

4-1902

# The Bates Student - volume 30 number 04 - April 1902

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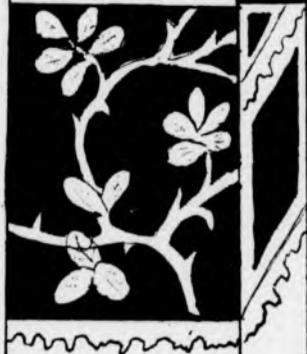
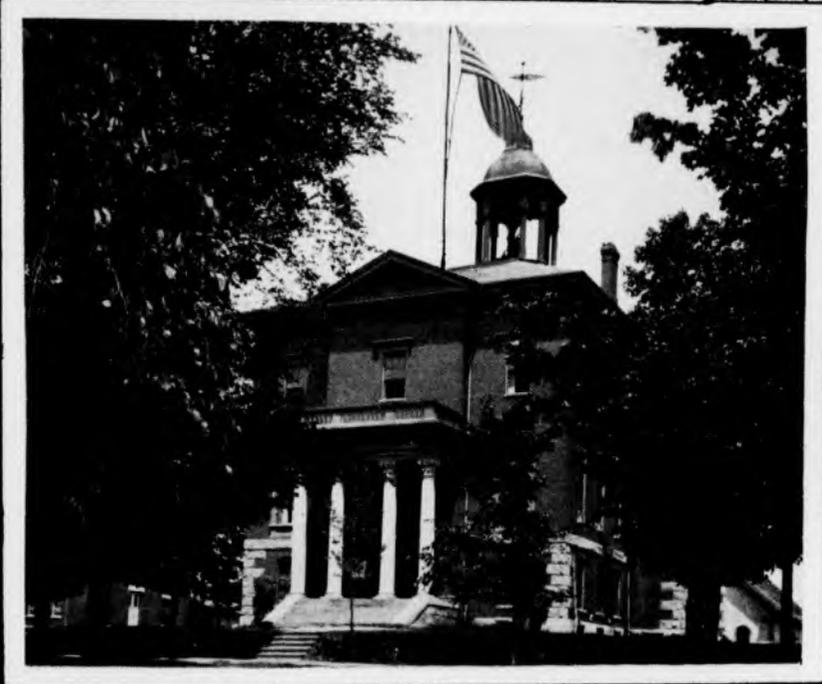
## Recommended Citation

Bates College, "The Bates Student - volume 30 number 04 - April 1902" (1902). *The Bates Student*. 1915.  
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The Bates  
Student.



April

C.L. Jordan. '03

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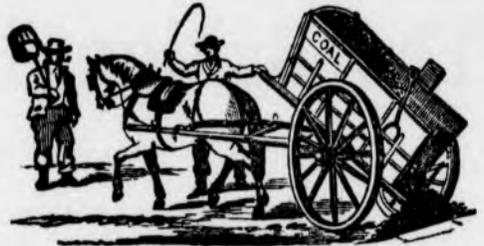
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THE  
BATES STUDENT.

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VOL. XXX.

APRIL, 1902.

NO. 4.

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Published by the Class of 1903, Bates College, Lewiston, Me.

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## Literary.

TO J. Y. S.

Thou leddest us all in days long since agone;  
 Thou leadest us now. Thy kindly words and thoughts  
 Are guides in all life's ways, for thou hast taught  
 Us more than Greek and Latin in life's morn;  
 We learned of thee—to serve is to be strong.

Our most respected teacher, counselor, friend;—  
 Thou who dost walk by faith, thou who dost spend  
 Thy days in search of Truth! we fain would throng  
 To place the laurel on thy noble brow.  
 No helpful thoughts, or kind advice, or praise  
 Hast thou withheld from us; victorious thou  
 In duties bravely done! Oh, may thy days  
 Be full of rest, and joy, and peace, as now;  
 God follow thee and keep thee in thy ways.

—LEONORA B. WILLIAMS, Brunswick, Me.

Class of '91, Bates College.

### SNOWBOUND ON THE BROADS.

**I**N a picturesque spot at the base of a range of mountains in central New Hampshire is an ideal New England village. It is situated on the shore of a large lake and is the Mecca for many tourists in summer. The village still retains many of the customs and characteristics of olden times. The inhabitants enjoy life in their own quiet and inoffensive way and are content to watch the progress of the world without taking any great active part.

One afternoon in February, 189-, a group of villagers were assembled in the village store awaiting the arrival of the stage and mail. There had been much cold weather and little snow that winter. The lake was frozen and the young people, and, indeed, many of the elder population, had greatly enjoyed the fine skating. Fishing through the ice had also been an agreeable pastime.

"Howdy doo, John," greeted a later arrival. "Glad to see you."

"So be I you," answered the one addressed. "Be'n't we goin' to git no snow this winter, Cy? Bad for the lumber men."

"I reckon we'll be gittin' some snow," said Uncle Sam, the postmaster. "Signs point to an ole ring-tail-snorter afore long. There was a mackerel sky last night and the blue-jays weremakin' a great racket out by my corn-crib. When them birds make such a fuss, it's a sure sign uv a storm."

In another part of the store, two boys, Harry Hooper and Frank Black, each about fifteen years of age, were completing arrangements for a fishing trip next day.

"Here's the mail," said Frank. "Be around early with your sled and traps. Don't forget some grub."

The next morning dawned clear and cold. The boys set out across the "broads" of the lake, hauling a sled loaded with traps, live-bait and other articles necessary for a fishing trip. The "broads," as this part of the lake is called, is about eight miles wide, and, with the exception of one small island on which there is a summer camp, is unbroken by land.

The boys skated across this long stretch of ice and proceeded two or three miles further, winding in and out between islands, until they came to a series of small bays where pickerel abounded.

A more perfect day could not be desired. The bright sunlight gleamed on the thin layer of snow which covered the summits of the high mountains sloping to the shore of the lake and sheltering the spot chosen for fishing. The traps were set and the boys kept busy watching the red signal flags and taking care of the fish. They ate their lunch on the shore and continued the fishing in the afternoon with exceptionally good luck.

The sun sank early behind the mountains. Clouds began to gather and the wind rose, but on account of the nearness of the mountains and the interest in fishing, the boys did not notice the change until it began to snow. They hastily gathered their traps and started homeward.

The northeast storm gradually increased in force. The strong wind was against them and the increasing snow blinded them. Little drifts began to form where there were cracks and these little drifts grew rapidly. The boys left the heavily-loaded sled in a familiar place on the shore and put all their energy into their skating.

When they reached the "broads," they realized that a great blizzard was raging. They started in the direction of the village, eight miles away. The snow came thicker and faster, and soon they could not see a hundred yards in any direction. For an hour they struggled blindly on in what they supposed was the right course. As the snow grew deeper it was necessary to remove their skates. They understood that their situation was becoming serious.

"Do you know where we are going?" asked Frank.

"Not sure," replied Harry. "I've tried to go straight by keeping the wind a little to the left. But it is likely to vary a little in such a storm. Anyway, we've got to keep moving, so's not to freeze."

"I can't move much more," said Frank. "I've got to sit down and rest."

"None of that," quickly replied Harry. He took hold of Frank and, half carrying him, went on for nearly another hour. The snow was now ankle deep and they slipped on the ice.

Then Harry, who had been straining his eyes through the dense wall of falling snow, barely noticed an indistinct black streak. He turned towards it and soon found that it was the island. With a shout of joy he hastened with Frank to the piazza of the camp. Both boys threw themselves down, nearly exhausted.

"That was something like work," at length remarked Frank. "I guess it is lucky for me that you saw this island."

Harry did not reply. It would have been difficult enough to have walked those four or five miles without being obliged to help his companion. Frank saw Harry's condition and said: "We'd better get into the house, hadn't we?"

"Break in. Any way to get in," directed Harry.

After resting a few moments, Frank looked around for a chance to enter. The search was little encouraging. All the windows had shutters firmly bolted on the inside and the doors were securely locked. Under the circumstances he felt justified in breaking and entering if possible.

Suddenly Harry exclaimed: "I tell you, Frank, see if the trap-door to the ice-chest is unlocked."

"Ah! never thought of that."

Frank pushed away some snow and crawled under the house to where the ice-box was located. He tried the door and it opened. There are usually no cellars under camps and many have a trap door in the floor opening over a hole in the ground where ice keeps very well in summer.

Frank found a lantern, got a fire started in the stove and prepared to make themselves at home. A good supply of canned provisions was discovered, and, thus situated, there was no immediate danger of starving or freezing. They made their supper of canned meat, pilot bread and hot coffee.

"What more could the Crown Prince of Germany wish?" laughed Frank.

The big fire in the stove and the hot coffee put new life into Harry.

"You're a boss cookee, Frank," he said. "Why don't you go into the business?"

"Guess I will. I could fill people up on canned stuff and get a reputation as a cook. Thanks for the suggestion."

"This is solid comfort, all right," added Harry. "And we have a good excuse for enjoying it." After a few moments of silence he remarked: "Where do you suppose our folks think we are? Wish they knew we were all right."

"That's so," said Frank. "Perhaps they'll think we stopped at my uncle's. He lives not far from where I told father we intended to fish. Anyhow, we're here and must stay until morning at least."

Outside, the storm continued with undiminished force and the boys could hear the dull moaning made by the strong wind in the woods surrounding the camp.

They passed the evening talking and reading magazines, with which the camp library was well stocked. After filling the stove with wood enough to last until near morning, the boys found blankets and went to bed to enjoy a good night's rest:

"Content to let the North wind roar  
In baffled rage at pane and door."

Awaking late the next morning, a beautiful sight greeted them. It was a perfect New England winter day. The branches of evergreen trees drooped with the heavy burden of snow. A gentle, cold breeze blew the light snow in clouds which glistened in the dazzling sunlight. The distant tapping of a lonely woodpecker, engaged in securing a delayed meal, and the occasional scraping of dried limbs of trees were the only audible sounds to break the stillness of the woods. A low chip, followed by a plaintive "chic-a-dee-dee-dee-dee" called the attention of the boys to an unnoticed flock of little birds hopping about on some near-by birch trees, busily picking away at the buds.

"We must get some breakfast and try to get home," announced Harry. "It will be a long, hard walk to get over to the village. The snow must be two feet or more deep on the ice."

"How easy and what fun if we only had some snowshoes," replied Frank.

"That's right," said Harry, "and we must have some shoes. I tell you. Why can't we make good use of that empty barrel up in the loft?"

"That's what we'll do, Harry."

By fastening two staves together for each "snowshoe," they each made a pair that answered their purpose.

After eating a hearty breakfast they fastened the camp and entered on the homeward tramp, arriving in time to help the men break out the roads with large sleds drawn by several yokes of oxen.

The case of breaking and entering the camp was satisfactorily settled with the owner out of court, and the boys agreed that, on the whole, it was the most enjoyable day's fishing in their experience.

—E. T., '05.

#### A NEW-YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

THE clock struck ten just as Elsie Gray finished writing that last resolution: "I resolve to do all that I can to keep the Sophomores from hazing the Freshmen."

A rather unusual resolve for a girl to make, surely, but Elsie was an unusual girl. Her brother Tom said that you never could tell when she would startle everyone with some unheard-of idea. She had an original way for doing everything.

Tom came in just as she laid down her pen. "What now, sis?" he said, looking over her shoulder. Then, as he read the last resolve, "My dear infant, what do you imagine you can do to prevent the Sophomores hazing us?"

Elsie's face flushed. "You needn't be so scornful, Mr. Gray. You may see the time when you will be glad of my help."

Tom laughed good-naturedly and went off whistling.

The college which he and Elsie had entered was a small one in Northern Vermont. Though hazing wasn't carried to such an extent there as it is in the larger colleges, it was growing more

violent every year. The Fall term had already passed. There had been some "skirmishes" but no serious trouble. The Faculty were strongly opposed to hazing, but had not succeeded in checking it fully.

It was now the beginning of the winter term. Nothing had happened for excitement for some time and the Sophomores were getting restless. Something must be done to show the proud Freshmen their failings.

A few days after Elsie wrote out her resolutions, she was sitting in the Latin Room, waiting for the bell to ring, when two boys entered. They did not see her, for a book-case partially hid her from view. She paid no attention to what they were saying, until she heard one of them mention the name "Gray." Then it was too late to leave the room. Elsie tried not to listen, but she could not help it.

"Yes," said one, "Brown told me that Gray was going to join Gamma Sigma next week. Now I'll tell you my plan. Of course some one from the society will go up after him. We'll go to the house a little bit early, and when we tell him that we have come to take him to the Gamma Sigma room he won't suspect anything. We'll blindfold him and he will think that is a part of the initiation. We'll take him to that old vacant house on the corner of Franklin and Pine streets (almost out in the country, you know), and put him through a mock initiation. Let's not tell the other fellows, for if we do our plans will be sure to get out. After we have had all the fun we want, we'll leave him to get home the best way he can and no one will be the wiser."

"Oh, is that so?" said Elsie to herself as the boys went out.

The next night she went to a reception. Both of the boys whom she had overheard talking were there. When some one introduced Haskell to her she bowed demurely, though there was just a suspicion of a twinkle in her eye.

"I believe you are a Senior, are you not?" she asked innocently.

"Well, no, I am sorry to say I am only a Sophomore," replied he.

"Oh, I am awfully glad, for now I shan't be afraid to ask questions. Do you know, I have heard so much about hazing, but I have only a very dim idea of it. What do they do?"

"Oh, all sorts of things," answered the unsuspecting youth. "They duck their victims in the pond, put them in coffins, give them mock initiations, and make life unhappy for them generally. That is, I have heard the upper class men say so. Of course, I don't know much about it myself."

"Of course not," assented Elsie. "It must be fun, though. I wish I was a boy."

Just then some one called her away. Haskell looked after her admiringly. "Isn't she pretty, though," he said to himself. "I'm sorry I didn't catch her name when we were introduced."

For a week everything went on quietly. The Sophomores

were remarkably peaceful. The weary Faculty congratulated themselves on the fact.

One day Elsie took a trip down to Franklin Street. The old house which Haskell had mentioned belonged to her aunt, so she had no difficulty in getting a key.

As she was returning she met Haskell and recognized him with her sweetest smile.

At tea-time that night Tom said, "I am going to join Gamma Sigma to-night, Elsie?"

"Don't you dread the initiation?" she asked.

"No, that is, not much. The Sophs usually interfere; but they are very quiet this year. Why, one of the fellows was telling me that Haskell (their president) didn't believe in hazing. Two of the society boys will call for me about seven to-night, so I shall be all right, anyway."

"I hope so," said Elsie, gravely, "but don't be frightened by anything that happens, will you?"

"Why, sis, what do you mean?"

"Oh, I didn't know but that the goat might get loose," she answered.

A little earlier than Tom had expected, the door-bell rang. Two dark figures stood at the door when he opened it.

"We have come to take you to the Gamma Sigma room," one said, "but first you must be blindfolded."

Tom had heard enough about initiations so that he was not surprised at this announcement. He got on his coat and hat, then submitted to have his eyes carefully covered.

The boys started off at a rapid pace. "The Sophomores don't know anything about this, do they?" asked Tom.

"We have kept it perfectly quiet," said Haskell, with a grin, "but you mustn't talk. That is against our rule."

They walked on in silence. The streets were nearly deserted, for it was a cold winter night. After a few moments Tom felt, rather than saw, that he was in an unfamiliar part of the city. He began to grow uneasy and was just going to break the silence by asking where he was, when his conductors halted.

"Now step up-up-up!" they said gruffly. Tom obeyed, trembling. He felt himself going up what seemed endless flights of stairs. When at last they reached the landing the boys thrust him into a dark room and told him to stand perfectly still while they went for the goat.

Tom began to tremble in spite of his resolutions to be brave. The silence was dreadful. His fancy pictured all sorts of horrible things. Besides, he was now shivering with the cold. "The goat must be unusually hard to manage," he thought.

Suddenly he heard what sounded like shouting and vigorous kicking. "Some other poor victim," thought Tom.

Then, he could hardly believe his ears, but he fancied he heard a low, smothered laugh, that sounded strangely familiar. In a moment he heard footsteps. Some one stood at his side. "Are

you ready to swear allegiance to this noble order of Gamma Sigma?" asked a deep voice.

"Yes."

"Then tell me who is speaking to you?" This time there was an unmistakable giggle.

"Elsie Gray, what does this mean?" cried the boy, tearing off his blindfold.

"Oh, nothing much, only that the Sophomores have brought you here for a mock initiation and you are a mile from the Gamma Sigma room."

"Where are they?" gasped Tom.

"Locked up safely in the front part of the house," answered his sister, "and now come, it is time you were going home."

"Elsie, what on earth—how did you know?"

"Oh, it was easy enough. All I had to do was to keep my eyes and ears open. Of course I am only a girl, but then"—

"Elsie, you are a sister worth having. I'll never say that again."

"I think," said Elsie, "that since we have the Sophomores' president in the other room we had better make him promise not to do any more hazing. I think he would prefer promising even that, to staying in this cold house all night. He must be tired kicking that door."

They went softly down the long hall.

"Mr. Haskell, and Mr. Roberts, too," said Elsie through the key-hole, "do you want to come out?"

She could hear them whispering. Finally one said, "Yes, but who are you?" "O, never mind that. You must make one promise before I unlock the door. Promise me that you will stop trying to haze the Freshmen and I will let you out."

After a moment's hesitation they both said, "We promise."

"You see," said Elsie, as she unlocked the door, "I really couldn't let my brother stay here. He would have been so frightened"—with a glance at Tom.

The boys recognized her voice. "Miss Gray," said Haskell, "it wouldn't be any use for us to attempt to haze the Freshmen if they all had sisters like you."

The next day there was a special meeting of the Sophomore boys. The president briefly stated its object. "Boys," he said, "this meeting is called to see what you will do about giving up hazing. You all know how the Faculty feel about it. Many of the students feel the same way. It seems to me that we ought to give it up."

Astonished glances from the boys. What could it mean! Haskell, the foremost hazer of them all, calling a class-meeting for such a purpose as this.

"I shall have to tell you my reasons," he said, "though I didn't mean to." Then he told quickly the story of Elsie Gray's pluck and courage. It had the desired effect. The motion in favor of giving up hazing was made and carried without an opposing vote, and, as the meeting adjourned, the boys, with one impulse, gave nine 'Rahs for the plucky Freshman girl. —M. E. G., '05.

## CARLYLE AND HIS INFLUENCE.

CARLYLE, the critic and historian! What shall we say of the man? Not a reformer like Martin Luther, nor a statesman like Gladstone, yet he holds as unique a position in the world's history.

Now that the bitterness of contemporary thought has worn away, we may realize more clearly what he has done for humanity.

First, however, let us consider the condition of society in England at the time when he lived. The universal doctrine was Individualism—the right of the individual to accumulate whatever he could, in whatever way he could without the interference of the state.

In economics this doctrine meant the degradation of the laborer, who, crushed with the stern creed of the Manchester school, found no redress in the corrupt legislation of the government. The motto seemed to be, "Each one for himself," forgetful of a brother struggling at one's very side. Art and learning, that is, for the majority, were unheard of things. Cities were crowded with an over-worked population, ignorant and abused.

People clung to their theory, trusting that it would set right all present evils.

Now we come to a man whose cry was "Don't worship the majority;" who could dare to express his opinions and stand by his convictions, though alone.

He denounced democracy, considering representative government as a delusion and a snare. He considered democracy a government of the rich, by the rich, for the rich. Society divided into two classes—those with money and those without, and the latter, though free in theory, the slaves of the former, a society dominated by vulgar and sordid aims, with the accumulation of wealth as its chief ideal.

Will anyone, viewing the rush and turmoil of business life, the corrupt state of municipal government, and the growth of classes, even in the free land of America, say that Carlyle was a false prophet and a ranting philosopher?

If Carlyle tore down old structures, he also, to a certain degree, furnished the materials for new ones. There are two special points in which he showed his remarkable insight and keenness of thought. First, he was in favor of emigration to relieve the crowded condition of the cities. Though not a final solution to the social problem, yet for the time the relief was far-reaching and effective. Second, his voice was raised for national education, though it was not till twenty-seven years later that British public education was established.

Can you doubt the benefits of national education? Yet in Carlyle's time, his plea was almost alone and unnoticed. He was in advance of his times—a genius misunderstood and therefore harshly condemned.

A German writer has said that Carlyle is the real author of the modern progressive movement in England.

In history—how great is Carlyle's influence! Take, for example, his Oliver Cromwell. Maligned, harshly judged by church, state, society, and literature, this great statesman had for two centuries borne the reproach of all England. No sarcasm had seemed too bitter, no criticism too unjust, no reproach too severe to hurl at the character of one of the noblest English statesmen. Such was Carlyle's power that with one book he entirely changed this opinion, brought England to regard aright true worth and to revere Cromwell as the great hero he really was.

Again: Frederic Harrison says, "To make men think, to rouse men out of the slough of the conventional, the sensual, the mechanical, to make men feel, by sheer force of poetry, pathos, and humor, the religious mystery of life and the wretchedness of unclean living—nothing could be more trumpet-tongued than 'Sartor Resartus.'" What an influence is this, greater than that of a mere teacher, for it goes to the fountain head of life and inspires with zeal to better living.

People condemn Carlyle for the plan he adopted in his *Heroes and Hero-worship*; they say he omitted some of the greatest heroes, yet who, before Carlyle, though in an age of such men as Wellington, Macaulay, Southey, and Coleridge, had understood the true nature of a hero. Only soldiers had been considered heroes, but Carlyle gave to us other types, who show that life's battles are not all fought with the sword.

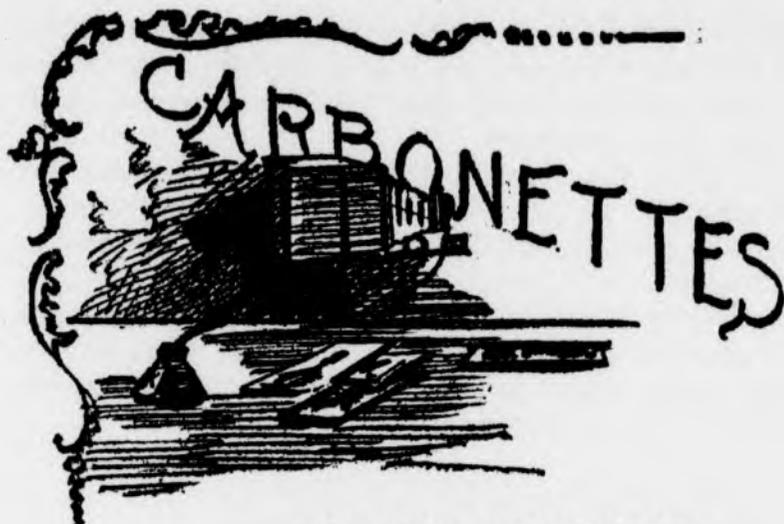
To this great thinker, sham stood in the greatest contempt. His delight was to throw aside the veneer of life and to look at the heart and soul of matters. If his touch was harsh, yet his duty seemed plain and his purpose in life was both earnest and sincere.

Lowell says, "As a purifier of the sources whence our intellectual inspiration is drawn, his influence has been second only to that of Wordsworth, if even to his."

From all this we see what Carlyle has done for society.

Though he has not forced any doctrine upon us he has taught us to think, each one for himself, and to despise sham. In economic views he was in advance of his age, and though men did not adopt his ideas entirely, they were aroused and stimulated from the selfishness of Individualism to the broader charity toward humanity.

—F. S. A., '02.



## THE TWO STOWAWAYS.

We were in the English channel about opposite the Bill of Portland when our attention was attracted by a group of sailors gathered amidships of the lower deck. Jim, who was more inquisitive than I, drew me along with him until we were near the party. "See," said Jim in a whisper, "the sailors have found a couple of stowaways. Just listen!"

"Come now, mates, give account of yerselves," cried a man whom we recognized as the cockswain, addressing the oldest of the two boys.

"Wal, sir," began the lad in a tone which reminded us of a New England Yankee out West, "Bill and me have got to git back to the States somehow, any way we wuz all out of cash and were starving in London. We'll work, though; we expect to work."

"Ye can just bet your last bob, ye'll have to work. But spin the rest of that air yarn! Where'd ye live and what ye going to the States for?"

"Well, sir," replied the boy quickly, "me and Bill live in Lyons out there near Chicago. We left hum to canvass for these view pictures and got to New York last May. The agent who hired us, told us we could make the money in Paris at the Exposition, and we were "darned" fools enough to believe him. We got a chance to work our way over on the *Bostonian*, bound for La Havre from New York. When we got in France we couldn't do a thing with those jabbering Frenchmen and got over to London as quick as possible, where we could talk Yankee."

"Go on, mate. Did ye find smooth sailing in London?"

"It was the neatest place for a round-up that we ever struck. But the money didn't last. We got out of cash; didn't have any way to get any; pawned our watches and coats, and at last crawled on board this ship and hid ourselves in the hole. That's all!"

"That's all, is it! I think the Cap'n will give you lubbers a new tack. Ye can follow my wake, my hearties."

We saw the boys, two young fellows with honest, western faces,—following the cockswain toward the Captain's quarters. After this little episode between decks, we saw no more of the two

American stowaways until we reached Boston, but from inquiries we learned that they were put into the hole as stokers. We often wondered who they were and how they would endure the hardships to which they were subjected.

As we walked down the plank to the Charlestown wharf, we recognized two faces in the crowd. The two boys had landed. We managed to slip a couple of dollars into their hands and to wish them God's speed.

"Thank you, sirs, thank you! It seems good to hear the voice of a Yankee. I say, you can bet your best hoof that when we see the plains again, we'll know enough to stay there. Good-by, friend. If you ever come to Lyons, just hunt us up."

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#### IN THE APRIL WIND AND SUNSHINE.

"Hallo, Freckles!"

"Don't ye call me that again!"

"I will if I want tur!"

"Ye darsn't!"

"I dare!"

"If ye dur, I'll smash ye!"

"Ye can't dur it!"

"Don't ye tell me I can't!"

"Wall, try it, then!"

"I will in two jiffies, if ye give me any more yer lip."

"I guess I'll talk for the likes o' you."

"You are a good one, you are!"

"If I ain't as good as yer be, I'll 'go way back!'"

"Wall, ye better, then!"

"Who said so?"

"I did!"

"You're nuthin'!"

"You're another!"

"Take that!" Bang.

"And that!" Bang.

Bang, bang, sputter, yelp, shriek, crash. Two enraged small boys led off the field of battle by two red-faced mothers,—said boys following the direction of their left ear.

Thirty minutes later. Ground still trampled; a shattered cigar box, broken top, several marbles in the mud, a fish line with bob. Two boys with swollen lids.

"Here's yer top, Billie!"

"All right. Be this yer marble?"

"Yap."

"Can't find my alley, nowhere!"

"There 'tis!"

Both spring forward together. Heads bump again.

"My head!"

"O, O, but that wuz a linger!"

"Ye wouldn't catch me bawling for a little thing like that."

"Nor me, either!"

"Skinnie Bill would, though."

"Yar, and Reddy Finn, tur!"

"The'r boobies, the'r be!"

"Yar!"

"Want tur play puck-a-rue?"

"I don't ker."

"Get in ter der game, then."

—'03.

## Alumni Round-Table.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

'70.—The *Lewiston Journal* recently published an interview with Prof. L. G. Jordan, chairman of the Lewiston school board, in regard to the new High School building of this city.

'73.—Ex-Mayor Harris of Auburn, who has been quite ill recently, is now much better.

'75.—A complimentary dinner was recently given to Judge Spear by the Kennebec Bar at Augusta.

'77.—The death of L. H. Moulton, resulting from pernicious anæmia, occurred at his home in Lisbon Falls, March 12th. Mr. Moulton left a large circle of friends and former pupils who sincerely mourn his loss. By his death Maine has been deprived of one of the best of her educators. He began his career as a teacher in the schools of Durham when only 13 years of age. Soon after his graduation from college he was principal of the academy at China for a year. In 1879 he became principal of the Normal Academy at Lee. When he entered upon his duties at this institution it was in an unprogressive condition with a student body of 45. Under his charge the number of its students was trebled; the school itself came to be better known than any other in the regions of Northern Maine, and its principal recognized as one who had done more for the manhood and womanhood of a vast territory than all other forces outside the home. In 1891 he left this position to take charge of the Lisbon Falls High School. Here as before his talents as an instructor were manifested. He made it a college preparatory school and greatly increased the number of its students. Under his direction the school has grown to be one of the finest and most progressive high schools in the

State, the pupils furnished by it to the colleges comparing favorably with those from any preparatory school. For this school, to which he was deeply attached, Mr. Moulton expended his best thoughts and energies, and his loss is severely felt along these lines of his greatest activity. His funeral was held at the Free Baptist Church, March 20th, under the auspices of the Knights of Pythias.

'88.—Two sermons preached at the Hope Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., by Rev. S. H. Woodrow, have recently been printed at the request of the congregation. The sermons deal with the subject of miracles. In the first Mr. Woodrow conclusively proves that miracles are possible and answers the objections which have been made to this statement; in the second he as conclusively proves the actuality of Bible miracles.

'89.—Through the kindness of Mr. F. U. Landman, Bates, '98, now principal of M. C. I., we hope to publish in our next number a biographical sketch of the late Professor A. B. Call. He was a great student of nature and one of the most promising of the Bates graduates. A man in Chicago University is now engaged upon his life.

'89.—Prof. G. H. Libby, principal of the Manchester (N. H.) High School, and formerly of the Lewiston High School, has purchased the D. B. Stevens farm, near Maple Grove Farm in the suburbs of Auburn, for a summer home.

'92.—W. B. Skelton, Esq., has accepted an invitation to deliver the Memorial address before Mountford Post, G. A. R., at Brunswick on Memorial Day.

'92.—A revised edition of "Wild Birds in City Parks," by Herbert Eugene Walter, '92, and Mrs. Alice Hall Walter, has just been published. Mr. Walter is one of the ablest teachers among the Bates alumni. "Wild Birds in City Parks" had its origin in the author's observations of the birds in Lincoln Park, Chicago. This book is unique in design and has its contents methodically arranged. The paper is clear and white. The printing is as good as that done on some of the celebrated private presses. The Migration Record was beautifully executed with a pen and reproduced. It would not be surprising if within a few years this book were greatly prized and eagerly sought for by collectors. It is an exquisite piece of work.

'93.—L. A. Ross, principal of Turner High School, visited college recently in company with one of his students in the interests of debating work.

'94.—L. J. Brackett is treasurer and general manager of the publishing firm which has just bought out "Modern Culture" and combined it with "Current History." This is issued as a monthly illustrated chronicle of the world's progress. Mr. Brackett was formerly the advertising manager of the *Morning Star*.

'99.—Albert T. L'Heureux has recently been elected city solicitor of Lewiston. He was a member of the upper board of the city council last year.

1900.—Among the squad of teachers who are now returning from the Philippines is, according to report, Hal Stinchfield, 1900.

1900.—The marriage of U. G. Willis to Miss Aimee Rodick of Bar Harbor occurred in Chicago, March 7th.

1900.—Instead of quietly resting after his successful view canvass, E. V. Call is now hard at work in the medical school at Brunswick. Not much rest about that.

1900.—Among the former students who have recently visited their *Alma Mater* we have been glad to see the familiar faces of B. T. Packard, S. O. Clason, and E. V. Call.

1901.—The engagement of Mr. Leroy Williams to Miss Danskin, has recently been announced.

1901.—Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Libbey of Lewiston announce the engagement of their daughter, Gertrude Brown Libbey, to Professor Alfred Williams Anthony of this city. Miss Libbey is distinguished by much scholarliness, and known as among the best of Lewiston's young contralto singers. Professor Anthony, who is associated with Cobb Divinity School, as Fullonton Professor of New Testament Exegesis and Criticism, is a man of national reputation, having published several works of repute and lectured widely on literary and Biblical subjects. Congratulations are being tendered.

1901.—Ralph Channell is principal of the Sabattus High School, taking the place of Mr. Foss, who has gone to take charge of Lisbon High.

## Around the Editors' Table.

WE used to think that all our editor had to do was to sit in his office with scissors and blue pencil to receive the flood of manuscripts sent by timid aspirants for literary fame. We used to think that everybody was anxious to see his or her work in print, and that the Editor was troubled only with choosing from the immense number of contributions.

We used to think of the dignity, power, and influence of the editorial chair, but we have ceased to think of theories since hard experience has taken away some of the glimmer from our dreams.

However, the facts remain now as ever before. A college paper is one of its most potent representatives to other colleges and institutions and to readers in general. One glance at our exchanges for one month would surprise a large number of students who have never given the college paper much thought. Here we see magazines from all over the United States and from Canada. Our own paper is sent in exchange for these. How necessary is it, then, that the STUDENT be representative of our college. Now the only way this can be brought about is by contributions from the student body. As it is now, and as it has been in the past, the STUDENT is supported by the few. Hence it is not a representative paper in the best sense of the word. Some say they cannot write, that they have no ability. This is almost wholly due to false modesty. Let there be at least one contribution, good or otherwise, long or short,—each term from every student in this college. Let this contribution be given some of the editors, unsolicited, and what would be the result? It is plain that under such conditions the editors would be able to make better choice and the variety would not fail to speak the tone of the college. Those whose articles are published should always consider it an honor; those whose articles are refused should not be discouraged, but moved to try harder since it really means something to be able to write acceptably.

We praise and honor those who sustain Bates' honor on the field or platform, and justly, too, but we are of the opinion that we should honor,—more than we have ever honored them before, those who support our publication. Some have, throughout their college course, been loyal and earnest in their endeavors to help make the STUDENT what it should be. We most heartily thank them. Others of the undergraduates are doing noble work

and we appreciate their work. But there are a great many who have never contributed and who are, we feel confident, capable writers. It is to the latter class of students that we wish to appeal. Let us hear from them. We do not wish to criticise here the quality of the work passed in. We are glad to examine all and only wish there were ten times as much.

Many cannot distinguish themselves upon the athletic field, in the debates or in the class-rooms who can make a reputation as writers, and the college paper is ready to give recognition to any merit of this kind.

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THE Intercollegiate Track Meet will be held in Lewiston this year, and there is greater necessity than ever that Bates should make a good showing. The conditions for success seem to be favorable. We have the best track, the best grand-stand, the best athletic field in the State; and we have no hesitancy in declaring that Bates students furnish as good material as those of any other college if that material were only developed. Along the lines in which such development has taken place, in base-ball, football, and tennis, the results fully bear out our statement. Why not, then, apply this development to track work and make use of these favorable existing conditions? We all hope that the result of the coming contest will be favorable to Bates; then why not go ahead and endeavor to realize our hope through our own individual efforts. There is nothing like one's own efforts, both to inspire himself with enthusiasm and bring about the accomplishment of the work which he desires. And we should not forget that the success of the college as a whole depends upon the energy and efforts of the individuals who compose it. Everyone who decides that he will not train this year lessens the final chances of success for his college. Everyone who makes the opposite decision increases those chances for, even if he fails to win a point himself, he may by his example and enthusiasm inspire some one who will do so. Of what use then is the claim: "It is useless for me to train, I could not do anything," when viewed in this light? Besides, no one can tell what he may do until he tries. Steady, hard, every-day training has often enabled a man to triumph over an opponent who possessed greater natural powers but had not trained as faithfully and prepared as effectively for the contest.

Another excuse with which the individual too often satisfies his conscience is that of "lack of time." And yet how many there are who, while abstaining from track work under this plea, devote

as much or more time daily to some far more unprofitable employment. How few who realize that perfect balance between the physical and the mental man, so essential to the best brain work, is best maintained by daily exercise at a fixed time, such as is furnished by track work.

This year our opponents meet us upon our own ground, and it is more essential than ever that the Bates fellows do credit to themselves and their college. But here, as elsewhere, there is no golden key to the door of success. Whether we win or lose depends in large measure upon the hard work and earnest endeavor with which we as individuals prepare for the issue. May none of us have occasion to feel that we have left our share undone.

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AS in most institutions of the kind, student government is frequently agitated here at Bates. And in the elimination of certain evils now existing in our college it seems as though intervention on the part of the students as a whole will be the only effective means. One especial instance is the matter of mock-programs.

As is well known, these are gotten out annually by some few of the Sophomore Class as a "roast" on the Freshmen at the time of the prize declamations; and for the past three years these so-called programs have sunk from vulgarity to sacrilege, and from sacrilege to absolute rottenness. The ones published and sown broadcast about the campus and through the streets this year were not only utterly devoid of sense and wit, but were a disgrace to the class, an insult to every decent man and woman in the college, and a blot upon the institution.

Desperate diseases demand desperate remedies. All upright, clean-minded students in the college should unite to *expose* and *remove* such violators of common decency, be they foot-ball stars or track heroes. It is impossible for the Faculty unaided to check this evil. The students *must* help, and we believe the time has come when a decided stand should be taken by them in bringing offenders to punishment.

As students and alumni we shall wish to point to our college as a monument of earnest work and clean morals, and we heartily believe that we may. But we must each and all do our part toward maintaining the fair name long borne by Bates. Whether in other matters we have student government or not, let us govern ourselves to this extent that we shall crush out by united and individual effort the abuses now extant in our college.

## Local Department.

### Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The newly elected officers assume their duties at the beginning of this term. The following committees have been chosen:

MISSIONARY.—Clara Williams, '03, chairman; Lucy Billings, '04; Mabel Hodnett, '05.

MEMBERSHIP.—Marion Tasker, '03, chairman; Elsie Reynolds, '04; Rae Bryant, '05.

DEVOTIONAL AND BIBLE STUDY.—Lucy Freeman, '03; Bessie Cooper, '04; Edna Conforth, '03; Mary Ramsdell, '05; Mary Gould, '05.

SOCIAL.—Louise Clark, '03, chairman; Luella Green, '04; Lucile Goddard, '05.

HOSPITAL AND HOME.—Susie Kendrick, '03, chairman; Ethel White, '04; Amy Thissell, '05.

SOCIAL SETTLEMENT.—Gertrude Hartley, '04, chairman; Viola Turner, '04; Desdemona Williams, '05; Charlotte Millett, '05.

FINANCE.—Elizabeth Perkins, '05, chairman; Katherine Kendrick, '03; Edith Thompson, '04; Marie Pettingill, '05.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Hattie Milliken, '04, chairman; Hazel Donham, '03; Elsie Bryant, '05.

### GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Oh! April showers bring May-flowers sweet,  
 Uncurl our hair and wet our feet;  
 But whatso'er their faults may be,  
 On this we one and all agree:  
 They give the Sophs a rest most meet  
 By ducking Freshies free.

College attendance for the first of this term was comparatively small, owing to the absence of a large number of students engaged in teaching.

Through a misunderstanding the article in our last number on "The Debate" was printed without signature. It was written by Dr. F. H. Chase.

After an extended business trip in behalf of the college, President Chase has returned to Lewiston, and will conduct his usual recitations for the summer term.

Bates is glad to welcome Mr. Fowler, a former student of the Latin School. Mr. Fowler has entered the Class of 1905, and will be a strong man, it is thought, in track athletics.

A game of basket-ball was played in the gymnasium, Saturday evening, March 22d, between the young ladies of the Junior and Freshmen classes, resulting in favor of the Junior team by a large score.

Bird walks once more! And he who seizes not this delightful opportunity to become acquainted with the wee feathered denizens of wood and field surely loses an important part of his college course. N. B.—These walks are strictly co-educational.

We are glad to announce a new department in debating for next year—a debate between the Junior and Senior classes. Teams for this contest have already been chosen from the Sophomore and Junior classes: Juniors, Beedy, Lothrop, Wardwell; Sophomores, Briggs, Spofford, G. Weymouth.

Professor Stanton offered to the Freshman Class the usual prizes in excellence in winter sketches and for largest list of winter birds. The prizes for sketches were awarded to Miss Gould and Mr. Tuttle. Those who had largest bird lists were, for girls, Miss Ramsdell first, Miss Reed second; for boys, Bessey first, Staples and Tuttle second.

The Senior Exhibition took place Friday evening, April 11th, at the Main Street Free Baptist Church. The speakers for the evening were Misses Babcock, Kimball, Pettengill, Wheeler, Watts, and Chase; Messrs. Felker, Ohol, Sawyer, Hamlin, Moody, Elkins. The parts were well delivered and showed careful thought and work in preparation.

The prize-winners in the Sophomore debates were, in the order of their diversions: M. W. Weymouth, Swan, Miss Sands, Spofford, Briggs, Miss Wheeler. Those chosen for the champion debate, which occurs commencement week, were: Misses Sands, Russell, Phillips, Wheeler; Messrs. Sinclair, Swan, Harmon, Bradford. Alternates: Misses Cooper, Frost, Bray, Carrow, Messrs. Babcock, Rounds, Fortier, M. W. Weymouth.

The renovation of Dr. Leonard's recitation room has been rapidly carried forward, and the room will doubtless be ready for use very soon. The floor and platform have been laid of best matched boards. The walls have been finished in a very light tint with a harmonizing border of green and new blackboards have been put in as usual. The attractiveness and usefulness of the room as a recitation room will be augmented by the addition of some selected pictures representing German views and scenes mentioned in German literature.

During vacation week, the Bates Glee and Mandolin-Guitar Clubs enjoyed a most successful concert tour through Franklin County and vicinity. Six concerts were given, at Dixfield, Strong, Phillips, Farmington, Wilton, and Livermore Falls. The boys were greeted everywhere by large and appreciative audiences, and are very grateful for the hospitality extended to them during their stay in the various towns. Especially pleasing is the fact that the club returns with a good sum in the treasury, which is not always the case at the end of glee-club tours. Mr. David, who accompanied the clubs as reader, scored a decided hit at every appearance. Much credit is due to Messrs. Donnocker and Hunnewell, the directors of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs respectively, and to Mr. McCleary, who is responsible for the financial success of the clubs this season.

On Friday afternoon before test week the Junior girls gathered in the gymnasium to celebrate their "Last Gym." No fixed pro-

gram was carried out, but all indulged in every kind of possible or impossible feats on Swedish horse, rings, etc., played basketball, ran races, and in general worked with a zeal that would have delighted "Billy's" heart. In the course of the afternoon a bountiful feast was spread, and the rapidity with which sandwiches, sardines, crackers, olives, sherbet, candy and peanuts disappeared would have overcome with astonishment one who knows not a college girl's capacity for such delicacies. The shadows had gathered in nook and corner when the score of tired but happy girls gathered together for the last time to give "Cheirete, cheirete, Nikomen," and a hearty "three times three" for the gym. And every girl as she looked back on the deserted place half seen in the twilight, must have felt a pang of sorrow at leaving the dear old gym., the happy realm of tousled hair, bumps and bruises, and jolly good times.

The speaking of the prize division in Freshman declamations took place in the chapel on March 23d of last term. The speaking, especially that of the young ladies, was especially good. The program for the afternoon was as follows:

## MUSIC.

(By Payne &amp; Plummer's Orchestra.)

## PRAYER.

## MUSIC.

Duty of the American Scholar.—Curtis.

Michael Strogoff, Courier to the Czar.

The Permanence of Grant's Fame.—Blaine.

The Heroine of Nancy.—Anon.

P. H. Blake.

Miss L. M. Small.

J. S. Reed.

Miss M. D. Ames.

## MUSIC.

The Unknown Rider.

The Leper Scene, from Ben Hur.—Wallace.

Elijah on Mt. Carmel.—Bible.

Kit's Holiday.—Dickens.

W. L. Parsons.

Miss L. B. Goddard.

G. D. Milbury.

Miss D. V. Downey.

## MUSIC.

Unjust National Acquisitions.—Corwin.

Ole Mistis.—Moore.

The American Flag.—Beecher.

The Storming of Torquilstone Castle.—Scott.

J. E. Peterson.

Miss I. N. Spiller.

C. P. Durrell.

Miss G. M. Peabody.

## MUSIC.

Award of Prizes.

The committee of award were Hon. D. J. Callahan, Rev. N. M. Simmonds, and Miss Alice Bonney. The prizes were awarded to Miss Ames and Mr. Reed.

## Exchanges.

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WHAT can the ex-editor do to make his department interesting, is the question which confronts him at each issue of the paper. We sympathize with the ex-man of the *Georgetown College Journal* who says, "We deem it highly improbable that the majority of our readers care whether 'the Whachumacallit' has an essay on 'Metempsychosis and Prunes,' in which the writer," etc.

It seems to us that the best we can do is to try to give good, fair criticisms. And we offer all the encouragement we can give, to one of the ex-editors who urges that the criticism be honest, favorable if the pieces be worthy, and unfavorable where we feel that such will help.

The March number of *The Tennessee* is very interesting. It abounds in fiction, and we should say that this was superior in quality to its other literature. "Algebra as Seen Through a Glass Darkly" is a story which arouses a sympathetic interest in all of us, one of memory, if not of present suffering. But we should think that there might be one objection to the author's method of "clearing of fractions." It makes the work entirely mechanical.

*The Vanderbilt Observer* has a fine article on "The College Hero." It brings in pertinently a quotation from Carlyle, that "No man who represents one phase of development and that alone, has any claim to greatness." The editor claims that the college hero must be a man of honor, a man of thought, and possess a spirit of courtesy.

We wish to express our thanks to *The Delineator*, *The Protectionist*, and *Education*, for sending us copies of their magazines. The reading matter which they contain is always acceptable, interesting, and helpful.

*The Laurentian* is doubtless a very interesting magazine for the students of St. Lawrence University. For outsiders, however, it has little of interest.

*The Dartmouth Magazine* brings us some interesting reading—if one is interested in the history of Dartmouth. The writer of "An Unfortunate" should be complimented on his sketch, strong chiefly in its suggestiveness.

The tragedy of *The Doane Owl*, "The Death of the Muse," shows a great deal of humor.

*The William and Mary* offers an opportunity for some interesting reading. The two stories, "Self Sacrifice: Its Reward," and "The Governor's Pardon," are the best. "The Ghost of Saint Peter" is a good story of its kind, but does not belong in the same class with the other two. The power of "The Governor's Pardon" lies in the beauty of the style rather than in the plot. The poetry of this issue is abundant and worthy of honorable mention.

*The College Days* contains some of the finest reading matter which comes to our notice this month. We congratulate the

students of Ripon College on being able to get out such a good number.

"A Boarding School Freshman," in the *Smith College Monthly* has, strangely enough, for its text, "Scholarship is not the only aim for a woman." And we must confess that it is with some degree of pleasure that we note the successive discomfitures of the woman who considered learning the all in all.

We are always glad to receive the fitting-school publication, and we wish to acknowledge the following: *The Leavitt Angelus*, *The Aegis*, *The Oracle*, *The Olympian*, *The Arms Student*, *The Vermont Academy Life*, and *The Hebron Semester*.

## TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

Hark, the night falls. Dost thou hear the sighing  
Of the sunset wind in darkness dying?

Dost thou hear the timid water falling  
Where shadows on the rocks are lying?  
Tell me, dost thou hear it?

Tell me, dost thou fear the spectral quiver  
Of the starlight on the sullen river?

Dost thou fear the dark that broods upon it  
As the hopeful day were gone forever?  
Tell me, dost thou fear it?

Fear not. These are hours when dim discerning  
Feels the phantom of an old-time yearning

Wandering far amid the dusk and silence—  
Wandering far, and sometimes nigh returning,  
But returning never.

Through the twilight deepening, backward bringing  
All the passion to remembrance clinging,

Old affections fall upon us softly,  
Like the memory of a far-off singing  
That is gone forever.

—Edward Harshberger Butler, in the *Nassau Lit. Mag.*

## THE MEMENTO.

"'Tis just a little shamrock, lad,  
'Twas sent from o'er the sea;  
'Twas sent, years past, by dear old dad,  
'Tis all the world to me.

"These words he wrote, 'With father's love';  
'My boy, be ever true,  
Be true to God, the One Above,  
In ev'rything you do.'

"Soon after came a message, lad,  
'Your father died to-day!'  
Since then I've kept the shamrock, lad,  
The light to guide my way."

—J. V. McCANN, '03, *The Mountaineer*.

"If a doubt should come between us," she faintly faltered out,  
But the way he moved up nearer left no room for doubt.

—*Ex.*

"This," said the man of the house, as he mournfully surveyed  
three carpets and ten rugs hanging on the clothesline, "this is a  
combination hard to beat."—*Ex.*

Mother—"My son, did you eat the whole of this doughnut?"  
Son—"No, I ate what was around the hole."—*Ex.*

You can't keep a good man down,  
'Tis truth beyond assail;  
'Twas proven many years ago  
By Jonah and the whale.

—*Ex.*

#### THE ANCIENT ROMAN.

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,  
He erat was you bettum;  
He ran his automobilis  
And smoked his cigarettum;  
He wore a diamond studibus,  
An elegant caravatum,  
A maxima cum launde shirt,  
And such a stylish hatum!

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hoc,  
And bet on games and equi;  
At times he won; at others tho'  
He got it in the nequi;  
He winked (quo usque tandem?)  
At puellas on the Forum,  
And sometimes even made  
Those goo-goo-oculorum.

He frequently was seen  
At combats gladitorial,  
And ate enough to feed  
Ten boarders at Memorial;  
He often went on sprees,  
And said on starting homus,  
"Hic labor—opus est,  
Oh, where my—hic—hic—domus?"

Altho' he lived in Rome  
Of all the arts the middle—  
He was (excuse the phrase)  
A horrid individ'l;  
Ah! what a different thing  
Was the homo (dativ, homini)  
Of far-away B. C.  
From us of Anno Domini.

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

## FOR OLD TIMES' SAKE.

I sit in moody silence, and I watch the flames at play—  
 The firelight falling crimson in the gloomy after day.  
 It must not be, I must not muse, I dare not dream; for there,  
 Beside the glowing flames and me, I see your empty chair.  
 I smile; it mocks me, and within I feel a sting of pain.  
 I thought I would forget, and yet perhaps I've tried in vain;  
 I put aside all stern resolve, and fondly, sadly, take  
 That chair's cold arm within my hand and sigh "for old times' sake."  
 "For old times' sake" I let my thoughts drift where they will; I see  
 You sitting here and smiling, dear—O blush of memory!  
 You speak; your voice is music still. I hear the night winds cry;  
 You're saying that you love me, and I see the embers die;  
 You stand beside me in the gloom and watch the ashes gray;  
 And now—and now—my heart turns back and breathes its sad to-day.  
 Ah me! 'tis well the veil of night is drawn o'er Reason's wake,  
 For by that empty chair I kneel and weep "for old times' sake."

—C. L. P., *The Peabody Record*.

Rock-a-bye Seniors on the tree top,  
 As long as you study the cradle will rock,  
 But if you stop digging the cradle will fall,  
 And down will come Seniors, diploma and all.

—Ex.

## STRAINS FROM THE VIOLIN.

High above, white clouds are sailing,  
 Breezes cool set leaves a-stirring,  
 Flowers are blooming, grasses bending,  
 Waters rippling, bird-wings whirring.  
 Sweet contentment steals within,  
 For lightly plays the violin.

Far away the hazy mountains  
 Melt into the sky and sleep.  
 Gently drooping willow fringes  
 Send the river shadows deep.  
 Dreamy memories now float in  
 While softly plays the violin.

Deepening moans from wind-swept forests  
 Join with rushing torrents' crash.  
 Darkness dense is rendered denser  
 By the lightning's sudden flash.  
 Hopes and fears then strife begin,  
 While loudly plays the violin.

In its sleep the earth is smiling  
 For the moon's sweet light and love.  
 Silently the stars are shining,  
 Oh, so far—so far above!  
 Singing souls aspire and win,  
 As upward soars the violin.

—Clara M. Austin, in *Lasell Leaves*.

Is Thomas Hardy nowadays?  
 Is Rider Haggard Pale?  
 Is Minot Savage? Oscar Wilde?  
 And Edward Everett Hale? Was  
 Lawrence Strong? Was Herman Grim?  
 Was Edward Young? John Gay?  
 Jonathan Swift and old John Bright?  
 And why was Thomas Gray?  
 Was John Brown? and J. R. Green?  
 Chief Justice Taney quite?  
 Is William Black? J. D. Blackmore?  
 Mary Lemon? H. K. White?  
 Was Francis Bacon lean in streaks?  
 John Suckling vealy? Pray,  
 Was Hogg much given to the pen?  
 Are Lambs Tales sold to-day?  
 Did Mary Mapes Dodge just in time?  
 Did C. D. Warner? Howe?  
 At what did Andrew Marvel so?  
 Does Edward Whymper now?  
 What goodies did Rose Terry Cooke?  
 Did Richard Boyle beside?  
 What gave the wicked Thomas Payne?  
 And made Mark Akenside?  
 Was Thomas Tickell-ish at all?  
 Did Richard Steele I ask?  
 Tell me, has George A. Sale suit,  
 Did William Ware a mask?  
 Does Henry Cabot Lodge at home?  
 George Horn Took what and when  
 Is Gordon Cumming, has G. W.  
 Cabled his friends again?

—Pottsville High School Monthly.

#### HIS COLLEGE COURSE.

As a Freshman he struggled with cosine and sphere,  
 Doffed his hat to his betters, and sighed with a tear:  
 "How happy I'll be in Sophomore year!"

The Sophomore labored both early and late  
 To initiate Freshmen and "keep up his slate,"  
 And he said as he passed his exams with a squeeze,  
 "How I long to enjoy that famed 'Junior ease!'"

As a Junior, however, his troubles began,  
 He tried to play foot-ball and flunked his exam.  
 While his father at home said he hardly could see  
 Why he wore with such pride on his sweater the "B"  
 When across from each subject on his rank card was "E."

The Senior walked 'round with a dignified air.  
 He thought of the future and seemed not to care  
 For the duties at hand. Yet a chill was sent thro' his stately limb  
 When a letter from Prex was handed to him.  
 The letter ran thus: "Dear Sir: Take a brace or else I shall see  
 That the college grants you no degree of A.B."

—Blaine S. Viles, 1903, in *Bowdoin Orient*.

## IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses  
 Crowded round our neighbor's way,  
 If we knew the little losses  
 Sorely grievous day by day,  
 Would we then so often chide him  
 For the lack of thrift and gain—  
 Leaving on his heart a shadow,  
 Leaving on our hearts a stain;

If we knew that clouds above us  
 Held our gentle blessings there,  
 Would we turn away all trembling,  
 In our blind and weak despair?  
 Would we shrink from little shadows  
 Lying on the dewy grass,  
 While 'tis only birds of Eden,  
 Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story  
 Quivering through the hearts of pain,  
 Would our womanhood dare doom them  
 Back to haunts of vice and shame?  
 Life has many a tangled crossing,  
 Life has many a break of woe,  
 And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest;  
 This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms  
 For the key to other lives,  
 And with love to erring nature,  
 Cherish good that still survives;  
 So that when our disrobed spirits  
 Soar to realms of light again,  
 We may say, dear Father, judge us  
 As we judged our fellow-men.

—The M. C. I.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE.

All the Christmas wreaths are faded  
 And the mistletoe is bare,  
 But the sweet balsamic fragrance  
 Of the fir still fills the air;  
 And the garlands all are withered,  
 All the holly leaves are sear,  
 But the whole world waits and watches,  
 For to-night there dies a year.  
 Overheard the stars are twinkling,  
 Adding their cold, ghostly glow  
 To the pure and silvery radiance  
 Of the moonlight on the snow.  
 On the hearth the fire flickers,  
 All the lights burn low and dim,  
 And the wind moans like an organ  
 Softly crooning some great hymn.  
 As the night draws on in silence

One by one the minutes go:  
Time is slowly, surely ebbing,  
And the glass is running low.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark! for through the death-like stillness  
Of the frosty winter's morn,  
There goes ringing down the ages:  
"Lo! Another year is born!"  
And there comes reverberating  
Back an echo-answer dread,  
From the womb of Time resounding:  
"Lo! Another year is dead!"

—G. C. Reid, '02, in *Georgetown College Journal*.

#### TIME.

Like paper barks upon a rolling sea,  
Men's lives drift aimless o'er the vast expanse  
Of time. A little while they dance upon  
The rocking billows, then are swallowed in  
The depths. Encircling ripples eddy from  
The spot, and all is peace. Great ships pass on  
Unmindful of the wrecks that lie beneath;  
So, puny man, think not to reach the isles  
Where treasures hidden lie; think not the boundless  
Sea to survey, its shoreless wastes to ply.  
Thy feeble mind can but a little know  
Of that great desert, see a trifle more.  
Of all infinitudes that try man's soul  
Time is the strangest, vastest, most obscure.

—Ex.

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Our Book-Shelf is fortunate this month in having as new members some of the most charming publications of the season. One of these is *Music and Its Masters*,<sup>1</sup> by O. B. Boise, whose reputation as a musician is too widespread to need comment. In this book we have a careful exposition of the author's æsthetic theories regarding music. The treatment is not strictly technical, but enough of the history and science of music is made use of to give to the reader a perfect understanding of the theories which are evolved. A brief account is first given of the nature and origin of music. Of the two classes of music, natural and artificial, the latter is cast aside as worthless. "It is to natural music, which springs from our imagination, is formulated for purpose by intellect, appeals to the sympathies, and sways the emotions, that I shall devote my attention. It is shown that the composer's work is the result not merely

of his own genius regardless of surrounding conditions; that men require that music be adapted to their feelings and sensibilities. An account of the work of six "high-priests" of music, Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and Wagner, is given, together with a portrait of each. As candidates for the position of seventh "high-priest" are mentioned Brahms and Tschaikowski. In summing up the attributes of music, the author uses an interesting analogy between the symmetry, color, and fragrance of a rose, and the symmetry, color, and sentiment of a musical composition.

One of the best historical novels that have lately appeared is *The Colonials*,<sup>2</sup> by Allen French. The earlier chapters depict Indian life and adventure in the forest in the region of the great lakes, but the scene of the main part of the story is Boston. It gives us an accurate and vivid picture of the life and manners of the people at the beginning of the American Revolution—at the time of the Tea-Party, of the Battle of Lexington, of the Siege. We see Dr. Warren, Samuel Adams, Gen. Knox, and General Putnam surrounded with well-portrayed characters of Tories, patriots, and Indians. The story is strong and the intricate plot is well managed. The action is rapid, and many bloody encounters and exciting episodes are introduced. The heroine is a young, fascinating English girl who has been adopted as the child of an Indian chief, while the hero is a pattern of strength, courage, and ability. The dangers through which both pass in his attempt to rescue her are many and grave. The villain is one who has hardly a shade of that better nature which often compels admiration in spite of cruelty and meanness on his part. The quaint prints throughout the book are in keeping with its character.

*Cavalier Poets*,<sup>3</sup> by Clarence M. Lindsay, is a collection of the best poems of those writers of the time of Charles I. who remained true to the King in his bitter struggle with Parliament. While in literature these poems are not to be compared with the works of the great Puritan writer, Milton, it is interesting to note the chivalric outbursts of these Cavalier poets who wrote for the court. Their themes are chiefly love, and loyalty to the King. While their songs are frivolous and often licentious, we realize that this was due to the customs of the times, and we know that in the men themselves we have some of the best examples of courageous action and patient endurance. This volume gives a short account of the life of each of the following men: Lovelace, Godolphin, Davenant, Broome, Graham, L'Estrange, Suckling, Carew, Chamberlayne, Sherburne, Shirley, Denham, Fanshawe, and Cleiveland, also a portrait, and selections from the works of each.

An attractively bound volume is *Cynthia's Way*,<sup>4</sup> by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, which, as a story, is somewhat of a relief from the hair-breadth escapes and thrilling adventures of our historical novels. However, the plot does not lack interest, and we have given us a picture of German life among people of the middle class. To a person who does not enjoy hearing about the details of household affairs, parts of the book may be somewhat tedious, but the interest will not drag long. The story is that of a rich English girl who fears she is courted for her money rather than for herself, and who consequently accepts a position as governess in a German family, where her rank in society is not known. She finds the family to

consist of an aunt and four spoiled children, two nieces and two nephews. Wanda, the elder niece, is a discontented, capricious young lady who thinks that herself and her tastes are not understood or appreciated. Cynthia, from the first, becomes a favorite of the entire family, and succeeds in managing the affairs of the household in rather an arbitrary way. Adrian, the older half-brother of the children, who, returning to take charge of the home, falls in love with Cynthia, is the hero, and a happy conclusion is reached after overcoming the opposition of Frau Hertha von Erlenbach, who is herself in love with Adrian.

*The Mind and Its Machinery*,<sup>5</sup> by V. P. English, M.D., is a remarkable and unique book on character reading. The author states that the basis of correct character reading is the accurate observance of the different organs of the body; that these organs develop in accordance with the direction of the mind. He says: "The mind is the workshop—the tools, implements, or machinery, by which it acts upon the material things of this world and accomplishes its purposes." Anatomy and physiology are used to such an extent as to render the explanation of the manner in which the mind controls the body perfectly lucid. A new classification of temperaments is introduced, and the philosophy of this classification is made plain. The whole subject is taken up in a systematic way and all the topics are treated in a clear, simple manner. We find in this book a statement of the legitimate sphere of the medical doctor as well as that of the mental healer.

<sup>1</sup>Music and Its Masters. O. B. Boise. J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup>The Colonials. Allen French. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup>Cavalier Poets. Clarence M. Lindsay. Abbey Press, New York.

<sup>4</sup>Cynthia's Way. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

<sup>5</sup>The Mind and Its Machinery. V. P. English. Ohio State Publishing Co. \$1.00.

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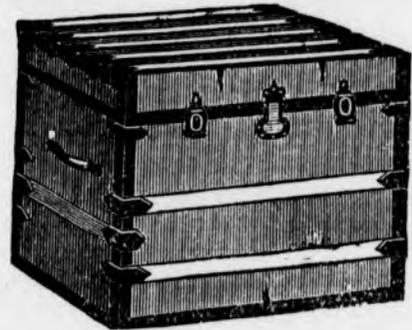
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Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;  
But this eternal blazon must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood—  
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