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# The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



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VOLUME XXIX.

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THE

# BATES STUDENT

Published by the Class of 1902,

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, ME.

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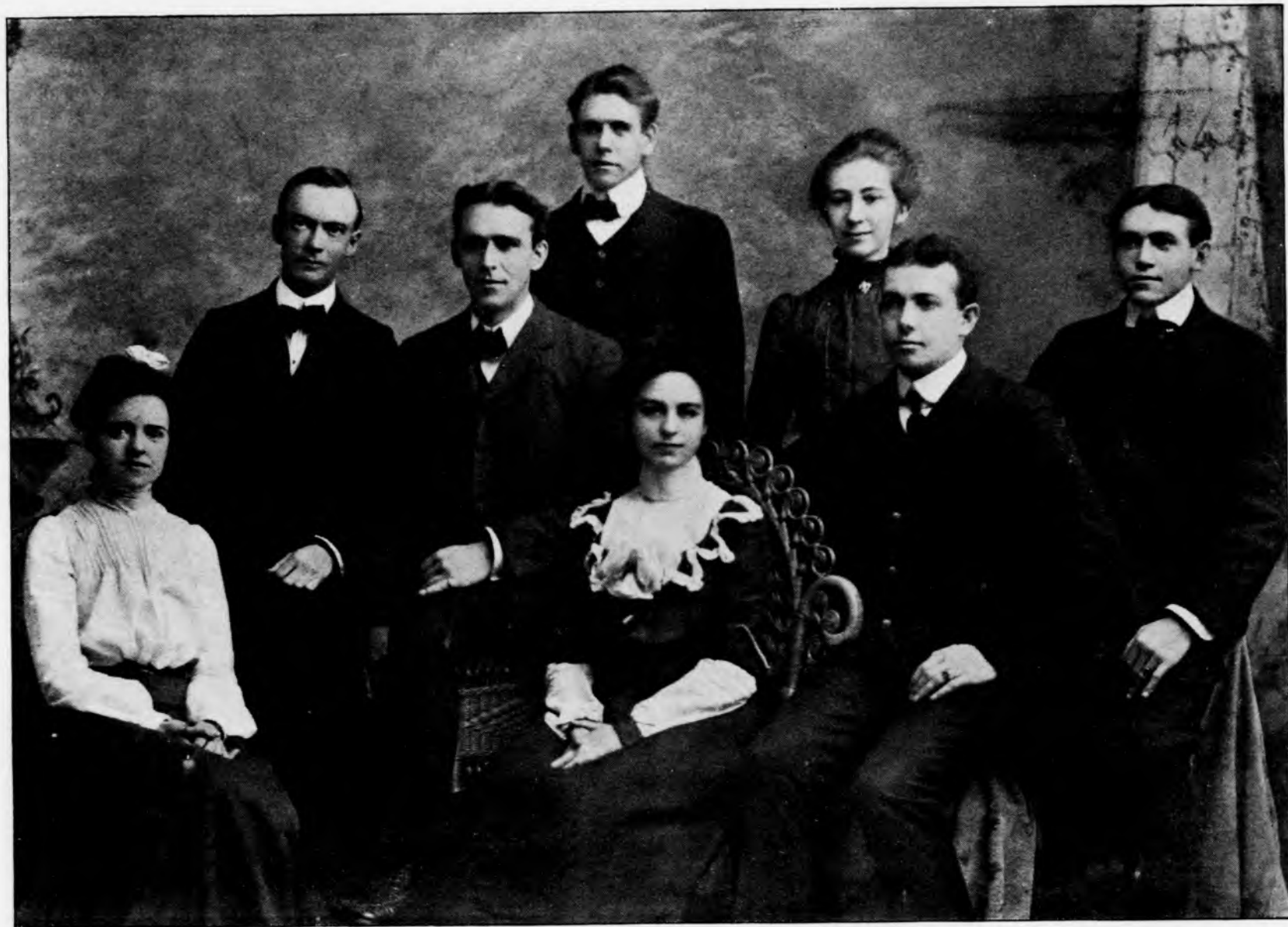
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WHERE?

"Where are thy leaves, oh stately trees,  
That fluttered in the summer breeze?"  
The shiv'ring branches murmur low,  
"Under the cold, the deep, deep snow."

"Where are thy flowers, cold, bleak hill?  
I see them not, look where I will."  
"The Frost King killed them long ago.  
Dead they lie 'neath the deep, deep snow."

"Where are the roses that used to greet  
The weary pilgrim with fragrance sweet?"  
"'Neath winter's blasts they could not grow,  
Their petals lie 'neath the deep, deep snow."

"Where are thy hopes, oh gray-haired sage,  
Bowed by the heavy hand of age?"  
"The winter of life has laid them low,  
Under the cold, the deep, deep snow."

In the spring new leaves will the branches hide,  
And fresh flowers bloom on the bleak hillside,  
And June will bring roses just as fair  
To shed sweet fragrance upon the air.

But to thee, old man, there will come no spring;  
No June new hopes to thy sad heart bring;  
Ended thy joy, ended thy strife;  
Thy winter marketh the close of life.

—S. BERTHA FIELD.

## THE VIOLIN'S MESSAGE.

THE dense, cold mist had settled over London before the sun had even the chance to take a peep at the old city, and the crowds that jostled back and forth seemed to think that a fog had no business to interfere with their usual routine of business or play. Consequently they were ill disposed towards the world in general and themselves in particular. No one noticed the little lad with the fiddle clasped close to his breast as he went hurrying across the street; no one stopped to hear him play. Discouraged, tired, and hungry, he crept into a doorway and softly wept. A tear dropped on the little violin. Hal saw it and quickly brushed it away.

"Be brave, Halley," he said to himself, "Mother is watching in Heaven and must not see you weep."

Away from the thronged thoroughfare he wandered to a narrow alley where a few children were playing. Hal had no feeling of comradeship; he had no friends, no home. His fiddle was all he had in the world. He started a merry air and the children stopped to listen. But the sadness in his heart crept into the music, and the instrument responded with the sympathy of a human soul. The piercing sweetness of the slow, sad strain penetrated the stuffy office of Manager Creel, where the bald-headed manager himself sat thinking. Something was wrong. Wrinkles furrowed his head where the hair should have grown, and the desperate pulling of eye-brows threatened their disappearance also. A note on the desk before him was the cause of it all. "Madame Z. cannot make her appearance this evening. Is dangerously ill and the engagement must be cancelled." Every ticket was sold and standing room was at a premium. The manager was desperate. Time was valuable; action must be immediate. The sweet strains of music caught his ear. He listened. The wrinkles deepened on one side of his face and completely disappeared from the other. This meant that he had hit upon a bright idea. Down the dingy stairs he rushed, and before Hal knew what had happened to him, Creel was hurrying him towards his office by the nape of his neck.

"Well, lad!" said a rough but not unkindly voice, "what you playing 'ere for? Where's yer dad?"

"I'm all alone, sir."

There was a long silence.

At last the manager wheeled about on his office chair and asked: "Don't suppose yer biz is rushing, lad?"

"No, sir," answered Hal.

Another pause.

"Say, lad, come 'ere at two this hafternoon so we can dress yer up and to-night yer can play hus a tune hon the planks, if yer want ter. What'd yer say, lad?"

A faint understanding glimmered in the boy's mind and a joyful light sprang to his eyes.

At two Hal again bounded up the narrow stairs and knocked at the office door. Manager Creel met him with a jovial grin and handed him over to an attendant, coarse but pleasant featured and motherly. She had prepared a jaunty suit for him, and Hal felt quite manly in his brave attire.

At last the hour came when the opera-house was opened. Rapidly the floor and galleries filled and the aristocracy of London entered the boxes. Manager Creel was nervously rushing hither and thither while Hal waited in the green room for further orders.

Announcement was made that Madame Z. would not appear and an ominous silence reigned over the house. It was an unsympathetic audience; only a few scattered claps greeted the boy as he advanced towards the footlights.

Thoughts of the angel mother filled his soul, and of the father buried far away in the old church-yard of Pinelle; of the happy days when he first learned to hold the fiddle. How earnestly he had practiced! How great was the ambition of his father that some day he should be the artist that he himself had been! Hal knew the place his father's name and fame had held in England's capital years before, and he had prayed that he, too, might bring again before the English people that honored name.

The lad raised his bow and struck the first soft chord. The rich tones drew the attention of all to the stage. Surely no child, no amateur, could be playing! The simple strain grew louder; the little fingers flew over the strings in swift arpeggio, the long-sustained tremolos softened into the flute-like harmonies and died away in tender echoes.

An old man leaned forward over the box-rail, his hands clutched tightly, his grey eyes gleaming strangely. "It is her child—I swear it," he muttered, and as the boy's gaze met his, he involuntarily stretched out his hands toward him. The grand chords of the finale burst from the little fiddle. Harmony mingled with harmony, and the melody in all its grandeur of expres-

sion and difficulty of execution was swept from the strings as if the child-artist was giving expression to the inspiration in his own soul. Just ten years before, his father had played the same concerto in that crowded opera-house and had won the applause of the noblest in the land. The old man remembered—oh, how vividly—that night so long ago; when the artist of the evening, lionized by the greatest critics of England and Europe, had charmed not only himself but had won the heart of his only daughter. It was the old, old story; the harsh words of the father, the desertion of the daughter; the long estrangement which had ended in death and despair. A powerful intuition brought it home to the old man's heart that this was his daughter's child, and a passionate longing seized him to know all.

As the storm of applause shook the house, Hal bowed gravely; in his heart he knew that at last his father's ambition had been realized.

The old man left his box and hastened to the stage-door. The ushers stood back as he passed, but all bowed obsequiously as they recognized his Lordship.

There was a touching scene enacted in the green-room, witnessed by Creel alone; he was peeking through a crack in the door. He saw the gray-haired gentleman speak a few quick words to his protégé, then with a joyful cry the lad sprang upon the old man's neck with the words, "My grandad!"

They wept together, the old man and the child; and Manager Creel crept away in the darkness and brushed his eyes with his coat-sleeve.

—M. A. B., '05.

---

#### HAMLET'S CHARACTER.

**H**AMLET'S character is brought out in the strong light of his deep feelings excited by the death of his father. In his relations with the king we see the outraged son roused to vengeance. When he is assured that the king has foully murdered his father, he knows that his devotion to his father and, perhaps more, the call of duty require him to kill the king. This is hostile to his sensitive nature and he delays till he chides himself for inaction. He intends to do the deed, but his deliberating nature which must see the question from all sides, will not allow him to act until he has secured proof from the king himself. Even then, he hesitates and shrinks. This indecision seems to

conquer all other traits of Hamlet's character, and prevents his success in this life of action.

Toward the queen, whom he no doubt once loved dearly, he is still a dutiful son, but he realizes fully the shame of her course and blames her almost more than the king. He is perfectly frank and outspoken in his scorn.

In his relation to Polonius is developed his assumed role of madness. Hamlet has a nature shrewd enough to blind them as to his purposes.

In his dealings with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, if at all, do we find more than weakness, even a moral blemish in his character. We must regret that in making Hamlet so far ahead of his times in other ways Shakespeare did not also make him so in this and omit this bloodshed—unnecessary if not unjustifiable—of men who if not innocent were at least not dangerous.

With Horatius, his friend, and with the players we see Hamlet as he was in his normal, unexcited life, when his tastes and his will determine his pursuits. We see him, the thoughtful, sensible scholar fond of the play, fond of his books, with ideas which even now are in good taste, concerning good reading and public speaking. In his friendship for Horatius we also see how his reasoning and intellect govern his choice, for though he is his friend he does not trust him with his secret, for he has decided "No, you'll reveal it."

We see this same trait in his relation to Ophelia. We doubt not that she loves him devotedly and that he has felt for her the passionate, yet in this case true, love of youth, but with the avenging of his father, his first aim, he measures her by this and finds her too weak to be an aid to him.

So Hamlet, who might have been the affectionate son, the true friend, the thinking scholar and the ardent lover, is turned from all these to be the weak avenger.

—CLARA H. WILLIAMS, '03.

---

#### ROMOLA AND HER MANNER OF LOVING.

**F**OUR hundred and fifty years ago, in the ancient city of Florence, there lived two people of interest—Bardi, the scholar, and Romola, his daughter.

The house in which Bardi lived was situated on the south bank of the Arno near the Hill of Bogoli, famous for its quarry whence the city obtained its pavement. Like many houses of the time, it

was of stone, large, sombre, with small windows and roofed terrace. A grim door, hung on conspicuously large hinges, admitted to the entrance court, in the centre of which was a massive iron lamp. In the second story of the house was a long, spacious room, surrounded with shelves on which books, marble busts, and antiquities were arranged in scrupulous order, while here and there, on stands by themselves, were scattered a few rare vases from Magna Gracia. In the centre of the room was a large table covered with antique bronze lamps and small vessels of dark pottery. The once splendid carpet was worn to dimness, the color of all the objects was pale or sombre and the vellum bindings of the books added nothing of brightness to the general gloom of the room, which was yet without the morning sun at the time when we first enter it.

In such a house and such a room did Bardi dwell. The long shelves of books in their vellum bindings have already indicated that he was a scholar; the worn carpet has suggested poverty, and the general build of the house former prosperity. Bardi was a student, his hand was cramped by much copying, his clothes were threadbare, his dinners sparing, yet he suffered from something worse than loss of former fortunes; he was blind. Such was the father of Romola.

On the morning in question Romola was standing before her father's carved reading desk, a girl tall, erect, of finely wrought frame, with reddish, golden hair which rippled back from an intelligent brow, cheeks without a tinge of color, refined nostrils, firm mouth, powerful chin, an expression of pride on her fair face, an expression carried out in the poise of her head and the general line of neck and shoulders; dressed in a simple gown of black, she stood there, her eyes bending under long lashes upon a book before her, one long, well-shaped hand on the reading desk and the other on her father's chair.

Did Bardi deserve so fair a daughter? His marriage had been unsatisfactory, and he had renounced the vulgar pursuit of wealth in commerce to devote himself to collecting the precious remains of ancient art and wisdom; upon his only son he had lavished every educational opportunity, that he might thus have his own ripe learning replenished with young ability; and then his son had left him to become a monk, to associate with friars on holy pilgrimages just at the time when eternal night was beginning to fall upon him. There was left to him this sweet, tenderly thought-



ful daughter, with a ready apprehension, a wide intelligence, a superior nobility of soul—truly a daughter of whom he might justly be proud; yet at times he would fall to drawing harsh comparisons between her and the son he had lost, between what she was and what the son would have been. At such times Bardi made Romola instinctively feel that she was not his son and could never take the son's place toward him; that in some unexplainable way she was to blame for being a daughter with a feminine mind which lacked to a marked degree the ready power of comprehension and assimilation of a masculine intellect. Romola felt indignant at these times; she had an inborn hatred and contempt for all injustice and meanness; yet she loved her father too much to allow any reply to escape her lips. She never uttered any complaint, never outwardly chafed under her wintry life, never bemoaned the lack of a dowry, never resented her inheritance of mere memories—memories of a dead mother, of a lost brother, of a blind father's happier fortunes. Her proud self-dependence and determination kept her cheerfully helpful and attentive to her father's almost incessant demands upon her time and strength. She was eyes and hands for him, she was his sole companion, his indefatigable assistant in research, his faithful copyist and reader.

Thus she lived in lonely seclusion, separated from the life about her. Her father wished this to be so, yet this very thing was detrimental to her fullest development, for there are some things about Romola, noble as she was, which are not lovable and which do not belong to the highest ideal. Bardi has brought her up on books which taught stoicism, courage, and moral greatness rather than Christianity; hence she had a contempt for religion. Her secluded life made her proud and ignorant of the world which she disdained. She was narrow-minded to an extent that was fatal to the grandeur of her character. She was beautiful, high-minded, and graceful—and she was conscious of it. She was innocent as an angel, but it was with an innocence born of ignorance. She impresses one as being proudly exclusive, as having the "holier than thou" attitude; throughout the story, she is never on a level with any one, unless, indeed, it be with Savonarola, when she is made to feel the force of his powerful presence. She was made up of conflicting characteristics—nobility and narrowness, affection and pride, unselfishness and self-sufficiency, grace and proud contemptuousness.

We have said that Romola stooped to all she met. In the first

warmth of her love, she also stooped to Tito; "stooped to conquer" with ineffable tenderness and self-repression from the first time he entered the quiet Florentine house like an Apollo clad in sunshine and in gladness; yet she never experienced that emotion common to all love, that sense of self-abasement and consciousness of one's own inferiority. Her love for Tito rose in a warm and bright flood, it came suddenly and unexpectedly and created within her an admiration and enthusiasm never known before in her dark and quiet life. Light and brightness then burst upon her in floods, bringing unwonted joy and yearning hopes, yet she was calm and self-possessed as before, and her new love only served to increase her old and deep-seated affection for her father.

The glimpse we get of the betrothal of Romola and Tito is all that could be desired, and the picture of the two in the home after Bardi's death is perfectly satisfactory. It is what one would expect—Romola still self-contained and reserved, yet loving, and Tito outwardly thoughtful and affectionate, but at times querulous and often engrossed in deep thought, which Romola is not allowed to share. Thus the way is paved for that act of his which was to alienate her: by selling her dead father's beloved and cherished library without Romola's knowledge or consent he committed a deadly sin against her. Thus was Romola disappointed in Tito, but the pain of disappointment was outweighed by the vehemence of her indignation. At once she rose in her old attitude, far above him, clad in her invincible armor of scorn. Her love for him was gone, and its place was filled with a desire to separate herself forever from the man she loved no longer. This was all perfectly natural; her ideal had deceived and betrayed her, and she dropped him like a stone which she had been holding, under the delusion that it was a mass of gold. Her sudden resolution to escape from him was also natural; but seldom has love been able to thus take to itself wings, to detach itself from another soul and be called back by no relenting, by no failure of strength or courage, by no pitiful and gentle pleadings of the heart. None but Romola could thus have fled from Florence and her love, a forlorn, noble figure, pitiless, but without comfort. Immortal things do not die as suddenly and as completely as did Romola's love; her ability to extricate herself from love's grasp without a struggle, to annihilate its flame like a thing of the earth, slain at a single blow, amounts almost to a denial of the immortality of love which is more painful to the mind than the denial of immortal existence itself. In Romola we find no trace of those gnawings and heart-

rendings which wounded and deceived love leaves behind. She felt a blank in her life, she felt her hopes destroyed, but those heart-yearnings and bitter stings were quite unknown to her.

Though love must die, it always works some change; it never leaves behind an unbeaten track; so Romola found it. After her love for Tito was dead, having been brought under the softening influence of Savonarola, she sought for life in other channels. Patiently, tenderly, pitifully, she visited the sick and the poor, who learned to regard her as a saint; she attracted a reverential observation everywhere, and was greeted on the streets as the Madonna. Still she was the same proud Romola, only now in a Christianized state; there was a certain restraint in her labors where there should have been love, there was only pity where there should have been affection. Self-renunciation was not natural to her; self-sacrifice in the ancient significance would have been perfectly natural to her. Romola could have been an Iphigenia.

There is nothing more remarkable in the creation of this woman than the kind of love of which she is made capable. The climax came when, knowing of her husband's disloyalty to her, perfectly conscious of what his relations with the woman had been, she took Tessa and her two children to her own home, cared for them, lived with them, labored for them, yes, loved them. She gave her life completely to others, yet she remained outwardly the same proud, reserved, self-contained Romola.

Such was Romola, remarkable in character, but still more remarkable in her manner of loving. Some may disparagingly criticise her, others may idealize her. All must acknowledge that she is unique in all literature. To my mind, Romola was as if she had known and lived the beautiful lines of the European preacher:

"Measure thy life by loss instead of gain,  
Not by the wine drunk, but by the wine poured forth,  
For Love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice,  
And whoso suffereth most hath most to give."

—L. FLORENCE KIMBALL, '02.

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#### A SENIOR'S DREAM.

**T**HE snow had been falling heavily for some hours and night was fast coming on. Coming in out of the storm, I was very glad to sit quietly before the fire-place watching the flickering shadows formed by the firelight on the walls and floor.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by a heavier shadow that did not move. I was interested at once. Why did the shadow not waver as the others? Why—I started quickly and looked around fearfully. Why was there any shadow at all? It lay directly in front of the fire with nothing between it and the light.

It was as if I had been touched with an icicle on a hot July afternoon. I shivered and glanced warily first over one shoulder, then the other. This took some time, as I did not wish to anger the owner of the shadow by any too sudden curiosity. Nothing was in sight, so I turned my eyes back to contemplate the shadow. I hoped it had disappeared, but no, there it lay, like an ink-blot on the only sheet of letter paper in the house and no way to procure any more.

I was getting embarrassed. At least I felt the blood rush to my head, and my hands and feet felt damp and cold. The only way out of the room would bring me near the shadow; perhaps I should have to step on it. If it would only move. The terrible immovableness of the thing seemed its most awful characteristic.

In answer to my thought the shadow got up, shook itself, and lay down again in a cool methodical manner suggestive of self-conceit, and an exaggerated idea of its own importance. Exaggerated, did I say? Why shouldn't it have that idea of itself? Hadn't it, in complete subjection to its shadowy highness, pounds upon pounds of real solid substance? Under the circumstances the best of us might have been pardonable for feeling some conceit.

It was getting restless now. Horrible disjointed parts of it crept here and there, some uncomfortably near my feet, which I drew up under me. Indeed, I tucked myself into the smallest possible compass, kept still, and waited, which was the only thing I could do. But my mind was active. I wished that somebody would come. The very stillness of the room added to my terror. What might not appear from those deep shadows by the bookcase and library table. This shadow might have the property of multiplying as well as dividing itself, as it was now expending its energies in doing. It already had several kinds of feet, a number of arms and wings, besides innumerable heads and tails. Shapeless at first, it had assumed in its self-possessed boldness shapes of every kind of beast or bird, with which I had yet met. I had always admired the words of Esther, "If I perish, I perish," and

now I said them to myself over and over until they lost all meaning and seemed to be the language of the thing before me.

The silence had become unbearable. I resolved, whatever my fate, to address the thing, and in an unnatural trembling tone began. "If you would only have the mind to grow over the other way." It was so near me now. "Perhaps you would like some supper." One claw resembled a lobster's in search of food, and some of its heads seemed all mouths.

"I wouldn't like to step on your tail." It had surely a hundred. "And I couldn't go to the kitchen without stepping on some of you."

The unsocial brute did not speak. I appealed next to its sense of honor. "The fire is burning lower and we haven't any other light, we really ought not to stay in the dark without a chap-eron."

It was so near me now I could have touched it with my foot. Would nobody come? I could have screamed with the agony of fear. I thought of all my sins of commission and omission. What if I should disappear or turn into a shadow and leave all my work unfinished? I would never put off writing another essay or learning a psychology lesson if only I were spared this time. But it looked as if I were not to be spared.

One claw was already placed confidently on the bottom of my dress. Oh, the confidence, the self-assurance of that awful mass of rolling, creeping, unfolding conglomerate of disjointed members of the anatomy of all created beings! What a feast for a paleontologist!

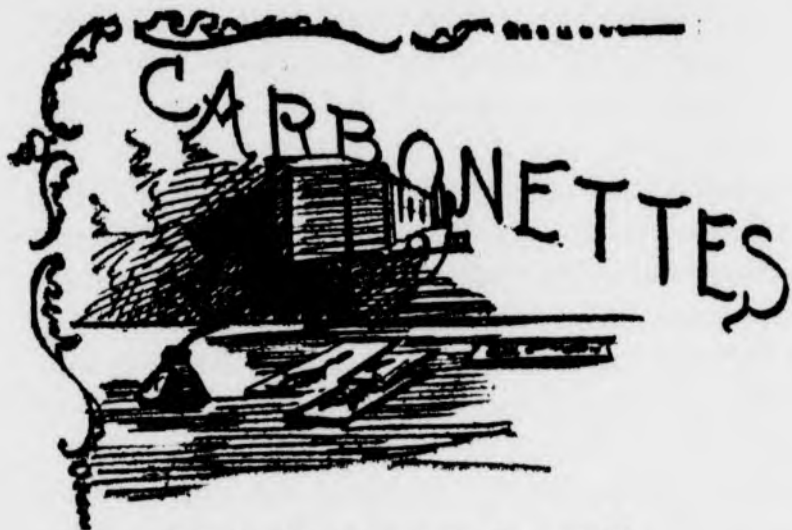
A head like a snake's and a long neck reached up toward my hand, which was numb from holding to the chair. "When that touches me I shall be dead," I said to myself. I leaned my head back and looked for the last time on the scenes of my childhood. All the trees seemed to beckon to me. Venus smiled on me from the west. But that head was coming—and I closed my eyes and gave myself up to the power.

.....  
"Yes," I heard my mother say, "the child has been studying too hard lately. She doesn't have sleep enough."

"She looks very pale and tired," said papa.

And well I might, but they didn't know that the shadow had been with me.

—Y. L. G., '02.



A youth is looking out into the world.

Beyond the shore-cliffs he sees a ship splendidly pursuing her course. Favoring winds swell every sail. It is morning and the waves brightly reflect the sunlight. The youth has seen this before and thought it commonplace, but now the smoothly gliding vessel rouses in his mind the questionings that come to us all. Presently storm-clouds arise and obscure the sun. The waters are black and angry, and the ship disappears behind the murky horizon. How beautiful in real, serious life to move so majestically—but the black waves and gathering storm! Does he dare to decide and begin?

The youth looks upon a street in the busy town. Massive buildings of brick and stone loom up forbiddingly. Below, crowds are going hither and thither. It is a scene of jostling activity, work, and confusion. How desirable to make for one's self a place and name in the midst of this hustling throng! But if he should be trampled under foot! Does he dare to begin?

The youth has fixed his eyes on the lofty mountains of ambition. Success and fortune are written in the purpling clouds which overhang the summits. But the people who ascend are meeting great resistance and climb up through laborious toil. Only a few have reached the top, while many, weakened and disappointed, have fallen out beside the way. How grand to overcome, and standing on a summit, lift the face to those glorious clouds! But the discouragements and failures! Will he dare to begin the ascent?

The youth gives his thoughts to a noble life, full of inspiration and help to others. Before him rises an ideal of lofty grandeur. But he sees the rubbish of dogma, prejudice, and selfish misun-

derstanding through which he must struggle to stand in the presence of great enlightened truth. Will he attempt it? Does he dare?

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#### HOW IT HAPPENED.

It was Christmas time. The ground lay white with snow, and the streams and lakes were frozen over, making the skating most excellent.

Doris was spending her vacation with her Aunt Eliza at her beautiful country home. The house set on the side of a high hill overlooking the lake, and Doris looked out with longing eyes, wishing that she might mingle in the merry throng of skaters.

Aunt Eliza was very busy cooking her Christmas dinner and thought little about skaters or skating, and sixteen-year-old Doris gave little heed to the savory dishes her aunt was preparing. She had only one desire—to try her new skates.

She knew well enough her Aunt Eliza would not allow her to go. She peeped out into the kitchen and saw her aunt was busily engaged in making pumpkin pies, so she caught her skates, donned her red cap and jacket, ran swiftly down the hill to the lake, and soon the scarlet-clad figure was seen dashing over the gleaming ice. The girls watched her with envy—she was an expert skater—and the boys looked upon her with admiration.

But all on a sudden, without the slightest warning the ice gave way, and before anyone could reach her she had disappeared in the dark waters. Shrieks of horror rent the air. The whole party seemed paralyzed from fear. No, not all, for one brave boy seizes a board from the fence near by, and rushes to the rescue.

Half an hour later Aunt Eliza heard a team dash up to the door. "Go see who that is, Doris," she called out. No answer. "Where is that child?" she grumbled, hastening to the door, where she met them bringing in the missing child, white and dripping. "O, Auntie," she sobs out, "please forgive me, and I never'll disobey you again."

The next day when Lawrence called to inquire after the penitent little maid, he found her demure and grateful. "I can never repay you," she said, turning her big dark eyes to him.

Five years passed away. It is Christmas vacation. Aunt Eliza is extremely busy. She is not making pumpkin pies to-day. Ah, no! Her deft fingers are engaged in heaping the frosting on a mammoth wedding-cake.

—RUTH EUGENIA PETTENGILL, '02.

## Alumni Round-Table.

### PERSONAL.

President G. C. Chase, '68, delivered an address at Burlington, Vt., Thursday evening, November 21st.

Dr. C. A. Bickford, '72, has resigned his position as editor of the *Morning Star*.

J. H. Baker, '73, president of Colorado University, has just published a work on educational topics that is receiving much favorable criticism.

N. S. Palmeter, '75, pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Loudon Center, N. H., died very suddenly about the first of November.

G. A. Stuart, '77, superintendent of schools at New Britain, Conn., was elected vice-president of the New England Association of Superintendents at its recent meeting held at Boston, Mass.

W. E. Ranger, '79, superintendent of public instruction for the State of Vermont, delivered an address before the recent meeting of the New England Association of Superintendents. Mr. Ranger is in constant requisition as a public speaker, giving a great many addresses each year in connection with his duties.

A very interesting account of the work of Rev. J. H. Heald, '80, who was a pioneer missionary to New Mexico, appeared in a recent number of the *Leslie Weekly*. This speaks very highly of the valuable work of Mr. Heald, which extends out in all directions from his headquarters at San Rafael.

Rev. W. P. Curtis, '81, has recently been called to the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church in Island Falls, Me.

D. S. Roberts, '81, is principal of the High School at Vergennes, Vt.

Rev. G. A. Downey, '85, has been called to Jackson, N. H., to become pastor of the Free Baptist Church.

F. E. Parlin, '86, superintendent of schools in Quincy, Mass., has recently published a spelling book based on the acquisition of a vocabulary by children; the book is having large sales.

Dr. H. S. Sleeper, '86, of Lewiston, Me., has an infant son.

Dr. A. B. Call, '89, died suddenly at his home in Townshend, Vt., from diphtheria. Mr. Call has been a very successful teacher, and had but recently completed his full medical course.

Dr. C. S. F. Whitcomb, '90, is practicing medicine in Minot, Me.



Rev. W. L. Nickerson, '91, has resigned his pastorate at South Portland, Me., and is at present residing in Lewiston.

Pettigrew, '95, is advising attorney for a large brokers' and bankers' concern in New York City.

Rev. L. W. Pease, '95, is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Middlesex, Vt.

F. T. Wingate, '95, sub-master of the Lewiston High School, has been the instructor of the Bates College Glee Club this fall.

O. F. Cutts, '96, has made a most excellent record for himself by his wonderful playing on the Harvard foot-ball team; all have acknowledged him to be the most powerful player in the Harvard line.

G. W. Thomas, Esq., '96, has an excellent position in the large and elegant office of Mr. Bush, the well-known New York attorney.

Miss N. B. Michaels, '97, is principal of the High School at Vanceboro, Me.

A letter has recently been received from L. P. Clinton, '97, who is now working among his native people in Liberia, West Africa. From this we would judge that the outlook of his work is very favorable, considering the great difficulties with which he has to contend.

Rev. Frank Pearson, '98, is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Farmington, N. H.

Miss Bertha M. Brown, '99, is teaching in Stratford, Conn.

Miss Iris St. H. Dame, '99, is teaching in the Farmington (N. H.) High School.

C. F. Parsons, '99, is teaching in the High School at Wells Beach, Me.

O. A. Stevens, '99, is the Maine general agent for the American School of Correspondence of Boston, Mass.

C. S. Coffin, 1900, is general agent for Ohio for the Home Correspondence School.

G. L. Griffin, 1900, was married on November 25th to Miss Lillian A. Johnson, and is now living on Odd Fellows Avenue, Concord, N. H., where Mr. Griffin is working for Schoolcraft & Co., wholesale grocers.

R. D. Purinton, 1900, has been engaged to coach the Bates base-ball team during the coming season.

B. E. Packard, 1900, principal of Litchfield Academy, delivered an address at the annual convention of the teachers of Sagadahoc County held November 23 at Bowdoinham, Me.

Miss Annie E. Bailey, 1901, is taking a special course in calisthenics at the Bates College gymnasium.

J. S. Bragg is canvassing in Maryland for the North American Publishing Co.

## Around the Editors' Table.

AS this issue goes to press our college world is once more plunged into a season of tests. To the student who has studied only for the day, the week has unutterable horrors; to him who has been obliged to divide his time and attention between athletics, societies, the almost innumerable phases of undergraduate activity and studies, the week seems to be unfair; to him who needs must eke out his finances by outside work the week is a fearful mental strain; even to him who has faithfully studied each day the week brings a sense of dread. Yet college is the season of preparation for life. Out in the broad fields of activity we will all be tested, it may not be once in three months, it may be at any time, now a test of mental ability, of physical endurance, of character, of disposition, or of individual endowments, we will never know in what form the test will come but we do know that come it will. So let us cease to regard test week as a snare improvised by the wise as a snare to catch even the wary ones; rather let us seek to be ever ready, knowing that by so doing we are not only building a firm foundation for these college days, but are arming ourselves in advance for the struggles that are to come.

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WITH the January number another board of editors commences its duties. They will come to the work with the determination to do it as it has never been done, and, in order that they may succeed, let every student see to it that he gives his support, for in no other way can the STUDENT be made what it ought to be. The editors can not bring out good numbers if none or only a few give their aid. They are appointed to oversee the publication, not to undertake the publication. They represent the college, not themselves.

Let every student show by his manner when asked to write that he does not consider he is doing a favor by furnishing an article. The editors in asking him to write are only doing him an honor; no harm is done on either side. There is nothing more galling to the editors than to be everlastingly made to feel that a favor has been done when they are conscious of none. It is the duty of the board to seek out the best writers; it is the duty of the students to respond heartily and without urging when sought out. Only thus shall the editors succeed in their work. Shall they do so?

**A** MOVEMENT is being set on foot by Professor Foster to compile and publish a volume of Bates stories. This is something that has already been done by many colleges with great success, and we see no reason why Bates cannot do the same with equal success.

The stories are to represent, as much as possible, some phase of college life. And this representation is to be *true* to life. So many so-called college stories are exaggerations and misrepresentations, which really harm in the eyes of the public, both the students and the college, that it is to be one of the main objects of those who have the matter in charge to make this collection of Bates stories true to life in as far as they are able to do so. If those who contribute will bear this in mind, it will make our stories all that they should be, and be a help and a benefit to the college and the students.

Competition is thrown open to both students and alumni, and it is urged that every one give their help, either by contributing something themselves or by aiding us in finding those who can. When sufficient matter has been obtained it is to be brought before a committee consisting of members of the Faculty and students, who are to choose and arrange the stories for publication.

The object sought is not money but the advancement of college interests, as well as amusement and tradition. Whatever money may be made is to be given to the college library.

Let us all, students and alumni, take hold of this matter and make the "Bates Stories" the best out.

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**S**OME one has said that one who loves beautiful things, either in art or in nature, nearly always has a beautiful soul. It may be that this is many times untrue, for a person who is naturally artistic may have anything but a beautiful soul, and one who has a beautiful soul often cares nothing for art or nature. But on the whole can we not say that the two belong together—a love of the beautiful and a beautiful soul. What more is needed to insure man's perpetual happiness? From the one his inward yearnings for purity, beauty, and truth are satisfied, finding expression in the glories of nature and art. With the other his future happiness is entwined. We read a great deal of how the old masters of writing, and painting, and music used to go out and commune with nature, sit at her feet and worship her beauties. But most men are too busy now to do as *they* did. The

intellect is cultivated conscientiously while the soul is left to take care of itself, while such things as stopping a half-hour to enjoy the sunset, revelling for a few moments in the glories of the maples, drinking in the pure beauty of the sky and the morning mists, take too much time to be frequently indulged in. But every moment spent in admiration of nature is a moment spent in seeing most truly Nature's God, is spent in the cultivation of the soul. Are we to count the moments spent in that supreme duty—making the soul beautiful?

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**P**ERHAPS one of the mottoes which we, as college students, should always keep before us is "Never be discouraged." There are times in our course when all of our work seems to be going wrong, and our dearest friends fail to understand us. In this discouraged mood it seems impossible to accomplish the daily tasks set before us; and we find our work continually collecting in front of us like an unsubdued enemy. Then it is that we begin to doubt the advisability of our college course, and gradually we come to entertain a desire that it had never been undertaken. But let us stop and think, do we really understand the lost opportunities which are continually slipping away from us at such times as these? Do we really comprehend the extent of our loss by allowing our minds to be thus enshrouded in the cloak of despair? If we really seriously consider what the effect of such moods are upon our lives and characters, we will then by a mighty effort of our minds reinstate Hope as the governing principle of our lives, and thus make success and happiness a part of our daily career; for having once interwoven *hope* and *courage* as two of the predominating elements of our character, we will then be able to accomplish our fondest ambitions, and thus make life really worth the living.

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**I**T seems to us that of all the possessions which we may have, none is more undesirable than laziness and lack of purpose. They are an almost hopeless drag in whatever one tries to do, for while he may begin something worth while, he will be most unlikely to carry it through. If any man is to be envied, it is he who has energy and strong, earnest aims. He is always a useful man, one whose life tells and whom the world cannot spare. The saddest thing that can be said of any one is that he is not needed by the world. To us, whose habits are not yet irrevocably

formed, to us whose lives may hold so many beautiful things, so much true helpfulness to others, such places in the world's work as no other men and women can fill so well, steadfast purposes and sturdy activity are indispensable. The best words to be said of anyone, no matter who, are that he uses whatever gifts he has to their utmost capacity. He need not fear failure, or other men's scorn, because no man *can* be greater than he.

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## Local Department.

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### CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Another term has slipped by, bringing new members to our ranks and new life to our Christian work. We trust that the rest of our college year may be more earnest still, that the influence of our Association for high ideals shall widen more and more, that the inconsistencies and mistakes to which we are all so liable may hurt less and less our examples as members of *Christian Associations*.

On Wednesday evening, November 20th, Rev. C. C. Phelan of the Park Street Methodist Church, gave a missionary address in the chapel, upon "Our New Possessions."

On Thanksgiving morning we held a short service in the Y. M. C. A. Room, with Felker, '02, as leader. Mr. Foster spoke to us helpfully and practically about the "Thanksgiving Spirit."

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### THE MEETING AT AUGUSTA.

At about five o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, October 25th, nine members of the Bates College Faculty might have been seen hurrying toward the lower Maine Central station, evidently impelled by some common purpose. They were joined later, at Brunswick, by a number of men from Bowdoin, and half-past seven saw all safely quartered in the Cony House at Augusta; here, for a whole day, the lion and the lamb—many lions and many lambs, from all parts of the State—dwelt together in peace under the harmonizing influence of the Maine Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools, to whose second annual meeting the teachers of the entire state had assembled.

This association is formed on the lines of the New England Association which has played so beneficent a part in the recent

educational progress of New England, and has for its aim the promotion of harmony among the higher institutions of learning in Maine, and the furtherance of their common interests by all proper means. An organization was effected a year ago, with President Hyde, of Bowdoin, as President; Bates was represented in the first board of management by President Chase, who was a member of the Committee on Legislation, Professor Hartshorn, of the Executive Committee, and Professor Jordan, of the Committee on College Entrance Requirements.

At the initial session of the meeting, the first business was the presentation of a report of the Committee on Legislation by Professor H. M. Estabrooke, of the University of Maine; the following discussion was opened by President Charles Lincoln White, of Colby, who proposed a plan, similar to that now in operation in New Hampshire, for the education in existing high schools and academies, at the public expense, of pupils from towns too small or too poor to support good high schools of their own; he showed how this would be conducive alike to the welfare of the pupils themselves, of the colleges and academies, and of the small towns of Maine. In the further course of the discussion, great hopes were expressed for the success of such a plan, which would put pupils from the most remote parts of the State on an equal footing with those living in the cities, in their preparation for college.

The first important feature of the Saturday morning session was the report of the Committee on College Entrance Requirements, presented by Principal Albro E. Chase, of the Portland High School; he advocated a plan of admission to college by points, similar to that employed at Harvard; under this system, 26 points would be required for entrance, of which 20 would be earned by proficiency in the traditionally-required subjects, while the remaining six would be gained by passing in certain elective subjects, chosen from a list of considerable variety. Mr. Chase was followed by Professor Karl P. Harrington, of the University of Maine, who outlined the plan of "Admission Examinations by a Joint Examination Board," in successful operation in the Middle States. This plan provides for a single entrance examination for all colleges, to be given by a joint board, whose certificate shall be accepted everywhere. This plan would help the schools by inducing uniformity of requirements on the part of all colleges, and would perhaps do away with the present "certificate system" and its abuses.

Last spring there was formed the Maine Modern Language Association, as a conference in connection with the Association of Colleges and Preparatory Schools; an enthusiastic report on the Association and its work was presented at the Friday evening session by Professor A. N. Leonard, of Bates. As a result of the success of this experiment, four other departmental conferences were organized on Saturday morning, consisting respectively of Presidents and Principals, and of teachers of the Classics, of Mathematics and the Sciences, and of English and History. Bates was well represented in all these conferences.

In fact, the ubiquity of Bates men and women was one of the marked features of the entire meeting. No other institution in the State could show nearly so many representatives; and there was no side of the activity of the two days in which Bates did not play a prominent part. The delightful reception in the State House corridors after the session of Friday evening seemed to me to have almost the character of a Bates "At Home," so numerous were the graduates of Bates to whom I was introduced. There were present, all told, twenty children of Bates. Nine of these were members of the Faculty—President Chase, Professors Leonard, Clark, Veditz, and Robinson, Miss Libby, Messrs. Tukey and Foster, and Dr. Chase; of the remaining eleven, seven are principals of Maine schools—Messrs. Sampson, '77, of Thornton Academy at Saco, Powers, '88, of the Gardiner High School, Spratt, '93, of Bridgton Academy, Landman, '98, of the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield, Healy, 1900, of the Winthrop High School, Packard, 1900, of the Litchfield Institute, and Chick, 1901, of Monmouth Academy; one, Dutton, '99, is superintendent of one of the districts in Augusta; and three, Misses Gerrish, '94, Butterfield, '99, and Avery, 1900, are teaching in high schools at Augusta, Bowdoinham, and Winthrop, respectively.

In the organization for the coming year, Professor Leonard is a member of the Committee on College Entrance Requirements, beside being chairman of the Executive Committee of the Modern Language Association, and Professor Veditz is a member of the Committee on Legislation.

## GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

The Freshmen have begun gym. work rather early this year.

Vacation at last for some of us! A change at least for all of us!

We all offer congratulations to the Faculty on the addition to its membership of little Miss Clark.

After trying our Freshmen for one term, we deem them worthy of full standing as *Bates students*.

The college Sunday-school classes at the Main Street Church have been most encouragingly large this fall.

Moody and Daicey, 1902, and Allen, 1903, attended the Harvard-Yale game at Cambridge, November 23d.

We have reason to be proud of Mr. O. F. Cutts, Bates, '96, who played so finely in the Harvard-Yale game.

The Glee and Mandolin-Guitar Clubs gave an interesting and well attended concert at Journal Hall on Tuesday, November 26th.

The Sophomores are hard at work on their debates. We who have passed through the ordeal extend to them our heart-felt sympathy.

Our professors have not given us very many cuts this term. What they have given have been most thankfully received; and we hope they will be kinder next term.

Bates has lately received a new scholarship of \$1,000 from Mr. Amos Stetson of Boston, a retired banker. We appreciate scholarships perhaps more than any other gifts.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association Lothrop, 1903, was elected manager of the foot-ball team, and Spofford, 1904, assistant manager. Kelly, 1903, was elected manager of the Athletic Exhibition.

We are glad to copy this comment by the *Lewiston Journal*: "The Glee Club sang with virility of attack, vigor of tempo and enthusiasm of spirit that have endeared the college concert from time immemorial to the attention of all music-lovers."

The Maine foot-ball season has closed and the University of Maine is this year the champion. She has won every game played with the Maine college teams. Bates is second, having won two games out of four; Colby is third, with one victory to her credit; and Bowdoin is fourth, having been defeated by all the others.



Manager Wall has nearly completed arrangements for an inter-scholastic base-ball league, to be composed of the following fitting schools: Bridgton Academy, Kent's Hill, Hebron Academy and Westbrook Seminary. An appropriate trophy will be offered. Everything indicates an especially successful season next spring.

The Faculty gave their annual Thanksgiving reception to the students in the gymnasium this year. The decoration committee were Dr. Chase, Mr. Tukey, and Miss Neal; and the building was bountifully and beautifully adorned with evergreen and flags. The entertainment committee were Professor Robinson, Miss Libby, and Mr. Foster; and all three had a great share in making the evening one long to be remembered for its pleasantness.

Ross, '04, served ice-cream and cake.

We are glad to receive this information, and hope it may be of use to some of the students:

A Maine Club has been organized in the University of Pennsylvania, of which the officers are as follows: President, Allen Rogers, '97, M.; Vice-President, Henry Hawkins, '02, M.; Secretary and Treasurer, C. P. Hussey, '04, M. Executive Committee, Merrill, chairman; Jordan, Porter, Richardson, Tarbox, Powell (auditor). All Maine men are asked to become members of the club. Any student who thinks of entering the University of Pennsylvania can get catalogues and any other information by sending to D. L. Richardson (Bates, 1900), 38 House P., U. of P., Philadelphia, Penn.

The outlook for a successful base-ball season, next spring, is very promising. Manager Wall has nearly completed the schedule. Three games have been arranged with Bowdoin, and the same number with Colby. Four of these games will be played in Lewiston. Two games have been scheduled with the University of Maine and a third will probably be arranged later. Harvard 'Varsity will be played at Cambridge and Tufts College at Lewiston. On the Massachusetts trip Amherst and Holy Cross will probably be played. Purinton, a graduate of Bates in 1900, and captain of both foot-ball and base-ball teams in his Senior year, will coach the team. If anyone can turn out a winning team he can. Of last year's team Bates has lost only two men, Smith, who graduated last June, and Munro, who has gone to Bowdoin. The Freshman Class has some excellent material which will undoubtedly be heard from later.

The editorial board with this issue hand over to 1903 their burdens and responsibilities. To our successors we extend our best wishes. May they reflect credit upon themselves and upon the college. May they make the STUDENT far better than we have been able to do.

We poor young editors must lay  
Our work aside at last.  
You students all can truly say  
You're glad our day is past.

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### College Exchanges.

AS the season begins to wane and the season for giving thanks draws near, it is with a sense of gratitude that we welcome our exchanges, gathering as it were, if not like children about the home hearth, like cousins who have similar aims, ambitions, and incentives, and lo! the table is bountifully spread with dainties from the southern clime, rare bits from the north, delicate morsels from the east and that from the west which cannot fail to please even the epicurean. Welcome all, and may you be doubly blessed in pleasing yourself, your neighbor and us.

*The Georgetown College Journal* is one of the largest, best filled and most acceptable in many respects. Its fiction is ordinarily good and has the redeeming feature of being sandwiched in 'twixt good verse. None of our exchanges contain as much poetry and but few publish as long poems, while the shorter ones express choice thoughts.

We hope we may be pardoned in suggesting that the journal would be much more acceptable if it came with leaves cut. We take pleasure in quoting:

#### MEMORY.

Like some soft-toned Aeolian harp is memory,  
That with rich, mystic chord forever rings,  
And sends forth deepening notes of sweetest melody  
When e'er the winds of time sweep o'er the strings.

*The Mt. Holyoke* is highly complimentary to its editorial board. On the whole, it is a symmetrical, all-round production, expressive of all the various phases of the college life.

*The Peabody Record* is especially noticeable for its simple, entertaining short sketches. After reading some of the senti-

mental productions of other papers these are really refreshing. May we see more of them.

From an old and historic college comes the *William and Mary College Monthly*. We are disappointed to find that the literary matter is no better and that our two centuries have not produced a better all-round paper. Broaden your field of vision, is our kindly advice.

*Silver and Gold* is a modest, unpretentious paper with usually at least one good poem and some very practical suggestions for the betterment of her own college.

We are glad to learn of compulsory chapel at Tufts, and surely *The Tuftonian* takes a sensible view on the subject. With such a beautiful chapel as it is the privilege of Tufts to enjoy, attendance should be nothing but a pleasure and inspiration.

## SLEEP.

O Sleep, whose gentle touch a weary mortal seeks,  
Descend and with enveloping mists enshroud  
These cares, grim watchers o'er a soul perplexed and torn,  
These very thoughts which seem to cry aloud.

A little child at nightfall in my mother's arms,  
Unasked, unsought, thou cam'st to comfort me,  
And childhood's troubles vanished with thy look of peace,  
God's gift divine throughout eternity.

And now the bitter years have come and thou alone,  
Awakener of souls, canst hear my plea.  
Held in soft magic by thy self-effacing spell,  
Make me a little child once more in thee!

—*The Red and Blue.*

## A NAP.

"The shades of night are falling fast,"  
The oyster stew is o'er.  
The midnight gas begins to burn,  
And rats begin to snore.

For while the lessons long are conned,  
They take a little snooze;  
And, when we're safe in slumber land,  
Go camping in our shoes.

—*The Buff and Blue.*

Lives of students all remind us  
We should pay no heed to looks;  
But on passing leave behind us

Inter-linings in our books—  
 Inter-linings which another,  
 Toiling hard midst grief and pain,  
 Some forlorn and flunked-out fellow,  
 Reading, ne'er shall flunk again.

—Ex.

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## Our Book-Shelf.

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College life is being recognized as a field for themes for stories, novels and sketches. The "Cap and Gown" series which has been coming out in recent years, has demonstrated how college life may be written up so as to interest not only college graduates and students but also general readers. In the varied life of college men and women, romances, tragedies, and comedies are being enacted daily. Though often different in kind from those enacted in the world outside, they have many of the elements which cause them to appeal to all alike.

*Stories of the Colleges*<sup>1</sup> is the last and plainly the most successful attempt of the kind. It is a collection of nine characteristic college tales from the leading colleges and universities in the country. Harvard and Yale, Princeton and Cornell, West Point and Annapolis, Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Chicago are all represented. The tales are told by noted graduates of each institution.

Perhaps the most original of all these delightful stories is the Harvard tale—"Philosophy 4." It is a simple theme—the preparation for an examination in philosophy by a couple of students who have "cut" all the term. The true spirit of college life pervades. We see the students as they are not as we imagine them to be. The conscientious tutor is a good study in this selection.

The story of Yale College life gives us the history of poor Brombey who has plenty of money, a fond and proud mamma but no brains—quite a necessary characteristic of a college man. Brombey's sensitive spirit was cruelly tortured by his more brainy classmates. On Class Day his sensitive heart was cut to the quick by the joke of the chosen speaker, when a harmlessly intended but cruelly faithful reference was made to his brains. Poor youth! Who can help feeling a throb of sympathy for him. Pennsylvania's representative tale, "Smith of Pennsylvania," and Princeton's "'Rah, 'Rah, 'Rah, Murray," are based on foot-ball and baseball incidents; Columbia on a mysterious student; West Point, Annapolis, and Chicago on some point of student honor either within or without the class-room.

Cornell's tale, "The Personal Equation," sketches the election of class officers for the Senior year.

*New Pieces That Will Take Prizes in Speaking Contests*<sup>2</sup> is the title of a most excellent new book by Harriet Blackstone. In this volume will be found new, original, and taking selections from sources hitherto untouched and almost unthought of. The selections are classical, if such a term may be applied. Something will be found here to suit every taste. Dia-

lect, humor, though not comic, simple narrative, pathos, exciting selections such as races, and other such excellent styles. The names of a few of these adaptations and their authors must appeal to every reader and teacher of elocution.

*The Inmate of the Dungeon*, adapted from "The Ape, the Idiot, and Other Stories" by W. C. Morrow, is a heart-rending sketch of prison life. *Alice's Flag* from "Alice of Old Vincennes" by Maurice Thompson. *Pomp's Story* from "Cudjo's Cave" by Trowbridge. *Washington*, by W. Hamilton Spence. *The Mount of Laws* by Hall Caine. *An Imperial Secret* by Alex. Dumas. *The Queen's Letter*, by Anthony Hope from "Rupert of Hentzau." *The Cruelty of Legree* from "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A selection from "Samantha at the Centennial." *The Wonderful Tar-Baby*, from "Uncle Remus." *The Angels and the Shepherds*, from "Ben Hur." And so we might go on through the book, picking out nearly every selection and pronouncing it a gem—to the end where President McKinley's address, at Buffalo, is given.

<sup>1</sup>Stories of the Colleges, by noted graduates. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.

<sup>2</sup>New Pieces for Prize Speaking. Harriet Blackstone. Hinds & Noble, New York.

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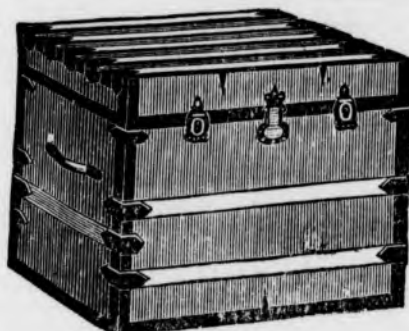
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