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# The BATES STUDENT.

H. C. Wilkinson



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THE NEMESIS OF NATIONS.

“**B**Y an inevitable chain of causes and effects,” says Bancroft, “providence punishes national sins by national calamities.” This retribution for sin is personified in the classical world as the goddess Nemesis, the goddess of due proportion, who hates every transgression of the bounds of moderation, and who delights in restoring the proper and normal order of things. According to the ancient conception, Nemesis followed in the steps of Fortuna, and distributed as heedlessly the evil things of life as did the latter the good things. In her desire for a proper equilibrium of affairs Nemesis went even beyond this, and visited extreme goodness itself with reaction. This way of balancing human inequalities is entirely out of harmony with the modern conception of deity, and so Nemesis has come to signify just retribution for sin. The Biblical interpretation of this idea is found in the law, “Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” This, then, being the law of the individual, it is also the law of the nation, which is but an aggregation of individuals, and therefore subject to the mistakes and sins of human nature.

“She whom none can escape,” is the meaning of the Greek name which is applied to Nemesis, and a true appellation it is. On one condition only may an individual or a nation escape her, and that is absolute righteousness and justice. Whom then has she spared?

I call upon history to furnish an example of a sinless nation, but the shadows of long buried empires put forth no claim to this distinction; the voices of the tomb make no reply. I make another demand upon history and call for an example of a nation that has proved the truth of the eternal decree, "They that do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth." A host of witnesses now appear. Assyria, with its mighty capital, Nineveh, once the greatest city of the world, confesses that she fell by her own injustice. Because of her pride, lust of conquest and cruelty, did Nemesis visit the merry city that dwelt confidently, saying in her heart, "I am, and beside me there is no other."

Queenly Persia recognized the hand of Nemesis in her defeat at Marathon. Remembering former conquests, unjust though they were, and confident of victory, she went forth to subdue beneath her power the Grecian states, taking with her, as the story goes, a block of Parian marble, in order to erect a trophy worthy of the victory. When bitter defeat was the result, she had carved from the marble a colossal statue of Nemesis, thus acknowledging both her sin and the retribution thereof.

This Nemesis is an impartial goddess. As we turn from the shores of the Orient we find traces of her presence in Europe. Here is the servile remnant, the miserable memento, of old and once omnipotent Rome. What brought her to this? Surely it could not have been injustice, for is not her great book of law prefaced with these words, "Justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right?" Alas, these were but the words of hypocrisy; iniquity became her law. The wealth of other nations dazzled her, the desire for conquest overcame her sense of justice, and intoxicated by continued success she believed herself destined always to advance. But another destiny is in store for her. Even proud and powerful Rome is not proof against the goddess Nemesis, and the mistress of the world falls a victim before her whom none can escape.

Passing down to the latter half of the eighteenth century we see a little kingdom of northern Europe, which for its unprecedented misfortunes is an object of pity to all nations. Poland had three powerful neighbors who wished to extend their power at the expense of this weak kingdom; so Russia, Austria, and Prussia united in the dismemberment of Poland. "It is our destiny," they said, and with the enhanced power each believed herself safe from all harm. But Nemesis, too, must fulfill her destiny. A few years pass by and there

appears one beneath whose conquering step all Europe trembled. Even our three proud and self-called invincible nations fall before this Corsican soldier, the French emperor, Napoleon. Austria is ravaged, and her land drenched with blood. In Prussia we see on every side slaughter and devastation. Next, Napoleon with his six hundred thousand armed men marches through Russia, spreading death and destruction over the land; while in the burning of the metropolis, Moscow, Nemesis completes her mission here. It is now time to lay her impartial hand upon the mighty Napoleon, the man of destiny himself, and while the brands that consumed Moscow are still burning, swift retribution overtook him, direct from God. The snows of the north gathered their forces and advanced upon the vast army until it had scattered and perished, and Napoleon, who had dared call himself Nemesis, is doomed to a signal punishment.

In the history of no nation has the power of Nemesis been more apparent than in that of Spain, once the most powerful nation in Europe; now, in comparison, a decrepit nationality. Through the successes and reverses of centuries, she reached the culmination of her glory in the time of Philip II., who by his maladministration and enormous war expenditures, laid a sure foundation for the decline of the country. One by one she saw her colonies slip from her grasp; little by little her power declined, until once splendid and prosperous Spain presented such an aspect of decay as had never been seen in any other civilized nation. Yet she is granted one more lease of life, and under Charles III., in 1759, commenced the second great revival of the country. But Spain had not profited by her bitter experiences. She continued what she always had been, tyrannical toward the colonies which she ruled; cruel, bloody, and devastating in her wars to keep them in subjection. The spirit which has been starving men, women, and children concentrated in towns, under Weyler, is the same that has animated Spain during her whole career. That the hand of Nemesis is now laid heavily upon her every one realizes; that defeat, humiliation, and ultimate ruin are her destiny, no one can doubt.

Would that it might truly be said that Nemesis has had no occasion to cross the Atlantic and visit our own nation. Proud indeed would we be if of the United States it were true that justice had ever been her law, and oppression had never blotted her record. And why should not this be expected from a nation based upon the principle of freedom and equity; whose sentiments were voiced by these



words: "We hold these *truths* to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." Yet four years of cruel and devastating war, with the loss of countless human lives and an enormous expenditure of money, is the price which Nemesis exacted from the people of the United States, because they took from their dark-skinned brother the freedom which God intended him to enjoy.

True national greatness consists not in wealth, else Egypt would be great to-day; nor in extent of territory, for then Rome would not have fallen; not even in culture, for if it did the power of Greece would not have waned, but, as a well-known writer has said: "A nation's destiny lies in its character, in the principles which govern its policy, and bear rule in the hearts of its citizens."

—EDITH B. MARROW, '99.

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#### A GOOD WIN.

"OH, no, George. There's no attachment between us. We have always lived in Portland, and have grown up playmates together. I like to tease her about Bowdoin because she is so down on Bates—but that's all. If you want an introduction I should be pleased to give it to you."

"Thanks, awfully, dear friend, I wish you would."

The speakers were two Bates graduates, spending part of their vacation at the Ocean View House, Block Island. The girl referred to was a slender blonde, of medium height, and had just gone down the hotel steps.

"She's a very pretty girl, I think," said Cameron, as he watched her passing swiftly from his sight.

The introduction took place that evening, and, to make a long story short, it was only a few days before Cameron was deeply in love with this charming young woman. However, before they reached any definite understanding, Miss Goodwin returned to her home in Portland, and Cameron to his business in Springfield.

In the meantime, Eastman had begun to find the playmate of his early life more attractive than ever; and once or twice, when Cameron had been monopolizing her company, Eastman went off muttering to himself, "I don't see how she can endure the company of that Cameron."

Shortly after he returned home, the term at the Harvard Law

School began, and he was obliged to commence work. During the next few months, Eastman saw very little of his former playmate or Cameron. At Christmas time, however, he was unpleasantly reminded of the latter, by finding on Miss Goodwin's desk, one day, an exquisitely bound volume of Longfellow's poems, on the fly leaf of which was inscribed, "From your friend, G. R. Cameron."

"I don't know why I dislike that fellow so," he thought, "Grace is nothing to me. She's just like a sister. It's none of my business whom she corresponds with, or who gives her presents." Nevertheless he returned to the law school with an injured feeling; a feeling which he could not explain satisfactorily, even to himself.

Days and weeks went by. Eastman decided to go home every month for the rest of the year, but always returned dissatisfied with himself. At length the school year closed. This year Eastman spent much of his vacation with a classmate in northern Vermont. While there he did not fail to write frequently to Miss Goodwin, who was spending her vacation at home.

As the time drew near for another year at the law school to open, Eastman returned to his home in Portland. The remainder of the vacation passed quickly. Soon he was back, hard at work. Now he resolved to go home once in two weeks.

During his first visit home, which was the second Sunday in October, Eastman called on Miss Goodwin, and the two young people engaged in a discussion on foot-ball.

"I tell you, Grace," said Eastman, "Bates is going to more than beat Bowdoin this year. Why do you still support Bowdoin? While your brother was there it was all right for you to do so, but now—why don't you desert the sinking ship?"

"The sinking ship, indeed!" was the scornful reply, with flashing eyes. "I'll bet you anything that Bowdoin will win the game."

"I'll take it. What do you want to bet?"

"Oh, I don't know. Call it a necktie against a pair of kid gloves. Number six, you know, for you might as well buy them now."

"Possibly, but then we can't always tell."

Two weeks later, the Sunday before the Bowdoin game, Eastman called again. While there, Miss Goodwin innocently asked, "Have you bought that pair of gloves yet? The game comes next Saturday."

He did not reply. She looked up surprised.

"Why, what's the matter?" she said. "You are not going back on your promise so quick, are you?"

"No, Grace, but I want to change the bet. In place of the necktie"—he stopped and cleared his throat. "In place of the necktie I—I want you to put yourself."

"To put myself! What do you mean, you silly fellow?"

"Just what I said. If Bates wins the game will you be my wife?"

"Why no, of course not. Didn't you know that I was going to be an old maid?"

"Grace, if Bates wins the game will you be my wife? Don't evade the question, please."

"Truly, Fred, there is no chance whatever of Bates winning that game, so such a bet would be very foolish."

"If that be so, you will be safe enough. So why not agree to it?"

"Well, if you insist upon it I suppose I can."

"Thank you," he said.

On the Wednesday following, Miss Goodwin received a note which read thus :

"DEAR GRACE:

If you and your brother intend to visit friends in Lewiston this week I suppose you will be at the contest next Saturday. I shall endeavor to be there and will see you directly after the game.

Sincerely yours,

FRED."

The morning of October 29th promised a clear, cool day. About noon clouds gathered and at two a heavy mist fell. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, shortly before three a large crowd had assembled at Lee Park to witness a struggle which promised to be exciting and of unusual interest.

A few minutes before the game was called, Miss Goodwin appeared, dressed in black, with white gloves, and white on her hat. She carried in her hand a white banner with an embroidered B in black, thus showing her loyalty to her favorite college.

She was accompanied by her brother and a young lady friend. They had just taken their seats near the center of the main grand stand when a loud "Boom-a-lak-a, Boom, Bates, Boom" was heard from the grand stand of the Bates students.

Miss Goodwin turned to her brother and said with a sigh, "Do they think they are going to win?"

"Never mind, let them cheer now," replied her brother. "We'll do the cheering later on. Just look at the two teams. See how small and weak the Bates fellows look compared with our boys. We have had an excellent coach for a week, and I am sure we will win. At any rate let us hope."

The end of the first half came—Bates, 6; Bowdoin, 0. Miss Goodwin felt uneasy. "Oh, dear," she uttered, "What is the matter? Why hasn't Bowdoin scored?"

The intermission only prolonged the anxiety of the Bowdoin supporters. At length the second half was commenced. More cheering was sent up for Bates.

A few seats back of the Goodwins sat Fred Eastman. As the minutes went by and Bowdoin failed to score he began to feel easy. "It looks as if Bates had won the game and I the——"

Just then the visiting team was advancing the ball as fast as possible until the ten-yard line was reached. Eastman was somewhat disturbed for fear a touchdown might be gained, and if so possibly they would kick the goal and then there would be a tie. He thought Bowdoin luck was at hand. But no. The Bates men worked bravely and prevented a touchdown by the visiting eleven.

Eastman glanced at Miss Goodwin. How pretty she looked as she leaned forward utterly absorbed in the playing! "If Bates only wins this game, I win her," he thought.

A few minutes more remained in which to play. These were full of nervous excitement. At length the whistle blew and the game was over. Bates had won, and the air rang wildly with cheers from her loyal enthusiasts.

A few hasty steps and Eastman stood beside Miss Goodwin. "Well, Grace, we have won the game."

For a moment she made no reply. Then looking up, with tears in her eyes, "Yes," she said, smiling through the tears, "you have won the game."

Grace Goodwin has decided to desert the "sinking ship." Next year she will carry a banner of garnet and white, and from now on she will be a loyal supporter of Bates.

—BERTHA M. BROWN, '99.

#### HERO-WORSHIP.

"TO the military attitude of the soul," writes Emerson, "we give the name of Heroism." The word hero, from its derivation, means "God-like." Thus a true hero means to us one who possesses all the noblest virtues with which man is endowed; it means the man who, with conquering hand, and by the light of divine truth, gives his service to some noble purpose or ideal. This demands the highest qualities of mind and soul; a keen intellect to know and judge, a pure and lofty soul to feel and inspire.

Napoleon conquered nations, and raised himself to be the first man in Europe; the world rang with his praises. Admiration and honor must be rendered to his almost superhuman energy and his grand intellect. But can we worship a man whose only aim was self-aggrandizement, whose soul was dead? The intellect, so that it may not go astray, must be fed by the soul.

It is the union of both these forces that gives to Shakespeare's genius its immortality. Struggling under disgrace and ignominy during his life, he yet has given to the world the wide knowledge and understanding that are the wonder of nations; the deep wisdom and spirituality that are the inspiration of countless hearts. This is the real hero whom we may follow, love, whom we may worship.

Hero-worship is not an ancient idea, which modern civilization has outgrown. It is ever present with humanity. Men must, with love and admiration, reach out from themselves to characters above and beyond them. With the advance of knowledge, the hero has lost the divine attributes once accorded to him, but he still reigns with a power, though lessened, undeniably certain and forcible. It is because we look upon the hero as merely human, that his influence goes so widely throughout our land, uplifting, inspiring, ennobling.

The worship of a hero implies a close acquaintance with him, with his acts, his thoughts, his aims. We look up to him as a man of like faculties as ourselves, but of capabilities far higher, grander than our own. We may surround him with a glory not really his. But if we see and feel it, it is real to us, and only augments the beautiful power of his sway.

This veneration for the hero, as adherence to any object too high for our grasp, brings the subjection of the merely selfish and egotistical in our nature. It is impossible for a man to develop a strong and noble character who lives only in and to himself. Let him behold the truth and beauty of another's nature and rightly perceive the grandeur and nobility of a "God-like" man; his own petty ambitions sink into the background, his spirit receives a new impetus, and self is swallowed up in the great sea of loftier purpose which the hero has awakened in him.

Yet the hero is not so far separated from his fellow-men that his attainments seem to them impossible. Rather, he furnishes a definite goal for their ambition. With their eyes fixed on him as their earthly guide, they advance with the hopes of those who tread a path some mortal has trod successfully before them. His glory shines

ever before their eyes, urging them on to their best effort, their truest accomplishment. He stands as on the height of attainment, declaring to them what he has done, pointing out to them the course to follow. They receive of his strength. Through him they get nearer the ideal of life, nearer the harmonious beauty which underlies the seemingly cruel struggle.

The hero's nature, of itself, gives forth to those who know and love it, new incentives to duty, creates purer aspirations, for truth and right. The worship of the hero must, indeed, presuppose primarily that like qualities exist in the worshiper with the hero, though in a much lower degree. For we will admire only what we ourselves can appreciate and acknowledge as good. But a continued reverence for something too high and noble for common men begets, in the devotee, a fuller knowledge of the really grand and beautiful, a firmer allegiance to the truest and best. Our companionship with goodness and earnestness must always, though perhaps unconsciously, arouse the best in us and stimulate it to a larger growth, as the sunshine quickens the plant.

But it is only to those who worship at his shrine that the hero can bestow these gifts. It is only a true worshiper who can recognize a true hero. But for those who will worship are prepared wise counsels, the fruits of noble experience; gifts as rare and sweet as we may hope for on this earth.

It has been written that we need two lights to guide our uncertain journey here, the great light at the harbor of life, and a little candle to bear with us on the journey. The great light stands there above, illumining the whole world, while the candle shines only upon our simple path. Hero-worship is like the candle. It gives a small, flickering flame that fades away in the beams of the one Sublime Light. But if we are faithful it will lead us truly up, nearer the perfectness of life, a little nearer God.

—EDITH A. KELLEY, '99.

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“A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.”

THE long summer day was drawing idly to a close. From the meadows near by came the scent of new-mown hay, while over beyond towered the lofty mountains, rising one above another in majestic splendor. The world was a fairy-land that afternoon to Laura Davis as she lay in the hammock under the shady trees, and drank in the charm and restfulness of the scene. Fresh from col-

lege and wearied by the physical and mental strain of long months of study, Laura had come to Deerforth to enjoy, for a few months, the quiet and freedom of her auntie's country home.

Just at this moment Miss Laura was not in a very pleasant frame of mind; there was an intruder in her fairy-land. For that very noon there had come to the farm-house a young man, pleading ill-health and desiring board for the summer. Aunt Jane, eager to realize a little nest-egg of her own, and thinking that her niece would be less lonesome, had consented to board the stranger.

"It is just too bad to have all my delicious, long-hoped-for rest disturbed by a man! I shall have to dress up every day, and be bored by that invalid's accounts of his aches and pains! But he is rather good looking; how amusing that he should see me at dinner in that old dress of Aunt Jane's. He must have thought me a dreadful fright!" mused Laura as she swung dreamily back and forth.

Her thoughts were suddenly disturbed by a slight noise and, starting up, she heard voices speaking behind the latticed, vine-covered arbor near her hammock. It was Mr. Allen, the new boarder, and his friend who had come with him to see him safely settled.

"Well, Ted, I envy you your opportunities for enjoyment this summer. That girl was pretty enough to suit even your fastidious taste, in spite of the ill-fitting and unbecoming dress."

"Hush," said Mr. Allen, "some one may overhear—and let us improve our opportunities for German once more before you go. The girl,"—dropping into slow and labored German—"is a sort of niece, I think, probably works her board and schooling. I shall stick to my books and explore the country as soon as I am stronger. I have no desire for a flirtation with a simpering country maid!"

"I am glad you are thus resolved, for I shall try and run down to see you occasionally, and I want no opposition when I cultivate fraulein's acquaintance."

"All right, my fate does not await me here in the form of an ignorant village girl—I'll wager. Let's go down and see the view from the lake."

And off they strolled, leaving Miss Laura with a new and apparently amusing thought.

"Country maiden! I'll show him whether a country girl is not as good as a city belle. I have an idea. Oh, if only auntie will consent to my scheme!"

When Mr. Allen returned, he found supper awaiting him, and as he took his seat opposite Aunt Jane, he noticed that Aunt Jane's niece had very white hands for his ideas of farm life. But such a dress! he dismissed the unpleasant subject from his mind.

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Napoleon conquered nations, and raised himself to be the first man in Europe; the world rang with his praises. Admiration and honor must be rendered to his almost superhuman energy and his grand intellect. But can we worship a man whose only aim was self-aggrandizement, whose soul was dead? The intellect, so that it may not go astray, must be fed by the soul.

It is the union of both these forces that gives to Shakespeare's genius its immortality. Struggling under disgrace and ignominy during his life, he yet has given to the world the wide knowledge and understanding that are the wonder of nations; the deep wisdom and spirituality that are the inspiration of countless hearts. This is the real hero whom we may follow, love, whom we may worship.

Hero-worship is not an ancient idea, which modern civilization has outgrown. It is ever present with humanity. Men must, with love and admiration, reach out from themselves to characters above and beyond them. With the advance of knowledge, the hero has lost the divine attributes once accorded to him, but he still reigns with a power, though lessened, undeniably certain and forcible. It is because we look upon the hero as merely human, that his influence goes so widely throughout our land, uplifting, inspiring, ennobling.

The worship of a hero implies a close acquaintance with him, with his acts, his thoughts, his aims. We look up to him as a man of like faculties as ourselves, but of capabilities far higher, grander than our own. We may surround him with a glory not really his. But if we see and feel it, it is real to us, and only augments the beautiful power of his sway.

This veneration for the hero, as adherence to any object too high for our grasp, brings the subjection of the merely selfish and egotistical in our nature. It is impossible for a man to develop a strong and noble character who lives only in and to himself. Let him behold the truth and beauty of another's nature and rightly perceive the grandeur and nobility of a "God-like" man; his own petty ambitions sink into the background, his spirit receives a new impetus, and self is swallowed up in the great sea of loftier purpose which the hero has awakened in him.

Yet the hero is not so far separated from his fellow-men that his attainments seem to them impossible. Rather, he furnishes a definite goal for their ambition. With their eyes fixed on him as their earthly guide, they advance with the hopes of those who tread a path some mortal has trod successfully before them. His glory shines

ever before their eyes, urging them on to their best effort, their truest accomplishment. He stands as on the height of attainment, declaring to them what he has done, pointing out to them the course to follow. They receive of his strength. Through him they get nearer the ideal of life, nearer the harmonious beauty which underlies the seemingly cruel struggle.

The hero's nature, of itself, gives forth to those who know and love it, new incentives to duty, creates purer aspirations, for truth and right. The worship of the hero must, indeed, presuppose primarily that like qualities exist in the worshiper with the hero, though in a much lower degree. For we will admire only what we ourselves can appreciate and acknowledge as good. But a continued reverence for something too high and noble for common men begets, in the devotee, a fuller knowledge of the really grand and beautiful, a firmer allegiance to the truest and best. Our companionship with goodness and earnestness must always, though perhaps unconsciously, arouse the best in us and stimulate it to a larger growth, as the sunshine quickens the plant.

But it is only to those who worship at his shrine that the hero can bestow these gifts. It is only a true worshiper who can recognize a true hero. But for those who will worship are prepared wise counsels, the fruits of noble experience; gifts as rare and sweet as we may hope for on this earth.

It has been written that we need two lights to guide our uncertain journey here, the great light at the harbor of life, and a little candle to bear with us on the journey. The great light stands there above, illumining the whole world, while the candle shines only upon our simple path. Hero-worship is like the candle. It gives a small, flickering flame that fades away in the beams of the one Sublime Light. But if we are faithful it will lead us truly up, nearer the perfectness of life, a little nearer God.

—EDITH A. KELLEY, '99.

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“A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.”

**T**HE long summer day was drawing idly to a close. From the meadows near by came the scent of new-mown hay, while over beyond towered the lofty mountains, rising one above another in majestic splendor. The world was a fairy-land that afternoon to Laura Davis as she lay in the hammock under the shady trees, and drank in the charm and restfulness of the scene. Fresh from col-

lege and wearied by the physical and mental strain of long months of study, Laura had come to Deerforth to enjoy, for a few months, the quiet and freedom of her auntie's country home.

Just at this moment Miss Laura was not in a very pleasant frame of mind; there was an intruder in her fairy-land. For that very noon there had come to the farm-house a young man, pleading ill-health and desiring board for the summer. Aunt Jane, eager to realize a little nest-egg of her own, and thinking that her niece would be less lonesome, had consented to board the stranger.

"It is just too bad to have all my delicious, long-hoped-for rest disturbed by a man! I shall have to dress up every day, and be bored by that invalid's accounts of his aches and pains! But he is rather good looking; how amusing that he should see me at dinner in that old dress of Aunt Jane's. He must have thought me a dreadful fright!" mused Laura as she swung dreamily back and forth.

Her thoughts were suddenly disturbed by a slight noise and, starting up, she heard voices speaking behind the latticed, vine-covered arbor near her hammock. It was Mr. Allen, the new boarder, and his friend who had come with him to see him safely settled.

"Well, Ted, I envy you your opportunities for enjoyment this summer. That girl was pretty enough to suit even your fastidious taste, in spite of the ill-fitting and unbecoming dress."

"Hush," said Mr. Allen, "some one may overhear—and let us improve our opportunities for German once more before you go. The girl,"—dropping into slow and labored German—"is a sort of niece, I think, probably works her board and schooling. I shall stick to my books and explore the country as soon as I am stronger. I have no desire for a flirtation with a simpering country maid!"

"I am glad you are thus resolved, for I shall try and run down to see you occasionally, and I want no opposition when I cultivate fraulein's acquaintance."

"All right, my fate does not await me here in the form of an ignorant village girl—I'll wager. Let's go down and see the view from the lake."

And off they strolled, leaving Miss Laura with a new and apparently amusing thought.

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could not understand how she had so little taste for dress—those homely print gowns would have made a less beautiful woman an object of ridicule in his eyes. She seemed so bound up in her country home, she persisted in helping her aunt in all the various and hard tasks of the house. His better nature went out to this girl as it never had to any one else, but his foolish pride and fear of the world's criticisms were stronger still. He had not the slightest doubt he could win the girl should he try, and yet her plebeian surroundings, her ignorance of the ways of the world, the anticipated sneers of his friends—all these strove with the pure love which was coming more and more to control him.

And Laura—in spite of her determination to punish this disturber of her summer's peace—found herself strangely softened at times, and again and again she would half resolve to carry on the farce no longer.

One day Mr. Allen came to beg Aunt Jane to let his aunt and cousin come to Deerforth to board for a week with him. The night they arrived, Laura was out rowing, and when she returned, hearing voices on the piazza, stole around to the back door to her room. As she was crossing the hall, she stopped, and then a look of perplexity spread over her face. She leaned forward and listened intently. She could not be mistaken. That was the voice of her room-mate and dearest college friend. Then the truth flashed across her and a mischievous smile spread over her face.

She went to her room, chose from her long-neglected wardrobe the prettiest dress there, and arrayed herself in it. Her face was flushed with excitement, and her eyes sparkled with suppressed merriment as she went down the stairs. Mr. Allen heard her coming, and rose.

"Miss Laura, let me"—and then he stopped. Who was this? Not the companion of his happy summer, a simple country girl, but a beautiful woman, dressed with faultless taste, moving with an air of perfect self-possession toward him. And then, to his surprise, his cousin gave a pleased cry, and the two girls were clasped in each other's arms.

During the girls' chatter which followed, he sat by silently, his amazement slowly changing to dismay as he realized that the country girl of his summer was the city-bred and college-trained beauty of whom he had heard so much from his cousin's letters, but whom he had never known.

But why had she played this trick on him? This was the question which he studied over and over during the days that followed. The print frocks were cast aside now, and he learned to know Laura Davis as the world knew her—and yet, such is the inconsistency of man, he liked her better as she had been when, in her guise of simplicity, she had taught him to love her.

One evening, as he was returning from the post-office, he perceived a slight, familiar form moving ahead of him. In a moment he was at her side.

“Miss Laura—you out alone, at this hour?”

“I had an errand for auntie and your cousin could not go with me; moreover, a country girl”—very demurely—“is never afraid.”

“Miss Laura, why did you make me think you had spent all your life here, that your home and heart were centered in this stupid little town? Why did you wear those ridiculous cotton dresses? Surely there must be some reason! Laura,” and he paused, and tried to look into her eyes, but her face was turned aside. “Laura, my darling, have you not read my secret? I love you, dear, and this summer, as you have unfolded yourself to me day by day, I have begun to see what life might mean to me with you always near. Tell me, dear, can you not love me a little?”

Somehow it didn't seem such a good joke to Laura as she had imagined it would. She began to wonder if she hadn't been foolish to deceive him as she had. A whip-poor-will called out through the woods, and somehow her heart seemed to answer its call. Was this love, this strange, delicious sensation which thrilled her through and through?

“Laura, will you not answer me, dear? As you stand there you remind me of those German lines:

“Du bist wie eine Blume  
So hold and schön und rein.”

At the familiar sound of the German the girl's face changed—a hardened look crossed it, and unconsciously becoming more erect, she looked him firmly in the face and, with perfect German accent, repeated:

“I have no desire for a flirtation with a simpering country maid. My fate does not await me here in the form of a simple village girl—I'll wager!” Are you satisfied, Mr. Allen?”

Like a flash the truth came over him, and for a moment he stood dumbfounded.

"Laura, must I suffer all my life for a foolish speech before I even knew you? Do not answer me thus, Laura!"

"The simple country girl was not your equal, Mr. Allen, your pride stood between you and her. But Miss Davis, the wealthy friend of your cousin, is worthy of your deepest homage. After this, remember, Mr. Allen, that true nobility may be found in a humble village home as well as in a city mansion. But I see auntie coming, and I will go to meet her. Mr. Allen, I will say good-night—and—and good-by also, for I leave to-morrow for home. Auf wiederseh—"

And a moment later he heard her light step down the road, gradually fainter and fainter until, at last, it died away in the distance.

—'99.

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### Bates Verse.

#### GOD'S "THANK YOU."

I have labored long and earnest,  
Toiled for others all the day,  
Tried to useful be, and helpful,  
Some kind thing to do or say;  
No one seems to understand me,  
Tears I scarcely can restrain,  
Not a word of thanks to cheer me—  
Are my efforts all in vain?

Darkness falls, heaven's tears descend  
While sympathetic star-eyes shine.  
Loving, tender, God my father,  
Whispers to this heart of mine,  
"Thank you, child, be not discouraged,  
You have tried to do your best.  
Thank you, child." It is God's thank you,  
Bringing peace and joy and rest. —W. T., '99.

#### SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

As Sunshine descended, resplendent with power,  
He met his poor brother, unfortunate Shower.  
"Well, Sunshine," said Shower, "'tis a horrible day."  
"Fine weather, indeed," Sunshine hastened to say.  
"Ah, no," growled Shower, "there's a damp, cold breeze.  
All things are uncomfortable; look at those trees!  
"Their branches are leafless, a most wretched sight."  
Then Sunshine made answer, "Their branches unite."  
"They rest from their labor united in love,  
And with bare arms uplifted seek heaven above."

"Each tree, my dear brother, more sunlight receives  
 Than when, earth-encumbered, they struggled with leaves."  
 "Just hear that brook growling!" said Shower with a sigh.  
 "'Tis singing," was bright Sunshine's ready reply.  
 "I'll hasten," said Shower, "to fall on the world."  
 "By my smile," said Sunshine, "you will be imperaled." —W. T., '99.

## A PICTURE.

When October's frosty breath  
 Turns the leaves to gold and red,  
 And the merry little songsters  
 To a warmer home have fled,  
 There comes to my mind a picture  
 Of a woman, old and gray,  
 Whose trembling hand and feeble step  
 Her fourscore years betray.  
 From an oaken chest she is taking  
 Her treasures once again,  
 While the quavering voice is humming  
 The notes of an old refrain.  
 I can see the dim eyes brighten,  
 As the frail old hands caress  
 The silken folds, so faded now,  
 Of her mother's wedding dress.  
 On a shining silver buckle,  
 She pauses to press a kiss,  
 As tenderly she murmurs,  
 "My dear sister once wore this."  
 A huge old pewter platter;  
 The buttons on "grandpa's" coat;  
 A piece of yellow parchment;  
 The letter that "brother" wrote.  
 Those were but few of the treasures  
 Contained in that bountiful store.  
 All tokens of the loved ones  
 Who were now on the other shore.  
 . . . . .  
 Like a sermon is the picture,  
 Teaching us to spend our years  
 That the tokens of our loved ones  
 Bring the smiles and not the tears.  
 And it proves, beyond a question,  
 That death can never sever  
 The love-ties which have bound  
 The family home together.  
 Then, loving words and kindly actions  
 Let us plant for memory's own,  
 And we'll gather a priceless harvest,  
 For we'll reap what we have sown.

—P. S., 1900.



## Around the Editors' Table.

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A SHORT, interesting story appeared in our last number, entitled "A Fool," which we find with so many characteristics, both in plan and phraseology, as to excite comment from the reading public. This story is, in fact, very similar to a story by E. B. Piercy, entitled "Romance on Wheels," which is published in the September number for 1897 of the *New Illustrated Magazine*, and the STUDENT wishes to give credit to whom credit is due.

The STUDENT Board, and especially the Class of '99, who is responsible for the reputation of our magazine, regrets the sharp criticism under which our paper has been placed, and is pained at the thought, that any member of our number could so far forget himself as to contribute an article of this kind for publication as an original part, which was taken almost word for word from the work and inventions of another.

We believe in and encourage any person literarily inclined to study the ideas and suggestions and the styles of the masters in art and literature, and to give them out again in their own way and language; but we warn any one against giving out the inventions and ideas of another as his own. It not only brings criticism upon the magazine, but it heaps disgrace upon the offender.

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CHILDREN and invalids often are advised and guided in the matter of diet by their elders or physicians. In general, the simple are directed by the wise, the weak by the mighty. Narrowing these broad, but impromptu maxims to the precincts of Bates College, we will proceed to discourse in terms less vague, hence not so pleasing. We maintain that we are here for development—moral, intellectual, and social. Attendance is compulsory at chapel and recitations; we attend. Attendance is not compulsory at Society, and there are some of us who are too often conspicuous by our absence. It is maintained by many, and not without reason, that the societies are a feature the college could least sacrifice. Are we such weaklings and invalids that we avail ourselves of opportunities only under compulsion? If so we had best return to apron-strings

and the nursery. It is our duty to ourselves, our friends, and our society that, on all reasonable occasions, we should appear on Friday evening. If circumstance forbids, it is to be regretted; if personal inclination or natural laziness, it is to be lamented. The high standing of three societies has been attained only by effort. This high standing can be maintained and raised still higher by effort alone. Nor is this effort a duty to be grudged, but a privilege and a pleasure.

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IT is by no means a new thought to the real philanthropist that the man who would help others must also attend to his own case, but the majority of people have yet to comprehend this truth. The spirit of real helpfulness can never be anything but a beneficence; but when in casting about for something to take the place of the work that is ours to do, we fall upon some task of our neighbor's, and with tacit or declared argument claim that we are doing right because we are lifting our neighbor's burdens, then it is that we cheat ourselves and waste the right in defending the wrong. "Bear ye one another's burdens." True enough, but "Let every man bear his own burdens." If we bear another's burdens when we should be bearing our own, we cast back upon the world the work that we ourselves should have done, and we also cast upon the world our own soul weakened and enervated by the habit of shirking our own appointed task and taking refuge in specious sentiment. "If a man would be altruistic," says Spencer, "he must first be egoistic." The progress of the race depends upon the development of the individual, and development, like charity, "must begin at home" or it is naught.

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AS the end of the term approaches and our time is taken up in so many ways, we may not realize that we are omitting a usual part of the term's work, unless our attention is called to the fact. But such is the case.

Until last year it had been a time-honored custom for each literary society to close the work of the fall term with a public meeting, held in the chapel, to which all students and their friends were invited. Last year such meetings were not held for various reasons, but principally on account of the expense, which neither Piæria nor the two older societies felt that the condition of their treasuries would warrant them in incurring at that time.

This year the question has naturally come up again and has been quite thoroughly discussed. Of course there are arguments to be considered on both sides, but unless something definite is decided, every fall will witness this same discussion. Now the programmes presented on these occasions were invariably the result of hard work on the part of the members, and showed to the friends of the students the work which was being done by the literary societies. This was decidedly an advantage. But there is no doubt that these meetings tended to increase to undue proportions the spirit of rivalry which, though in some degree necessary to the life and best work of the societies, is not an end to be sought.

Then, again, our chapel is not large enough to accommodate any number of visitors, besides the student body, as we had abundant reason to know from its crowded condition at public exercises last summer. The method of admission by ticket, which has been tried in some cases, has never proved very satisfactory. These difficulties would not be remedied by following out the suggestion which has been made that all three societies should unite and combine their talent in one programme, though this would seem to offer the best solution.

But as to reviving old customs to the extent of holding three public meetings at the end of the fall term, the advantage to be gained does not seem to overbalance the amount of money, time, and work which would have to be spent upon them, and for the present we shall probably obtain the best results if we devote our energies toward making our regular meetings as interesting and profitable as possible.

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#### THE ALUMNI DINNER.

The fifteenth annual dinner of the alumni of Bates College will occur at Young's Hotel, Boston, on Friday, December 23, 1898. The business meeting of the Bates Alumni Association will be held at 5 P.M., and dinner will be served at 6 P.M. All graduates of the college are invited and urged to be present. All desiring to do so will bring friends to the dinner, either ladies or gentlemen.

Professor H. S. Cowell, principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., is president of the Association for the year, and is making every effort to assure an enjoyable meeting. Short speeches and much sociability will be the order of the evening. As many as find attendance possible will feel repaid for the effort.

L. J. BRACKETT, *Secretary.*

BOSTON, November 18, 1898.

## Alumni Round-Table.

### WHAT IS LIFE?

WHEN the first missionaries from Rome entered England they found the flaxen-haired Englishmen not the easiest converts they had met. It is related of one old chieftain that he refused to accept the new religion unless the monks could tell him whence life came and where it goes after death. "What is this life of ours?" he asked. "To me," he said, "it is like the bird of passage that enters our council room, and circling about for a moment in search of some resting place, flies out of the open door, and is gone." Men of religion, of science, and of philosophy, have in turn repeated the old chief's query, and who will say that a final answer has been given? There is not one definition of life that satisfies the requirements of a definition.

The world of phenomena presents itself in two aspects, the mental and the physical, the phenomena of mind and matter. Life also presents itself in two aspects—physical and physiological, which are absolutely distinct. Life is inseparably associated with a peculiar chemical substance known as protoplasm. It differs from all other known substances in manifesting the phenomena of life.

It is a matter of daily experience that lifeless matter is changed to living, and that the living in turn becomes lifeless. Lifeless matter as food enters animals and plants, and in turn passes out of them in the lifeless state. Thus matter is transformed in never-ceasing cycles. A living animal or plant has been likened to a fountain or flame into which and out of which matter is constantly streaming, while the fountain or flame maintains its characteristic form and individuality. A striking analogy between a living being and a whirlpool has been made. The whirlpool is permanent, but the particles which compose it are constantly changing.

How, then, it will be asked, if dead matter is constantly becoming living in animals and plants, does living matter differ from dead? Chemically it must be inferred living protoplasm does not differ from lifeless protoplasm. This is, of course, an inference, for the moment an attempt is made to analyze living matter it is killed. Chemical analyses show that the protoplasm when dead is composed of a fairly definite number of chemical elements. That living protoplasm is the same chemically as dead protoplasm is evidenced

by the fact that it weighs exactly the same, and if anything escapes at death it is imponderable, and therefore not material. It must, therefore, be concluded that a chemical element peculiar to living matter does not exist.

What is the difference between the living and the dead? It is not a difference in structure. This is the same under the microscope when alive as when freshly killed. Protoplasm, both living and dead, is alveolar in structure. It appears to be a mass of alveolar spaces filled with a substance called chylema, and surrounded by films of a different kind of substance called plasm, both liquid. Which of these substances is the true living substance is not known, but there are strong reasons for believing that the plasm is the living part of the protoplasm.

Living substance repairs its own waste by converting lifeless into living substances. Lifeless substance has not this power. When the repair of living substance exceeds the waste, growth results. Lifeless substances may also grow, but not in the manner of living substance. Living substance grows by the addition of new particles throughout its mass, while lifeless substances grow by the addition of new substances on the outside. Living and lifeless substances also differ in the manner of reproduction. New crystals may grow independently, while for the production of new living organisms pre-existing organisms are necessary.

There are several factors which condition vital action. These are temperature, moisture, chemical substances, electricity, pressure, light. Heat and cold affect the activities of animals and plants, but their capacity of adaptation to extremes of heat and cold is very great. Towards chemical substances protoplasm reacts in various ways. Some will not affect it. Some will either modify or destroy its activities. Light is a necessary condition of some life, but not of all. Pressure causes vital action to cease. Another internal condition of life is that a body known as the nucleus must always be present. This usually appears as a rounded body in the midst of a mass of living substance.

It used to be believed that the activities of living bodies were due to a force unlike the other known forces of nature, and this force was called the vital force. With the gradual acceptance of the law of conservation of energy this view has been gradually abandoned. It is now held that all the energy manifested by the activities of life is derived from the food that is eaten. Energy

stored up in food is set free by burning in the body, and manifests itself as heat, electricity, and mechanical movements.

—PROF H. V. NEAL, of KNOX College.

From the Peoria (Ill.) Journal.

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PERSONAL.

'67.—A. H. Heath, D.D., of St. Johnsbury, Vt., has published a sermon delivered by him at Tabor Academy.

'68.—Joseph H. Freeman is Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Illinois. His address is Springfield, Ill.

'70.—E. A. Nash, who for some time has been connected with the Pullman Car Company, was recently in Lewiston.

'71.—George W. Flint was elected to the presidency of Storrs Agricultural College, and entered upon his new duties July 1st. Mr. Flint, former principal of Collinsville High School, "has been a leading educator in this country for twenty years. He is an active member of the Connecticut Association of Classical and High School Teachers, and is connected with its executive committee. In addition to the duties as principal of the Collinsville High School he has had the practical management of the public school graded system in the place for years, and is in advance with modern ideas of school equipment and administration."—*The Hartford Times*.

'72.—C. A. Bickford, D.D., delivered an eloquent sermon on "Peace," at Ocean Park convention, which is to be published.

'72.—John A. Jones, formerly city engineer of Lewiston, is surveyor for the Garcelon Athletic Field.

'74.—Charles S. Frost, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Somerville, Mass., has just dedicated a new church edifice.

'74.—Rev. J. H. Hoffman is settled over the Congregational Church, New Haven, Vt.

'75.—Prof. A. T. Salley, D.D., gave a sermon before the Free Baptist delegates at Ocean Park, which is to be published.

'75.—A. T. Salley is president of the Michigan Association of Free Baptists.

'76.—E. Whitney has moved from Orange, Mass., to Washington, D. C., where he has a position as clerk in a government department.

'76.—E. R. Goodwin, principal of Worcester Commercial College, was the sole judge for awarding prizes, for Amherst College essays on oratory, submitted at commencement.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins, principal of Malden High School, was in

attendance at the College and Preparatory Association, held at Springfield, Mass., October 14th and 15th.

'80.—W. A. Hoyt, principal of Normal School, Brookfield, Mass., has recently lost his wife.

'81.—W. W. Hayden is pastor of the Madison Free Baptist Church, with which the Maine Free Baptist Association has recently held its annual convention.

'81.—W. P. Foster, Esq., of Boston, had a poem published in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* which attracted wide attention, entitled "The Captive." Mr. Foster also had a poem published in the July number of the same magazine.

'82.—I. M. Norcross, superintendent of schools, Weymouth, Mass., is secretary of Massachusetts Superintendents' Association, which held its last session at Springfield, October 13, 1898.

'82.—O. H. Tracy, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Boston, has recently dedicated a very fine church edifice.

'82.—Rev. John C. Perkins is president of the Portland Ministers' Association.

'83.—Rev. W. H. Barber is pastor of the Methodist Church, North Auburn.

'84.—E. H. Emery is in charge of an important government signal station, New York City.

'85.—Rev. G. A. Downey is pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Lyndon Center, Vt.

'85.—A. B. Morrill is a successful principal at Easthampton.

'86.—Prof. W. H. Hartshorn is giving a course of lectures on Ruskin before the Ladies' Shakespeare Club of Lewiston.

'87.—Rev. Israel Jordan preached at Main Street Free Baptist Church at Lewiston, October 2d.

'87.—U. G. Wheeler and F. Whitney attended the superintendents' meeting, held at Springfield, October 13th.

'87.—John R. Dunton of Belfast has been admitted to practice law as a member of the Waldo County bar, having passed a creditable examination.

'88.—W. F. Tibbetts is doing graduate work in Chicago University, and is at the same time teacher of Latin in Kennan Institute, Chicago.

'89.—G. H. Libby is president of the Androscoggin County Teachers' Association.

'89.—C. J. Emerson is principal of the High School at Stoneham, Mass.

'90.—H. B. Davis is teacher of Sciences at Wilbraham Seminary, Wilbraham, Mass.

'90.—Prof. H. V. Neal, professor of Biology in Knox College, recently delivered a lecture under the auspices of the Peoria Scientific Association, on "What is Life?" This lecture, somewhat abridged, is given in another column of this STUDENT.

'90.—Rev. F. B. Nelson, pastor at Peru, visited Bates recently.

'91.—N. G. Howard, superintendent of schools, Hingham, Mass., who recently visited Bates, has a son.

'93.—W. T. Sims is principal of High School, Southborough.

'93.—M. W. Stickney is teacher of Sciences in Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

'93.—S. I. Graves, superintendent of the grammar school division, Gardiner, Me., has recently declined the flattering position as principal of the grammar school in Springfield, Mass., with an increased salary.

'94.—J. B. Hoag is principal of the grammar school at Woburn, Mass.

'94.—L. J. Brackett of Roxbury, Mass., has a son.

'95.—Miss E. E. Williams is teaching in Edward Little High School, Auburn.

'95.—Miss Mae Nash is teaching in Boston School of Expression, Copley Square, Boston.

'95.—W. S. C. Russell had a large class in Geology during the past vacation, made up of lady summer residents at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

'96.—Miss Alice Bonney is teaching in High School, Winthrop.

'97.—P. W. Brackett has recently lost his father.

'97.—Miss Blanche Porter is a teacher at Pennell Institute, Gray, Maine.

'98.—A. B. True is principal of Francis Academy, Francis, N. H.

'98.—Miss A. D. Weymouth is teacher at South Lewiston.

'98.—Miss Bessie Hayes has a position in Owen, Moore & Co.'s dry goods store, Portland.

'98.—Miss Persie Morrison is teaching in a grammar school, Bennington, Vt.

'98.—T. S. Bruce, Bates's famous guard, has the pleasure and honor of playing with the Newton A. A. this season. His work, as shown in the recent game with Yale, is up to the old standard, and is highly creditable to him and a source of pride to his *Alma Mater*.



## Local Department.

### GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Hearken, ye of 1900, listen to each coming word,  
 Do they not sound quite familiar, like to questions lately heard?  
 Turn to act the fourth, beginning, Where's the Duke upon the stage?  
 Where's Bassanio? Where's Antonio? How is Shylock, in a rage?  
 Why did Portia come to Venice, did she understand the law?  
 Did she mean to tell Bassanio all she did and heard and saw?  
 What made Portia tell those white lies, wouldn't black have done as well?  
 Was the hero seeking money, were the tales he told, a sell?  
 Why did Portia love Bassanio, not the Moor of great renown?  
 Why not Shylock or Lorenzo, why not Launcelot the clown?  
 Tell the state of Portia's feelings, was her wisdom from above?  
 Did she really trust Bassanio? Mr. J—, what is love?  
 What made Shakespeare have a Portia; was she tall, and full of grace?  
 And her age, young or uncertain? Was she plain or fair of face?  
 Leave that subject for a moment, take it up some later day.  
 Your attention for a moment to the origin of the play.  
 When and where was the play written? From what source derived the clue?  
 Do you think that ancient people thought of it the same as you?  
 Tell the tale of bonds and caskets. Has the play a good name got?  
 If it has, say why you think so; if it hasn't, say why not.  
 Last, the question that's a puzzle. Answer, ye who may.  
 Give the *scientific* reason. Why did Shakespeare write the play? —1900.

#### Champions of the State.

T. H. Scammon, '99, has returned.

Miss Varney, 1901, is with her class again.

R. B. Nason, ex-'99, recently spent a few days at Bates.

Bills for the STUDENT for 1898 are out. Have you settled?

Sophomore debates began Monday afternoon, November 21st.

The Geology Class enjoyed a walk to Rose Hill, November 9th.

Steam heat in Parker Hall is proving a very successful innovation.

Miss King, '99, has finished her school at Minot and rejoined her class.

A. M. Jones and A. W. Lowe, 1900, have recently returned to their studies.

Mr. Stetson, State Superintendent of Schools, addressed the students Wednesday evening, November 16th, under the auspices of the Debating League.

G. L. Griffin, 1900, assisted in the entertainment given by the Lewiston High School Athletic Association, Friday evening, October 21st. Mr. Griffin was easily the favorite of the evening.

Professor Leonard recently started on a geological expedition to Lake Auburn, escorting a select party of one. But a thoughtful young man of '99 appeared in time to prevent such a calamity.

Progress in the grading of the Athletic Field is watched with much interest. The place has been transformed since spring, and before long we hope to see a base-ball diamond becoming an actual fact.

At the annual convention of Androscoggin Teachers, held at West Minot, October 21st, Professor Geer gave a discourse on History, and Professor Leonard gave one on "Hints in Teaching Geography."

The Freshman declamations occurred in six divisions, and thirteen speakers were chosen to take part in the prize division which was held Monday afternoon, November 7th. The following programme was carried out:

## MUSIC.—PRAYER.—MUSIC.

The Old Surgeon's Story.  
The Apple-Tree.—Dunbar.  
Education.—Phillips.  
The Whistling Regiment.

Miss Murphy.  
Miss Pettengill.  
Lodge.  
Miss Merrill.

## MUSIC.

Rabbi Hirsch's Centennial Address.  
The Legend of the Organ-BUILDER.  
Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.  
Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu.—Scott.

Merry.  
Miss Miller.  
Miss Gosline.  
Roys.

## MUSIC.

The Negro Question.—Lincoln.  
The Soldier's Reprieve.—Mrs. Robbins.  
Genevra.—Rogers.  
The Cuban Question.—Depew.  
The Covenanters and Charles Stuart.—Wayland.

Sawyer.  
Ohol.  
Miss Babcock.  
Childs.  
Dexter.

## MUSIC.

## AWARDING OF PRIZES.

The judges, Rev. Mr. Durkee, Rev. Mr. Taylor, and Mrs. Rand, awarded the prize for young ladies to Miss Miller; for young gentlemen to Mr. Sawyer.

Hallowe'en was celebrated with appropriate ceremonies by each class. The Seniors, Juniors, and Freshmen all wended their way across the river and spent the evening with some of their Auburn classmates. 'Ninety-nine was made welcome at the home of Mr. Pulsifer, 1900 at Miss Small's, and 1902 at Miss Allen's. The Sophomores enjoyed themselves in the society rooms. The occasion proved a delightful one for all classes.

O. C. Merrill, '99, went to Waterville November 5th to confer with the delegate from Colby in regard to the formation of a dual league for debating. He reported at the meeting of the Debating League, November 7th, that Colby will not form such a league, but will meet Bates in a debating contest this winter. Arrangements are now being made for that debate.

Miss Ella M. Butts, who is well known at Bates as a missionary in India, addressed the Young Women's Christian Association, Monday evening, October 24th, describing life in India and her work there in a very interesting way. Wednesday evening she spoke before both associations. Her remarks were made more interesting by reference to the missionary map of the world, recently presented to the Y. M. C. A.

The Junior Term Debate for the prize offered by Judge Drew was held in the Main Street Church, Monday evening, November 7th. The question discussed was, "Should the United States enter into an alliance with Great Britain for mutual defense and the maintenance of the integrity of each other's territory?" and the argument for the affirmative was presented by Messrs. Ayer, Manter, and Butterfield; for the negative, by Messrs. Foster, Dennison, and Packard. The prize was awarded to the speakers on the affirmative. The judges were Hon. W. H. Judkins, W. B. Skelton, Esq., Rev. W. N. Thomas.

Six volumes have been purchased for the Library—Kidd, Control of the Tropics; Minto, Characteristics of English Poets; Minto, Manual of English Prose Literature; Timbs, Clubs; Neal Dow, Reminiscences, or, Recollections of Eighty Years. A report of the proceedings of the Bunker Hill Monument Association, for 1898, has been presented by the Association. A number of government documents, on various subjects, have been presented by the Superintendent of Documents, Washington, D. C. The Librarian is taking account of such documents now in the Library, that those which are wanting may be supplied.

President Chase recently made an announcement in chapel which has aroused much interest. A gift of twenty-five hundred dollars has been presented to the college by Mr. Lucius Clapp of Randolph, Mass., one thousand dollars to be used to endow a scholarship and the remainder to be put to such uses as the trustees see fit. President Chase explained the circumstances as follows: When he was in

Boston about three years ago, he received an invitation to speak before the Total Abstinence Society of Massachusetts. In his remarks he told the members of the society that Bates College was in hearty sympathy with their work, and mentioned the fact that all students entering Bates were required to sign a total abstinence pledge in matriculating. The society was so much interested in this statement that a copy of the pledge was published in its paper. Last summer President Chase received a letter from the secretary asking if the pledge was still required of students and asking him to send information on the subject to Mr. Clapp. He did so, and later received a letter from Mr. Clapp, telling of his interest in the institution, and inclosing a check for \$2,500.

ADDRESS BY CONGRESSMAN DINGLEY.

The first of the addresses given under the auspices of the Debating League, was given by Congressman Dingley, Thursday evening, October 10th. It was a strong and inspiring address, and especially so because Mr. Dingley's own successful career so well exemplifies the principles which he brought forward. In his opening words he tried to impress the vast opportunities now opening before the student, saying that students are soon to take upon themselves such responsibilities as no one has ever taken up before. This is a grand country and a grand age to live in. Better fifty years of life in such a republic as this, than a cycle in any monarchy on the face of the earth. Saying that he wished to speak on the subject, "Some Elements of Success," he gave it as a principle, that our success will depend upon our seizing opportunities, and work in school is a preparation for meeting opportunities. Large opportunities will never come to us unless we grasp the small ones. The passport to success in life is fidelity in the small things. The best rule for a successful life is to do everything well. Apply it to college life. You are preparing to meet the opportunities of life, working to discipline the mind, to train the observation, and learn to think and draw conclusions. Such training is necessary, and especially for political leaders. One trouble with some of them is that they have never been trained to think. But the only way to get this training is by hard work. There is no short and easy road to acquisition. If there is one royal road to culture, that is the royal road of hard work. An important part of education is reading. Never neglect study for reading, but read; yet not indiscriminately, for much of such reading is harmful. One good book thoroughly read and

digested is more valuable than a book-case full carelessly read. Especially read history. A good knowledge of this branch is necessary to every position, for history is philosophy teaching by example. Do not neglect the Bible in your reading. The Bible is the greatest book in the English language; it presents human nature in every phase in which it exists. Systematic industry is necessary to success. Here Mr. Dingley gave a very interesting account of one day's work as he does it at Washington. Another necessity is courage. It is true that a faint heart never won any prize, but no matter what the difficulties, the end will come out right if we keep our courage. Discouragement is a great danger to a young man or woman. Another element of success is the formation of true character. Though men of doubtful character may seem to succeed, the man who succeeds in the highest sense is a man of noble character, whose word is as good as his bond. The influential men in the House of Representatives are men of God. The man who enters upon life ready to seize opportunities, willing to work hard and systematically, and having the foundation for a sterling character, will be a useful citizen. We must realize that each citizen has a responsibility equal to that of any crown of Europe, since it is the citizens, not the legislators, who make our laws. The peculiarity of Anglo-Saxon government is that it is a government by the majority. The citizens divide into two great parties, the ultra-conservative holding on to the customs of the past, and the progressive, seeking for development. One tempers the other, and out of the clashing of the two comes a good government. Mr. Dingley closed his address by expressing his hearty interest in college students and their work, and stating his belief that the hope of the country is in the colleges, since those who are now students are the ones who, in various ways, are to shape our country's future.

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The gymnasium presented a lively scene, Saturday evening, after the victory of the foot-ball team in the game with Bowdoin. The students awoke the citizens in both Lewiston and Auburn on the electric car line, and then enjoyed a less noisy celebration in the gymnasium. The programme was varied when the news of the Colby game, the next week, arrived, to include a bonfire on Mount David.

## FOOT-BALL.

## BOWDOIN'S SONG—REVISED AND CORRECTED.

They heard that *Bates Academy*  
 Had hatched a foot-ball team,  
 Composed of all the wonders  
 That the world had ever seen,  
 And they came up from Brunswick  
 To dispel that idle dream  
 And take the foot-ball pennant back to Bowdoin.

Now, Bowdoin, was it such an easy thing?  
 And did you, really, have us "on a string?"  
 And if your "stuff was good enough  
 To do most anything"  
 Why took you not the pennant back to Bowdoin?

They came with all their legions  
 And our "farmers" dared not speak,  
 They taunted us with singing,  
 Timid Bates stood mum and meek;—  
 But Bowdoin, gray and boastful,  
 Showed with age she had grown weak,—  
 And so the pennant goes not back to Bowdoin.

Oh me! Oh my! 'Tis sad and yet 'tis true  
 That Bowdoin boasted e'er the game was through  
 And thought upon this bonny earth  
 Was nothing like her crew;  
 But when the game was o'er, Oh, where was Bowdoin!

Oh me! Oh my! 'twas sad and yet 'twas fun  
 To hear them sing before the game begun;  
 But, Oh, their voices failed them  
 When by Bates the game was won,  
 And they all empty-handed went to Bowdoin.

Again this year, as in 1897, Bates maintained her supremacy upon the Maine gridiron, and this without a score against her. The career of our representatives throughout the fall has clearly demonstrated that energy, not weight, that manliness and a determination to advance the ball, not ugliness and determination to injure some one, are the principal requisites to winning games. Three games have been played since the last issue, the first with Exeter, October 22d, Bates winning by a score of 18 to 11. But the greatest interest has naturally centered about the intercollegiate games with Bowdoin and Colby.

The game with Bowdoin occurred at Lee Park, October 29th, and was universally admitted to be the greatest contest ever held between Maine colleges. The play is briefly described below:

On the kick-off the ball went well into Bowdoin territory to Hunt, who advanced 12 yards. Next, on two end plays, Cloudman carried

the ball 16 yards, Hunt 10 yards. Then the ball went to Bates on fumble and Bates began a steady hammering between tackles and guards. It was fine, steady playing, quick and hard, and slowly the Bowdoin team went backward. Time after time the giant guard, Saunders, went into the line and always for a gain. Slowly the ball went to the Bowdoin 20-yard line, then Pulsifer went through the line for 10 yards, putting the ball on the 10-yard line, first down, and then came the certainty that Bates would score.

Saunders took it six yards, and on the next play, with Pulsifer and Halliday with him, Saunders went over the line for the first and only touchdown in the game.

After a few gains Bates lost the ball on a fumble and Bowdoin took the ball well into Bates's territory before it was stopped. Bates took the ball but couldn't gain, and Halliday punted. The ball went straight into the air. There was no gain and the ball was Bowdoin's on Bates's 20-yard line. Bowdoin took the ball to the 10-yard line, and Bates held again.

After two attempts against the line, Halliday punted and repeated his previous effort, the ball went into the air for a gain of only 15 yards, and again the ball was Bowdoin's on Bates's 20-yard line. But Bates held the line stiffened up till it wouldn't be budged an inch, and time was called on the Bates 5-yard line, with the ball in Bowdoin's possession, and as it was third down Bates's goal line did not seem in danger. In fact here, in their splendid work of holding Bowdoin for downs, the superiority of Bates's line was as evident as at any time during the game.

The second half was as exciting as the first, abounding in runs, fumbles, plunges that seemed to be back-breakers, punts, and hard tackles. Bates started in with a rush, and Bowdoin's hopes sank lower than when Bates scored. Bates took the ball all over the field, making good gains, long runs.

The game finally closed in darkness with the ball about in the center of the field. The line-up:

## BATES.

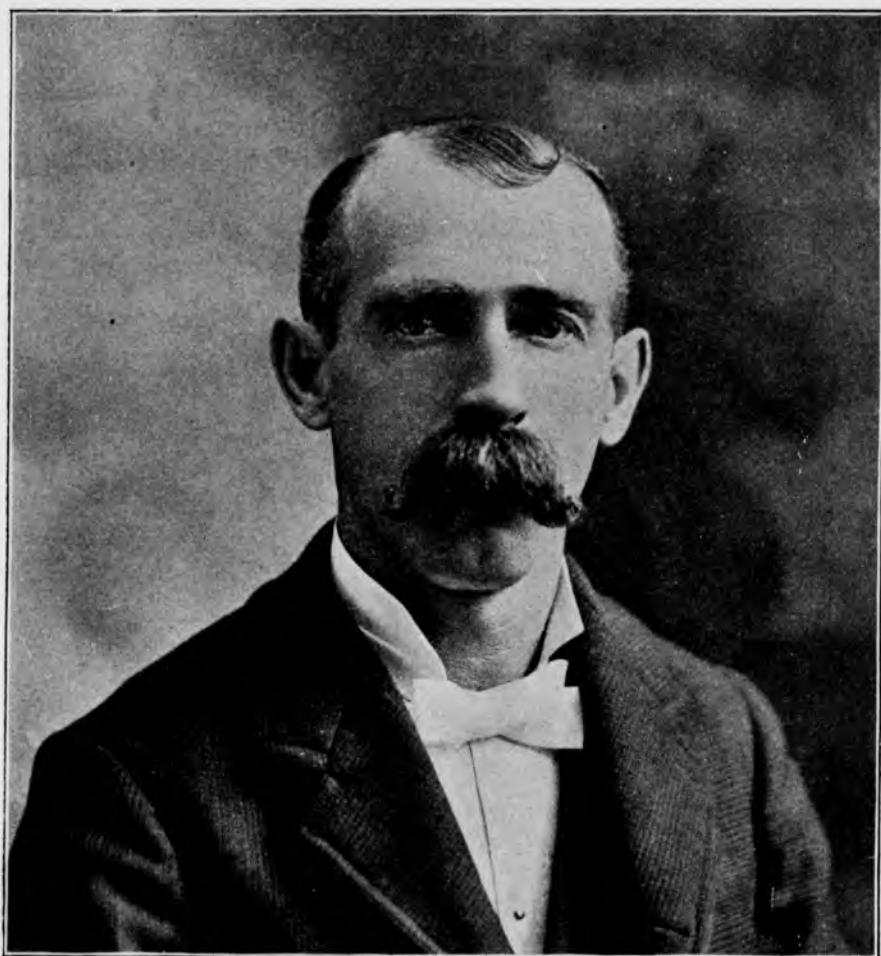
Richardson, l.e.  
Sturgis, l.t.  
Saunders, l.g.  
Moody, c.  
Childs, r.g.  
Call, r.t.  
Putnam, r.e.  
Purinton, q.b.  
Pulsifer, l.h.b.  
Fowler, r.h.b.  
Halliday, f.b.

## BOWDOIN.

r.e., Veazie and Bellatty.  
r.t., Albee.  
r.g., Wentworth.  
c., Bodwell.  
l.g., Young.  
l.t., Stockbridge and Gregson.  
l.e., A. W. Clarke.  
q.b., Hadlock.  
r.h.b., Hunt.  
l.h.b., Cloudman.  
f.b., W. Clarke.







**OUR BUSINESS  
COURSE INCLUDES:**

Book-keeping,  
Actual Business,  
Practice,  
Commercial Arithmetic,  
Practical Penmanship,  
Commercial Law,  
Banking,  
Wholesaling,  
Retailing,  
Real Estate,  
Commission,  
Spelling,  
Business Letter Writing,  
Rapid Calculation,  
Business Forms.

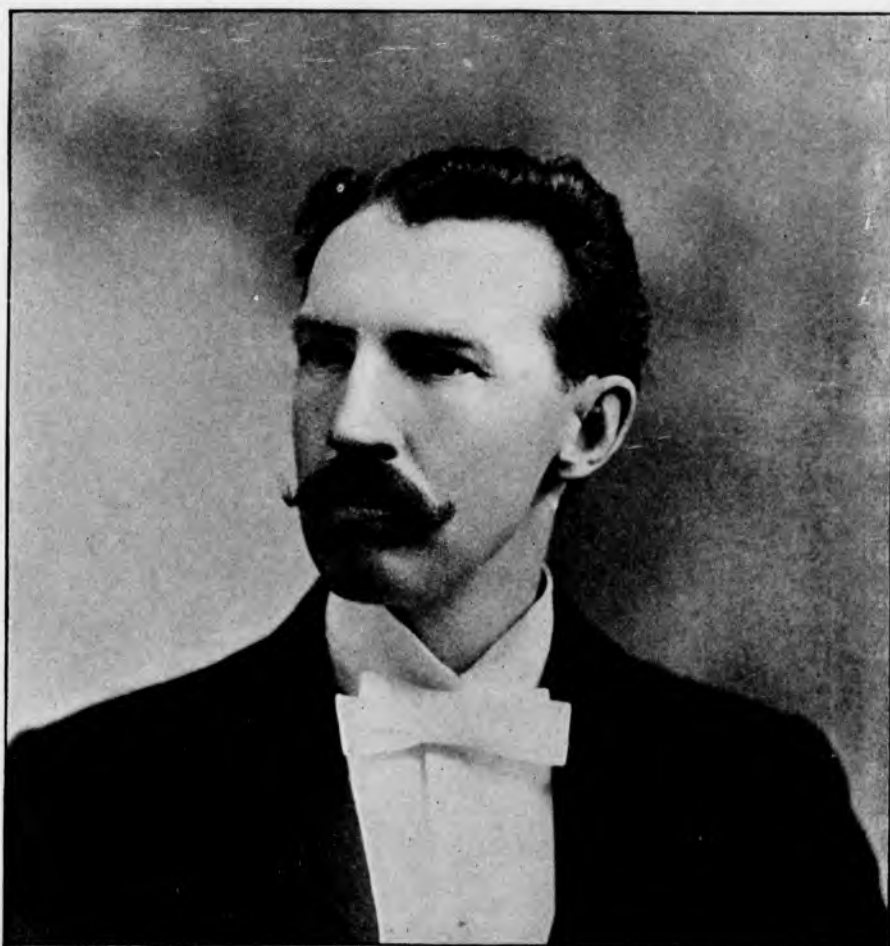
**BLISS COLLEGE,**  
Ellard Building, 178 Lisbon Street, LEWISTON.

**OUR SHORT-HAND  
COURSE INCLUDES:**

Short-hand,  
Type-writing,  
Practical Penmanship,  
Business Letter Writing,  
Spelling,  
Rapid Calculation,  
Dictation,  
Court Reporting.

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Students can enter at any time.  
Call or write for terms.



Score—Bates 6, Bowdoin 0. Touchdown—Saunders. Goal—Halliday. Umpire—Gould, Harvard. Referee—Gray, Harvard. Time—30-minute halves.

The Bates-Colby game was played November 5th. The play:

Halliday kicked off to the 10-yard line, and Allen advanced the ball a short distance. After a few gains Colby was forced to kick, Rice falling on ball for Colby. Again Colby gained, but was soon forced to kick, using quarter-back kick as before. On this play Fowler advanced ball 10 yards, when ball went to Colby again on a fumble. Ball was advanced to Bates's 4-yard line, where Bates held for downs. From then on Colby was clearly outclassed, Bates going when and where she wished. Pulsifer hit the line for two yards, Saunders 2, Pulsifer 1, Richardson 8 yards, and Fowler was held without gaining. Pulsifer went around the end for 8 yards, Childs went through guard and tackle for 4, Fowler failed to gain, Richardson made 2 yards, and Pulsifer again went around the end for 10 yards. Halliday struck the line for a yard, Saunders two, Pulsifer two, and then Pulsifer circled the right end for 18 yards. Richardson gained 5 yards, Sturgis 1, Fowler 3, Fowler 3 more, Sturgis 2, Halliday 3, Pulsifer 2 1-2, and Fowler failed to gain on an end run. Pulsifer came through for 3 yards, Richardson was held, Fowler advanced the ball 15 yards and Saunders was held. Pulsifer was thrown back with a loss. The ball was about 12 yards from the goal line, with 7 or 8 yards to gain, and it was the third down. Halliday fell back and dropped a pretty goal from the field after about twenty-two minutes of play. Score: Bates, 5; Colby, 0.

Rice kicked off to the goal line, and Halliday advanced the ball 18 yards before he was downed. Pulsifer failed to gain. Richardson came around for 5 yards. Saunders went through for a yard, Fowler for 5, and Pulsifer 4. Time was called with the ball in Bates's possession on her 30-yard line.

In the second half Rice kicked off to Bates's 15-yard line. Pulsifer ran 18 yards before he was downed, and on the next play went around the end for 8 yards. Fowler made 3 yards, and Pulsifer was downed in his tracks. Fowler again made 3 yards, and Pulsifer was sent around the right end for 25 yards. Halliday bucked the line for two yards, Pulsifer 6, Fowler 5, Halliday 4, Saunders 3, and Halliday came through end and tackle for 15 yards. Putnam was held. Halliday gained 3 yards. Pulsifer bucked the line 5 yards for a touchdown.

Halliday kicked a pretty goal. Rice kicked off to the 5-yard line. Halliday took it and passed it to Pulsifer, who was tackled after about 5 yards' gain. Fowler made 4 yards, and again 2, Pulsifer 5, and Fowler was held with no gain. Halliday went around the end for 5 yards on a criss-cross. Fowler gained 5 yards. Pulsifer went through the line for 3 yards, again for 2, and around the end for 6. Fowler was held. Halliday gained 3 yards twice in succession. Fowler gained 3 yards and again 1 yard, Atchley making a pretty tackle behind the line. Halliday made a slight gain. Pulsifer was held twice, Halliday made 3 yards. Fowler was held. Halliday again came through for three, Pulsifer went around the end for 5, Fowler gained two yards through the line and was stopped by a pretty tackle by Buneman. Fowler was held. Pulsifer failed to gain. Ball goes to Colby. Haggerty attempted an end run, but was thrown back with a loss of 2 yards. Rice made 10 yards. Rice again went through for a yard, Scannell a yard and a half. Rice was held, and the ball went to Bates on downs.

Bates scored her last touchdown with comparative ease. Fowler gained short distances twice in succession, Pulsifer went around the end for 10 yards, Fowler was held, Putnam made one yard, and Pulsifer was sent through for the last touchdown in about twenty minutes of play. Halliday kicked an easy goal. The referee deemed it inadvisable to finish the entire half, on account of darkness, and the game was called, with a little over five minutes of the second half remaining unplayed. The line-up :

| BATES.                   | COLBY.            |
|--------------------------|-------------------|
| Richardson, l.e.         | r.e., Crawshaw.   |
| Sturgis, l.t.            | r.t., Thayer.     |
| Saunders, l.g.           | r.g., Scannell.   |
| Moody, c.                | c., Bean.         |
| Childs, r.g.             | l.g., Atchley.    |
| Call, r.t.               | l.t., Towne.      |
| Putnam, r.e.             | l.e., Buneman.    |
| Purinton, q.b.           | q.b., Tupper.     |
| Pulsifer (Capt.), l.h.b. | r.h.b., Allen.    |
| Fowler, r.h.b.           | l.h.b., Haggerty. |
| Halliday, f.b.           | f.b., Rice.       |

Score—Bates 17. Touchdowns—Pulsifer 2. Goals from touchdowns—Halliday 2. Goal from field—Halliday. Umpire—Bolster. Referee—Bates. Linemen—Merrill, Merrick. Time—25-minute halves.

**See Page II of Advertisements.**

## College Exchanges.

The *Dartmouth Literary Monthly* contains a very fine likeness of Daniel Webster, reproduced from an oil portrait by Joseph Ames and published for the first time. This is followed by an account of "The Early Life of Daniel Webster." It is interesting and well written, containing much valuable information. Webster's frailness as a child is strikingly contrasted with his later robust physique. His struggles with poverty arouse the reader's sympathy, while his nobility of character calls forth the most genuine admiration. Well may the writer close with these words :

"And in days of flippant and disparaging treatment of the Sacred Volume and its teachings, it is well that Dartmouth students should know and remember the views and feelings of the mightiest mind that ever passed through the college, perhaps the equal of any that has ever appeared in the country."

"On Top of a London Bus," in the *Wellesley Magazine*, well deserves its place in that periodical. It possesses the quality so pleasing and yet so rare—spontaneous wit. The merit fortunately exists not alone in style, but also in the vivid portrayal of London life.

In the *Yale Literary Magazine*, "In the Square at Montigny" is no ordinary college story. It combines simplicity with pathos and power. It possesses that ethereal something difficult to define, yet deeply impressive.

### THE THREE TRAVELERS.

Over the moors in the misty night  
They ride from the sign of the White Hart inn,  
And heavy's the gold and yellow-bright—  
They covered it o'er with bottles of gin  
And hid it in bags full deep, I ween,  
On the way to Lynmouth town.

And lo! they see through the shuddering mist  
A flying steed and horseman gray,  
And one of them scowls and shakes his fist,—  
" 'Tis only a pixie," the others say,  
"That always comes at the dawn of the day  
To frighten travelers to Lynmouth."

Knives of steel and hearts that bleed,  
Shouts and groans on the sheeted air,  
And great is the robber-leader's greed  
And he looketh for gold—yea—everywhere,  
But never a coin he findeth there  
On the way to Lynmouth town.

## THE BATES STUDENT.

"And now, since never a coin we find,  
 Why then by my stolen store," quoth he,  
 "We'll hang them up in the empty wind."  
 And he strung them up to the gallows-tree  
 That stands by the side of the cross-roads three  
 On the way to Lynmouth town.

And now when the mists roll full and deep  
 Three shadowy steeds flee on through the gray  
 And the gibbet swings at the dawn's first peep,  
 But "Pixies, alack!" the yeomen say,  
 "That always come at the dawn of the day  
 To frighten travelers to Lynmouth."

—*Yale Literary Magazine.*

## DREAMLAND.

Fair are the shores of the Dreamland Isles,  
 Edged by a Sea of Mist,  
 Where every woodland beck and smiles,  
 And a cooling zephyr of Spring beguiles  
 To the land of the lovers' tryst.

Sweet are the songs of the Isle of Dreams,  
 Songs with no need of tongue;  
 And a memory, bitter-sweet it seems,  
 Through a dreamland melody glows and gleams,  
 That the angels might have sung.

Sweet are the thoughts of the Dreamland Isles,  
 Thoughts of the days that were.  
 And where she roamed, the woodland smiles,  
 While every path she trod beguiles  
 To linger and dream of her.

—*Amherst Literary Monthly.*

## AFTER MACDOWELL.

The hills melt into sunset sky,  
 My shadow wades knee-deep in grass,  
 The trees are singing as I pass,  
 I had not thought night was so nigh.

The farmhouse! Nature holds her breath,  
 Uncanny stillness shrouds the place,  
 The wide-eyed windows frame no face,  
 Their soul is gone: I look on death.

I almost fancy as I stand  
 Her singing from the orchard blows.  
 She's nearer now; and a white rose  
 (She sees me!) flutters from her hand.

A clear, high bird-note, sorrow-sweet,—  
 'Tis night: I am alone once more.

Alone, I leave the dear old door  
 Where she and I were wont to meet. —*Mount Holyoke.*

## Our Book-Shelf.

*Helbeck of Bannisdale*<sup>1</sup> is the title of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's latest novel. The scene is laid in Cumberland, in the "North Country" of England, and the theme of the story is the never-ending conflict between bigoted belief and careless faith. Helbeck, the hero, suffers much for his religion, much for his love. He is a unique character. We watch him through scenes of pleasure, grief, and joy, and long to see him break, if only a little, from the bands of conformity, but we look in vain. Tender and long-suffering with the wilful, witching Laura, he yields not one jot or tittle of his faith to the Church, and "Our Lady." The author's skill is evident. Helbeck of Bannisdale is a Catholic, and his stern belief takes from his life the light and joy that he needs, yet he is so true a gentleman, so patient a lover, that none but the impetuous or the rude can assail him. His character is an excellent foil for that of Laura, who in childhood "played, danced, kissed, laughed, ate, all in a delicious whirl of excitement." Her love for Helbeck and her loathing for his religion stand out clearly as the great forces which render her now happy, now remorseful. The narrative moves on in the unhurrying style which characterizes Mrs. Ward's writings. Impartiality as to religious matters is a marked feature of this book. The Catholic plays his part and the Protestant plays her part, but the author is silent. Those who have read "Robert Elsmere," "David Grieve," and others of Mrs. Ward's novels, will find in this story the same intellectual power, the same tenderness that appears in them.

Gilbert Parker seems to delight in forceful titles for his books. A year ago he gave us "The Seats of the Mighty," and now we have *The Battle of the Strong*.<sup>2</sup> The scene of this latter novel is laid in the island of Jersey, and the time is that of the French revolution, when a Frenchman was prouder to be a "citizen" than to be a prince. The "battle of the strong" in the story, however, is not between factions or armies, but between the high purpose of a noble, fearless woman and the selfish ambition of "a man of the world." The portrayal of character is one of the marked features of this book. The "inevitable result" is clearly shown. Perhaps there is a hint of the old-time Nemesis. D'Avranche cannot rise, for he stands upon the pinnacle of his ambition, therefore he falls. Détricaud can rise, for he is so noble as to view his own misconduct with humility. Guida is unsophisticated and she must suffer, but her honor and truth are above defeat. The author says of the story that it "has no claim to be called a historical novel," but it certainly portrays well the troublous times in France in the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

"There is a golden thread that runs through every religion in the world. There is a golden thread that runs through the lives and the teachings of all the prophets, seers, sages, and saviours in the world's history, through the lives of all men and women of truly great and lasting power. . . . This same golden thread must enter into the lives of all who to-day in this busy, work-a-day world of ours, would exchange impotence for power, weakness and suffering for abounding health and strength, pain and unrest for perfect peace, poverty of whatever nature for fullness and plenty." These are the words with which Ralph Waldo Trine begins the preface to his book entitled *In Tune with the Infinite*.<sup>3</sup> The author goes on to say in the chapters headed "The Supreme Fact of the Universe," "The Supreme Fact of Human Life," "Fullness of Life," and so on, that if one would be healthy, happy, powerful, wise, even prosperous in worldly things, he must

place himself in the condition "to receive the divine inflow" from the great source of Life. One must fulfil the conditions, he avers, and then wait with "a calm, quiet, and expectant intensity," and the result is certain. He may be an extremist as regards the power of thought, but he may be only a few generations in advance of the times, who can tell? The style of presentation is simple and direct, and the points are well made.

Away back in the "sixties" Edward Everett Hale wrote a short story, *The Man Without a Country*,<sup>4</sup> which was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and later in book form, with a preface indicating the sources from which the materials for the plot had been gathered. A young man in a fit of temper had declared before a public tribunal that he wished he "might never hear the name of the United States (his own country) mentioned again." The judge passed sentence that the young man's punishment should be the fulfilment of the wish he had so rashly uttered, that he should be kept a prisoner on shipboard, that no one should ever address him concerning the United States, or in any way allude to the same. He was allowed great freedom, could read or write as he pleased, only no letter ever came to him from his country, nor could he send one thither. The newspapers were given him after some one had gone carefully through them and cut out every bit of news concerning his home land. The impossibilities of plot or incident are carefully counterbalanced, and the simplicity of style makes the story seem a tale of real life. A new edition has been recently published, with an introduction relative to the Cuban war.

There are some good things in the *Literary Criticism*<sup>5</sup> by Dr. Sears of Brown University. In the first chapter we have the fact set forth that criticism is not creative, generally, but contemplative. Then follows a chapter on the motives of criticism, wherein the plain fact is set down that "judgment of literature must be just or it will be judged itself." The author makes strong points of standards of criticism, diversity of criticism, criticism as opposed to censoriousness, commendation, appreciation, qualifications of the critic, etc. In the last chapter, headed "The Critic's Ambition," we get some wholesale views of the good a critic may do, and the heights to which he may attain.

<sup>1</sup> Helbeck of Bannisdale. By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Macmillan Company.

<sup>2</sup> The Battle of the Strong. By Gilbert Parker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup> In Tune With the Infinite. By Ralph Waldo Trine. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.25.

<sup>4</sup> The Man Without a Country. By Edward Everett Hale. Little, Brown & Co.

<sup>5</sup> Literary Criticism. By Lorenzo Sears, Litt.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

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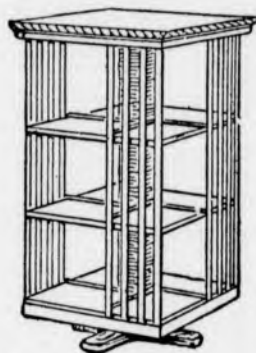
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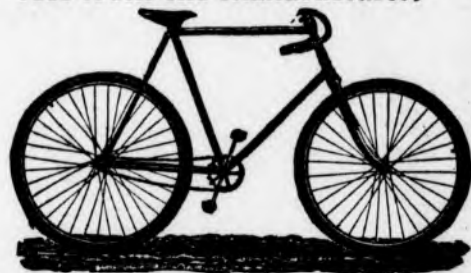
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