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# The Bates Student - volume 30 number 05 - May 1902

Bates College

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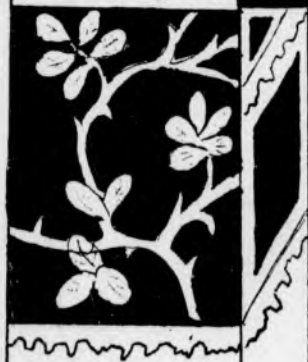
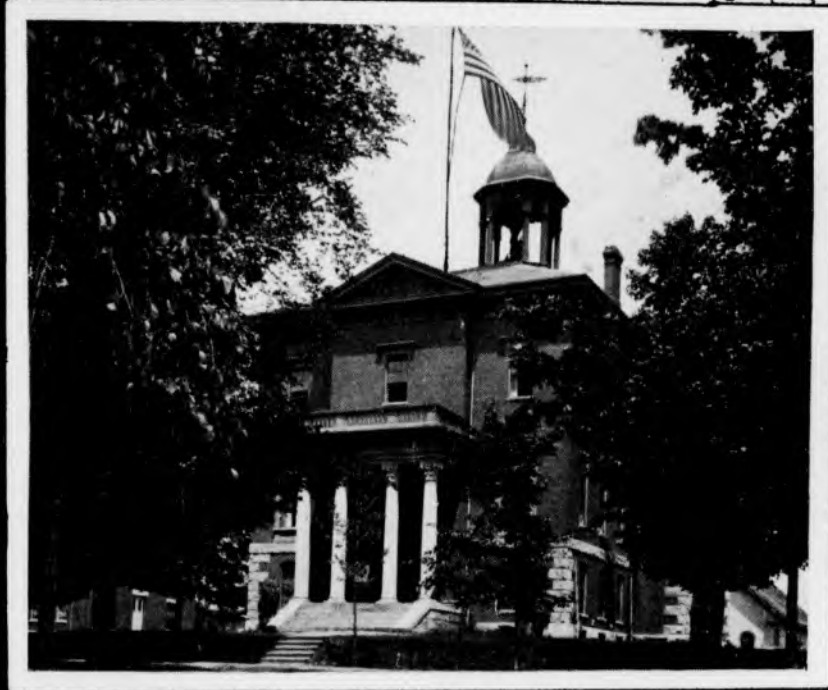
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The Bates  
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May

C.L. Jordan. '03

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THE  
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## Literary.

### THE LAND OF THE PEJEPSCOT.

In the land of the Pejepsot,  
 Land of happiness and plenty,  
 Ere the white man on their wigwams  
 Laid his hand with dire destruction ;  
 On the shores of Androscoggin,  
 With its rippling, laughing waters,  
 Dwelt the tribe Anasiguntook.  
 Strong and stalwart were their warriors,  
 Skilled were they in chase and hunting,  
 Theirs the fleetest, truest arrow,  
 Their canoes the swiftest, lightest.  
 Now, where stood the Indian wigwam  
 Where the Indians lived and labored,  
 Where they met in savage conflict,  
 Danced in cruel glee their war-dance,  
 Or in times of calm and quiet  
 Watched the waving, curling smoke-wreaths  
 From their peace-pipes wander skyward,  
 Stands the white man's busy city  
 With its bustle and its whirling.  
 And along the Androscoggin,  
 As it floweth, floweth, floweth,  
 Floweth onward to the ocean,  
 To the mighty, heaving ocean,  
 They have built an honored college,  
 Builided it in toil and hardship,  
 Builided it with firm devotion.  
 And beneath its faithful guidance,  
 We, its pupils, live and labor  
 In a land of light and culture,  
 In a land of peace and knowledge.

—'05.

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### A REVERIE.

WE sit about the fire, and watch the flames flicker and dance behind the andirons; the patter of the rain on the windows making a good background for the cheery snap and crackle of the birch knots. But our thoughts are not over-cheery to-night. This is our last evening before this household shrine; to-morrow we begin preparations for the flitting. It is the old story; the family having grown up, and left the old roof, a smaller home is necessary for the best good of those left behind.

To-morrow we begin preparations, but to-night we can sit in the familiar room, listen to the familiar voice of the fire, and study the panoramic pictures it throws open to us.

What the others see I can only guess, but from their faces I can tell visions of the past are before them. Tiny cradles that stood beside that fire re-appear. Baby feet totter with eager haste towards its glow. Boys and girls sit within its circle of light with dolls and marbles. Dolls and marbles are laid aside, and books and games take their place, and the fire welcomes the Greek lexicon with the same ruddy glare that it did Red Riding-hood and Bluebeard. But even the lexicon is outgrown. Fireside conferences on weighty matters are held; one day a trunk is brought down, is packed, and strapped. The fire sings on, but a familiar face is missing. Then another, and another.

I can see it all in their faces as I sit in the shadow, and watch the others at the hearthstone.

As for me,—the fire has always been my confidant,—and so sure a one! It will never reveal to others the secrets in its trust, but to me to-night it vividly pictures years that are gone. Those happy, thoughtless years,—so happy and care-free that they scarce seem possible now. Days when dolls and kites, and books, and mud-pies filled every moment, from the porridge and milk in the morning, till the white night-gown was donned before this same fireside at bed-time. But these days passed, and others came, others not less happy because lessons were being learned of responsibility, of self-sacrifice, and of charity. Days when temptations came,—how many have been faced as I sat here beside this glowing hearth! Days when idols have fallen, and ideals have been shattered before my gaze. Days when, for the time, life seemed humdrum, or perhaps even empty. Days when the life-questions refused to be longer ignored. What dialogues this cheery friend has been party to! What letters it has taken within its eternal care. Letters yielded up in passion, in pain; letters which piqued the pride, or brought a flush to the cheek. They are safe there,—safe on the family altar. Oh, how much this fire has meant to us all!

And now we are to leave it. Other household gods must be left behind; but, of all, the fire-place, with its now smouldering and reproachful glimmer, holds us longest. Will it miss the faces of its nurslings? Will it beam with the same loving smile on the new hands that so soon will wield this household sceptre? Shall we ever have another fire-friend? Ah, shallow, superficial mor-



tals, wedded to circumstances and environment, how long will it be so? How long shall we be held in the thralls of the familiar; how long will the loved be necessary to our best living; how long will change and transition touch so deep a chord?

But the fire has flickered out. On the other side of the hearth a deep bass voice is singing,

"O, Thou who changest not,  
Abide with me."

—G. H., '04.

### O DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

(A Lyrical Fantasy.)

A young man is bending over the dead body of his betrothed. Beside him stands his little sister. All is silent. Nature seems to translate herself to words thus:

When ruddy lights are flashing in the west,  
Are flashing, burning, paling, as the day  
Still lingers with fair Twilight on her breast  
And murmurs, "Fare thee well for aye;"

Pale echo calls the words, but as in dreams;  
For dim and far they float through isles of space,  
As mystic as the sheen of moonlit streams  
That through the woodland silver lightnings trace.

And they are chorded with a mighty woe  
That quivers on the verge of frozen tears.  
"Farewell for aye"—what this must mean we do not know,  
Nor shall, till all the world is but its years.

Till all the world is but its years, and Death  
Lies vanquished in a crimson sea of blood,  
While Silence, sole survivor, lingereth,  
Eternal monarch of that hideous flood.

The Little Sister (eagerly):

Oh, come away, 'tis death, and gaze  
No more upon her lovely face.  
The sunlight on the mountain plays,  
Or flashes through the wooded ways.

The crystal brooklet silver gleams,  
In throbbing 'mid the waving ferns,  
Where purple orchids' fragrance seems  
To charm us with elysian dreams.

Oh come away, for still she smiles;  
 I know she would not wish thee stay.  
 The streamlet with her dimpling wiles  
 Calls flashes from the rosy isles.

The light past yonder plain is pale;  
 The phantom shadows raise their heads;  
 And silence mingles with the wail  
 The lonely owl calls from the vale.

Oh come away! Cold is the dew;  
 The shimmering stars call to the night;  
 Quite dim and misty is the blue  
 Save where the fleecy rifts show through.

The Betrothed (with infinite sadness):

Come sweet, be still,—ah, would I might  
 Roam through the woodland by thy side;  
 But dark and deeper falls the night;  
 All heaven is veiled in filmy white.

Oh Death, where is thy sting? Hast thou  
 A sting? Her face is fair with peace.  
 Eternal slumber smooths her brow;  
 Yet I would wake her, even now.

We ask, Oh Death, where is thy sting,  
 As ages call the quivering strain.  
 "Not there," the mournful zephyrs sing,—  
 "Yea, here," in fainter accents fling.

Oh Death, come lay me by her side;  
 The earth in gloomy blackness lies,  
 While sorrow loometh vast and wide;  
 With her all light and beauty died.

So deep thy sting, Oh Death, perchance  
 The flowers have died along my path;  
 The ferns have withered at thy glance;  
 The startled deer have left the manse.

With her my every hope is dead,—  
 The vista'd fancies of my dreams;  
 The rose is pale—and once so red—  
 Grave Horror steals abroad with Dread.

No mountain brook shall soothe my cares;  
 No purple orchids blow for me;  
 The Sunlight or the Shadow wears  
 The sable shroud that Sorrow shares.

I look beyond—athwart my mind  
 A frozen calm of blackness steals;

## THE BATES STUDENT.

Fear-faint I turn to gaze behind,  
And anguish starts the tear that feels.

But oh, my child, pass to thy play,  
Nor gaze with those wild eyes on me;  
For thee the sun still lights the day,  
And frolics o'er the woodland way.

Oh child, thou, too, must wake some distant day,  
To feel the hurtling shaft that Sorrow bears;  
But may thy golden fancies ne'er quite stray  
Beyond the flowering ken of hopes and prayers.

## CONCLUSION.

Oh Death, where is thy sting? Hast thou a sting,  
Oh Death, when all the world is bathed in tears;  
When sleep may but a transient solace bring  
To sorrows manifold, and cares, and fears?

Oh Death, where is thy sting, when in the heart  
Consuming fires of anguish burn and burn,  
Till with each gust of woe pale ashes start  
Of memories scattered never to return?

Oh Death, Life is too sorrowful, too strange.  
Her mighty meaning glimmers, then grows dim;  
The bravest heart shall tremble at the change  
One day may mean to all the world, to him.

Life's meaning is a chaos of remorse;  
Life's meaning is a whirl-wind of despair;  
Life's meaning is a sea of tears, and loss  
Of all things beautiful, most passing fair.

The woe of Aeons speaketh in a voice,  
Or gazeth from some wild and weary eye.  
The world is misty with her tears; rejoice  
Not that ye live, rejoice to die.

—MURIEL E. CHASE, '99.

## THE DANGER OF THOUGHT.

**A** POWERFUL locomotive is rushing across the continent.  
The engineer stands with his hand on the throttle and  
directs its course over prairies and through forests to the great  
centers of civilization.

A soldier lies suffering and bleeding on the field of battle.  
He breathes in the quieting opiate and becomes unconscious of  
his pain.

The engineer, pulling back the lever, lets water into the scorched, dry boiler. The locomotive gives a bound. Then a terrible explosion rends the air and that wonderful piece of machinery is scattered in fragments, while the engineer lies a shapeless heap by the track. The careless hand administers too strong an opiate and his patient never wakens to realize the wrong he has suffered. The motive force of the locomotive proved its destruction and the saving opiate brought death to its victim. Thus all the most useful agents of man may become terribly destructive when carelessly handled. This is no less true of that most wonderful of all human instruments, the power of thought. Without it man would be no more than the savage beast whose only aim is self-preservation. But as the engineer must stand with his hand ever on the throttle, so man must guard the course of thought. If he opens the throttle too wide, giving free and complete range to his thoughts, they will paralyze his actions, produce partial blindness or leave him a mental and moral wreck on the track of experience.

The foul death of Hamlet's father called for revenge. Hamlet did not shrink from the obligation. He claimed only that he must think. Instead of enlisting the sympathy and aid of his friends to discharge this terrible obligation, he shut himself up alone to consider his position. He did nothing but think till at last his thoughts slipped away from the real question and lost themselves in a bitter criticism of all created things. His whole nature became so intoxicated with thought that he was powerless to act. He not only sacrificed his own life and happiness to thought but he dragged those nearest and dearest to him into a still greater ruin.

Before us lies a city at the high tide of the day's activity. Long rows of handsome houses reach from the suburb to the city's center, where high brick blocks are pouring forth their songs of labor. The streets seem alive with carts and carriages. Everything bespeaks prosperity. As we view this city each of us sees what he is looking for. The politician sees in its smoking furnaces merely the result of certain political movements. The economist traces the same prosperous conditions to economic reasons; while the historian sees in them only a repetition of history. Thus a specialist who devotes all his time and thought to one branch of science or one line of work becomes blind to every thing which he cannot connect with his own absorbing interest. With the increasing demand for specialists there is danger of forc-

ing men to confine their thoughts to one channel until they become narrow and unsympathetic with the world.

We see a man standing almost at the zenith of his hopes and ambitions. He has climbed to that height over crags and obstacles which seem insurmountable to the crowd of friends who stand below ready to applaud when the next height is gained. In the crowd he sees an enemy. The sight wakens hatred in his breast. Then the thought comes, why endure his presence? He shudders and shrinks back. No, he can never do that. But the thought returns again and again. Each time it seems less repulsive, until at last it ceases to appear a crime and takes rather the form of justice. Then he strikes the fatal blow which is to free him from his hated rival. But alas, as he strikes he loses his footing and falls helpless on the rocks below. His whole life ruined because he allowed the thought of crime to enter and take possession of his mind.

Man naturally believes in an all-wise Creator and in a mysterious unseen future. But he can think himself into almost any condition. If he allows himself to speculate and wonder concerning the nature and position of this Creator, he may soon begin to doubt the existence of a supreme being and regard nature as a self-created, self-acting machine. He becomes skeptical in all his views, a man without a God, the most unfortunate, the most pitiable of human beings.

But the power of thought was not given man as a curse. It is only when he allows it to be master rather than servant that it becomes other than a blessing. There are two forces, work and education, which serve to balance thought, education to stimulate, work to restrain. Thought and action should go everywhere hand in hand, thought prompting the deed and then returning to aid and bless the doer. The present century calls for a broader, more general education. An education which shall teach the power, the possibility, and the danger of thought.

—F. E. L., '02.

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#### FRED JORDAN'S EXCHANGE.

**I**T was April in 1861. Sitting in the little store of a back town in Maine, Fred Jordan had just heard the message then sweeping across the land, "Sumter has been attacked and has fallen." He, like thousands of other men, was horrified to hear that his country's flag had been attacked. He realized that war had begun. He shuddered at what it would bring forth.

A few days after, news came that the President had called, and the young men of the nation were rising to put down the rebellion and avenge the insult to the Stars and Stripes. Excitement ran high. Men were enlisting, drums were beating, and regiments were marching away. "On to Richmond" was the cry that stirred the green pines of Maine, ruffled the waters of the Great Lakes, and swept across the prairies.

Fred caught the fever and longed eagerly to join the force from his town. But what could he do? At home a wife and child were dependent on him. On the other hand, his country needed men for battle. So, after a fierce struggle within himself, he made arrangements for the care of his family and enlisted under the Union banner.

He went to the front and passed the customary life of the soldier in camp. In the morning he woke at the tap of the drum; in the evening the drum released him from duty; all day that same drum directed his movements. But although he was in camp, his desires were not satisfied. He longed for active service. He wished to see the rebels and to bear a hand in conquering those forces. Although in his dreams he saw the old homestead and wanted to walk over the hills and through the meadows and pastures, awake, his greatest desire was to see the gray suits. Once in a while a report spread through the camp that the enemy were coming. It made the soldiers expect battle immediately. But the days wore on and Fred Jordan seemed as far from battle as he had been on the home farm. Week by week the camp became more monotonous and tiresome.

One morning the report came that an army under Beauregard was advancing toward the north to seize Washington. This report was received differently from the others. The leaders seemed to believe this, and made preparations for departure. "Sleep on your arms" was the order at night-fall, and all knew that a march and battle were near at hand.

"Forward" was the command at day-break, and the soldiers, half-asleep but excited enough to keep awake, fell into line and began the march to Manassas. "Forward" was the order all along the line as the whole "Army of the Potomac" marched into Virginia.

Those were exciting days. Nobody thought of himself,—only of the insulted flag and the wronged country. But a reaction came. Then, many of the bravest thought of home with sad and anxious hearts. Thus they went to sleep. Throughout the night

there were troubled dreams and wakeful hours. Fred and his tent-companion lay for a little while, talking of boyhood days, of old friends, of home, and then of the coming battle. The excitement had died away and war seemed fearful to them now.

The day dawned bright. Few clouds were in the sky to keep the sun from pouring its hottest rays down on the Union and Rebel armies. The dew dried quickly. The earth, parched and hot, almost burned the feet of those who were marching.

Both armies were astir early. The blue-coats hurried about, then settled into order and drew up in battle-line. McDowell was in command. He formed his lines in an open field on both sides of the road. Not far off, on a little mound, was the center of the Confederates. Their left was on the bank of a little brook which flowed at the edge of a thicket. The right was in the open field. Then both armies were prepared for battle.

Fred Jordan, gazing at the enemy, heard a cannon shot scream through the air. The work of death had begun. All day he and his companions fought, now gaining, now losing, now feeling that the blue was ahead, then realizing that the gray was advancing steadily against their line.

But the Zouaves of the North were iron-hearted and only death, it seemed, could conquer them. They held their ground. They advanced a step, with a solid mass of Union soldiery behind them. But they met another firm, solid body of troops, for the Rebels were not to be driven from the field by shouts.

Both sides charged. There seemed to be one mighty wave struggling with another mighty wave. Each pressed hard, but neither gave way. The Confederates were fighting for so-called freedom; the Federals were contending for the Union. Again they dashed forward. The rebels gave way. "They run," cried a hundred of the blue-coats. But it was only a step. Some fresh courage seemed to come to them, and as new troops swept on to the field, the cry "Reinforcements have come" resounded on every side.

Fred pressed on with the others. All about him, he heard the sobs and groans of the wounded or dying; he saw the sad sights of a battle-field. The one who had marched beside him now had but one arm. A short distance from him lay the one who had been his tent-mate. Some one called for help to gain the rear. He stopped. Stooping he raised from the ground a boy and gave him water from the canteen. Then he hastened to the front. So

great was his excitement that he forgot where he was, and entered heartily into the fight.

It seemed to him that a steady flash of fire ran along that line of gray coats. He heard the roar and thunder of the cannon on the side of the Union Army, answering the sharp cracks of the rebel guns. Little time did he find to think of the men falling on every side. Zip! A sharp snap came to his ears and he felt himself sinking to the ground with a dull pain in his leg.

The field and sounds went farther and farther away. He fainted. When he revived he was at the rear of the army and the old surgeon was saying, carelessly, "Guess it'll have to come off." Then others took charge of him and the doctor passed on to his next case.

He heard the sound of battle, cries of defeat and victory, roar of guns, groans of the wounded. Suddenly all about him changed and he saw the gray uniforms rushing toward him. He was amazed. Then he realized that the flag was down, his friends were defeated, that his country was in danger once more. He thought of flight. Forgetting his wound he jumped to his feet to escape, or to aid in the fight, should the Unionists rally. No use! He fell; the rebels seized him, and he had become a prisoner of war.

Night came. Fred Jordan and his fellow-prisoners were huddled together in an old building near the field. Weary, tired, faint-hearted, they dreamed troubled dreams about the day that had gone. Then day broke, and they were taken to Richmond. Here they found a yard with slight shelter in one corner, and a guard at the gate which someone entered occasionally to see that all was well inside.

As these were the first prisoners, they found a clean camp, pure air, and at first wholesome food. To be sure they were taunted by some of the guards, but with others they became even friendly and through these gained news of the North. Hope was strong. They expected release, for each day the keepers spoke of an exchange to be made, and their spirits rose.

Hope deferred too long becomes despair. When the camp was no longer clean the food was not so good, the taunts were more and more bitter, then it was that the prisoners became more distrustful of their keepers. The number of dead increased rapidly in the prison. What wonder that the prisoners became heart-sick!

Fred Jordan's wound was troubling him. His leg had not



been taken off, but he had been on his back for some time. Now he could go about on crutches. He was gaining in strength, but so slowly that it seemed he never could get well.

One day news came that an exchange of prisoners was surely to be made. Poor fellows! That exchange, by report, had come often. But this was different. The stir about the prison meant something and many a man had sweet dreams once more,—or saw new visions of the home so far away. It strengthened all.

The conditions of the exchange were these. "He who reaches Rumford station, near Maple Grove Court House, by noon, Thursday, the thirteenth, shall have free passage to Washington." Fred's wound healed rapidly; his leg grew stronger and stronger.

A few weeks later a letter came to that Northern home, written by one of the guards who had seemed to take an interest in Fred. It told the story of the exchange of prisoners.

"Fred Jordan," it read, "was very confident of reaching the station. His leg was healing fast. Already he could bear his weight on it and in a few days expected to go without the sticks he had been using.

"He had been down-hearted, like the others, over the condition of affairs here, but that Thursday morning he was the brightest of all. He laughed and talked about the good time he would have at home, then walked across the yard to show how strong he was.

"After he started for the station he had not gone far when he began to limp. His wound was telling on him. But without his wonderful courage and endurance he never could have gone as far as he did.

"The train was standing at the station when he came in sight. With all his might he tried to run, but his leg could not stand it and he fell. Again and again he tried to reach the station, but was at some distance when the train pulled away and he was—left.

"He fell as if dead. His disappointment had broken his heart. He lost courage and could not wait for a second exchange. After a few weeks of trouble he went to the hospital.

"We did what we could for him, but the trouble was with the mind, not with the body. Yesterday we placed him in grave No. 33, at the regular yard near Richmond.

Yours respectfully,

EDWIN D. KNOWLTON."

—D., '05.



## A COUNTRY LANE.

How often in the withering heat of summer do I think of that charming old lane! There the short, bright grass has such a downy look one longs to lay the cheek to it. Crumbling walls creep along on either side; farther down stands the "Sop of Wine" tree—foot in a field and lopping arms thrown over the wall as if urging its spicy fruit on every passing friend. And who is not a friend? All are welcome here. The drowsy sheep steal up the path, pressing their soft noses into one's palm. By a mossy rock is a deep spring where a willow throws a cool shadow. The leaves flutter without a wind and the frivolous dragon-flies hum a song of dreamy forgetfulness.

—B. L. R., '04.

## FROM THE CANOE.

"Ouch! I'm wet to the shoulder! Turn her round, Tom."

A slight turn of the paddle sends the canoe a little toward the left.

Silence.

A sudden blub-blub of the water.

"Heavens, was that meant for a water-spout? I'm wholly submerged. No, you needn't bother to change the course. There isn't a dry spot on me to be wet.

"Don't apologize, Mr. Eliver. Oh, no, of course you didn't do it on purpose.

"What did you say? Makes you think of heaven out here? Well, I can't see the similarity."

"An angel, yes, I think I am, to stand being soaked with so much patience."

Swish, swish of the waves. A smothered scream from the canoe.

"That's the last straw. Take me in at once."

A few swift dips of the paddle—the boat scrapes on the beach.

"Thank heaven, I'm on land once more. No, you needn't call to-morrow. Good-bye."

The rustle of skirts in the darkness. The boom-boom of the breakers in the distance. That was all.

—D. H. W., '05.

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### THE STORY OF SOME RUBBISH.

As every housekeeper knows, it is on Thursday that the city waste cart comes around to gather all the old rubbish. This particular Thursday was one of those golden August days, that help to make a Maine summer more beautiful than anything else.

We had worked hard the night before that we might for once get rubbish enough to make a more creditable (?) appearance than our neighbors. How those old magazines had tumbled and thumped down the stairs, and what a brave array they made in the morning light, in four large barrels by the roadside.

There is nothing more pathetic than seeing some one else try to find something good in what you have thrown away. But there may be fun in it, too. Let us watch the adventures of this literary rubbish.

The first person to notice it is a rather poorly dressed little boy, evidently looking for something to amuse him. What a disappointment to find in the barrels only dull, heavy reports, uninteresting statistics, and too learned magazines. He at length goes off with a few such prizes as a jeweler's catalogue and some pictures of the World's Fair.

Next the crossing-sweeper comes limping along, his dust-colored clothes, slow step, and badge—the dingy brush over his shoulder—a sad contrast to the beautiful day. Politics, pictures, newspapers would interest him. But he finds scarcely anything worth while.

And now a carpenter or two from the new house building across the street strolls over to see what is going on. There is nothing here to care about after all.

But although the valuable literature has failed to please all these, at last it finds some one more responsive to its attractions. A fat and business-like ragman drives up. See, with longing

haste, he rapidly fills his cart from the overflowing barrels. There they go—scientific reports, publications of the most learned societies in the country, and all the rest. What a prince of ragmen he must be to want all these. We should be glad to think so; but alas, it is too evident why they please him so much—the bright colors alone attract his eye, pink, blue, yellow. What an unworthy end they have reached.

As he works busily away, scattering papers on the ground in his haste, the rubbish cart drives grandly up at last. Now, ragman, in severe and outraged tones its driver harangues you for meddling with what was meant for him. He calls to your attention that you have even lost some of the precious things upon the ground. So, tossing a bright pink school report on the top of his load, the ragman goes rapidly off, leaving the treasures to their proper owner.

. . . . .  
It is afternoon. The empty barrels wait to be taken in.

—B. C., 1902.

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## Alumni Round-Table.

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### FORMATION OF A NEW YORK ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

THE formation of a New York Alumni Association of Bates College was completed May 2 at the Saint Denis Hotel. Among those present at this meeting were G. L. Record, a member of the Class of '81, who is now city solicitor of Jersey City; C. S. Haskell of the Class of '81; A. F. Gilmore of the Class of '92; G. H. Stockbridge of the Class of '72; G. A. Stuart of the Class of '77; C. J. Atwater of the Class of '83, and some thirty or more other ladies and gentlemen who are prominent in the social, business, and professional life of New York and its vicinity. F. L. Blanchard of the Class of '82 presided. C. S. Haskell was chosen President; G. W. Thomas of the Class of '96, Secretary-Treasurer; F. L. Blanchard, A. F. Gilmore and R. A. Sturges of the Class of '93, members of the Executive Committee.

This Alumni Association will be of great service to Bates in increasing her influence in the great financial center of America. There live many of the great financiers who are willing to give their money, while they live, to institutions whose value and

importance they are made to understand, and it is expected that this recently formed Association will be able to supplement the efforts of Dr. Chase to raise money in that vicinity. Dr. Chase is devoting much time and the best labor of his life to the improvement of the financial condition of the institution of which he is the honored President. He works in season and out of season for the welfare of Bates, taking philosophically the excuses which are given him by men of means as showing why they are not able to give, yet still urging with the persistency which characterizes him the needs of his *Alma Mater* until he makes people feel as he does about the college, and consequently give something to help maintain it.

Bates can well be proud of the men who, bound together by the common tie of college brotherhood, assembled on this occasion to give outward expression to that tie. Mr. Stockbridge is one of the best electricians in the United States, a man who has made an international reputation as a scientist and is now entrusted with the important affairs of the Westinghouse Company. Mr. Haskell is one of the most prominent educators of Brooklyn, and many of the other alumni were men of recognized influence and ability.

The New York Alumni Association sends a greeting to those interested in Bates College, and pledges itself in every way to assist in the work of widening the influence of that institution, until it shall be known throughout the length and breadth of the world even as some of the larger American universities are known.

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Through the special committee of the Stanton Club, an alumni and alumnæ association of Bates College, notices are now being sent out to all the graduates of the college inviting participation in contributing toward the fund for the Stanton portrait. It has been deemed best by the committee, in whose hands the matter was left, to employ Frederic P. Vinton of Boston to paint a three-quarter length portrait. Quite a portion of the necessary amount already has been pledged. Vinton is considered by art critics to be one of the two leading portrait painters of this time, in the world, the other being Sargent. The work will be done the coming summer, Mr. Vinton already having named the date when he can come to Maine to do the work. Such an art piece at Coram Library on the Bates campus will be one to be recognized by all the world, and will be of value not to the college alone but to

Lewiston, as a city. The committee endorsing and furthering this movement is as follows: Scott Wilson, '92; Alice E. Lord, '99; Emma J. C. Rand, '81; O. B. Clason, '77; A. S. Littlefield, '87; C. S. Cook, '81; Frank H. Briggs, '78; F. W. Baldwin, '72; Dora Jordan, '90; W. H. Bolster, '69; J. L. Reade, '83; C. C. Smith, '88; W. F. Garcelon, '90; W. B. Cutts, '91; Wilbur H. Judkins, '80; O. C. Boothby, '96.—*Lewiston Journal*.

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#### ALUMNI NOTES.

'68.—President Chase and his brother, Rev. J. A. Chase of the Class of '77, were the guests of honor at a banquet given on May 2d by the New York Alumni Association of Bates College.

'70.—Prof. L. G. Jordan recently gave a talk on Respiration at the Bates Round Table.

'77.—H. W. Oakes presided over a large audience, which had assembled to hear the sheriff issue discussed, at Auburn Hall, Thursday evening, May 8th. One of the leading speakers of the evening was Prof. Anthony, who in a brilliant address clearly showed the true state of affairs as regards the enforcement of the prohibitory law, and made a stirring appeal to the voters to see that this state of affairs was improved.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes, pastor of the Congregational Church at Manitou, Col., has resigned his charge there and accepted a call to the First Congregational Church at Topeka, Kan. This is a large and influential church and offers a wide field for work.

'81.—Rev. R. E. Gilkey was one of the speakers at the recent prohibitionist rally in Auburn.

'83.—F. E. Manson is editor of the *Pennsylvania Grit*, a paper consisting of twenty-four pages, exclusive of the story supplement, and published in Williamsport, Pa. It is divided into several departments each with its individual function to perform. Its Special Feature section deals with the quaint and curious; its Miscellany section with fact and fiction; its Department section with current topics; while its Telegraphic News section brings us tidings from abroad, and the Local News section makes us acquainted with affairs at home. Such an arrangement is of great value to the man whose time is valuable, for he knows just where to find that which he wants and is not obliged to spend several minutes in a fruitless search.

'85.—W. B. Small addressed the Bates Round Table, Friday evening, May 9, on the subject of Tuberculosis.

'92.—Scott Wilson of Portland has accepted an invitation to deliver the Memorial address at Bowdoinham.

'96.—O. F. Cutts recently gave a talk to the Bates students after chapel, speaking forcibly and to the point, mentioning the things in which Bates had improved since he was here and pointing out ways in which further improvement might be effected. It was truly a heart to heart talk with the students, and he gave some wholesome advice which was well received.

'99.—The home of Edith I. Leonard, wife of Professor Leonard, who went to Japan a few years ago, was recently gladdened by the appearance of a daughter, who has received the name of Agnes Iola.

'99.—Albert T. L'Heureux, who has lately been in poor health, is now trying the beneficial effects of a fishing excursion.

'99.—Miss Lettice Albee has been in Lewiston for some time and is a valued contributor of poetry to the Lewiston papers.

'99.—H. C. Small of the New Church (Swedenborgian) Theological School at Cambridge, Mass., gave a Scripture talk on the central doctrine of Christianity in Co-operative Hall recently.

'01.—J. E. Wilson gave a talk to the students of Bates on the subject of Lewis P. Clinton and his work, Wednesday evening, May 7.

## Around the Editors' Table.

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IN a comparison of our magazine with those of other colleges, it falls below their standard in one respect. There is a lack of verse. Nor is this the fault of the literary editors. They must take such work as they can get. The fault lies in the student-body and the student-body must remedy it. A member of the alumni has recently called to our notice a fault in our college, which is a very probable result of this fault in our magazine. Bates has no college song. If our students had trained themselves in this form of writing we might now be enjoying all the benefits of a college song or of several of them.

It is not probable that there are none in our number who have ability along this line. It is far more probable that what ability there is, is being neglected. If those who feel any urging of the Muse in their hearts, however slight, would only give their possible genius a chance we feel sure that the following numbers of our magazine would by no means be ashamed by comparison with others; and that soon we would no longer have to say that Bates has no college song.

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WHAT does your literary society mean to *you*? Are *you* getting from it all the good which it is capable of giving? Are *you* doing all you can to make your society the best in college? If we cannot each one answer the last two questions affirmatively, we are failing to appreciate one of the finest educational advantages we possess.

From time to time we hear little complaints that the students as a whole are rather lax in their support of the society of their choice. Especially does this seem true in debate. Outside duties and attractions press in upon us and we slight that for neglect of which we are the least likely to be called to an account even though it be the most valuable part of our course.

We are proud of the fact that Bates has been able to take an honorable place in debate as well as in athletics, but do we not sometimes forget that *we* are Bates now and unless *we* keep up the debating interest here in college we shall be forced to resign the place which we have held so long. Viewed in this light, our society meetings are too valuable to be slighted for a single night. Our best efforts are none too good.

If "the object to be aimed at in education is the development of the person to the mastery of himself and his resources" there is



nothing in our whole course here more valuable than faithful *work* in our literary societies.

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IT is with pleasure that we note the increase of interest in athletics here. It is what we need, what we *have* needed for a long time. But let us not be content with the present development of enthusiasm, for we have only made a beginning, and though the conditions now are much better than they were a year ago, there is still room for a great deal of improvement. By enthusiasm we show that we are alive, that we are active, aggressive forces instead of merely passive objects, that we are interested in the result of a contest and are not ashamed to show it. The heart-felt enthusiasm with which the student-body of a college support their athletes is one of the most prominent factors in the success of those athletes. Even as the college paper cannot attain its fullest degree of success, no matter how hard the editors may work, without the hearty support of the student-body, so the college athletes cannot do the utmost of which they are capable without the interest and sympathy which they have a right to expect from their fellow-students. There is nothing more disheartening to a contestant, no matter whether he be base-ball or track man, than the listless silence and apparent lack of interest which too often hovers over the benches where the men are sitting whose champion he is. We should not think that because we do not enter the lists ourselves we have no share in the contest, for a hearty cheer at the critical moment may put new life into our struggling champions and help them win the victory. Every athlete should be made to feel that the student-body is behind him, that his fellow-students are not only ready to celebrate with him his victory, but to sympathize with him in his defeat; that they are interested in his welfare and appreciate the denials he has made for the sake of doing himself and his college credit in the coming contest. No doubt we have all along felt this interest, but now we are beginning to show it. Perhaps we are beginning to understand that all the interest and enthusiasm in the world is useless, if we possess not the energy and decision to make it manifest.

But the manifestation of this interest and enthusiasm, far from being a simple matter, is something to which we should give much earnest and sincere thought. If on the athletic field it takes the form of individual effort the result cannot help being disas-

trous. Part of the students would be shouting one thing, part of them another, while the greater part would not be shouting anything at all simply for lack of a leader. The result would be expressive of nothing save noise. It would be as inefficient in comparison with organized cheering as a disorderly rabble in comparison with an organized force. What we need is a good leader who understands the situation and in whom the boys have confidence and students who are able through practice to follow out his directions and who do not join in their college yell as though it was the first time they had ever heard it.

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## Local Department.

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### FLUNK.

Flunk, flunk, flunk,  
 On that Physics test, Oh Prof.,  
 I would that the power of my glance  
 Could easily let me off.

But no! Ah no! Forever,  
 As long as life shall be,  
 Shall I ever be able to utter  
 The thoughts that arise in me.

For "Force," and "Work," and "Power,"  
 I've used with all my might,  
 But somehow the work of my brain-machine  
 Quite vanishes out of sight.

My temper got hot over "Heat,"  
 My brain grew tired of "Work,"  
 And the pumps and syphons and films  
 Made me sick enough to shirk.

And shirk I did for sure,  
 But no pleasure did I gain,  
 For the density of my conscience  
 Worried me quite insane.

Then  
 Flunk, flunk, flunk,  
 And the life that is left in me  
 Shall sing me the song of my sorrow  
 In sort of a minor key.

—X. Y. Z., '04.

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

One of the prominent features of our Association work this term has been that in the Social Settlement. At the beginning of the fall term, four Sunday afternoon classes were formed, and these have been kept up regularly through the winter. In addi-

tion to these there have been three weekly night classes in different branches of English, under the direction of three of the college professors. Another department of the work has been the entertainments given, as often as thought advisable, by college talent.

No marvelous or unusual success has attended our efforts, but if the "bread" quietly and conscientiously "cast upon the waters," is sure to "return" even though it be "after many days," we are content.

The plan of work for this term is somewhat different. Instead of going to the children of the Settlement we hope to bring them out of their dreary surroundings, to us, and, by afternoons in the woods, walks, talks, and glimpses of another sort of life, give them some ideas apart from street, mill or factory. This, with an occasional social or entertainment, in the Settlement class will be our method for the summer term.

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#### GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

"Pluck wins! It always wins though days be slow  
And nights be dark 'twixt days that come and go;  
Still pluck will win—its average is sure,  
He gains the prize who can the most endure,  
Who faces issues, he who never shirks,  
Who waits and watches and who always works."

Blanchard, '02, is teaching at Boothbay.

We are glad to welcome President Chase again after his long absence.

Rev. Mr. Downey, '86, and Rev. Mr. Howard, '96, led the chapel exercises recently.

Doe, '05, who was recently called home by the sudden death of his father, has returned to college.

The college regrets the loss of Dr. Chase, who has accepted a position in the Harvard Library.

The renovation of the Y. M. C. A. room is nearly completed. That the improvement is great goes without saying.

Ex-President O. B. Cheney of Bates, and Mrs. Cheney, arrived in Lewiston May 19th, and will reside on College Street.

Mr. Pomeroy, '98, Bates instructor, who is doing post-graduate work at Harvard, was in Lewiston for a week recently.

Three of the STUDENT editors are absent from college. Miss Norton is teaching at Wells, Miss Freeman at Woolwich, and Jordan at Lincoln.

Monday evening, May 12, a lecture was given in the chapel by Rev. John Perkins, Class of '82. Mr. Perkins spoke about art in music and drama. He has a pleasing delivery and held the interested attention of his audience throughout.

It is putting it mildly when we say we are pleased with the work of our base-ball team and with the spirit which they are

showing. They have won seven out of the ten games played and have done their best on every game. Such a spirit we can and will support.

Among the new officers of the college are special student police whose duty it is to keep the gymnasium and athletic field free from those who are not entitled to use them and also to keep a watchful eye upon the "rising generation" which sometimes attends our base-ball and foot-ball games. A good scheme.

Eurosophia has elected officers for next year. They are: President, Lothrop, '03; Vice-President, Briggs, '04; Secretary, Miss Mitchell, '05; Assistant Secretary, Miss Downey, '05; Treasurer, Andrews, '05; Executive Committee, Ramsdell, '03, Holman, '04, Miss Bartlett, '05; Music Committee, Miss Norton, '03, Miss Lugrin, '04, Winslow, '05; Decorating Committee, Miss Clark, '03, Jennings, '03, Miss Phillips, '04, Doyle, '05; Librarian, Blake, '05.

The graduates of Cobb Divinity School have taken their examinations. The examiners were Rev. C. S. Perkins of New Hampshire and Rev. C. E. Cate of Rhode Island. The following is the program of the week:

MONDAY, MAY 19.

7.30 P.M. Discussion, Sermon Plans and Preaching. Class in Homiletics, Professor Howe.

TUESDAY, MAY 20.

9.00 A.M. to 5 P.M. Public examination of classes.  
 9.00 A.M. Systematic Theology by Professor Howe.  
 10.00 A.M. Biblical Training Class in Church History, taught by Professor Purinton; examined by Professor Howe.  
 11.00 A.M. Senior Class in Church History, by Dr. Salley.  
 3.00 P.M. Elective Class in Messianic Prophecy, taught by Professor Purinton; examined by Professor Hayes.  
 4.00 P.M. Biblical Training Class in Theology, by Professor Howe.  
 7.30 P.M. Elective Class in the Apocalypse, by Professor Anthony.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21.

9.00 A.M. Biblical Training Class in Pastoral Theology, by Professor Hayes.  
 10.00 A.M. Annual Business Meeting of the Alumni.  
 2.30 P.M. Exercises of the graduating class; presentation of diplomas, address to the class by Dean Howe.  
 President's address before the Alumni Association, by Rev. Fred L. Wiley, '68, of Laconia, N. H.  
 6.30 P.M. Banquet of the Alumni Association and friends. Toastmaster, Dean Howe.

LIST OF GRADUATES.

Welbee Butterfield, Dover, N. H.; Edward B. Foster, Lewiston; George E. Manter, Lake Shore. Biblical Training School, Robert S. White, New Haven, Conn.

Of the Harvard game the *Boston Globe* says: "After the first two innings Bates outplayed Harvard both in the field and at the

bat. Had Towne been as steady in these two innings as in the rest of the game, the Maine boys would probably have won.

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Harvard .....	4	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	x—6
Bates .....	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0—2

Hits—Harvard 4, Bates 5. Errors—Harvard 10, Bates 2. Batteries—Clarkson and Kernan; Towne and Stone.

At Worcester the team was not quite so successful, Holy Cross seeming to rather out-class them. The score:

Holy Cross.....	0	0	0	5	0	7	1	1	x—14
Bates .....	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	0	0—3

Hits—Holy Cross 14, Bates 5. Errors—Holy Cross 2, Bates 5. Batteries—McCormick and Noonan; Doe, Towne and Stone. Umpire—Gaffney.

They fully redeemed themselves, however, by defeating the Massachusetts State College in a close game, bringing the first trip to a successful close:

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Innings .....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates .....	2	0	1	0	0	4	0	0	2—9
Massachusetts State.....	1	1	0	0	0	3	0	3	0—8

Runs earned—Clason 2, Parsons, Allen 2, Stone, Purington, Dean, Moody, Gregg 3, Paul 2, Halligan 2, Cook. Two-base hits—Stone, Allen, Dean, Cook, Halligan. Three-base hit—Dean. Sacrifice hits—Moody, Hunt. Stolen bases—Clason, Parsons, Allen, Dean, Purington, Paul, Bodfish, Ahearn, Cook, Ingham. First base on balls—Lang 2, Clason, Purington, Maerz, Paul, Halligan. First base on errors—Parsons 2, Dean 2, Allen, Stone, Lang, Cook 2, Ahearn 2, Gregg, Halligan, O'Hearn. Left on bases—Bates 9, Massachusetts State 7. Struck out—Moody 2, Clason, Ingham 2, O'Hearn, Hunt, Halligan. Passed balls—Bates, Massachusetts State. Wild pitch—Allen. Hit by pitched ball—Moody, Paul. Time—2 hours, 20 minutes. Umpire—Merritt. Attendance—300.

The second trip was more successful from the standpoint of games won. The first game was an easy victory over Middlebury College—6 to 0. Doe pitched. The next day Davis of the University of Vermont proved a puzzle to the Bates men, and the game went to U. of V. by a score of 12 to 2. Sure and steady playing, together with Towne's excellent work in the box, turned the tables in the second game and Bates won, 7 to 5.

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

Bates .....	3	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	1—7
Vermont .....	4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—5

Two-base hits—Orton 4, Allen, Clason, Doe. Stolen bases—Clancy, Crumb, Moody 2. Bases on balls—by Clancy 4, Towne 3. Struck out—by Clancy 8, Towne 3. Double plays—Kinlock to Abbott; Brooks to Orton. Passed balls—Orton, Stone. Umpire—Lieut. Mumma of West Point. Time—1.50.

The home games so far have been especially satisfactory. While Mitchell of U. of M. did not prove as formidable as we had feared, the game was not decided until the last man was out, and the score 6 to 3 in no way tells the interesting nature of the game.

The Bowdoin game was more satisfactory than interesting, and after the fifth inning was never in doubt. The summary best describes the game:

BATES.

	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
Dean, 1b.....	5	0	0	14	0	0
Clason, ss.....	4	0	0	2	4	0
Allen, 2b.....	5	2	2	1	2	0
Stone, c.....	5	3	3	7	0	0
Bucknam, lf.....	4	1	2	0	0	0
Moody, cf.....	5	1	2	1	0	0
Maerz, rf.....	1	2	0	0	0	0
Parsons, 3b.....	3	0	1	2	4	0
Towne, p.....	4	0	0	0	6	0
Totals .....	36	9	10	27	15	0

BOWDOIN.

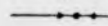
	AB	R	BH	PO	A	E
White, 3b.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Shaughnessey, 2b.....	4	0	1	1	4	0
Green, rf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Hovey, 1b.....	4	0	1	12	0	1
Coffin, lf.....	4	0	0	0	0	0
Blanchard, c.....	2	0	1	9	3	2
Munro, cf.....	4	0	0	0	0	1
Bly, ss.....	4	1	2	0	3	1
Oakes, p.....	2	0	0	0	4	0
Lewis, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	1
Total .....	32	1	6	24	14	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Bates .....	0	3	0	0	2	0	4	0	x-9
Bowdoin .....	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0-1

Earned runs—Bates 3, Bowdoin 1. Two-base hits—Allen, Bucknam, Hovey. Stolen bases—Maerz, Blanchard. Double plays—Towne, Parsons, Dean. First base on balls—by Towne, White, Green, Blanchard; by Oakes, Allen, Maerz 2, Parsons; by Lewis, Bucknam, Maerz. Hit by pitched ball—by Towne, Blanchard. Struck out—by Towne, Shaughnessey 2, Coffin 2, Munro 2, Oakes; by Oakes, Stone, Moody 2, Maerz, Towne 2; by Lewis, Bucknam, Towne. Time—1.55. Umpire—John E. Carrigan, Jr. Attendance—800.

Exchanges.



TWILIGHT.

The ash is red in the wooden pipe,  
 The ember is smoking yet,  
 The dreamer dreams in his rocking-chair,  
 The bob white calls "more wet."

He dreams of a sail that is filling fast,  
 He dreams of a gray-eyed girl;  
 He feels the slap-slip-slap of the waves  
 As under his keel they curl.

He dreams of a child with red-gold hair,  
 And he dreams of a dark-eyed wife—  
 In truth of the host of sweetest things  
 That make up a quiet life.

O, the pipe is cold and the ash is grey,  
 And the rocker sways no more,  
 For the dreamer is locked in the city of sleep  
 And darkness creeps in at the door.

—M. C. Allen in *The Sibyl*.

IT is almost with a feeling of relief that the ex-editor puts away the magazines for April—April, that most beautiful month of spring, “balmy spring,” “sweet-scented spring” and all the other kinds of spring that the fertile minds of several hundred students are able to think of. Spring doubtless has its charm for us all, but when one is reading the twenty-fifth or thirtieth poem on it, or a piece containing the sixtieth reference to it, he begins to feel that he can give up the privilege of carrying an umbrella every other day and even welcome the scorching rays of summer, providing that they will come soon enough to prevent any more would-be poets from choosing this hackneyed and worn-out subject.

*The Acadia Athenaeum* among other good articles, contains a good summing up of the probability of Bacon’s being the true author of Shakespeare. It is a work which shows keenness.

Among the most interesting of the papers is “*The Red Man and Helper*.” This shows enterprise and push.

We have had some good advice in regard to cheering during the ball games. It is interesting to see that this matter is being taken up by other colleges:

“The excitement incident to a close base-ball game often leads to improper or undue applause on the part of those behind the opposing teams. We doubt whether it has ever been the deliberate purpose of undergraduates to participate in such kind of enthusiasm; yet, unless due caution and warning is given, occasional breaches of base-ball etiquette are inevitable. . . . Legitimate applause under the control of appointed leaders should be hereafter the rule.”—*The Williams Weekly*.

“Applause for good work is music to the ear of every player and his best reward. Do not, therefore, cheapen this token by placing it where it does not belong. The indiscriminate noise which seems to characterize the modern college game is not support. Applaud only good work and you will be giving “support” of the best kind, not only to the team, but also to those who are doing all that they can to develop the team.”—*The Yale Alumni Weekly*.

*The William and Mary* contains one of the best departments of any of the magazines. “Some Things and a Few Others.” Here the current events are discussed, to a greater or less extent, in a clear, interesting way.

*The Tuftonian* gives us a very interesting article in "The Beginning of Base-Ball in Tufts College." Such things as the fielders sitting on the fence and a score of one hundred and thirteen to thirty-seven, would seem rather strange to us now, however.

"The Place of Bret Harte in American Literature," from the *Dartmouth Magazine*, is worthy of high commendation. Not only is the material good and well arranged, but the style is very pleasing.

*The Peabody Record* has some good serious reading. The story, "Ida," would be sure to arouse a collector's interest. We first find an old man in a path. Through his eyes we see golden moss, drooping fern, dewy golden-rod, purple and white fall flowers, all sprinkled with crimson, gold, and green. We next come across a baby. Around her we find quite a menagerie, two pigs, a plump brown mother partridge and her brood, a gray squirrel, a big brown rabbit, a gay red bird, and a company of jays. The next is a collection of vegetables. We see a great yellow squash, a pale-green cabbage, some bloody beets, brilliant tomatoes, pink-and-white radishes, fresh, crisp greens, and long okra pods. The story improves as it goes on. We should say that the author's forte was narration rather than description.

Among the best of our school exchanges we would mention the *Colby Academy Voice* and *The Vermont Academy Life*.

There seem always to be two factors which determine the success of a team, one the make-up of the team itself, and the second the spirit of the college which backs the team.—*Ex.*

For without an honest, manly heart,  
No man was worth regarding.

So, with the light of great examples to guide us, let us remember that everyone is not only justified, but in duty bound to aim for a high standard of character; not to become the greatest in intellect, but in spirit; not to become the greatest in worldly position, but in truth and honor; not the most powerful and influential, but the most truthful, upright and honest.—*L. G. S. Messenger.*

#### THE LONG AGO.

When the work of the day is over,  
And the sun is sinking to rest,  
And the bees have left the clover,  
And the birds are in their nest,  
In the calm of the lengthening twilight,  
To a heart that is burdened with woe,  
From the shadowy depths of the heavens,  
Come the voices of long ago.

When the autumn day is waning,  
And the gold-red glow of the sun  
And the brilliant colors are fading,  
And the work of the harvest is done,



## THE BATES STUDENT.

In the flickering flame and the firelight,  
 To a heart that is burdened with woe,  
 From the glow of the dying embers,  
 Come the faces of long ago.

When the wintry day is dying,  
 And the year is nearing its end,  
 And the Christ Child peace is crying,  
 And the people in silence bend,  
 In the cold gray gleam of the snow-light,  
 To a heart that is burdened with woe,  
 From the deepening gloom of the darkness  
 Flit the shadows of long ago.

—*Alice Moore Wheeler in Smith College Monthly.*

## THE LITERARY VAMPIRE.

(*With many apologies to R. K.*)

A fool there was, and he wrote a theme  
 (Even as you and I!)  
 He filled it full of poetic gleam  
 (We read it and thought it an idiot's dream),  
 But the fool considered it Art Supreme  
 (Even as you and I!)

The fool expected to get a B  
 (Even as you and I!)  
 Or, at the worst, a well-earned C;  
 (He never even dreamt of a D!)  
 So it jarred him much when he pulled an E  
 (Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the mark we lost,  
 And the excellent things we planned  
 Belong to the man who read the theme  
 (We'd like to teach him to read a theme,  
 For he does not understand!)

—*The Bowdoin Quill.*

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## Our Book-Shelf.

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"If a book come from the heart, it will contrive to reach other hearts;  
 all art and author-craft are of small amount to that." —*Carlyle.*

*Dorothy South*<sup>1</sup>, by George Cary Eggleston, is a love story of Virginia just before the war. The book is prettily bound in red cloth, with an illustrated cover, and contains six illustrations by C. D. Williams. The story begins with the arrival at the estate of Wyanoke of its new heir, a young physician, Dr. Arthur Brent, who was born in Virginia but was bred in the North. Here he finds Dorothy South, a girl of sixteen years, who is in the care of Aunt Polly, a distant relative. He also meets

Edmonia Bannister, who is strongly attracted to him but conceals her love and unselfishly befriends him in all his difficulties. When a fever breaks out among the negroes of Wyanoke, Arthur, with Dorothy as head nurse, fights against it heroically. A mystery hangs over Dorothy from the beginning of the story. She has always been confined to her own home and is bound by a peculiar injunction of her father to be betrothed to the son of a planter, Madison Peyton. Arthur becomes Dorothy's guardian and sends her away with Edmonia to travel in Europe. On her way she meets a woman who proves to be her mother. The mystery is now explained and Dorothy hastens back to Virginia where the romance ends with great happiness, among the familiar scenes of Wyanoke.

*Leavitt's Outlines of Botany*<sup>2</sup> was prepared at the request of the Botanical Department of Harvard University, for use in High Schools. It is based on Gray's *Lessons in Botany*. While presenting the most modern methods of study, it has a simplicity and brevity which make it better suited for an elementary course than many text-books. Each chapter of descriptive text is preceded by a chapter of laboratory studies covering the same ground, which should ordinarily be performed first by the pupil. The laboratory work, however, is of such a nature that it can be performed without expensive microscopes or other elaborate apparatus, though these may be used advantageously. A study of typical forms of cryptogams is given, and a section on the minute anatomy and the physiology of flowering plants. The life of plants is given more attention, compared with their form, than in Dr. Gray's works, yet it is not made most prominent. A revised edition of Gray's *Field, Forest, and Garden Botany* is bound with the Outlines, thus giving a complete and practical elementary course in this most fascinating study.

*Much Ado About Nothing*<sup>3</sup> is the latest number of the *Arden Shakespeare* series, published by D. C. Heath and Company. This book is edited by J. C. Smith, M.A., Edinburgh. The Arden edition of Shakespeare has several distinctive features which make it the most convenient and satisfactory edition for school work. The plays are presented in their literary aspect, and not merely as material for the study of philology or grammar. In the Introduction, questions of date and literary questions are fully considered. Purely verbal and textual criticism is included, only as it is necessary for an appreciation of the essential poetry. Suggestions are made as to the analysis of dramatic motive and dramatic character. In the Notes, although all unfamiliar expressions and allusions are carefully explained, chief importance is placed in the consideration of the dramatic value of each scene and its relation to the whole play. Each volume of the series has a glossary, an essay upon Metre, and an Index; also Appendices in which points of special interest are treated at greater length than would be convenient in the Introduction or Notes. The edition is characterized by a systematic arrangement of its material.

*None But the Brave*<sup>4</sup>, by Hamblen Sears, is an historical novel of Revolutionary times. The tale is told in the first person by the hero, who was one of the secret emissaries sent out directly from Washington himself. The historical setting is the treason of Arnold, and the attempt to capture him after he had joined the British forces in New York City. While Washington, Sir Henry Clinton, Lord Howe, and Major Andre, as well as

Arnold, are introduced into the story, they do not figure conspicuously, and little new light is shed upon them. The fictitious characters are well and strongly drawn. The hero and heroine, on their first meeting, are forced by strange circumstances to a compulsory marriage. Later, though she is of a family supposed to be loyal, they proceed through various meetings, to form a devoted attachment, and at length reach the usual happy denouement. The adventures, while swift-moving and exciting, are not extremely improbable. An especial interest adheres to the faithful and contrasting pictures of the showy court of Sir Henry Clinton and the foul prisons in which American soldiers were confined at the same time in New York Harbor.

*Carpenter's Geographical Reader—Europe*<sup>5</sup>, is one of a series of supplementary readers intended to make more interesting the study of Geography. The child students are conceived to be themselves taking a trip across the Atlantic and through Europe. In the course of the tour they visit nearly all the more important places and scenes. Not only are the governments, the commerce, the natural scenery and architecture of each country, and great city noticed, but the real life of the people, the factory worker and the farmer as well as others, is observed. As the author is himself an extensive traveller, his own experience is the source from which he has drawn most largely for the material for his work. In this volume at least, the author has succeeded admirably in his design of making an interesting and at the same time instructive book for children of an age when geography is often a dull and difficult study. While quite comprehensive, the material used is nevertheless selected to suit the child's interest, and the language is clear and well adapted to the purpose. North America, South America, and Asia are covered in the volumes of this series; and one upon Australia and the Islands of the Sea is in preparation.

<sup>1</sup>Dorothy South. George Cary Eggleston. Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup>Outlines of Botany. Robert Greenleaf Leavitt, A.M. American Book Company, New York.

<sup>3</sup>Much Ado About Nothing. The Arden Shakespeare. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

<sup>4</sup>None But the Brave. Hamblen Sears. Dodd, Mead and Company, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>5</sup>Carpenter's Geographical Reader.—Europe. Frank G. Carpenter. American Book Co., New York.

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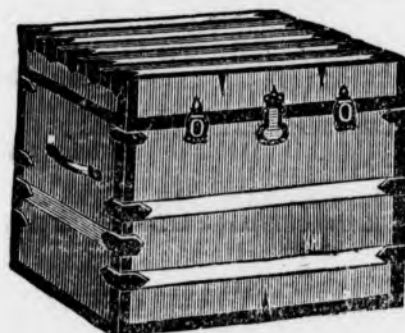
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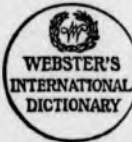
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To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
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Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
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