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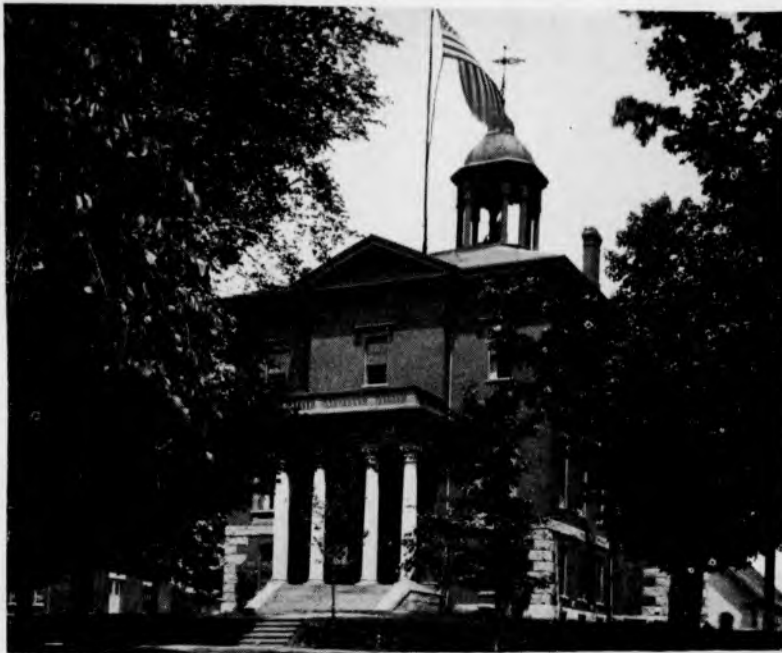
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Vol. XXX.

No. 3.



The Bates Student.



March

C.L. Jordan. '03

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THE BATES STUDENT.

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NO. 3.

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Literary.

EVENING.

I.

Slowly sinking and descending sets the sun behind the mountain,
Casting round him glowing splendor, glorious, golden, ever-changing,
Painting all the clouds in colors red and golden with the sunbeams,
Casting shadows o'er the valleys long and tapering in the forest,
Calling home the birds at sunset to their nests among the pine trees,
To their nests of moss and grasses on the lofty, swaying branches,
Filling hearts with joy and gladness at the close of days of labor.

II.

One by one the stars appear twinkling in the azure blue,
Spreading o'er us in their beauty golden gems so fair and bright,
Looking down with stately grandeur on the earth so cold and dark,
Calling minds to higher thoughts, to the good that lies above us,
To the nobler, grander motives that lie buried in the heart,
Filling all the soul with rapture, with the silvery beams of glory,
Pointing out the love and mercy of the Power that rules above us.

III.

So the sun of life descending casts about him radiant splendor,
Filling all the land with glory as he sinks into the darkness,
Casting shadows o'er us standing as we watch the day departing,
Calling home the souls of dear ones to the rest beyond the river.

—J. G. P., '05

SMITH OF 188—.

A STORY OF COLLEGE LIFE.

IN the early days of Bates when tall silk hats were much worn by young men, it was an unwritten law that, unless the class had earned the privilege by a victorious encounter with the Sophomores, no Freshman should wear a silk hat or carry a cane. One year the entering class was particularly strong, and early in the Fall Term showed the Sophomores that for one year, at least, the Freshmen should wear silk hats. Every member who possessed one took keen delight in appearing before the vanquished Sophomores in all the splendor of a tall hat.

However, the glory of one very joyful Freshman named Smith was rather short-lived. Soon after the Sophomore defeat he attended a lecture in the college chapel. With an imposing air he marched up the aisle, placed his hat on the seat beside him, and turned to take off his overcoat. The lights were dim, and as his

back was toward the aisle he did not notice any one enter. Unconscious of any impending disaster he turned just in time to see an extremely large woman seat herself upon his cherished hat. Shouts of laughter broke from the Sophomores, delighted that a Freshman should be thus discomfited, but the Freshman rose to the occasion. Lifting his treasure he straightened the damaged crown, saying, "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," but, sad to tell, the hat, unlike Truth, did not rise, sufficiently to be worn again.

As a Sophomore Smith also made himself conspicuous. At this time there was in college a Professor who, though a most excellent man, was not very popular among the young men. In his endeavors to better the conditions of the college, he gained the reputation of being a little too inquisitive, for in some inconceivable way he always knew when anything was going on and would appear in the windows and rooms at most inopportune moments. The especial object of his attention was the tall Sophomore, Smith, whose fun-loving nature was always on the alert for mischief. Checked a little by the Professor's watchful care, for some time Smith had been rather quiet, but one night his active spirit could no longer stand the monotonous round of studies,—he had to do something.

The moon was bright, there was a fine crust, and he looked at the glittering snow, it seemed to beckon him away from his tiresome studies, to taste nature's charms. Quick as a flash his plans were laid. "We'll slide down Mount David, it's just the night for it!" The more he thought of it the more the reckless scheme pleased him, and off he hurried to call some boys to join him. As is usually the case, he found several eager to take part in anything new and striking, so getting the large traverse which the college boys then had, they started for the summit of Mount David. It was a hard climb, for the crust was slippery and the traverse rather heavy. Arrived at the top the courage of some of the more timid forsook them and they refused to try the slide. It did seem a bit dangerous, for although there was not much growth on the mountain then, the descent looked rough and it would require a skilful steersman to pilot them down and across the campus in safety.

However, Smith's courage held good, and to him fell the lot of steersman. The boys took their places on the traverse and with a push from those left behind, they shot down over the steep incline. Bump, bump, went the traverse over the uneven surface;

two unstably seated passengers were thrown, and the rest clung with all their strength. On they flew with terrible speed. Intent only on keeping their places they did not see the danger ahead until almost upon it. Walking slowly across the campus, his head bowed as if in deep thought, was Professor Brown. They were aiming directly for him! What if they should run into him! A cry of warning burst from Smith, "Jump, O, jump!" At the sound the Professor, starting from his reverie, leaped to the left, just as the traverse shot by over the very place where the moment before he had been standing. As he looked after the flying traverse, the Professor, overcome by astonishment and the icy crust, suddenly sat down,—perhaps to philosophize on the origin of the phenomenon he had just witnessed.

When the traverse came to a stop in the field beyond the campus, some rather bewildered boys rolled off and started back to find the two lost on the way, and to see if Professor Brown were hurt. They met the lost ones limping home, a little bruised but not seriously injured. The Professor was nowhere to be seen.

At the door of Parker Hall the boys looked up at Mount David glittering in the moonlight. It was a grand sight, yet somehow it did not look as inviting as it had a half-hour before. With one accord they all became very studious; they weren't afraid to try it again, O, no! but they just couldn't take the time. Most of the boys went directly to their own rooms, but a few gathered in Smith's room to talk over their exciting slide. As they sat talking a soft step was heard along the corridor, then a knock at the door and a voice demanded admittance. "It's that Professor Brown," whispered Smith, "come to see about that slide; woe unto us if we hurt him when we passed! I'll teach him a little lesson, just make him think that I think he is one of the boys."

The voice outside was again heard, this time accompanied by a push on the door.

"Who's there?" called Smith.

"Professor Brown," answered the voice.

Smith, made reckless by his exciting slide, determined on a rash expedient. "Professor Brown! Professor Brown!" he called. "I'll teach you to play Professor on me!" A pitcher of icy water was conveniently near, the transom still more conveniently open, and the next moment the poor Professor felt like a man drowning in the Arctic Sea. Visions of icebergs crossed his gaze. There was a series of coughs, gasps and inarticulate

sounds, at which the boys rushed from the room to stare in surprise (?) when they saw the saturated Professor. Profuse apologies followed, which the Professor in the kindness of his heart received as honest expressions of regret, and forgetting his errand started for a warm room and dry clothes. The boys, laughing, yet a little chagrined at the way in which the Professor took the joke, soon went to their respective rooms. Two lessons had been learned that night, the boys', that perhaps practical jokes may be carried too far; the Professor's, that it is not always safe to stand beneath an open transom. —'05.

EMBLEM OF THE CLASS OF 1902.

[Written for the Class Ivy Day, by L. FLORENCE KIMBALL, '02.]

MIDST the various phases of student life, its frequent and imperative demands, its ceaseless activities and restless aspirations, midst its this, that, and other, one thing should primarily stand out in relief against this heterogeneous background. Faithful, earnest, honest study is the one thing which can fulfill the mission of our presence here; study alone can secure those ends which every true student has in view.

Gathered from all parts of the State, drawn from distant corners of New England, called even from the dark land of a foreign country, sixty homes have surrendered their dear ones with what end in view, other than knowledge? Desire for what, save for learning, could have brought them together for four of the most impressionable and decisive years of their lives?

I ask you to retrace with me the history of our college for the last three years. Every entering class sends ahead an echo of its coming. Three years ago the echo from the to-be Class of 1902 called forth new instructors both for modern languages and for the English branches. Two additional professors were needed to meet the increasing intellectuality of this class. Not only this, but after a few months had proven our ability and ambition for study, especially along scientific research among the young men, one of the most spacious and essential buildings on the campus was assigned to the pursuit of scientific studies, and to-day we have Science Hall, called into imperative need by the Class of 1902.

Therefore, what could be more emblematic of the class than a book, bound fast in the class color, even as our class members are bound one to another. What better symbol of the leading class

characteristic than studiousness? Not but what the class stands for other things! We have more than an ordinary amount of musical talent of high rank; ethically and religiously, too, we strive to set a high standard in lives that daily speak for the truest and best. For manager of track athletics, for manager and captain of both the base-ball and foot-ball teams, the institution draws upon this class. Nevertheless, notwithstanding our work in athletic, musical, social, ethical, and religious lines, as a class, we feel that for intellectuality we are particularly characterized.

If human nature is the same in all ages and in all countries surely it is the same in all colleges and in all classes. Because human nature is often weak, because too often "those things we would not, those we do," this book stands not only as our class emblem to-day but also a goal toward which the lower classes are to struggle. To follow this emblem for three or four years requires an effort; you who have not yet come where we to-day stand, see to it that you put aside from you those inclinations to procrastination, those desires for a smooth road to success and for those results which are secured by the least exertion and self-sacrifice on your part, but rather bend every effort toward the highest attainment possible, even though the pathway to honor be surrounded with difficulties and obstacles, for only by following this emblem as college people can you find the culmination of life, the sweetness of self-abnegation, and the laurels it becomes you to wear.

Doubtless you have oftentimes learned by experience that a book is something to be mastered by the individual, none other can do that for you. Part of this emblem already has been mastered by you, part of these pages are now an expression of you because they are traced by the work you have done. Some of these pages are now and forever written pages, "what you have written you have written," no man can change. Written alike with pure thoughts, noble deeds, high aspirations, and written, too, with trembling hands and sighs of regret, with holy resolutions, written also in tune with those thoughtful words, "what might have been." Letter by letter, word by word, deed by deed, they stand and will continue to stand an immortal monument of your lives here. Let us be glad and rejoice that from them shines a light which may guide others to this goal, which may inspire them to strive to attain that for which this emblem stands.

The vast majority of these leaves are still spotless. A wide expanse of unwritten pages lies before each one and there remains

only one brief year to write. Shall not a deeper wisdom, a greater carefulness be our guiding star? Did I say one year? Ah! Who shall say? But one year here, but what of the years beyond when we shall be out in the turmoil of life, launched into its activities? A good book is without exception a climax, not an anti-climax. Thus may our lives reach a climax in all that is good and true and worthy of our aim, crowned with long years of service until we again stand face to face with our number complete, once more with her who has already left us because it hath pleased Him to add one more jewel to the heavenly diadem.

May the emblem of this day go with you all and abide with you throughout life's journey, inspiring you to be always students, to live, to think and to have your being in the realm of good books, in the world of literature, until "earthly things shall have passed away" and we all stand before God, and another book is opened, which is the "Book of Life."

PERIODS.

WE philosophize a good deal, my room-mate and I, at odd moments, sometimes at even ones also, when we should be translating Schiller. Our range of subjects is by no means narrow. No theme, from the sublime to the ridiculous, can daunt us, for we are Seniors, and our power of reasoning, our mental grasp of things, so to speak, is all that could be—expected.

One of the most interesting features of our discussions is that they are never long. Sometimes we reach a *period* in five minutes, not always a logical conclusion as Professor Z. would say, for many things conspire against us. For example:

Perhaps Maud is in a deeply philosophical frame of mind. To-morrow is to be her easy day, while I have five recitations and a theme to prepare. Now it is very evident (to me) that I cannot stop seven times in the course of my German lesson to argue long, even on so important a question as "The Influences, Moral and Otherwise, to be found in a Co-educational College." Such disputation would doubtless be in a certain degree instructive, but under the existing circumstances it is obviously inexpedient, not to say imprudent. At such a time the portions of my brain that are not doing German should be busily engaged repeating, "Eight hours, five lessons, and a theme,—Eight hours, five lessons, and a theme."

It is just as bad when the tables are turned for, as is well known, the impoliteness of interruptions depends on one's point of

view. I announce to Maud that I have evolved from my inner consciousness a thought which Emerson himself might (?) be proud to call his own. And Maud only mutters a little louder from the depths of her "Pol-Econ," "The *want* or *desire* that we feel for a thing determines its value to us." I subside gracefully or ungracefully and muse.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene," etc. Thus incompatibility of temperament or circumstances often furnishes us with *very decided periods*.

Let no one think from the above that my room-mate is not a jewel. She is, in fact, one of a thousand just like her. I would not leave her for a position on the STUDENT board. Not the God of Mirth, nor the Muse of Mathematics, but the Spirit of Seriousness is my witness—I admire and appreciate that girl. "But of this subject more will be said farther on." (Ira Ramson quoted.)

Our second and more frequent cause for swift conclusions is the cocoa. And here, you will pardon me, I pray, but in the plan of this treatise (?), which you observe has been carefully worked out, I neglected to state at the proper time and place that we meal ourselves, my room-mate and I. As for sticking to one's text it is a difficult thing to do. I have always admired Samantha Allen for those two clever devices by which she strings stray thoughts together,—*"To rezoom backwards a spell,"* and *"But I am a eppisodin' an' to rezoom."* I mean to mention these to Professor Z. as excellent examples of what he calls *connecting links*.

To pick up the thread of our discourse, we board each other, Maud and I, not because we wish to economize, oh, no, we wouldn't have you think that, but because (theoretically) we can thus have each day what our own taste would order, and because we are thus fitting ourselves to become, a few years hence, "Bachelor Maids," who, it is well known, depend on the chafing-dish to cheer their hours at home. Last, but not least, we thus satisfy that craving for exercise which Seniors invariably experience after three successive winters of patient, conscientious Gym. work. Not even, the climbing of four or five flights of stairs seven or eight times a day can fully satisfy this desire for active labor.

I do not wish to blame the Faculty here. I merely state that they underestimate our physical energy.

But house-keeping has its drawbacks, after all,—especially for the philosopher. Fancy yourself (and Maud) seated before the pleasant fire on a cold winter evening, calmly comparing the literary merits of Shakespeare and Milton, while you wait for the

cocoa to boil for supper. Suppose that you favor Shakespeare and that you have nearly convinced Maud of his superiority when, like a rocket in a clear sky, as it were,—fizz,—sputter,—crack,—the cocoa has boiled over again. This *period* although it may be interesting, is far from logical, as Professor Z. would say. If you disagree, try to lift a dish of boiling-over cocoa from a red-hot stove.

Thus we learn many practical chemical truths by this system. I should have mentioned this as fourthly among the arguments in favor of the self-mealing plan. (Truly, if there were time I would "Recast and Rewrite" this article.)

The coal fire with its various demands, sometimes furnishes *periods*, more often *dashes*, in our musings *in duo*. After I graduate I mean to write a forty-page treatise on "Pranks and Freaks Peculiar to a Coal-Fire," or "Remarks on Running a Coal Stove." We have searched the chemistry diligently to discover a method whereby the escape of C O may be prevented, but in vain, and we confidently expect to be asphyxiated at some future period.

I am sorry, after all, that I mentioned the coal fire in these pages, for it does not properly belong under the subject of Periods, being, as I said before, more fittingly described with dashes.

Every year at college the periods and dashes increase,—more care, more demands on one's time. For several weeks vague, shadowy images of dots, and colons, commas,—that sometimes look strangely like comets,—flashes of fire, come between me and the Psychology. The professors to whom I recite (I had always thought them mere machines) have lately exhibited a fatherly solicitude for my health. Can it be that the "Folks" have written them? They have sent me a score of letters advising a speedy home-coming and rest. Rest in this enlightened age! Not more rest but less is what I need,—that is, less of these interruptions to steady work, less commas and dashes as it were.

People do get such strange notions into their heads about their fellow-mortals. Dr. K. read me a free lecture yesterday on my duty to myself: self-interest, he called it.

At the beginning of this story (it was to be that), I had an idea, but it has slowly dissolved in thin air. I thought to follow this style of plot:

Introduction,—Falling action,—Climax,—Rising action,—Happy ending.

It has its advantages over the so-called tragic plot:

Introduction,—Rising action,—Climax,—Falling action,—Catastrophe.

Strangely enough, or perhaps it is owing to the gradual evaporation of my idea, the plot now looks like this:

Introduction,—Falling action,—Stop.

Careful re-reading fails to bring to light anything that could be called a catastrophe,—unless the cocoa exploit may be so considered.

To the Student:

My friend has been obliged to leave her college work. She asked me to "Re-write and finish that periodical thing," but I prefer to send it unchanged. The lack of plan, which she condemns, and of which she was seldom guilty, expresses better than words how bravely she struggled against failing health and shattered nerves. When her father came to take her home, he greeted her with, "Well, daughter, you have reached a period, I hear." And she for a moment rallied something of her old playfulness and retorted, "Yes, but it isn't a full stop! Truly, papa."

—MAUD.

THE DEBATE.

THE past few years have seen great and varied additions to the resources of our college; but with all her getting, Bates has hitherto failed to get a patron-saint. 1902 will, however, probably go down in college history as the year in which our saint came to us; for St. Valentine, the warm-hearted patron of young men and maidens, has chosen us for his own. Casting his eyes toward Lewiston, and observing with compassion our saintless—not to say unsanctified—condition, he singled us out for his peculiar favor; and on his own holiday, February 14th, he sent us his picked ambassadors—three youths from Harvard—with the message, "St. Valentine sent us; we are yours; take us;"—and we took them.

But not without a good fight. Like many of the great events of history, this coming of our saint was not recognized until it was past; St. Valentine has emerged only gradually from his background;—up to that night, our thought was only of the Harvard Seniors and of Shipping Subsidies.

For weeks the college had been looking forward to the great event; Bates was to face upon the debating platform, for the first time in her life, the representatives of one of our country's great universities—this time, it chanced, of the oldest, largest, richest

American university, the honored leader of national culture, Harvard herself. It is no wonder that our college, with the modesty which well becomes her, felt some uncertainty, not to say trepidation, as she girded herself for the contest. But the gauge had been thrown down, and accepted; we had not flinched before Harvard and Yale on the foot-ball field; and Bates shut her teeth together and set vigorously to work, saying to herself, "They shall see; I scored on them at foot-ball; they made only 16 to my 6. Who knows? I may not win, but—they shall have a surprise this time, too."

Six men—Childs, Daicey, and Hunnewell, '02; Beedy, '03; and Briggs and Spofford, '04—were chosen early in December as a "debating squad;" and for three weeks, from their quarters in the top of Roger Williams Hall, they surveyed the world and the question for debate: "*Resolved*, That the United States should adopt a system of Shipping Subsidies." At the end of this period, a trial debate was held, which resulted in the selection of Childs, Hunnewell, and Beedy as the team to meet Harvard. The other three men formed a second team, and with admirable devotion to the interests of the college, worked faithfully in helping the first team by suggestion and by opposition, though there was for them no hope of any but a reflected glory, in the event of a Bates victory. In the meantime, the first team was straining every nerve in the collection and digestion of material; the matter was worked and re-worked, arranged and re-arranged, sorted and revised and tested, till it seemed as if no negative argument could be presented that would not meet with ready demolition. It is interesting to note that the main point advanced by Harvard—that the shipping industry is already flourishing, and needs no aid—was an entire surprise to those who had been most closely in touch with the training of the debaters; it had been expected that the fight would be made along other, and far broader, lines. Yet, while their friends in the audience were wondering how our men were going to take the apparently strong intrenched position of their opponents, Childs was actually climbing the enemy's ramparts, and Beedy, seizing the flag from him, was carrying it with a triumphant rush into the very center of the hostile camp. It is not necessary to say more. Our men were ready for anything that Harvard might bring forward; their minds were supple through long and patient exercise in handling their subject from every possible standpoint; effectively combining independent work with a co-operation which forgot self in the common inter-

est, they had labored faithfully for their college;—and the end has duly crowned their labors.

On Thursday evening, February 13, the Harvard men arrived, five of them—Messrs. Earle, Sage, and Smith, the three debaters, all members of the Senior Class of the college; Mr. Norwood, the alternate, also a Senior; and the coach, Mr. Catchings, an old Harvard debater, now in the Law School. On Friday the Harvard representatives were given the honors of the town, and made to feel that Bates was genuinely glad to see them. They were dined by the President, and, at a reception in the afternoon at the rooms of Mr. Foster—upon whom, as a Harvard graduate, their entertainment devolved in large measure—they were presented to the Faculty and to their opponents in the debate. Everyone liked them, and their frank, manly bearing met quick appreciation at the hands of the manly frankness of our own men.

The evening arrived, clear and beautiful. A lively interest in the debate had been aroused in the Bates world; all realized that it was an important event in college history; but everyone was none the less surprised to see everyone else present at City Hall on the 14th. The hall was literally packed; all the seats on floor and in galleries were filled, and two or three hundred persons stood throughout the debate. It was the largest audience ever gathered at a Bates College function—an inspiring audience, a sympathetic audience. It gave its applause impartially, quickly recognizing the good points made by both sides, and following every word with eagerness. And at the end, by its ringing cheers for Bates and her three spokesmen, it showed that its heart was in the right place.

At 8 o'clock, the six debaters came upon the stage, and took their seats on opposite sides, at tables laden with literature in support of the various points to be made. Both teams wore an air of easy assurance; but in the eyes of the Bates men was a look of determination which suggested reserve force, and augured well for victory. Childs was suffering acutely from a felon on his right hand; but those who feared that this might weaken his nerve and lessen his effectiveness—simply did not know Childs. He is a Bates man, and the college was depending on him for one-third of the work that evening; and he did it.

Judge Savage of Auburn, who presided with kindly dignity, announced the terms of the debate, and introduced as the opening speaker Hunnewell, of Bates, who developed unsuspected power. In his earnest manner he stated the question, defined the position

of Bates upon its affirmative side, and proceeded to establish our country's need of a merchant marine; he pointed out the causes of our lack of ships, and disposed successively of the various plans, aside from that of government subsidy, which have been proposed for supplying them.

Sage, the first speaker on the negative, is youthful in appearance, quiet and self-possessed in manner, and effective, by his very simplicity, in delivery; as he told off his points, one after another, he carried his audience with him. He urged that, as the United States already has a system of mail-subsidies, the *adoption* of a subsidy system must refer to something new; this, he said, must be a gratuitous gift to the shipping interests, without any return on their part. He established—or at least seemed to establish—the fact that American shipping interests are now flourishing, and need no protection; and left in the minds of the audience the figures "1-8-17," representing the increase in our construction of vessels for foreign trade in the past three years.

Childs was the next speaker, and he drove his points home with telling force; the bulk of the constructive argument was in his hands. His task was to show that the method of subsidies is practicable, and that it is an effective means of building up a merchant marine; his proofs of these points were convincing, and he promised that, in five years under subsidy, we shall construct ships as cheaply as Great Britain.

Earle, the second Harvard man, was unfortunate in his physical equipment; body and voice gave an impression of weakness or extreme weariness which detracted from the force of his words. One was conscious of a continual strain upon his voice, and at one time it was feared that he would break down. But his spirit was good, and his thought was clear. He found fault with the affirmative for making no answer to Harvard's points, and proceeded to show that the organization of the ship-building industry, which Childs had said would ensue in five years after the establishment of subsidies, was already a fact—that we can already build cheaper than England.

Beedy completed the case for the affirmative. With a winged enthusiasm that carried every auditor irresistibly with him, and with a quick dash of humor every now and then, he sped along to a brilliant climax. With a jocose hit at the feminine tendency toward spending, he showed that the benefits of the subsidy would be shared by all the people, and that the money would not simply go to line a few pockets; and pointed out the many indirect advan-

tages which the possession of ships would give us. He made an impressive muster of the advocates of shipping-subsidies, and finished with a summary of the entire case for the affirmative.

Smith closed the case for the negative. He was the most oratorical of the Harvard debaters, and his voice and stage-presence added to his effectiveness. He pointed out the evils of the subsidy system, and showed that a subsidy granted to an industry which is no infant would result in inflation, extravagance and monopoly. He urged that Nature be left to take its course, and left two watch-words ringing in the ears of the audience—"1-8-17," and "Wild-Cat Boom."

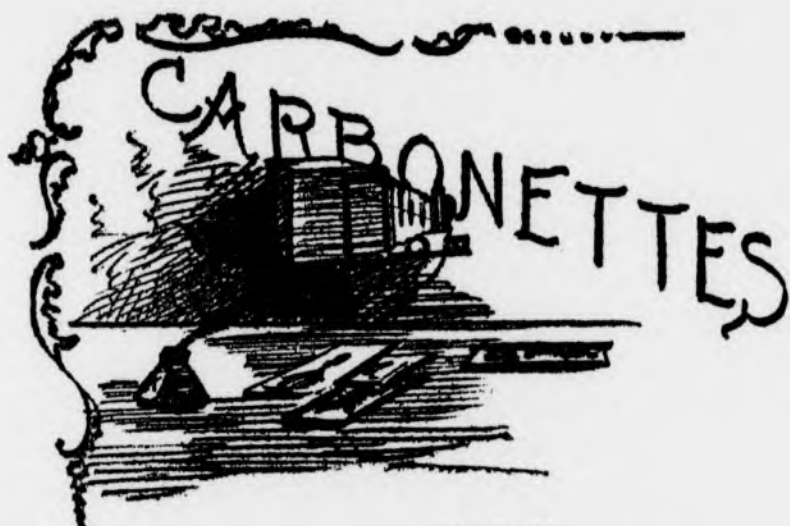
Each of the preceding speeches occupied twelve minutes; without a pause, Sage rose for rebuttal, for which five minutes were allotted to each speaker; here Harvard led off, and Bates had the last word.

And nobly did she speak it. Harvard advanced practically nothing new in these five-minute speeches—in fact, her strength lay largely in the repetition of a few statements which her debaters evidently regarded as unassailable; while fresh facts and arguments fairly radiated from the Bates men in every direction. Such readiness in rebuttal, such perfect mastery of the subject-matter, such a sure hand in turning an opponent's arguments swiftly upon himself, has seldom, if ever, been seen in a debate in this city. Serene, yet spirited, well-poised and confident, our men, who had steadily refused to answer the negative arguments until the affirmative structure was complete, dealt a succession of crushing blows to their opponents' case, which left it hardly strength enough to hobble away in confessed defeat, crying in ever-failing accents, "1-8-17." And when Beedy rose and advanced to the center of the stage, saying, "Don't applaud me; I need the time," we knew that even "1-8-17" was on the eve of its Waterloo.

Fifteen minutes later, three men of distinguished bearing walked upon the stage. Their leader, Judge Putnam, of Portland, said gravely, "Mr. Chairman: The Committee have considered the comparative excellence of the work of the debaters on the two sides; and, while we agree that both Harvard and Bates have made a creditable showing, yet, on the whole, we feel that the award should be given to B——;" and a tremendous outburst of applause at once drowned and completed the word "Bates."

It was one of the proudest days in our history, one that marks a real achievement. In the two cities of Auburn and Lewiston,

among our alumni wherever they are, and throughout the whole State of Maine, satisfaction has been deep and genuine. The newspapers everywhere—even in Boston—told of the contest with enthusiasm. And in years far hence, the names of these three men—Hunnewell, the forcible, Childs, the keen, and Beedy, the magnetic—shall be gratefully remembered as those of the team that beat Harvard.



MARCH.

First of the spring months, hail to thee!
 We sing thee a carol merrily,
 Though thou art gruff and bold,
 We brave thy rough winds' stinging cold,
 Thee we welcome.

Thy magic touch hath wondrous power
 To rouse from sleep the first spring flower,
 And free the streams from the embrace
 Of the mighty Frost King. Our voice we raise
 Thee to welcome.

First of the spring months, hail to thee!
 We sing thee a carol merrily,
 And for thy lessons of hope and cheer,
 Accept our thanks. Now thou art here,
 Thee we welcome.

—RUTH EUGENIA PETTINGILL, 1902.

WHAT THE OLD DOOR-KEEPER SAID.

"So ye wish to see the mills! Well, they are but piles of brick and mortar to look at, filled with machines, human and otherwise. But somehow I feel like taking off my hat when I enter here. Oh, yes, the genius, skill, and wealth that these busy hives exhibit

excite my admiration, but I could not honor these in connection with the souls that animate their human adjuncts.

Many a time I've opened these doors to fair ladies who swept proudly and disdainfully between the busy looms or diligent jennies, satisfying an idle curiosity. And when I have seen such a one pause suddenly beside a loom to gaze upon the face of her sister,—the toiler,—I have often noted the blush of shame burn on fair face and neck. Did my lady see in the haggard, patient face before her, the price of the dainty fabric which adorned her person? Or did she read deeper in the stricken soul and see there the extremities to which all this toil, privation, and ill-paid service has caused her sister to fall? Was her woman's heart touched by this showing of love unreturned, of longings impossible to express, of sin that is only greater than her own because it is not winked at by "good society"? Whatever my lady reads there, she cannot endure the gaze of those eyes, so hopeless and so cynical.

I've grown old since first these doors opened. I have seen bobbin boys and errand girls of a former generation become the men and women operatives of to-day. Some hold honored positions; some bear their fortune in their face. Slowly the wheels of life have evolved, but passion and unremitted toil have rapidly worn away all traces of beauty or of strength.

This bowed and broken woman was once the belle of the mill. To see her face at early morning with her bright smile and roguish eyes was an inspiration to toil! But that was long ago, long ago! Yonder is her husband, once the straightest and bonniest lad in all the place.

Well, ye wanted to see the mill, but my old head is growing dull. The machines of former days with which I was familiar are replaced by modern ones, and the only place I can fill is here by the door. The last whistle will blow for me some slack day and the doors will open to my hands no more. But the wheels in there will still move round; the human beings who now operate them shall pass away and their places be filled by others, and the world shall still be clothed with the sighs, the tears, the very heart's blood and honor of these poor creatures.

Ah, human life is cheap, very cheap to those who laugh, but dear, too dear, to those who act the tragedy!"

Alumni Round-Table.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'79.—Dr. R. F. Johannot recently had the pleasure of entertaining at his home in the suburbs of Chicago two of his classmates who had not seen each other since graduation, twenty-three years ago, W. E. Ranger, Superintendent of Education in Vermont, and Hon. Fletcher Howard, Commissioner of Pharmacy of Iowa. Mr. Ranger went to Chicago to attend the National Meeting of Superintendents, and Mr. Howard came over from his home at Des Moines to meet his classmates.

'72.—In New York City on February 21st, occurred the death of the youngest daughter of George Herbert Stockbridge, aged about three years.

'75.—We take great pleasure in recording the recent appointment of Hon. A. M. Spear as Associate Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine. The career of Mr. Spear is essentially that of a self-made man, of one who has relied upon his own efforts for advancement and has not scorned to make use of physical labor to that end. Born in Madison on March 17, 1852, he spent the days of his boyhood at work upon his father's farm. He is one of the many who can trace the beginning of their educational development to the little red school-house of the country, for his early education was obtained in the district schools of his native place. Leaving home in search of more advanced instruction he completed the course of study at Monmouth Academy in 1869 and at Waterville Classical Institute in 1871. In the fall of the same year he entered Bates College, where he soon established a reputation for scholarship and natural ability backed by intense energy and power of application. He paid his own way through fitting schools and college by teaching in winter and working on a farm in summer. After graduating from Bates in 1875 he taught in Anson Academy for two years and then began the study of law with Hutchinson & Savage, Lewiston. He was admitted to the Kennebec Bar in 1878 and practiced law in Hallowell for six years, serving as city solicitor, member of the school board and representative to the Legislature in 1883 and 1885. During the latter year he moved to Gardiner and was elected mayor of that city in 1889. He was thrice re-elected, serving four consecutive terms. He was chosen member of the State Senate from Kennebec County in 1891 and again in 1893, acting as President of that

body during his last term. He is a prominent Mason and Knight Templar.

In regard to the office to which he has recently been appointed, Hon. George W. Heselton, ex-county attorney for Kennebec, says: "It is without peer among other offices in the gift of the State. It is an office to which every lawyer has the right to aspire, but few there are who attain it. Since the formation of the State only 36 have sat on the supreme bench of Maine. This is a striking illustration when you consider the thousands of attorneys who have practiced in the Maine courts within that time. It is this which illustrates the high position that our brother has achieved."

In regard to the man himself the same eminent authority remarks: "We who have met Judge Spear in legal contest appreciate his mental equipment and know that he will rank with any who are now on the bench or who have preceded. Always courteous in the trial of causes, always fair in the presentation of testimony, always willing to grant a favor, and always having the mental equipoise which can never be shaken—that is Judge Spear."

On the evening of March 3 the fellow-townsmen of Judge Spear tendered him a complimentary dinner in the banquet hall at the Masonic Temple of Gardiner. The room was prettily decorated with palms and at the head of the hall was a large picture of the guest of honor, decked with flowers. His chair was a mass of roses and smilax and directly before him was a magnificent Easter lily with a royal burst of blossoms. Everything was the best that could be procured, and the highly eulogistic speeches showed the esteem and respect in which the newly-appointed justice was held by his neighbors and friends. Hon. O. B. Clason of the Class of '77 acted as toast-master. L. M. Sanborn, Esq., of the Class of '92, was the first speaker of the evening. Among the other guests were R. E. Donnell, '84, and E. W. Morrell, '90.

'85.—Frank A. Morey has recently returned from a very successful business trip to England.

'86.—The "Holy Ghost and Us" Temple at Shiloh has been recently placed under quarantine owing to the presence of small-pox.

'87.—E. C. Hayes, A.M., who is taking a special course in Sociology at the University of Chicago, has returned to Lewiston for a short vacation. His home has recently been gladdened by the appearance of a new member in his family.

'91.—A valuable treatise on "Law and Anarchy" has recently been written by F. L. Pugsley, Principal of Lyndon Institute, Lyndon Center, Vt.

'95.—W. S. Brown has resigned his position as principal of the Dexter High School to accept a very lucrative position in the mining establishment of his brother in Colorado.

'95.—W. W. Bolster has recently been chosen a member of the school committee in New Auburn.

'96.—F. A. Knapp, who is now doing graduate work in Harvard University, has an infant daughter.

'97.—Some of the members of the A. F. C. E. Society of the Main Street Free Baptist Church have recently contributed in addition to their regular dues, a sum of money to be used to aid Lewis P. Clinton in his African missionary work.

'97.—Miss Winn is assistant in the Lisbon High School.

'99.—Alton Wheeler has been elected Superintendent of Schools in Paris, Me.

1900.—The appearance of small-pox in Massachusetts has caused some inconvenience to many Bates men who are principals of High Schools and Academies there. On that account F. P. Ayer recently received a somewhat longer vacation than usual, which he spent at his home in Cornish.

1900.—E. V. Call is taking a short rest after a very successful canvass with views.

1900.—Miss Clara M. Trask has become special teacher of Latin and German in the High School of Boonton, N. J.

1901.—V. E. Rand has succeeded to the position formerly occupied by Brown, '95, as principal of Dexter High School. Mr. Rand was in Lewiston for a few days recently.

1901.—Lincoln Roys delivered a lecture on Memory before the Norland Grange of East Livermore, Saturday, February 22. Mr. Roys is now principal of Wayne High School.

1901.—J. S. Bragg had a varied and extensive experience while canvassing in the employ of the North American Publishing Company of New York, last year. He intends to work in Michigan this summer.

1901.—We are glad to hear from our friends on the other side of the globe. A letter recently received from W. K. Bachelder shows that rapid postal communication with our distant colonies has not yet been established. He writes: ". . . I wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. We are having winter here; it is just agreeable summer weather; the days are very hot, but there is a fresh breeze the most of the time and the

nights are cool. And the moonlight evenings have a beauty all their own. I intend to travel a little by moonlight this week, expect to see Stinchfield. I am much better than when I last wrote, but catch cold at every breath of wind, and yet this is called a healthy climate. Wagg is so far away that I almost expect never to see him in the Philippines. These islands are numerous and the southern are a long way from the northern, especially by the present conveniences for travel. I am glad to hear that so many of 1901 have positions, and good ones, too. Please remember me to the fellows. . . . I haven't heard from the Bates-Bowdoin foot-ball game yet. I feel confident that we have won after the game played against Harvard. . . . I have two more weeks' vacation which ends January 5. Then I suppose a good long grind will begin, lasting nearly a year. We have one month in June, or July, I believe. Soon after school begins I shall have one holiday, the fiesta of the patron saint of the pueblo (village). Thursday evening I had been out and on my return I was surprised to find a large assembly of men and women of a lower grade. They had been dancing. Of course all was quiet when I entered, but I was much surprised when several of the women hopped up, saying, "buenos noches" (good evening). My muchacho (boy) wanted me to give them some money; it would go for the fiesta. I had company and was a little annoyed at the whole affair, so they didn't get any. Some of them went away about 12 P.M., but I heard quiet, hushed women's voices until late in the morning. . . . They have quite a celebration here at Christmas, when many typical eastern scenes may be seen. The serenade before Christmas, the hushed, sad, mournful dirge in the soft moonlight; a beautiful scene yet weird; far from civilization, yet it almost seems like the yearning of these heathen beings for something better. The Catholic Church connects them with a higher, better life, and their sadly sweet songs are the audible expression of that tie. . . . Wagg has been ill, is isolated, etc., like the rest of us. 'Twill be a strange Christmas for us, but pleasant. Thermometer 90° in the shade."

1901.—Rev. Joseph E. Wilson, pastor of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, Me., was united in marriage to Edna M. Gosline, formerly a member of 1902, at the home of the bride, Sussex, Kings County, N. B., on March 5, 1902. A reception was tendered to the bridal pair Friday evening, March 7, by the members of his parish.

Around the Editors' Table.

WE feel that Bates has reason to congratulate herself upon the course of debates which she offers her students. With the Sophomore year comes the first one. This is compulsory. Every student is obliged to write and deliver a debate with no help from his instructors. It is a lesson in independence and self-dependence. Next comes the Sophomore Champion, then the Junior and Senior team debates. These are not compulsory, but are taken up by those who have the inclination and ability to do the work.

Great good would be derived from such a course, however the work was prepared, but we admire the discretion of the Faculty in compelling the student to do his own work, to make his own stand, and to fight his own battles. His debate, whether good or bad, must be his own.

Side by side with this work is the work done by the literary societies. Here we have the opportunity of meeting each other in friendly, serious debate, of training ourselves in quickness, keenness, and all extemporaneous work. And we do not hesitate to say that to the interest thus kept up in debate, and to the skill here obtained is due, in a large measure, our victory over the Harvard Seniors.

WHILE from all sides, congratulations are coming to us upon our success in the recent Bates-Harvard debate, it is really quite interesting to see the view taken of it by one of our rival colleges. In the issue of the *Orient* for February 20th, Bowdoin, from all the greatness of her heart, congratulates Bates on her victory, but she also makes of this an opportunity to heap congratulations upon herself, and in so doing she draws some conclusions which are far from favorable to Bates. Not doubting but what the statements were made in entire good faith, we must say that they were made in a good faith which arose from a complete ignorance of the facts. And while wishing to do nothing to imply that their falsity was known or intentional, or that this adverse criticism sprang from any spirit of jealousy, we take this opportunity to correct some of the statements made there. We learn that Bowdoin men are famous in debating, "while some other colleges not far away which have made a specialty of debates for years, can point to few or no parliamentarians among their

graduates." Owing to the skilful evasiveness of the words, at first we can hardly tell whether this is a thrust at Bates or not. From what follows, however, we judge that this subtle irony is directed against ourselves; however, we think we will be pardoned for our hesitation in attributing it to ourselves, considering how utterly groundless and false such a statement concerning us is.

It is difficult to make a fair comparison between Bates and Bowdoin. For Bowdoin is comparatively an old college, while Bates was founded in 1863. We must allow a man twenty-five years out from college, in which to make his mark. This leaves to Bates the men whom she graduated in the nine years between '67 and '76, as the only ones who have had a fair chance to show their ability. And even comparing the graduates of these nine years, Bowdoin would have an enormous advantage, for Bates graduated only one hundred men to her two or three times as many. A very large number of our early graduates went into teaching; and we incidentally suggest that the relative merits of the two schools along this line be considered. Few of them went into law. But we can make this statement, and back it up, too, that with Bowdoin's graduates since 1867 Bates can match, one to one, men prominent in any of the professions. Among her "few or no parliamentarians" Bates numbers a judge of the Supreme Court, an editor of the *Manual of the United States Senate*, twenty-five or more members of the senates and legislatures of different states, three Presidents of the Maine Senate in the last ten years, thus covering a period of six years, and a President of the Massachusetts State Senate. We are glad and rejoice with Bowdoin that her men are being taught to be independent, and we hope that they will be "able to stand on their own legs," if anything, better in the future than they have in the past. We congratulate them in their resolution to make the debate purely an undergraduate one. It is the policy which Bates has always followed, and her success does not need to be told. We hope that they will be able to carry out the "peculiarity," as they style it, of being independent. We have never found any "peculiarity" in depending upon ourselves, but this is doubtless due to the management of the course of debate here. Our men do their own work and we wish to make it plain that the statement to the effect that, in our debate with Harvard, our men depended upon Faculty assistance, is entirely false, and that it is a statement which no one has any right to make. We cannot admire the spirit which leads

one college to malign another, but when they use false statements for this purpose we must express more than lack of admiration. Our men wrote their own briefs and their own arguments, the work was undergraduate work, the ideas undergraduate ideas, and the debate an undergraduate debate.

In this misrepresentation we are obliged to find a compliment, too, for the statement must have been made upon the writer's own judgment. The Bates men surpassed his expectations, it was not within his conception how college men could have written such debates, and he jumped at the conclusion, evidently, that they had had assistance from the Faculty. However, we wish to remind the writer that throughout the course at Bates, men who are interested in this line of work are given thorough training in depending upon their own abilities, and in delivering debates which they themselves have written. And so in intercollegiate debates our men, working as they are accustomed to work, and depending upon themselves alone, achieve results which may well seem impossible to other colleges.

THE base-ball practice is now well under way and we are approaching the season when Bates must either have a winning team or be compelled to acknowledge that with the very best of material she is unable to put a good team in the field. We cannot say that we are altogether satisfied with the work of the team last year, though they won some notable victories. The student body wants to see our ball team win from Maine colleges as well as from those outside the State, from Bowdoin as well as Columbia, from Colby as well as Tufts. This result we believe can be accomplished by consistent hard work and faithful training—two requisites always insisted upon in those colleges whose athletic success has been most marked.

The students are being constantly urged to unite in support of the various teams, and this is right, but if we are to support the team and thus enable them to represent us, we believe we have the right to insist that each team be the best possible. The spirit of fair play demands that if we support them, they in turn shall support to the limit of their ability, the athletic reputation of the college with which they are associated. This much we believe we have the right to insist upon,—that our base-ball team this year shall train faithfully and consistently, and put forth their best efforts both in the games with Maine colleges and with those outside our State.

IN a recent publication by Hinds & Noble of *Songs of the Eastern Colleges* the representative songs of all the colleges in the eastern states are collected. While turning its pages we discover, along with the representatives from the larger colleges and universities, songs also of Bowdoin, University of Maine, and Colby. We seek in vain for a Bates song until we come to the last page in the book. Here we find "Our Honored Bates," arranged for a male quartette, the words of which are written by authors unknown to the STUDENT. Is this meagre showing worthy of Bates? When we are gaining such signal victories in athletics and debate, are we willing to make known our joy in the singing of borrowed songs? If we ourselves have no talent for the composition of suitable verses we can at least inspire some friend who has this talent with enthusiasm to attempt it. Let us all make an effort in this direction. Let the offspring of the Bates spirit be the production of several Bates songs which shall be worthy representatives of the college of which we are all so proud. Let our next celebration of victory be crowned with the melody of a song which we can call our own.

Local Department.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Bates Y. M. C. A. was represented at the Toronto Convention by E. A. Childs, '02, H. C. Kelly, '03, and D. E. Andrews, '05. They bring back a report of the largest and most helpful convention ever held by the Students Volunteer Movement. We hope that the spiritual life and missionary interest in the college may be deepened and strengthened by the new thoughts and inspiration which they received. Reports were given at the Union Meeting, March 12th.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The delegates sent by the Y. W. C. A. to the Convention of the Student Volunteer movement at Toronto from February 26 to March 2 were Misses Ida Manuel and Clara Williams of '03 and Miss Anella Wheeler of '04. They report a convention pressing upon us *responsibility* and *inspiring resolution*.

The officers for the next year have been chosen as follows: President, Miss Ida Manuel; Vice-President, Miss Anella Wheeler; Recording Secretary, Miss Marion Mitchell; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Hattie Milliken; Treasurer, Miss Elizabeth Perkins.

The Washington's Birthday social held annually in the gymnasium for raising funds to send delegates to the summer conference was delayed this year until Monday evening, February 24th.

The program included several novel features. After being admitted at so much per foot of height, the visitors found booths where fortunes were told, the celebrated red bat was displayed, and much skill was shown at the fish pond and the shooting gallery. Edison's rag dolls also gave much pleasure by their solos and recitations.

The committee is congratulated on a social and financial success.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

MARCH.

We thought we had a winner sure,
A blue-beribboned prize,
"With fleece as white as snow" and just
The sweetest of sheep's eyes.

But alas for hopes of budding flowers,
Of southern zephyrs balmy!
That horrid old March lion up
An' gobbled down our lambie.

Debates!

Declamations!!

Senior Parts!!!

Hicks, '03, has been teaching.

Junkins, '03, has returned from teaching.

Dunfield, '04, has been ill with appendicitis.

Hunnewell, '02, has gone to Livermore, where he will teach for a few weeks.

News has been received of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Knapp of Somerville, Mass.

Miss Cornforth, '03, has been obliged to leave college on account of ill health, but hopes to return in the spring.

Casson, formerly '03, who has been absent from college for a year on account of ill health, has returned to continue his studies with '04.

We wonder what the Bowdoin man said after he had waited two hours in front of Music Hall for the doors to open for the Bates-Harvard debate.

Mr. Ramsdell, '03, who has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, is reported as convalescent. His classmates will be glad to welcome him back to their ranks as soon as his health permits.

We wish to express our sympathy for Professor Stanton in his recent bereavement by the loss of his two sisters, Mrs. Jordan and Miss Stanton, who passed away on the same day at their home on Main Street.

By the will of the late Sarah Edgecomb of Bath, \$20,000 is bequeathed to Cobb Divinity School for the maintenance and education of young men studying for the ministry. The bequest is to be called the Nancy Chase Edgecomb Memorial Fund.

Chapel exercises were recently conducted by Rev. Mr. Symonds. At the conclusion of the regular exercises, Mr. Gray, a missionary worker from Burmah, gave a short but interesting talk on the extent and growth of the missionary work in India.

On Thursday, February 27th, Mr. B. Peck gave a talk on Co-operation before the Class in Economics. As is well known, Mr. Peck is at the head of the co-operative movement in this city, and the students were very glad of an opportunity to listen to him.

An addition to the equipments of the college has recently been made by way of a goodly number of fire extinguishers. The advisability of such a provision was no doubt impressed on the minds of the Faculty by the approach of the Freshman declamations and Sophomore debates.

On Wednesday, March 5th, occurred the marriage of Rev. J. E. Wilson, '01, and Miss Edna Gosline, formerly '02. A very pleasant reception was given at their home on Oak Street by the members of the Pine Street Baptist Church, of which Mr. Wilson is pastor. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson were both very popular while in college, and have many friends who extend best wishes for future happiness.

On February 25th after chapel exercises, the students had the pleasure of listening to two of our alumni, Hon. O. B. Clason of Gardiner, and Richard Stanley of this city. They both spoke on Bates Spirit—what it is and should be. Mr. Clason spoke with enthusiasm of the recent victory over Harvard in debate and of the good showing of the men in foot-ball last fall. Mr. Stanley made especial mention of the need of support in the Athletic Association from the young ladies. The students would be very glad to hear oftener from the alumni of the college.

Exchanges.

IN looking over the college publications we find that several have no exchange columns. It seems too bad to neglect this department, for here many of the brightest and most pithy sayings find their way. Again, it is always well to know what other people think of you, and if we tell you, you ought to tell us. The friendly hints and criticisms are often of much value also.

There is always room in a college magazine for good, serious reading. An article to be "solid" need not necessarily be dry, though too often this is the case. The college magazine is printed for the benefit of the college as a whole. While few write, many read, and the contents which they read should contain material which will instruct as well as interest and please.

Many of the exchanges show almost too much space devoted to light reading. If we realized that the paper is a pretty good picture of the college we might be a little more particular about what goes into it.

The Wellesley Magazine for February devised the unique scheme of filling its literary department with the work of its alumnae. This may be one good way to bring the undergraduates into closer touch with the graduates.

The request of *The Vanderbilt Observer* that the colleges which receive their paper, send in return their own, leads to the thought that possibly the larger colleges would not be stooping so very low if they sent their magazines to some of the smaller ones. Exchange certainly does not mean a one-sided transaction; and its purpose is to aid the smaller colleges as well as the larger.

This magazine commends itself to us in general, but in one point particularly, the Flashlight department, where "not one unnecessary word may be used."

The Buff and Blue is up to its standard. The story "Sentenced" is a strong one; the first part of it arouses our imagination; the last our sympathy. From the magazine we take this cutting:

MEMORIES.

When you touch the strings, the music,
Like a prisoned bird set free,
Swells so sweetly and so grandly
In some happy harmony,
Bringing back my boyhood visions.
All the dreams of long ago
Are entwined within the music
Of your zither soft and low.

Aye play on, and let the music,
Swelling from the vibrant strings,
Touch upon this heart of silence
Where an echo faintly rings;
Let it loose the bonds of mem'ry;
Let the stream of Fancy flow
While the soft notes of your zither
Bring back dreams of long ago. —J. H. Keiser, '05.

It has been suggested that the editor of the *Colby Echo* be allowed to drop one study in the regular course in consideration of the work put in on the paper, as it is thought by many that this is about equal to the work required for one study. Nothing definite has been done as yet, but the plan may be tried.

The suggestion seems quite delightful.

"A Rabbit Hunter," in *The Tuftonian*, is a fine bit of pathos.

Of the Bates-Harvard debate *The Bowdoin Orient* says:

Owing to the local interest which naturally centers in a matter which concerns Bates, the enthusiasm was, at times, intense. The debate, however, was rather disappointing, in that the arguments were evasive. The opponents resorted too often to shifts and shuffles. Bates, especially, eluded one of the particular challenges offered, though she had the burden of proof. There was also need of more irony and pungency; and an occasional anecdote would have relieved the monotonous sobriety of the contest.

We realized that the Bowdoin men might be somewhat depressed at the debate, the result of it, at least. But it was hardly expected that they would lay it to the manner in which Bates conducted it. It is too bad if they came up expecting to hear some new jokes and instead heard only a good, rousing debate conducted in a smart, business-like manner. Possibly the last clause of the cutting raises the standard of debate too high for Bates to reach.

The Sibyl contains an editorial on college spirit well worth reading and worth acting upon.

"A man comes to college not alone to memorize books, but to round out and polish himself in the best manner possible for contact with the world."—*The Campus*.

The Red and Blue shows excellent work, especially in its verse. From it we take:

THE NIGHT SPIRITS.

I.

They come at the fall of the crimson pall
That follows the sun's decline,
And they flutter away when the light's first ray
Shoots over the horizon's line.
Their realm is the shade o'er the universe laid,
The gloom unpierced by a spark,
For these are the sprites that live through our nights,
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

II.

They have never a shape of man or of ape,
No form of an earthly mould,
Yet they fashion themselves into giants or elves
As the fancy may lay them hold;
Though all unseen their ghostlike mien,
Their presence we each may mark,
Through ear and eye may we clearly descry
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

III.

The whole night long, a numberless throng,
They are rustling to and fro,
Flitting about in a spectral rout,
Like a fete of the fiends below.
In uncouth groups, in dark, weird troops,
They dance in their ghostly lark—
The nightly sport of the spirit sort—
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

IV.

In shadows deep, where never may creep
The tiniest ray of light,
Strange masses of murk they stealthily lurk,
These phantoms of fear and fright.
And he that fares by their teeming lairs
Shall falter and peer and hark—
Like the demons of wrath they are haunting his path,
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

V.

When the last twilight has merged into night,
And the earth is quiet and still,
And the deep night shade is finally laid
O'er valley and plain and hill,

From the sunset's crown they come fluttering down,
 (And their presence ye well may mark)
 They have come to stay till the dawn of day,
 The People that Dwell in the Dark.

—Robert Thompson McCracken.

The Smith College Monthly is among the best, if not the best of our exchanges for this month. The story "Johann and I" shows a strong imagination; there is an abundance of poetry; the sketches are fine, and true to life; and it has in an editorial a good, fair facing of the examination problem.

Our Book-Shelf.

"Books should to one of these four ends conduce,
 For wisdom, piety, delight, or use."

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

We have read many descriptions of the Pan-American Exposition and feel perhaps that our interest in the "Rainbow City" is nearly exhausted. But when we open *Around the Pan with Uncle Hank*¹ we find that we have a new view of the Exposition which attracts our attention at once. Thomas Fleming, the author, has depicted to us a genuine Yankee farmer who tells us about the marvellous wonders of the Fair, all of which he viewed from a humorous standpoint. While he gives us a full and accurate account of the Exposition, he at the same time causes us to enjoy many a hearty laugh at his mistakes and crude jokes. Uncle Hank is a veteran of the civil war and he meets several veterans of the Confederate army. Among other prominent men he encounters Chauncey Depew, W. J. Bryan, and President Roosevelt, then Vice-President. If any criticism were to be passed on the book it might be the wish that the record of the tragic scene of President McKinley's assassination had been omitted. The description of the Midway in Uncle Hank's characteristic Yankee dialect is particularly interesting. The illustrations, consisting of numerous marginal and full-page grotesque drawings by the author, are a marked feature of the book. On the frontispiece is a unique portrait of President McKinley drawn with a pen in one continuous line by the author. The reader finds himself amused and refreshed throughout the perusal of this book, and the features of the great Exposition, set forth in the light of fun, leave a more vivid impression on his mind than ever before.

A dainty and attractively bound book is *Songs and Scenes from Faust*², published by the H. M. Caldwell Company. We have presented to us some of the best scenes of Goethe's great masterpiece beautifully illustrated from designs by A. Liezen Mayer and Ad. Lalanze. These excellent full-page reproductions alone are enough to make the book a valuable possession. The translation from the German, although many of the scenes are much condensed and the length of the line and consequently the movement of the original is often departed from, gives a clear idea of the thought. We recommend this book to all admirers of Goethe as a most interesting and attractive work. Together with this book, in a series of songs from the great poets, the *Song of the Brook*, by Tennyson, and *Song of the Bell*, by Schiller. These are to be followed by *Songs for all Seasons* by Longfellow, *Song of the River* by Kingsley, and *Songs of the Echoes*, by Milton, Ben Jonson, and Tennyson.

In *Elemental Experimental Chemistry*,³ by W. F. Watson, A.M., we have a clear, concise presentation of the fundamental principles of elementary chemistry. The author, who is Professor of Chemistry and Biology at Furman University, Greenville, S. C., prepares this work after fourteen years of experience in teaching chemistry. While the aim of the

book is not to give an exhaustive treatment of the subject, still each element is taken up thoroughly enough to give the student a good general knowledge of chemistry. It is especially designed for the student who is able to take a course of only one year in the science, but it is equally valuable as a text-book for those who intend to continue in the advanced work. The order of discussion of the elements is based on the Periodic Law. A brief but clear explanation of the newly accepted theory of solutions is a strong feature of the book. Recognizing the importance of laboratory work as a part of the study of chemistry, the author has introduced experiments whenever possible. These experiments were written out by the author immediately after performing them and are stated in a clear, accurate manner. The great advantage of this book over many chemistry text-books is its artistic illustrations. These consist of full-page, half-tone engravings of all the apparatus and chemicals used in the experiments. The appendix consists of a valuable list of Chemical Synonyms, and various convenient tables for reference, including those on Valence, Acids, Comparative Temperatures, and Colors of Beads, Precipitates, and Flames.

One of the American Book Company's new text-books is *Lessons in Physical Geography*.¹ This valuable work is prepared by Charles R. Dryer, M.A., F.G.S.A., Professor of Geography, Indiana State Normal School. The author believes that physical geography is capable of treatment such as to develop a scientific habit of mind. This view is carried out in his presentation of the subject. General laws are developed from the complete and accurate investigation of certain types. The essential facts of each topic are first given, then by inductive reasoning the student is led to appreciate their causes and results. A number of realistic exercises are introduced at various points in the text for the purpose of a realization of the methods of geographic research. The arrangement of the topics is, in general, based upon the pedagogical order of presentation to students. The final chapter consists of a systematic discussion of the relations of the physical features of the earth to human progress. A bibliography of English geographical literature is added for reference. Considered as a whole, the book is an accurate presentation of the geographic science of the present day.

Songs of the Eastern Colleges,² lately published by Hinds & Noble, is a collection of typical songs from all the eastern colleges with the addition of the most popular songs sung by students everywhere. The selection has been made by Robert W. Atkinson of Harvard and Ernest Carter of Princeton, who are to be congratulated on their wise choices. While we gladly welcome new songs of real merit, we are loath to see our old favorites replaced as is sometimes the case in new song books. In this collection, however, we find that all the old beloved tunes, which stir the latent college enthusiasm in every alumnus, are retained, while there are introduced many songs of recent date which are destined to be added to the list of "good old college songs." What better way to strengthen the feeling of brotherhood and mutual interest which exists between the colleges of our eastern states than by occasionally singing, together with our own college songs, the representative melodies of our sister colleges? Each of the larger colleges and universities is represented by several songs, while in our own State, for Bowdoin we have "Bowdoin Beata," for University of Maine "O, dear, loved Maine," for Colby, "Alma Mater," and for Bates "Our Honored Bates." We recommend this book for those who wish an excellent collection of college songs.

¹Around the Pan. Thomas Fleming. Nutshell Publishing Co., New York. Price, \$2.00.

²Songs and Scenes from Faust. H. M. Caldwell Co., New York.

³Elementary Experimental Chemistry. W. F. Watson, A.M. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. Price, \$1.25.

⁴Lessons in Physical Geography. Charles R. Dryer. American Book Co., New York.

⁵Songs of the Eastern Colleges. Hinds & Noble, New York.

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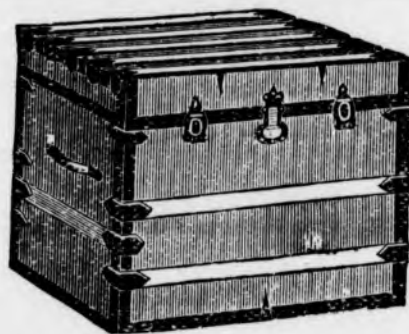
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To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
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Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
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