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# The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



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LEAVES FROM THE TREES.

The autumn leaves are falling,  
Your course is nearly run,  
O Senior, mark their message,  
Soon will your work be done.

One more year's fruit you gather,  
Store up each precious yield,  
All that this year bears to you,  
From Truth's fast ripening field.

The autumn leaves are falling,  
And seeds drop to the ground.  
O Junior, mark their message  
And scatter good seed round.

Though burs are sharp with nettles  
And to naught but the hard frosts yield,  
The seed shall lie well sheltered  
Till brought forth for the world's wide field.

The autumn leaves are falling,  
Their brightness makes us glad.  
For Sophomores, this message,  
Choose well from good and bad.

Wild oats that cheer the roadside  
By a field for harvest sown  
May draw our eyes from the valued  
By a glitter of their own.

The autumn leaves are falling,  
 Is it spring-time ere comes the bud?  
 Oh, Freshman, mark this message,  
 E'en now works the warm life-blood.

The work is quiet and humble  
 As nature is watching o'er all,  
 To get each bud and each leaflet  
 Prepared for the spring's first call.

Four years of toil and harvest  
 Each adds its gift to our store,  
 As autumn holds all of the fullness  
 Of the best of all seasons before.

—BATES, T. H. R. E.

### THE PROFESSOR'S PROTEGE.

PART SECOND.

BY C. L. JORDAN.

**I**T was just such a place as the Professor had read about but had never seen. His eyes sparkled with delight in spite of the cold and discomfiture he had just passed through.

The room into which the Professor was invited plainly served for kitchen, dining-room, and sitting-room. It was long, wide, and low. The big beams of the house-frame were massive and dark with age; between them hung traces of corn and strings of dried apple and pumpkin. The floor was of pine, unpainted but white. In one end of the room was a large stone fire-place; in the other a modern cook stove connected with the chimney by a long funnel running the entire length of the kitchen between the beams, which were covered with bright zinc to lessen the liability of fire.

The remains of a recent dinner lay on the table at one side of the room, reminding the Professor that he had travelled many hours since breakfast. A comely middle-aged woman had paused in the centre of the room, her arms laden with dishes. There was a good-natured look of surprise on her face as she beheld this stranger.

"I beg your pardon," said the Professor. "I have suffered an accident by which my sleigh has been badly broken, and I beg that I be allowed to remain here a short time until it is possible to continue my journey."

"My soul!" ejaculated the woman; "you aint been out in all this storm, have ye?"

"Yes, madam, I started from Kingfield a little after seven o'clock this morning and have been on the road ever since."

"Is that so! Well, now, just take off your coat and git warm. You must be nigh froze. Here, Harry, take his coat and hang it up by the chimney to dry," she added, addressing the boy. When Harry had hung the coat as directed he placed a chair near the blazing fire for the Professor, who seated himself and stretched his hands out to the genial warmth. The boy then quietly left the room. "This has been an awful storm," said the woman, breaking the silence which had followed the departure of the boy.

"Yes! I am a stranger in this part of the country, and seldom have the pleasure of such an experience."

The woman paused in her work to look at the Professor.

"Well, you must be a stranger to speak of such weather as a *pleasure*. You just ought to be shut up like hens in a coop for a week or two 'thout seeing nobody all the time; then I guess you'd be glad 'nough when it's over. This looks like a bad un, too," she added without giving her listener time to reply.

I must reach the camp as soon as possible, thought the Professor.

"Do you think it is possible to go on to Grey's camp on the Spencer, today?" asked he.

"Wall, now, I don't know! Dear me! if only Mr. Sylvester wuz at home. He could tell ye! But he has gone there hisself. Went last night. Ye see he 'spected we wuz to have just such a storm and he says to me, 'I'll go to-night so's not to meet many teams or the storm either.' He's purty smart sometimes and hits things right on the head."

"He surely was wise to go before this storm."

"O, he isn't a bit erfraid of a little snow, but he had an extra heavy load to haul in and he don't meet so many teams in the night. It's terrible hard turning out with four hosses and a big load."

"Yes, I found it so a few miles back, when I was obliged to 'turn out,'" said the Professor with a merry laugh.

"Come, sir! Your dinner is ready. I never make no excuses for poor victuals. I just put out what I have and let it go to that. Now Mrs. Sylvester just worried herself to death 'cause she didn't have things. Nothing wasn't nice enough for her in this house, though the Lord knows she had better'n any woman in these parts. Now just take right holt and help yourself! 'Taint much to invite ye to, but you mustn't be afeard of it."



"As I wuz saying," continued the woman, not heeding the murmured thanks of the Professor,—*"She never wuz contented with her lot; not that she wuz always complaining but you know how it is with some people. Actions do speak louder'n words, as Mr. Leighton used to say. Do you happen to know Mr. Leighton?"* asked the woman innocently.

"I am afraid I never met the gentleman to whom you refer," replied the Professor, "does he live near here?"

"O, Lor', no!" cried the woman. "He was a city fellow, too, and I didn't know but what you knew him. He said he knew 'most everybody and I guess he did! I never heard nobody talk like him about people he had seen at their big sprees. Did you ever go to Vanderbilt's house after tea?" "No, I never was fortunate enough to be the guest of Mr. Vanderbilt," said the Professor with a laugh.

"Wall, than, you wouldn't be likely to see Mr. Leighton. I guess he used to live with 'em or sunthin', for he could go on for an hour about 'em, and the Amours, too. Do you know the Amours?"

"No, I am more unfortunate! I do not know the Amours. But I am interested in Mr. Leighton, the name sounds familiar. In what city does the gentleman live?"

"Oh, didn't I tell ye? I meant to. He came from Boston last winter with lots of jewelry, gold watches, rings, and things to sell in the camps. He got here just after a big blow and hired Mr. Sylvester to carry him up to the camp. Mr. Sylvester didn't want to go, for he feared another blow-out, but Mr. Leighton hung on so hard and offered so much money that at last they started out. O Lord! I guess he wished he had never left Mr. Vanderbilt's castle! There wuz the biggest blow-out ye ever seed before they got half way there and they wuz obliged to go into a thicket of spruces and stay all night in the cold. I never heard tell of such drifts! Wall, Mr. Leighton froze his feet,—one on 'em quite bad,—and when at last Mr. Sylvester got him home here, he wuz nigh about dead. We done the best we could for him and the doctor helped us, but he had to stay here until he got well. I'll bet the Vanderbilts and Amours were some glad to see him!"

While the woman was talking the Professor had been eating the homely but wholesome food before him. Having finished his repast he pushed back his chair and arose.

"Now ye aint done as quick as this, be ye?" cried the woman,

rising from her chair, too. "Yes, I thank you. I have eaten a great plenty, although your excellent fare tempts me still."

"Wall, now, I am glad you like it! Mr. Leighton used to say I beat Vanderbilt's cook, baking beans and pumpkin pies." "I haven't a doubt of it, madam," said the Professor, then he added, "Where is the boy who was here when I entered?" "He went out to the barn to take care of your hoss, I 'spose."

"Indeed! I had forgotten the poor beast! I must go out and attend to him at once," cried the Professor.

"Wall, ye needn't trouble yourself about that 'ere hoss. Harry can fix him up better'n any man hereabouts. He's coming in now, so just keep your setting."

Thus advised the Professor sank back in an old rush-bottomed chair by the fire just as the boy entered.

"Have you seen to the gentleman's hoss, Harry?" asked the woman briskly, as the boy brushed the snow from his garments.

"Yes, 'em," he replied.

"Did ye give him some hay, too?" she asked again. "Yes, 'em," with a shake of his cap that sent the snow over the hot stove to sputter, dance about in waterdrops, then to disappear in a cloud of steam.

"My land-o-goodness!" cried the woman, "What on airth are ye tryin' to do? I told ye time and agin how ye would crack the stove with that cold snow! I do believe ye've gone and done it now sure," and she hurried to the stove to search for the crack while the boy with a rollicking laugh hung his cap on a nail behind the door. The stove had escaped destruction evidently, for the anxious woman turned away, only saying, "Now just be a little man and tell the gentleman how fur it is to the camp!" This remark sobered the lad far quicker than her late reproof, and although he seated himself without replying, the Professor noticed a flush warming his cheek and brow. Evidently he did not like to be told to be a little man.

The Professor was very fond of boys, and considered the awkward, self-conscious state that comes to every boy as he passes from boyhood to youth or young manhood, the most interesting part of a boy's life.

This lad was about fourteen years of age, but as slender as a child of twelve. The Professor had not noticed him particularly before, but now as he looked at him he started in surprise to observe the delicate beauty of the boy's features and the manly expression in the intelligent brown eyes.

The warm red flush still tinted his cheek and added more fire to his bright eyes, and as he sat there waiting for the Professor to speak, his brown wavy hair framing his smooth brow, he was not unlike the famous "Child's Head" of Murillo.

The Professor was an artist. He loved the beautiful in art and nature. He had filled his life with the beautiful, rejecting the ugly and commonplace, until his mind was the storehouse of beautiful thoughts. His very acts were controlled by this power. His friends had often remarked that everything in his house and in his life was in perfect harmony, blending into a perfect whole. In all his travels he had been actuated by this characteristic to the extent that for souvenirs he had selected only the beautiful and only those mementoes which would harmonize. When he saw a picture of remarkable beauty, or a statue or a delicate piece of pottery, he pictured them at once in his home. If they harmonized they were purchased, sometimes at an immense price. If they failed to please when compared thus, they were never purchased. As he looked at the lad's handsome face, the walls of the farm-house kitchen stretched away into the beautiful parlor of his city home, and he was pleased to find how perfectly the lad was suited to such surroundings. But the boy was still waiting, and the Professor was aroused from his day-dream by the clatter of the woman's dishes.

"I am very anxious to reach Grey's Camp to-night. Can you tell me how far it is from here?"

"Yes, sir. We call it about fifteen miles. Sometimes it is more; sometimes it is less. It makes a difference which way the road goes."

"How is that? Are the roads in this part of the country moved about at will?" "The roads into the camps are changed nearly every winter. You see the camps move about so as to keep in the heavy timber, and that is the reason why the roads change."

"I see now," said the Professor, surprised at the lad's easy manners and plain explanation. Then he continued: "Is it possible for me to obtain a sleigh or even a sled, here or near at hand? I wish to go on at once."

"We have a pung that you could take," replied the boy slowly, "but—"

"Harry's thinking ye would sure lose yer way," broke in the woman. "And I think ye would, tur. Them roads be awful



unsartin." "If you had come last night, you could have gone in with Uncle John," said the boy meditatively.

"However, as I did not, I must go on alone. That is, if no one can go with me," he added, looking thoughtfully at the boy. "Harry might go with ye, I s'pose," remarked the woman.

"May I? O, may I?" cried the boy eagerly. "Just hold on a minute! Don't fly tur pieces before yer asked. Maybe the gentleman would rather go alone than be troubled with ye." But I know the way," said the boy. "I shall be very much pleased to have you go," cried the Professor.

"I'll go! I'll go!" cried the boy, jumping from his chair and seizing his cap. "Here, where be ye going in that fashion?" asked the woman.

"I am going to get the pung ready, for we must hustle if we get started to-day." "The boy is right," said the Professor, consulting his watch. "We must start at once or night will overtake us. I will help you get ready, Harry," he continued, rising.

They left the house together, and when they re-appeared the pung had been prepared, the horse harnessed, and all things made ready. The pung was half filled with clean straw, blankets, and robes. Harry and the Professor wrapped themselves in their coats, and saying farewell to the brave woman, left thus alone, seated themselves in the pung and drove off.

The storm had cleared away, but the wind was still blowing dismally. In some places the wind had swept the road clean, in others it had piled the snow in hard drifts. It was cold and cutting, too. They drew the robes closer, and buttoned their collars tightly around their necks and ears. When it was possible, they talked, and the Professor learned something of the boy's history. And as they rode in and out among the pines with the air filled with their ceaseless sighing, so the thread of the boy's life wound in and out among these dark pines and solemn mountains. He was an orphan, the son of Mrs. Sylvester's sister. There were no ties of blood that connected him with the little red farm-house and the man who gave him a home and cared for him for his wife's sake. There were cousins, somewhere in the outer world, whom he had never seen. Some time he was going beyond the mountains to find them. A stranger from the city had told him most all he knew of the world. The schoolmaster had told him the rest. He enjoyed the pine woods, the farm and his life, but he meant to leave it all as soon as he was a man.

The Professor listened and questioned until he seemed to open the boy's very soul and to measure its heights and depths.



The cold, grey sky of a winter's day passed quickly into the darker shades of night. The sun sank low in its southern course and the western sky gleamed faintly. So slow had been their progress that half their journey was hardly accomplished. The road for several miles had been passing through "burnt land," as the vast dreary tracts are called that have been swept by forest fires. Other roads crossed and branched out from this one. The Professor acknowledged that he never could have found his way, and even the boy stopped very often to determine the road. As darkness deepened the danger of losing the road became much greater. At last the boy confessed that, of two roads before them, he did not know which was the right one.

"You see if we had got through this 'burnt land' before dark we would have been all right, for there is only one road beyond," he said. "But I am not sure which of these roads to take."

"I don't suppose there is a house within miles of this place, is there?" asked the Professor. "No, we must go on to the camp or stay where we are all night."

"Stay where we are? That would be impossible," cried the Professor.

"Well, then, here we go," said the boy, grimly. He touched the horse with the whip and they moved on, taking the wrong road.

It was not long before they could see that the nature of the country was changing. Instead of fallen logs on every side, there were tall pines and spruces.

"Do you think we are on the right road?" asked the Professor.

"I don't know, sir! I can't tell yet; perhaps I can tell in a few minutes," replied the boy. Slowly the wearied horse dragged the sleigh through the drifts. At last he stopped. "What is the matter?" asked the Professor, "what does this mean?"

"It means," said the boy coolly, "that the horse is tired out, and besides, we are lost." "For God's sake," cried the Professor excitedly, "we shall freeze to death."

"We must make the best of it, sir. Uncle John and Mr. Leighton stayed out one night when the weather was colder than this. Choppers have been lost many times and I have heard them tell what to do in such cases," said the boy.

"Well, I must confess that I do not know what to do," said the Professor. "Then do just as I tell you, sir." And now the Professor found himself for once in his life, following the direc-

tions of another, and that other only a slip of a boy. But he showed his wisdom by obeying and by keeping silent rather than by trying to direct.

[To be continued.]

---

#### A LIVING ISSUE.

A GROUP of lively girls was gathered in a corner of Geneve's room at sunset, one warm day in early October. They had been rapidly disposing of fudge, cracking jokes, telling stories, and talking about the hundred and one things in general which girls always have to discuss.

This room was a typical girl's room, moreover it was stamped with the word "college girl" on every detail. Situated on the west side of the girls' dormitory in one of our larger co-educational colleges, the setting sun shed its mellowing light over the well filled book-case on one side of the room and upon the couch directly beneath it, passed over the roll-top desk, scattered with loose papers, gently touched the gold bands on the tea-cups of the little tea-table, and fell with all its glory upon the group in the corner, turning Kitty's hair into threads of gold and playing at hide-and-seek with the glasses which surmounted the hump of Goody's Roman nose. Goody was a tiny girl with a joyous laugh, a "beam of sunshine" she was called by those who knew her best, and her name was given because of her unselfish nature. Kitty was a trifle more dignified and apt to appear affected, but the affectation lay no deeper than the appearance. Her good judgment and deliberation tended to make her the authority for the crowd, and indeed there was one who needed her guiding hand, Geneve, a frank, cheery girl, with a heart of kindness, a head of good intentions, but a will of iron and a nature made up of impulses. Her originality and natural wit made her the leader. Then there was Eline, quiet but determined, a girl who had peculiar ideas and a great bump of practicability. Geneve was an assured favorite with students and instructors alike, but accustomed to being petted and spoiled at home, she took the devotion showered upon her as a matter of course, and was persistently unresponsive to all outside of our little group of Seniors, "the quartette," as they were known about the campus.

As the setting sun sank slowly out of sight "the quartette" began to discuss Hallowe'en which was not far in the future. They planned to go together, as usual, that night. Laughingly they chatted and wondered until the bell for prayers sounded,

then Goody and Eline, arm in arm, girl style, tripped away, but Kitty lingered a minute to talk with Geneve.

"Dear, you aren't going with us, Hallowe'en eve, are you?"

"The idea, of course I am. Who in the world should I go with?" Then as she looked at Kitty's face she saw something was troubling her friend.

"What is it, Kitty?" she asked, gently winding her arm around her.

"Only the same old question. You know why I don't want you to go with us, and why I do want you to go with Turné. Ah, tut, tut. I heard him ask you this morning. It is that old will of yours, dear, and sometime you will realize what I am trying to tell you. Now be good and do as we both want you to, this once, please."

But Geneve only shook her head determinedly and no more was said.

Hallowe'en night came and Turné, with a crowd of fellows but with a heart too heavy to share their fun, went to the hall. Before the party was over, Kitty had exacted a promise from Geneve that she would not act as wilfully about returning, but Geneve soon forgot all about the going home, or that such a fellow as Turné existed, in the excitement of hunting up ghosts and walking round the house backward, looking into a mirror all the while to see a Turné who never existed or never would exist. Before she had passed round the house she felt a strange sensation, not that she saw a figure in the glass but she felt some one, was conscious of an invisible presence, and by the time she entered the house her face showed the change, but the raillery she immediately met with recalled her to her usual self, outwardly, but it did not drive away the new and strange presence.

Kitty had reached home just before Geneve and waited at the steps for her and Turné. They stood and chatted for a few minutes, then, looking at the moon, she said to Geneve:

"I know you are not coming in at this time on such a glorious night. Here, take my golf cape and go for a stroll." And before Geneve could answer Kitty was gone, and she was turning down the steps.

The moon shone brightly and they sought out a seat beneath some pine trees not far from Geneve's room. Neither the stars above nor man below was to tell of that night. Neither the moonlight on the bank nor the soft stillness of the night could enter Turné's soul, for when the light of hope dies the soul's doors



are barred by eternal gloom. Slowly they turned back, Turné with a saddened heart, Geneve subdued, kind, with an indefinite feeling of strangeness which took complete possession of her. Sadly but manfully he left her at her door for the last time, for no one should be the wiser for that night nor guess what strength it took for him to live out his remaining college days.

The year went on; to all but Kitty Geneve was the same thoughtless, light-hearted girl, but Kitty was wiser than the rest, still, she kept her own counsel, although it was with pain that she saw the year draw to a close and the shadow, although unknown to Geneve, gradually settle over her face. Neither the glad days of commencement nor the sorrowful partings drove it away. The quartette parted, only Kitty conscious of any change.

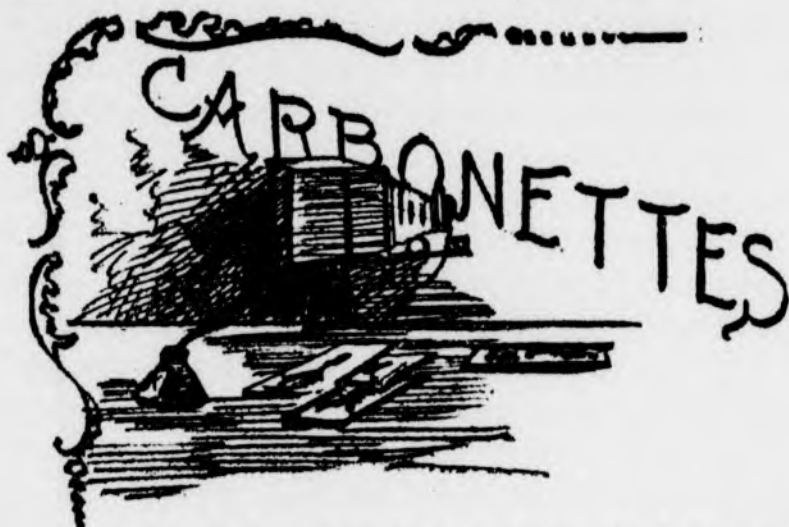
All through the summer days Geneve did not awaken to a consciousness of the change. Life went on much as usual except that she always felt a strange presence enter into all she did. By fall she had grown so restless that her father consented to give up his cherished dream of having her continually at home and she took her first school. She tried to become absorbed in her work, but she could not drive away the restlessness which gradually enveloped her in a cloud of scepticism. The cloud thickened and the days grew darker, her old sunshiny nature was scarcely detectable.

Thus the school year ended and Geneve started homewards. While waiting at a side station she came upon a group of her old college mates who had just been sight-seeing in the quaint old place. Her heart beat quickly and more quickly as they approached, and then suddenly, like the awakening from a dream, the past lay as an open book before her.

Geneve returned to her *Alma Mater* commencement week, as did most of the class. As she sat once more beneath the pines her mind turned to that night now eight months ago. And the heart beside her turned back the pages, too.

Now Geneve knows what that presence has been, she knows as if by a miracle what Kitty tried so faithfully and lovingly to tell her, she knows that at last three people will be made happy, and that henceforth two lives will be made complete because the presence and the substance are to be one and the same and they are also to be inseparable from Geneve's life.





It was a hot, sultry day in July. Not a breath stirred the leaves on the trees. The birds were silent and the chickens were fain to linger in the shade of the lilacs and leave the grasshoppers in peace.

Out in the field a fifteen-year-old boy was raking, now and then shouting at the weary old horse to keep him awake. Behind the rake trudged a figure barefooted and with a freckled face, the counterpart of the other, hidden by a faded pink sunbonnet.

When the rake turned the figure turned, swinging her arms, her eyes following the frightened grasshoppers as they hopped right and left from the path of the lazy old horse.

"Say, Wes', I'm thirsty."

"Gwon up to the house and git a drink, then."

The sunbonnet turned slowly towards the house, then back and inclined toward the brown feet.

"'Fraid?" No answer.

"Want me to go with yer?" The sunbonnet bobbed vigorously. "Well, climb up here, then." And the boy assisted his sister to a seat beside him, putting one arm about her to prevent her falling. The old horse was awakened by a slap of the reins and loped towards the house. Then came a rap on the door and a faded, battered cap came off as it opened.

"Please, ma'am, Win here wants a drink. Could yer give us a dipper so'st we could git it at the pump?"

As I produced a glass I could not help smiling at the little figure in the sunbonnet as she stood there bashfully digging her toes into the earth, her finger in her mouth.

"Warm, isn't it, Winnie?" said I. No answer.

But suddenly the brown feet paused, the finger slowly retreated from the mouth, for the blue eyes roving about had

discovered five happy little kittens frolicking in the doorway of the shed.

Then "Wes'" felt a jerk on his shirt-sleeve and Winnie stood on her brown toes to whisper into his ear.

"Going to raise all them kittens yourself?" he asked me.

"Why, I don't know," I said slowly. "Do you know of some one that wants a pretty kitten?"

"Well, Win here, she'd kinder like ter have one," he answered.

"She may take her choice," I said generously, confidently believing that *my* favorite was safe as the result of a recent frolic in the coal-bin.

But Winnie, bashful child, hesitated, although Wesley told her that he couldn't "wait all day."

Then he adopted another method. "Take this little yellow one;" Winnie put her hands behind her and said not a word. "Want that black one?" She jerked her head for no. "Well, then, that little white one with the black spot on his head."

This time the head bobbed an eager affirmative.

"All right, then. We'll come and git it when we git through rakin'. Come on, Win."

The child hesitated a moment, then, seizing her choice, she hugged it frantically, kissed the black spot, and with a parting caress replaced it on the floor.

Five minutes later I glanced out of the window. Slowly up and down plodded the old horse, and behind the rake, now swinging her sunbonnet by one string, trudged Winnie.

*They were doing the raking.*

—S. BERTHA FIELD, 1902.

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#### THE OLD STEP.

Following up, under a leafy canopy, an old, unused road, one comes, at the top of the hill, to an open, barren place. It is an old pasture covered with huge, rough rocks and innumerable smaller stones. Among all of these rocks lies a large, smooth, flat stone. Here it has lain since it was first put into position by the old settler. What a story it could tell if its tongue could once be moved! Though silent, it yet speaks to those who will sit and listen to the thoughts it arouses.

It has lain through joy and through sadness, through birth and through death, through happiness and through sadness. All is silent now. No pattering of baby feet as they try to toddle out

from the doorway to the green world beyond. No sturdy step of the farmer as he comes to the noonday meal. No quick, gentle step of the loving young wife and mother as she crosses the threshold of her newly-made home in the woods to visit her neighbor, the only one for miles around. No sound of busy feet, no cheering whir of the spinning wheel, no twilight lullaby floats out over the old step.

"All is silent now and hushed." All is changed, all is past. The once blossoming field is gone, the fruit trees as such have long since ceased to be useful and stand as mere reminders of what was, even the rocks themselves have a lonesome look. The house, too, is gone, only the old caved-in cellar remains guarded by the faithful sentinel—the old stone step.

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### Alumni Round-Table.

The next meeting of the Stanton Club will occur at Riverton Park, Portland, Me. A special car will meet the delegates at the Union Station and carry them to the Casino where the banquet is to be held. All who were able to attend its last session at the Falmouth House will be anxiously looking forward to this delightful event with the highest expectation.

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#### PERSONAL.

'68.—President George C. Chase, Ph.D., and Professor W. H. Hartshorn, '86, were chosen as delegates to represent Bates College at Yale's recent bi-centennial celebration.

'71.—President G. W. Flint of the Connecticut State Agricultural College has resigned his position.

'72.—John A. Jones is the civil engineer chosen for the construction of an electric road from South Berwick to York Harbor.

'74.—Robert Given, Esq., of Denver, Col., is a lecturer in a Law School connected with Colorado University.

'75.—G. W. Wood, who is editor of the *Lewiston Daily Sun*, was recently married to Miss Laura Brackett of Phillips, Me.

'75.—L. M. Palmer, M.D., of South Framingham, Mass., was president of the day at the recent reunion of the students of Litchfield (Me.) Academy.

'81.—Rev. R. E. Gilkey, who has been pastor of the Free Bap-

tist Church in Dover, N. H., for the last ten years, has accepted a call to the Court Street Free Baptist Church, Auburn, Me.

'81.—W. C. Hobbs, superintendent of schools in Whitman, Mass., has published an article on "*Ventilation*" in a recent number of the *Journal of Education*.

'81.—Rev. E. T. Pitts preached in the Pine Street Congregational Church, Lewiston, Me., Sunday, October 13th.

'82.—The address of Judge Stephen A. Lowell of Pendleton, Oregon, delivered at a Memorial service for President McKinley, has been published, and is now attracting much attention.

'83.—J. B. Ham is teacher of sciences in the Normal School at Johnston, Vt.

'85.—C. A. Washburn is teacher of Greek in the Framingham (Mass.) High School.

'87.—I. A. Jenkins is principal of the High School at Provincetown, Mass.

'87.—Rev. Israel Jordan of Scarborough, Me., and Rev. Roscoe Nelson, pastor of the Congregational Church in Windsor, Conn., were delegates to the National Triennial Congregational Council, held in Portland, Me., October 14-19. Mr. Nelson reports that his church is erecting a large parish house and also a parsonage.

'87.—L. G. Roberts, Esq., who is a prosperous and successful attorney in Boston, Mass., has been visiting friends in Lewiston, Me., recently.

'89.—John I. Hutchinson of the mathematical department of Cornell University, has, with his wife, been spending a year in Europe.

'91.—F. S. Libbey is principal of the High School in Warner, N. Y.

'91.—F. W. Plummer is principal of Woodward Institute, a school for young ladies, situated at Quincy, Mass.

'92.—A. F. Gilmore has accepted a permanent appointment with the American Book Company of New York City.

'92.—J. R. Little of Lewiston, Me., was surprised, Monday evening, October 13th, by a party of friends who gathered at his home to celebrate the anniversary of his wooden wedding. During the evening Mr. and Mrs. Little were the recipients of many beautiful presents.

'92.—Scott Wilson, assistant county attorney for Cumberland County, Me., and W. F. Garcelon, Bates, '90, who is practicing law in Boston, Mass., recently delivered two helpful and sug-



gestive addresses before the young men of the institution in the college chapel.

'95.—H. N. Knox is principal of the Hardwich (Mass.) High School.

'95.—Miss M. A. Steward is pursuing graduate work at the University of Michigan.

'96.—O. F. Cutts, who is at present pursuing his studies in the Harvard Law School, is playing the position of left guard on the Harvard foot-ball team in a most creditable manner. Mr. Cutts, was here at college coaching our foot-ball team for about two weeks at the first of the season.

'96.—H. L. Douglass is principal of the Grammar School at Gardiner, Me.

'96.—O. E. Hanscom, M.D., is practicing medicine in Greene, Me.

'97.—A. W. Bailey is a student in the Law School connected with New York University.

'97.—Mrs. Margaret Fanning (Knowles) Small is residing in Winchendon, Mass., where her husband is principal of the Murdock School.

'97.—H. P. Parker is principal of the High School at Chatham, Mass.

'97.—Blanche Porter is a teacher in Pennell Institute, Gray, Me.

'97.—Percy W. Brackett was married on the third of September to Miss Lottie J. Guyer of Hyannis, Mass.

'97.—Mr. and Mrs. Carl E. Milliken were tendered a reception recently at their new home in Island Falls, Me.

'98.—Miss Julia F. Leader has accepted a position as teacher in the High School at Lawrence, Mass.

'98.—Thomas S. Bruce, who graduated from the Newton Theological Institute last June, has entered the Harvard Divinity School as a resident graduate. Mr. Bruce is making a specialty of the study of the Old Testament and Homiletics.

'98.—Rev. F. R. Griffin, who is pastor of the Universalist Church in Braintree, Mass., has been married recently.

'98.—A. A. Knowlton is instructor in physics and director of the gymnasium in Carlton College, Northfield, Minn.

'98.—Miss M. B. Maxim is principal of the Paris Hill Academy, Paris, Me.

'98.—A. D. True is at present at his home in New Gloucester, Me., on account of his health.

'99.—Miss Helen A. Finn is stenographer for the superintendent of schools, Lewiston, Me.

'99.—Miss Lora V. King is a teacher in the Fort Fairfield (Me.) High School.

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

'99.—D. M. Stewart will enter the Maine Medical School at Brunswick, this fall.

'99.—Miss Georgia M. Knapp has been detained from her work in Leavitt Institute for the last few weeks on account of sickness.

'99.—Rev. I. H. Gray, who is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Twin Mountain, N. H., while at the same time pursuing his theological studies at the Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me., was ordained on the 27th of June by the New Hampshire Yearly Meeting of Free Baptists.

1900.—Guy E. Healey is principal of the High School at Winthrop, Me.

1900.—A. W. Lowe is principal of the Milbridge (Me.) High School.

1900.—Miss Mabel E. Marr is preceptress of Lyndon Literary Institute, Lyndon Center, Vt.

1900.—Miss Maude F. Mitchell is teaching in the Littleton (Mass.) High School.

1900.—L. L. Powell has just entered the University of Pennsylvania Medical School.

1900.—As the result of a competitive examination D. L. Richardson has won a scholarship prize which entitles him to free instruction in the Medical School connected with the University of Pennsylvania.

1900.—Miss Blanche B. Sears is winning a pronounced success as teacher of English in Thayer Academy, Braintree, Mass.

1900.—F. H. Stinchfield has reached the Philippine Islands and entered upon his duties as teacher.

1900.—Miss Grace A. Tarbox is principal of the Garland (Me.) High School.

1900.—Miss Bertha O. True is teacher in the High School at Bennington, Vt.

1900.—H. G. Wagg is principal of the High School at Webster City, Iowa.

1900.—Helen White is a teacher in the Wiscasset (Me.) High School.

## CLASS OF 1901.

W. K. Bachelder has received a government appointment to teach in the Philippine Islands, and is now located at Winthrop, Negros.

Miss Annie E. Bailey is teaching English and French at Bridgton Academy, North Bridgton, Me.

Miss Mae S. Bennett is assistant librarian at Bates College.

Miss Bertha A. Besse will remain at her home in Auburn, Me.

Miss Delia M. Blanchard is teaching mathematics and sciences in the High School at Mansfield, Mass.

J. S. Bragg is engaged in canvassing for the North American Publishing Co. At present he is traveling through the eastern part of Maine.

Miss Bertha M. Brett is teaching in the High School at New Britain, Conn.

Miss Alice M. Cartland is teaching physics, geometry, and English in the Milbury (Mass.) High School.

R. W. Channell is located in the High School at Boothbay, Me.

A. J. Chick is principal of Monmouth (Me.) Academy.

A. C. Clark is teaching in the High School at Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

E. F. Davis at present is stopping with his parents in Auburn, not having yet been able to secure a desirable position.

L. C. Demack is acting as organist at the Episcopal Church in Beverly, Mass., while further pursuing his musical studies in the Boston Conservatory.

Miss Martha E. Dennison was married in July to Louis G. Glidden-Whitten, Bates, 1900, who is still principal of the High School in Marshfield, Mass.

Miss Mittie A. Dow is teaching Latin in the Merrimac (Mass.) High School.

W. H. S. Ellingwood, who was married in August to Miss Lottie Jones of Wilton, Me., is teaching at Bucksport Seminary, Bucksport, Me.

Miss Nina T. Estes is teaching at Shelburne, N. H.

Miss Anna H. Fisher is principal of the Grammar School at Mansfield, Mass.

Miss Annette M. Goddard is teaching in the Thomaston (Me.) High School.

R. W. Goss intends to pursue the study of medicine at the Bowdoin Medical School this fall.

H. S. Guptill is principal of the High School in Standish, Me.

W. R. Ham is teaching the sciences in the Calais (Me.) High School.

Miss Maleen P. Hicks is teaching in the High School at Beverly, Mass.

W. K. Holmes has secured the position of assistant in the chemistry department of Bates College.

Miss Bertha L. Irving is teaching English in the Edward Little High School, Auburn, Me.

E. K. Jordan is teacher of mathematics and the sciences in the Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

Miss Nina F. Landman was married during the summer to Mr. Thomas H. Scammon, Bates, '99, who is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Richmond, Me.

Miss Mary B. Lambe is teaching in a Grammar School in Whiting, Me.

Miss Gertrude B. Libbey is pursuing her studies in the Exegesis of the New Testament in the Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me.

Miss Caroline E. Libby has received the position of instructor in French at Bates College.

W. M. Marr is principal of the High School at Upton, Mass.

Miss Harriet B. Mills, although intending to teach, has as yet been unable to secure a desirable position.

H. L. Moore is principal of the High School at Whitefield, N. H.

P. D. Moulton is studying medicine at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia.

Miss Josephine B. Neal has been chosen assistant in the physics department at Bates College.

Miss Blanche B. Noyes was married in July to Stanley C. Lary, Bates, '99, who is now teaching at Hingham, Mass.

Miss Florence E. Osborne is teaching at Vinalhaven, Me.

Rev. Ezra S. Parker has accepted a pastorate at St. Stephens, N. B.

Miss Louise L. Parker is principal of the Grammar School at Durham, N. H.

W. B. Pierce is principal of the Shapleigh (Mass.) High School.

V. E. Rand is principal of the High School at Milton Mills, N. H.



R. S. W. Roberts has accepted the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church in Rangeley, Me.

Lincoln Roys is principal of the Wayne (Me.) High School.

Miss Flora B. Small is at her home in West Bowdoin, Me.

Miss Lucy J. Small is teaching in the Academy at Thetford, Vt.

H. I. Smith is principal of the High School at Boothbay Harbor, Me.

H. E. E. Stevens is pursuing the study of medicine at the Harvard Medical School.

H. H. Stuart is teaching in the High School at Brownville, Me.

Miss Edith L. Swain is assistant in the Williamstown (Mass.) High School.

Miss Lena B. Towle is teaching English and mathematics in the Oldtown (Me.) High School.

Miss Charlotte G. Towne is teaching at Madison, Me.

H. A. M. Trickey is at his home in Charleston, Me., since he has not been able to secure a position as teacher.

Miss Bertha M. Varney was married on October 9th to Mr. Neal D. Pattee, and will now make her home in North Stratford, N. H., where Mr. Pattee is engaged in business.

Miss Ethel B. Vickery is teaching Latin in the Calais (Me.) High School.

F. P. Wagg has received a government appointment to teach in the Philippine Islands, and is now located at Libon, Albay.

C. E. Wheeler is teaching mathematics and sciences in the Dudley (Mass.) High School.

L. E. Williams is principal of the High School at Dennysville, Me.

Rev. Joseph E. Wilson is pastor of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, while at the same time he is further pursuing his theological studies at Cobb Divinity School. Mr. Wilson was ordained last September by the Free Baptist Conference in Nova Scotia.

## Around the Editors' Table.

IN looking over the record of our foot-ball team this fall we all naturally inquire what can we individually do to promote the interests of this most essential element of our college life; or, perhaps, since the fellows support this department almost to a man, the question would assume the form of what can the young ladies of our institution do to show their interest in a substantial way in the success of the college athletics. We are glad to notice that there has been a spirit awakening among the girls which has prompted many of them to realize their responsibility, and consequently that several have already connected themselves with our Athletic Association. But while we are very glad to see this movement in the right direction, still we feel that the matter should be brought more forcibly before the remainder, so that they, too, may consider whether or not it is their duty to show their interest in the success of our athletics by giving their hearty co-operation and support. We, as an Association, need your help; and you, as members of Bates College, need the impetus and standing which successful athletic teams give to any institution. Let us all, therefore, carefully consider if it is not the duty of every young lady here to show her interest in a genuine way in this most important department of our college life by connecting herself with our Athletic Associations.

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REVERENCE is a mark of true greatness. Is not every student seeking to be truly great? Then why is it that we have so little reverence? There are but few students who refrain from laughing, loud talking, whispering, or from secular duties whilst inside the chapel doors at service time. There are but few students who listen with bowed heads during a prayer, and still fewer who hesitate or refrain from dropping the hymn-book with a thump before the service is over. A great preacher once said that one's attitude during a benediction is indicative of one's religion. How many of us are reverential at such a time? How many are reverent in their thoughts? Or take one step lower. How many are at least respectful? Respectful to both students and instructors. A continuous hum, an unbroken undertone threatening some sudden eruption, occasional tap, tap of the boots, outbursts of uncalled for laughter, pretended ignorance of the exact text-book location of the thought under discussion, incessant and distinctly audible dots made with the pencil points,

all these describable and many more indescribable noises may be very entertaining to the participators, but is it respectful to the instructors? Moreover, such conduct is extremely distasteful and annoying to those who are seeking for something worth while. Let us, then, be more reverent, more thoughtful of one another, more respectful of another's rights, and then shall we be more truly great and more truly loyal to Bates and to the highest things for which she has always stood.

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WE have plenty of college spirit in general, but often too little of it in particulars. We are most eager that Bates should have the highest possible standing, but do not do our share of bringing it about. Each one, since he is interested in certain special things, is inclined to neglect the rest. It is true that we do not have time for all which the college offers. We should have to be far more brilliant if we did. Yet lack of time and lack of ability should not mean want of interest also. If we are not athletically built, if we have no ear for music, if we have little time for anything but study, if we are too tired to make the best use of our social advantages, if we use most of our strength in other ways than Association work and Bible Study, yet we should at least have sympathy with each department. We should feel ourselves indirect sharers, if we cannot be direct.

Because each of these things is helpful and because our complete development depends upon an interest in subjects of all sorts, because the college will be one-sided unless all its departments are well supported, we must feel enthusiasm and interest, varying according to our own temperaments, yet warm enough toward each department to make itself felt.

Sympathy with a good object can hardly be so powerful as direct aid. And yet it *is* powerful. Hence let us be as enthusiastic as we can, even where we cannot give personal influence, and so help each part of our college to be its very best.

## Local Department.

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

Miss Milham, travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, gave a helpful address at the Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, October 2d. The girls were much disappointed that because of illness she could not speak again.

The mission study class, under the leadership of Miss Tucker, '02, will prove valuable to all who join it.

The Social Settlement committee plans to undertake about the same work that was done last year.

The Freshman girls are showing a helpful interest in the meetings this fall.

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### FOOT-BALL.

Three games have been played since our last issue—the game with Harvard, October 5th, at Cambridge, in which Bates for the first time in her history crossed Harvard's goal line; the game with Boston College, October 12th, at Lewiston; and the game with the University of Maine, October 15th, at Lewiston. It is beyond words to express the joy which was felt when the news of the Harvard game reached Lewiston. All were confident that Bates would make a good showing, but that she should cross Harvard's goal line, that was not even thought of. But the unexpected happened and October 5th, 1901, will ever go down in the annals of Bates foot-ball as a red-letter day.

The game with Boston College was a hard-fought and interesting contest, in which Bates carried off the honors. The Boston College team was as usual a heavy one, but although Bates was much lighter and was disabled by having some of her best men on the side lines, she showed her superiority by her ability to make long gains, and by holding Boston College for downs.

The game with the University of Maine was, in many ways, unsatisfactory. The field was slippery, thus giving an advantage to the heavy U. of M. team, and Bates did not play her usual game; while playing fast foot-ball at times, she often played just the opposite. This spasmodic playing, together with poor interference and fumbling, lost the game. But, in spite of our defeat, we still feel that Bates has a team second to none in the State—every team has its off days.



The following is a summary of the games:

HARVARD, 16; BATES, 6.

Bates kicked off to Harvard, who carried the ball back 20 yards. Then, by a series of four- and five-yard plunges through the line and a gain of 40 yards around end, Harvard carried the ball over for a touchdown. Campbell kicked the goal. Score: Harvard, 6; Bates, 0.

Bates kicked off to Bowditch who carried the ball back 20 yards. The same tactics as before were started in and the ball taken steadily down the field, but Harvard fumbled and Ramsdell fell on the ball on Bates's 12-yard line.

Bates tried a double pass for no gains, made a little through Cutts, an old Bates player, and then lost the ball on downs, but recovered it on the next play as the result of a fumble by Miffin. After two downs Bates was forced to kick. Harvard lost 10 yards on an off-side play which was made up by a 20-yard gain around end. Steady line plunging took the ball down the field and Harvard went through guard for a touchdown. Campbell missed the goal. Score—Harvard 11, Bates 0.

Bowditch ran the ball back 20 yards on the next kick-off and then Miffin punted 40 yards. Time was called with the ball in Bates' possession.

Harvard kicked off in the second half and Moody gained his distance, but Bates lost the ball on a fumble. After a few tries at the line, Harvard carried the ball 30 yards for a touchdown. Campbell missed goal. Score—Harvard 16, Bates 0.

Bates kicked the ball over Harvard's goal line and Harvard returned from her 25-yard line and Bates made a fair catch. Bates tried a place kick, but the ball went too low. Bates recovered the ball on a fumble and Moody gained his distance twice, once around right end for 10 yards. Harvard held and Bates tried a place kick but failed. Harvard advanced the ball 10 yards and fumbled. Bates after two downs tried a place kick, but again failed.

Here was where Bates scored. Swann, Harvard's left half-back, was sent through tackle and almost made his distance when he fumbled the ball and, quick as a flash, Blake had it under his arms and was making for the Harvard goal with Allen interfering for him. Blake, though almost forced out of bounds, made the touchdown, punted out, and Allen kicked the goal. Score—Harvard 16, Bates 6. Time was called before the teams could line up.

HARVARD.	BATES.
Campbell, l. e.....	r. e., Blake.
Thayer, l. e.	
Graydon, l. t.....	r. t., Cole.
Blagdon, Randolph, l. t.....	r. t., Ramsdell.
Cutts, l. g.....	r. g., Childs.
Hovey, l. g.	
Sargent, c.....	c., Ramsdell.
	c., Cutten.
Barnard, r. g.....	l. g., Hunt.
Riggs, r. g.	
Lawrence, r. t.....	l. t., Reed.
Jones, Blagden, r. t.	
Bowditch, r. e.....	l. e., Pugsley.
Baldwin, q. b.....	q. b., Allen.
Matthews, q. b.	
Derby, l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Moody.
Swann, l. h. b.	
Ristine, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Babcock.
Knowles, r. h. b.	
Mifflin, f. b.....	f. b., Finn.
McGrew, f. b.....	f. b., Turner.

Score—Harvard 16, Bates 6. Touchdowns—Ristine, Mifflin, Knowles, Blake. Goals from touchdowns—Campbell, Allen. Umpire—Sawin. Referee—Dr. Newell. Linesmen—Devens, Harvard; Andrews, Bates. Timer—Wood. Time—15 and 10-minute halves.

BATES, 6; BOSTON COLLEGE, 0.

Boston College kicked off to Allen, who advanced the ball 10 yards. Short rushes by Towne, Moody, and Finn brought the ball to the center of the field. Towne went round left end for 20 and 15 yards. Bates was held for downs on Boston College's 20-yard line. Bates recovered ball on a fumble and Towne made a small gain. Bates given 10 yards for an off-side play. On the first down the ball went to Towne who fumbled. Cole recovered the ball and carried it over for a touchdown. Allen kicked the goal. Score—Bates 6, Boston College 0. Time was called with the ball in the center of the field.

In the second half Bates kicked to Boston College's 10-yard line and the ball was returned 15 yards. After two downs with no gain, Boston College punted to Bates' 35-yard line. Towne made some good gains but the ball was lost on Bates' 45-yard line. Boston carried the ball by short gains through the line to Bates' 15-yard line, where they were held for downs. Bates failed to gain on the first two downs, but on the third down on a bluff for a punt Allen gained 30 yards round right end. Time called with the ball in the center of the field.

BATES.	BOSTON COLLEGE.
Pugsley, l. e.....	r. e., White.
Reed, l. t.....	r. t., Nickerson.
Childs, l. g.....	r. g., Breath.

Wall, c.....c., Kenney.  
 Cutten, c.  
 Ramsdell, r. g.....l. g., Cramer.  
 Cole, r. t.....l. t., Keon.  
 Blake, r. e.....l. e., Sullivan.  
 Piper, r. e.  
 Allen, q. b.....q. b., Riley.  
 Towne, l. h. b.....r. h. b., McCusker.  
 Moody, r. h. b.....l. h. b., Ford.  
 Finn, f. b.....f. b., Lane.

Score—Bates 6. Touchdowns—Cole. Goal from touchdowns—Allen.  
 Umpire—Carter. Referee—McCarthy. Linesmen—Andrews, Bates; J.  
 Sullivan, Boston. Timers—Gould, Bates; O’Kane, Boston College.  
 Time—15m. halves.

#### UNIVERSITY OF MAINE 6; BATES, 0.

Bates kicked to U. of M.’s 15-yard line and the ball was advanced 5 yards and fumbled. Cole made 5 yards and then Bates lost the ball on downs. U. of M. advanced the ball steadily but lost it in the center of the field. Bates gained a little and was forced to punt. U. of M. made her distance once and was then forced to punt. Bates made about 3 yards on two downs and lost the ball on the next down. U. of M. by bunched plays and by a gain of 15 yards by Bradford around end, carried the ball to Bates’ 15-yard line. U. of M. made two fumbles and then Dor-ticos carried the ball over for a touchdown and kicked the goal. Score—U. of M. 6, Bates 0.

Bates kicked off to Davis who carried the ball to the 50-yard line where he fumbled and Allen fell on the ball. Bates made a few short gains and then lost the ball. U. of M. gained 5 yards and then lost the ball on a fumble. Moody made 2 yards and then Finn made a couple of short gains. Moody then made 8 yards around right end and, after another down, repeated the trick, gaining nearly 10 yards. U. of M. gained the ball on downs, lost 5 yards on a fumble, punted and captured the ball on Bates’ 20-yard line just as time was called.

U. of M. kicked to Babcock, who carried the ball to the 50-yard line. Finn made 15 yards. Babcock and Reed made 4 yards each. Moody carried the ball 5 yards more and by short gains the ball was carried to U. of M.’s 25-yard line, where Bates made an off-side play and lost 10 yards. Moody made up this loss by a gain of 30 yards on the next down. Bates lost the ball on a fumble and it was U. of M.’s ball on her 15-yard line. By short gains through the line U. of M. carried the ball to the center of the field where it remained during the rest of the game.



U. OF M.	BATES.
Cole, l. e.....	r. e., Piper.
Dorticos, l. t., f. b.....	r. t., Cole.
Durin, l. t.	
Elliott, l. g.....	r. g., Hunt.
Rackliffe, c.....	c., Cutten.
Sawyer, r. g.....	l. g., Childs.
Towse, r. t.....	l. t., Reed.
McFarlane, r. e.....	l. e., Pugsley.
Bailey, q. b.....	q. b., Allen.
Bradford, l. h. b.....	r. h. b., Moody.
Davis, r. h. b.....	l. h. b., Babcock.
Taylor, r. h. b.	
Webber, f. b.....	f. b., Finn.

Score—U. of M., 6; Bates, 0. Touchdowns—Dorticos. Goal—Dorticos. Umpire—Dr. Frew of Colby. Referee—J. J. Sullivan of Portland. Linesmen—Parker, U. of M.; Andrews, Bates. Timers—H. T. Gould, Bates; Ross, U. of M. Time—15-minute halves.

### TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

In the annual tennis tournament held to decide the championship of the college in the singles and doubles, the playing was exceptionally fine. The entries were numerous and much enthusiasm was shown. For a certainty Bates will be well represented in the New England Tournament next spring.

The result in doubles was:

Preliminary Round—Lodge and Harrington defeated Lane and H. Paine; 6-0, 6-0. McCleary and Donnocker defeated Abbott and E. Tuttle; 6-2, 6-4. Felker and H. Kelley defeated Brown and Weymouth; 6-1, 6-2. Staples and Spooner defeated Blanchard and Bemis; 6-2, 6-4. Hayes and Lewis defeated Doe and Lewis, '05; 3-6, 6-2, 6-4. Clason and Holman defeated Kelley and Paine; 6-0, 6-2.

First Round—Lodge, '02, and Harrington, '02, defeated McCleary, '02, and Donnocker, '02, 6-1, 8-6. Felker, '02, and H. Kelley, '03, defeated Staples, '05, and Spooner, '05; 6-2, 6-1. Holman, '02, and Clason, '02, defeated Lewis, '04, and Hayes, '04; 6-2, 6-1. Cooper, '05, and Tuttle, '05, defeated Spofford, '04, and Robbins, '04; 6-2, 8-6.

Semi-Finals—Felker, '02, and Kelley, '03, defeated Lodge, '02, and Harrington, '02; 6-1, 6-1. Holman, '02, and Clason, '02, defeated Cooper, '05, and Tuttle, '05; 6-0, 6-1.

Championship Round—Holman, '02, and Clason, '02, defeated Felker, '02, and Kelley, '03; 7-5, 6-8, 6-3, 1-6, 6-2.

In singles the summary is as follows:

Preliminary Round—Holman defeated Abbott; 6-1, 6-0. H. Paine defeated Lodge by default. Kelley defeated Harrington; 6-2, 3-6, 6-1. Spooner defeated Weymouth; 6-4, 6-2. McCleary defeated Tuttle; 6-2, 6-1. Donnocker defeated Blanchard; 6-1, 6-3. Clason defeated Kelley; 6-2, 6-2. Felker defeated Hayes; 6-2.

First Round—Holman, '02, defeated H. Paine, '05; 6-2, 6-0. Kelley, '03, defeated Spooner, '05; 6-0, 6-0. Staples, '05, defeated Lewis, '04; 6-2, 6-4. McCleary, '02, defeated Donnocker, '02; 7-5, 6-8; 9-7. Clason, '02, defeated Felker, '02; 6-2, 6-3. C. Paine, '05, defeated Brown, '03; 6-4, 1-6, 8-6. Bemis, '02, defeated Spofford, '04; 6-1, 6-1. Cooper, '05, defeated Lane, '04; 6-3, 6-1.

Second Round—Holman, '02, defeated Kelley, '03; by default. Staples, '05, defeated McCleary, '02; 6-2, 6-1. Clason, '02, defeated C. Paine, '05; 6-2, 6-1. Bemis, '02, defeated Cooper, '05; 6-3, 6-3.



Semi-Finals—Holman, '02, defeated Staples, '05; 6-3, 6-2. Clason, '02, defeated Bemis, '02; 6-2, 6-1.

Championship Round—To be played.

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#### GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Miss Bennet, '01, is to be Miss Woodman's assistant in the Library through the year.

Dr. Veditz is interesting himself in the Social Settlement, in which Dr. Geer was so helpful.

1904 regrets losing one of its best members, Gay, who is obliged to stay out of college this year.

1903 also is sorry to lose Monroe and Fuller, who have gone to Bowdoin.

We have been rarely fortunate people this fall, for surely the trees on our campus could not be more beautiful.

Miss Sands, '04, has been substituting in Leavitt Institute on account of the illness of Miss Georgia Knapp, Bates, '99.

We are glad to see the girls showing so much interest in tennis. Bates needs athletic girls as well as athletic boys.

On October 12th Miss Libby gave a pleasant reception to the young ladies of the Junior Class at the Young Ladies' Hall.

We observe that Yale has abolished compulsory attendance at recitations. What an easy solution of how to keep students from cutting!

For the sake of the many Bates students rooming on College Street, the city decided to macadamize it this fall. The street is much improved.

Dr. Chase gave an interesting talk before the ladies of the Lewiston and Auburn History Club on October 15th. His subject was "Shakespeare's London."

Our three societies are all prosperous. Polymnia and Piæria have added to their attractiveness by new carpets and wall paper. Eurosophia and her invited guests enjoyed a beechnutting walk on Saturday, October 5th.

Dr. W. H. Bowen of Providence, R. I., one of our Trustees, and formerly pastor of the Main Street Free Baptist Church, conducted chapel exercises recently. He gave us a forceful, interesting, and helpful talk on "Construction, Not Destruction."

The fall seems a good harvesting time for women's colleges. Miss Helen Gould has recently given \$16,000 to Wellesley and \$20,000 to Vassar for scholarships. Susan Cabot Richardson has

left \$220,000 to Radcliffe. We, however, prefer to be co-educational.

The Freshmen have had a ride to Lake Auburn with Professor Stanton, and report an almost perfect time. They visited Mount Gile and the Fish Hatcheries and enjoyed boating on the lake. No other ride during the course is any *more* pleasant than the first one. But may 1905 have a great many just as good!

The officers of the Young Men's Glee Club are as follows: President, Blake, '02; vice-president, Harrington, '02; secretary, Wallace, '04; treasurer, Holman, '04; director, Donnocker, '02; advisory board, Sullivan, '02, Professor Robinson. Hunnewell, '02, is manager and director of the Mandolin Club and Orchestra.

President Chase has been to Boston lately to attend the annual meeting of the New England Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools. There was a long and excited discussion in regard to appointing a Central Board of Examiners, who should examine applicants for admission to each of the New England colleges. It was decided to find out the opinion of each college and to report at the next annual meeting.

The whole college, as well as 1903, is sorry to lose a valuable member in Clarence L. Jordan, who has left college to take up social settlement work. He is an exceptionally good writer. He was prominent in the Christian Association and also helped faithfully in the work of the Lewiston Social Settlement, where he had great influence with the boys. We wish for him the success that he most certainly deserves, and hope that he may sometime be able to return to college.

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### College Exchanges.

AS nature in the past few days has dressed herself in a new coat of many colors and laid upon the earth a new carpet, so on our exchange table has been lain a covering of many hues and shades, containing bright bits from North, South, West, and Middle West.

In proportion as nature sends forth some tints that are quite without the beautiful touches of the artist's brush, in the same proportion do some colleges send forth magazines that are quite without a beautiful thought, expressed either in prose or in poetry, but fortunately fruition is nature's law, and as by far the greatest number of her trees send forth leaves that are delicately pen-

ciled and harmoniously shaded by a Divine power, so by far the greatest number of colleges send forth magazines that contain beautiful pictures and noble thoughts from romantic and intellectual minds.

*Silver and Gold* presents a good article on "The Power of Silence," the nucleus of which is found in Carlyle's saying: "Speech is as shallow as time, silence deep as eternity." If all the great forces of the world, gravitation, electricity, light, color, etc., act silently, if nature silently paints her grand and inimitable pictures before which the teacher stands in speechless awe, if history reveals the fact that most heroes have been noted for their silence, and if experience teaches that in time of joy and sorrow comfort comes from the pressure of a hand, a silent tear, a look of sympathy, shall we not learn to cultivate the "talent of silence," remembering that it is the shallow stream that keeps up a continual babble? This is a good article which contains food for meditation.

The BATES STUDENT wishes to hereby gratefully acknowledge the monthly publication of the *Delineator* both for its high standard of artistic adornment and for its really good stories and college corner.

It may be an opportune time to quote from *College News*, Wellesley, for the benefit of all on the various editorial boards of the different colleges: "We hope you will find us a true and a constant friend, a chatterer, perforce, but with periods of silence. We hope never thoughtlessly nor maliciously to gossip, but to bring to you always the most vital and interesting college news for the week." If this example were followed there would be less exchanges made up wholly of notes, be they alumni, athletic or local.

The *Georgetown College Journal* from Washington, D. C., is a welcome visitor. It always contains good stories, at least one article of a deeper nature and throughout there is a vein of humor, possibly a key note to its religious preference, and it is staunchly loyal to our bereaved and mournful government.

A SHAKESPERIAN IDYLL.

When Richard III. he went to school  
 He always used a "trot,"  
 But Dick one day, I grieve to say,  
 This useful book forgot.  
 And when the master called on him  
 He saw a "flunk," of course,  
 So he did shout these old words out,  
 "My kingdom for a 'horse!'"



That most excellent paper from Kansas, *The Ottawa Campus*, contains an article on "The Poet's Mission," which we would fain reproduce if space permitted. To the many exchanges which have lately lamented the lack of good poetry we recommend a perusal of this paper. There is a wide difference between poetry and jingles. Carlyle has said that poetry is always a musical thought, spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing; detected the inmost mystery of it, namely, the melody that lies hidden in it. All inmost things are melodies, they naturally utter themselves in song. All deep things are songs. Somehow they are the very central essence of us, the primal element of us, and of all things. See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music, if you can only reach it. There are but few who see deep enough, but the author of "Remorse" has surely caught a deeper glimpse than most of us.

## A COLLEGE GIRL.

A fair and winsome lass was she  
 In figure neat and trim;  
 Her only fault appeared to be  
 Too great a love for "Jim."

She would not go to drive or sail,  
 To please her best friend's whim,  
 If such an outing would curtail  
 The hours she pledged to "Jim."

She talked of gowns which, at their best,  
 Would shock the very phim;  
 And even those, so she confessed,  
 Were made and worn for "Jim."

I learned to know her well enough,  
 At last, to scoff at "Jim,"  
 Which always brought a sharp rebuff,  
 Delivered with a vim.

And yet she listened to my plea,  
 Which she did not condemn,  
 For though she still loved "Jim," you see  
 She spelled it "G-y-m."

—Ottawa Campus.

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## Our Book-Shelf.

Given a long afternoon to be devoted to reading, with the latest historical novel waiting for you—what more pleasant way of taking comfort in life? If the tale happens to be Sarah Orne Jewett's *The Tory Lover* then indeed is pleasure to be yours. At the end of the first chapter one's sense of his surroundings fade away. He is lost to all but the fact that he is living in an old, strange world when men's thoughts were of war and justice, American rights and English tyranny; when women's words were of war and its horrors; when life was taken more seriously and



moved on in stately measures to its end; when young men and maidens addressed one another in courtly, stilted speech; and elegance in manners and dress were striven for. A beautiful, fascinating world in which one lingers joyously, for they are all past now, the pleasures, joys, and sorrows of those days.

It is a story of the Revolutionary period. The scenes are laid in Berwick and Portsmouth, at first. Later they shift to the ocean and deeds on ship-board, then to France and to England. At the very last the hero and heroine return to their beautiful American home near Portsmouth. The heroine is the beautiful and patriotic Mary Hamilton, mistress of the rich plantation of her brother, Colonel Hamilton, both staunch supporters of the colonies against King George. The Tory lover himself was a neighbor and old playmate of Mary's. His mother was a strict Royalist and when Roger, partly to please his lady-love, Mary, joined the patriots her heart was nearly broken. Roger Wallingford, in accordance with his oath, was obliged to go far from home to foreign lands in order to serve his country best. While doing as bidden by the commander of his vessel, on the shores of England, he was traitorously treated by one of his ship mates and left wounded and a prisoner in England. After many sad and heart-touching experiences he at last escaped from prison. Meanwhile, his mother had found it impossible to live in safety in America, owing to the fact that false reports about the loyalty of her son to the American cause had reached them. Accompanied by her neighbor, Roger's sweetheart, Mary Hamilton, they came to England in search of Roger. Misfortune was with them and for many weary months, though they had a pardon for Roger which would have released him from prison had he not escaped, they searched for him in vain. At last when Mary is in despair and grief at her failure, through the kindness of friends they are brought joyfully together.

The plot of the story is good. The descriptions are impressive and forceful as Miss Jewett's always are. The characters are clearly drawn and possess that peculiar individuality which Miss Jewett can give them. They are shown to us not by long descriptions of them but by their own words, acts, and surroundings. The two different ways of life are graphically shown—the life on land and the life on sea. In either case we are transported into the very spirit of the grandeur and stately elegance of the homes or the fresh winds and harsh life of the sea. In fact, contrast is much used throughout to heighten the beautiful and sombre effects.

Rev. H. B. Greene of Lowell, Mass., who has spent many months in Palestine gathering and pressing the dainty, treasured flowers of that sacred land, has arranged a dozen of his choicest and most frequently mentioned in the Bible in dainty book form, with appropriate and beautiful quotations and descriptions. It is a most delightful little gift-book for one who likes to touch with his own fingers and see with his own eyes the flowers that the Christ so often looked upon and loved. His booklet is called "*Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land.*"

*A Manual of English History*<sup>3</sup> is the title of one of the American Book Company's newly received text-books. It is a brief, compact and yet complete treatment of the subject, and yet Mr. Lancaster finds room for many little touches of interest and anecdote. It begins with the earliest Britons and takes up each period from then till the present under these heads: The Beginning till 827—The Saxon Line—The Danish Line—The Norman Line—Plantagenet Family—House of Lancaster—House of York—Tudor Family—House of Stuart—House of Brunswick or Hanover. The dates are not overwhelming one continually and if a pleasant, easy style of telling history can interest the student, Mr. Lancaster's book will do so.

<sup>1</sup>The Tory Lover. Sarah Orne Jewett. \$1.50. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass.

<sup>2</sup>Pressed Flowers from the Holy Land. H. B. Greene. \$2.25. Rev. H. B. Greene, Lowell, Mass.

<sup>3</sup>A Manual of English History. Edward M. Lancaster. American Book Company, New York.

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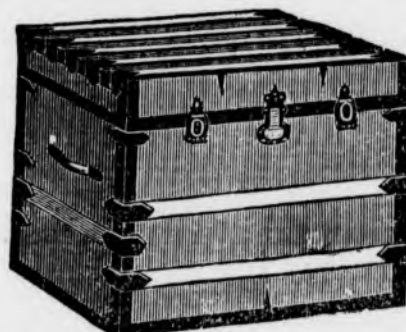
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