrible destruction of life and property took place in the border States. No land in modern times ever suffered severer punishment than did Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky and Tennessee during those four years of bloody warfare. Without doubt Virginia saw the most fighting, the worst slaughter; for there lay the objective points of both armies. But on the other hand, excitement was never lacking in the West. There was the great conflict for supremacy on the Mississippi, and from the great river eastward through Kentucky and Tennessee the action was constant, even if it were not so intense as in the East.

A condition of more than ordinary interest, at the same time peculiar and lamentable, existed in East Tennessee. The State of Tennessee had seceded and allied itself with the Confederacy. But that did not give a true idea of the situation in Tennessee. A large district, in fact nearly half the area of the State, had sent its delegates to the secession convention to insist that Tennessee should remain loyal and the Union be preserved. But as the rough mountain country of the East was less populous than the busy slave-holding West, the State was carried for secession and rebellion. After such an occurrence West Virginia formed itself into a separate State. But East Tennessee was surrounded by hostile territory. Its only connection with the North was through Kentucky, and Kentucky, though saved for the Union, was in no condition to encourage or aid these loyal Southerners. So they continued citizens of a rebel State, but true to their country.

When soldiers for the Federal army were mustered in Kentucky, up from the rebel State of Tennessee came hundreds of recruits. The army was organized and preparations were made to defend the Union front. But the days dragged by and there was no sign of advance. Aid must come soon; the crisis was at hand in Tennessee. The Confederate army was coming, swelling its ranks day by day, stealthily, surely approaching and aiming at loyal East Tennessee. Still Sherman,—for he it was who commanded the Union army in Kentucky—lingered and delayed. The well-nigh defenceless people on the frontier insisted that Sherman was crazy and the Tennesseans in his army chafed and writhed to stay there in camp while their homes were plundered and their families scattered. It was no great wonder, then, that many deserted,—not to get away from battle but to get into the thick of the fight.

Already their homeland was flooded, from the West and from the South, by the Confederate hordes. Unable to protect their property, they withdrew, with what possessions they could carry, into the fastnesses of the mountains. This exile was relieved for a time by the further advance of the plundering army through the pass into Kentucky. Still it was a perilous existence for the inhabitants of this region for many months. Even when the Union army came, they treated the country as hostile. It did not for some time occur to the Union leaders that the whole of the State was not rebellious. So the country of the poor mountaineers in the course of the war was ravaged by the Confederates and despoiled by the Federals. Peace at last brought relief and an opportunity for recovery.

Progress has been slow on account of the isolation and poverty of the inhabitants. The North, however, has begun to feel deeply its debt to this unfortunate people and has established throughout this region institutions for the uplifting of these sturdy patriots of the South. —'06.

A MATHEMATICAL GENIUS.

BIOGRAPHY OF JAMES JACOB JESSE JOHNSON.

(A Fish Story.)

JAKE JOHNSON was an imaginable absurdity. It would puzzle science to classify him accurately. Sometimes he seemed to accord with the natural laws of homogeneity, and always kept the laws of gravity in a way that would excite your

levity. It was said by some that he possessed a life of activity, but this could never be determined with authority. If he did not possess ingenuity, then the square root of Z is not a plus quantity. From these ideas of his identity you may derive the hypothesis that Jake was a curiosity. But the proof of this is an enormity which you may not attempt with impunity.

Professor Johnson was an original mathematician and attempted to invent the concept of abstract action. Our hero was much devoted to this concept, and generally speaking it received his undivided attention. The reason why it was not perfected will be explained presently.

Jake believed thoroughly in simplicity, and in conducting his experiments his only machinery was the same as that used by farmer boys in catching fish. The experimental process was also similar. The symbol for this process is a right angle with one leg hanging down. Jake believed in the common idea that for a brain-worker like himself there was no food better than fish. While Jake was thus

> Looking for food, he gave his attention
> To quenching his thirst for inventing abst-*act*-tion.
> Earnestly seeking life's elongation,
> He found, on the contrary, saddest contraction.

It was a peculiar thing about Jake that his body and mind worked together in perfect harmony and sympathy. The actions of his mind seemed to correspond to those of his body. When his body was performing any particular motion his mind was also undergoing a similar action. When rocking in a chair his thought went changing back and forth from one to another of two related ideas (eating and sleeping, for instance), and this course of thought continued until he ceased rocking, when, his motion having ceased, his thought ceased also (and he was asleep). When he walked his thought also moved from one idea to another with a speed directly proportional to his bodily velocity and varying in breadth, depth, and variety proportionally to the corresponding features in the surrounding scenery.

Mr. Johnson had a peculiar form, consistently corresponding to his qualities of mind. His body was nearly spherical in the main part. But above this sphere was a smaller sphere attached by a short hollow cylinder. The upper sphere was marked by indentations much like the surface of the earth or the moon, but its revolutions depended principally upon those of his larger or

physical world. To both the northern and southern hemispheres of this physical world were attached combinations of cones, cylinders, and irregular solids which formed very good and accurate pendulums, for they were always in perfect harmony with the revolutions of his physical world just as the minute and second hands of a clock are in harmony with the hour or day hand. But in this case, of course, the time was measured much more accurately than ours, for his pendulums were in perfect harmony with the revolutions of his physical world, and they in turn were in perfect harmony with the revolutions of our physical universe from which we get our standard of time.

Accordingly, Jake was exceedingly regular in his habits, which regularity he always declared was an absolute necessity to the performance of accurate mathematical calculation. He always went to bed at nine and reversed the operation by rising at six, for the very plain reason that six is the reverse of the figure nine. When retiring for the night he always left his right leg swinging over the side of the bed, which clockwork *alarmed* him in the morning by *striking* against the bed-post. He always slept with his head to the north, for since he lived in the northern hemisphere his head would be nearer the earth's axis, and consequently would not suffer so much from the whirling motion of the earth. But Jake did not always sleep well, for there was one matter that did not readily adjust itself. The moon affected him somewhat as it does the tides, and at the full of the moon he sometimes found himself obliged to lie awake and struggle with this difficulty.

But, as I said before, Jake Johnson's great problem and life-work was to be found in the development of his concept of abstract action. Let us now observe him at his experiments in his customary place of study.

It is a warm day in June. Under a spreading maple tree by the side of a small sluggish river we behold his spherical body perched upon a *log-a-rhythm-atic* motion accompanying his clockwork. The northern hemisphere of his upper sphere is protected by a large straw hat whose broad brim graphically marks the equatorial circle, giving the little sphere much the appearance of Saturn.

At a tangent to the circle formed by passing a plane through the equator of the larger sphere, extends a long alder rod, L O. At the extremity of this pole, O, a fish line, O P, is attached, thus forming the symbolic right angle P O L. E [HE] is in the habit

of talking to himself while conducting his experiments. Let us listen:

"I ought to succeed this morning. The breezes have been eliminated during the night and the whole aspect of nature seems propitious for accurate experiment. But I perceive one difficulty, namely: A line has only length, and mine has some thickness. What shall I do? If I make the thickness of the line equal to zero, then I won't be able to draw in the fish. Well, then, let it approach zero as a limit. [He puts on a small trout line.] Now we have conditions nearer to the ideal. The fish should not notice that line, and yet perhaps it is too large. [He puts a silk thread in place of the trout line.] Now let us consider that the line P O of the angle P O L has approached the limit zero. Success will result or else all my calculations are in vain and these hypotheses that I have been working on so faithfully in developing this theory leading up to my one great, and indeed excellent concept, are in error. Consequently decreasing angle P O L until it approaches the limit I ought to bring the perch from P in the water to my perch here at L on the log. But in order to do this while making allowance for friction it will be necessary to apply the *first power* at point L."

Jake applies his power of the first degree. The fish-hook evidently has caught on an unknown or imaginary root at the bottom. Jake raises his power to the second degree. The diameter of the silk cord begins to approach the limit zero. Jake does not observe this, however, and applies the third power, whereas said silk line reaches the limit, and Jake Johnson, losing his balance for the first time in his life, rolls off the log, down the muddy bank and, true to the laws of falling bodies, approaches the bottom of the river with uniformly accelerated motion. His specific gravity was greater than that of water, consequently his life and concepts were there contracted.

Obituary.

Mr. Johnson's character was beyond reproach. He was the exponent of the principle of consistency. Only once had he been diverted in the least from his great principle of life. The circumstances were as follows:

While his physical sphere had revolved in the usual circle of his bed, dining-room, favorite shady nook and fishing grounds, it is said that his upper sphere had been attracted from its usual circular orbit by the magnetism of a differential coefficient and his

little world began to revolve about hers in a course which might be called *a-lip-tickle.*

But Jake soon found that his usual successes were so diminished by this division and diversion of his life that his functions and concepts of abstraction were reduced to a fraction, and since *de-duced* things are of little value in such cases, he promptly cancelled all the prime factors of the female denomination. His practical interest in mathematics was then reduced to a unit, the equilibrium of his astronomical universe was restored, and his concepts of abstraction again received his undivided attention. He then multiplied his experiments and it seems theoretically probable that there was an equal chance for him to obtain a rational result, if his progression had been carried out to infinity.

—D. L. BRYANT, '06.

PEEPSIE'S SURPRISE.

PEEPSIE had been having more than his share of trouble. He could not get work. It was in the dead of winter and his family was destitute. Hunger and cold were becoming unendurable. At last, driven on by the cries of his children, he stealthily stole out into the cold, dark night with a croaker sack under his coat.

He had not been gone long before he emerged in the shadow of Farmer John's barn where he suspected he could find bran enough for his starving children's breakfast. He looked around, everything was deathly still. The pale moon just retreating behind a cloud made the darkness even blacker. On pulling a rope which he had examined a few days before, the door swung open. He peeped within. He took a single step forward and he was within the barn. The air was fragrant with the odor of hay and warm with the presence of cattle. How quiet it was! The deep breathing of cattle, the shrill cry of a cricket at intervals from the haymow, and a ground mole working in his subterranean home, was all that startled the stillness, the only sounds that could be heard. In the quiet he tiptoed his way across the barn floor. By instinct and by feeling along he found the grain box. Noiselessly he lifted the lid. After filling the bag with as much as he could comfortably carry, he began to retrace his steps. The darkness grew to a blackness that bewildered him. The thoughts of what he had done and if he were discovered con-

fused his mind. As a child lost in a forest he groped his way about in the barn. Where was the rope? His heart rose in his mouth. He could not swallow it down. He was becoming desperate. It would soon be morning and Farmer John always came to the barn to milk before daylight. At last his hand fell on that dear old rope. His spirits rose mightily. The thoughts of freedom exhilarated his whole frame so that it fairly trembled. His breath came quicker. His strength increased an hundred fold. With an exultant mighty jerk he relieved himself. With one tremendous pull he started the mechanism that would place him once again in the crisp, free air of heaven.

But behold. By the Nemesis!

Retribution was bound to come. It happened that Farmer John's brindle was not used to being thus suddenly and violently roused when she was peacefully and unoffendingly wrapped in the balmy dreams of her heiferhood. And being a little nervous, when she felt this tremendous endeavor on the part of some creature which in her cow imagination loomed up to formidable proportions, to extract that long, lumbrous, fan-tipped organ which aforetime she had found of such indispensable importance in keeping at bay whole battalions of flying, buzzing musical cow-biters, she acted at once from an impulse of the sensorial, immediate, reflex order, and with both heels fairly poised and well aimed, she projected the offender with dynamical fluency as true as an archer could his arrow, toward the barn window, which Peepsie enlarged as he left the barn.

The next morning Peepsie was found still clinging tight to the bag of bran, in a critical state in Farmer John's barn-yard. However, the doctor thinks that as his troubles are mostly of a mental nature, due to great fluctuations of passion and undue excitement, he will shortly recover.

—EDWIN D. CONNER, 1906.

FROM FOUR TILL FIVE.

"YOU are quite wrong," said I, severely. Lydia reached for the rope, and swung herself absently. She burrowed deeper into the pillows, and appeared to be smiling at something over my head. I sighed—more heavily, I fear, than is permissible. But when one offers a seriously considered and unbiased opinion upon the digressions of one's ward, to have his remarks

received in serene silence, is not conducive to the best of humors. Lydia stopped her monotonous swaying and eyed me curiously.

"What are you puffing about?" she inquired.

"You," said I.

"Oh," said she—and went back to swinging herself. I confess I was angry.

"Yes, *you,*" I repeated disagreeably.

"And why the deuce *I* was ever singled out to perform the functions of nursemaid to an irresponsible baby, I don't know!"

I leaned back against the tree and caught my breath. There was a swift, bewildering swirl of skirts.

"Baby," mimicked Lydia, childishly, "baby, am I? Then *what,* I should like to know, are *you?*"

I am twenty-five and Lydia's guardian. Naturally her flippancy angered me. "That is beside the point," I replied with dignity. "We are not discussing myself. What I wished to say to you, Miss Lambert, is this—you are not to accept any further attentions from Jim Weston."

I had not intended to put it thus positively, but her impertinence decided me,—one must preserve a semblance of authority.

"Why?" demanded Lydia, pointing her chin aggressively, and fixing me with defiant gray eyes.

This interrogatory method of discussion is very disconcerting. Together with Lydia's gray stare it quite unnerved me.

"You flirt with him disgracefully," I said. Lydia raised her eyebrows.

"How?" said she.

"It is quite unnecessary to define my terms—to you," I answered coldly.

"You have too extensive a practice not to understand me?"

I suppose I was a fool, but it was the only thing I could think of. Lydia faced about. More, she stamped her foot.

"Beast!" she cried. "I'm thankful I'm almost twenty-one!"

"So am ——" I stopped abruptly. Deliberate lying is not in my line.

"You are always finding fault with me," continued my ward. "And *all* just because I must enjoy myself! Would you have me mope? "I did believe,' said Lydia, "you'd like me never to see a man."

This remark, with one exception, was so near the truth that I glanced at her apprehensively. She was, as she supposed, star-

ing scornfully over my head. In reality, she was peeping over my shoulder. I am a fool, but I am not small of stature.

"Why don't you say something?" demanded my ward. Evidently she was waiting for an apology.

"I have nothing to say," I replied frigidly. Then I went on to say it.

"Only why in thunder you want to go and get yourself engaged to a young idiot like that, is beyond my comprehension."

Lydia opened her eyes widely. "I don't," she said sweetly.

She trailed her white gown daintily over the long grasses, and dropped on the turf beside me, nodding her head with an alluring friendliness.

"Between us, John," she said pleasantly, "I quite agree with you, I think he's all you say."

Presently I discovered a sliver in Lydia's finger. She had not noticed it, but I assured her it might become very unpleasant if not removed. She held out her hand to me doubtfully.

When I had taken the sliver out for her, she arose and looked down at me. The corners of her mouth twitched wickedly.

"I am sorry I was bad, Boy," she quavered, clasping her hands primly before her.

"Please, I will be good."

Suddenly the corners drooped pathetically. The childish treble trailed into a sob. I arose hastily.

When I put her down—in the hammock—she was smiling mistily. She caught the rope and swung herself to and fro. Her lips twitched.

"I'll be twenty-one to-morrow," she ventured.

"I don't care," said I. —ISABEL BARLOW, '06.

A HEART.

Among the ruins caused by the awful explosion at Lowell there was found a human heart. There is something deeply suggestive in this little heart, loving some earthly thing so fondly that even in death it still lingered on earth. Do you think that it was the heart of a man? Oh, I do not. The heart of a man would not stay behind. A man's life is not of the heart, it is of the mind. But the essence of a woman is the heart. Surely this poor little heart left behind while the soul was wafted on to Heaven, was the heart of some woman, loving with a deathless love.

Perhaps this heart belonged to a maiden. She is in that blissful age, the age of sweet virginity. Her heart is young, with all the innocence and simplicity of joyful childhood and is blossoming into the depths of serious womanhood. Never in the heart's life, perhaps, does it love so widely. Now the home seems sweetest, now as the maiden stands "with reluctant feet," gathering strength for that new life before her. Now the heart is expanding with an unselfish love of friends. And do you not think that this heart, if it be a maiden's heart, is just beginning to love with the innocent wonder of girlhood some noble, knightly youth?

But perhaps this little heart, left behind because it loved some earthly one too dearly, was that of the woman. Now the heart is different. The timid, questioning love of maidenhood has changed to the deep, confident love of womanhood. Now, though the mother still has a place in that heart, though there is still room for the friends there, the thought of one only fills every corner of the heart, for one best beloved the heart ever beats.

But is the love of the maiden so strong that the heart in long-

ing lingers? Has the love of the wife such depth? I think, do you not, that this passionately-loving heart was the heart of a mother. For a mother's love is immeasurable. In its self-sacrifice it approaches the divine. This heart belonged, I think, to some mother whose children needed her. She was their very life. She could not go and leave them. She loved them too much. God took her to Him, but in her flight upward her heart fluttered down to find her children. Oh, I hope that they picked up that mother's heart tenderly. I hope the children found that heart that loved them. I am sure that God lets her look down from her star in Heaven upon those dear ones. Are not you?

Alumni Round-Table.

The last meeting of the Maine State Ornithological Association was held the Friday and Saturday after Thanksgiving, at Gardiner. There were present of our alumni: Judge A. M. Spear of Gardiner, William L. Powers, principal of the Gardiner High School, and Bertram E. Packard of Leavitt Institute.

BOSTON, Nov. 27th, 1903.

Editor of Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.:

DEAR SIR—It may be of interest to the students and friends of Bates College to know something of the work of the College Club during the last year.

June 1, 1903, the Club had seventy-six members. The membership is limited to seven from each class. The following alumni were elected to membership at the annual meeting in June:

F. L. Blanchard, '82; B. W. Tinker, '88; A. A. Knowlton, '98; H. L. Moore, '01; J. A. Lodge, '02; J. A. Hunnewell, '02; H. A. Blake, '02; C. L. Beedy, '03; G. E. Ramsdell, '03; G. E. Stebbins, '03.

The Constitution allows the election of only three members at the year of graduation. The annual dues of the Club are $3.00.

The expenditures for the last year amounted to $200 and are as follows:

Microscopes for Department of Biology.....$50
Department of English..... 25

Safe for Treasurer of Athletic Asso..... 25
Subscription for Portrait of Pres. Cheney.... 50
The Athletic Field Fund..... 50

It is proposed this year to endeavor to stimulate the interest in Track Athletics by making a contribution for expenses in that branch of sport. The Club will arrange with the Manager of the Track Team to assist in furnishing suits for those who compete in the Intercollegiate Meet and to contribute something towards procuring assistance in coaching. The Club welcomes any suggestions from Faculty, students or Alumni as to expenditure of this money. About $250 will be available this year.

Very truly,

WILLIAM F. GARCELON, *Secretary.*

No. 603 Sears Building, Boston, Mass.

BOSTON, Nov. 27th, 1903.

To the Editor of Bates Student, Lewiston, Me.:

DEAR SIR—During the past ten years a few of the classes at Bates College have made special contributions to the Institution. One class presented the bust of Charles Sumner, which is now in the Library. The Class of '93 made its gift last Commencement. Several other classes within the last five years have furnished and decorated class rooms and have contributed to the welfare of the college in other ways.

The Class of '90 has now about $175, which within a year or two is to be expended for the library.

I wish to suggest to the classes that are now in college that the plan of assessing each member one dollar a year be inaugurated while in college and continue after graduation. During the college course there will probably not be much of a surplus, after the payment of the class expenses, but later, the amount available from the class funds would be of material assistance to the college. Out of a class of fifty, probably forty would annually contribute a dollar each. In ten years the fund of such a class would amount to $400. If each class will follow up this plan the result would be that in a few years the alumni would be contributing to Bates College from $500 to $1,000 a year more than at present. This plan, if considered a good one, should be carried out with system and organization. I suggest that a Committee consisting of representatives of the classes now in college, and perhaps a

member of the Faculty, be appointed to investigate the plan followed by the Class Secretaries of Harvard and other colleges, and to inaugurate the plan at Bates.

Very truly,

WM. F. GARCELON, '90.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—Dr. F. E. Sleeper of Sabattus is one of the consulting physicians and surgeons for the Central Maine General Hospital at Lewiston.

'81.—On November 16, Rev. E. T. Pitts, pastor of the Fryeburg Congregational Church, delivered a lecture in Norway, Me.

'82.—George P. Emmons, M.D., is the very popular superintendent of the Central Maine General Hospital. Its annual report just issued shows rapid progress and great prosperity in the institution.

'83.—John L. Reade, Clerk of Courts for Androscoggin County, will receive subscriptions for the *Bates Bulletin,* four numbers a year, at fifty cents per annum.

'84.—Mrs. Ella Knowles Haskell of Helena, Mont., was mentioned by Mrs. Catt, president of the Equal Suffrage Association of America, as the woman attorney in the United States receiving the largest annual income from her practice.

'85.—W. B. Small is one of the attending physicians at the Central Maine General Hospital.

'85.—B. G. W. Cushman, M.D., of Auburn, is an adjunct surgeon for the same institution.

'86.—H. S. Sleeper is an attending physician at this hospital.

'90.—W. J. Pennell, M.D., of Auburn, is a hospital ophthalmic surgeon.

'92.—C. N. Blanchard, Esq., gave an address at the recent centennial celebration of the town of Wilton.

'92.—W. B. Skelton, mayor of Lewiston, seems to be the prominent Republican candidate for that office during the coming year.

'93.—John Sturgis, M.D., is an adjunct surgeon for the Central Maine General Hospital.

'94.—Dr. E. F. Pierce of Lewiston holds the same sort of a position.

'95.—James G. Morrill, superintendent of schools for Hudson and Billerica, Mass., is recovering, after protracted hospital treatment, from a severe attack of appendicitis.

'96.—J. B. Coy is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Prospect, N. Y.

'96.—November 13th L. G. Purinton, M.D., died after a short but severe illness at the Central Maine General Hospital in Lewiston.

'98.—Ellen W. Smith is teacher of mathematics in the High School at Brockton, Mass.

'99.—W. S. Bassett is completing his course at the Theological School, Newton, Mass. Mr. Bassett recently visited Lewiston.

'99.—O. A. Fuller is Professor of Greek and Latin in Bishop College, Marshall, Texas—an institution of between five and six hundred students.

'99.—Eva A. (Maxim) Moulton has recently visited the college with her husband, Dr. Moulton.

'01.—Miss Josephine Neal is principal of the High School at Wayne, Me.

'02.—Clarence E. Park, instructor of sciences at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., recently visited Bates.

'03.—C. L. Beedy, Yale Law School, '06, was a member of the winning team for the Yale-Harvard debate held in New Haven, December 4th. Mr. Beedy presented the concluding argument for the affirmative, as well as the final rebuttal.

'03.—The following members of this class were recently in town: Mr. Kelley, Miss Norton, Mr. Roys, Mr. Tozier, Mr. Witham.

Around the Editors' Table.

WITH this issue ends the editorial duties of the present STUDENT board. However, we cannot lay aside the pen without saying a word of thankful appreciation to those who have co-operated with us in an endeavor to make our college paper truly represent us in our various and peculiar interests. If in this period of office the STUDENT has improved even a very little, whatever praise there may be must be placed to considerable extent on the credit side of the patriotic friends, alumni, and students who rally to its support and who find their interests and its interests the same.

It is needless to say that we have not attained the high mark as editors that we hoped to reach when we embarked upon our cruise at the beginning of the year. Yet experience has done something and we are able to appreciate, we think, better than ever before how high are the heights on which the truly successful and first-class editor stands.

To the board just initiating we extend greeting. In confidence and enthusiasm there is strength. We are more patriotic for the STUDENT and all it represents than ever before. Our experience has not diminished our zeal. We are ready and glad to help them to improve the STUDENT in every possible way.

We offer no side remarks like "you will know more when you have done." Such a spirit we repudiate and deny. We suggest no condolences. We are confident the work is worthy of the very best thought and labor of those who are privileged to undertake it.

Our congratulations are most hearty. Our expectations, we believe, are well grounded. Our criticism shall be to encourage. The thing to be accomplished shall ever be before us. We will not let sundry considerations dissipate our attention.

WE are surely progressing. We have improved in our conduct at chapel, we refrain from talking in the library. There is one thing which has been lately called to our attention, and that is the thoughtlessness of students who make a disturbance while meetings are in progress. Friday mornings at prayer-meeting in Piæria it is often hard to hear the words of the leader, so great is the racket outside. Students entering bang the door,

shout at the telephone or stand and halloo to the other end of Parker Hall. The same disturbance occurs on Monday night during the Y. W. C. A. meeting. Now of course the students creating such disturbances do not mean to be discourteous. It is simply carelessness. They forget that religious exercises are being held in the Hall, or they fail to realize how plainly noises can be heard. The disturbance often is very annoying. Our attention having been called to it, we believe that in the future we all will be more careful of our conduct during the session of meetings.

WHILE everyone will admit that physical development is exceedingly important, it is not to be supposed that athletics should be the chief, and often the all-absorbing, item in the college man's curriculum. True it is that a great many people when comparing the standing of different institutions and weighing their advantages, ask first of all about the attention paid to athletics and the school's rank in that department, yet there is another branch of work which is coming more and more into favor among college students and the great value of which is growing to be more generally appreciated—debating. And this is well, for the true test of the value of a college training ought to be primarily the amount of brain power developed in the man—his capacity for reasoning—because this is something which will stand him in good stead in his life after leaving college and something which he must have to some degree if he would be at all successful. Bates was quick to recognize this fact, and has made the study and practice of debate one of the principal characteristics of the institution; in the required class debates, the work of the Student Senate and discussions in the literary society meetings, students here have excellent training in this line. We are proud of the success which our men have had in intercollegiate debates and hope that students' interest in debating will continually grow stronger.

Local Department.

OREN BURBANK CHENEY, D.D.,

FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT OF BATES COLLEGE.

Rev. Oren Burbank Cheney, D.D., the founder and first president of Bates College, died at his home in Lewiston December 22, 1903, at the advanced age of eighty-seven years. The funeral services, held in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, December 26th, were attended by many of the alumni of the college, the townspeople and friends.

Dr. Cheney was born of pious, energetic parents in Holderness, N. H., December 10, 1816. His father was a paper manufacturer. At thirteen years of age, while at work in the mill, the boy, Oren, lost the end of a thumb. That accident, unfitting him for paper-making labor, sent him to school.

His first school experience, after this accident, was at New Hampton, N. H., in the Institute, which still exists. Here the students were divided upon the great question of national concern, then under discussion, what to do with the slave. Some favored colonization; others believed in abolition. Oren declared himself an abolitionist,—a conclusion which was confirmed in later years. At New Hampton he came under the influence of Hosea Quimby, a young man who subsequently graduated from Colby College and became a leader in education among Free Baptists. Mr. Quimby fired the young lad with a zeal for a complete education, and when in 1832 Mr. Quimby became principal of Parsonsfield Seminary, Parsonsfield, Me., the first school established by Free Baptists, young Cheney was in attendance on the opening day. Here among the students he helped form a total abstinence society, supposed to be the first society of the kind ever organized in any school. This was back in the days when drinking was an almost universal custom; ministers drank, and liquors were served on all social occasions, even at funerals. But young Cheney had learned at home to abhor drink, as well as slavery, and he was consistent with home instruction. His mother had signed the pledge in a public meeting, when she and a half-witted boy were the only ones to do so, and she had faced all manner of ridicule for her action. Oren Cheney was never belligerent, but he had courage and perseverance, inherited and personally strengthened.

He entered Brown University in 1835, but the university and the city of Providence at that time were too much tinctured with slavery sentiments to satisfy the young student. He saw a mob threaten to break up a meeting which had been appointed by some women to pray for slaves. His indignation made him more outspoken as an abolitionist, and sent him off at the end of the first term to Dartmouth College, where negroes were admitted to college classes.

Mob violence as an argument against abolitionists was not infrequent in those days. Garrison was mobbed in the streets of Boston. In the town of Canaan, Conn., the building of the academy, which received a few colored pupils, was taken bodily by the farmers and hauled into a swamp. Young Cheney, then a college student, taught a term of school in that town the succeeding winter. He had been told that no abolitionist could teach in the town. For three weeks he was dumb respecting his principles; then he could keep silence no longer, and openly professed his convictions. He finished his term of teaching, however, unmolested.

It was that kind of a young man, sturdy, independent, a man of righteous principles, who graduated from Dartmouth College in 1839. He first taught as principal of the academy at Farmington, Me., and his sterling qualities won here the friendship of persons whose assistance in later years materially aided the great object of his life. Among these friends were such persons as Judge Parker, whose name is now perpetuated in Parker Hall, and the Mrs. Belcher whose benefactions founded the professorship now occupied by Professor Stanton. After two years Mr. Cheney became principal of the academy in Strafford, N. H., and then in Greenland, N. H., near Portsmouth, where he was licensed to preach. In 1843 he was principal of Parsonsfield Seminary, in which but eleven years before he had entered as a member of the first class, to fit himself for college. While here, both teaching and preaching, he was ordained to the Free Baptist ministry, and here his home became one of the stations of "the underground railroad," aiding runaway slaves to find their way north into Canada. His utterances in the school-room, the pulpit, and on the lecture platform against slavery and intoxication were bold and frequent.

In 1844, then twenty-eight years of age, Mr. Cheney went to Whitestown, N. Y., to study theology in the Biblical School, which in 1870 was brought to Lewiston and incorporated as a

department of the college, and is now known as Cobb Divinity School. While studying, he also taught Latin in the academy connected with the Biblical School. The death of his young wife caused a return to New England, with his course of theological study incomplete. He then took a pastorate in West Lebanon Me. Still an outspoken advocate of the abolition of slavery, he was nominated without his knowledge by the Free Soil Party as a representative to the State Legislature from the towns of Lebanon and Sanford, and, much to his surprise, supposing himself to be in the unpopular minority, was elected. He sat in the Legislature during the winter of 1851-52. In this capacity he performed two conspicuous acts, characteristic of the man: he obtained a charter for the foundation of Lebanon Academy, an institution still in useful activity, and cast his vote for the enactment of the original Prohibitory Law, then championed by Neal Dow.

While a member of the Legislature the young minister attracted the attention of the Free Baptist church of Augusta and was invited to become its pastor. This call he accepted, and served in that capacity from 1852 to 1857.

In the Augusta pulpit the same fearlessness of utterance was manifest. It is on record that a man from Winthrop abandoned his own church and joined that over which Mr. Cheney presided because of the anti-slavery sentiments there expressed.

This second pastorate proved to be Mr. Cheney's last. He has often told the story of the founding of Bates College, how in September, 1854, a letter came to him announcing the burning of Parsonsfield Seminary, and that then the conviction came to him that he should found a seminary in a more central location.

Mr. Cheney straightway took others into consultation. Few favored his plan. Yet he persevered. He solicited funds, he secured a charter, he canvassed many locations and finally decided upon Lewiston as the place.

September 1, 1857, Maine State Seminary at Lewiston was opened. Hathorn Hall, the only building, was incomplete, but students came in almost overwhelming numbers, 137 appearing on the first day. Mr. Cheney, resigning his pastorate at Augusta, became principal. So great was the success of the institution, so promising did it appear as a feeder to other colleges that the principal was made a trustee of Bowdoin College, a position which he held until Bates College was chartered in 1864.

How early the design of converting the Maine State Seminary

into a college was fully formulated in Mr. Cheney's mind is not known, but in 1862 he made the proposal to the board of trustees. They rejected the proposition. But the next year, Mr. Cheney renewed the recommendation, this time backed by the offer of a wealthy business man of Boston, Mr. Benjamin E. Bates, who had large investments in Lewiston, to give one hundred thousand dollars for the endowment of the college, provided an equal amount should be raised by other friends for the same purpose. Here was a task, but also a spur. The trustees yielded. The president undertook to secure the needed money. A charter was obtained. Many men opposed the enterprise. The country was in the throes of a civil war. Hard times had been encountered in 1857, and not far ahead, in 1873, was another season of financial panic, all unforeseen. The time came when the chief benefactor of the college died, leaving unfinished some additional gifts which he had proposed; litigation ensued; the very existence of the young institution seemed threatened; yet undaunted, the president steadily bore the burdens, hopefully faced all discouragements, persistently sought friends for the institution, found new means, and tenaciously held the college up to her ideals and growth. It was not an easy task. Many a modern university has come into full-fledged activity with less opposition and with less expenditure of effort.

President Cheney has held a few simple objects constantly in view. He meant that Bates College should be a liberal institution: in it there should be no distinction on the basis of sex, or color, of wealth, or station; it should be a poor boy's college, in which the expenses should be kept low and the standard of living should be plain, and a man should be judged by what he was, not by what he had. While scholarship was not sacrificed, yet character was emphasized; from the outset students were obliged to sign the pledge against intoxicants; and Christian influences and Christian culture have been sought.

Owing to advanced age, Dr. Cheney resigned the presidency of the college in 1894, after a term of forty years, since the time when the vision of a more centrally located educational institution, to replace the one burned at Parsonsfield, first came to him. The work of those forty years will reach on through all the graduates of the college and all that they may achieve, far beyond the thought or the imagination of any man now living. A teacher wins a kind of earthly immortality in the lives which he molds and inspires and the succeeding lives elevated and aroused.

Bates College, great as is the achievement, is not the only result of Dr. Cheney's living. His activity for the institution in Lewiston led to the founding of Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield. He obtained the gift of ten thousand dollars which made Storer College at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, possible, a school for colored young men and women. He was interested in the foreign missionary work of his denomination and for many years was a member of the executive board of foreign missions and recording secretary of the society. He was active in the conventions and conferences of his church and was three times moderator of the general conference of Free Baptists. In 1876 he was delegate to the General Baptists of England. Twice he travelled abroad. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him in 1863 by Wesleyan University.

Dr. Cheney was a gentle man, a true gentleman. He would not willingly hurt any person. He was particularly observant and thoughtful of children, tender and sympathetic with them. A tall man, genial, dignified in bearing, of courteous manners and kind heart, he has left behind in the college and for the college an ideal of simple, yet great, manhood, which the world needs. Here is his monument, "more enduring than brass," in the college and the characters here developed. —A. W. A.

BATES COLLEGE CATALOGUE.

The covers of the Bates Catalogue, just issued from the *Journal* press, indicate a new system of publication. The present number is a Bulletin, First Series, No. 1. This is explained by the fact that hereafter the catalogue will be one of a series of four brochures published yearly. There will be another sent out in February, the third in April and the fourth in July, which last will include the reports of the Faculty. This system is similar to the colleges throughout the country.

The list of the Board of Fellows and of the Board of Overseers records the changes made last Commencement. The list of the Faculty also names several new instructors.

Under the head of requirements, it will be noticed that students are now admitted for the A.B. degree without Greek. The Point system is in operation, by which admission is given to the Freshman Class when 26 points are offered. Of these 19 are required subjects, while the other seven may be selected by the student from optional subjects. If Greek is not taken, French or German must be; and if Greek is chosen, Greek history also must be taken.

This outline is substantially that recommended by the Maine

Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools. It is also stated, in this connection, that as soon as the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools has issued its list of approved schools this list will be adopted by Bates. This list will be adopted by all New England colleges except Harvard and Yale.

New this year is the dropping of the B.S. degree, which has been conferred the last few years upon students taking certain courses. Now only the A.B. degree will be given the student completing the regular work of the college. On the other hand, for the first time for years, special students will be admitted. This is not designated in the catalogue, the Faculty taking such action only recently. This undoubtedly will result in the development of a variety of new courses.

To the Spanish introduced last year is now added a new course in Italian, both under the direction of Miss Caroline E. Libby, the instructor in French.

The course of lectures to the entire Freshman Class in hygiene by Prof. W. W. Bolster is a new feature, while the work in physiology has been extended to three terms, where it was but two last year.

The Combined Course.

This course permits students of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes, who have the ministry in view, to elect each year one study in the classes of Cobb Divinity School. This enables the student to complete, while in college, the equivalent of one full year's work of the divinity course; so that upon graduating from the college, two more years in the divinity course will entitle him to graduate therefrom; thus reducing by one year the length of his entire course in college and divinity school.

By the institution of what amounts to college commons, the students can be boarded under the auspices of the college authorities for about $2 per week. Heretofore the boys have had charge of the board at Science Hall. Now the college will make the arrangements and give the matter supervision in order that more healthful and palatable food may be assured the students at minimum cost.

To the list of prizes and awards is added a list of the intercollegiate debaters whose work has been such a credit to the institution during the last year.

The class membership for the Seniors is 67; for the Juniors, 63; for the Sophomores, 107, and for the Freshmen, 105, making a total of 342. This is an increase of 21 over the total of last year.

The resources are named thus:

"A fair valuation of the grounds, buildings, libraries, and apparatus of Bates together with her permanent fund, shows that her total property amounts to nearly $750,000. Of this sum about $400,000 is in invested funds. While this discloses great

progress, it leaves her still one of the most scantily endowed of New England colleges. Of the fund in her treasury about $150,000 really belongs to Cobb Divinity School and the income of that amount is, therefore, not available for the maintenance of the college. Again, more than $70,000 of her fund is in the form of endowed scholarships—the income of which goes to help deserving students. The amount, therefore, from which an income is available for the direct uses of the college after deducting the above sums from her total fund is less than $200,000.

"To all who can prize her contributions to the intellectual and moral forces that must save our country Bates can unhesitatingly appeal.

"Down to 1902, of her 965 graduates, 417 had become teachers—more than 43 per cent.—and 122 ministers, the latter being distributed among ten religious denominations. Forty had filled positions in universities and colleges, and more than this number had won distinction as State, city, and district superintendents and as principals of important secondary schools. In authorship, on the bench, in legislation, in journalism, law, medicine, and engineering, she had distinguished representatives; while nearly the entire body of her alumni had proved themselves pure, earnest, useful citizens, ready for every good word and work, and making happier and better the communities in which they lived. The thorough preparation that Bates gives for public speaking is shown by the honors won in the last seven years in nine out of ten intercollegiate debates,—three of these with universities."

Under the head of needs, Bates calls for a total of $1,000,000.

1. $500,000 as an immediate addition to the permanent fund, in order to ensure the efficient maintenance of present work, the development of existing departments, the establishment of a chair of pedagogy, and the increase of the salaries of the teachers to a living basis. Of this amount $150,000 is required to relieve the college from the necessity of raising $7,000 annually for current expenses.

2. $100,000 for the benefit of the women students—$35,000 to complete the amount required for the erection of a building, and $65,000 to maintain such a building and to ensure a proper salary to a woman gymnasium director.

3. $10,000 for the reconstruction and equipment of Science Hall.

4. $5,000 to pay for the furnishing of Coram Library and to secure additional appliances.

5. $25,000 as a permanent fund for the library.

6. $50,000 for an auditorium with rooms for the library and religious societies.

7. $100,000 for additional scholarships for deserving students.

8. $40,000 for the erection of a new gymnasium for the men students.

9. $100,000 for the erection and maintenance of an astronomical laboratory and the support of its director.

10. $10,000 for the grading and improvement of the campus.

Forty thousand dollars will endow a professorship. One thousand dollars will endow a perpetual scholarship. Fifty dollars will pay the tuition of a deserving student for one year.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

F. S. Doyle, 1906, is teaching at Sebago Lake.

Phil Burkholder, 1905, is teaching at Cranberry Isle.

L. H. Cutten, 1904, is working during this vacation at Brattleboro, Vt.

P. H. Plant, manager of base-ball, is teaching a ten-week term at Cranberry Isle.

F. W. Rounds, the genial manager of the STUDENT, is teaching the winter term of the Garland High School.

The debates for this winter have been decided and the teams chosen. The team which will meet Trinity at Hartford in March is the team which defeated B. U. Law last year. The question to be discussed is: *Resolved*, That it would be for the best interests of England to adopt a policy of protection. The men who will hold up our end of the argument are A. K. Spofford of South Paris, Fred M. Swan, Jr., of New Sharon, and Guy L. Weymouth of Greene, all of 1904. Bates has the negative. The other team consists of J. C. Briggs, 1904, of Caribou, Louis Parsons of South Portland, 1905, and Phil Peavy, 1906, of Roxbury Mass.

As time goes on and the intercollegiate debates draw near, the old question arises, who shall furnish the finances for their support? In years gone by the college club has generously offered large sums. But it is hardly proper to call on the alumni for the support of interests so purely collegiate. Now we have in college three prosperous literary societies, who heretofore have found outlet for their surplus cash in fitting up their rooms. At the present time the rooms are in good condition and all the societies have money in the treasury. The interests of these societies are literary and they claim as one of their great purposes the support of debate. In fact, we are all well aware that the training obtained in these organizations is of enormous benefit to intercollegiate forensic work. If, then, the support of debate is the declared object of our societies, and they are financially able, why should they not, with due propriety, furnish the finances?

Exchanges.

IN the *Nassau Literary Magazine* a contributor with desire for classification writes, over a pseudonym, of a company known intimately to some of us, and he heads the article "Concerning Fools." It is, in brief:

"Father of this family is the plain fool. The earth is his by force of numbers. You find him in every phase of life's labyrinth. Give him a crumb, he demands the cake; grant him the cake, he anathemizes the chef. He places his outstretched arm where it will effect your utmost inconvenience, he hums discords into your outraged ear, he makes remarks about the weather. He believes not in the golden rule of silence.

"First cousin to him is the fool who believes that he alone is not a fool. His province is egotism. Venture an opinion in his presence, 'tis pooh-poohed, press him for reasons, he abandons wisdom, and in his extremity resorts to vapid nothingness. What he cannot understand he scoffs at, hence he scoffs at everything,—saving his deified self. His treatment demands the best of pervasive thought and rare tact. Snub him, and his soul rejoices in the snub; bear with him, and he soars far above you, looking down from the lofty heights, disdainful of the means that lifted him. Pity, magnanimous, great-hearted pity should be his reward.

"Scarce is the fool who knows not he is not a fool. Blinded by the mote in his brother's eyes, he cannot conceive his own innocent of beam. He stumbles along the byways of life, harmless in his assumed imbecility, amusing in his self-depreciation. But he is the bull in the china shop of social gatherings; unwittingly, he smashes the delicate conversational ware, which less roughly treated, passes without detection of crack or blemish for the par excellence of gracious decorum. Unfathomed, he is the still water, running deep, that reflects the wanton, meaningless jibes produced by grosser stupidity. He should be stirred from his apathy.

"The fool (may his days be lengthened!) who knows he's a fool;—he, at least, is the wise man."

Of the following pieces of verse, selected from a surprisingly large number of good contributions, the sonnet in the *Harvard Monthly* pleases us more than anything we have seen in undergraduate work:

MT. LYKAION.

Alone on Lykaion since man hath been
Stand on the height two columns, where at rest
Two eagles hewn of gold sit looking East
Forever; and the sun goes up between.
Far down around the mountain's oval green
An order keeps the falling stones abreast.
Below within the chaos last and least
A river like a curl of light is seen.
Beyond the river lies the even sea,

Beyond the sea another ghost of sky.—
O God, support the sickness of mine eye
Lest the far space and long antiquity
Suck out my heart and on this awful ground
The great wind kill my little shell with sound.

—*The Harvard Monthly.*

ON READING THE BROWNING LETTERS.

As once when walking idly in a wood
I chanced upon a still, half-hid retreat
Untrod ere this by all save fairy feet,
And, all abashed, I ventured not, but stood
Reverent before the forest's maidenhood;
Saving against a future day the sweet
Still memory of the silver ferns, the fleet
Bright water, the red cardinal, a good
Not to be reft away;—so in this book
I dare not enter deeply to profane
Its secret fastnesses; with awe I pore
Upon the silvern words, whose brightness took
From poet passion all its sacred stain,
But leave, unswung, the guardless inner door.

—*Emily Louise Cobell, 1901, in the Mount Holyoke.*

A WHITE MOUNTAIN TRAGEDY.

'Twas August, in the Notch. A path
Through tangle, scrub and wood, I took.
Where tall trees, awed, hung back, I found
The skeleton of a brook.
Lifeless it lay; and its stony eye
Stared at its murderer—the sky.

—*C. P. Cleaves, '05, in the Bowdoin Quill.*

COLLEGE BY MOONLIGHT.

Sweet with the mellow touch of days,
And hallowed by old deeds,
She not in halls her wealth displays,
Nor outward glory needs—
A little college on a hill,
Sleeping in golden silence still!

—*James H. Tuckley, '01, in Wesleyan Literary Monthly.*

GOOD-BYE.

Drear wastes of gray deep-furrowed ice
Lashed by the sea;
Dark trees, wind-racked and bare and torn,
Swayed heavily.
Why do we linger here and wait
The coming night?
No more through the endless cloud-pall black
Shall stream the light.
Once more your hand—for auld lang syne—
One long good-bye—
Shall we meet some day in the land of dreams,
You, love, and I?

—*The College Folio.*

COBB DIVINITY SCHOOL,

A DEPARTMENT OF BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY.

GEORGE C. CHASE, D.D., LL.D., PRESIDENT.

REV. JAMES A. HOWE, D.D., DEAN,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Apologetics and Pastoral Theology.

REV. ALFRED W. ANTHONY, D.D., SECRETARY,
Fullonton Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Criticism.

REV. HERBERT R. PURINTON, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew and Old Testament Interpretation.

REV. A. T. SALLEY, D.D.,
Instructor in Church History.

GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
Instructor in Elocution.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Williams Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

THE BIBLICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries, lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians generally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

Certificates of attainment will be granted to those who complete the course.

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, ME.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

GEORGE C. CHASE, D.D., LL.D.,
PRESIDENT,
Professor of Psychology and Logic.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, LITT.D.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

LYMAN G. JORDAN, PH.D.,
Professor of Chemistry.

WILLIAM H. HARTSHORN, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

A. N. LEONARD, PH.D.,
Professor of German.

ARTHUR C. CLARK, B.S.,
Professor in Physics.

C. W. A. VEDITZ, PH.D., LL.D.,
Knowlton Professor of History and Economics.

GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
Instructor in Elocution.

CAROLINE E. LIBBY, A.M.,
Instructor in French.

FRED A. KNAPP, A.M.,
Instructor in Latin.

FRED E. POMEROY, A.M.,
Instructor in Biology.

W. E. MCNEILL, A.B.,
Instructor in English.

HAROLD H. THAYER, A.B.,
Assistant in Chemical Laboratory.

GEORGE E. STEBBINS, A.B.,
Assistant in Physical Laboratory.

CARROLL L. MCKUSIC,
Assistant in Greek.

CAROLINE A. WOODMAN, A.M.,
Librarian.

WM. W. BOLSTER, JR., A.B.,
Director in Gymnasium.

MURIEL E. CHASE,
Registrar.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's Æneid; four books of Cæsar; seven orations of Cicero; thirty exercises in Jones's Latin Composition; Latin Grammar (Harkness or Allen & Greenough). GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; three books of Homer's Iliad; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or equivalents. ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and in English Literature the works set for examination for entrance to the New England Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

Candidates for the degree of B.S. may present instead of Greek an equivalent in Science and Modern Languages as described in the Catalogue.

Students admitted without Greek may enter upon courses leading to the degree of A.B. by beginning the study of Greek and taking two years of prescribed work in that language.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirty-seven scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

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