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Vol. XXX.

No. 9.



November

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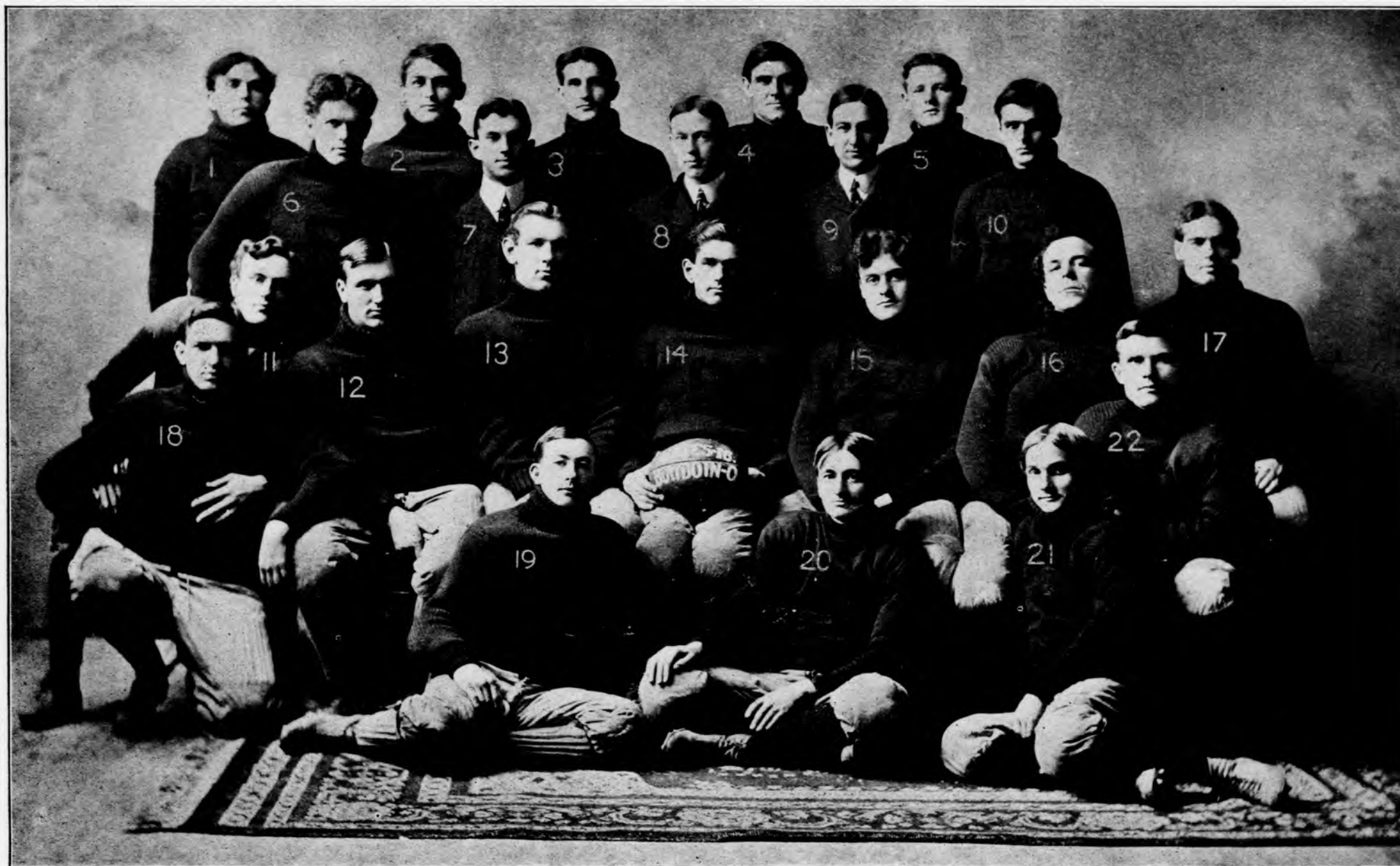
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Literary.

A WISH.

Oh, were I a voice
I'd speed on the wings of the air
And tell the world to look up and rejoice
And rise from its blind despair.

Oh, had I the power
In the heart of the world I'd sing
A sweeter song from hour to hour,
Till men should know my King.

—R. M. B., '06.

ART IN EDUCATION.

ON the Acropolis at Athens stand the ruins of that wonderful building, which has been alike the inspiration and the despair of sculptors and artists. Built of marble in the severe, pure Doric style, it is *probably* the most nearly perfect piece of architecture ever created by human hands. As the visitor gazes upon this magnificent ruin, not only is he thrilled by its beauty, but he is awed by the thought that this temple was designed and built nearly five hundred years before Christ. To-day after the light of knowledge has been diffused for centuries and the modern world has reaped the rich harvests of the past, yet we cannot point with pride to a Parthenon, built by the present generation. The present is not a productive age in Art. Whatever is best in our Art and Architecture is but a copying and reproduction of old forms and models, and to-day in spite of our boasted advancement we still go to Greece and Rome for the study of the best in Art.

Some people may say that if a nation pays too much attention to Art, other important branches of education will be neglected. Was this true of Greece? There is not a country in the world which is so noted for its Art. The Greek lived in an atmosphere of Art and beauty, but this did not make his development one-sided, as not alone in this branch did Greece excel, but she has given to the world a Homer, a Pindar, an Aeschylus, a Socrates. In fact, what country has produced greater philosophers, rulers, athletes and generals than Greece? But the crowning glory of Greece was her Art.

Modern education has lacked those elements which gave to Greece many of her famous men. In our efforts to attain the practical, the artistic has been disregarded. But a halt has been called, and our American schools are now seeing the many reforms and benefits that come from the furtherance of Art in the daily life of the scholar.

Let us consider the function of Art in our public schools. It is important both for its instruction and its ornamentation. In

pursuit of the first is taught or may be taught drawing, certain kinds of painting, modeling and to a certain extent sculpturing. In furtherance of the second purpose the American schools are filling their buildings with the most artistic productions. This is a movement of the utmost importance.

Pictures by the most famous artists should adorn the walls of all our schools. Many are the benefits springing from the study of Art in the institutions of learning.

Let us think of the moral effect which Art may have upon a boy coming to school from a poor home. We can hardly realize what the influence of the beautiful picture may be upon him. If the story of the picture is related in the most interesting manner, what a vast impression it may make. His love for beauty is aroused. He will wish to see this beauty brought into his home. This might seem impossible, but to-day the Perry pictures are found in many of the poorest families. An appreciation of Art is being widely disseminated when copies of our masterpieces are found in these poor homes.

How often do we hear from the visitor to the great Art galleries of Europe the saying, O! If I only knew the artist and the story of this beautiful picture, how much more it would mean to me. What does Art in the public schools do for such a person? If he has been told the story of Raphael's world-renowned "Sistine Madonna" and has had his attention called to the more obvious excellencies he can understand and enjoy more fully the beauty and grandeur of this masterpiece? But what will this do for him? Let us consider for a moment the greatest of all artists, Raphael. It may be well to quote of him, "He has enshrined all the noble tenderness and human sublimity of Christianity, all the edifying beauty of the antique world, in forms so radiant that we ever return to them to renew our inspiration. In his "Sistine Madonna" he found his deepest thought, his profoundest insight, his completest loveliness. By visiting this one picture with minds prepared by previous study, what lessons might we learn? As we advance in the public schools, we find that nature is the artist's standard. The smallest flower, the stateliest tree, the grandest mountain are all truly artistic.

We cannot even look from our windows but we see the finishing touch which nature gives to the earth. In the same manner Art gives the finishing touch to education. One helps the other, together they make more perfect the beauty, the greatness, the very history of all life. As one study leads to another and every day we are increasing our amount of knowledge by natural and simple methods, Art helps us to know and appreciate the higher things of life.

And so the study of Art leads to an appreciation of the beautiful world all around us, for nature is an open book from which we may read. We may study Art in all its forms, but in no

foreign galleries, not even the finest, shall we find such pictures as we can daily see if we look up and around us, for "Aloft on sky and mountain wall are God's great pictures hung."

—FRANCES A. MILLER, '02.

THE MONKEY'S TAIL.

LONG years ago, Oh Best Beloved, the monkey lived in the great dark tropical forest. He was not such a different monkey from those you see now-a-days. He had the same little eyes and wide mouth and hairy, dull, brownish black coat that he has now. But his tail, now remember this, his tail was short and curly like a pig's tail, it was indeed.

You know of course that monkeys are most 'scruciatingly bad acting people, but there was one little monkey of high and noble birth, too, that was the most 'scruciatingly bad acting of them all. His dignified uncle called him "that incorrigible child." He pulled the feathers out of owl's tail in the day-time when he was asleep and asked such 'staordinary questions that owl had to go into another part of the forest to live. For owls are peaceable, dignified people, 'sclusively so.

It would take volumes and volumes to tell all the 'scruciatingly bad things that this utterly incorrigible child did, but the worst of all was this: he wouldn't let his father and his mother, his sisters and his cousins and his aunts have any sleep. When he bit their heels and woke them up in the middle of a nice snoozy nap they all scolded him with tremendous words, and once his old gray grandpa, the ape, spanked him hard.

And this, Oh Best Beloved, hurt his feelings, for he felt it, indeed he did. But he forgot it very soon and kept on in his 'scruciating habits, until they became unbearable to his relatives.

One day his father was hunting for game in the edge of the forest and saw a big, tawny lion hunting, too. At any rate this is what he told the sisters and cousins and aunts of his incorrigible offspring. They were much frightened and turned as pale as dull brownish-black monkeys can turn and decided to go way into the forest to live where it was darker. For the heavy jungle and the big, big trees, with long ropes of moss hanging on them hid out the sun.

"What is a lion like?" asked the child.

"You will never want to get near enough to see him, for if he spied you, your vital organism would doubtless cease to perform the duties natural to itself," replied the uncle.

"Oh," said the child, "I suppose you mean he wouldn't like the looks of me."

"On the contrary, he would like you very much."

"Oh, I am so glad, guess I'll go see what he is like; perhaps he will be nicer than uncles and grandpas who spank." So after

his numerous sisters and cousins and aunts and extensive other relation went away, he started out to find the edge of the forest. After a time he got there and peeked and squinted with his two bright eyes, but saw no strange animal. "My! But what is this wide flat place all yellowish and hot and shiny with no trees or bushes or tall jungle or streams with crocodiles in them? This must be the lion's home," he thought. And he went for days and days across the bright, yellowish-gray sand. It was hot and still, and there was no water.

After a long, long time he saw a big temple built out of red sandstone, and a big black stone god stood right in front of it. All around him the shining yellow sand, behind him dull red, above him deep blue. "This must be the lion he is so big," thought the child. But when he came nearer the big god did not move and only grinned on in supreme content. Our pilgrim was much disappointed. Just ahead he saw a wide, pale-green river, with tall date-palms growing on its bank. It looked cool and he would get a drink. But hark! what was that awful noise? And what was that tawny yellowish, just-the-color-of-the-desert-creature, all hair and mouth and fiery eyes, speeding toward him from behind?

Quick as scat, Oh Best Beloved, the child was up a palm tree, way up in the top, and the tawny desert creature was at the foot of it watching him. The incorrigible was scared. Soon he saw another monkey in the tree munching dates and he said to him: "'Scuse me, but what is that awful thing down at the foot of the tree that looks like lightning and roars like thunder?"

"That, my dear friend, is a lion."

And the child was so s'prised he fell off his branch, only his little tail was wound around it twice and it held him!

"Oh," said he when he could speak, for there was a lump in his throat and his heart was ready to jump out of his mouth, "I'm slippin', I'm slippin'."

"My dear friend," began the monkey, reaching for another bunch of dates, for Nile monkeys are all very cool-headed, "you seem to be in a somewhat pernicious condition, and——"

"Don't talk to me," cried the child, "but hold on to my tail like thunder!"

And he immediately grasped the poor child's tail and sat on it hard.

"Oh," said the child, "things are all upside down!"

"You mean *vice versa*," said the big monkey, for that is the way all Nile monkeys talk, because they are well educated.

"Yes, I s'pose I do, but isn't it about time to pull me in?"

"Such a proceeding would be useless, my innocent and unfortunate friend; firstly, I have not the strength requisite for such a task; and secondly, I must not change my position or you would fly down into that yawning, toothy mouth surprisingly quick."

"Well, keep a settin', then,—and set hard."

The Nile monkey laughed.

"What are you laughin' at?" said the child, "ain't I a serious question?"

"Yes, but I was thinking what a fine target you would make if a long, lank Ethiopian should come along with his bow and arrow."

"Oh!" screamed the child in pain, "'is a lank Ethiopian any-thing like a lion?" He received no reply, and busied himself by watching the lion walk restlessly around the tree until he grew dizzy. "Things are chasin' each other, my tail hurts, and I'm slippin'!"

"No, you aren't," said the good samaritan, but he looked, and sure enough the child was slipping down, down, very slowly. His tail was stretching out!

"Oh, pull me in, quick," cried the child.

"Can't, I'm a settin'."

Then the poor forest child shut his eyes and kept slipping. It grew dark and everything was still except the lazy lapping of the water against the muddy bank. Even the lion had curled himself up at the foot of the tree to wait for his slowly dropping fruit.

By and by the child opened his eyes, there was a faint light in the east, and he could see that the lion had gone.

"Say," said he, "ain't I most stretched?"

"Yes," said his companion, "you haven't moved for a long time."

"Well, my tail is sore, anyhow, please 'scuse me and drop me." And he did. Now this, Best Beloved, was the first monkey with a long tail. It was rather numb for a long time, but after he got used to it he liked it. For he could swing himself from branch to branch and go in places where his cousins and aunts and relatives could not go, for he went back to them and they all envied him his long tail.

—E. A. B., '04.

THE SCARLET LETTER.

WITH true artistic feeling Hawthorne begins the *Scarlet Letter* where most writers would have ended it. Finding two souls groping in darkness, he shows the awful consequences of their sin, and of the intense suffering that finally led to the peace of forgiveness.

A stern, puritan, New England town; a scaffold beside the church; on it a woman with a child in her arms, and a blazing scarlet letter on her breast, enduring the cold, condemning gaze of the people. In the balcony, looking down upon the scene, is the man, who, though held in the deepest reverence by that great crowd, should be hand in hand with the woman on the scaffold. Here is the setting of the wonderful romance that follows.

Hester Prynne's guilt was known, and, after that heart-rending hour on the scaffold, she could live a true life with nothing to

hide, with no fear of discovery. The scarlet letter, placed upon her breast as the bitterest punishment, proved to be a great blessing; it kept her free to begin again, to work out her own salvation. Man's punishment, which seldom aims at reformation, failed, God's succeeded.

Arthur Dimmesdale, shielded by the devotion of the woman's heart, lived a two-fold life. In the eyes of the world he was almost a saint, in his own eyes he was a sinful, remorseful coward. The terrible sense of guilt and shame forever haunted him. Chillingworth—who logically merits our pity and sympathy, but who gets our hatred—typifying Dimmesdale's outraged conscience, probed and probed deep into his sensitive heart and inflicted the most exquisite pain, which only drove him to a greater effort for the esteem of man, and hurried him away from God. It was only when he summoned his strength, met that conscience face to face and exposed the black stain on his heart to the light of day that he found rest.

Little Pearl is the character nearest perfection in the *Scarlet Letter*, and, perhaps, in all literature. She was the *Scarlet Letter* incarnate, the living expression of the alluring sin. The wild, unrestrained and unrestrainable nature mirrored the character of the sin and showed its awfulness. She was affected by neither love nor force, yet in the hour of her parents' humble penitence "a spell was broken. The great scene of grief, in which the wild infant bore a part developed all her sympathies," made her a living, feeling woman, and showed that the sin, conceived from the utmost passion, or love, of the heart, was not unpardonable or unamenable.

Beautiful as the *Scarlet Letter* is, it is not wholly untouched by the morbid fancy, that unites Hawthorne, on one side of his versatile mind, with Edgar Allan Poe, who knew so well the dark secrets of the soul and who was so sadly ignorant of the sunny side of life. Yet the very sanity of the moral renders the *Scarlet Letter* the nearest perfect narrative in literature. In it is shown extreme simplicity of plot and execution, perfect conciseness, perfect clearness, "a charmed choice of words," and, here and there, a dusky glow of color and description. Above all else it teaches us to be, rather than to seem, and to be true. —'06.

TO SEE IF HE IS SEEN.

A man was walking down the street
 With sober, thoughtful tread,
 With hands behind him loosely clasped
 And slightly downcast head.
 Before him on the pavement brown
 He saw a shining round;
 And knew that for once in his life
 A quarter he had found.

THE BATES STUDENT.

The good man bent his portly frame,
 A smile on his fat face,
 As his chubby fingers clutched straight down
 To the magic, gleaming place.
 But though his fingers scraped the brick
 The booty was not there;
 It had flipped away by the aid of a string,
 With a saucy, defiant air.

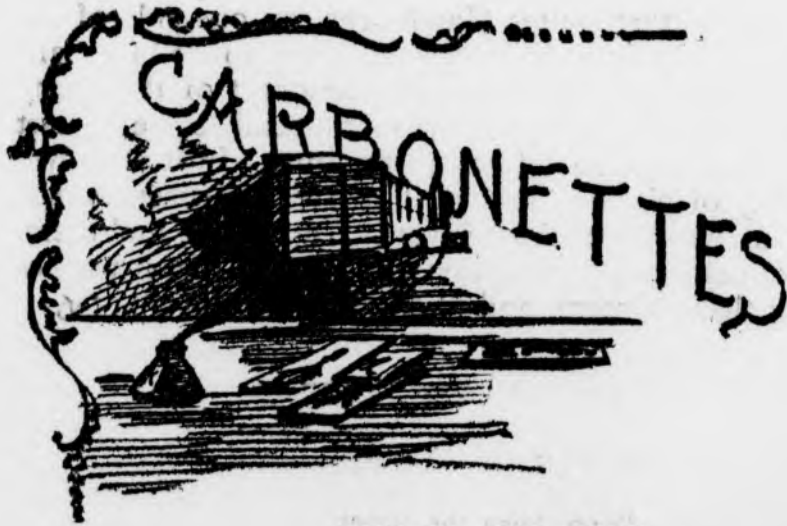
The man he raised a crimson face,
 His fists flew out in rage,
 As if he longed to valiantly
 In some dark deed engage.

But just before those wrathful looks
 Enveloped the abused,
 There was another look that all
 His after looks excused.

'Twas not a search for wicked boys,
 Nor yet for daggers keen;
 'Twas just a fearful look around
 To see if he was seen.

How to describe that 'frighted look
 Would need a mighty pen,
 For at such times you're sure to find
 That look on mighty men,
 On him who walks banana peel,
 Or treads an orange lean.
 However mighty is the man
 He'll shrink at being seen.

—ROXIE, '05.



OUT OF THE MIST.

The night mist hung heavily over the valley and the hills, but above the sky was blue and a harvest moon shone big, round, yellow.

The dark mouth of a tunnel showed where the road left the woods and wound round the hill before losing itself in its descent into the fog-hidden valley.

On the left of the road, looking from the woods, the tall, irregular mass of an old chimney rose through the phantom flood, marking the site of an old-time farm-house. The apple trees around the place stood knee-deep in shifting billows of mist, but the stones in the old wall gleamed white.

Along the road, coming from the direction of the woods, came the figure of a man. The moonlight revealed to him the few rods of open road, the sea of fog at the right, the ruins at the left, and himself. Himself? Yes, for he paused in the yellow light, and with a handkerchief wiped the dust from a pair of dilapidated shoes, dusted his ragged trousers and shook himself into his coat after fastening the only button it owned. The handkerchief he threw away. That had been brought many a mile,—from the line on which it had hung,—for the particular purpose for which it had been used.

The man left the road and followed along the wall until he came to a place where an old stile had afforded steps over the barrier into the orchard. The stile was gone, but the man climbed over here in preference to a place where the stones had fallen down and gave a much easier entrance. The force of old habits might have determined his choice. Once over the wall the man did not pause until he reached the edge of the cellar. The underpinning of the house had almost wholly fallen in, but the big flat stone door-steps were there as in the years long past. Here the man sat down, and leaning his head in his hand, gazed now at the ruins, now at the mist below and around him.

An hour passed and he sat there still. Then as if the mists had rolled away from the past, he smiled and talked as if to pleasant visions. He rose and then kneeling by the rock pushed away the weeds and grasses until a hole was revealed, and from this old hiding place he took a ball and the iron wheel of a little cart. The ball was crusted with dirt and the wheel was rusted, but the man laughed over them with almost childish joy.

But the night was growing colder. The man rose and made his way through the fog,—still carrying his treasures,—to an old barn that seemed to advance to meet him from the mist. He raised the wooden latch, swung the half of the big door open, entered and closed it behind him.

The moon shone on, and the mists settled more heavily over the earth. Along the road another figure advanced from the woods into the light of the clearing. This time it was a boy and he did not pause like the man to arrange his toilet, he did not seek the stile or pause at the doorsteps. He looked back at the dark mouth of the tunnel and shivered, but he was not cold. His garments were new and from hat to shoes he was in holiday attire. Yet this had been no holiday and the heavy bundle he carried spoke of a hasty journey rather than a day's lark. He, too, entered the old barn by the big door, and a flood of moon-

light entered with him but died away, among the lofts, when the door was closed.

The big latch settled into its place with a creak that echoed under the eaves and caused a suspicious rustling in the hay. The boy shivered again and began to talk to himself as if to strengthen his heart by the sound of a voice.

"This is eight miles from home and they won't know I am gone until morning. How mad the old man will be when he goes up the kitchen stairs and finds his "lazy lout" gone. Guess he'll think some."

The rustling in the hay had begun with the boy's words but stopped when he ceased speaking. The boy had found the ladder leading to the loft and climbed it slowly, halting on each round to listen, then to whistle softly a few bars of a popular song. At last he reached the top, and after standing for a moment on the big beam to listen again, sank down half-buried in the hay of the bay. For a minute all was still, then the boy struggled up to a standing position and listened. He had thought that the hay rustled beside him. He was frightened.

"I guess I'll say my prayers just the same," he muttered. He knelt down; the hay pricked his hands and face but he brushed it away and began.

"Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive—no, I can't say that," the boy broke off with a start.

"O, Lord, help mother and forgive me and help me to succeed in my—help me, O Lord—to-to—"

"To go back home and be a good boy," broke in a voice from the very depths of the hay. The boy sank down breathless and lay as still as death. He dared not move; the fright made him cold; he shivered. Some one was moving towards him through the hay; the boy could have shrieked aloud, but terror had paralyzed him. Would the owner of the strange voice pass the boy? No. The man had measured his distance well; he put his hands out and touched him.

"Let me go!" gasped the lad.

But the man was not hurting him. He drew the slender, shaking figure closer to him and spoke. The voice was hoarse at first, but softened as the man talked on. The lad ceased to struggle after a few minutes and lay quite still. The man talked on. The old barn was lighter now; the moonlight came in through many cracks and broken window panes. The boy looked up into the face above him, and saw that it was rough and bearded, but he was forgetting his fear in the interest he felt in the story this older runaway boy was telling.

The man asked no questions, he seemed to understand. His voice was low and earnest his story true. He spoke of childhood passed on this very farm, of hours of play in and about this

same barn and orchard land. He told of brothers and sisters, of mother and then of father. The boy felt his arms grow tighter, saw the bushy head sink lower as the world-tainted man spoke of old home scenes, the games, the joys, the sorrows and the quarrels, of the bitter hour when old ties were broken, when the boy in anger left the father's roof with childish curses on his lips. Then the man drifted on and in weary tones told of failures, shame, sin and repentance.

The time passed quickly. They neither knew when the night ceased or the day began, for the lad, weary with his long walk and sleepless night, fell asleep, the man ceased to talk after that and lay staring at the rafters. At last he rose quietly; he searched his pockets and finding a piece of paper and the stub of an old pencil, with stiffened fingers, he wrote a few words, using the big beam for a table. This note, the first one written for years, the tramp pinned to the boy's coat, and after looking at him longingly for a moment glided noiselessly down the ladder and out into the dawn of a new day.

Sometime later the boy awoke and started wildly up. The events of the last night were like a terrible nightmare. He looked anxiously round for the night man, but he was gone.

"It was a dream," the boy muttered. Then he saw the note and read these words:

My y'ung frend.

if you value appyness take a hobo's advice and go back hum. hum is the best place fer boys. i knows cause i have done which you be bent on doing. i am sorry i done hit. your pa are yer best frend cept yer ma love 'em and go back to um.

Yer frend

the Hobo.

The boy read, and read again. The sun was rising higher. There was a brook behind the barn and there the lad ate his breakfast from the bundle he carried. He did not cease to look out for the tramp, but he had disappeared forever.

When the boy had eaten, he arose, and turning his face back toward the gaily painted forest, entered the peaceful shadow of the leafy tunnel.

Alumni Round-Table.

In response to an invitation sent out by the Manchester contingent of the Bates College alumni of New Hampshire, a number of graduates met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Cox in this city, Friday evening, October 31, where they enjoyed reminiscences and stories of college days and where the first alumni organization of Bates College in New Hampshire was formed.

The purpose of this organization was to interest all the graduates as well as others in Bates College and in naming their club after a man who founded the institution and who is well known in New Hampshire, Dr. Oren Burbank Cheney. The name was made the Cheney Club of Bates College.

The officers elected for the coming year are as follows: President, I. N. Cox, Manchester; vice-president, Thomas O. Knowlton, New Boston; secretary and treasurer, Ethel I. Cummings, Manchester.

The enrollment of the club, including those present and others who sent in their names for enrollment, was Professor George H. Libby, '89; I. N. Cox, '89; Mrs. I. N. Cox, '91; Cyrus H. Little, '84; C. C. Ferguson, Somersworth, '92; Mrs. C. C. Ferguson, Somersworth, '92; Thomas O. Knowlton, '68, New Boston; Ethel I. Cummings, '94, Manchester; Prof. Fred Libbey, '91, Warner; Mrs. N. D. Pattee, Coos; C. L. Wallace, East Lisbon, '88; the Rev. Thomas Stacy, '76, Concord; O. H. Toothaker, '98, Berlin; W. B. Pierce, '01, Goffstown; Miss Eva Roby, '97, Sutton; C. H. Clark, '83, Exeter; the Rev. G. L. White, '76, New Hampton; Miss Dora Roberts, '95, Dover; Harry M. Cheney, '86, Lebanon; Mrs. G. H. Libby, honorary member.

It was learned at this meeting that there are 56 graduates of Bates College in the State of New Hampshire, and all who have not yet been enrolled, will be invited to join the association.

The regular meeting of the association will be held the last Friday in October in Manchester.

After the close of the business meeting, the graduates gathered around the piano and sang college songs until Hallowe'en had passed.—*Manchester Union*.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'67.—We quote the following from a private letter: "Rev. W. S. Stockbridge of the Class of '67, died October 16, 1902, at Glen-carlyn, Va., after a long and distressing illness. He leaves a widow and four children. He was a splendid specimen of Bates manhood, just how fine, royal and loyal none but his intimates would ever know."

'68.—President Chase was recently chosen president of the Maine Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools at the

annual meeting held at Augusta October 24-25. There were over 20 representatives of Bates present, teachers and graduates more than from any other college in the State. Professor Clark gave a talk upon "Entrance Requirements for the Sciences;" Professor Leonard upon "Entrance Requirements in French and German;" while Professor Hartshorn and Mr. Foster discussed the best methods of teaching English.

'70.—L. M. Webb, Esq., of Portland, is convalescent after a severe attack of appendicitis. He is still at the Trull Hospital, Biddeford.

'70.—Professor L. G. Jordan was the delegate of Bates at Princeton at the inauguration of President Wilson. While in Princeton Professor Jordan was the guest of the dean of the University.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy is delivering a course of popular lectures at his church, Concord, N. H.

'78.—John H. Randall, Esq., died recently at his home in Minneapolis, Minn. He was one of the leading attorneys of that city and was prominent in Free Masonry, having taken the 33d degree.

'79.—M. C. Smart is principal of the high school at Littleton, N. H. Mr. Smart gave an address on history before the Essex County Teachers' Association at Peabody, Mass., on October 26th.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee is taking courses in Latin and Greek in the graduate school at Harvard and is teaching Latin at the Boston Evening High School.

'81.—O. H. Drake, Esq., is Superintendent of Schools, Pittsfield, Me.

'81.—C. S. Haskell has been elected district superintendent of the public schools of New York City, with an annual salary of \$5,000.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts of Somerville, Mass., lectured recently in Lisbon Falls.

'82.—F. L. Blanchard gave a lecture recently upon successful journalism before the Journalistic Club of New York City. Mr. Blanchard is on the editorial staff of the *Evening News*, New York.

'84.—F. S. Sampson, Esq., has a government contract under the department of the navy at Quincy, Mass.

'84.—D. L. Whitmarsh, principal of high school, Whitman, Mass., has been granted leave of absence for a few months while caring in Colorado for his invalid wife.

'86.—Hon. H. M. Cheney of Lebanon, N. H., is the accepted Republican candidate for speakership of the next New Hampshire House of Representatives.

'87.—A. S. Littlefield, Esq., of Rockland, presided at the recent presentation of the Stanton portrait to the college.

'88.—W. L. Powers is a member of the executive committee of the Maine Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow, pastor of Hope Church, Springfield, Mass., has recently declined a call with double his present salary to a large city church.

'89.—Rev. H. W. Small is residing in Webb, Me.

'89.—E. L. Stevens, M.D., of Belfast, Me., has recently undergone a successful operation for appendicitis at the Maine General Hospital in Portland.

'91.—F. S. Libbey is principal of the high school, Warner, N. H.

'91.—W. S. Mason is principal of a school in Barrington, R. I.

'93.—L. E. Moulton, principal of the Rockland High School, and Mrs. Alma Grace Bailey Moulton have three sons.

'93.—C. C. Spratt, principal of Bridgton Academy, gave an address at the meeting of the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools held at Augusta, October 24-25.

'93.—E. C. Perkins, M.D., is practicing medicine in Farmington, Me.

'95.—Miss Ethel E. Williams of Auburn was married to Dr. Archer Jordan of Waterville, October 16th.

'97.—Rev. J. Stanley Durkee of Boston addressed the students at chapel, Thursday, October 23d.

'97.—Miss Eva B. Robie is teaching mathematics in the high school, Oldtown, Me.

'97.—Miss Ivy H. Smith is teaching in the Rockland High School.

'97.—P. W. Brackett is working for the International Correspondence School, Naugatuck, Conn.

'97.—Richard Stanley helped coach the Bates foot-ball team during the latter part of the foot-ball season.

'98.—H. W. Blake is practicing law, 39 Court Street, Boston.

'98.—Miss Bertha F. Files is teaching German in the Maine Central Institute.

'98.—Rev. Thomas S. Bruce is principal of the Shiloh Normal and Industrial Institute, Warrenton, N. C.

'99.—Miss Wildie Thayer is employed in Worcester, Mass., upon one of the daily papers.

'99.—A. T. L'Heureux is practicing law in Lewiston.

1900.—Clara M. Trask is teaching in the high school, Winthrop, Mass.

1900.—A. W. Wing is studying law in the office of Hon. John P. Swasey, Rumford Falls, Me.

1901.—Miss Gertrude B. Libby sang a solo at the last meeting of the Ladies' Literary Union of Lewiston and Auburn.

1902.—H. A. Blake has been elected to a desirable position in the schools of Quincy, Mass.

1902.—F. B. Moody, teacher of physical culture and mathematics in Dummer Academy, Byfield, Mass., has had a leave of absence for a few days while coaching the Bates foot-ball team.

Around the Editors' Table.

OUR girls are entering into a new department of college life, and here the hearty, if not the active, support of every girl should be given. During the winter, if possible, a debate will be arranged for them with the young women from some other college. This seems to us to mark an important step in the history of our college, a step by which the girls cast off some of the trammels so long thrown around them, and take their stand on that broad foundation of reason which men have always inclined to believe was for them alone, but which we believe is broad enough for us both.

WE who are the first to enjoy the privileges of the new Coram Library have, in consequence of this position, certain responsibilities devolving upon us. What attitude do we wish, when we return as alumni to the Bates campus, to see the students have toward the Library? Do we wish to see them enter with careless, noisy indifference the building in which we have seen placed, with fitting reverence, the portrait of our beloved Professor Stanton? Surely we do not. It lies with us, then, to establish the precedent for the conduct in the Library. Let us show that we appreciate the work of friends and benefactors of the college. Let us show that we consider our Library, as we should, the place for quiet, earnest study, not for noisy conversation and fun. Let us aid our kind Librarian in making the Library for all time a place where the students will be glad to resort for quiet enjoyment and serious work.

MANY of our alumni have said that they "derived as much benefit from the literary societies at Bates as from any part of the college curriculum," and that they deemed "their training almost invaluable to the college student who expected to do any speaking in public." And what college graduate is not required to do more or less of public speaking and expected to be able to formulate his ideas off-hand and state his opinions readily? Many a man is seriously handicapped by his inability to do this and is unable to make as great a success of life as he otherwise could. The societies at Bates furnish many opportunities for the practice of public speaking, and thus enable one to develop him-

self along this line and to acquire that confidence in his ability to clothe his thoughts with words which may be the foundation of much of his success in after life. But the society in itself cannot bring this about. Everything depends upon the individual, and here as everywhere hard work, constant and unremitting, is the most essential feature of success. A good illustration of the value of work has recently been furnished by our foot-ball team, for it was only through good, honest, severe labor in practice on the gridiron that it was able to climb from the slough of the Colby defeat to the height of the victories over U. of M. and Bowdoin.

Now work is just as essential in mental as in physical training, and the man who goes through college without making use of the opportunities which his society affords is not doing justice to himself or his future, for the time is sure to arise when he will feel the need of the training he might have obtained. He who pays a dollar a term for the privilege of society work and then does not utilize that privilege is as foolish as he who pays for college education and then endeavors to get as little education as possible while there. A little inquiry has revealed the fact that in almost every case the alumni who made the above statement were earnest society workers while in college, availing themselves of every opportunity that presented itself for work. Their after careers show the value of this training.

Let us then bear in mind that our society, Polymnia, Euroso-phia, or Piæria, as the case may be, affords us a chance to prepare ourselves for things which are certain to befall us in later life, and that our success then will be proportional to our labor now; and knowing this become more diligent and active than ever in our society work, making an opportunity by speaking from the floor in debate, if one does not otherwise present itself.

WHILE the Sophomore declamations are yet fresh in our minds, a few remarks concerning them may not be entirely impertinent at this time. The girls did excellent work in their speaking. Some of those who were not chosen for the prize division did fine work in the preliminaries and would ordinarily have been considered worthy of the honor. But for the boys we have a word of criticism. Their declamations in general were by no means up to the standard, nor did they show even ordinary thought and care in preparation.

Of course this is not a sweeping statement, for there were some few who revealed both natural ability and hard work on

their selections, but the large majority showed negligence and carelessness beyond any previous class that we have heard.

Now we all understand the fact that some of these young men were prevented by athletic and other interests from applying themselves as they would really like to have done, and we all appreciate their achievements for the college. But we all know too that these conditions have been so strongly considered by the Faculty that allowance has been made for such demands upon the young men's time and there has been an equal division of honors for both men and women. On general principles we heartily approve of this discrimination in favor of the young men; but so obvious was their inferiority in this particular instance, that we would urge them, in order to justify the rule to the young women of the college, to maintain at least foot-ball standards in oratory.

CONSIDERABLE comment, favorable and otherwise, was caused at the beginning of the season because Bates protested against the playing of Finn on the Bowdoin foot-ball team. Whether our demand was just or not we do not intend to discuss here. Enough for us is the fact that Bowdoin, in a very sportsmanlike manner, honored our protest, saying, however, that they knew no reason, no rule in force among Maine colleges, which forbade them to play Mr. Finn in any and all games, and that they granted our request out of courtesy merely. They were right, and it is a disgrace, say we, to all Maine colleges that we have no mutual understanding, no common standard by which to judge such cases. Older institutions, colleges and universities, whose athletics are most successful, have found it absolutely necessary to have such mutual agreements and to live up to them, and we shall never be able to pass through a base-ball or foot-ball season without dispute or dissatisfaction until we adopt similar methods. We can see that Bowdoin must feel very dissatisfied at the result of the game with Bates, feeling, no doubt, that the presence of Finn in the game would have altered the score materially. They believe we were unjust in our protest. We simply cannot see the matter in that light, and there the matter must hang, all for want of a standard of eligibility.

Not only is dissatisfaction caused, but the present state of things is a constant temptation to colleges to use undue influence to secure players. To have men taking a "foot-ball course" or a

"base-ball course" is considered no special disgrace. In fact the college which can by any means secure a good man from another is considered smart and enterprising, and we repeat that it is a disgrace to the colleges of the State of Maine that this is so.

No, kind critic, we are not registering a belated whine because some of our men have chosen to leave us. We have never lost any one yet whose place we could not fill, and, besides, we should suffer as severely as any if such rules as are in force between Harvard and Yale, for instance, should be adopted here. Nevertheless, in the interests of clean sport, we urge, with all the power we have, that the colleges of Maine unite and come to some agreement which shall put a stop to this eternal grumbling and protesting, and shall place our athletics on a firm, clean basis.

Local Department.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Though financial success is not the chief end of our Y. M. C. A., it is an indispensable aid, and so we are glad to announce that the business side of the Association is in the process of a thorough revision. We believe with this and the increase in membership which this year has brought, we can look forward to greater possibilities for success than for a long time in the past. The Association still has a small debt, but the regular dues will easily pay it and leave us clear before the college year closes.

Do not neglect the Bible Study. In some classes the number enrolled and the number present is sadly out of proportion. Until you have tried it you never can know the real benefit of systematic study of the Bible, whatever your purpose may be in taking it up. Try the experiment and be convinced.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The annual week of prayer began this year on November 9th. A prayer circle was held each evening in the Association room, and at each meeting definite thought was given to the needs of some special country. An effort was made to create a general interest among the students in these services, and as a result of this effort we hope for their co-operation in the support of missionary work.

THE FOOT-BALL SEASON.

The foot-ball season has reached a close and the students of Bates are prouder than ever of the Garnet. The work done by the gridiron boys during the season of 1902 is deserving of praise, not simply because the eleven defeated both U. of M. and Bowdoin in hard-fought battles, not for the reason that they made an admirable showing against the strongest combination of foot-ball giants, which Harvard could put on the field, but more than all because every man in the squad, although battling under repeated misfortune and discouragement, showed his manly spirit and worked with his utmost zeal to make the old Bates team in the end successful. Captain Allen's withdrawal from college, and the loss of Finn, were serious drawbacks, and when Towne, who was unanimously elected captain in place of Allen, took up his duties at about the middle of the season, the foot-ball prospects were in no ways bright. By co-operation and skillful management he quickly united the men, who, with utmost confidence in the proven abilities of this athlete, eagerly responded to his call for harder work. With Purinton, the Bates ex-captain, for coach, and Towne for captain, the team grew steadily stronger and at no time during the season was the garnet so invincible as on November 8th. To show the remarkable improvement made by the men it is only necessary to give the following scores: Bates 0, Colby 15; Bates 6, U. of M. 0; Bates 16, Bowdoin 0. The students, alumni and friends of Bates College will remember the fall of 1902 as a foot-ball season successful in more ways than one.

The first three games of the season were of no especial importance. On September 20th, Bates defeated Fort Preble 18 to 0; on September 24th, Hebron Academy, 11 to 0; on September 27th, Bar Harbor, 6 to 0. A game was played October 25th with the Coburn Classical Institute. Bates won by the large score of 56 to 0.

The first college game was played on October 4th at Cambridge with the Harvard 'Varsity. Although Harvard had her strongest team on the gridiron, Bates made a good showing and allowed the opponents to score only 23 points.

BATES 17, BOSTON COLLEGE 5.

At Lewiston, October 11th, 1902.

At the beginning of the game, Bates kicked off and on the first down Riley of Boston College took the ball around left end for a gain of twenty-five yards. By snappy work Boston succeeded in making repeated gains and soon crossed Bates' goal line. At this point in the game Bates rallied and had things all her own way until the end of the game, allowing the visiting team to make their gains only three times. By hard line bucking and an occasional end run Bates forced the ball twice over the

opponents' goal line. The feature of the game was the goal kicked by Allen from the 40-yard line.

The line-up:

BATES.	BOSTON COLLEGE.
Cole, l. e.....	l. e., Sullivan.
Reed, l. t.....	l. t., Whalen.
Stanley, l. g.....	l. g., Barry.
Cutten, c.....	c., Kinney.
Hunt, l. g.....	l. g., Crowley (Lang).
Andrews (Phillips, Thurston) r. t.....	r. t., Fitzpatrick.
Libby, r. e.....	r. e., Sweeney.
Allen, q. b.....	q. b., Rondina.
Towne (Briggs), l. h. b.....	l. h. b., McDermott.
Kendall, r. h. b.....	r. h. b., Riley.
Turner, f. b.....	f. b., Tevlin.

Score—Bates 17; Boston College 5. Touchdowns—Towne, Kendall, McDermott. Goals from touchdowns, Allen 2. Goal from field—Allen. Umpire—Kiley, Boston College. Referee—McCarthy, Lewiston. Linesman—Bucknam, Bates. Assistants—Greene, Boston College; Howe, Lewiston. Time—20-m. and 15-m. periods.

COLBY 15, BATES 0.

At Waterville, October 18th.

Bates kicked off to Colby who by a series of skin tackle plays rushed the ball, without being held for downs, in about five minutes, over Bates' goal line. Bates again kicked off and again Colby showed her superiority. Another touchdown was secured and at the end of the first half the score stood, Colby 11, Bates 0.

In the second half the game was more closely contested but Colby was able to send Levine and Watkins through the line in turn until another touchdown was made. The feature of the game was the phenomenal playing of Levine at full and Watkins at right half.

The line-up:

COLBY.	BATES.
Pugsley, l. e.....	r. e., Connor.
	r. e., Libby.
Washburn, l. t.....	r. t., Andrews.
Thomas, l. g.....	r. g., Johnson.
Cotton, c.....	c., Cutten.
	c., Stanley.
	c., Junkins.
Joy, r. g.....	l. g., Hunt.
Thwing, r. t.....	l. t., Reed.
Mitchell, r. e.....	l. e., Cole.
Vail, r. e.	
Abbott, q. b.....	q. b., Allen.
Coombs, l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Kendall.
Watkins, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Towne.
Levine, f. b.....	f. b., Turner.
	f. b., Briggs.

Score—Colby 15. Touchdowns—Watkins 2, Abbott. Umpire—Kelley. Referee—O'Sullivan. Linesmen—Bucknam and Clarke. Time—20-minute halves.

BATES 6, U. OF M. O.

At Lewiston, November 1st.

Maine won the toss and Bates kicked off, but kicked out of bounds twice, compelling Maine to kick. Towne received the ball on Bates' 10-yard line and ran it back 20 yards. By short rushes, never more than three or four yards, Bates took the ball just over the center line, where Maine held. Maine took it in the same way 19 yards, and was held in turn.

This time Bates made 35 yards in short charges into the line before being held. Maine took it back about 30 yards, and again it changed hands on downs. A little less than 10 yards was all Bates could do this time, while Maine could not make quite so much before she was forced to punt to Bates' 12-yard line. Bates rushed 12 yards and punted in turn. The Maine back fumbled and Bates still retained the ball and advanced it 10 yards further, where it again went to Maine on downs. Maine advanced it 12 yards, and it again went to Bates on downs just as the half expired, the ball being on Bates' 30-yard-line.

In the second half Maine kicked to Johnson on Bates' 25-yard line, and he was downed in his tracks. Short rushes of two and three yards brought the ball to the center of the field, where Towne went around Maine's left end for 20 yards, the first run of over five yards for the game. On the next down Kendall dashed round the opposite end for 25 yards, landing the ball on Maine's five-yard line. Two short rushes into the line and Towne went over for the first touchdown, from which Connor kicked the goal.

Towne ran Maine's kick back 20 yards. Four rushes took it 10 yards further, and then Kendall made another 25-yard run around Maine's right end, but was called back and the ball given to Maine on Bates' 30-yard line for holding.

Maine hardly made one first down and on the next third down made a forward pass and the ball went to Bates on downs. Bates took it in short rushes 50 yards down the field where she fumbled and Maine secured it, but before they could line up the time expired.

Bates rushed the ball 106 yards in the first half and 163 in the second, a total of 269 yards. Maine made 66 yards by rushing in the first half and seven in the second, a total of 73 yards.

Kendall and Towne were the stars of the game while Rounds ran the team finely. Hunt and Reed did finely in the line. For Maine Parker and Dorticos excelled. The summary:

BATES.	MAINE.
Cole, l. e.....	r. e., Bean.
Reed, l. t.....	r. t., Towse.
Johnson, l. g.....	r. g., Libby.
Cutten, c.....	c., Learned.
Hunt, r. g.....	l. g., Read.
Andrews, r. t.....	l. t., Bearce.
Connor, r. e.....	l. e., Taylor.

Rounds, q. b.....q. b., Bailey.
 Towne, l. h. b.....r. h. b., Parker.
 Kendall, r. h. b.....l. h. b., Collins.
 Briggs, f. b.....f. b, Dorticos.

Score—Bates 6. Touchdown—Towne. Goal from touchdown—Conner. Umpire—Kelley, Portland. Referee—O'Sullivan, Holy Cross. Linesmen—Bucknam, Bates; Finnegan, Maine. Time—25-m. and 20-m. periods.

BATES 16, BOWDOIN 0.

Bates kicked off to Bowdoin. Wilson, Chapman and Conner advanced the ball only about 10 yards, when Munro was forced to punt, the ball striking on the 25-yard line. Bates steadily advanced the ball toward the Bowdoin goal, Briggs and Towne each making gains of 10 yards and Towne one of 15.

"Bates kept pounding through the line with hammer, tongs and maul," and after 11 minutes of hard play, made her first touchdown, Towne going over the line. Kendall kicked the goal.

Munro kicked off to Cole, and mostly by short gains, all but two being less than six yards, Kendall making one of 20 and Johnson one of 15 yards, Kendall was over the line for the second touchdown. Conner failed at goal.

Bates now advanced the ball to the center of the field and fumbled, Beane falling on the ball on the 55-yard line. For the second time during the game Bowdoin had the ball. Chapman made two yards, Blanchard five, Conner two, Chapman four.

Bowdoin then fumbled, but retained the ball, suffering a slight loss. On the next play Blanchard only made one yard, so Munro was forced to punt, the ball going over the Bates goal line, where Towne fell on it, thereby preventing Bowdoin from scoring, just as the whistle blew for the end of the first half. The score stood: Bates 11, Bowdoin 0.

In the second half Bates carried the ball to the center of the field without much opposition. There the Bates line was offside and the team was set back 10 yards. Towne tried an end play, but only made two yards. He then punted to Bowdoin's 45-yard line. Davis made five yards, Blanchard six, Chapman lost three.

A fake kick netted five yards for Bowdoin, Munro was forced to punt, Kendall catching the ball on the 30-yard line. Kendall then did some brilliant hurdling, making good gains every time he was given the ball. Haley took Conner's place at tackle.

After 12½ minutes of play Kendall made the third and last touchdown. He failed to kick the goal.

During the rest of the game Bates lost the ball twice for holding, and once was held by Bowdoin for downs, but twice succeeded in regaining the ball by forcing Munro to punt. The half ended with the score sixteen to nothing in favor of Bates.

The feature of the game was the hurdling of Kendall, the pretty runs of Towne and the line work of Reed at tackle.

Bowdoin succeeded in holding the ball less than 10 minutes during the entire game. Bates kept the ball in Bowdoin's territory the majority of the time. The summary:

BATES.	BOWDOIN.
Cole, l. e.....	r. e., Beane.
Reed, l. t.....	r. t., Conners.
	r. t., Haley.
Johnson, l. g.....	r. g., Hatch.
	r. g., Havey.
Cutten, c.....	c., Staples.
Hunt, r. g.....	l. g., Shaw.
Andrews, r. t.....	l. t., Davis.
Connor, r. e.....	l. e., Philoon.
Rounds, q. b.....	q. b., Munro.
Towne, l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Chapman.
	r. h. b., Winslow.
Kendall, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Blanchard.
Briggs, f. b.....	f. b., Wilson.

Score—Bates 16. Touchdowns—Kendall 2, Towne. Goal from touch-down, Kendall. Umpire—Berry of Harvard law. Referee—Dadman of Worcester Tech. Linesmen—Bucknam of Bates, Bly of Bowdoin. Time—25-m. halves.

—W. L. P., '05.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The Freshmen were entertained on Hallowe'en night at the home of Miss Spear on Mountain Avenue.

Miss Donham, '03, was absent from college for ten days coaching the girls' basket-ball team at Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill, Me.

Miss Symonds, '05, and Miss Hamilton, '04, are both absent from college teaching. Miss Hamilton is supplying for a few weeks at Lincoln Academy, Newcastle, Me.

President Chase delivered an address on October 6th, before the Knox County Teachers' Convention and another on October 17th before the Teachers' Convention of Peabody, Mass.

Mr. Rounsefell of Roxbury, Mass., has recently entered the Sophomore Class. Mr. Rounsefell is a graduate of Roxbury High School and has taken one year's work in Harvard.

The class officers of 1906 as elected for this year are:

President, R. M. Bradley; Vice-President, R. L. Kendall; Secretary, Miss Rich; Treasurer, N. L. Dodge; Chaplain, F. H. Thurston.

A telephone has been put in at Frisbee Hall. The college is now well supplied with telephone lines, there being telephone connection with Parker, Cheney and Frisbee Halls, and with the President's house.

Mr. Bradley's name was accidentally omitted from the list of Freshman names published in the September STUDENT. Mr. Bradley comes from Roxbury, Mass., and is a graduate of Roxbury High School.

The students were very glad to have with them at chapel exercises recently, Rev. J. Stanley Durkee, an alumnus of the college, who was for several years pastor of the Court Street Free Baptist Church in Auburn. Mr. Durkee now has a position in a church in Boston.

The Seniors obtained a farm-house on the Sabatis road for their Hallowe'en revels. A novel part of the evening's entertainment was contributed by the talent of a *bona fide* fortune teller, the principal feature of whose prognostications seemed to be a long life and two marriages for each member of the class.

Another noticeable and gratifying fact about the game of November 1st, was the bearing of the U. of M. partisans. The same clean, fair spirit that characterized the game itself pervaded the whole student body, and we are glad to say that never was there a more enthusiastic and withal more gentlemanly assemblage of college men on Garcelon Field.

A topic that has been considerably agitated among the young women of the college is an intercollegiate debate with some women's college. A spirited meeting of the girls was held after chapel recently at which Miss Donham, '03, presided and representative speakers from all the classes were heard from. There was chosen a committee of three, Miss Donham, '03, Miss Wheeler, '04, and Miss Perkins, '05, to make investigations and arrangements. This plan has the approval of the college authorities, and there is a feeling on the part of the young women that whatever the college with which such a contest might be held, the representatives of Bates would hold their own in intellectuality and brain power.

If any one has had any misgivings this year about Bates spirit, that misgiving must have been dispelled at the U. of M. game on November 1st. Or if any mind was so cynical as to yet entertain doubts they would have vanished at the sight of that night's celebration as speedily as the blue ribbonites from the Bates campus after the game. The students felt that such a hard-fought victory deserved extraordinary celebration; so to the usual reception at the gymnasium was added a bonfire on top of Mt. David, after which as a final glorious vent to their jubilant feelings the boys indulged in a nightshirt parade. Considering the rarity of such a ghastly sight on our streets, we can appreciate the feeling on the part of the boys that only extreme measures would fittingly celebrate such a victory.

For a celebration of a college victory nothing like the night of November 8th was ever seen in Lewiston. It was, perhaps, the first time in Bates' history that the citizens have been so entirely with us, and the help which they rendered is difficult to overestimate. The band, the songs, and above all the large, enthusiastic crowd of supporters did more towards winning the Bowdoin game than the most of us realize, and for all of these

we must thank our down-town friends. Especial thanks are due to Mr. Little for his management. Upon the arrival at Lewiston of the special train that Saturday night, a procession was formed, headed by the band, and a crowd variously estimated at from five to eight hundred marched up Main and down Lisbon streets, literally enveloped in red fire and rockets, and accompanied by cheers that were *almost* heard in Brunswick. The team, which came at 6.45, was met by carriages and a similar crowd and given a reception such as they never had before. It was a glorious ending to a glorious day, and again as students we wish to express our gratitude to all those who so generously aided us to win the game of the year.

We are glad that Coram Library is finally ready for use, and as a student body we heartily appreciate the comforts and conveniences of our new library quarters. The dedicatory services were in the chapel on the afternoon of October 22d, when the following program was pleasingly and impressively presented:

Music.	College Quartet.
Prayer.	Dean Howe.
Violin Solo.	Bret H. Dingley.
The Growth of the Bates College Library.	President Chase,
Dedicatory Address.	Rev. Fritz W. Baldwin, D.D.
Music.	College Quartet.
Violin Solo.	Bret H. Dingley.

The unveiling and presentation of the Stanton Portrait immediately followed these exercises. A. S. Littefield, Esq., presided and introduced Scott Wilson, Esq., of Portland, who delivered the presentation speech. A large number of alumni were present as well as students and friends of the college. The presence of Mr. and Mrs. Coram gave an added pleasure to the dedicatory exercises. In the portrait of Professor Stanton we feel that we have a fine work of art for the new library, and more than that, a monument of love and inspiration to the student body of Bates for generations to come.

The speaking of the prize division of the Sophomore declamations took place in the chapel Friday afternoon, November 7th. The programme was as follows:

	MUSIC.
	PRAYER.
	MUSIC.
New England.—Cushing.	C. F. Getchell.
Polly Calendar, Tory.—Fenderson.	Miss M. L. Stetson.
Daniel Webster.—Lang.	J. E. Peterson.
An Hour.—Alcott.	Miss M. L. Thurston.
	MUSIC.
Blaine, the Plumed Knight.—Ingersoll.	J. S. Reed.
The Cruelty of Legree (Uncle Tom's Cabin).—Stowe.	Miss L. B. Goddard.
McKinley Memorial Address.—Hay.	W. L. Parsons.
The Story of the Other Wise Men.—Van Dyke.	Miss M. L. Ames.
	MUSIC.

The Trial of Warren Hastings.—Macaulay.
 Guenn.—Howard.
 The Silent Captain.—Curtis.
 Old Jack.—Murray.

P. H. Blake.
 Miss L. M. Small.
 A. T. Maxim.
 Miss A. M. Reed.

The committee of judges for choosing the speakers from the preliminaries were: Mr. Beedy, '03, Miss Freeman, '03, Mr. Spofford, '04. The committee of award were: Rev. Percival F. Marston, Hon. Ralph W. Crockett, Mrs. Lyman G. Jordan. The prizes were awarded to Miss Thurston and Mr. Getchell.

Exchanges.

AS many of the new editorial boards start in their work it is interesting to read the outlines of the courses which they intend to pursue, or the way in which some refrain from giving these and by their very carefulness, assure you that something great is coming, and that all you have to do, if you wish to see it, is simply to keep your eyes open. Well, we certainly hope that these great changes will transpire, and that so great will they be that soon one could hardly recognize the college magazines. But, will they? As to our own opinion, we—for we are about to retire—will be cautious to dampen their ardor not in the least, but we will smile indulgently at them and say that we were young once.

We have enjoyed the perusal of *The Tennessee University Magazine* as much as that of any of this month. It is filled with fine material throughout, and seems to us to be the best edition of it we have ever read. Especially we would commend the dialect poem, "Days of Long Ago."

The Sibyl comes to us with a new cover. The design is unique, but best of all it covers a magazine of which any college might be proud.

The Tuftonian contains a very fine college story with the title, "How we came to know Hezekiah." The style in which this is written surpasses that usually found, and the thoughts and sentiments are such as a college student is always glad to come across.

The Haverfordian contains on the whole little except what would be interesting to its own students alone. The article entitled "Iago," however, is worthy of especial mention. It is well arranged and well written.

We congratulate the members of Williams College on the spirit with which they are taking up debating work. It is this same spirit which Colby is putting into her foot-ball this fall, and we congratulate her also. We liked that expression which we vaguely remember of her making, that every man in college was playing foot-ball, whether by giving the team practice, support, or what not.

It is always with pleasure that we take up the *Smith College Monthly*, and this pleasure is always increased when we come to the "Sketches." This month we were not disappointed. There we found the usual sparkle, wit, and pathos.

The exchanges have been, this month, better than usual. The so-called solid matter has not been heavy; the stories have been good; while the poetry has been fine. Much of it we would like to insert into the pages of our own magazine, but we will content ourselves with the following selections:

THE MASTER OF THE SEA-WIND.

I hold the lash of the winds in my grip,
The long, gray, ruthless lash,
That swings the doom of many a ship,
And the luck of the sailor rash.

I shun the shores of the captive land,
I must ride where the sky is free,
For I guide the tameless winds with my hand,
The winds of the open sea.

I drive the clouds before the blast,
And the waters leap at my call,
For the future I care not, nor for the past,
Nor where my hand doth fall.

To roam forever at will is life;
To laugh with the heart of the sea,
To rouse the waves to a fierce, mad strife,
This is joy to me.

—*Helen Flora McAfee, Ex.*

A NAME.

There's a name far more charming than song of delight,
That from lovers' lips silently steals,
For the scene that it pictures,—or shabby or bright,—
To the heart of all mankind appeals.

In this picture are framed the sweet faces so fair
Of the loved ones since childhood's first Spring,—
For the name which all ages can never impair,
Is "Home," the good name that I sing!

—*Maurice F. Gelpi, '05, Ex.*

SONG OF THE WATERS.

Purls of the summer sea, weird sounds thy sighing,
Sad are thy breakings, and doleful thy flow.
Softly thy chant of the dead and the dying
Blends with the night-breeze whispering low.

Oft have ye listened while dark forms have tarried,
Moved by thy quiet to tell o'er their care;
Lulled by the hope that thy melody carried,
Blackness for blackness; a leap, and a prayer.

Often when men have rejoiced ye have muttered;
 Chastened their glee with thy passionless wave,
 Well can ye tell of the death prayers unuttered,
 Born and engulfed mid the hush of a grave.

Sing on, ye breakers, and thunder your dirges;
 Whisper, ye riplots, and lisp your sad strains;
 But know that a soul unaffrayed by thy surges
 Mounts to the skies for each spirit that wanes.

—Ernest F. Reece, Ex.

Our Book-Shelf.

"With books, as with friends, one finds new beauties at every interview, and would stay long in the presence of those choice companions. As with friends, he may dispense with a wide acquaintance: few and choice."

—A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

In *Out of the Hurly-Burly*,¹ Max Adeler chronicles, humorously for the most part, the life of a quiet Delaware town. The intermixture of humor and seriousness is an attractive element. A chapter often begins with a description, then changes to anecdotes of highly amusing absurdity. The fun with which the author delights us is not wholly made up, however, of the grotesque stories and situations which his imagination invents; there is a deal of keen character study. In the characters supposed to inhabit the village of New Castle, many will find "the follies that themselves commit" held up to mild ridicule. Sham and hypocrisy the writer pierces with a pointed shaft. But love, sympathy and sincerity are made to appear in their most pleasing aspects. The illustrating artists, Arthur B. Frost, Fred S. Schell, and others, share equally with the author the credit of the book's attractiveness.

*Seen by the Spectator*² is a selection of sketches which first appeared in print in the columns of the *Outlook*. The first chapter deals with sight-seeing in Boston. Among other topics discussed are "At the Virginia Springs," "An East Side Political Outing," "Concerning the Sense of Humor," "Be Not Too Tidy," "One Kind of Mind Cure," "A Glimpse of New York's Chinatown," "The Art of Shoplifting," "The Woman's Page."

Edward Eldridge, the author of *A California Girl*,³ writes not for the specialist but for "the masses." His purpose is to weave into this story the best and latest thought that has been given to the world. The book is interesting throughout and the author's treatment of the sex question is original. The spiritual tone of the book is marked.

A convenient and valuable little book of information is *What's What at Home and Abroad*,⁴ by F. Sturges Allen. It consists of a vocabulary of bill-of-fare terms and names of dishes used in the better class of restaurants and hotels in America. It also contains information on gems, plants and other practical subjects.

In *The Woman's Manual of Law*⁵ those principles of law governing the business world and domestic life which every woman should know are presented in a clear, simple, yet entertaining manner. The information is condensed as much as possible, and there are no unnecessary details of legal logic. The author, Mary A. Greene, has for years been a lecturer on this subject and treats it in the light of experience. The book is based upon a knowledge of what women really need to know.

The American Book Company has recently published a new edition of *Virgil's Aeneid*⁶ Books I.-XII., by Henry S. Frieze, revised by Walter

Dennison, Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan. In the present edition of Frieze's Virgil, which has for many years been a standard, changes have been made in the text only where readings formerly disputed have now become established. The long vowels are indicated in Books I. and II. The notes have been thoroughly revised and the introduction has been enlarged by discussions on the plan of the Aeneid, the meter, manuscripts, editions, and helpful books of reference.

One of the recent text-books published by the American Book Company is Babbitt's *Grammar of Attic and Ionic Greek*,⁷ by Frank Cole Babbitt, Ph.D., Professor the Greek Language and Literature in Trinity College, Hartford. This grammar gives the essential facts and principles of the Greek language in concise form, with only so much discussion as is necessary for a clear understanding of the subject. It meets the needs of secondary schools, and at the same time is sufficient for all ordinary demands of the college course. The Ionic forms are given in foot-notes; and the necessary emphasis on important letters or syllables is secured by spacing and by full-face type.

*Qualitative Chemical Analysis*⁸ by John B. Garvin, published by D. C. Heath & Co., is a brief introductory course in qualitative analysis for schools and colleges. It is original in its selection and arrangement of the subject matter. The general plan of book is inductive. Part I. deals with Metals, Part II. with Acids and Part III. with the Systematic Examination of Substances of Unknown Composition.

A Musical Reformation,⁹ by John A. Cone, is the title of a volume of short stories which takes its name from the first story of the collection. Five of these stories originally appeared in *The Lewiston Journal*, and are of unusual interest. The other stories are, "My Escape from Suicide," "A Strange Adoption," "Mr. Brett's Excursion," "A Spoiled Story," "A Natural Conclusion," "The New Minister," and "His 'Week Off.'"

An interesting and valuable book for Young Women is "*Talk to Young Women*,"¹⁰ by U. P. English, M.D. The author was formerly Lecturer in the Extension Course of the Cleveland University of Medicine and Surgery, and is now Professor of Phrenology and Hygiene. The book gives us in a clear, concise way, valuable information on Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene.

Schiller's Song of the Bell,¹¹ translated by W. H. Furness, is one of a series of Songs from the Great Poets, published by the H. M. Caldwell Co. The book is beautifully bound and the fine full page illustrations are by Alexander Liezen Mayer and Edmund H. Garrett. Others of this series are Tennyson's "Song of the Brook" and "Songs from Goethe's Faust."

On the Cross,¹² by Wilhelmine von Hillern and Mary J. Safford is a romance of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The interest which is at once attracted by the original and daring theme is kept up throughout the book by the intensity of the story. The author, Miss Wilhelmine von Hillern, is a baroness, the daughter of a distinguished actress. She is one of the most popular of the German novelists. Miss Mary J. Safford was chosen by the author to translate *On the Cross* for the English reading world because of her brilliant scholarship and her fame as a translator.

Unfettered,¹³ by Sutton E. Griggs, is a recent novel published by the Orion Publishing Co., Nashville, Tennessee. This book deals with the negro question. The author not only presents clearly the situation at the present time but also advances a plan for the adjustment of the relations between the whites and the negroes. His thought, however, does not intrude unpleasantly, but is interwoven with the story which is an interesting romance of Tennessee life. The style of the book is pleasing and the characters are well drawn.

The third series of *Cap and Gown*¹⁴ published by L. C. Page & Company is selected by R. L. Paget. It consists of selected verse from col-

lege publications of the last four years. Over forty colleges and universities are represented, and the volume forms a collection of bright, cheerful verse, which is particularly interesting to college alumni and undergraduates.

Eagle Blood,¹⁵ by James Creelman, is a romance not of colonial times but of the present day. The plot is an original and fascinating one, and a great patriotic lesson is revealed to American men and women. It is a strong book, written in a vigorous, fresh style and lit with flashes of humor and satire. Fertility of invention is certainly a characteristic of the author of this unusual and convincing story.

The Jolly Student is the title of a Characteristic March Song lately published by the Zickel Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan. It is a patriotic song which the students of all colleges may sing.

¹Out of the Hurly-Burly. Max Adeler. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

²Seen by the Spectator. The Outlook Company, New York. \$1.00.

³A California Girl. Edward Eldridge. The Abbey Press. New York. \$1.50.

⁴What's What? F. Sturgis Allen. The Bradley-White Company. New York.

⁵The Woman's Manual of Law. Mary A. Greene. Silver, Burdett & Co., Boston.

⁶Virgil's Aeneid. Henry S. Frieze. American Book Co. New York. \$1.50.

⁷Greek Grammar. Frank Cole Bartlett. American Book Co. New York. \$1.50.

⁸Qualitative Chemical Analysis. John B. Garvin. D. C. Heath & Co. Boston. \$1.10.

⁹A Musical Reformation. John A. Cone. The Abbey Press. New York. \$.50.

¹⁰Talk to Young Women. U. P. English. Ohio State Publishing Co. Cleveland. \$1.00.

¹¹Schiller's Song of the Bell. W. H. Furness. H. M. Caldwell Co. New York.

¹²On the Cross. Wilhelmine von Hillern and Mary J. Safford. Drexel Biddle. Philadelphia. \$1.00.

¹³Unfettered. Sutton E. Griggs. Orion Publishing Co. Nashville, Tenn.

¹⁴Cap and Gown—third series. R. L. Paget. L. C. Page & Co. Boston. \$1.25.

¹⁵Eagle Blood. James Creelman. Lothrop Publishing Co. Boston. \$1.50.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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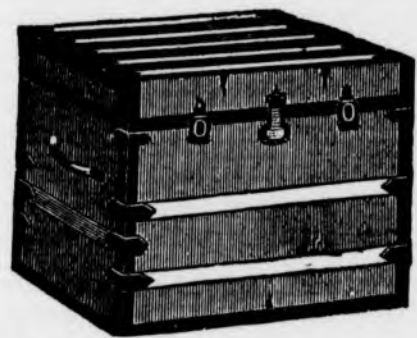
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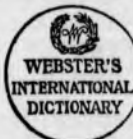
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