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The BATES STUDENT.



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THE INSPIRATION OF HEROISM.

WHEN some great deed is done, different from every other, and far greater than any which has, for a time, preceded it, the world exclaims, a hero! And every eye is admiration, and every voice is praise. The successive acts which have led up to this splendid consummation are dwelt upon with rapture and applause; the actor's name becomes world-famous in the literature of his day.

The judgments of the world are fickle, and the one in whose acclaim the crowd sings "Hozanna," to-day, may to-morrow wear a "crown of thorns," and die upon a cross. But with all the fickleness of the world, the inspiration to great and noble deeds is a powerful factor in the development of civilization and progress.

Each nation has its heroes, men who have been sublimely great in national crises. It may have been on the bench, in the forum, on the field of battle or upon the quarter-deck; in some supreme, history-making movement big with destiny, a great, brave soul has done some deed of valor, and the nation sees, in that sublime act, its own conception of its national character and life. So that the people of a nation, when comparing themselves with other nations, immediately turn to such men to represent them in the comparison and test.

We work, and work hard, for things material, for things we can see and touch. For silver and gold men will take long journeys and face many perils. But silver and gold are not the most potent

things in the world. That intangible something we call inspiration has far greater power than these. Men seek silver and gold in the hope and expectation that they will live to enjoy them. But men inspired will go into the very "jaws of death," into the very "mouth of hell," in response to a command of duty, unshrinkingly, unhesitatingly. You could not hire them to do it for the wealth of a thousand Klondikes. But they do it just the same. They do it because their higher, their moral nature is touched. Forgetful for a time of habit and the commonplace, they rise on airy pinions to heights of moral sublimity and grandeur, beholding not only things terrestrial, but things celestial. They toil. They suffer. They agonize. They die. But out of their toil, their suffering, their agony, their death, comes some immortal act of heroism which, self-perpetuating, is reproduced in men and women then unborn.

What is there to life but the heroic? To exist is nothing. The brute does that. To toil is nothing. The ox and the ass do that. To go through a daily routine of successive acts day after day, without change—a machine can do that automatically. But a quickened brain and an inspired soul are capable of the greater, the heroic things, when thereto inspired by that which is great and heroic.

The world has always recognized the value of the inspiration of heroism. In our public squares we raise monuments and statues, commemorating in enduring marble and bronze the glory of public and private achievement. We fill our galleries of art with living canvass, that men and women may see the faces and forms of the wise and great, that they may catch from the artist's touch an inspiration, prompting to like achievement and like glory. What are the pyramids, the arch of triumph, Washington's monument, and Grant's tomb, but the artistic and powerful expression of men's faith in the inspiration of the heroic. Show me a civilization that is lifeless and unprogressive, and I will show you a civilization that has no heroes. For heroism is life, progress, immortality. Out of our heroes come our ideals; out of our ideals comes our character; out of our character comes our life; out of our life comes our immortality.

Let us, then, not allow the cares of our daily life, the weight and inertia of habit, to blind us to the potency of that which thrills, electrifies, and inspires, to the performance of things more than commonplace, to things great and heroic.

That we might be less a barbarian and more an angel, men and

women have wrought, and toiled, and suffered, rising from humble mangers to mounts of transfiguration. Inspired by such noble deeds of heroism, let us live, let us ever abide in the sunshine of a faith that quickens us ever to newness of life, to obedience, to sacrifice, and to duty, that we ourselves, not perhaps upon the field of battle, or in the steel-bound turret of a man-of-war, but in the illumined pathway of a brave life, may be heroes. And so through us may others live,

“For the right that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that they may do.”

—G. A. HUTCHINS, '99.

ABBOTSFORD.

ONE of the most interesting castles in bonnie Scotland is Abbotsford, full as it is of the recollections of Sir Walter Scott, who founded it. Within its walls the majority of the Waverley novels were penned; within its walls Sir Walter strove, as never man strove, to free himself from an increasing debt; within its walls Sir Walter breathed his last and went out into eternity, leaving with us books and poems which have made his name immortal.

Abbotsford is situated on the south bank of the river Tweed, a few rods above the Gala stream, and thirty-four miles from Edinburgh, in one of those picturesque locations that make Scotland the pride of the native, and the delight of the traveller.

Not always did Scott's home bear its present name, for up to the year 1811, when the author purchased the estate, and remodeled it, it was generally known as “Clarty Hole.” Scott, however, seeing the abbots of Melrose crossing and re-crossing the ford near his dwelling, put the two names together, “abbots” and “ford,” making a name that will live as long as his own.

Looking from a distance, only rows of chimneys are visible above the tufted trees, whence the name, “chimney house,” so often applied to it. The building is patterned after the Scottish baronial style of architecture, with grounds laid out after modern ideas, and tended by the most competent gardeners and game-keepers. Inside, everything speaks of neatness and care, of luxury and wealth, with never a hint of the poverty and struggle that hastened the owner's death.

Of special interest is the library, wherein are the old chair, the table on which the author worked until peep of dawn, and books and papers which were peculiarly dear to him. As we enter this room a solemnity comes over the soul, and thoughts of the author and his heroic struggle crowd so vividly upon us that we stand in stifling and unexplainable silence. We see only Scott, his works, his deeds; our eyes wander over the room, still the author is before us, and never a word is spoken. So deeply are we impressed that we would not break the silence; we would not banish the spell of inspiration. A little distant is the armory, on whose walls hang weapons of every description, in fantastically arranged rows, reminders of the various ages of which Sir Walter wrote.

The scenery of Abbotsford, including Huntly Burn and Ashestul, is simply wonderful, and cannot be painted in all its beauty by the pen of any writer; to enjoy its grandeur men must gaze upon it. Directly in front the Tweed flows drowsily on and on, with here and there a ripple made by the shining trout that leap out of their domain to view, perchance, the springing flowers along the braes, or to hear the twitter of the mavis.

Far in the distance loom up the Cheviot mountains, making more prominent the triple Eildons, on whose summit Wallace tried his strength. Stretching eastward, the blue sky reflects the beauty on the hills of fairy Selkirk, and Saint Mary's loch. Melrose is three miles to the westward, lying snugly in a valley, protected by hills and groves on either side. Its abbey stands out against the horizon in all its stately nobleness, made immortal by the pen and imagination of Scott, and guarding in its recesses the sacred heart of Scotland's saviour, the heart of Bruce.

Still, with all the beautiful scenery, with all the famous surroundings, Abbotsford attracts the traveller, not so much by what is seen as by what is unseen. The life that was lived there, the sacrifices which were made there, and the pangs of poverty and frets of debt which were felt there, have been so stamped upon the building, that we forget for a while the stone and lime, and think only of the man, the poet, the novelist, the hero, Sir Walter Scott.

—F. HALLIDAY, 1901.

THE IDEAL IN FICTION.

THE use of the word "ideal" does not indicate that this article deals in misty, ethereal ideas, far removed from the practical interests of earth, or that it contains intellectual subtleties, incomprehensible without great mental effort. It treats of a subject of practical interest to-day. The records of the Boston Public Library show that four-fifths of the books taken out during a given period are classed as "Juvenile" and "Fiction." This indicates, especially in a city like Boston, supposed to be as solid in its literary tastes as any, two noteworthy facts: that the amount of fiction read to-day is enormous; and that children from ten to eighteen form a large percentage of readers. This is only a modern evidence of what has always been characteristic of the human race, for the world—particularly the young in the world—has always loved stories. Remembering, then, the tremendous power of the novelist, that the thoughts he advances, the lives he portrays are re-thought, re-lived over and over, that any effect on one reader must be multiplied a thousand fold in reckoning its total influence on the world, is it not of vital importance what material and what treatment shall constitute the fiction of to-day?

We plead for the ideal in fiction. Not for the romantic school, comprising tales of improbable adventure and unattainable glory; not for a portrayal of the goody-goody types of perfection common in novels forty years ago, resembling nothing that ever existed in heaven or earth. Both of these have sometimes been termed ideal. But we ask that fiction be true to life as it is, not merely true to the surface of life; and that it stimulate the moral sense.

The so-called Realists demand that we relate only what the senses make known to us. A novel must be a photograph, a record of observed facts in which imagination plays no part, and what should be art has been reduced almost to a science. It is characteristic of this school to depict the seamy side of life, to show human nature in its lowest and most sordid aspects. Howells's novels, though not depicting positive vice, give monotonous pictures of modern life. We see nothing of the individual soul with its aspirations and struggles, and feel that nothing exists beyond what is outwardly apparent. The Realist actually misrepresents life in making it appear as though the surface were all, and most of that unworthy. A novel true to life gives more than this. Our inward world of thought, feeling, and mental struggle, is more real than

the material world. We need to be behind the scenes, to see the motives of action and development of character. A novelist should not merely reproduce, but interpret human life and the spirit of the age. A novel true to life will not confine itself to showing up the weak or wicked phases of humanity, but will represent also the brightness of life, portray its noble characters, give a glimpse of ideals which inspire hopefulness, well-directed activity, and better living. Idealism in fiction is not unreality, but the representation of the best that is real.

Browning says, "Art should sting into consciousness the diviner side of man's being." Fiction is an art, not a science. A man's moral energy is paralyzed by a picture of his own unworthiness unrelieved by anything higher, while the ideal in fiction makes him know what he is capable of; it increases his power to see goodness and beauty around him. For we see only as much as we are capable of seeing, and a mental perception of the good and true is stunted by absorbing ideas of disbelief in human nature, but quickened by a vision of the best.

Fiction must have the element of interest. People read novels to be entertained. But a good novel has other results besides entertaining. It may make known people and places; convey new thoughts, or give moral lessons; but these must be an organic part of the novel and not thrust in; they must be absorbed unconsciously. Their result, however, is shown by the general effect on the mind when the novel is finished. Two stories might be written with equal ability, give the same amount of information and intellectual stimulus, deal with the same class of people. One shows the inherent weakness and imperfection of human character, with no noble motives and high ideals. Such a book impresses the reader with a feeling that what seems to be good in this world is a delusion, that nothing is worth striving for. The second, though depicting evil, and its results just as truly, shows also the dignity of life, arouses the mind to appreciation of real worth, and stimulates the moral sense.

The ideal in fiction, then, is to represent life fairly; to interpret human nature; to show beneath the familiar world of word and action the hidden, yet no less real, world of thought and feeling; to depict by the side of meanness and evil, beauty and truth; to inspire, not contempt, but respect for humanity; to incite to better living by showing man "what he may be in terms of what he is."

—EDITH H. HAYES, '99.

A FOOL.

MANY are the ways in which a man may make a fool of himself, and many are the species of the genus fool. At this moment I feel every variety of fool under the sun.

What a jolly idiot I was! How lightly I stepped along! And what an easy facility there is about these downward paths. But that is another story, as Kipling says. Let me tell you: They say my grandmother wrote poetry. I suppose I am the result of that. Oh, grandmother! why, why did you do it?

My father was a lawyer, hard and practical, a typical limb of the law. I knew there was no use talking about art or literature to him when I became eighteen. There was an *opening* for me in a newspaper office. I climbed into it as gracefully as possible and here I am, a poet by nature, and by profession a writer of news that never happened and *personals* about people who have an *interest* in the paper. By this means, at seventy-five cents a column, I can earn the magnificent salary of twelve to fifteen dollars per week. Such are "life's little ironies."

But I don't complain, thanks to my grandmother. I can get a good deal of enjoyment out of a dingy newspaper office. If I write up about some one having been on a hunting trip to northern Maine, I enjoy the camp life they had; I sit around the camp-fire with them; I walk through the scented woods, and it is *I* who brings down the game. If I write about a grand reception or some grand old house, I enjoy the dancing; the plants in the conservatory; I admire the rich bric-a-brac; I enjoy the splendid rooms. Living in a hotel I have a fine fancy for the fine thing as it should be. In this sense I am the proprietor of a goodly number of castles *en Espagne*, little fancies of my own.

Well, but to the story. It was in midsummer. As there was little to do the editor, to get rid of me, sent me for a short trip to England, to write up some stories of rural life for the Sunday edition, giving me just enough to pay my fare across and back, and to put up in second-rate inns, unless I paid my lodging out of my light pocket-book. Being a bicycle enthusiast (not to call it fiend), I naturally took my wheel with me.

I was standing at the door of an inn in a country village, when,—sh!—something went whizzing past me. I looked up and saw a lady on a bicycle. She was a tall, slight figure, in a black gown, black sailor hat, with a white veil, white gloves, and white cuffs.

The way she rode was an inspiration. Now I like the wheel for a man, but up to that moment I considered it a failure as far as women are concerned. I never enjoyed seeing several yards of skirts in more or less violent motion. But here was a woman who had mastered the art, the only woman I had ever seen who looked well on a bicycle. The riding was *great*, and, feeling I must see as much of it as possible, I mounted my bicycle and went after her.

I managed to see a good deal of it, for I followed her three miles or more before I could come up to her so as to see her face. Presently we came to a steep hill and she slipped lightly to the ground. I took my hat off to my particular stars. Here was my chance. In a moment I was at her side, cap in hand, smiling in an apologetic and tentative way. "This is rather a stiff hill," I said. "One cannot easily ride up it, and yet I could imagine you to ride over any hill on a wheel. Will you allow me to tell you I admire your cycling immensely? I have never seen anything like it before."

"Thank you," she said, gravely. "Perhaps I have had special advantages. I have had a great deal of practice."

Her manner was gracious, yet dignified. She spoke in clear, pure accents, and she walked like a queen. As to her face I felt it was lovely, but I never got beyond her eyes. They were wonderful!

It was a glorious morning. Below us lay the sea, reflecting the blue of the sky. The sun shone grandly. We kept up a sort of desultory conversation till we reached the top of the hill. Already she was preparing to mount her wheel. Wanting to improve my opportunity I said: "This is a lovely spot. I have never been here before. Can you tell me the name of the next village?" "Norley." "You know the neighborhood?" "Yes, I know it well." "You live here, perhaps?" "No, I do not live here, but I am much here, and know the whole neighborhood." "As I intend to remain in this place for some days, what should one do, what should one see?" I added.

"There is a very ancient church on the top of the hill; then there is a ruined castle, 'ruined nicely,' as Carleton says." By this time we were at the entrance of the church. "Let us look at the church: tell me about it," I said abruptly. Grandmother had had her innings. "Phew! It's stuffy! Tablets—I see tablets all around. All Saxbys! Is this their place?"

"Yes; they live at Heathmore castle, there in the woods."

“Present marquis a spendthrift, I have heard; place mortgaged, I believe.”

“There are rumors.”

“Pity the man cannot live up to his ancestors; these seem a good lot,” said I, glancing at one inscription after another.

“Yes, if one may believe epitaphs. Well, I must say good-bye here,” said my companion, as we reached the gate and sunshine.

“Do not say so. May I not ride with you a little farther?”

“But I am not going any farther. I turn aside here in the woods.”

“I should like above all to see Heathmore woods.”

“Unless we have an order, we may go only one mile.”

“One mile is better than nothing; may I come?” She looked at me in an amused, half-indulgent way, and we started.

As we approached the lodge she said, “I must really say good-bye here.”

“Are you not coming back? I thought we could go no further without an order.”

“I have an order.”

“I see. If you would like me to come I think I would be willing to risk the displeasure of Lord Merton.” But she shook her head and held out her hand, saying, “I shall always look back on this as a very pleasant morning.”

“But I shall see you again; this is not to be the end?”

“You will go back to America, for I saw at first glance you were an American; I shall go away, and it is unlikely we shall ever meet.”

“If I know myself we shall meet again,” I said to myself, and rode away. I settled in that village where I had first seen her, and for a week I was ever on the road between it and Norley. I had been talking to the village blacksmith, and was standing at the door of his shop. She was at a distance, but was coming towards me. And she was on her bicycle. My heart gave a great bound. “You see that lady coming along; who is she, where is she staying? Man alive, look quick!”

“That— O, that is Lady Marget, as we call her. T’ markis’ sister, ye know.”

“Quick, let me step into your workshop a moment,” I gasped.

FAME.

I.

THE large hall is filled to o'erflowing; each face wears an eager, expectant look. Finally the singer appears on the brilliantly lighted stage. She is young, fair, and graceful. Her eyes have the innocent expression of childhood, deep, wonderful eyes they are, bright with a world of love undeveloped. She is dressed in pure white, in her hair nestle sweet white violets. She sings, and the crowd critically listen. "She is very pretty," some one murmurs, then all is silent. The crowd slowly moves away.

The singer stands alone on the stage for a moment gazing at a brilliant form which towers above her. "Ah, Fame," she pleads, "hasten to me, I long for you. Come!" But Fame deigns not to reply, not even to look at the fair singer, but moves away, and the girl is left alone.

II.

Again an eager crowd is anxiously waiting. The singer appears. Her face is flushed with earnestness. Her deep eyes are wondrously beautiful, lighted with love and passion and art. Her dress is of a rich bright material and falls around her form in graceful folds. Breathlessly the crowd listens to her song of love.

The innocence of childhood, the anxious desire to please are no longer visible. With confidence now she yields her melodious voice, and the listeners are held entranced.

Beautiful, yes, beautiful as of old is the singer, yet the knowledge of the world, of its heartlessness, vice, and selfishness, have embittered her soul, and only love and its redeeming power has kept her from despair.

"She is a great artist," some one murmurs, then the vast audience moves away and again the singer is left alone. She gazes upward toward the figure of Fame, who is now gazing at her, yet moves no nearer to her. "Fame," she pleads, "wilt thou be mine? Ah! Come! Come!" But Fame gazes at her sadly, and slowly moves away.

III.

Once more a waiting audience gaze on the form of the singer. She is dressed in the purest white, in her hair are pure white roses.

Wondrously beautiful she is, with a pale, rare, indescribable loveliness. In the depths of her eyes is an unspeakable soulful tenderness.

Her face is bright with the knowledge of truth. She has known of love, of passion, of suffering, and has passed through a baptism of affliction, has met the angel Pain. Pure, as the purest gold, she stands before that eager throng and sings, "*I know that my Redeemer lives.*" "Wonderful! beautiful!" the audience murmurs.

See, from that vast crowd a figure comes forward. It moves nearer to the great singer and at last kneels before her and pleads, "Let me be thine, forever thine, I have come to thee at last." The singer gazes at the speaker with surprise. "Who are you?" she asks quietly. "Do you not know me? I am Fame." Smiling, the singer turns away. "Pardon me," she whispers, "I had forgotten you."
—WILDIE THAYER, '99.

Bates Verse.

THE SONG OF THE QUAIL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Hark, that note yonder, so sweet and so clear!
"Fear—fear God!" "Fear—fear God!"

'Tis the quail, calls to my ear.

Sitting safe hidden among the green stalks,
Bidding the passer who by the field walks
"Love—love God!" "Love—love God!"

He is so good and so dear.

Again and again comes the brief little song:
"Praise—praise God!" "Praise—praise God!"
Who to maintain thee is strong.

See'st thou the harvest, of beauty and worth?
Regard it not dully, O dweller of earth!
"Thank—thank God!" "Thank—thank God!"
He keeps thee all thy life long.

Frights thee in tempest the Lord of the sky?
"Pray—pray God!" "Pray—pray God!"

And He will let not a flower die.

Shall days that are yet to be make thee afraid?
By the quail's whistle again doubt be laid:
"Trust—trust God!" "Trust—trust God!"

Rings out the sweet, haunting cry.

—D., 1900.

VERITAS PERMANET.

The fire burned bright upon the wide stone hearth;
The blaze shot out and gladdened all the room
With ruddy light. The uncurtained windows caught
The gleam and sent it forth to cheer the gloom
Of night. Within the room an aged man,
With eyelids prone to sleep, enjoyed, as in

A dream, the warmth and comfort of the glad
Hearth's glow. And as the cheering light sprang up
From bursting knot and forestick's blazing heart,
Fair memory brought and broke the orient jars
Of childhood's joys, youth's visions, ruddy, bright,
And all the glory of strong manhood's days.

He mused, the fire burned low, the light grew dim.
The old man woke to find the shadows drear
Slow creeping close, and closer yet, around.
The bright dreams vanished, and his heart grew sad
With thoughts of adverse days, the days of dread,
When friendship's hand had shown the clutch of greed;
When they, the strong, on whom his heart had leaned,
Grew weak, unloving, failed him in his need;
When evil looks, and words of dark import,
Had sent him forth, heart-weary, here to dwell
With beasts and birds, a stranger to his kind.
The weight of grief was heavy at his heart,
And anger burned to make some sign, to leave
Some record of his wrongs, and make the world
Partaker in his cup of bitter woe.

"Aye, on this cabin wall my story I
Will write in letters bold. Perchance some day,
When I am done with all this pain and grief,
Some man may read my words and learn thereby
To trust no man. For even as the blaze
On yonder hearth, but one short hour ago,
Made glad this room with light, but now, so soon,
Leaves nought but gloom and darkness, even so
The truth of man departs, the love of friends
Fades, and is lost in greed and envious spite."

He spoke, and through the darkness groped his way
Toward the wall, and touched it with his hand,
And felt the place where, on the morrow, he
The message dark would write, of grief and hate.
He touched the wall, and felt, with dull surprise,
The spot held yet, indeed, a gracious warmth,
E'en in the gloom. A soft delight stole o'er
His weary frame; his heart was touched, as now
Some friendly hand, with sure redemption strong,
Had reached out in the darkness drear, and clasped
His hand, to help him on his way. His heart
Was softened, and sweet cooling tears welled up
To quench the anger fierce, the burning grief.

His heart was softened, and his soul was raised
Above self-pity and resentment's strife,
And God's great plan appeared as plain and clear
As level landscape viewed from mountain height.
He knew the truth of man must always last,
E'en though full oft it fail to shed its light
Where human hearts do sorest feel its need;

For God is over all, His word remains
And sheds its warmth, though dimmed awhile its ray.

He yielded to the sweet, o'er-mastering trust,
And, as a child seeks lightly soft repose,
He sank upon his couch, and knew, at last,
The rest that comes to meek and lowly men.
A wanderer now no more, nor far from home,
For heaven and earth had met in sweet accord.

And so they found him lying there alone;
And one said, as he touched with reverent hand
The placid brow, and saw with filling eye
The sweet repose of hand and wasted limb,
"He rests as one who trusted God and man."

—L. B. A., '99.

THE ORIGIN OF THE "PASSION-PLAY."

Silence brooded o'er the village;
Silence, and a fearful blight;
For the people all lay dying,
While the air was thick as night.

Very lovely was the village
Where this awful plague had come,
Which the Lord of earth and heaven
Made to fall on every home.

Anger caused his sore displeasure
To bestow its dread reward
On the beauty of the village,
Falling like a stinging word.

For the men had disobeyed Him,
When they suffered all their lives
To be spent in sin and pleasure,
While their children and their wives

Suffered, from the lack of duty
Which upon them should be laid.
And He caused the greater suffering,
Since none listened when He said:

"Ob, my children! You are sinning
In the sight of men and me!
Do but love your homes and near ones,
And great peace shall come to thee."

But apart they went, unheeding
His command, so kind and just;
And returning to their old life,
Spent their time in sin and lust.

Soon the great and good All-father,
Seeing them unheeding still,
Sent upon the careless village
Such a blinding, blighting ill!

THE BATES STUDENT.

Though the women cried in anguish,
 Gasping hard and quick for breath:
 "Oh, our father! Only spare us!
 Keep away this awful death!"

Yet the men stood round in anger,
 For, they said, they'd not done wrong;
 That the world was made for pleasure;
 And, that life was not so long

They should spend it all in labor,
 Never seeking joy or mirth.
 But the maidens and the young men
 Cursed the moment of their birth.

Once again, the women, shrieking,
 Cried to Him above the earth,
 Only to remove the suffering,
 And the terror, and the dearth.

Many were the hearts that sorrowed,
 In the following day and night,
 For the dear ones who'd departed,
 Far from sorrow and from blight.

But, howe'er the men had done wrong
 'Gainst their wives and children dear,
 Soon the sorrow that had reached them
 Softened hearts so hard and sere.

They began to see how wicked
 Was the life which they had led,
 And to wish unsaid were many
 Of the things which they had said.

"Oh! our Father!" prayed they also,
 "Do but take away this grieving
 From the hearts of all the people,
 And we will, most glad receiving
 Thy kind message from above,
 Heed Thy most exacting promise,
 Whatsoever Thou may'st choose."

So the ever-loving Father
 Put into their hearts, now tender,
 A divine and helpful message.
 Then they vowed a vow, in honor
 Of the God who them had saved,
 To portray His own great sufferings,
 Once in every short decade.

They have called this play of honor
 Simply this, "The Passion Play,"
 And it still continues with us,
 Down to this, the present day.

Around the Editors' Table.

THOUGH at this time of the year the athletic interests seem to be paramount, yet we must not forget that there are other interests equally important and equally deserving of our attention. Three years ago Bates for the first time entered an intercollegiate debate, and came out victorious. Once since then we have been victors, once been defeated. Unless the unforeseen happens, we shall debate again with Colby this winter, and that debate will need not only the strongest effort of the men chosen to participate, but also the hearty sympathy and co-operation of every student, from Freshman to Senior. The enthusiastic interest manifested last winter, which resulted in a delegation of sixty men attending the debate at Waterville, will not soon be forgotten by the Bates contestants. Such a manifestation as that encourages the team. This, however, is not the only way we may help. An attempt will be made this term to form a permanent association with Colby, and to place our own league on a firmer footing than it has had hitherto. Let us all unite in support of the league, at least by becoming members. The dues will be very small, but fifty cents a year, so none need be deterred on that account. But the moral support of a large, active, interested association cannot be estimated in figures, only in results. Intercollegiate debating is fast coming to the front as the contest of prime importance between our colleges. No other contest is of so much value to the participant, victory in no other gives its college such prestige. Bates has had a record in the last few years of which her friends may well be proud; we hope that the future may see no retrogression. Whether it does or not depends on you. Which shall it be?

AS I write I have in mind a youth who left his home, a farm, to attend college in a somewhat distant locality. At the time of his departure he had acquired, through carelessness and negligence, and in part through ignorance of something better, the habit of carrying himself in a very ungainly and awkward manner. Nevertheless, the change wrought in the bearing of this youth by

a single year was such as to cause one to look twice before recognizing him. In his improved appearance alone that youth has acquired a something which, in his dealings with his fellow-men through life, will mean far more to him than his year's study.

Now, by far the majority of Bates young men have not had the advantage of plenty of social life. It is made manifest in many ways. We are all more or less negligent; some about our face and hands, some about our teeth, some about the care of our clothes, and some about the carrying of our physique.

The way of remedy is simple and gratuitous, requiring only a little care and attention to these duties, simple in themselves, but which combined or alleviated, mean so much to the individual. See to it, then, that you appear as though your body, your shoulders, and your arms were bone and muscle and belong to you, rather than that they were so much foreign matter piled upon your hips, and liable to topple over at any moment.

IN many colleges, "Presentation Day" figures prominently among the public exercises held during Commencement week. These exercises are conducted by the Junior Class, who present to the college some token as a memento of their love and respect for their *Alma Mater*. This offers an opportunity for the class to compliment certain members of their number who can make a good presentation speech, write poetry, or make merry with a bubbling up of wit. It also gives opportunity for class odes, etc., making a day in the history of the class that will be remembered.

Ivy Day at Bates, which is also conducted by the Junior Class, is supposed to correspond to Presentation Day in other colleges. It is true that Ivy Day is the one public exercise which stands out apart from all other days in the history of each class. On this day it has been the custom to carry out a programme varying in number of parts and in time of their delivery.

Last year the Junior Class arranged a programme, the presentation of which lasted about three hours and a half. Now this programme was too long. Two hours for an audience to sit in a crowded chapel is long enough if not too long.

As a class who has been over the road we hope the time will soon be when Ivy Day exercises will be held in a spacious hall, where none will be turned away for want of room and fresh air, and when the exercises may be completed in two hours at most.

In carrying out this suggestion perhaps the Presentation and Ivy Day ideas could be united. Supposing the class desired to leave a memento to its *Alma Mater*, then why not unite this part of the Presentation Day to the Ivy Day programme, with a real presentation speech? This, along with the customary Ivy Day oration, class poem, toast-master's speech, a toast to the class, one to the college, the music, singing of the class ode and ivy ode, the planting of the ivy, would make a programme both interesting and instructive, and free it from a lot of stale jokes which only a few appreciate.

THE average Freshman receives so much advice on every kind of subject from many different sources, that the effect is somewhat oppressive, and an added point may not be altogether welcome. But just a word on the subject of note-books. The wide-awake student does not go far in his college course before he begins to realize that a very important part of his education consists in keeping a note-book. At first he may not feel the need of it very much, although in all probability he is constantly finding, in his study, thoughts which he would like to keep for future reference, or he might have occasion to set down some scattering ideas of his own, so that a note-book would be a most convenient companion. But before long, and especially in the study of the sciences, such a book becomes a necessary supplement to the text-book, and, as a record of personal investigation and experience, is of the highest value to the individual student. He has between two covers facts taken from many sources systematically arranged and ready for reference at any time. But system is necessary. The usefulness of such a book may be greatly hindered by a careless method in keeping it, when nothing is in its proper place and consequently cannot be found easily if at all. The true student, keeping in mind order and method in the arrangement of his notes, builds up a note-book which proves a genuine help to him in his work by fixing in his mind things important to be remembered, and which, to quote one of our professors, is, in a material sense, the valuable result of the term's work.

Alumni Round-Table.

MAINE'S REPRESENTATIVES IN CUBA.

EARLY in June the Maine Volunteer Signal Corps was formed. Captain G. W. Butler, First Lieutenant Charles A. Walker, and forty enlisted men formed the little company that was to bear Maine's share of the late war. There were nineteen men from the National Guard Signal Corps, ten Western Union telegraph operators, one Maine Central Railroad station agent, one woolen mill superintendent, three college graduates, a barber, and five men who had worked on electric light or telephone lines.

Augusta, Washington, Tampa, and Port Tampa were but steps to the deck of the Comanche, General Randolph's flag-ship of the second expedition.

Here let me state the duties of a signal man. He is eyes and ears for the commanding general. He must go wherever directed, and when captured he is treated as a spy by all nations. He sends or carries messages, or builds telephone or telegraph lines; in the latter work infantry men are usually detailed to set poles, and are called ground hogs by the wigwagers. The ordinary instruments are flags, torches, phones, telegraph instruments, and heliographs; in the absence of these, a handkerchief or bunch of leaves on a pole or a gun may be used. A motion to the right or left or to the front has a numerical value, and these values combined form letters. This (the Myre code) is used with the flag, torch or heliograph, which is a frame containing two mirrors and a screen mounted, like a camera, on a tripod. Another man with a heliograph expects you. He may be five or eighty miles away. You arrange your instrument so as to throw a beam of light near where he is; he adjusts his instrument so that the light falls on one of his mirrors and sends back a flash. You then invert your screen and send him a message, using the Myre code. The United States government has telegraph instruments so delicate that they can attach them to a line, hear all that goes over it, and even send messages to similar instruments while the line is working and not be heard. The signal man is armed with a revolver and sometimes a knife. His instruments make him a target, but he must send his message, no matter how thick the bullets fly.

On the Fourth of July we were at Key West among the great

war ships, which were gorgeously draped with brilliant hunting, yellow being conspicuous by its absence. Unbounded enthusiasm reigned supreme because of Sampson's victory.

From Key West to Havana is 85 miles, but we sailed 2,500 to get to Siboney. Our voyage was uneventful. As we entered Siboney bay, naked, mangled bodies floated by us. All the forenoon we watched the wounded soldiers as they were put upon the relief ship Robert Ingalls. In the afternoon we landed, in a heavy sea. We were glad to be on *terra firma*. As we gathered round our luggage on the beach, our captain said, "You are in the enemy's country, be on your guard." That night, in the gathering darkness, we sacked our bundles across a little brook, and some fifty feet up the side of a mountain to a little plateau, where we cleared away the brush to make room for our tents, but the mountain rolled as the vessel had. The next day we were sent out in all directions, some to stations, others to flag messages out to Sampson. My detachment rebuilt the line to the front. On the way we met parties bringing in prisoners, or sharpshooters taken from trees. We saw the "Georgia nigger" who made his brags that he had shot 128 American officers. He had been with the Cubans at first, but deserted and went to the Spaniards. Other sharpshooters were known to be thick along the trail that we must follow, and if we wanted coffee at night we must hang our blankets up and sit behind them while the fire burned, for if a man stepped out into the light he invited a bullet, and usually got one.

The next day we noticed that there was a very heavy thunder storm up among the mountains to our right, and some half hour afterward we came to a little valley where there was a brook usually about 10 inches deep, but just as we reached it, we heard a roaring up the stream, and while we were crossing, the water began to rise. Before all the party could cross there was five feet or more of water tearing down the little gorge where the brook had been. The water was thick and red with iron-bearing soil and gravel. In a few hundred yards we had to cross the gorge again. This time we swam. From this point our line ran through a five-acre field of cactus of every description,—one species with a very long, thorn-like nettle, which the boys called Spain's bayonets (they did us much more harm than the real article). Then we passed through a real Cuban forest. Barbed wire ran everywhere, often concealed by small vines. Trees, shrubs, and vines are all covered with briars or thorns; everything

is fast to everything else ; one can only get through by cutting his way. Behind such thickets as these, the Spanish lay and shot at our soldiers as they madly rushed into practical death-traps. But our boys would tear a way with their knife bayonets and break through ; while the Spaniards, who are by nature good track athletes, and always seemed to be in good training, would usually seek another similar shelter, while our soldiers followed, firing from the hip and yelling in a way well fitted to give a man "chills and fever" (to get away).

After a scanty dinner, we completed our line ; then, wet, hungry, and tired, we began a return trip. Fourteen miles of Cuban valley, gorge, or mountain pass lay between us and our supper. We reached camp between eight and nine o'clock. We ate like savages and then slept like logs, while sand crabs of enormous size tried to pull our blankets off from us, or tarantulas or spiders crawled over us, even on our-faces. These are not dreams, but real, every-day pictures from the soldier's life in Cuba.

Cuba is beautiful to the eye. Her hills seem to be excellent grazing land for cattle, but the brieriness of all the shrubs make it impossible for sheep to be of any value there. The rock is rich in iron. I have found pieces of coral formation and volcanic rock on the tops of the highest mountains.

Every cave or shelter in the mountains simply bristled with Cuban guns, and white eyes in dark faces, as you passed them.

The Cubans are of two classes, descendants from the old Spanish families who owned the sugar plantations, and their former slaves, Africans who were sold there by the Arabs. The blacks form by far the greater part of the population, and are in reality heathen. They have been driven from being slaves to being outlaws and thieves, in their own fields, and have seen the destruction of the rude mud and palm-leaf huts that they had called home. What wonder that they seem dead to every Christian and humane sentiment? They, as individuals, showed no gratitude for the help we gave them, and would steal from us even while we were feeding them. But it is too sadly true that in many cases the conduct of the American soldiers was such that it would not inspire either gratitude or respect. In the acquisition of Cuba we have acquired another mission field. There is no idol worship there, but the immune regiments now in Cuba are well qualified to inculcate an infidelity that is worse than idolatry.

CHARLES O. WRIGHT, '97.

PERSONAL.

'67.—Rev. H. Wood resides at North Vassalborough.

'68.—George C. Chase, President of Bates College, has a daughter who entered Bates this fall.

'68.—G. C. Emery is principal of a fitting school at Los Angeles, Cal.

'69.—Rev. William H. Bolster, pastor of the Harvard Congregational Church, Dorchester, Mass., read his letter of resignation at a recent Sunday morning's service.

'73.—G. E. Smith, Esq., is conducting a will case before the Probate Court of Worcester, with which Bates College is personally connected.

'74.—H. H. Acterian has recently been in Lewiston. Mr. Acterian has organized a University Extension Club in the city. Professor Hartshorn is to be one of the instructors.

'75.—Dr. Wood gave to the Bates library the first bound volume of the *Maine Statesman*.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy gave to the library his book, "The Path of Light Around the World."

'76.—The youngest son of F. E. Emrich, who has been in service in the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment at Porto Rico, started for home October 20th.

'76.—R. J. Everett has been very ill. He has a son who entered Bates with 1902.

'77.—Fred Stuart, the son of G. A. Stuart, died in Cuba. Mr. Stuart reached high distinction in the Signal Corps.

'78.—E. V. Scribner, M.D., superintendent of Massachusetts Asylum for Insane, Worcester, Mass., entertained Hon. G. E. Smith, president of Massachusetts Senate, C. C. Smith, Esq., recorder of Massachusetts Board of Registry, and President Chase, October 17th. Dr. Scribner's home is made lively by attractive and promising twin sons, seven years old.

'79.—Rev. R. F. Johonnot's address is Oak Park, Ill., a suburb of Chicago. It may be of interest to some to know that the degree of S.T.E. has been given him this year by Lombard University.

'79.—E. A. McCollister has a daughter in the Freshman Class, Bates College.

'80.—Dr. Frisbee's "Beginner's Greek Book" has just been adopted into one of the oldest and wealthiest fitting schools in America—the William Penn Charter School of Philadelphia.

'80.—E. E. Richards has been elected county attorney of Franklin County.

'81.—W. C. Hobbs has been elected superintendent of schools at Whitman, Mass.

'83.—Mrs. E. R. Clark (formerly Miss Little) is assisting her husband, who has a flourishing boarding-school for girls at Waban, Mass.

'84.—Eben H. Emery of New York, first assistant in the New York weather station, was recently appointed Mr. Dunn's successor as local forecaster at New York. The change was operative immediately, the new appointee taking charge of the New York station July 12th. Mr. Emery is a native of Athens, Me., and is 38 years old. He has been in the weather service for 14 years, and has had charge of a number of important stations. For four years he has occupied the post of first assistant at New York. It is a civil service appointment.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'85.—R. E. Attwood is treasurer of the Lewiston Safe Deposit and Trust Co., which is to occupy the new granite building on Lisbon Street.

'85.—C. A. Washburn, after a year's study at Johns Hopkins University, has returned to his position as assistant principal of the high school at Framingham, Mass.

'85.—Born, to Dr. W. B. Small and Maud (Ingalls) Small, a daughter.

'86.—L. H. Wentworth and Miss Lillie Marble Palmeto were married October 5th.

'86.—F. E. Parlin, late superintendent of schools, Natick, Mass., has entered upon graduate work and pedagogy at Harvard University.

'87.—A. S. Woodman, Esq., is president of the Portland Festival Chorus, which was organized October 19th.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow was installed, September 27th, as pastor of the Hope Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass., instead of A. S. Woodman, '87, as in the September STUDENT. This is a very large and important church, and Mr. Woodrow has a large salary.

'88.—C. W. Cutts is principal of Bluehill Academy.

'92.—C. N. Blanchard is senator-elect from Franklin County.

'93.—L. A. Ross is principal of the Leavitt Institute, Turner.

'93.—D. B. Lothrop is completing his theological course at Yale University.

'94.—J. C. Woodman has been admitted to the Suffolk Bar, and has entered business with his brother, W. H. Woodman, '90, in Tremont Building, Boston, Mass.

'95.—B. L. Pettigrew has just been awarded a scholarship in Harvard Law School.

'95.—C. S. Webb is principal of high school, Sherburn, Mass.

'95.—F. A. Wheeler, for three years a member of '95, is teacher in the High School, Weymouth, Mass.

'95.—Miss Sarah L. Staples is assistant teacher in the Leavitt Institute, Turner.

'95.—Miss Mabel Steward is teaching in Anson Academy, North Anson.

'96.—J. B. Coy has recently been ordained a Christian minister.

'96.—O. F. Cutts, principal of Haverford Grammar School, Pennsylvania, has been re-elected with an advanced salary.

'96.—J. E. Roberts is principal of High School, Kittery.

'96.—A. B. Hoag is principal of Anson Academy, North Anson.

'96.—A. B. Howard has recently been ordained pastor of the Free Baptist Church of South Danville. Mr. Howard, who has taken one year at Hartford Theological Seminary, is to complete his theological course at Cobb Divinity School.

'97.—Alvin W. Foss of Co. A, 10th Pennsylvania Infantry, U. S. V., is in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands.

'97.—E. F. Cunningham is teaching in the High School, Mattapoisett, Mass.

'98.—Miss Mary Perkins is teaching in South Portland instead of Cottage City, as reported in September STUDENT.

'98.—Miss Sadie M. Brackett is literary editor of the *Lewiston Sun*.

'98.—L. B. Costello is advertising manager of the *Lewiston Sun*.

'98.—O. H. Toothaker is in the employ of the Sun Publishing Company, in the business department.

'98.—J. L. Bennett is in Harvard Divinity School.

'98.—Miss A. D. Weymouth is teacher in Lewiston.

'98.—Frank Foss is working in Stevens's studio.

'98.—Harry Goodspeed has recently been bereft of his mother. Mr. Goodspeed has entered business in New York City.

The annual dinner of the Bates Alumni Association of Boston will occur at Young's Hotel on the evening of Friday, December 23d.

Local Department.

GLIMPSSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Get out your golf-stick, and try the links.

T. Roberts, '99, is teaching at Newport, Maine.

Elder, 1900, has been elected captain of the second eleven.

President Chase was away last week, in Boston and vicinity.

Bowdoin won from University of Maine by a score of 29 to 0.

The library is full of Sophomores, cramming for their debates.

Morse, 1900, has been appointed assistant manager of the foot-ball team.

Several Bates men attended the Bowdoin-Colby foot-ball game, at Brunswick, October 19th.

The Geology Class has now made six expeditions into various parts of the surrounding country, for the study of home geology.

Tetley, '99, and Griffin, 1900, have been employed recently as foot-ball coaches, the former at New Hampton, the latter at Turner.

L'Heureux, '99, Summerbell, 1900, Goss and Garcelon, 1901, Pomeroy, 1902, and Miss Thompson, 1900, are teaching in the evening schools.

The Class of 1902 has elected the following class officers: President, C. F. Donnocker; Vice-President, A. W. Tryon; Secretary, Miss Pettengill; Treasurer, Mr. Brown.

The member of the Geology Class, who worked the "Bluff," has named his beloved Prof. "Biz" [from bismuth], on account of his quality of being precipitated in H₂O.

On the evening of October 15th the young ladies of Cheney Hall held an informal reception and party. A very delightful evening was spent in playing games and listening to an interesting programme.

We would suggest a course in the Chemical Laboratory as a preventive from old-maidhood and bachelorhood. Any morning, at the above-named place, one will find several persons of both sexes looking for a *match*.

The second eleven was beaten by Hebron, Wednesday, October 19th. Score, 24-0. Reports say that in the second half Hebron was clearly outplayed, Bates second keeping the ball in her opponents' territory most of the time.

Dr. Jane Kelley of Boston has been at Bates a few days, conducting the physical examination of the Freshman girls. Miss Hayes, '99, and Miss Sears, 1900, were her assistants. Dr. Kelley gave some interesting lectures.

Misses Kelley and Hayes, '99, and Mr. Moulton, 1901, were members of the chorus at the Maine Music Festival held in Portland, October 11-13. A number of the students went down to attend the evening concerts.

The Ladies' Glee Club has begun work this fall with renewed interest. The following officers have been elected to fill vacancies caused by resignation: Business Manager, Miss Summerbell, 1900; Treasurer, Miss Goddard, 1901; Second on the Executive Committee, Miss Cartland, 1901.

The Young Men's Glee Club has elected the following officers for the coming year: Director, Graffam, '99; Manager, Staples, 1900; President, Small, '99; Treasurer, Ellingwood, 1901; Secretary, Foster, 1900. They have begun their rehearsals, and are looking forward to a successful year.

We take great pleasure in recording the generosity of the Portland Piping Company, which has presented the college with \$190 worth of piping for the drainage of the new Garcelon Field, and in expressing our thanks for the same. Here's hoping that others will follow the good example set by the Franklin Company and the Portland Piping Company.

Owing to lack of interest on the part of students, and the fact that no time off is allowed, Manager Hutchinson has decided that it will be best not to hold the usual annual tennis tournament this fall. We would suggest that this method is not a very good way to revive the lagging interest. Bates has held a prominent place in tennis among the Maine colleges, and she may in the future if the interest in the sport is not allowed to die out.

At the annual meeting of the Debating League the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. G. Catheron, 1900; Vice-President, W. A. Marr, 1901; Secretary, Miss True, 1900; Treasurer, Jordan, 1901; Executive Committee, Churchill, '99, Merrill, '99, Robbins, 1900, Rand, 1901, Childs, 1902. There was some discussion concerning the formation of a debating league with other Maine colleges, and steps were taken toward securing well-known men in the two cities to speak before the students.

Perhaps the most important event bearing upon Bates athletics of this term was the gift of the land necessary for completing our Garcelon Athletic Field. This land, a strip sixty-three feet wide by five hundred and eleven feet long, situated at the north-east edge of the proposed field, was very generously presented to the college for the use of the Athletic Association, by the Franklin Company. And we wish to say that not only do the students feel duly grateful, but also the Faculty and alumni deeply appreciate the magnanimity and good-will of the Franklin Company.

The library has recently received a number of valuable additions, the largest gift being twenty-nine unbound volumes of the *Athenæum*, *Academy*, and other periodicals, presented by Mr. Edmund S. Clark of Boston. The librarian gave ten volumes of Dick's Recitations, also Carnegie's Triumphant Democracy, Ruskin's *Præterita*, 3 vols., and Mather's John Ruskin, His Life and Teachings. Some others are, a Catalogue of the Library of the Boston Athenæum, in 5 vols. ; the 14th Report of the U. S. Civil Service Commission ; the Report of the Meeting of the National Education Association at Denver, 1895 ; the Annual Literary Index for 1897 ; Vol. 4 of Poole's Index ; two volumes presented by President Chase ; three presented by W. C. Strong, and ten volumes purchased.

Wednesday, October 5th, the annual meeting of the Maine Inter-collegiate Base-Ball League was held at the Elmwood, Waterville, Maine. The base-ball managers from the four Maine colleges were present. The league officers were elected and the schedule for next season was arranged. One of the matters to come before the meeting was a motion by Manager Wheeler of Bates, that all league games in future should be umpired by officials appointed by the league ; said umpires not to be alumni of, nor connected in any way with, any Maine college. Manager Dascombe of Colby introduced a resolution favoring the abolition of all kinds of partisan cheering and disturbances at games, except organized cheering. The following is the schedule of Bates's league games : Saturday, May 13th, Colby at Lewiston ; Saturday, May 20th, U. of M. at Lewiston ; Wednesday, May 24th, U. of M. at Orono ; Tuesday, May 30th, Bowdoin at Brunswick ; Wednesday, June 7th, Bowdoin at Lewiston ; Wednesday, June 14th, Colby at Waterville.

FOOT-BALL.

Surely our intercollegiate work has started in very favorably for this year. True to the expectation of the early fall, our foot-ball team has had, thus far, a very successful career. Their successes can be best shown, perhaps, by brief statements of the plays in each game.

Bates, 35; N. H. S. C., 0.

The first game of the season occurred in Lewiston, Thursday afternoon, October 6th, with a game between Bates and New Hampshire State College. The attendance was good.

The game opened at 3.15 with kick-off by Halliday. The ball was advanced a short distance, but on the first line-up New Hampshire fumbled, Richardson falling on the ball. On the next play Putnam scored a touchdown after a fine criss-cross and a run of 40 yards. Halliday easily kicked the goal.

New Hampshire kicked off, and after some fine, long runs by Saunders and Fowler, Pulsifer carried the ball over the line for a second touchdown, a goal following.

In the remainder of the first half Bates, by snappy plays, scored three more touchdowns, and Halliday kicked the goals. The half ended with the score, Bates 30, N. H. S. C. 0.

The New Hampshire lads were playing fairly good ball, but they were light and could not stand the lively pace of their opponents. One of their men was slightly injured and was retired from the game.

In the second half Bates put in seven of her second team, and the game was quite close from that time out, although the home team clearly had the advantage, even then. Fowler made one touchdown, and the game ended with the ball within six inches of New Hampshire's goal line.

The features of the game were the general all-around work of the home team. The showing of our representatives in the game was such as to fill every Bates supporter with joy. The line-up in this game was:

BATES.	N. H. S. C.
Richardson, l.e.	r.e., Farwell, George.
Sturgis, l.t.	r.t., Clark.
Saunders, Merry, l.g.	r.g., Twombly.
Childs, c.	c., Dearborn.
Calhoun, r.g.	l.g., Andrews.
Call, Moody, r.t.	l.t., Barnard.
Putnam, Elder, r.e.	l.e., Hunt.
Purinton, Wheeler, q.	q., Lewis.
Pulsifer, Hutchinson, l.h.	r.h., Cleaveland.
Fowler, Stinchfield, r.h.	l.h., Grover.
Halliday, Donnocker, f.	f., Calderwood.

Score—Bates 35, N. H. S. C. 0. Touchdowns—Pulsifer 2, Halliday, Purinton, Fowler, Putnam. Goals—Halliday 5. Time—15-minute halves. Referee—Prof. Hoag. Umpire—A. Given.

Bates, 36; University of Maine, 0.

The second game of the season, and the first in the Maine college series, was played at Orono, Saturday, October 8th, with the U. of M. team, which last year showed themselves so strong.

Details of the play: Halliday kicked to Hatch on the 15-yard line, who was tackled by Saunders. On the line-up, Grover twice jumped into the Bates line and pushed his way for eight yards.

Maine worked the criss-cross and Hatch went around Richardson. It looked like a touchdown, as Grover ought to have blocked off Halliday, but he didn't, and the latter made a sensational tackle, throwing Hatch after the latter had gained twenty yards. The Maine men then tried line bucking, and Bates got the ball on downs. The Orono boys did not have the ball in their possession again during the half. Saunders went through the line for five yards. A criss-cross lost four yards; Saunders couldn't gain, so Halliday punted. In handling Bates's kick the backs were slow and Halliday got down to the ball on his own punt.

Call in two attempts made seven yards. In the last scrimmage Calhoun was hurt and left the game, Moody taking his place. Pulsifer advanced four yards and a half and Fowler a yard. Pulsifer went around W. Clarke for a touchdown. Halliday kicked the goal.

On the kick-off, Bates made fifteen yards, Grover kicking to the 10-yard line. Fowler gained two yards, Saunders three, Call six, Call four on a second attempt, Fowler through the line one yard, but on the next play the Orono centre broke through and downed Call in his tracks. Pulsifer then took the ball and covered sixteen yards. Call gained a few yards through the other side of the line, and again Pulsifer carried the ball for a good gain. On the next line-up, Pulsifer, who never seemed to get tired, broke through between the end and tackle for over twenty-five yards, and a second touchdown. Halliday kicked the goal.

Grover kicked off to the 20-yard line to Bates's captain, who advanced ten yards. Fowler gained a yard, and Pulsifer was tackled with a loss by Caswell. Purinton then changed his tactics and sent Halliday at the center. The latter gained three yards, then eight yards, and then one yard. Pulsifer added six yards. Putnam worked a criss-cross. Sturgis made three yards. Pulsifer again took the ball and dashed down the field for a sixty-five yard run and the third touchdown. The goal was kicked.

On the next kick-off Sturgis made a good gain. Pulsifer rushed the ball ten yards. Putnam contributed four yards. Again he carried the ball ten yards on a criss-cross. The runner went out of bounds, and then Bates worked an old trick. Halliday quickly punted out to Sturgis, who was out in the middle of the field, and the latter catching the Orono team entirely off their guard, made 35 yards. It was then a repetition of the old story, Fowler made this touchdown and Halliday kicked another pretty goal.

Second half. Grover kicked off to Call, and the Bates tackle reeled off fifteen yards. Purinton then sent his captain at left end and tackle for two attempts, and netted thirteen yards. Pulsifer plunged ahead for six yards. Call, by a bad piece of holding, was prevented from leaving his place to take the ball on the next play, and Purinton was pushed back a yard with the ball in his possession. Again Pulsifer, who seemed invincible, made good the loss with a rush of six more yards. For a third consecutive time "Nate" took the ball and made five yards. Fowler then made six yards. One rush by Pulsifer, and then Bates's right half was sent twice between Clarke and Armes for twelve yards. Palmer on the next play made a pretty tackle, stopping Pulsifer as he was starting around the end. The runner gained five yards. Pulsifer dashed through the line for another good gain. A fumble lost Bates a yard, but Fowler dove through the center for another touchdown, and Halliday kicked goal.

Bates made her sixth touchdown in a similar way, her backs doing most of the work. Halliday had no trouble in kicking the goal. Score, Bates 36, Orono 0.

On the kick-off Fowler was tackled and fell out of bounds. Fowler, Pulsifer, and Halliday rushed the ball six, twelve, and five yards. Sabine did some good tackling. Fowler was given the ball for a seven-yard gain around Clarke. Putnam made a bad fumble of a criss-cross and lost six yards. Fowler couldn't gain and Pulsifer made six yards, which was not enough, so U. of M. got the ball just as time was called. The line-up:

BATES.

Putnam, r.e.
Call, r.t.
Calhoun, Moody, r.g.
Childs, c.
Saunders, l.g.
Sturgis, l.t.
Richardson, l.e.
Purinton, q.b.
Fowler, r.h.b.
Pulsifer, l.h.b.
Halliday, f.b.

UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.

l.e., S. Clarke.
l.t., Armes.
l.g., Sabine.
c., Caswell.
r.g., Perkins.
r.t., Herald.
r.e., W. C. Clark, Page.
q.b., Palmer.
l.h.b., Hatch.
r.h.b., French.
f.b., Grover.

Score—Bates 36, University of Maine 0. Touchdowns—Pulsifer 5, Fowler 1. Goals from touchdowns—Halliday 6. Umpire and referee—Edward Hickson of Bangor and Dr. Cobb of Gardiner. Linesmen—Bolster of Bates and Morrell of U. of M. Time—20-minute halves.

Bates, 34; University of Maine, 0.

The next contest was held at Lewiston, Saturday, October 15th, with University of Maine. It was practically a repetition of the game one week before. The play:

U. of M. had the kick-off. Purinton caught it on the 20-yard line and advanced it five yards before being downed. Bates failed to make her five yards on the next three downs, U. of M.'s line showing up strongly. U. of M. tried the right tackle for no gain and then sent a back around the left end. Richardson and Pulsifer were on him before he could start, and he was downed for a loss of five yards. On the next play they failed to gain, and the ball went back to Bates.

Bates then began a series of tackle and guard plays that gained on every trial. Fowler made five yards, Sturgis two more through the right tackle. Pulsifer made two and took the ball again on the next play for four more. Fowler then made another yard through the right side, and Pulsifer tried the same play for no gains. The backs had been making steady plunges into the line and were a trifle winded, so Halliday fell back for a punt. It was a pretty kick, Bates making forty yards. U. of M. had their ball and they gained a few yards on the first few downs, but were unable to make the requisite five yards.

The ball went to Bates again, and Halliday and Pulsifer began again their rushes into the line. On the U. of M.'s 20-yard line Bates was given five yards for offside play. Halliday made two gains of four and three yards. Pulsifer made three more on the same man. Halliday then took the ball, and, aided by Purinton, carried it to within four yards of the line. The steady hammering against the right side of the U. of M. line had told, and on the next play Fowler went through for a touchdown. Halliday kicked a very pretty goal. It took just 10 minutes and 46 seconds to score. U. of M. kicked off for thirty-five yards, and Pulsifer brought it back ten yards before being downed. On the first play, Call took the ball around their right end for a beautiful run of thirty yards. He took the ball again on the next play and made five more. Pulsifer then went around the left end for five yards and Halliday made five more through the right guard. Pulsifer then went through the left tackle for five yards, and on the next play made fifteen more around the left end.

A criss-cross was tried next, but resulted in failure. No gain. Saunders then took the ball for no gain, and on the next signal Halliday tried a drop kick. The ball went out of bounds and was brought back to the 15-yard line, when U. of M. kicked off. Pulsifer caught the ball and advanced it fifteen yards before being downed. Call took the ball for ten yards. Fowler took it for five more, and Pulsifer went through the right side for five yards. Pulsifer took it again on the next play for a small gain, then Halliday advanced it for eight yards in three rushes into the line.

Pulsifer took the ball through the line on the next play for a touchdown. Halliday missed the goal. Time of second touchdown, 6 minutes and 46 seconds.

U. of M. kicked off, Halliday taking the ball and making a good gain. On the first two downs Bates failed to gain and Halliday punted for twenty-five yards. U. of M. failed to make their five yards, but time was called before Bates could advance the ball any. The first half ended with a score of 11 to 0 in favor of Bates. The first half was quite a surprise, as it was supposed that the experience of the two games had put the U. of M. team in far better shape.

The second half opened with Bates having the kick-off. Halliday sent the ball to the 15-yard line, Barrows taking it back ten yards before being downed. On the first three downs they failed to make their five yards, and the ball went to Bates. From then until the end of the game the ball was almost entirely in Bates's hands, and when U. of M. succeeded in getting it on a punt, they couldn't gain and were forced to return the punt. Several long runs around the ends by Pulsifer were the features of the second half, and four more touchdowns were easily made.

Halliday kicked all but one of these, making the score 34 to 0, in favor of Bates. The result was easily a disappointment to the U. of M. men, as they expected a much closer game after their showing against Bowdoin Saturday. Following is the line-up and score:

BATES.	UNIVERSITY OF MAINE.
Richardson, l.e.	r.e., Wright.
Call, l.t.	r.t., Wormwell.
Childs, l.g.	r.g., Perkins.
Moody, c.	c., Caswell.
Saunders, r.g.	l.g., Bird (Capt.)
Sturgis, r.t.	l.t., Sabine.
Putnam, r.e.	l.e., Page.
Purinton, q.b.	q.b., Palmer.
Pulsifer, l.h.b. (Capt.)	r.h.b., French.
Fowler, r.h.b.	l.h.b., Hatch.
Halliday, f.b.	f.b., Barrows.

Score—Bates, 34; University of Maine, 0. Touchdowns—Fowler 3, Pulsifer 3. Goals—Halliday 4. Umpire—Dr. Cobb. Referee—E. R. Hickson. Linesmen—Professor Hoag, Bates; Hale, U. of M. Time—20-minute halves.

College Exchanges.

In several of the exchanges an enthusiastic interest in foot-ball is manifested. We quote from the *Mountaineer* the receipt for a successful eleven: "Don't be afraid, just spit on yer hands, grit yer teeth and git in the game, and we will have a team—and a good one, too." To show the interest of the Amherst students, we quote briefly from their last weekly: "The fact that one hundred and fifty men assembled at the railroad station last Wednesday evening to greet the foot-ball team on its return from New Haven is convincing evidence that "that Amherst spirit," of which we have heard so much and seen so little in recent years, has once more been resurrected. Never before in the memory of those at present in college has a defeated team met such a hearty reception on its return to Amherst. It is this spirit of enthusiasm alone, which, thoroughly infused into the college and the team, can produce a winning team."

A certain publication from the far West shows its enthusiasm in a fiery invective against the Faculty, which is both rude and undignified.

Foot-ball is by no means the sole theme of college periodicals. A story of merit we find in the *Georgetown College Journal*: "Patsy, a Revolutionary Romance." Patsy is the central figure, around which the other characters revolve, namely: her Aunt Esther, her brother, hosts of suitors, and a British soldier—the last named being the hero, as Patsy is the heroine. Patsy was very naughty, or perhaps she really wasn't, but she dressed in her brother's clothes and shot at one of the English soldiers, who fell from his horse. Patsy thought she had murdered him and her remorse was great. Fortunately he did not die, but lived to be nursed back to health by the charming Patsy—and the end is easily guessed. This brief sketch in no way intimates the sparkle and grace manifested throughout the story.

In the October number of *Education* an article entitled, "The Silver Tongue," is worthy of note. It deals with voice culture, and maintains that a healthy body is one of the prime requisites for a pleasing voice.

A JULY RAIN.

The grass is wet an' drippin' an' the puddle's runnin' over,
 The July air is reekin' with the scent of hay an' clover,
 There is joy in every breathin' of the flower-laden air
 And whisperin's of wild-wood joys are driftin' everywhere,

And the laughin' leaves are callin'
 To the rattlin' raindrops fallin'
 That the fairies are adancin' beneath the holly tree,
 And the raindrops hark and hear them
 And the fairies never fear them,
 For the raindrops love the good folk of forest, glen, and lea.
 The mother thrush is singin' sweet, a wild-wood, elfin choral,
 And silent dells and dingles offer fragrant incense floral
 To the dancin' drops that dimple down each lazy, lispin' stream
 Where lilies light the shallows and flashin' minnows gleam,
 And the ferns their fronds upturnin'
 Like suppliant hands drop yearnin'
 For a land where dreams and dreamin', the purest pleasures be,
 Seem to tell the clouds above me
 That they know me—yes—and love me;
 Ah! the shower brings a thousand thoughts and purest joy to me.

—*Mountaineer.*

A SONG OF YOUTH.

Sing a song of golden youth, of happy days gone by,
 When we rambled thro' the meadows and wandered thro' the rye;
 When the homely robin red-breast and the timid piping quail,
 With sweeter music thrilled us than the lordly nightingale,
 And the purling, curling waters of the dear old meadow brooks
 Went babbling forth their music thro' the dark and shady nooks.
 How they carried with their murmuring tides those sunny times of yore,
 Which, like their pleasant waters, will return to us no more.

Sing a song of golden youth, of happy days gone by,
 When life was all a pleasant dream, without a care or sigh.
 'Twas then we thought of nothing but the fast-receding joys,
 And life was like a story of Aladdin's magic toys.
 We never thought of waves to breast on future's turbid stream,
 But lived our happy, youthful life as in an endless dream.
 'Tis often when we suffer on this barren, cheerless shore
 That we get to sighing sadly for the golden days of yore.

—*Mountaineer.*

J. C. McCracken, 1901, University of Pennsylvania, has been elected captain of the U. of P. track team, to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of J. P. Remington.

There will be a new feature in the chapel exercises at the University of Pennsylvania this year. Distinguished men will be invited as often as possible to attend the services and make short addresses to the students.

University of Pennsylvania presents each member of the 'varsity foot-ball team this year with a gold watch charm in the shape of a foot-ball, as souvenirs. The subs receive silver ones.

Our Book-Shelf.

The Story of an Untold Love,¹ by Paul Leicester Ford, is a work of more than ordinary merit. The plot is simple, but skilfully developed, and the characters stand out clearly as living beings. William Maitland, father of the hero, Donald Maitland, is drawn by his wife's extravagance into embezzlement of the property of his ward, Maizie Walton. The son loves the beautiful, winsome Maizie, and knows nothing of the father's business entanglements until he is separated from Maizie and his father is dead. He takes a long journey in joyful expectation of seeing his little friend once more, but is refused an audience, and that day learns of his father's error. His grief is crushing, but he sets about righting the wrong, and during those four years of toil and suffering writes the story of his "untold love" in his journal. The last two chapters present in their brightness a welcome contrast to what has gone before. The author must have enjoyed portraying the characters, especially those of the hero and heroine. It is always a pleasure to meet the high and noble in fiction, and doubly so when these are presented with such delicacy and grace as the author has here shown.

There is a decided lack of definiteness and "point" in Henry B. Fuller's stories of Trans-Atlantic travel. He has given the collection a pleasing title, *From the Other Side*,² but one must be in a "dry," contemplative mood to give the book a careful reading. There are some good things in "The Greatest of These," but the thought is rather vaguely expressed. "What Youth Can Do," shows the possibilities of a man who is born to succeed. The magnetic "Piero" rises from the position of a brushwood vender to the principality of one of the "little states," at the foot of the Alps. In the "Pilgrim Sons," we read of the ludicrous attempts of a middle-aged, respectable woman to gain the notice of "the quality." "Pasquale's Picture" is a pathetic story of alternate joy and sorrow. The poor mother loses her son, but finds some consolation in his portrait, which soon fades. She flies to the Madonna for help, but the Madonna frowns down her grim and inexorable refusal. Then the mother, who has "lost her son twice," "bows her grey head meekly and eternally before this court of last appeal."

The student in the common school, and the advanced student in his library, has received a great gift in *Guerber's Story of the English*.³ This book will do a double part in supplying the youth of the land with profitable reading. The book contains stories of "Early Times in England," "The Druids," "Queen Boadicea," "The Monasteries," "The Battle of Hastings," "Richard and the Saracens," and so on down to the "Queen's Jubilee." The author's avowed purpose is to make the road to literature and history "somewhat easier by these little paving stones," and he certainly has not failed of his purpose.

¹The Story of an Untold Love. By Paul Leicester Ford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

²From the Other Side. By Henry B. Fuller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

³The Story of the English. By H. A. Guerber. The American Book Company. \$0.60.

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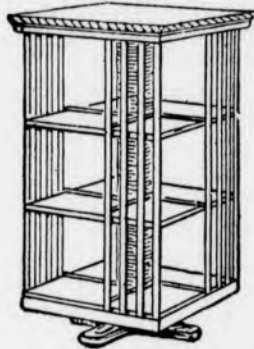
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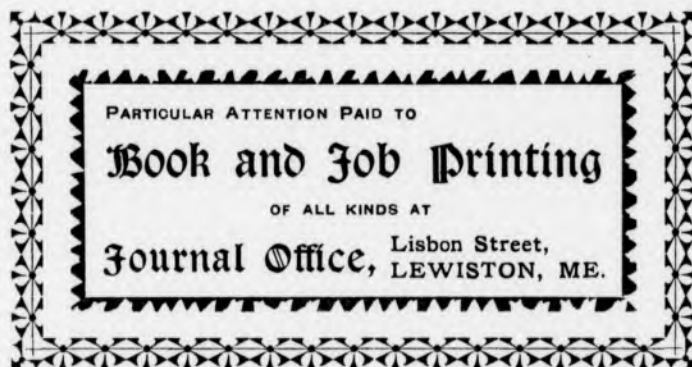
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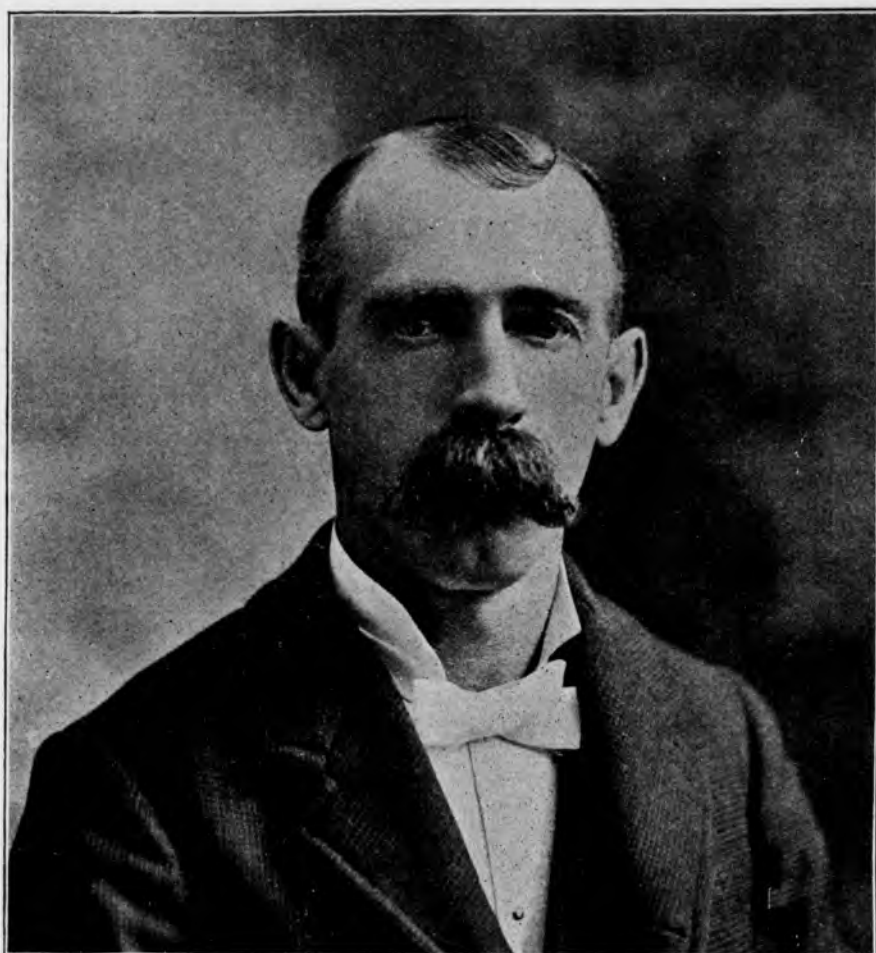
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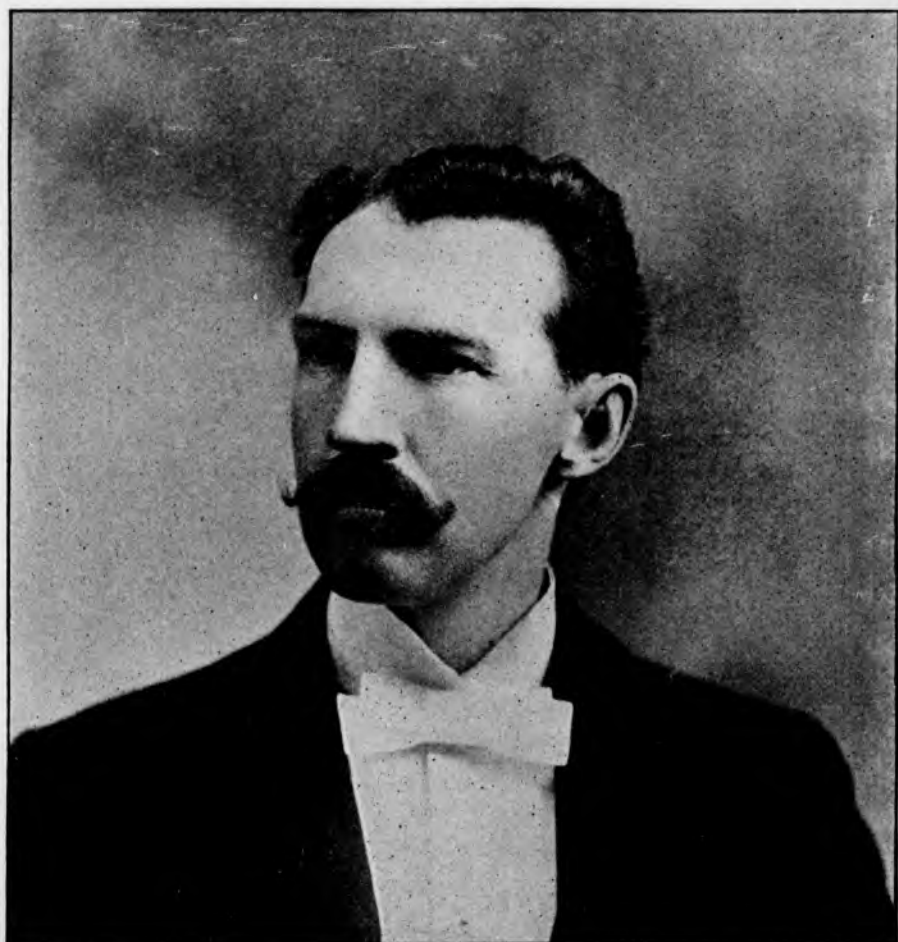
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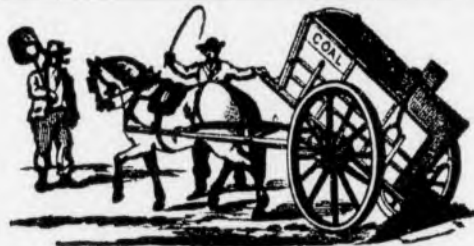
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