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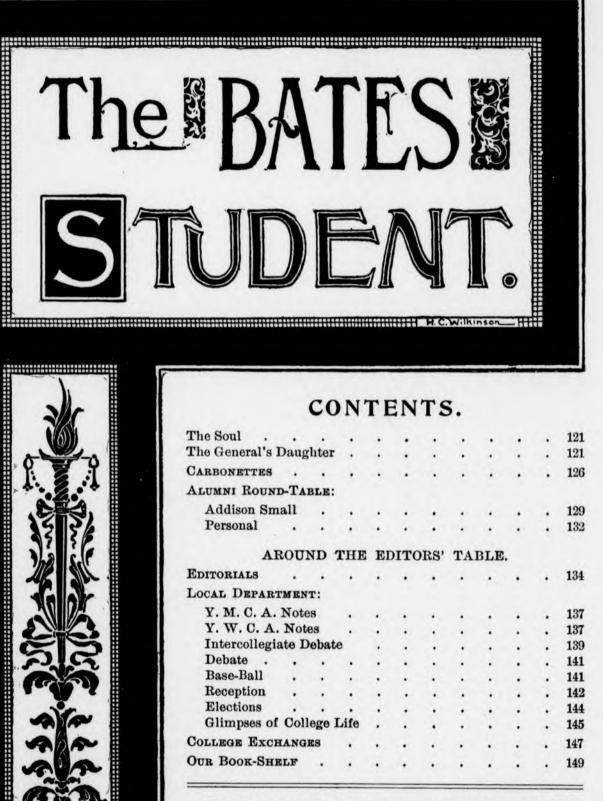
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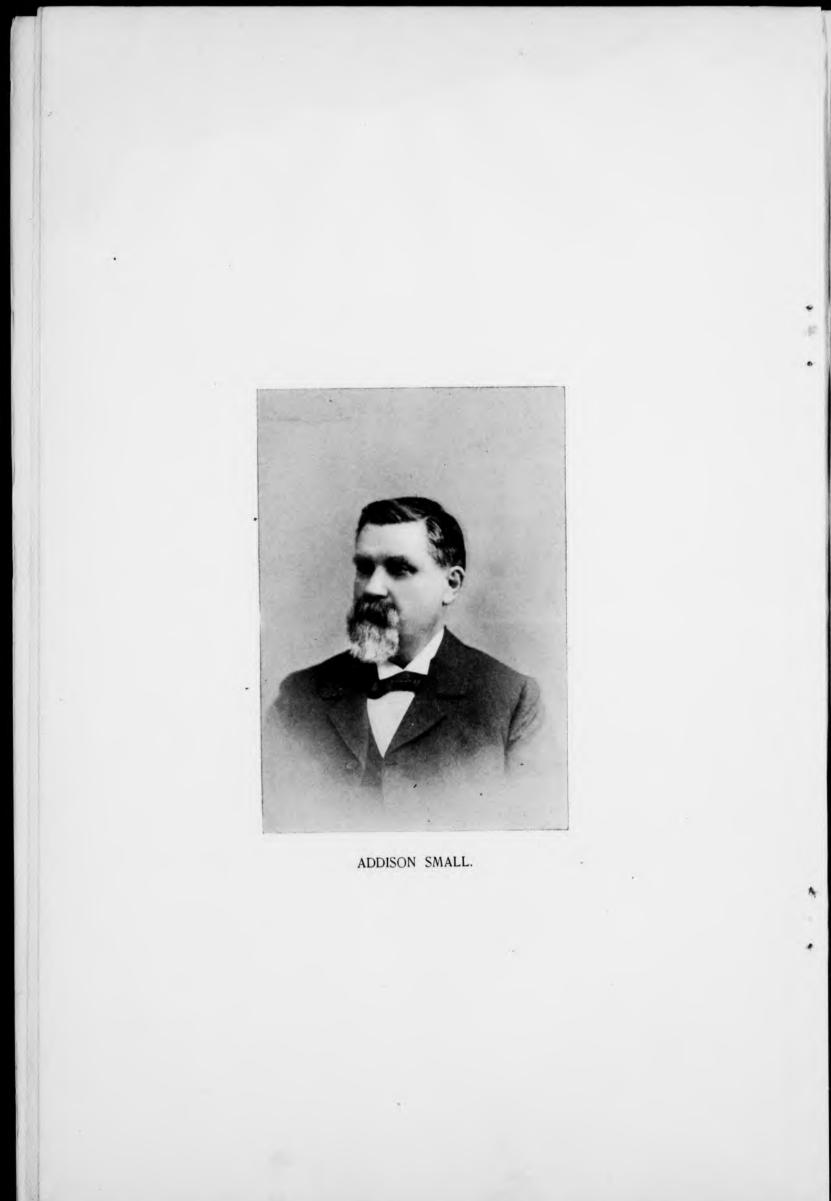
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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXVIII.

MAY, 1900.

NO. 5.

Published by the Class of 1901.

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THE SOUL.

Each human soul a hidden cavern is, Filled with rich gems of perfect symmetry, The priceless imagery of wealth untold. No earthly eye beholds the vision rare: Across the entrance dusty cobwebs swing And all within seems darkness, sin, despair. When lo! From out God's mind is flashed a light; His Spirit fills the soul with holy fire; The darkness flees. Behold! a mystery-A brilliant life appears in every gem The lustre of the pearl of Purity. The opal flashing forth its Hope and Faith, The crystals make a rainbow of the soul, A promise of the better life to come. And all beholding read the secret there, The secret of a soul that's filled with God.

-F. B. D., 1902.

THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER.

T HE red and yellow lights in the west were gleaming in the hazy atmosphere which dimmed but did not detract from their beauty. The winding river in view of the sanitarium was one mass of ruby lights in golden setting.

On the veranda, in all the crowd, one only was solitary.

Among the silver locks, threads of golden hue glistened in the last rays of the setting sun. Beneath was a calm, pale face,

touched by the ravages of suffering, but yet beautiful and saintly. Every feature of it expressed calm repose, with the exception of the eyes. In them one read a story of passionate longing,—longing in vain. The emaciated figure was clad in a gray uniform. It was like the face in its repose, the hands, in this case, giving expression. Nervous hands they were, long, thin and soft as a woman's. The fingers seemed continuously grasping at something out of their reach. The great reclining chair, with the pillows and blankets, proclaimed the invalid. Was health the blessing so longed for?

It was whispered in the sanitarium that a general of courage far-famed was within its walls; that he had had everything one could wish for when, suddenly, some mysterious influence had blighted his life and he was now there, broken down in health and 'spirit. It was known that, because of illness which had seized him upon his arrival, he had not yet been out of his room. As a sanitarium is well known to nourish the bacilli of gossip and small talk, the general's affairs were well discussed.

Days, weeks went by. Old guests went and new guests came. Still the general did not appear. The gossipers grew busier. There were stories of his brutality, even hints of some dreadful crime for which he was hiding from justice. Many staid weeks over the intended time to see the denouement. All agreed that it would be thrilling, and perhaps tragic. Great excitement was evident. Patients forgot their petty pains and aches in listening to the steadily growing stories of crimes committed by this mysterious personage.

One beautiful afternoon when the piazzas were almost empty, an old man was brought out into the sunlight and seated in a reclining chair filled with pillows. Something in his pathetic, patient attitude brought the tears to the eyes of those watching. It was his first day in the open air for many weeks. The intense longing in the dark, sunken eyes grew more intense. Soon the piazzas began to fill. Some of the gossipers passed and looked at him curiously, then looked again. A malicious whisper flew from group to group. "It is the general." The words, innocent in themselves, were spoken with spiteful intent. The dark tales were remembered, and instead of kindly, sympathetic smiles, he now received only glances of suspicion and aversion. It was impossible not to perceive the attitude assumed toward him. It was meant to be felt, and it was.

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Yet, day after day, the old man was brought out to his old seat, upholstered with the pillows and blankets. His loneliness among so many people was indescribably painful. All passed him by as something too depraved to notice, too vile to touch. This terrible isolation told upon him, the more so as he could not account for it. He visibly weakened. Even from day to day it was apparent, yet no one took pity on him. Yes—one did.

One day one of the physicians mentioned to another that the general had only a few more days to live. "And these people have killed him with their infernal nonsense and actions," he added, angrily. "They may hint at all the crimes they like. If I did not respect his desire for silence concerning his past life, I could prove to them that, instead of the devil they have painted him, he is a hero."

The angry words of the good-hearted old doctor were overheard by little seven-year-old Marie, the pet of the Sanitarium. She puzzled over them until her little brain was bewildered. "How can the people be killing him?" she thought. "They don't even speak to him and they won't let me, either. I'm going to to-morrow, though. I'm going to ask him if he is a hero, and if it's anything dreadful to be. Mamma thinks so, I know. I guess I won't tell her about it. I wonder what a hero is, anyway."

True to her resolve, the next day the child advanced toward the general sitting in his accustomed place. As she approached him, his head was bent. She remembered her mother's injunctions, her own fears—and wavered. Did she dare? He lifted his head and saw her standing there in hesitation. What a beautiful picture she made with her sunny curls flying about her rosy little face! She brought to his memory another such picture, and he smiled unconsciously,—a wonderfully sweet smile. She decided. Her hand was on his knee and her sweet voice was asking, "What is a hero? Are you one?"—

He lifted her upon his knee before answering, and then asked gently, "What do you mean, little one? Who put such an idea into your little head?"

"The doctor, sir. He said you were going to die and that the people were killing you." Then she added suddenly, "I love you lots." She put her little arms around his neck and kissed him. He looked at her in astonishment. Then a realization of the first kindness he had received there swept over him. He had been wounded in his innermost soul by the insults he had received,

though he had made no sign. He burst into tears, the first tears he had shed since his sorrow fell upon him. Those who had been watching the scene turned their eyes away. It seemed like sacrilege to watch him then.

From that day little Marie and the general were fast friends. Strangely enough, no one attempted to prevent the growing love between the two. The tide turned in his favor. First curiosity, then pity caused them to notice him more closely. Then his saintly face with its indelible lines of suffering—suffering because of wrong done to him, not by him, convinced them that no evil was there.• All were his friends now. Surely—"A little child shall lead them."

At last Marie left. The friends parted in tears, for even little Marie understood that they would never meet again in this world. "My only ray of sunshine for years," he whispered to her as he said good-by.

His friend has gone. So on this autumn afternoon he sits alone. The piazzas are still full, but, though none are enemies, none are friends of his. The old longing which left his eyes when Marie was there has returned. There is again excitement among the groups. The Countess of L_____, a beautiful woman, famous in England and America for her exclusiveness except to the highest families, is coming to rest her nerves which have been shattered by her arduous social duties. The general has heard nothing of it. He sits quietly in his chair, alone.

There is a hurried movement among the people. The physician who had before shown himself friendly to the general quickly moves to his side. A carriage is approaching. It stops. A stately woman descends, walks up the steps, and stands near the general while waiting for her maid who follows with wraps. The general glances up at her. His white face grows whiter, he trembles,—he rises. "Daughter, dear daughter, have you come back to me? I knew you could not neglect your poor old father always. You said you did not want me any more when I had no more money to give you, but I knew you would come back. Only love me now as you did when you were little. I will forgive and forget the rest."

His voice quivered with emotion and his face gleamed with unearthly brightness as he reached out his arms towards her. For a moment she turned white, but her self-possession was quickly recovered.

"Who is this man? Do you allow lunatics at large here?" she asked the old doctor. She spoke in a cold, icy voice, then moved on, not looking at him again. The people involuntarily shivered.

As for the general,—the glow in his face died away, his arms sank, his knees trembled. The doctor caught him as he fell. He bent over him quickly. "He is dead," he said. That is all.

During the stay of the great Countess of L—— at the Sanitarium, numberless attentions were showered upon her. She dressed in ravishing costumes; she rode daily; she even made friends with the other patients and was gracious as she well knew how to be.

"It is best to make them forget my arrival, even though they do not suspect the truth," she thought.

But the general was quietly buried a few days after his death, his funeral being attended only by a few of the physicians. One of them said to another on the way from the cemetery, "I knew all about his history before, and began to worry the moment I knew that woman was coming here. She was his only child. His wife died a few years after the marriage, so he lavished all his affection on the child. He spent thousands on her education. Every wish of hers was gratified. Finally he took her abroad. where she made her brilliant marriage. Soon after, his investments turned out badly and he lost every cent. She then refused to have anything to do with him. He had been providing her with money for her numerous extravagances even after her marriage, and when his revenue ceased she had no further use for him. A few years ago some of his most unpromising investments unexpectedly turned out well and at his death he was a rich man. Every cent of it goes to her, too. She does not imagine such a thing or her behavior would have been very different. I'm anxious to see how she will explain her denying him when she hears about the will. Ah, it was truly said, 'How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child.""

-1902.



OVER THE BRIDGE.

It was almost the last of January, and the sun which had shone warmly all day was setting under a dirty gray cloud that foreboded rain. The water trickled in a muddy stream down the car track, and the dingy snow slumped and "squashed" under our feet as we hastened down Court Street to the bridge.

The atmosphere in the narrow street, oppressive enough everywhere, was more than suggestive of the livery stable opposite. Across the bridge, on the top of an old house which leaned crazily over the river, was a dingy patch of snow under a dilapidated old staging. Three or four braided rugs hung limply on a line in a Lincoln Street back-yard. Lincoln Street itself, stretched out in a straggling line of squat, slovenly houses, was dingy. The river, tumbling helter-skelter over the brown rocks in yellow foam, flowed beneath us in a swift black current until lost to sight under the ice which farther down afforded skating for some reckless street arabs. Everything was dingy, and we shiveringly drew our collars closer as we felt the wind blowing off the river.

The mills and shops had just closed, and men and women of all ages were hurrying over the bridge from their work. The first ones we met were two old young women, one, short and rather stout, wearing a faded brown skirt that hitched up in front; the other tall, with thin, pinched features, and on her head a small round hat adorned by two stiff curling feathers. Next came a group of workmen swinging their dinner-pails; now some boys puffing grandly away at cigarettes; here a coal heaver, black and grimy from head to foot; next a smartly dressed shop-girl with her hair frizzled over a huge rat and her demi-trained plaid skirt much bedrabbled about the bottom; now a fashionable lady

holding up her skirts daintily from the dirty walk. Here was a fresh, laughing girl, looking up, half-jesting, half-earnest, to the eyes of the young man by her side. Next a little French girl with her black hair stringing over her shoulders which were scantily protected by a faded old cape; close at her heels a little curly brown dog with a ravelled-out tail. Now a dignified business man, his mind busy with accounts.

Still they hurry on-

"Proud and lowly, beggar and lord, over the bridge they go."

Mill hands, shop girls, business men, dirty-faced waifs from Lincoln Street, fashionable men and women,—all hurrying over the bridge and the black water flowed beneath, while the dusk settled down oppressively over all. Like a half-forgotten dream comes to us the refrain of an old, old song:

> "Hurry along, sorrow and song, All is vanity 'neath the sun. Velvet and rags, so the world wags Until the river no more shall run."

We are almost across the bridge now and we turn for a moment to look at the restless throng hurrying past. But see! A bright ray from the sun as it lingers for a moment on the horizon, steals under the edge of a heavy cloud, transfiguring it into a billowy mass of changing red and gold. It shines on the river and sparkles for a moment in the foam as it rushes over the falls and is again reflected in a warm, bright glow even in the narrow patched windows of Lincoln Street. It lights up the faces of the hurrying throng around us, and brings a smile even to the wan face of a shop girl as she raises her eyes to its cheery light.

We turn on our way as the sun sinks from sight, but the sunbeam has entered our hearts too, and has filled them with new joy and love.

> "Only a beam of sunshine That fell from the arch above, But it tenderly, softly whispered Its message of peace and love."

> > -1903.

In the small, weather-beaten cottage on the hill, to a heart weighed down with loneliness and sorrow, the gray clouds of this May morning brought a gloom almost intolerable. To-day the nation's flag would float over the graves of the nation's heroes, to-day the nation's veterans would pay reverent homage to the nation's dead, but the sad face, crowned with white hair, wore no look of expectancy as it looked from the narrow cottage window.

Forty years ago this face, now sweetly sad, had been one of the most happy as the little town gathered at the station to see the boys off to the war. Strains of martial music and polished arms gleaming in the sunlight did not speak of the long marches and fierce battles which soon made the war a horrible reality. Elspeth bade her love God-speed with quivering lips and dim eyes, but with a heart almost fearless in the certainty that before long he would return to her, his promised bride. But the weeks lengthened into months and the months counted twelve, and the brave heart had almost ceased to beat, for it was stifled with anxiety. Letters had been few, but they always rang with fidelity and were hopeful for brighter days soon.

Instead of the brighter days came the awful news of the battle of Lookout Mountain and the sickening list of dead and wounded. From that hour the light went out of Elspeth's life, for her the sun ceased to shine, and she walked in the impenetrable gloom of shattered hopes.

> "Alas for him who never sees The stars shine through his cypress trees! Who, hopeless, lays his dead away, Nor looks to see the breaking day Across the mournful marbles play! Who hath not learned, in hours of faith, The truth to flesh and sense unknown, That Life is ever lord of Death, And Love can never lose its own!"

And Love can never lose its own!"

To-day the sorrow was gnawing away at her very soul as though the forty years were as nothing. The old wound was opened afresh as she read from a letter just received from old friends in the South. They were also distant relatives of him whom God had so ruthlessly taken from her, and they wrote pathetically of a little cousin, suddenly left without father or mother. Would she take this orphan girl for her own?

Would she? Could she? Could the heart so long wrapped up in the littleness of its own sorrow unfold in love again? The question lay like a weight in her mind all day, even the fleeting clouds and bright sunbeams could not lift it, as toward evening she sorrowfully followed the narrow path to the country kirkyard. She always chose this time, for the dim, religious light seemed almost companionable to her mood, and she liked to be alone with her dead. The beautiful flowers brought no joy to

her soul, the flags only recalling to her mind the awful scenes deep buried in the past. But this time as she knelt in the gathering shadows it was not the past but the present which occupied her mind. Whether she would or not her thoughts travelled away to the lone heart, more lonely, possibly, than her own.

The next Sunday Elspeth was in her place at church. There was nothing unusual in this fact, but there was something unusual in the sermon, for her at least. What was the minister saying about letting our fellow-beings carry their crosses to their Calvarys and after each has suffered his agony and entered into his peace, going out to break our alabaster boxes over his stiff, cold feet?

The lesson had a deep significance for her and all the week was present with her. The little orphan seemed to be tugging at her heart's strings until she found herself longing to nestle the small head on her shoulder and to clasp her arms protectingly about the childish form. And with it all came the thought of what her life would have been, of what that love, long lost, would say to her now, for "Love can never lose its own."

Another year the soldiers again came with flowers to the graves of the dead, and the flags marked their resting places as of old. Elspeth again wends her way to the loved spot, but in her hand rests a chubby dimpled one, and a mass of golden hair falls upon her cheek as she sits almost lost in thought.

The clouds have passed away, the grave is not now her goal. She has learned "the truth to flesh and sense unknown." She has broken her alabaster box for the living and not for the dead.

-L. F. K., 1902.

Alumni Round-Gable.

ADDISON SMALL.

A DDISON SMALL, of the Class of 1869, died at his residence, on Friday morning, May 11th, from a tumor on the brain. A full account of his life and estimate of his character, from the pen of President Chase, accompanied by an excellent cut, appeared in the *Lewiston Journal* of that date. But in view of Mr. Small's connection with the college not only as an alumnus but as a trustee at the time of his death, and formerly, for eight years, as treasurer, it is appropriate that a few words in the STUDENT should be devoted to his memory.

Mr. Small was born in Lewiston, October 16, 1841. Here he studied both in the common schools and in Maine State Seminary, before the college succeeded to its halls and grounds. Leaving Lewiston he spent three years in what is now Colby College, then devoted himself to teaching with genuine ardor; yet all the while keeping up his studies. Hence, without attendance, Bates admitted him to the Class of 1869 and gave him a degree with the graduates of that year.

Although he enjoyed teaching and had a special aptitude for it he did not long continue in that calling. For a short time he served as paymaster in the Lewiston Falls Manufacturing Company, then went to Portland where, for four years, he was in a wholesale fancy goods store. In 1874 he left that position to take charge of Auburn schools as superintendent. This congenial work he resigned in order to become treasurer of the People's Savings Bank in Lewiston. Here he remained until January 1st, 1881, when he resigned to accept the office of cashier of the Manufacturers' National Bank, a place that he occupied at the time of his death.

In his business affairs of whatever nature Mr. Small was intelligent, prompt, methodical, conscientious. He brought to his duties the efficiency of a well-drilled mind. Under responsibility the trained intellect shows its superiority. It was easy for Mr. Small to become master of any situation to which he gave his attention. Had he decided to continue to serve the cause of education he would have left his mark on its methods. It was his habit to grasp intelligently whatever problems his work presented, and he was content with knowing and answering them only by personal study. All matters of banking relating to our present national system, as well as all kindred economical questions, he thoroughly understood. One of the pleasant remembrances of the Bates Round Table is of a very instructive paper on this subject presented by him.

This reveals to us a marked characteristic of the man. Intellectual and scholarly work he never dropped. Amid all business demands on his time he managed to keep alive his interest in literary pursuits. From books, reading, study he never long turned aside. He had an abiding love for scholarly industries, and as opportunity was given him eagerly went to them for recreation and improvement.

It has been the custom of Mr. Small and his accomplished wife to open their house as a place of residence for a few students

of the college. The attachment of these students to their kind friends came to be second only to that for the college itself, such was their appreciation of the privileges afforded them in such a home. Here they saw an example of scholarly interest that stimulated all their right aspirations, and here they received from him, when desired, the paternal counsels of a sound judgment. The atmosphere of his cultured home partook more of study than of business. Not that Mr. Small was a book-worm, nor that he was incessantly devoted to literary work. But there was his well-selected library, his favorite books, works on the different tongues that he read, and, along with these, a note-book systematically kept for making available for future use, any knowledge acquired.

It was very natural that his two sons should be quickened to make the most of their college and professional studies. They felt the impulse derived from his intellectual tastes and inherited in their blood.

Yet these things do not altogether reveal the man. For that his religious life should be known. His religious, like his intellectual life, was unobtrusive. Mr. Small was a modest man. He did not care for display. He could not make a house-top exhibition of the excellent qualities that his life unfolded. It is interesting on that account to learn how deeply penetrated his mind was with a Christian faith and spirit. Sacred principles lay at the foundation of his character. In his boyhood he became a member of the Main Street Free Baptist Church, and of it remained a consistent member during the rest of his life. With him in this church were his wife and his sons. Nor was his place there one of inaction.

In his earlier years he engaged in layman's work, conducting from time to time social services with others. For many years he took an ardent interest in the Sunday-school. Under his wise leadership the Main Street Sunday-school greatly improved in methods, character, and attendance. Compelled to resign the superintendency after long service for want of time and strength to serve it after his own ideals, he took the place of a teacher or a scholar, always bringing to the class a full preparation.

His Christian character was above reproach. In all his contact with men he won their respect for his upright manhood. When his faith was sorely tested by the sad death of his brilliant son it came to his support without faltering. His prayers took on a new tenderness and a more distinct outlook into the future that gave solace to his afflicted household.

An honored integrity was his. His life enriches Lewiston. His unostentatious and consistent walk made inviting the pathway to eternal life to which his feet steadfastly clung. For every form of frivolity that snatches from society and personal character their richest virtues and noblest crown he had no desire. He left his influence in aid of the best things. Every thought of him encourages men to choose them, to follow the best Leader and to accept the principles by which they can secure the best of the life that now is and of that which is to come.

-Rev. J. A. Howe.

PERSONAL.

'72.—John A. Jones is superintending the preparation of a perspective sketch of the college grounds, giving elevations and locations of buildings. It is for the architect of the new library building.

'73.-E. P. Sampson, principal of Thornton Academy, was married recently.

'74.—Rev. J. H. Hoffman is now residing at St. Johnsbury, Vt. His daughter was recently married.

'74.—Judge Ruel W. Rogers of Belfast, Me., was present with his daughter at the Bates-Colby debate held at Waterville, April 27th.

'75.—Dr. L. M. Palmer is to give the oration before the alumni Wednesday evening of commencement week.

'77.—Hon. F. F. Phillips of Somerville, Mass., was present at chapel recently and made a short address to the students.

'80.—Dr. I. F. Frisbee has sold his "First Lessons in Greek" to Hinds & Noble, educational publishers of New York City. He is about to publish his second work, "Greek Composition."

'80.—Rev. Frank L. Hayes of Monkato, Col., will visit his relatives in Maine the coming summer.

'80.—Dr. O. C. Tarbox of Princeton, Minn., is president of the state board of medical examiners.

'81.—Rev. R. C. Gilkey delivered an address on "The Survival of the Fittest in the Ministry" at the anniversary exercises of Cobb Divinity School.

'87.—Rev. C. S. Pendleton is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Oneonta, N. Y.

'88.—C. L. Wallace is principal of the High School at Lisbon, N. H.

'93.—Mr. J. B. McFadden is now principal of the Grammar School in Pawtucket, R. I., and is having fine success. He also has charge of the kindergarten schools in seven districts.

'93.—Prof. N. C. Bruce of Shaw University is developing much strength as a candidate for the superintendency of the schools of Washington, D. C. Prof. Bruce has won special success as professor of Greek language and literature in Shaw University.

'93.—J. F. Fanning is practicing law on Exchange Street, Portland.

'93.—E. L. Pennell is in attendance at the Maine Medical School at Brunswick.

'95.—R. F. Springer was admitted to the bar at the last session of the supreme court held in Auburn.

'96.—Rev. A. B. Howard is president of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor for the State of New Hampshire.

'97.—C. O. Wright graduates this month from Cobb Divinity School. He contemplates a pastorate in the West.

'98.—Miss Julia F. Leader is to open a summer school of elocution during the present season.

'98.—Miss Abbie Hall was married on May 9th to Mr. Harry Coburn.

'99.—Miss Mabel Furbush is teaching the Grammar School at Wayne.

'99.—C. S. Calhoun has taken a forty-dollar prize at Yale Divinity School for best reading of scripture and hymns by a member of the middle class.

'99.—S. C. Lary is principal of the Grammar School at Pittsfield, Me.

Around the Editors' Table.

A MONG the many college interests that require our attention there is perhaps none that is more worthy of consideration than that of reporting college news to the daily papers. The more prominent college events, such as foot-ball and base-ball games, are given through the Associated Press, but there are many things of interest to graduates and friends of the college that are scarcely heard of beyond the limits of the college campus. Think how eagerly you scan the columns of the newspaper for items of Bates news when you are absent from college and you will be able to better appreciate the satisfaction it is to college friends, as well as how much it will promote our own interests to have our college news in the daily papers.

With the idea that this work could be best done by organized effort a Press Club was formed several years ago. At the weekly meetings of this club the news of the week is outlined and discussed so that systematic and complete reports may be sent to the papers. The training in clearness and conciseness of expression which one gets from reporting is very valuable, especially to those who intend to take up journalistic work in the future.

Anyone wishing to take up the work may by becoming a member of the Press Club have a paper assigned them as soon as there is a vacancy.

IT ORK. How forcible its value, its power, has been presented to us during the past few weeks. It has been hard, solid work that has brought us our victories in debate, in base-ball, and in tennis. The men who have brought honor to themselves and to the college in these different contests have worked, often at the expense of self-denial and sacrifice, and we are all glad at the results. And herein lies a lesson, for it is not failure alone that teaches, but success as well. We have shown what we can do, and our past victories should only serve as incentives to further work and similar results. To retreat on account of inability is one thing, but to retreat because of self-confidence from former success and consequent lack of work is a very different thing and one to be strictly avoided. It is by work, and only work, that we can maintain our ground already won and continue to advance. It is by bearing this idea in mind, we believe, that Bates has attained her enviable record in intellectual as well as athletic contests. May "work," then, still continue to be the watchword of every Bates man and woman, both now and in after life.

NE quite noticeable feature of the recent debate with Colby was the hearty support which was given the debaters on the Bates team. About forty of the students went down to Waterville, and they had not only the privilege of hearing an excellent debate, but also the satisfaction of feeling that they were helping the team. Not that numbers ever wins a debate, but to send a team away alone with no representatives of the student body shows a lack of interest in debating that is anything but encouraging to the men on the team. That a good backing is a great help in any contest is the testimony of every man who has ever represented Bates, whether on the platform or on the field. Just imagine yourself standing before an audience in which you feel that there is no sympathy with you, and you will see how much easier it is to debate when you know that there is a good number of people in the audience who hope and expect to see you succeed. It is this same loyal interest and backing that inspires our foot-ball and base-ball teams to win such victories as they have. No one but one who has played on a Bates team knows how much nerve and ginger it puts into a man when he hears a good, hearty Rah! Rah! Rah! Bates! from the side lines, and just so a debater feels more like putting his whole heart into the debate when he knows that some of the people in the audience are Bates men who appreciate his work and are anxious for his success. It is a fine thing to honor the men who represent us when they are victorious, but let us not forget that they need our support and encouragement as much if not even more before and during the contest than after it is over. Even in defeat, as no team can always be victorious, it gives the men courage to feel that every college student is back of them and is satisfied that every man on the team has done his best. Let us in the future give to our debating team the same support and encouragement that this year's team has received, and with our present system of choosing debaters we need not fear that Bates will not win her share of the laurels.

A MONG the various athletic interests of our college, during the past few years, perhaps none have received less attention by the student body as a whole than that of tennis. The recent victory of Bates' Tennis Team in winning the New England championship in doubles, has brought before us as nothing else could, the importance of this department of our athletics. A standard in the tennis world has been set up for Bates to maintain. Previous to this present year we have been content with

fighting for and securing a high position in our own State. This year a new and larger field opened, urging us to be no longer content with our past, our field of contest was enlarged to New England, the opportunity for larger things was accepted. The result was a larger and more important victory.

Shall we maintain this standard for the future? If so, then there must be a greater interest shown by our students. High standards can only be maintained by a persistent struggle. If, through the work and faithfulness of our champions, new honors have come to Bates, then greater is our duty to see that, in the future, the larger opportunities are used, for with the enlarged opportunity comes the enlarged duty.

There is no place or time for relaxation in the onward march to success. Let us see to it, then, that each student feel the importance of his new responsibility and by a united effort carry the newly aroused interest in tennis, into the coming year, so that behind the joy of celebration and shouts of victory, there may be the firm determination that we shall do as well, if not better, than those who have been before us, in order that Bates may secure even a higher place than she has yet attained in athletics.

•HE work which we put off until the last moment constantly worries and frets us when we would be at peace, but how easily we dismiss from our minds the work from which we have been excused. Often there are times when it is quite impossible to accomplish the extra work required, along with our other duties, but more often there are times when we rack our brains for excuses from essays, papers, etc., all on account of pure laziness. Few tasks are set for us in college which are not for our benefit, which are not meant to broaden our views, to improve our powers of thinking and writing. Many times upon the slightest excuse we absent ourselves from recitations. Now every hour counts in our college course and no professor intends that a class shall leave his room without some gain. But, because we have been excused, we thoughtlessly lose so much and acquire the habit of crying off from the least exertion on our part. Let us be more careful and be honest with ourselves in this matter.

Local Department.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The late visit of the traveling secretary, H. W. Hicks, proved to be one of helpfulness to all who met him. His engagements were such as to make it impossible to meet the student body in a public service, his only opportunity of speaking in public being at the close of chapel service, Friday morning. Mr. Hicks has won a large circle of friends among our students, and that circle increases with each new visit. We feel that the student who fails to meet and become acquainted with him is the loser, for to know such men is an inspiration to live better and nobler. We regret that his recent visit was necessarily so short.

At the last meeting of the cabinet it was decided to suspend work at the Settlement until some definite plan for work is arranged for by the Settlement Association. As a farewell to the boys at the Settlement they were given a ride out into the country on Saturday afternoon, May 12th. When on the open green they enjoyed the afternoon in playing various games and having a "jolly good time" such as boys shut up in our cities alone can appreciate. Refreshments were provided for them, and at the closing of the day they were brought back to the city, having caught a new view of life which we hope may linger in their memories to bear fruit in later life.

Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The visit of Miss Katherine Priest Crane, Monday, April 30th, to Thursday, May 3d, differed slightly in its program from the general impression of the visit of a traveling secretary, in that a small proportion of the time was devoted to general gatherings and addresses, and a large share not only to committee conferences but to quiet chats with one girl and another. Miss Crane spoke before the regular Y. W. C. A. meeting on Monday evening, met the cabinet on Tuesday afternoon, and gave an account of several days of the Ecumenical Conference at the union meeting of Wednesday. It was a rare privilege to listen to so vivid and sympathetic a description of the appearance and spirit of the great gathering from one who had herself been in attendance. But it was to the personal element in her visit that many look back most fondly, for many of the girls gained a new idea of a traveling secretary, and felt that they had gained a friendship

inspiring and not to be forgotten in the repeated half hours on the mountain or in the rooms at Cheney Hall. Miss Crane went on from Bates to complete a tour of the State associations. The Bates Y. W. C. A. feels that her trip will be a fresh tie for the late-born feeling of fellowship among the Maine associations.

The informal gatherings of last year are to be continued by the 1901 cabinet. The first one of the administration occurred at Cheney Hall Thursday, May 17th, under the name of a violet social. The decorations are easily inferred, but not the enjoyment afforded by Dr. Geer's description of German village life. The music, piano, banjo and vocal solos, was furnished from the Freshman membership, Miss Norton, Miss Kendrick, and Miss Bryant taking the parts.

Work at the Settlement is carried on Tuesday evenings and Sunday afternoons by the college Y. W. C. A. A sewing class for the older girls is conducted on Tuesday, and on Sunday the object is to keep the rooms open and attractive for the younger children.

The Northfield committee report a prospective delegation of eight association members from the three upper classes. The prospect of a delegate to the faculty conference, in the person of Mrs. Rand,—something new in the history of the Bates Association—means a great deal to the college Y. W. C. A., and to the mutual interests of the women students and the ladies of the faculty.

The relations of the girls and the ladies of the Faculty in the affairs of the Y. W. C. A. have been increasingly intimate this year. Mrs. Leonard this term takes charge of the Junior Bible class, using White's Outline for Studies in Jeremiah. The girls deeply appreciate the time and thought spent by the wives of our professors for us, and the increasing opportunities for closer acquaintance.

The corresponding secretary, Miss Florence Kimball, invites correspondence from the State associations with regard to their Northfield plans, and announces a circular letter on Northfield interests, which it is hoped may make the tour of the State before the close of the school year.



INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

Our fifth annual debate with Colby took place at Waterville, Friday evening, April 27th. A special train was secured and about 50 students and friends went up to witness the contest and support the team. An excellent debate was expected and our expectations were certainly fulfilled. After an hour's delay caused by the late arrival of the judges the contest began. Enthusiasm was high, and as each speaker stepped to the front he was greeted by general applause, only to be renewed and increased as he took his seat. At the close the judges retired and then came that trying interval of suspense. The Colby orchestra, however, did their best to hold our attention until the judges reappeared, when Mr. Moulton, speaking for the chairman, briefly announced the decision in favor of the negative. For an instant silence reigned while our excited brains were determining who had had the negative, and then a mighty Bates yell burst forth, followed by nine 'rahs for the team and for Colby. It was a happy time for Bates. Everything went well. Our reception, the manifest good feeling, the hearty support given the teams and general enthusiasm, all tended to make an impression never to be forgotten. And as the train steamed out of the station in the small hours of the morning no one could be found sorry that he had been to Waterville.

As to the debate we need simply repeat the unanimous verdict that it was excellent from start to finish. Both sides had practically the same general division of the question, but Bates excelled in clearness and depth of argument.

Following is the program and brief abstract of the negative:

MUSIC. PRAYER.

DISCUSSION.

Resolved, That the present tendency toward the combination of producing agencies into organizations known as trusts is subversive of the public welfare, and that such organizations should be prevented by legislation.

AFFIRMATIVE—COLBY. Arthur Davenport Cox, Lew Clyde Church, Fred Foss Lawrence. NEGATIVE—BATES. Leo Charles Demack, Allison Graham Catheron, Lester Lovett Powell.

MUSIC.

Chairman, Hon. Warren C. Philbrook; Time-keeper, Rev. George D. Lindsay.

Committee of Award: Dr. John Cummings, Harvard University; Hon. Augustus F. Moulton, Portland; Thomas L. Talbott, Esq., Portland.

The first speaker, Leo Charles Demack, 1901, of Lewiston, opened the question by inquiring what are trusts and defining them as "organizations, whatever their form, resulting from the union of several corporations into one body, of which the Standard Oil Company and the Sugar Trust are typical examples," and claimed that the questions at issue were: That the tendency toward the combination of producing agencies into organizations known as trusts are subversive of the public welfare, and that such organizations should be prevented by legislation.

He claimed that the affirmative must prove both these propositions or fail. It was the task of the first speaker to show that the tendency, which the affirmative admits to exist, is but the latest manifestation of the natural and inevitable working of a constant law of economic progress, a law as ancient as industrial history.

Darwin's famous principle of the "survival of the fittest" was instanced by the speaker as applying to this question in every particular. Passing over the earlier stages of human development, he started with the latter part of the eighteenth century and showed how labor-saving machinery had superseded hand labor, and traced the steady growth of the principle of business combination.

All these changes came not because the people wanted them, because almost every move had been opposed at the start by the laboring classes. but because they were "fittest" they survived, and the tendency to combination increased. Following the individual producer came the more intricate partnership, and then as improved methods cheapened production the still more intricate corporation became necessary. The trust is but the next and inevitable step in the road of progress. He granted that this latest industrial development, like each of its predecessors, had its incidental evils, but argued that the remedy was not to antagonize and prevent, but to control.

Allison G. Catheron, 1900, of Manchester, Mass., was the second speaker. His task was to prove that trusts are conducive to public welfare from an economic standpoint. He claimed that trusts reduce the cost of raw material, eliminate inefficient and unnecessary plants and inefficient management, introduce the best leadership and most economical methods and most productive machinery, avoid a duplication of officers, superintendence and expert knowledge, utilize waste products and establish minor and subsidiary processes on a scale impossible to single factories, and have a great advantage in putting goods on the market through their economies in advertising, salesmen, etc.

He argued also that trusts give the laborer more and steadier employment and higher wages and improve the quality and lower the price of commodities to the consumer.

The last speaker was Lester Lovett Powell, 1900, of Danforth, Me. He began by refuting the claims of the affirmative that trusts tend to monopoly, that they drive out small producers, that they throw labor out of employment and that they dwarf the individual.

He then argued that trusts are not only beneficial and promotive of economic welfare, but also of social and political welfare, and that the remedy for the evils incident to them lies not in impractical legislation for their prevention, but in legislation corrective of their abuses. As remedies he advocated publicity and responsibility.

Provide by law for periodical statements and examinations of the affairs of the trusts, and make some one, as president or manager, responsible cirminally for every act of a private corporation or trust, and make illegal the use of discriminating rates or whatever other abuse seems to demand special legislation. Control will ultimately succeed; prevention, never.

In recapitulation he claimed that the negative had shown that the present tendency toward the combination of producing agencies into trusts was but the latest manifestation of the constant and inevitable working of a great economic law, and that it is conducive to the public welfare economically, socially and politically; that prevention is not possible, and that they had suggested certain methods of corrective legislation by which the trust may be disarmed of its power for evil and retained at its highest efficiency for good.

-1901.

DEBATE.

The Junior Team Debate took place on Thursday evening, May 10th, at Main Street Free Baptist Church. The audience was exceptionally large, showing the growing interest in debates by the people of Lewiston. The program was as follows:

Music. Prayer. Discussion.

Resolved, That England is justified in the course she has pursued in the Transvaal.

AFFIRMATIVE. Elwin K. Jordan, Joseph E. Wilson. NEGATIVE. Willard K. Bachelder, Harry L. Moore.

Committee of Award.-Rev. N. M. Simmonds, Prof. George H. Libby, H. L. Reade, Esq.

MUSIC.

The prize was awarded to the negative.

BASE-BALL.

The base-ball season has started in such a manner as to give Bates reason to feel proud of the team she has placed in the field.

The first game of the season was played April 19th with Portland at Portland. The Bates team had had practically no practice on the diamond, the lack of which secured a victory for Portland.

The first game with Bowdoin was played at Lewiston on April 28th, and proved to be one of the games that are rarely witnessed. Until the eighth inning, the score stood 7—2 in favor of Bates, when Bowdoin ran in two scores and in the first of the ninth turned the score to 8—7 in favor of Bowdoin. In the last

of the ninth Bates came to the bat with two scores to make in order to win the game. She did not disappoint her friends.

Innings	I	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Bates	I	2	0	3	I	0	0	0	2-0
Bowdoin	0	I	0	I	0	0	0	2	4-8

On the first New England trip the game with New Hampshire State College was cancelled on account of rain. On May 2d our team was defeated by Andover in a hard-fought game. At the end of the ninth inning the score stood 6—6, and not until the last of the thirteenth was the game closed by a run for Andover.

Innings...... I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 Andover..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 5 0 0 0 1—7 Bates..... 0 0 3 I 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

The game with Lewiston Athletics on May 9th was an easy victory for Bates, the score being 17-5.

On May 12th the team went to Portland determined to wipe out the defeat of three weeks before, by a second game with Portland. Our boys played an errorless game and completely surprised the Portland team, who supposed that the game was theirs. That they had accomplished their purpose was made clear to all when Bates' bell rang out 11—1.

 Innings.....
 I
 2
 3
 4
 5
 6
 7
 8
 9

 Bates.....
 3
 0
 0
 I
 0
 4
 0
 I
 2—II

 Portland......
 0
 I
 0
 0
 0
 0
 0
 0
 0

The game with Colby on May 16th resulted in a victory for Bates. In the last of the sixth inning a decision of the umpire on a fly to the left fielder was disputed by the captain of the Colby team, resulting in his withdrawing his team from the field, thus forfeiting the game to Bates.

Innings	I	2	3	4	5	6
Bates	3	0	0	0	0	3-6
Colby	0	0	0	0	0	3-3

The game with U. of M. scheduled for May 19th was postponed on account of rain.

RECEPTION.

On the evening of May 3d the Seniors enjoyed a reception at the home of the President on Frye Street and were entertained in a way somewhat novel. After each gentleman in the class had had one minute's conversation with each lady, a vote was taken for the most pleasing conversationalist, both gentleman and lady in the class, the young ladies voting for the most popular young gentleman, and the same with the opposite sex. The award fell

to Miss Sears and Mr. Call, and then the events of the evening occurred. In behalf of President Chase Mr. Butterfield presented the prizes, a tin trumpet with garnet streamers to Miss Sears and a drum to Mr. Call, the former signifying the "socalled flute-like tones of the recipient, the latter so that he could have a head to swell on occasions when needed." Amid an impressive silence the two stood up, Mr. Butterfield before them. There was a ripple of excitement as the D.D. *to be* faced the waiting couple. Some of their classmates wondered, and when Mr. Butterfield said, "Join right hands, please," and murmured "Dearly beloved," the joke was out, and peals of laughter fairly drowned the presentation speech.

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Other games were played and refreshments enjoyed, and some hour or more after the traditional 10.30 the party broke up, and with nine 'rahs for President Chase and the good old 1900 yell, couples one-two-three-dozen disappeared into the night.

On Monday evening, May 7th, President and Mrs. Chase tendered a reception at their home to the Junior Class. After a few minutes spent in exchanging greetings, small cards were passed around, on which were subjects such as "Little Boy Blue," "The Man in the Moon," "Foot-ball," "When Shall We Three Meet Again?" "The Man at the Bat." A large sheet of paper had previously been tacked to the wall, and President Chase now announced that each one in turn would be allowed one minute and a half in which to draw something on the paper to represent the subject on his card. Each one took his turn and the rest, with a great deal of merriment, strove to interpret the pictures. Great skill was shown, both in the execution of the drawings and in their interpretation. The sheet of drawings was awarded by ballot to Miss Blanchard as having made the best drawing.

Although the young ladies were slightly in the majority, we chose partners in a very "handy" way and marched to the inspiring strains of "Hail to the Chief." There was an angel cake displayed in sight of all, which was to be awarded as a prize to the couple making the best appearance. As is usual in such cases, the judges were unable to come to a decision at once, and requested four couples to march over again. After careful consideration the judges then gave their decision, and President Chase in a few pleasant words awarded the prize to Miss Vickery and Mr. Jordan.

Refreshments were served, and then after singing some college songs we took our leave, feeling that the ties that bind us together as students and teacher had been greatly strengthened and that the memory of the evening will long be with us as one of the pleasant experiences of our college life.

ELECTIONS.

The three societies have elected officers for another year as follows:

POLYMNIAN SOCIETY.—President, Marr, 1901; Vice-President, Blake, 1902; Secretary, Miss Bartlett, 1903; Orator, Wheeler, 1901; Poet, Miss Brett, 1901; Executive Committee, Williams, 1901, Miss Kimball, 1902, Purington, 1903; Editors, Moore, 1901, Misses Long, 1902, and K. Kendrick, 1903; Treasurer, Merry, 1902; Librarian, Hamlin, 1902.

PIAERIAN SOCIETY.—President, Roberts, 1901; Vice-President, Lodge, 1902; Secretary, Miss Prince, 1903; Assistant Secretary, Miss Felker, 1903; Treasurer, Felker, 1902; Librarian, Bragg, 1901; Executive Committee, Demack, 1901, Dexter, 1902, Miss Merriman, 1903; Membership and Decorative Committee, Miss Vickery, 1901, Holmes, 1901, Sullivan, 1902, Miss Gosline, 1902, Catheron, 1903.

EUROSOPHIAN SOCIETY.—President, Ham, 1901; Vice-President, Childs, 1902; Secretary, Miss Putnam, 1903; Assistant Secretary, Miss Stratton, 1903; Treasurer, Lothrop, 1903; Executive Committee, Jordan, 1901, Donnocker, 1902, Miss Norton, 1903; Music Committee, Miss Neal, 1901, Bachelder, 1901, Miss Bailey, 1901, Miss Babcock, 1902, Miss Miller, 1903, Howes, 1903; Decorating Committee, Hunnewell, 1902, Miss Freeman, 1903; Librarian, Howes, 1903.

The class officers of 1902 have been elected as follows: President, Mr. Merry; Vice-President, Mr. Holman; Secretary, Miss Allen; Treasurer, Mr. Blake; Executive Committee, Hamlin, Miss Babcock, Miss Truell; Devotional Committee, Felker, Miss Ames, Miss Thompson; Councillors, Childs, Park.

Committee for 1900 Ivy Day—Decoration, Lodge, Miss Dean, Miss Gosline; Marshal, Blake.

Ivy Day, 1901—Chaplain, Childs; Toastmaster, Hunnewell; Orator, Hamlin; Poet, Miss Long; Odist, Miss Babcock; Composer, Miss Ames.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

What's the matter with Bates?

We will need a new bell-rope soon.

Emrich, 1900, is teaching at Brownville, Me.

Calhoun, '99, spent a few days in town recently.

Wheeler, '99, visited Bates on his last monthly trip to Auburn.

Miss Towle, '01, and Miss Osborne, '01, are teaching at Hartford, Me.

Staples, 1900, who has been teaching at Brooks, returned to college a few days ago.

Dr. Geer preached the baccalaureate sermon at the Litchfield Seminary, Sunday, May 13th.

Miss M. E. Hicks, formerly of the class of '99, will return to college this fall to graduate with 1901.

Stinchfield, 1900, Foster, 1900, and Keys, '03, have been detained from class for a few days on account of the measles.

The management of the Commencement Concert have secured as the chief features Leland T. Powers, the reader and impersonator, and the Apollo Quartet. No efforts will be spared to make the concert this year one of the best ever given in the city. Mr. Powers is without doubt the most famous reader before the American public at the present time, and the Apollo Quartet is regarded as second to none in the country.

After the usual program of the three societies on Friday evening, May 18th, a delightful social gathering was enjoyed in Eurosophian room in honor of our tennis champions. In appreciation of the honors gained for the college in the New England Intercollegiate Tennis Association, Summerbell and Willis were presented with tennis racquets, fragrant with pinks with which they were framed and strung. Adjoining rooms and halls were thrown open for promenades, and light refreshments were served.

On May 4th the College Glee, Mandolin and Guitar Club went to Limington to assist in the graduation exercises of the Limington Academy. In the evening the club gave its regular concert, which was very favorably received, as is shown by the fact that each number received at least one encore. The club also assisted at a grand concert in City Hall, Lewiston, May 24th, which was given for the benefit of the Social Settlement Association. On May 30th the Glee Club with Mr. Griffin as reader in

conjunction with the Lotus Male Quartet of Lewiston, furnished the entertainment for the Memorial services of the Grand Army which were held in the City Hall.

Those of our citizens who retire early were robbed of their sleep early Friday morning, May 18th, by the ringing of the chapel bell, which aroused the students at 1.30 A.M., announcing the fact that another victory had come to Bates and this from an entirely new field of contest. For Summerbell and Willis came home from Boston on the midnight train bringing with them the New England Championship in tennis doubles. At 11 A.M. recitations were suspended in order that proper distinction might be given to this new feature of our athletic life. The midday ride through the two cities, of the entire student body, the blowing of horns, the college songs and yells, were all of such a nature as to remind any doubtful mind that Bates was still living and her students had some breath to spare. It is needless to say that Summerbell and Willis owned, if not the whole town, the student part of it for that day, at least.

One of the most exciting and enjoyable events which has occurred at the college for some time took place on the evening of April 28th, when the whole college in true Bates spirit celebrated the two successive victories, that of the Bates-Colby debate which took place at Waterville April 27th and the Bates-Bowdoin base-ball game at Lewiston the following day. The principal feature of these two victories was the ease in which they were won. At 7.30 o'clock Saturday night after the student body had marched around to the different members of the Faculty on Frye and College streets and listened to a few remarks, they took a special car at the head of College and Skinner streets for a ride around the figure eight. From the time the car started until it was left there was great excitement. The college yells, songs, accompanied by the band, together with the burning of Roman candles, giant torches, the tooting of tin horns, also the noises produced by many original devices well expressed the feelings of the students. The car was left for the Gymnasium, where in the meantime a large crowd of students and friends of the college had gathered. Here a lively program was carried out, consisting of games, refreshments, followed by toasts from members of the Faculty and alumni. At a late hour all went home with their college spirit at its highest pitch, and each one priding themselves on the fact that they are Bates men and women.

College Exchanges.

A S usual the fiction in the *Occident* for the month of April is of excellent literary quality. "The Expiation of John Holmes," though but a variation of the oft-told struggles of an ex-prisoner, has an undertone of tenderness and sympathy. "A Question of Loyalty" is a well-told and enthusiastic tale of a college field-day, though the characters are somewhat weak.

For original matter in the line of fiction, *The Dartmouth Literary Monthly* stands near the front. A clever and dainty story, "The Lips of the Shadow," is peculiarly attractive in style. A highly impossible but equally well-conceived and well-executed story is entitled "Himself and Himself." It deals with a man who could without difficulty separate his astral spirit from his earthly body and then wander invisible and at will, across the world. What promises to be a tragedy is brought to a humorous climax and all ends well. The sketch, "Who Won the Day," introduces the young brother in his usual entertaining role.

The University Herald is particularly well edited this month. "Mathematics Before the Time of Newton," though a trifle forbidding in subject, is full of valuable information. It is methodically arranged and handled with skill and ease. "My Colored Allies" is decidedly natural and unaffected in style, though told in the first person, which is often difficult for amateur writers.

The Bowdoin Quill contributes two readable stories to this month's exchanges, entitled "Higgins" and "His First Assembly." The real college spirit breathes throughout these two sketches of Freshman experiences.

Gray Goose Tracks is as pithy and witty as usual. A good suggestion is offered as to the rendering of a certain line in "Phi Chi."

Papers on John Ruskin have been abundant of late among the exchanges. Nearly all have been of a high literary value, and this month *The Reveille* prints "Ruskin and His Works," which is thoroughly appreciative.

An essay sparkling with patriotic feeling is "The American as a Hero-Worshiper" in the *Tiltonian*.

The *Buff and Blue* presents a most creditable alumni number to its readers.

We clip the following verse:

PASTORALE. Peace in the pure, pale west, Peace and high calm on green-robed hill and plain.

Faint bells are calling through the gloom, and fain The weary flocks seek rest.

Night, and the falling dew, And many waters gliding softly on. Hushed are the leaves, the humming bees are gone, God's stars their shrines renew.

Peace on the sleeping hills, Peace and deep calm on plain and distant sea. The flocks dream on, with patient, bended knee, Beside the tinkling rills.

LONGING.

In city walls where Duty bids me stay

I long for woodland paths; sweet breath of pine; To see again the distant, dazzling line Of slender, sandy shore. I know to-day

How fair must lie the sea far, far away,

On whose broad breast the sun-wrought sapphires shine

And sparkle in the wind that breathes of wine;

How shafts of gold and shifting shadows play Beneath cool groves that sing a slumber song,

And clear bird notes are tingling through and through The peaceful heart of Silence. Ah, I long

For friendly firs that brush against the blue,

And each still night to watch the warrior Mars Review the vast procession of the stars.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

A bard who turned with cynic smile away From the dry husks of an unfruitful creed, And saw, though gazing on the world's great need No distant dawning of a brighter day; So, leaving there thy burden where it lay, Plucked only flowers along life's fairest mead, And when the hidden thorn had made thee bleed Sought healing but in fairer flowers than they, Long since hast thou the shadowed curtain rent, Long since hast seen the "sorry scheme of things," Long since hast known the meaning of life's load, Yet when our thoughts mount up, on thine intent, Thy voice with all its old-time sadness sings, "Not one returns to tell us of the road."

Our Book-Shelf.

A charming little book for every student's desk is the second series of the *Cap and Gown*¹ college verse, selected by T. L. Knowles from various college magazines issued during the past few years. They are generally light, graceful, humorous, sparkling verses, celebrating undergraduate life. Though they seldom aspire to the dignity of poetry there are many traces of real genius. Poems of love and sentiment play a prominent part. There are bright sketches from college and campus; beautiful touches of nature; pure gems in serious mood.

With Sword and Crucifix² is the title of a most interesting and fascinating romance written by E. S. Van Zile. It is a story of De la Salle's last voyage on the Mississippi. The hero is a French count who accompanies La Salle to the American coast. The heroine is a beautiful Spanish maiden whom the count finds worshiped as a goddess by a powerful race of Sun-worshipers. By means of his cunning and self-confidence he wins the favor of the Brother of the Sun and is himself feared and revered as a god from the Moon. He succeeds in rescuing the maiden from the hut in which she is held captive, and together they seek La Salle at the mouth of the Mississippi. The Sun-worshipers search the country and find their stolen goddess. In great numbers they besiege the little island which has been the hiding-place of the fugitives. They are rescued from their perilous position by a Spanish vessel which, hearing the noise of the guns, had put in at the mouth of the river. The reader is kept in a high state of anxiety and excitement from the first page of the book to the last.

A most worthily written book and one which is at present creating considerable attention in the book world is Jacob A. Riis' A Ten Years' War^{3} , in which the author describes the grand and noble work of reform which has been so successfully carried on in the New York slums during the past ten years. Mr. Riis writes with the earnestness and zeal of one who has an important message to give, and he does give it in such a way as to make one's heart bleed for the poor, wretched beings who huddle together by the thousand in those awful dens of wickedness and vice. Was it any wonder that at the age of nine and ten, children became hardened robbers when, without any place for play, attempting to play in the streets, they were driven off by a policeman and the only sport left to them was the petty stealing of some trifle from a peddler's cart! In the chapter treating of "The Tenant" we see the poor immigrants in such a light as we may, perhaps, never have seen them before. We are inclined to look at them in a sort of a "for-good-or-for-evil" way; but here we are brought face to face with the fact that they are poor, friendless human beings,-many of whom have fled to our country to keep from starvation. The author presents all in such a vivid, convincing way as to cause us not only to pity but even revere these poor, unfortunate ones. The book is a source of valuable information and demands the attention of all.

One of the most important of recent publications is "The Redemption of David Corson,"⁴ by Charles Frederick Goss. This book gives ample opportunity for the discussion of that old subject "heredity" and its influ-

THE BATES STUDENT.

ence upon a single human life. The story is of a young Quaker living in a beautiful, peaceful home among the hills of western Ohio; a young man who had lived a spotlessly pure life of consecration and piety; who saw God in everything and felt his presence everywhere. Into the unruffled calm of this young man's life came a terrible temptation in the form of a travelling doctor and his gypsy-maiden wife. Previous to this he had known no love but the pure and holy love for God and mother and friends; but now a passionate love for the maiden took possession of him. He yielded to the temptation, renounced the simple faith of trust that had been his, determining to be "free," to make the pleasures of the world his own. Then follows such a life of dissipation and sin as makes our hearts yearn for that poor young man. From Ohio he wandered to New Orleans; thence to New York. There, at a time of deep despair, the light broke in once more upon his benighted soul; and he was rescued! He returned to his old Quaker home and faith, and passed the remainder of his life a penitent, chastened man. The book is one of power. It leaves with us lessons which cannot be forgotten and we realize, as never before, the truth of those beautiful words

> "Life is real! Life is earnest! And the grave is not its goal."

A very prettily written story is Pocket Island, a story of New England country life, written by Charles Clark Munn. The book is one of those straightforward, honest books which so delight the reader. The characters are exceptionally well drawn, especially the maiden Liddy, who is so natural and lovable that she wins our admiration at once. The incidents are so deftly worked in that the most surprising and dramatic occurrences seem natural and inevitable. There is no attempt at fine writing, and yet a subtle vein of poetry and romance pervades the story. It contains much of the weird mystery of the sea; the story of an eagle-eyed Jew smuggler and his Indian ally, who hoard their money in a cave on Pocket Island. After many years this hoarded gold is discovered by our hero, Charles Manson, who, interested by the old legends clustering about the island, dared brave all the ghosts and terrible beings reputed to dwell there, in order to explore the island. The events of the story occur at the time of the Rebellion, and scenes of the battle-field add an element of pathos, but this is balanced by the happy tale of love about which the story centers. The book may feel assured of a warm welcome from the reading public.

¹Cap and Gown (2d series). Knowles. L. C. Page & Company, Boston. Cloth, \$1.25.

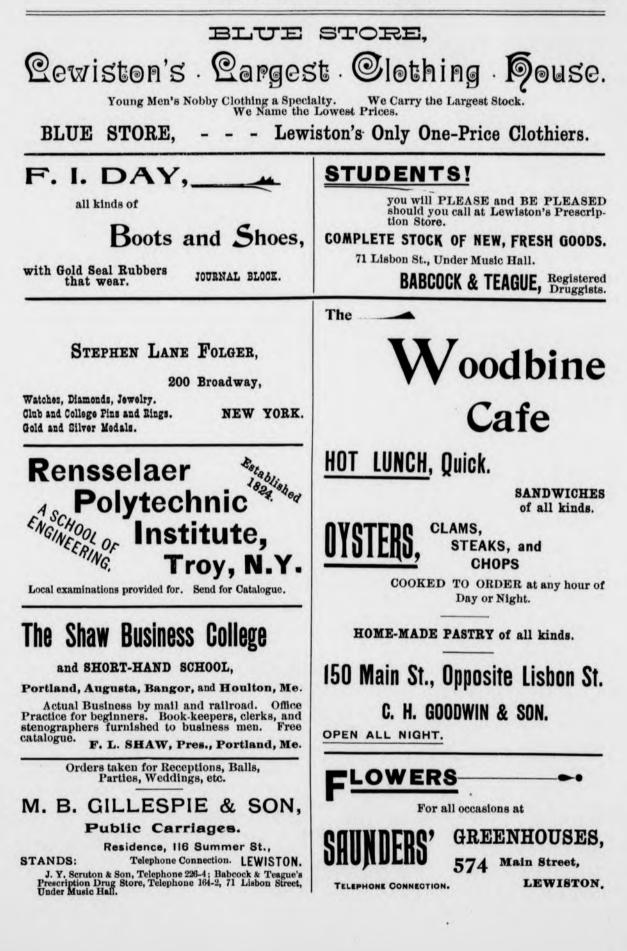
²With Sword and Crucifix. Van Zile. Harper & Brothers, New York. Cloth, \$1.50.

³A Ten Years War. Riis. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Cloth, \$1.50.

⁴The Redemption of David Corson. Goss. The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Cloth, \$1.50.

⁵Pocket Island. Munn. The Abbey Press, New York. Cloth, \$1.00.

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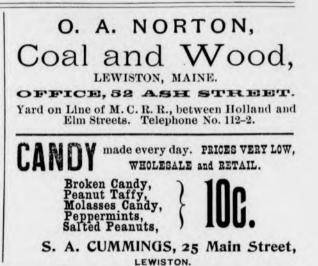
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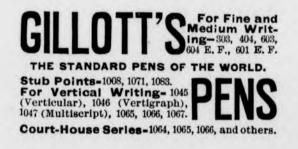
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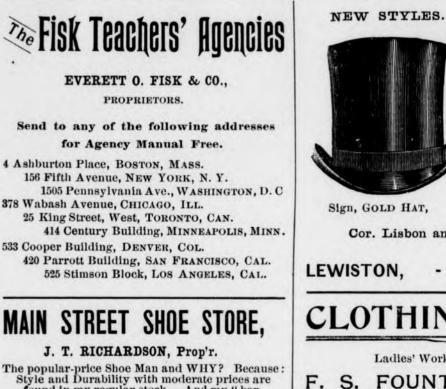
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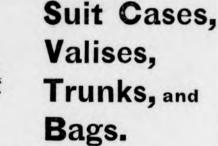
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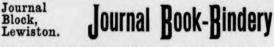
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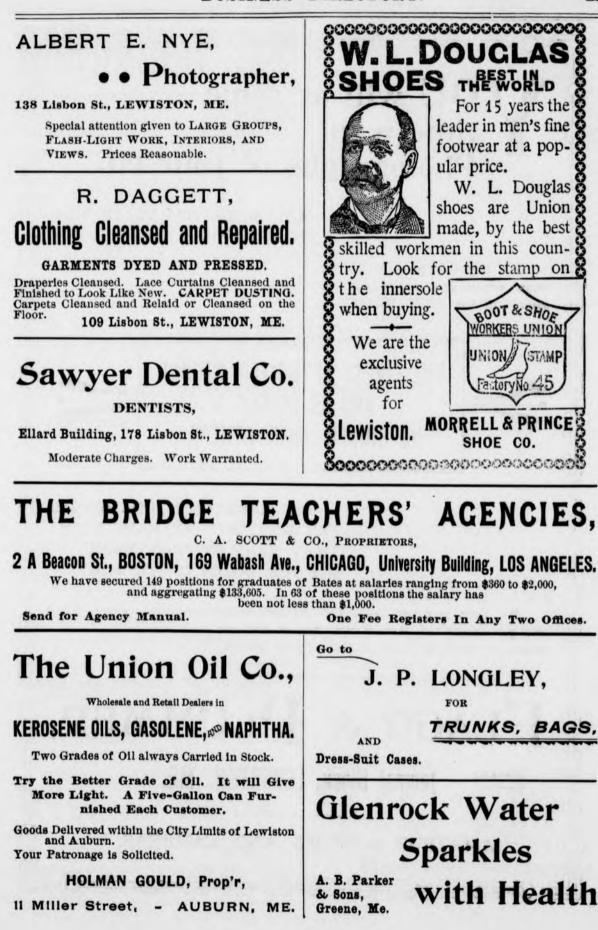
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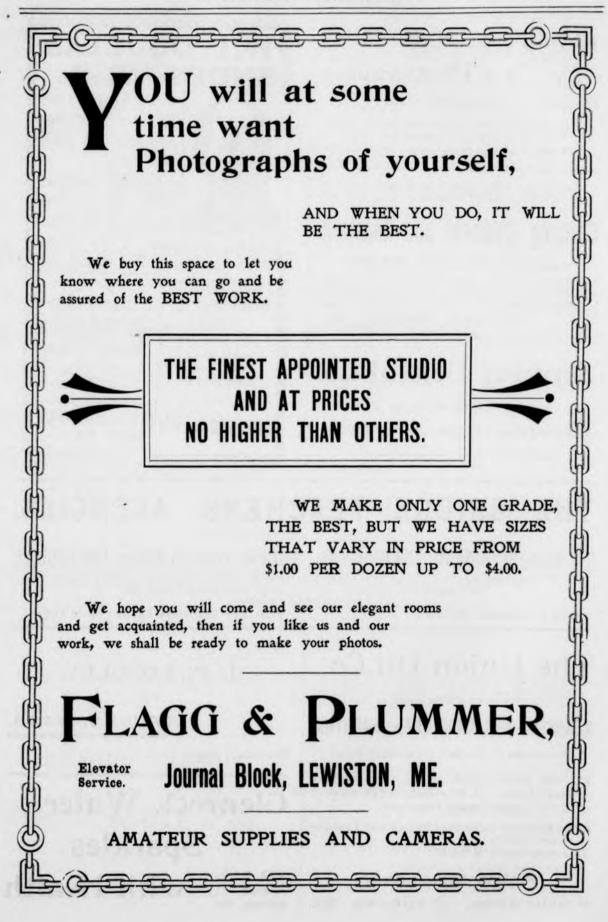
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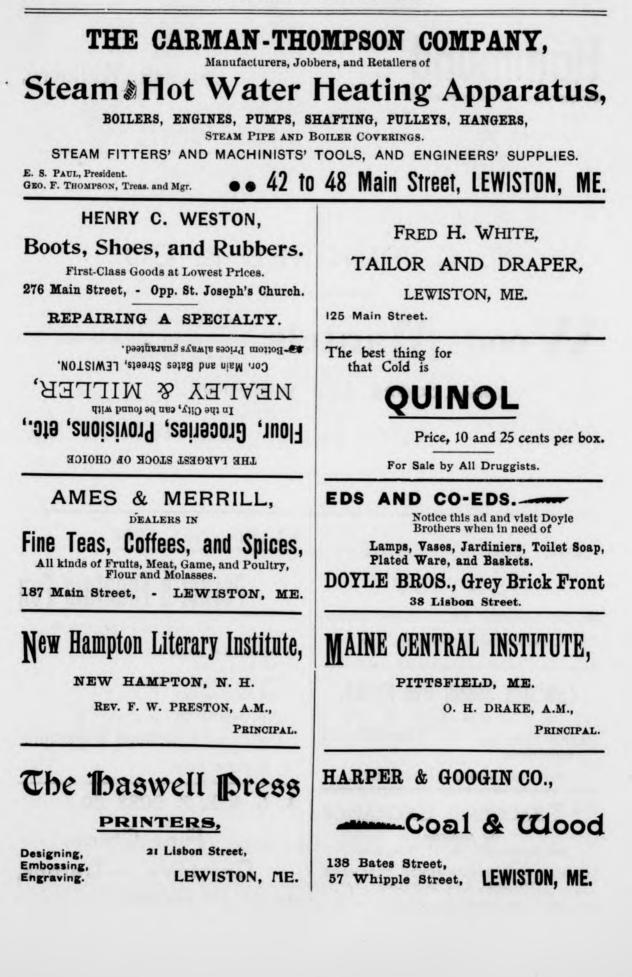
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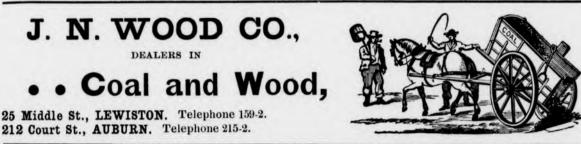
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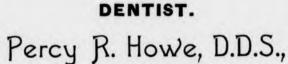
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