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The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



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THE CASTLE OF LOVE.

In childhood's dreams I saw a castle rise,
Mystic and beautiful, out of the sea;
And stood and gazed in innocent surprise,
Startled, yet raptured by the mystery.

Faint strains of music sounded through its halls—
Well have I learned since then their potent charm—
With fearless heart I strayed within those walls,
Thinking no evil, dreaming naught of harm.

Celestial sweetness swept through all the place;
Magical voices called me from above;
And then—with sudden joy I saw thy face;
For I had wandered to the Castle, Love.

.

Last night I dreamed again of thee and me,
Sweet was the dream, and pleasant was my rest.
I saw no more the Castle by the sea,
Love has revealed my home within thy breast.

—Y. L. G., 1902.

THE PROFESSOR'S PROTEGE.

PART FIRST.

By C. L. JORDAN.

THE Professor leaned back in his easy arm-chair and gazed about his luxuriant room. It was a pleasant room, and reflected the character and habits of its occupant. Above the carved mantel hung a portrait of Longfellow done in oil by the Professor

himself. Book-cases, dark with age and much polishing, were ranged along the walls, each one containing a small fortune in its selected tomes. Busts of the authors and famous sons of antiquity were set in niches and on the corners of the book-cases. The ceiling and portions of the walls not covered by book-cases and pictures, were painted a rich, dark, changeable red, over-run by a beautiful vine with dark green stems and leaves.

Over a massive secretary hung a picture of singular interest to the Professor, who was very fond of telling its history and his own connection with it.

This picture was hung where the last rays of the setting sun, pouring through the broad French window, would fall upon it, bringing out every line and the rich coloring. It was a picture of a rough, rocky cliff in the Rocky Mountains, down which the Professor had fallen while searching for fossils and botanical specimens. He barely escaped with his life, but made a sketch and later a painting of the place for a souvenir.

Over the door leading to the hall hung the mounted head of a noble stag, shot by the Professor while passing his vacation in the lake region of the Great Northwest. Before the hearth lay the skin of a mountain lion dressed with head and claws complete. This, too, was a souvenir secured when travelling in Mexico and Southern California. Cases of minerals, stuffed birds, views and countless other mementoes of travel and adventure were scattered about the room and over the various tables.

The Professor was a great traveller.

He loved to close those mysterious volumes of Latin and Greek, in whose lore he was the most able instructor in the University, and to wander away from the city and even from civilization into wild, unfrequented places.

Sometimes alone; again with a friend or a small party,—all Bohemians—he had travelled over the greater part of America and Europe, until at present it was a question where he should spend the winter vacation. Not in the West or South surely. The time was too short for that. It must be some place easy to reach yet far enough from the world of business, books, and study to give perfect rest together with a touch of excitement.

It was a cold night near the middle of December, and warm firelight shone on the dark furnishings of the room, the closely drawn red velvet curtains, the white marble busts and the glistening eyes in the lion's head. These eyes caught the firelight and

seemed to glow and burn as when animated by life and power. The Professor noticed the lifelike sparkle in the sightless eyes, and as if answering a spoken question, said aloud:

"Well, well, old friend! a short run over the mountains and hills of sunny Mexico would be just the thing if it were only practicable." "But it isn't," he added after a pause. "Nor do I care for the South. I must return by the third of January, and the change from the warm climate of Florida or Louisiana to the rigor of a New England winter is too great for me. There remain one, two, three places near at hand; Canada, but I have been there; the White Mountains, but I care not to destroy the remembrance of their green valleys and bold heights as I saw them in summer not many years ago; Maine,—yes, it might be Maine! I have heard of some places there that might give me new and untried pleasure. Yes, it *must* be Maine."

This great and important question decided, the Professor turned with a sigh of relief to the high pile of examination papers lying on his table.

When the papers were arranged neatly with rubber bands holding them together, the Professor was ready to start for Maine,—or Alaska if he so willed.

It was a rule with him to work while he worked and to play while he played, and no student ever complained that their papers were ever slighted.

Although the Professor was often governed by impulse, he never allowed himself to leap in the dark; so in this incident he did not rush into Maine without knowing his ultimate destination.

By means of an atlas and his own fund of information he carefully selected and planned his route, and retired to rest in happy anticipation of his holiday vacation.

The next noon found the Professor dining at the "West End," Portland.

The winter had just begun, but there was no snow in Portland although the air was keen and cold, foretelling snow in the near future. As the train moved out of the city a few flakes of snow came fluttering down. The wind, too, began to rise and, as the storm increased, dashed the snow against the car windows.

The fields grew whiter and whiter as the train sped north. In Portland wagons were seen on every hand. In Lewiston the jangle of sleigh bells made music in the frosty air. Maine is a big state. Within its borders are found all the improvements of civilization and the primeval roughness of the wilderness.

Man has followed the courses of great rivers from the sounding shores of the sea to the lakes, and everywhere in his footsteps have risen towns and cities. But beyond the lakes and along the smaller streams of the north are still found trackless forests of pine and other hardy woods. These forests, lakes and rivers are the sporting ground, in summer and autumn, for countless tourists, and re-echo the shots of hunters and the tramp of fishermen. But in winter here, too, is the playground of Jack Frost and his imps. They cover the lakes and rivers with thick ice, and pile the white snow around solitary farm-houses and the summer cottages of the city visitors and through the wood in a wild, reckless manner. No sound is heard in these forests for days at a time except the cautious movements of wild beasts.

The chopper alone seeks these dark depths and the logging camp is his home for the long winter months.

Winding in and out among the cities and small towns, are numerous railroads following, in nearly every case, the courses of the great rivers. Situated at the terminus of one of these roads is the town of Kingfield. Great mountains rise on all sides, and a small but beautiful river, the Carrabassett, so called by the Indians many years ago, flows onward to the Kennebec and to the sea. This town is the connecting link between the outside busy world and the quiet simplicity of the woods. There are farms and small settlements beyond the mountains, but so effective a barrier are the great hills that they seem set apart in a world of their own, a world hemmed in by old-time prejudices as well as by granite walls.

Kingfield was on the Professor's route, but his destination was farther on beyond the mountains among the logging camps.

It was night when he found himself in the one hotel the village contained. So distinguished a man as the Professor would have attracted much attention had he not been careful to write his name in small letters without the "Professor."

Early the next morning the Professor hired a horse and sleigh and, wrapped in warm furs, started for a logging camp on the Spencer stream, some twenty-five miles or more up the valley.

The morning was comparatively warm, but the sky was grey and overcast. On the ground lay the deep snow, its surface changing and shifting under the strong wind. The village, situated under the guardian mountains, was protected on the north and west from the wind, and the effects of the recent storm were not apparent until the Professor had reached the open country.

He had been warned and advised not to attempt the journey until the roads had been cleared; then he could follow the tote-teams into the camps. Anyone but the Professor would have followed this practical advice. He, however, enjoyed the anticipated difficulties, and was all the more determined to go.

He had not proceeded far when he found his friends were not mistaken in their fears. The roads were filled with snow. The horse at every step sank half way to his knees. To trot was out of the question. The travelling grew worse as the road passed beyond the mountains where the wind had full sweep over the Dead River plains. Fortunately the horse was accustomed to such roads and kept them with wonderful ability. The only way to determine the direction of the road was by the alder bushes which grew on either side, making a sort of lane. These bushes gave place to pines and scattered spruces as the road emerged from the mountain notch to the plain.

Here the road crossed the Carrabassett on a long, high bridge of logs. Here also the road left the river which it had followed nearly all the way from the village and plunged into the deep forest.

The light, untrodden snow, although not drifted in the woods, provided poor and unsecure footing. The Professor had expected to find the roads comparatively good in the woods, but he found that the snow on this side of the mountains was much deeper, the road less travelled, and his progress much slower.

The tall pines, of the Norway species, were covered with light snow, which, dislodged by every breath of wind, came tumbling down. This last phenomenon prevented the Professor from noticing that another storm had begun, and that more of the snow which whitened the air came from the sky than from the trees. The wind rose and sent the light snow in clouds. The snow swayed and twisted from branch to branch and from tree to tree like thin white veils at first, tossed about by a fairy danseur; then growing thicker, it draped the tall pines in mysterious folds of white.

The Professor, wrapped in warm furs, greatly enjoyed the situation. He, too, was covered with the white clinging snow; so was the horse and sleigh! The bells, clogged by the snow, had long ago ceased to ring. How silent the world seemed! How white it looked! Nothing but a seething, shifting white curtain ahead, behind, and on both sides. No color anywhere! Always the same whiteness!

All at once the horse stopped. Was he tired? The Professor thought so, and did not urge him to move on for several minutes. In the meantime he shook the snow from his coat and cap and tried to pierce the dense snow curtains. It was in vain! He could not distinguish a single object except his horse's motionless, shadowy form. He shook the reins and, instead of speaking in his own well modulated voice, shouted in a loud, hoarse tone. The horse started forward with a frightened plunge. He might have been blinded by the snow or reckless from fright! The Professor could never decide that question. However it might have been, the effect was the same. The Professor's first warning of something wrong was the sudden twitching of the reins. He was uncertain what this meant until he felt the sleigh sinking down and over in the deep snow. He seized the whip and struck the horse a sharp blow in his excitement, thinking to regain the road and firm footing.

He saw his mistake when the horse, more frightened than before, made another desperate plunge, freeing himself from the sleigh and dragging the Professor head foremost over the dasher into the deep snow.

Of all the diving the Professor ever did, none ever was executed more gracefully or more expeditiously than the dive he made from the sleigh into the snow. The snow was soft and yielded gently to the Professor's body. He sank down nearly out of sight, but never for an instant dropped the reins. It was well that he did not, for the horse, now free from the sleigh, soon found the road, and dragged the Professor, like a fish on a hook, out of the soft snow into the road.

It did not take the Professor long to learn the result of his unfortunate accident. Both tugs were broken! One-half the whiffletree was hanging loosely; the other half was nowhere in sight, although the Professor suspected it might be in the depths from which he had just been extricated. Just at this time the Professor would gladly have exchanged some of his superfluous knowledge of Latin or Greek for the skill to mend a broken sleigh and harness. But this it was impossible to do. There was no alternative. He was obliged to load the robes and blankets on to the horse's back and walk either onward—he had no idea where—or back over the way he had come to the nearest farm-house four miles away. From the inquiries the Professor had made in the village he believed there was a house nearer than this and it could be reached by proceeding onward. So, loading the horse not

only with the robes and blankets but also with the Professor's great coat, he continued his way on foot, leading his equine companion by the bridle.

The snow storm had nearly passed, but the wind still tossed the snow in fitful gusts, driving it with stinging force into the Professor's face. Between the gusts he could make out the dark wall of the woods on either side and could direct his steps between the two.

When at length the storm had ceased the demolished sleigh had been left far in the rear. The Professor knew by the clearings now seen on either hand that he was approaching a farm-house.

The house itself soon appeared. It was a small red house connected with a shed, one-half the latter being open. The house and the part of the shed not open, were shingled, but the brown back of them was made of logs.

There was no one in sight as the Professor, leading the horse, turned into the yard, but he knew by the smoke from the stone chimney that there were human inhabitants within. He led the horse under the shed, and fastened him by a rein to a low cross beam. He could not help laughing at the grotesque figure the wretched animal made with his back piled high with robes, and the whole covered with snow.

The Professor had been using his eyes to good advantage while securing the horse and had observed a door in the farther end of the shed leading, as he supposed, into the house. On the right of a plank walk leading to this door were cords upon cords of wood. On the left, hanging on the wall of the shed, was a collection of odds and ends which rivaled the Professor's own in its number of strange implements, garments and weapons. There were hoes, scythe-snaths, pitch-forks, snow-shoes, and shovels; several straw hats of various ages and stages of dilapidation; old overalls and umbrellas; fishing-rods; an old-fashioned flint-lock gun; a belt containing wooden pistols and knives, and a large bow-gun with a quiver full of arrows. The Professor noticed all this and more. He observed that nearly all the things hanging on the wall were in pairs. One hoe was mated to another similar to it but smaller; one large fork and a small one; even the hats and overalls were arranged in the same manner.

Evidently there was a boy in the house! In answer to the Professor's loud knock the door was opened. There was no need to tell him that the boy who answered his summons was the con-

noisseur of the wood-shed museum. The lad stared at him for a moment in undisguised astonishment, then politely asked him to walk in. He did not refuse!

(To be continued.)

THE COLLEGE IDEAL.

IT has been said that to give real sympathy one must have gone through similar experiences. There must be affinity of nature to have similitude of conception and reception. This is true in the subjective as well as the objective sense, and to desire alike is to be alike. Whatever may be our circumstances, whatever the force of our surroundings is, we never progress without the attractive influences of ideals.

Like attracts like, more extensively in the mental world than in the physical. As there is never, however, perfect affinity of nature, so there is never perfect similitude of conception, but only partial. And this partial affinity moves often in the same channel, so that persons of the same class have, in large measure, the same class of ideals. Thus an artist admires more than anything else a masterpiece of art, because he can appreciate it. A carpenter contemplates the finished workman and strives to imitate his productions. The orator reveres Demosthenes or Cicero and struggles to emulate their achievements. The spirit of imitation is inherent in man, and we aspire to those things for which we have affinity of mind.

It is but natural, therefore, that we who are students should take for our ideal, the scholar. But too often we have a misconception of the word scholar, which must inevitably lead to a misconceived ideal. The true scholar is a marvelous being, fearfully and wonderfully made. He is not, as we too often think he is, the man gifted with a remarkable and unusual memory, who learns with little effort and repeats with even less; not he whose sole companions are his books, who, learning what he knows from them, is a mere receptacle for facts. Too many of us unconsciously form this conception. For those with whom he comes in contact there is a fascination which enshrouds such a scholar.

Nor is this scholar the brilliant, dazzling, but superficial student who has influenced and misled so many. In an age when intellectual investigation has reached an unprecedented height, when men are searching for the truth as never before and demanding proof or unimpeachable reason for all things, the superficial

man is a useless adjunct. He swims in a shallow sea, illuminated for a short time, it may be, by the lucid flashes of his sparkling intellect, but extinguished, absorbed, and forgotten when the strong current of necessity surges against it. Nothing but the pure gold will stand the crucial test of life, and the world has no place for the phantom.

There is still another kind of scholar, the one with marked ability, perhaps in several directions, but who, through a misdirection of energy and a mis-application of capability, so diminishes and reduces the productive capacity of his natural powers that he accomplishes nothing worthy of note in any direction. This scholar will be found investigating many subjects, but analyzing none. He spreads himself over so large a surface that his depth, which measures his capacity, is reduced to a minimum. He learns much, but retains nothing. Having made a good beginning at any subject, his oscillating fancy is caught by the delusive charms of some new diversion, which in turn is as soon abandoned. Perhaps there is no more melancholy spectacle in the student world than this example of creative power expending its force in blows fruitless, because scattered.

On what, then, shall we fix our eyes as a worthy subject of emulation and imitation? Not, assuredly, on him who knows books alone, not on him who knows not books at all. Not on the brilliant, superficial man, nor the one who drifts, striking out promiscuously even though it be with force. Not also, on that one who insists upon practicability to the exclusion of all theory.

First of all, then, on the rational, educated man. But here again we are liable to a mis-representation of terms. If those only are educated who are capable of extensive scientific or philosophical researches, then our ideal fails. If they only who can quote Homer and write several languages are considered as educated, our ideal again fails.

But we mean by educated one who has learned how to learn. It matters not how much or how little he actually absorbs in a given time, nor what minor details he leaves undeveloped. If he has discovered the secret of reconciling knowledge with use and fact with reason, if he has learned to recognize and understand his powers, and in a measure to control them, in short if he has arrived at the knowledge of what and how to learn, he can justly lay claim to the title of being educated, and is eminently worthy of our admiration and emulation.

This, then, is the scholar that we should take for our example.

He will seek to know his own powers and thus increase his means of productive capability. He will be led to think by his study, and this is the best effect of all books. He will study the concrete and understand the relation of facts to use. Inevitably, then, he will be broad and thorough, with that mastery of self and circumstances which is the highest achievement of any education.

—J. F. HAMLIN, '02.

A CHAPTER FROM "SOCIAL SETTLEMENT LIFE."

"**B**UT, Walter, I hate them," cried the sick woman in a weak, fretful voice.

The young boy addressed did not raise his head to answer, but continued to set the chamber in order, arranging the bottles on the table by the couch, removing the remains of a lunch, and doing all the little trifles necessary in a sick room. The woman continued:

"Yes, I do. I know it is wicked, but ever since that thing was started I have felt just so bitter against it. Little the rich care for us! Here I have worked like a dog all my life for fine ladies who never think of me as I lie here alone almost in sound of their pet charity."

Here the invalid broke down and began to cry hysterically and the boy, leaving his work, caressed her like a child.

"There, there, mamma, don't look at it that way. I am sure the ladies mean to be kind, but they don't know how proud you are, and perhaps don't know that we were once better off. And, mamma, we were not always poor and you did not have to sew when papa was here."

The boy's words only increased the bitter sobs. He stroked his mother's whitening hair and by many endearing names sought to soothe her. He had never seen his mother so weak and despairing as now; it frightened him.

"Please don't cry, mamma!" cried the boy, struggling hard to keep back the sobs from his own voice. "The ladies mean to be kind and helpful. And remember how kind Mr. Donald has been."

"Oh, yes, they mean to be kind! Some people have a queer way of showing their kindness." The woman's mood had changed. An angry gleam shone through her tears and her cheeks burned with a hot, hectic flush. "Do you see that book in the corner? Well, it's a Bible. One of those Social Settlement women brought it here and—after asking me if I was a

Christian,—and if I could read, left, saying she hoped I would practice Christian patience during my illness. Read! Walter, she asked me if I could read.”

Her voice rose until it filled the room, piercing the boy's heart like a knife. It was frightful to hear one so weak and ill, marked by a fatal disease and already shadowed by the coming change,—overcome by human passions which swayed the frail body as a tempest tosses a light boat. But the storm passed as quickly as it came and left the woman again, weaker, humble, and repentant.

Mrs. Kendall was not an ill-tempered person, but her long sickness and helplessness had weakened her will and given many hard thoughts in place of her normal happy, sunny disposition. She was prone to look on the dark side of matters rather than the light. She even forgot for the moment that her life had ever been other than the poverty-haunted drudgery of the past few years. But the boy remembered, and in his strength and youth looked forward with full confidence to a return of better days. Even his mother's long illness failed to wholly dishearten him.

Now, however, he seemed to see the true state of his mother's health. Before he had never thought seriously of death. He had looked forward to the day when his mother would again be well. The revelation was a shock that he was not prepared to stand, and he hid his face in the covers of the couch and wept with all the abandonment of a child.

And the woman was a mother now with all a mother's love and tenderness. No more anger and no more bitterness, only love, pity, and unselfishness. For a time the lad sobbed unchecked by the weak hands or by the weak voice of the exhausted woman. After a time she drew the brown head to her breast and, in broken whispers, in her turn acted the part of a comforter.

But it is hard to give up one's mother and to realize that henceforth the world will be void of all one holds most dear. And none knows how hard it is for a mother to leave a child alone, knowing the temptations that child must meet. Together in that narrow chamber they passed through the dark valley, and death itself could never be more terrible to either.

For a few weeks after the serious change in his mother's condition, Walter moved about as in a dream. He could not leave his mother's side for school, work, or recreation. He realized in a dazed way that their money was all gone and that many awful calamities were about to fall upon them. He knew the wants of

himself and mother were supplied by the people at the Social Settlement, but he never asked why. If the invalid knew the source from whence the lad received his help she chose to remain silent. Her late repentance had removed every bitter sting. And the people who had caused such severe criticism from the lips of a dying woman either from indifference or ignorance left their alms to be distributed by agents.

And thus Frank Donald who had missed Walter from the boys who gathered at the Social Settlement, found them. His offer of assistance was so sincere and earnest that Mrs. Kendall was touched. She accepted his help, she said, more for Walter than for herself. He often came in the evening and watched far into the night, proving himself an excellent nurse, but more than all, a true friend. His genial manner and gentleness won the mother's confidence and the boy's heart.

Mrs. Kendall told him of her resentment toward the rich who patronized the Social Settlement, and he listened and understood. One evening toward the end as they were talking and Walter was asleep, she spoke of the future in view for her boy.

"He will be quite alone, Mr. Donald," she said. "He is fourteen, you see that is too old for the Home, and yet not old enough to begin life alone. That is what makes me die so hard, Mr. Donald."

Frank Donald thought for some minutes in silence. He was but a college boy of twenty-three with his own way to make and could do little himself, but he remembered an old, childless couple in a little New Hampshire village with whom he had boarded while teaching during a recent vacation. They would receive the lad, he knew, and he ventured the proposition to Mrs. Kendall.

She caught at the proposition as a drowning man catches at a straw. She plied him with questions and learned that the kind old folks would welcome the boy and give him a Christian home. She urged him to make arrangement, if possible, before she died, and he promised.

When an answer came from the New Hampshire hills, Mrs. Kendall was very low. It almost seemed as if her soul had waited for this before it could leave the fragile shell. And that night after asking forgiveness for her misjudgment of Mr. Donald and the cause he represented, she entrusted Walter to his care and bade them both good-by. She passed to her home that night. One week later Walter went to his new and happy home among the hills.



The grasses were very happy that day. For weeks they had been waving their frost-bitten blades, as signals of distress; but these petitions for their winter covering had remained unanswered and the ground had every day grown harder around their tiny rootlets.

But now the snowflakes were coming, merrily dancing along together. They were all good children, obedient to Mother Nature. "Mother said we were to cover the grasses," said one as he hastened along. "Yes, I am so glad," whispered another as he fell with a caressing touch on a drooping grass blade. "I'll get to ground first!" shouted a third. His challenge was accepted by hundreds of others who, in their eagerness to win, fell over one another in all directions.

So the work went on, but so gayly and easily that it seemed only play. The snowflakes were small but they were so many and so eager to help that they were able to accomplish much.

In a short time the grasses were all covered and nestled down for a long winter's sleep. The snowflakes came more slowly now, turning around quite often to wave their white hands to the sun as he peeped from behind the clouds to bid them good-night. All was so quiet that one could almost hear the grasses as they murmured happily in their sleep.

Yes, the grasses were happy that day, and the snowflakes were happy, too. Theirs was that deeper happiness which comes with the consciousness of having served others. Suddenly, however, those flakes which lay near the surface began to shudder. "What is it?" asked one farther down. "Don't you hear ——?" began another in reply, but before he could say more a large company of flakes came rushing up shouting, "To cover! To cover! The wind army is coming!"

Such a commotion never was seen! Some flakes hurried to the forest for shelter, others to the stone walls, while a few hid away among the grasses. In spite of all their efforts very many were overtaken before they reached shelter and were driven onward before the relentless enemy.

Such a battle as that was! The poor little snowflakes were powerless in the hands of the furious blasts. "I shall go through or die!" shouted one blast; and, gathering all his strength, he sprang forward, driving thousands of snowflakes before him, and tearing branches from the trees, shingles from the buildings, and rails from the fences.

And so the blasts came, one after another, carrying everything before them. If a snowflake was left by one blast he was quickly caught up by another who rushed on shouting, "We win or die!"

At last the main army had passed and the few stragglers who remained on the field hurried away to join their comrades. But what a battlefield they left! The moon veiled her face, so awful was the sight. The snowflakes were piled in windrows mountain high, so crushed and mutilated that not one could be recognized. The grasses, so cruelly awakened from their sleep, sobbed softly together, moaning the fate of their beautiful friends.

That night when Sir Wind gathered his army together on the mountain top not a blast failed to answer to the roll-call, and to receive great praise for his valor from his leader. When they were dismissed for the night most of the army went away to spend it in revels. A few, less hardened than the rest, climbed to tree-tops and, looking down on the havoc which they had made, raised their voices and wept aloud.

—1903.

"IN THE RASPBERRY PASTURE."

"I'd no idea 'twould be so turrible hot." "N'r'i, either. Pickin' plums-z-hard on the back, no mistake. Z-your pail mos' full?"

"No, 'bout haf."

"So'z mine."

Both women straightened up to rest and look about them. Toward the west a steep, rocky bluff formed a natural fence to the pasture. The height of the wall was doubled by the thick growth of tall maples that topped the ridge, throwing cool shadows far out over the raspberry bushes below. Beyond the bluff the women could not see but they knew the trees there were

the beginning of the "Big Woods" that stretched back to the very summit of Mt. Abram, fifteen miles away.

Of such a wood Mendelssohn wrote:

"Thou Forest broad and sweeping,
Fair work of Nature's God.—
Who rightly scans thy beauty
A solemn word shall read
Of love, of truth and duty,
Our help in time of need."

To the nature lover the old trees suggested delightful treasures waiting in the woods beyond. To the world-hardened they brought memories of child life at home when the days were long, very long, and the woods their playground. For every class and age, a message,—but the two women thought only of the shade.

Toward the north and east, over the tops of the alders that marked the swamp boundaries, high wood-covered hills, tiered one above another like the seats in a great gallery.

Just at that moment, perfect calm, silence unbroken even by the birds and insects,—the hush of a warm, still day in late summer, before the high tide of the year has begun to ebb,—as if even the growing things, overcome by the intense heat, and four months of constant struggle, had dropped off to sleep.

Suddenly, from the shady cliff, sounded the clear, liquid tones of the hermit thrush, full of holy joy, perfect content and trust, of all bird music, the most exquisite. A moment, and then the song again—every note sustained, restful, surpassingly sweet. No nervousness tightened the little throat. The melody was full and rich.

Quiet again, broken this time by the old horse under the big oak. A fly had alighted where neither switching nor shivering was effective. It was necessary to wake up and stamp. Ordinarily the sound would have passed unnoticed, but contrasted with the silence, it seemed to jar the whole pasture.

"Beats all how them flies plague the hosses sich a day'z ter-day, Mandy."

Then the insect world awoke, and their humming, chirping and buzzing began again with renewed energy. Cat-birds and phoebes, brown thrushes and crows resumed their practising.

"I thought awhile ago 't we'z goin' ter hev er shower, but I guess it's gon' round."

And the birds and the insects had already reached the same decision.

—EDNA CORNFORTH, '03.

Alumni Round-Table.

PERSONAL.

'69.—W. H. Bolster, D.D., of Nashua, N. H., was one of the lecturers at the Chautauqua Assembly held in Fryeburg, Me.

'70.—Prof. L. G. Jordan, Ph.D., was somewhat late in resuming his work at Bates College on account of his attendance at the Free Baptist General Conference held in Harper's Ferry, West Virginia, September 3-13.

'71.—G. W. Flint, A.M., president of the Connecticut State Agricultural College, seems to be seeking a development of that institution somewhat similar to that of the University of Maine; and in consequence of his efforts along this line he has received much attention from the press of late.

'73.—President James H. Baker of Colorado University, Boulder, Col., has recently published his last Baccalaureate sermon, a discourse which is attracting wide attention.

'74.—A son of the late Rev. Thomas Spooner is a member of the entering class at Bates College this fall.

'75.—Rev. A. T. Salley, D.D., has a son who is a member of the Class of 1905.

'76.—Rev. F. E. Emrich, D.D., pastor of the Congregationalist Church in South Framingham, Mass., is at present enjoying a European tour with Mrs. Emrich.

'76.—Rev. G. L. White has recently accepted a second pastorate with the Free Baptist church in New Hampton, N. H.

'77.—G. A. Stuart, superintendent of schools in New Britain, Conn., spent a few days in Lewiston recently.

'77.—Through the kindness of Hon. O. B. Clason the Maine State Library has presented to Bates College Volumes VI. and VIII. of "York Deeds," so that now our library contains the whole of this valuable set of books with the exception of Volume XI.

'78.—D. M. Benner, who is in business in Syracuse, Nebraska, has a brother in the Freshman Class.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox, M.D., of Princeton, Minn., has recently spent a few days in Lewiston.

'81.—Rev. W. P. Curtis of Auburn, R. I., preached in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, one Sunday in August.

'81.—Rev. F. C. Emerson of North Dakota, who has been very active in establishing Congregational Churches in that section of the country, was the guest of President Chase recently after an absence from Lewiston of about twenty years.

'85.—Rev. M. P. Tobey, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Georgetown, Me., was a delegate to the Free Baptist General Conference held at Harper's Ferry the first of this month.

'85.—W. V. Whitmore, M.D., of Tucson, Arizona, was the guest of President Chase recently.

'86.—S. D. Bonney, M.D., of Denver, Col., has a practice which is not surpassed by that of any doctor west of the Mississippi River. Dr. Bonney is the author of several medical publications.

'86.—Prof. W. H. Hartshorn, A.M., is unable to resume his work in Bates College this fall on account of his ill health. At present he is stopping in Stratford, N. H., but he intends to resume his duties with the college at the beginning of the winter term.

'86.—F. W. Sandford of Shiloh, Me., is at present engaged in establishing a "Holy Ghost and Us" Temple in England from which, as a center, he may carry on his work in that country.

'86.—E. D. Varney is superintendent of schools in Everett, Mass.

'87.—E. C. Hayes, A.M., has returned from Berlin University to continue his study of Sociology in the University of Chicago, where he has received a fellowship.

'87.—Mrs. Mary N. (Chase) Watson is enjoying a year's leave of absence from her work in Andover Academy, Andover, N. H.; and at present is lecturing in behalf of Woman's Suffrage.

'88.—Hamilton Hatter is principal of a large colored school in Bluefields, West Virginia. Mr. Hatter has literally fought his way to an honorable position, which is now recognized as such by both whites and blacks.

'88.—Miss Nellie B. Jordan of Alfred, Me., was a delegate to the recent convention of the Free Baptist General Conference held at Harper's Ferry, West Virginia.

'89.—Mrs. Idella M. (Wood) Thayer has her home in Roxbury, Mass. Her husband, Dr. Eugene Thayer, who was for two years a student of Bates College, is demonstrator in anatomy in the Tufts Medical School.

'89.—Rev. Blanche A. Wright, who has been preaching in the Universalist Church of Livermore Falls, Me., was recently married to Mr. Morey of Canton, N. Y.

'90.—Miss Mary F. Angell of Lewiston, Me., was married on the 28th of August to Dr. C. H. Lincoln. She is now residing in Washington, D. C., where her husband is employed in the Congressional Library.

'90.—Mrs. Blanche (Howe) Jenney, wife of Professor Jenney, who is principal of the High School in Belmont, Mass., has an infant daughter.

'91.—George F. Babb, instructor in French in the Massachusetts State Agricultural College, Amherst, Mass., received his degree of A.M. *pro merito* at the last commencement of Bates College.

'91.—Miss Mabel S. Merrill of Auburn, Me., is a regular contributor of stories and other articles to the *Springfield (Mass.) Republican* and the *Ladies' World*, New York.

'91.—Mrs. Gertrude A. (Littlefield) Nickerson of South Portland, Me., gave an address before the Woman's Missionary Association at the state convention of Free Baptists held recently at Biddeford, Me. Her husband, Rev. W. L. Nickerson, delivered an address before the Free Baptist Association at the same time.

'92.—C. N. Blanchard, Esq., of Wilton, Me., was married recently.

'92.—Rev. E. E. Osgood has entered the Andover Theological School in order to better prepare himself for the ministry.

'93.—N. C. Bruce, dean and professor of Greek at Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., spoke in the college chapel Thursday morning, September 12th. Professor Bruce has been touring the North with a band of student singers.

'93.—George M. Chase was married on the 14th of August to Miss Ella M. Miller, Bates, 1900, at the bride's home in Wichita, Kansas. They have made their home in Springfield, Mass., where Mr. Chase is dean and professor of the ancient languages in the French-American College.

'93.—E. J. Winslow, teacher of sciences in Edward Little High School, Auburn, Me., was married during the past summer vacation.

'94.—Miss Ethel I. Cummings is teaching in the High School at Manchester, N. H.

'95.—Miss W. M. Nash, who was a graduate student during the past year in Radcliffe, is about to make an extensive tour in California.

'95.—N. B. Smith is principal of the High School in Orono, Me.

'95.—Miss Mabel A. Stuart is about to enter upon a graduate course in the University of Michigan.

'96.—Rev. A. B. Howard of Danville, N. H., was a delegate to the Free Baptist General Conference held recently at Harper's Ferry.

'96.—F. A. Knapp, late instructor of Latin in Bates College, has entered upon some graduate work in Harvard University.

'96.—Miss Gertrude L. Miller is a teacher in the High School at Belmont, Mass.

'96.—Miss Ina M. Parsons has a brother in the Class of 1905, Bates College.

'96.—R. L. Thompson, M.D., has begun his practice of medicine in Bangor, Me.

'97.—Rev. Mabel C. Andrews of Madison, Me., conducted one of the children's Bible classes at the Ocean Park Chautauqua Assembly during the past summer.

'97.—Carl E. Milliken and Emma V. Chase were married on the 31st of July at the bride's home in Lewiston. They have now made their home in Island Falls, Me., where Mr. Milliken is engaged in the lumber business.

'97.—Miss Mary Buzzell is teacher of mathematics in the Jordan High School, Lewiston, Me.

'97.—Rev. H. A. Childs, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Biddeford, Me., was one of the speakers at the Chautauqua Assembly held at Ocean Park, Me.

'97.—Rev. J. Stanley Durkee is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Boston, Mass.

'97.—Miss Eva B. Robey has a year's leave of absence from her post as teacher of English in the High School, Oldtown, Me.

'98.—Miss Bertha F. Files has a year's leave of absence from her duties at Maine Central Institute.

'98.—J. P. Sprague is a teacher in the Arms school for boys, Chicago, Ill.

'98.—Miss Adah M. Tasker is teaching in the High School at Quincy, Mass.

'98.—R. H. Tukey is instructor in Latin in Bates College, having just completed two years' graduate work in Harvard University.

'98.—Miss Mary H. Perkins is teaching in the High School at Winchendon, Mass.

'99.—Miss Muriel E. Chase is acting as private secretary for President Chase.

'99.—Rev. A. B. Hyde was married on Commencement Day to Miss Edith B. Marrow. Mr. Hyde is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Chepachet, R. I.

'99.—Miss Mabel T. Jordan is teaching in the Lewiston High School.

'99.—Everett Peacock is principal of the Hartford (Me.) Academy.

'99.—F. E. Pomeroy, late instructor of Botany in Bates College, is pursuing graduate work in Harvard University this year.

'99.—W. A. Saunders is a teacher in the State School at Bluefields, West Virginia.

'99.—A. C. Wheeler is sub-master of the High School in Woburn, Mass.

1900.—Miss L. Maud Baldwin is teaching in a Grammar School in Springfield, Mass.

1900.—Miss Agnes E. Beal is teaching in the High School at Mechanic Falls, Me.

1900.—R. S. M. Emrich entered the Hartford Theological School this fall.

1900.—Miss Mary B. Ford is teacher of Mathematics and Physics in the High School at Eddytown, Mass.

1900.—F. E. Garlough is teacher of sciences in Betts Academy, Stratford, Conn.

1900.—N. A. Jackson is an instructor at Keuka College, N. Y.

Around the Editors' Table.

WE say, at first thought, it is to the Freshman that the college year means most, because he is entering an entirely new field and is about to lay the foundation of his whole course in life. He has had no example before him of what a Freshman should be, but is to begin his college life as he himself thinks wise and best.

Yet to Sophomore, Junior, or Senior, the college year means a great deal, just because he knows the life already. He has a reputation either to sustain or to retrieve. If he is good at athletics, studious, or spiritually minded, he must be on his guard or he will rest on his laurels and gradually slip back. If he is without much bodily development, idle, heedless of the best things, he has less time than last year in which to improve. He has before him the example of the students of last year's class and is individually responsible that his own class shall leave a record as bright. Each year of college life should find a man with more disciplined mind, deeper purpose, and stronger character. Happy he of whom it is true! Happy every Freshman, since to him it is possible! But to Sophomore, Junior, and especially Senior, of whom it is not true, the days that remain grow constantly more valuable, for there is constantly less time in which even partially to make up for our neglect in gaining the mental, moral, and spiritual education necessary for every man who is to take his true place and do his best work in the world outside of college walls.

WE have to apologize for the tardiness of this month's issue of the STUDENT. The excuse which we offer is the difficulty of getting material and the absence of several of the editorial board. Certainly it is a time of peculiar difficulties. Being the first of the year everything is unsettled and no one feels he has time for anything outside of his books. Then, too, we have lost many of our best writers in the class that has just gone out. But all the greater is the responsibility on those who remain. And right here we wish to impress upon every one the duty they owe to their college paper. We would remind every student that this paper represents them and not the board of editors simply. And it should be a pleasure as well as a duty to every student in college to advance his paper in every way possible. Let no one wait to be asked to contribute to the STUDENT, but let all strive to do something for its support. In this way only can a paper be built up and advanced.

THE alumni have recently called the attention of the students to the matter of neatness, both in regard to the campus and buildings and also in regard to their personal appearance as students. This matter should not be scoffed at, but should receive the careful attention of each one of us. It certainly is a duty that we owe to our alumni and other friends who are supporting us, to keep our college neat and wholesome and make the most of what we have. Let us take the advice of those who have gone before us, and get out of the idea that as college students we are privileged to be barbarians to a certain degree.

In connection with this we might bring up another matter in regard to our campus. Cannot something be done to make less roads and paths across the college grounds? We students are apt to be careless and take the shortest cut without thought of the harm it may be doing the campus. But perhaps we are not wholly at fault. If there were less driving of teams across the grounds it certainly would help the appearance greatly. With our new library building we should take more pride than ever in doing all in our power toward making our college beautiful.

WHILE it is as yet too early in the season to prophesy the make-up of the foot-ball team, it is not too early to prophesy with every degree of certainty that the team will be an exceptionally strong one. The candidates are numerous and are strongly contesting for every position. The student body, too, is showing the right kind of enthusiasm in coming out in such numbers to see the practice. This is what we wish to speak about. There is nothing which the student body can do which will more encourage the players than a show of interest in the result. This interest is being shown at present, what we wish to urge is a continuation of it. Let not a day pass but what shall see a large number out to see the practice. Those of us who cannot play can at least show those who can that we have an interest in their work and are ready to applaud when they make a good play and to encourage when they fail. If the student body does its part, the team will do its. The result will then take care of itself.

IT seems but natural that, when the young men of the college are so engrossed in athletics, the young women should be asking, especially the young women who are new to our customs, "What is our place in this all-absorbing excitement and what part,

if any, are we privileged to carry in the campaign ahead?" There are three essential ways in which this question may be answered. The young women, being members of the institution, are equal sharers with the men in all its joys and sorrows, triumphs and defeats. There probably is not one girl in college who doesn't desire as much as she desires anything, that Bates be more gloriously victorious this fall than ever. If that is the case she can show her support and loyalty in three very direct ways. First, by joining the Athletic Association and attending its meetings as faithfully as the young men; second, by attending all the games possible; third, and it may be more effectual than all, by influence, words, and support, to show that her sympathies and loyal upholding are with the men who struggled so severely sometimes for the pre-eminence of Bates.

ONE can hardly over-estimate the importance of regular and systematic reading each day during his college course. A half-hour set aside exclusively for the reading of some true work of art will do much in broadening our education and rendering us more fluent conversationalists. And besides, now is the time when we form most of the controlling habits of our lives; thus if we do not devote some of our attention to this important branch of our education, we will find it hard in after life to break the chains which bind us to this habit of negligence. Of course it may be urged that one cannot find the time to spend in this way, and in a measure this is true; but we must remember that as we go out into the world time will always be lacking in which we may accomplish those tasks set before us, and that it is always the busiest people that have the most time for such things. Let us try, therefore, as we go into the new library, where we shall have such helpful and stimulating surroundings, to give this phase of our education the attention which it deserves, so that as we complete our course we can feel that we have done all in our power to fit ourselves for the responsibilities of our future life.

Local Department.

Y. M. AND Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

On the first evening of the term the young women of the entering class were received by the Y. W. C. A. at the Young Women's Hall, while the young men of '05 were received by the Y. M. C. A. at the Gymnasium. The time was most profitably spent in becoming acquainted.

On Thursday evening, September 12th, the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. received all the members of '05 in the Gymnasium. The order of the evening was marching, conversation, and the following program:

Welcome by the Associations.
Music.
Reading.
Cornet Solo.
Banjo Solo.
Remarks.
Violin Solo.

Mr. Felker, '02.
Misses Bray, '04.
Miss Sands, '04.
Mr. Hobbs.
Miss Norton, '03.
President Chase.
Mr. Holden.

The receiving committee were President Chase, Professor and Mrs. Rand, Dr. and Mrs. Veditz, Professor Robinson, Mrs. Robinson, Miss Libby, Mr. Foster, Dr. Chase, Mr. Tukey, Mr. Holmes, Miss Richmond, and Mr. Felker.

A Bible Study Rally was held in the chapel on Wednesday evening, September 25th. Rev. Mr. Danforth of the High Street Congregational Church addressed the students on the value of Bible study and the right way to carry it on. Dr. Veditz and Professor Anthony also spoke very helpfully. Music was furnished by a male quartet—Professor Robinson, Donnocker, '04, Luce, '04, Wallace, '04.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Oh, for the tunes of vacation days,
Tenderly echoed through treetops tall,
Murmuring streams in meadows low,
Birds' softest melodies over all.

Oh, for the noises of college days,
Loudly resounding 'round every hall,
Hurrying feet and laughter gay,
Thumping and crashing of jolly foot-ball.

1904 is glad to receive an addition to its numbers in Mr. Cutten, from Westbrook.

1905, the STUDENT cordially emphasizes the welcome given you by each of the various parts of Bates.

1902 is glad to welcome two new members, Longwell, formerly of 1901, and Elkins, formerly of 1903.

We all miss Professor Hartshorn very much and shall be delighted to welcome him back next term.

McLean, '02, has been chosen chairman of Eurosophia's executive committee, in the absence of Hunnewell.

The French and German Conversation Classes are proving very helpful under the direction of Miss Libby.

1905, now that your receptions are over, you must settle down to hard work and show the rest of us what you can do.

Dr. Jane Kelly-Sabine, who has been examining the physical condition of the Freshman girls, reports them an exceptionally good class.

1903 also welcomes two new members, Gray, formerly of '98, and Miss Manuel, who entered with '02, but stayed out during the Junior year to teach.

As usual numerous Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores have not properly maintained their new dignities and so have been mistaken for Freshmen.

The scholarship prizes for the past year have been awarded as follows: 1902, Darling and Miss Chase; 1903, Lord and Miss Prince; 1904, Smith and Miss Sands.

We are very sorry to learn that Miss Gosline, 1902, will not be able to return to college this year. Her place on the STUDENT Board will be taken by Miss Kimball, '02.

Mr. Emery, '84, was in town recently. He occupies one of the highest positions in New York City, being at the head of the weather bureau, with an office many stories high.

The prizes for the Junior Exhibition, last Commencement week, were given to Hamlin and Miss Babcock. Wardwell received the prize for the Sophomore Champion Debate, and Jordan, for the Sophomore Prize Essay.

Dr. Chase, who is taking Professor Hartshorn's work this term, graduated from Yale in '94, with highest honors in a class of two or three hundred. He has since been a successful instructor at Yale and has also studied abroad.

Mr. Tukey, who takes the place of Mr. Knapp in the Latin Department, graduated from Bates in '98 among the first in his class. He taught a year in Brimfield Academy and has studied two years at Harvard, where he took his A.M.

On Friday, September 20th, Mrs. Hartshorn received the Senior girls from 3 to 5 P.M. Mrs. Chase, Mrs. Leonard, Mrs. Veditz, and Miss Libby assisted her. Mrs. Hartshorn is a charming hostess, and the girls appreciate her kind thoughtfulness.

We are glad to have some of last June's graduates with us still—Miss Libby, who assists in the French and German Departments; Mr. Holmes, who is Professor Jordan's assistant in Chemistry; and Miss Neal, who assists Professor Clark in Physics.

On Thursday, September 19th, recitations were suspended and memorial exercises for President McKinley were held in the chapel at 10 o'clock. Professor Jordan and Professor Angell

spoke, also Dexter, '02, Sawyer, '03, Briggs, '04, and Salley, '05. Miss Miller sang the hymn, "Thy Will Be Done." In the afternoon many of the students attended the memorial service at City Hall.

Most of the Senior Geology Class had an interesting expedition to the Rips on the Switzerland Road, on Wednesday, September 25th. They examined the dykes, blown sand, weathering, and pot holes to their hearts' content, and returned home laden with geological specimens, gay autumn leaves, and wild flowers.

Dr. C. W. A. Veditz, who takes the place of Dr. Geer in the Chair of History and Economics, is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and has studied abroad ten years, chiefly in Berlin, Halle, and Paris. He received his Ph.D. at Halle. He resigned a fellowship in the University of Pennsylvania to come to Bates.

Mr. Foster, who succeeds Mr. Nutt in the Sophomore and Freshman English Department, is A.B. from Harvard, 1901, *magna cum laude*. He made a specialty of work in English, especially composition and debate. He was a member of the debating team that defeated Boston University last year. He has had large experience as a tutor and as a teacher in private schools and boys' clubs. He had the general direction and management of the procession of the Republican students at Harvard, several thousand men, in the last presidential campaign.

Chapel exercises on Thursday, September 12th, were unusually eventful. Professor N. C. Bruce, Bates '93, and now Dean of Shaw University, addressed the students. Five members of Shaw University, who have been travelling through the North to earn money for their college, favored us with negro songs and a reading. President Chase afterward announced that a gentleman in Boston had decided to celebrate his eightieth birthday by giving Bates \$5,000. Bates has also received \$1,000 from the estate of Mrs. Philbrick, Danvers, Mass. Mr. Philbrick was a leading educator, for some years a trustee of Bates, and a friend of Ex-President Cheney.

The Freshman Class, from present indications, is an excellent one, in numbers, athletics, and scholarship. Therefore it deserves a most cordial welcome. The members and their fitting schools are as follows:

John Woodward Abbott,
Marion Dinant Ames,
Delbert E. Andrews,
Byrd Leroy Badger,
Clinton Emery Bailey,
Mary Alice Bartlett,
Guy Pevey Benner,
Earle Dutton Bessey,
Harold Percy Blake,
Leopold Blouin,
Adelaide Louise Briggs,
Elsie Mary Bryant,

Jordan High School.
Jordan High School.
Hebron Academy.
North Yarmouth Academy.
Edward Little High School.
Natick High School, Mass.
Dickinson Preparatory School, Carlisle, Pa.
Maine Central Institute.
Edward Little High School.
Jordan High School.
Jordan High School.
Hebron Academy.

Elijah Day Cole,
 Christopher George Cooper,
 Mabel May Cornelison,
 John Everard DeMeyer,
 Harry Franklin Doe,
 Ardella Dill Donnell,
 Daisy Vaughn Downey,
 Fred Smith Doyle,
 Charles Pendexter Durell,
 Myrtle Mabel Olive Fenderson,
 Bertha Celestia Files,
 James Gregory Finn,
 Bertha Leona Frank,
 Lucile Bruff Goddard,
 May Evelyn Gould,
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 Rochester High School, N. H.

ATHLETICS.

Captain Hamlin of the track team has a squad in training this fall. As a special inducement for new men to come out a novice meet has been arranged for the first week of November. The participants in this meet are to be those who have never engaged in an intercollegiate contest, and prizes are to be awarded to the winners. It is desired that as many new men as possible come out, whether they be Freshmen or upper class men. The Intercollegiate Meet next spring is to be held on Garcelon Field, and it is desirable that we make a good showing on our own grounds. Let every man feel he has a part in this, and help make a winning team.

The annual Sophomore-Freshman base-ball game was played Saturday, September 14th. It was a very quiet one, because of the death of President McKinley. We congratulate the Freshmen on their athletic ability and hope to hear much from them next spring. The line-up was as follows:

FRESHMEN.	SOPHOMORES.
Doe, p.....	Lewis, p.
Nichols, ss.....	Rounds, ss.
Parsons, 2b.....	Bradford, 2b.
Abbott, 1b.....	Paine, 1b.
Kelly, c.....	Hayes, c.
North, 3b.....	Flanders, 3b.
Pingree, l.f.....	Walker, l.f.
Libbey, c.f.....	Haskell, c.f.
Tuttle, r.f.....	Weymouth, r.f.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Sophomores.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1
Freshmen.....	0	0	1	1	2	0	0	1	0—5

Strike-outs—Doe, 18; Lewis, 7. Three-baggers—Doe. Two-baggers—Lewis. Singles—Doe, Parsons 3, Abbott, North, Rounds, Lewis 2, Walker.

FOOT-BALL.

Bates opened the season September 28th with a loss to Exeter, 6 to 5. Both teams played a good game for the first of the season. Exeter had the advantage in weight, being twenty pounds to a man heavier, and in the first half of the game made steady gains through the Bates line. The first touchdown was made by Exeter within three minutes of plays by blocking a punt and carrying

the ball back over the goal line. In the second half Bates took a brace and by a succession of quick, snappy plunges by Andrews and Babcock forced Exeter back for a touchdown. Allen failed to kick the goal, leaving the score 6 to 5 in favor of Exeter. Following is the line-up of the teams:

EXETER.	BATES.
Leigh, l. e.....	r. e., Hamlin.
Conway, l. e.	
Brill, l. t.....	r. t., Andrews.
Carr, l. g.....	r. g., Hunt.
Hooper, c.....	c., Cutter.
Dillon, r. g.....	l. g., Ransdell.
Cooney, r. g.	
Stone, r. t.....	l. t., Reed.
Draper, r. e.....	l. e., Pugsley.
Connor, q. b.....	q. b., Allen.
Burch, l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Moody.
Moore, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Babcock.
Jenkins, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Towne.
Peters, f. b.....	f. b., Finn.

Score—Exeter 6, Bates 5. Touchdowns—Carr, Babcock. Goal from touchdown—Brill. Timekeeper—I. S. Hall. Umpire—R. A. Stevenson. Referee—J. F. Moody, Jr. Linesmen—Merry and Elliott. Time—20m. and 15m. periods.

College Exchanges.

VACATION days are passed and with them rest from books and multitudinous duties. Hail once more the now familiar halls, once again greet weary themes and theses, whilst our poets sing of those days that are now no more but which shall surely come again in the fullness of time.

Our postman seems to be one of the favored few who have an extended vacation; however, greetings to the exchanges which have made their appearance, although few in number they have a hearty welcome.

Education prints an appeal to students, made by Mr. Rockefeller at the University of Chicago, which should be emphasized until it is indelibly stamped upon the conscience and heart of every student. College opportunities in many instances are made possible only by the self-denying toil of parents and friends, and as we pass on to possible future careers the obligations owed to these self-denying, patient, long-hoping parents or relatives should be frequently and lovingly acknowledged in every possible way and by every possible token, such as the frequent letters, or the cheerful filial visit. Whatever your station may be hereafter, do not fail to turn gratefully to your families and friends who have stood by you in your time of struggle for an education and return to them in your loving and helpful attentions. The proof of the sincerity of your unfailing appreciation for these expressions will give them happiness and will bring blessings to you.

We are glad to welcome *The New Collegian*, successor to *Collegian Herald*, from Hillsdale, Michigan, but at the same time

we are sorry to note the lack of literary matter. There are positively no stories, no articles, no sketches of any kind. While notes concerning alumni, halls and campus, vacation, etc., may be interesting to the students of that particular college, they are neither interesting nor instructive to students of other colleges. We hope next month to find some true literature; meanwhile we repeat the one good production:

VACATION.

Students gone,—
 Empty halls,—
 Voices echo from the walls
 Hollow as at dead of night,
 Startling with a thrill of fright.
 "Where's the college?" is my word.
 "Where's the college?" now is heard.
 Empty buildings here and there,
 College scattered everywhere;
 This old place we loved so well
 Now is but an empty shell.
 Voices echo from the walls,—
 Students gone,
 Empty halls.
 Students come!
 Joyful sound!
 Let it ring the world around!
 Come to learn of truth and right,
 Come in youth with faces bright,
 Let the old clock tower be heard
 Like a sentinel on guard.
 College comes from far and near,
 Holds it yearly sessions here.
 This old place we love so well
 Holds us with enchanting spell.
 Let it ring the world around!
 Students come!
 Joyful sound!

A REFLECTION.

The only man permitted
 To enter Fortune's gate
 Is he who keeps on fighting
 And *never* yields to fate.

—The Stranger.

Our Book-Shelf.

"Of all things which man can do or make here below, by far the most momentous, wonderful and worthy are the things we call books."—
Thomas Carlyle.

Our Book-Shelf is fortunate this month in having some of the most delightful books of the season as new members. Of the recent books none can be more charming in appearance, contents and detail than "*Nature Biographies*," by Clarence Moores Weed. Its title is an index to its contents. The everyday life of some of our everyday insects—butterflies, moths, caterpillars, locusts, and others, is told in a simple, straightforward way, which is very fascinating and clear. One cannot help think-

ing as he reads what a habit of acute observation the author, a professor in New Hampshire State College, must have cultivated. Every page teaches the reader in a subtle manner the delights of careful observation even of ordinary phenomena and events. "The Making of a Butterfly" is the old story of the transition of an egg through the caterpillar and chrysalis stages to the beautiful Monarch Butterfly. The Tent Caterpillar, the dread of New England orchard owners, is a most ingenious little animal, as his life is described by Mr. Weed. The photographs seem unpleasantly real to one who has been in a vicinity cursed by these plagues, and we are truly thankful to Mr. Weed for telling us that these little creatures are very susceptible to disease, although he, as an appreciative entomologist, speaks of it as a "danger" to the caterpillars. "A Rural Impostor" informs us of the life and habits of the sweet-fern caterpillar which so successfully mimics the sweet-fern leaf that the sharpest observer can scarcely descry it. Mr. Weed cites this as a common result of centuries of struggle for existence. "Studies of Walking Sticks," "Locust Mummies," "An Insect Potter," "Insects in Winter" are titles to entertaining pages.

Another nature-book, of an entirely different stamp from the above is "*The Life of the Bee*,"² by Maurice Maeterlinck, translated by Alfred Sutro. It is difficult to exactly classify this work. It is not a technical treatise on apiculture, nor is it an airy, fanciful sketch of these busy little people. It is a gem in its way and deserves more extended mention than can be given it in these pages. Mr. Maeterlinck mingles a history of these most democratic "republics" with scenes from the daily doings within the hive; descriptions of the life and deeds of a bee, with its habits and all the manifold intricacies of its life. It is indeed well worth one's time to read and reread the book, for from it, as from no other source, may we get a view of the truly exalted and wonderful life of the bees. Mr. Maeterlinck seems to be a thinker on many of the problems of humanity of the day and age. For he cannot seem to help wandering off into delightful dreamy realms of thought and possibility which bee-life suggests to him. It is all the more interesting, however, to have this mingling of the two, for though most of us could not follow out the thought as does Mr. Maeterlinck, none of us can help being impressed with the thought, as the book is read, of the striking resemblances of our lives to that of bees. We, however, are really inferior to these modest, retiring friends in that our motives are not as high as theirs. Mr. Maeterlinck points out their motives for work, self-sacrifice, danger and self-renunciation, as being a "care for the future, and a love for the race" such as has never been dreamed of by man. There are "a thousand enigmas in the waxen city" which he, with all his study, has never been able to solve; some of which he touches upon and wanders off into by-ways of dreamy speculation and theorizing or into a poetical touch of nature. This most delightful book can truly claim to be both scientific and artistic, a rare, though really needed, combination.

¹Nature Biographies. Clarence Moores Weed. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

²The Life of the Bee. Maurice Maeterlinck. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.40.

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This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Will 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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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.

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

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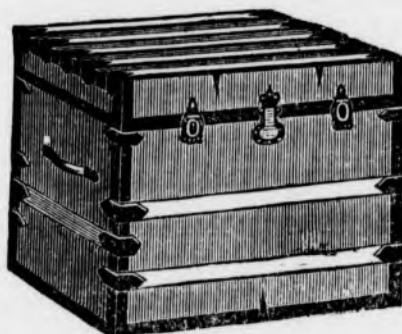
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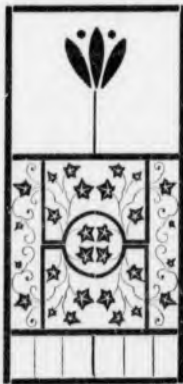
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