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The
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VOL. XXV.

No. 1.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV.

JANUARY, 1897.

No. 1.

MOONLIGHT BY THE SEA.

The radiance of the moon
Soft kissed the rolling deep,
While sobbing mournful tune
Which bade the listener weep.

Each whirling breaker dashed
The cold crag's sullen crest,
Then ebbing, seaward washed
And lulled the sense to rest.

The pathway through the wood
Dim flickered in the light,
In silence as I stood
I loved the pensive night.

And strolling o'er the way
That led the traveller home,
I saw the shadows play
As light as flying foam.

—'99.

A COLLEGE WATERLOO.

"I SAY, Con, come on down town.
It's Vic's treat to-night. What!
Plugging? Well, I never! What's hap-
pened? Oh, the math exams! Right
you are. Go in and win. We'll set
you up in sodas for a week."

The speaker pushed his cap back on
his head and leaned over his studious
comrade, who sat with his feet on the
table and chair tipped against the wall.

"Pah! what nonsense!" he contin-
ued. "I thank my stars, I didn't elect
the stuff."

Just then the door flew open and a
crowd of students burst in.

"Get a move on, if you're going
with us. Hello! studying? Put up

the trash and come on. Don't be a
cad."

"Well, I never thought this of you,
Con. My son, don't you know that cram-
ming for a test is highly injurious?"

"Oh, let him alone, boys," exclaimed
the first comer. "He's got his eye on
the Welby prize. He'll get there, too,
don't you think?"

"Why, sure! Con's been a star in
mathematics and no mistake. Pitch in,
old fellow. I'd like to see Kunnerby
whipped. He's such an unsociable
chump."

"And stingy!"

"My mamma's dear little pet mustn't
treat naughty boys," and Shocky, the
clown of his set, tiptoed across the few
inches of space available, in the man-
ner of a modern dude.

"And you're the one hope for the
Delta Tau boys, Con. We are not a
prize-swiping set as a rule."

"No! Ambition's starry crown has
lured us not—"

"Out with you, you lunatic asylum!"
Con sprang to his feet and waved his
book frantically. "Leave an honest
man to his toil. And don't build any
castles on the Welby prize for me!
Kunnerby is sure of it. I wouldn't lift
my little finger, if it wasn't for Delta
Tau. It isn't that I care for the prize,
but I'd like the honor for fraternity."

"That's the spirit! Whoop her up for Con, boys!" and with a rousing cheer the noisy crowd disappeared, and the room settled into quiet again.

"I'd like to know what there is about working for a prize that makes a fellow feel so mean. I wish the pesky things had never been invented. 'To stir ambition and create an interest in the different branches of knowledge.' Pah! I guess the only interest it creates is in how to make the Profs think you know it all. And the greatest ambition is to get ahead of the rest. I'm thoroughly sick of the whole business."

Con kicked viciously at the text-book which had fallen to the floor, and began to walk rapidly up and down.

"There's the pater writing every month on how he expects me to come off with honors. Anybody'd think a fellow was no account at all, if he didn't get some kind of a prize. And ma, how her eyes would shine if I brought the Welby home!"

He snatched up the despised Calculus and set to work again with a groan.

The day of the mathematic examinations was torrid. Thirty or forty students gathered at the appointed hour. Con worked feverishly. His head seemed on fire. Suddenly he turned pale. What did the eighth question mean? His mind seemed a blank. If he could only think of the figure! He ran his fingers through his long, thick hair in vain. No clue came. He passed to the two remaining and answered them rapidly. Then back to his Nemesis! But still no clue.

"Hung up? Which one, pard?" the low murmur came from Shocky. His

face was toward the professor, and he was evidently studying the questions on the blackboard.

"The eighth," Con scarcely articulated. Shocky wrote on diligently. Con stared at the blank page before him. Suddenly Shocky shifted his papers, and, holding them carelessly upright in his hand, with the written page toward Con, studied the blackboard again. Con looked straight at them. The page flashed before him. The figure, the formulas, were all as clear as day.

He moved uneasily in his seat, sharpened the point of his pencil, and began work again. The blood in his cheeks throbbed and burned. The test was rapidly finished. Con folded it neatly and left it with the professor. But as he walked away, a thousand accusing thoughts sprang to life. Half the distance across the campus he spoke aloud, "Conrad Houston, you're a sneak."

He started guiltily and glanced around, but no one was near him. A look of utter self-contempt passed over his face. "I'd never have believed that I'd have done it. I wish the Welby prize was in Hades."

He slouched on a few steps farther. "It's too late to take the thing back now."

Plunging into a small grove on the right of the university buildings, he continued his soliloquy:

"What would Kent say?" Kent was an upper-classman, a Christian gentleman, and Con's hero at that time.

"And ma"—here he threw himself on the ground in misery.

After a time, voices from the other side of the clump of fir trees, beside which he lay, were distinctly audible.

"I say, I hope Con will pull in that Welby racket, though. Our frat is dead slow on those things. All the reason we lost Nat Redclif was because the Alphas worked the prize gag on him; said we never won anything—so on." It was Ralph Smith who spoke. Another familiar voice answered him:

"Oh, I guess Con will get it, all right. He won old Crickett's heart long ago. Nobody can help liking Con, you know. He's so ready to smile on a fellow and help him out of a scrape. There's no conceit about him. Bless his curly pate!"

"He's solid, too," said Smith. "No snide games or underhand work where he is. If he wins, he wins fair."

Con rolled softly over and over, away from the speakers; and, having reached a safe distance, rose to his feet and fled.

Several days later, as Con was walking down town alone, Professor Munson, alias "Old Cricketts," overtook him. He smiled cordially, and placing a friendly hand on the boy's shoulder, said, "I want to congratulate you, Mr. Houston, on the fine work you have done in mathematics this year. Your last examination was one of the finest I have ever received. There has been a close contest in your class for leadership in this branch. Much more depended on the last test than is usual in such cases. I have looked over the matter carefully, and find with pleasure that to you belongs the Welby prize."

Conrad flushed hotly, and stammered

as he thanked the Professor. He was glad when the latter left him, saying blandly, "You will not mention this matter, of course. It is not to be made public until the other awards are made, probably in two or three days. Good morning."

Poor Con! All the old pain and self-accusation, suppressed in the past few days, now struggled anew.

"Must I confess?" he asked himself. "No, no! It would be absurd. Such a little thing—a glance at Shocky's paper. All the fellows do it, nearly all." He thought of his friends—of Smith. "No, Smith would not do it. Burton might."

"I did a mean thing, but I don't deserve this. Why, Cricketts would never forgive me! I should lose the prize and my standing beside. Oh! I can't face old Cricketts. He might make me apologize before the class. He's mighty hard on a fellow that's tricked him. What a prig the frat would call me—a perfect soft! And Kunnerby! I can see his supercilious smile when he pulls in the Welby. If I keep quiet, no one need ever know. No tortures could drag it from Shocky. Oh, bah! why can't I let things slide?"

Con was restless and cross all day. The fellows wondered mildly what had struck Houston; but laid his temper to over-work.

After supper the young mathematician strolled away by himself. He passed a house where several divinity students roomed. They were singing in the dusk, "Follow, follow, everywhere He leads me I will follow on."

"But I don't want to," said Con to

himself. "How can I, a pretending Christian, own up to being a cheat? Dad will be angry; he won't understand how I could have done it. And ma—yes—she'll care most to have me do the square thing."

Con straightened himself with a jerk, and faced about.

"If the Lord leads to Cricketts's, I ought to follow. It'll be tough; but I guess it will be more comfortable in the end—and it's the only Christian thing to do, any how."

Five minutes later Con was seated in Professor Munson's library, rapidly telling his story. He made no excuses, and implicated no one beside himself.

The old professor listened in grieved dismay. When the speaker ceased, there was a long, long silence. Con's heart beat laboriously, and he was very pale.

At last the gray-haired man arose; and placing his hand reverently upon the thick curls of the penitent boy, said gently: "My friend, there are rewards more to be desired than the rewards of ambition. There are battle-fields grander than that of Waterloo. You have lost the Welby prize; but I congratulate you on having gained a triumph far more enduring."

M.—, '98.

HAPPINESS.

Happiness is as a fleeting shadow,
Which, when pursued, flies far,
And pauses not, nor stays
For eager grasping;
But when unsought,
The fickle sprite returns—
Companions with us.

—*Ex.*

A NEW ENGLAND SABBATH.

THE snow had fallen softly all that night. The morning sun, peering over the top of the old mountain, vanished suddenly behind a cloud as if half frightened at the scene which met his gaze. But, quickly recovering himself, he came boldly forth again, and, taking a second look, beamed joyously down upon the little village nestling at the mountain's foot.

It was indeed a pleasant sight. The brown rusty herbage and withered leaves of the day before had disappeared, and over hill and valley, far as eye could see, lay everywhere the glistening snow. The trees which yesterday had tossed their bare, gaunt arms mournfully in the raw east wind stood to-day wrapped in mantles of ermine, bespangled with myriads of diamonds, and held out their hands in blessing above the heads of the passers-by. The air was crisp; a blue film of smoke curled up lazily from every chimney top. The village was astir. A flock of sparrows, pecking, chirping, twittering, scolding, were trying to get their breakfast as industriously as the rest.

The sun climbed slowly higher. A peaceful calm had settled down over the whole landscape. There was no need of the Sabbath bell to proclaim the day of rest. Yet on this morning, of all mornings, the old bell would not fail to do her duty. Pealing out through the frosty air the clear notes came, tumbling over each other in their impatience,—merry, almost rollicking in their tone, as if the bell herself had forgotten her message in the intoxica-

tion of the morning sunshine. A little pause, then more soberly came the invitation, pleading, tender, almost solemn,—“come! come! come!” And answering to the call, up through the village street walked the sober line of worshipers. The sedate matron with bonnet-strings tied primly under her chin; by her side her stalwart son, whose clear eye and ruddy cheek told of health and a conscience at rest; the maiden decked with ribbon and feather, casting demure glances up at the youth by her side; the aged sire, with bowed shoulders and halting step, leaning heavily on his staff; the small boy slyly aiming a snowball behind his mother’s back at a squirrel on the low stone wall beside the road,—all these and more passed within the open doorway of the little church, and, under the impulse of a common need, knelt and prayed together. Then there rose and fell, with that strange blending of pathos and gladness, the cadence of a familiar hymn. The audience sat expectant. The aged minister went slowly through his “thirdly” and “fourthly” to his “finally, my brethren.” The sunlight, streaming in through the windows, formed a halo about his head, and, as the people rose to receive his parting blessing, fell upon the heads of the congregation, dismissing them with a benediction of its own.

Quietly the audience dispersed. The streets were again deserted. Save for an occasional far-away tinkle of a sleigh-bell the stillness was unbroken. The afternoon shadows lengthened. The air grew sharper. The sun set in glory, casting a ruddy glow on the

snowy landscape. One by one the stars came out and the night grew holy. Once more the bell rang out its summons. Once more the worshipers wended their way to the little church, prayed and sang and talked together, and then turned homeward again. One by one the flickering lanterns of the returning people disappeared, and only the stars looked down calmly and peacefully. The day was ended. The village slept.

MABEL C. ANDREWS, '97.

A NIGHT IN THE WOODS.

Around me is the forest, drear and lone,
Where shadows lurk, and sad wind-voices sing
Of Autumn’s vanished glories, and the time
When Summer’s angel-touch made all things
new—

When birds at twilight sang, and all the winds
Were laden with the scent of woodland flowers.
But now where once a mossy carpet stretched,
The deep snow lies—the cold white shroud of
death,

Which Nature spreads o’er Autumn’s lifeless
form.

As here I stand within this woodland path,
Faintly, like distant music in a dream,
A sleigh-bell’s tinkle sounds from far away,
Then fainter comes, and dies upon the air,
And all is lonely silence, save at times
When in a pine tree’s shadows hoots an owl,
Or from the deep recesses of the swamp
A hound’s clear baying wakes the sleeping
night,

While the great forest sends the echo back.

Lonely it is within the darkling woods
On such a winter night, when all is still;
Yet as I look I see the solemn pines
Point straight to heaven, reminding me that
God

Guides all my ways, and I am not alone.
And from the sky the twinkling stars look down
Like sleepless eyes, that through the years of
time

Ne’er closing, keep their watch o’er all man-
kind.

—L’ECRIVAILLEUR, 9—

NO CHRISTMAS IN HEATHEN
AFRICA.

SUNDAY evening, December 27th, several of the Sunday-schools of Lewiston gave their annual Christmas concerts. I, in company with three young men from the college, went to the Pine Street Congregational Church. On our entrance into this large church, we found it well filled with a crowd of people of all ages. The kind usher who met us at the door seated us in the left aisle about five seats from the stage, which could be plainly seen by every one in the church and from any part of the church. The moment we took our seats I was led to admire the unusual number of boys and girls, of the primary department, who were to participate in the Christmas concert. Nearly all the front seats were occupied by fathers and mothers, anxiously watching to see the child-like simplicity shown by their dear little ones in their first attempt to announce to the world the birth of the Prince of Peace, which the angelic host of old announced over the plains of Bethlehem. As each boy or girl rose to render their assigned part, I could discern in each one's countenance that spirit of freedom, love, and joy which are the chief characteristics of the sons and daughters of America.

Of all the exercises of the evening, the part performed by half a dozen lads made the deepest impression on my mind. While I was gazing and listening to the dear little ones, whose faces seemed radiant, as it were, with the splendor of the "Christ-child," a friend whispered to me, "Those boys

will never forget the impression of this evening's scene." All that night while lying on my bed, half-awake and half-asleep, this thought kept pressing upon me with an irresistible force,—No Christmas in Heathen Africa. That very night I was led to reflect upon my past heathen life with such vividness as I have never before done since I left the shores of benighted Africa.

Whenever I was aroused from my dreaming that night, I questioned myself whether, in reality, I was now living in a civilized land, or whether I was still in the jungles of the Dark Continent, lying on my hard bamboo bed, dreaming of some great and glorious civilization with which I might never come in contact. But if this is only a fanciful dream, why does not some gentle, swarthy countryman come and awake me, in order that I may relate it, and, as decreed by the gods, having dreamed of things not seen by mortal eyes, in obeisance to their injunction descend to the ancestral shades. Alas, how true it is that half of the world does not know what the other half suffers! That same night, while men and women, boys and girls, of all Christendom were joining in celebrating the advent of the Babe of Bethlehem, the heathen world was groaning under the tyranny of heathen savagery.

In a vision I saw myself a boy of seven or eight years, in company with several of my unfortunate dark comrades, sitting at the feet of a heathen sage. This good old pagan saint is always ready and willing to sing to us, from out of his boundless store of legends, the heroic deeds of our ances-

tors. Here out in an open shed (called kitchen) you will observe, around a well-blazing fire, from two to three hundred boys and girls, sitting on their mattings, surrounding this wonderful story-teller. In fact, for years and years up to the present day, this is the only system of schooling we have had. These mythical narratives are always full of interest and enthusiasm, and at the same time conveying in a certain degree some of the queer characteristics of the past history of the various tribes of Africa. The grandeur of some of these legends can be favorably compared with the narratives of Virgil's "Æneid" and Homer's "Iliad."

Having imbibed these precious words which fall from the lips of our simple sage during the night, the next day, at early dawn, we boys take up our bows and arrows and hasten to the woods in pursuit of birds, squirrels, and other small game. The lad who succeeds in killing the greatest amount of game is crowned the hero of that day. This young hero is always conducted to the village on the shoulders of a dozen of his young countrymen. On such occasions our little hero carries a naked sword in his right hand and leads in chanting a familiar pæan. The whole village often unites to do honor to the young warrior. But this happy picture of our merriment on this seeming Christmas day of ours is destined to be marred by some superstitious monstrosity. Oh, how suddenly the vision is changed!

Again I behold myself a young man, nineteen years old, sharing the same fate as my unhappy brothers and sisters in that far-off land. Here we are on

this 25th day of December in a little prosperous town with its six or seven hundred inhabitants. During the late rainy season panthers, leopards, tigers, and other beasts of prey have carried off chickens, goats, sheep, and other domestic animals; women and children on their way to draw water have often been attacked and killed by these ferocious animals. The chief and all his principal men are alarmed at this condition of things, since such a disastrous affair is always said to have been caused by the so-called witch-citizens of the villages or towns. After a lengthy consultation the chief and his advisers resolve to find out who these witches are and to put an end to this calamity. So on the following day a witch-doctor who has been summoned comes to rid the village of its supposed witch-foes, thus adding more woes to ignorant and superstitious heathen life.

The magician, with the aid of the chief and his advisers, appoints a day for the trial to commence. The night before the trial comes off all the citizens are commanded to retire and put out their fires in the very early part of the night. All through that night the poor citizens' peaceful sleep is disturbed by the doleful shrill of the false doctor's whistle. The next day about nine or ten A.M. the people are arranged in a circle, in order that every one may be plainly seen by the witch-doctor. Then he takes his position on a matting in the centre of the circle. Before him are arranged in order a basin of sacred water—made out of the sap of different herbs and barks—two magic horns, and four shells.

Now the false doctor with a small brush sprinkles the sacred water on every one present, and then proceeds with his operations of discovering the witches. First he sprinkles himself with the holy water, then he takes up the shells and lets them drop one by one on the matting; he blows his magic whistle and places one of the horns under each arm and holds the third in his right hand. He is now supposed to have entered the witch world. For fifteen or twenty minutes everything remains quiet. As soon as he emerges from this transitory state he summons all the people to step forward orderly and shake hands with him. At this crisis, as soon as this old deceiver discovers that he has succeeded in working the poor simple-minded people up to the very height of excitement, he calls the chief and a few of his favorites and points out to them the witches.

Many of these innocent men and women yield readily to their punishments without murmuring a word, while the strong-minded ones sternly claim their innocence, and prefer death to acknowledging themselves guilty of this diabolical crime. The tortures of those who refuse to have their names disgraced by this belief in witchcraft are always increased seven times more. Again and again I have seen very large villages and towns and cities deserted within twenty-four hours, because they were claimed to have become the seats of witchcraft. To realize the dreadful ravages of this belief in witchcraft upon the simple-minded people of Africa one needs only to turn his attention to its influence upon civilized men as illus-

trated by the atrocities committed by the people of Salem.

Friends and schoolmates, do you ask,—Is this a record of actual events which doubtless occurred in Africa on that Christmas day, or is it only a dream? Ah, no! It is only too true. I was a boy in that long-benighted yet dear Africa, and in my boyhood days I experienced these things which I have here frankly recorded. When heathen life presented to me its very worst side, and the light of civilization dawned upon my vision, I came to your shores that I might with you participate in the glorious gains resulting from that greatest Gift to man; which Gift you celebrate upon your Christmas day. And as the time draws near when I shall return to my beloved Africa, the hope grows strong that when the bonds of superstition and ignorance shall have been broken, I shall with my people join with you in celebrating the advent of the Christ-child.

LEWIS P. CLINTON.

VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

THE city of Victoria has a population of about 20,000, and is charmingly situated on the southern extremity of Vancouver Island. Westward it looks out through the straits of Fuca to the Pacific Ocean, and eastward beyond the Gulf of Georgia to the mainland. The climate is very much like that of the South of England, and this, along with its attractive situation, has invited many of old England's wealthy gentlemen. It almost seems like a section of that country trans-

planted, climate, people and all, perhaps more vigorous and enterprising because of the transplanting.

Now for a few moments, if you will, go with me to Beacon Hill—it is situated on high ground and will afford us a better view. Just across the straits are the beautiful Olympic Mountains. To the east a glimmering white cone arises. It is Mount Baker, 60 miles away, and 14,000 feet above the level of the sea. Then, looking toward the west, and this time not very far, but right at our feet, there is a busy scene. We are some 500 feet above the city. I want to show you that Victoria not only has beautiful scenery to attract, but is also a place of business.

Down at the water's edge are long wharves. Here the local steamers from Vancouver, New Westminster and Puget Sound, tie up every night to land passengers and discharge their cargoes for the Queen City. Besides these are the steamers from China, Japan, and San Francisco, Australia, and Alaska, which arrive nearly every week.

A railroad extends seventy miles northeasterly along the shore of this island to the vast fields of coal at Nanaimo. From these mines every city on the coast is supplied.

Here and there all around the inlets are great saw-mills, where steamers and sailing vessels load timber for China, Australia, and even England.

Ship-building is also carried on here,

but only to build local tug boats and sealing schooners, which sail to the Behring Sea to catch the famous seal, for which the United States has so much pity. This is very profitable business for the Victorians. One firm, who sent out three small schooners last year, returned after a voyage of eight months with sealskins enough to yield them the handsome profit of \$90,000. Whether this is justice to America or to the seal they care but little, so long as they don't get caught.

The wealth of the province is chiefly centered here. The great ware-houses, crowded streets, and busy wharves must prove to you the extent of her trade, to say nothing about its being the capital of the Province, a fact which accounts for many public buildings and splendid private residences of the officers, wealthy gentlemen, and retired Caribou miners.

Overlooking this scene we can see the electric street cars loaded with passengers every half hour running to Esquimalt.

Here we see the dry dock which is occupied nearly every day in the year, it being the only one, I think, on the coast; also the North Pacific Naval Station, an ironclad or two, and perhaps some old friends from the East. Now before we part, let me advise you when you visit Victoria, "take your trunk along," for I am sure you will be in no hurry to come away.

C. S. CALHOUN, '99.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

FOUNDING OF THE STUDENT.

A RETROSPECT.

BY THE FIRST EDITOR.

THERE is a biographical hint dropped by Bacon, somewhere in his famous essays, which lets the reader into the secret that "when Elizabeth had first come to the throne and he was in the flower of his youth" the philosopher enjoyed an agreeable impression of the Creator's six days of labor related about in the Book of Moses. In recalling the founding of THE BATES STUDENT, far back in the period when Grant was President and those associated in its beginning had more or less the freshness of one flower or another in their appearance, the rosy-tinted retrospect indulged in by Bacon lingers a moment in the memory. One of those associates had returned to Bates in the autumn of 1872 after passing the summer as a reporter on the *New York Sun* and taking a reporter's part in the exciting political campaign which resulted in the defeat of Horace Greeley and the election of General Grant to a second term as President. This reporter, as soon as he was safely back within the somnolent precinct of his college, was seized with a burning desire to be an editor, to control an "organ" of influence. It was one rainy Saturday afternoon in October. Time hung heavy; and the landscape of the campus (with the stumps that used to be) looked dreary enough while this student stood

at one of the windows of the reading-room looking out on the surroundings. There was only one other person in the room—Henry W. Chandler, a classmate in the Class of '74. "Chandler, let's start a college paper," suggested the other man, just for the sake of proposing an idea that might employ the lonesome afternoon. Chandler soon made it evident that he was interested in the notion. Then the one who wanted to be the editor slumped both hands into his pockets, looked out the window again, and considered. "There was a piper had a cow," relates an old Scotch rhyme, "and he had nocht to give her. He took his pipes and played a spring, and bade the cow consider." And, now, presto!—that October afternoon in 1872, in the lightning flash of time, has vanished, is only a tradition at best. The publication proposed is in its twenty-fifth volume; and the first editor is requested by one of the present editors to tell how the thing got into existence.

There had always been more or less agitation about the starting of a paper or a magazine which might represent Bates among the several college publications. The President—Dr. Cheney—had a strong desire for one or the other. But no one had pushed such an undertaking forward with any result until

the fall of 1872. The influential spirits in the Class of '74—then in the first term of the Junior year—were labored with individually and in private until a general enthusiasm over the scheme appeared to be prevalent. Then the class got together in council in one of the recitation rooms in Hathorn Hall and agreed to assume the responsibility of a monthly magazine; the responsibility of its literary feast every thirty days, and—what was harder to bear—the responsibility of liquidating all debts that might be contracted. Dr. Cheney and the Faculty were glad to offer the permission of a free press, to grant substantial subsidy in the way of subscriptions and advertising; but the President made it plain that the Faculty must assume the right to select the title of the publication and the editors. Dr. Cheney suggested immediately that "The Bates Student" be the name of the magazine. It was pointed out that Amherst had a publication known as "The Student"; but, in the language of the picturesque present, that "didn't cut any ice" with the Doctor. Argument was like unpleasant friction to him when he had made up his mind. The Faculty next went into executive session in the library; and after a half-hour the President came out to announce the choice of the editor. It was left to him to select his associates and to fashion the publication according to his own taste. Up to that moment the student who had been singled out and loaded with the undertaking had enjoyed the most genial relation with every member of his class. It had been his good luck to be popular; but

now it looked as though this pleasant condition was to be somewhat strained in the near future. After painful meditation the editor decided that as the *Atlantic Monthly*, and other magazines of equal pretense, got on with one editor, an assistant, and a business manager, THE BATES STUDENT might be able to exist with the same limited number of directors. It was his object to make this periodical the chief exponent of what Bates College could represent in literary culture and thought by the contributions of the professors, the alumni, and the students. As for the college news and gossip, that was a minor consideration and relegated to small space in the rear of everything else. Everybody connected in any relation with the college seemed to be interested in the success of this venture. The students of all the classes appeared to be keenly alive to the width of the swarth that ought to be cut with the New England colleges. The time had arrived when it was necessary to blow some sort of a blast which would let them know that, though young in years, Bates had some strength of maturity to display. Such was the talk of the period; and there were those in the three other classes who struggled hard with themselves against the misgiving that the editor had "bitten off more'n he could chew," and that the thing should not have been intrusted to the Junior Class anyhow. But it is declared that those whom the Creator has evidently designed to be truly great never doubt themselves; and the Junior Class was not disturbed by these weak brethren of little faith. What troubled

them individually the most was the selection of the assistant editor. There were a dozen of them who wanted to be chosen. As each and all of these were the editor's personal friends it was clear to him that he must give offense to at least eleven members of the class. The thing kept him awake at night, and he dallied with the predicament several days. Finally he went about it the way he had observed the ward politicians work in New York. Henry W. Chandler had been his choice from the moment it was left to him to choose. Chandler was a good scholar without effort. He had opinions cut and dried; and he had the power to express them forcibly and often wittily. The editor believed that Chandler was the one of them all best able to assist him; and he went to all the other eleven privately and solicited advice about who should be selected. Happily there was still some modesty in the world at that epoch. No man liked boldly to recommend himself. So the name of Chandler was suggested confidentially and his merits discussed. Consequently in the end the class really selected Chandler as their own candidate. Thomas Spooner came to the position of business manager as the natural sequence of the good management he had displayed in raising the necessary cash for several class suppers. In the art of providing money to supply a long-felt want I doubt if Bates has ever had a genius equal to that of the late Rev. Thomas Spooner. Happy was the moment that witnessed him installed as financial manager of the new publication! On two or three occasions, when extravagance with the

printers and an engraver had plunged the class in a slough of debt that made the future and graduation dreaded, Spooner displayed sublime nerve; and once he entered into a financial speculation that cleared off hundreds of dollars of debt in a day.

The initial number of this periodical was issued, as can readily be observed by looking at the first volume, in January, 1873. The mid-winter vacation had provided an opportunity to devote much time to the undertaking by those having the direction of it. One of the difficulties that was anticipated at the start of course was the securing of contributions which, it might be hoped, would attract some attention. Twenty-four years ago the alumni were few; and the graduates from whom literary aid might be expected could be scored on the fingers of one hand. But, somehow, the first number soon began to take shape; and then it grew as far as the galley proofs. Most of these were duplicated on fine, crisp paper and sent off to the authors of the contributions who happened in vacation to be absent. And how attractive those first proofs looked! The first editor has never set eyes on any so fascinating, although he has been reading proofs all his life from that day on. Finally the first "make-up" day came; and at the office where the type-setting was done there was a gentleman (a gentleman by instinct, education, and good taste) who displayed a wide latitude of patience with the exactions of the new editors. His name was Parker; and he died many years since. With his trained aid the number came off the press with an

appearance that immediately excited surprise and favorable comment on sight. It was put on sale at the book-stores in Lewiston and Auburn, in Portland, and at one notable store in Boston. Mr. F. L. Dingley wrote a long notice of the number in the *Journal*. Notices appeared in the *Portland Argus* and *Press*. E. P. Whipple, then the leading literary critic in Boston, gave it two-thirds of a column in the *Globe*, a daily of high literary pretension in those days. Within a week anybody who had not seen THE BATES STUDENT was behind the times; and Manager Spooner had disposed of the first edition and ordered a second. Before long the exchanges from the colleges began to come in. *The Amherst Student* had this to say: "THE BATES STUDENT stands, we think, at the head of our college monthlies. It does great credit to the class that conducts it." The *Cornell Era* expressed itself as follows: "We will not assure the editors that we hope their magazine will succeed, for it is already a great success." All this spontaneous encouragement helped along the enthusiasm necessary for the editors to proceed. It was amusing also to observe the interest stimulated by the guessing who the contributors were to the number, for each and every contribution was anonymous. Perhaps any one turning over the pages of the first volume even now may not be wholly without some curiosity in that respect. On the cover of the first number, the contents with the writer's names would have read as follows:

My Chum and I.—I. . . . F. B. Stanford.
The Truth Seeker. . . . G. H. Stockbridge.

The Novel in Society. . . . C. A. Bickford.
Here and There While Abroad.—I.
Prof. T. L. Angell.
The Man with a Reputation. . . The Editor.
Editors' Portfolio (Salutatory). . . The Editor.
Other Editorials. . . . W. H. Chandler.

Among those who contributed to the other numbers included in the first volume, mention should be made of Frank E. Moulton, one of the editors after the first six months, who wrote "Letters from a Log House," an experience he had in Canada while a book canvasser; N. W. Harris, who contributed the series, "The College Club"; and Edwin A. Smith, author of the essay, "Memorable Days." Mr. Stockbridge and Mr. Bickford were the two contributors, however, the editors depended on chiefly for something readable for every number; and their contributions are numerous in the first volume in essays, poems, and stories. After the publication of the February number it seemed to be taken for granted that this college periodical had become an established fact. Thomas Spooner, however, was accumulating experience which promised to give him premature wrinkles. Although the money came in lively for subscriptions, the advertising, a big half to be reckoned on, was shy and coy. Bills for printing looked formidable. Then the President insisted that the March number should be embellished with a Forbes engraving of Benjamin E. Bates. The cost was sixty dollars; and the question was asked timidly of the President if he saw that amount anywhere in sight? He believed he did; but the fact is it never materialized from the source it was anticipated; and the cost

for that engraving worried Spooner many a month in the lump with other accumulated indebtedness. All this is ancient history now; "and the cares that infest the day shall fold their tents, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away." But those cares were real and mighty annoying once. The only one concerned who never gave himself a moment's trouble about money was our sanguine friend, H. W. Chandler. He always exhibited sublime faith in the splendid abundance of the future. Something would be sure to turn up in the nick of time, and the little comedy of errors would be certain to end happily. Spooner proyed that Chandler was right. One day he went to Boston and ventured on his own hook to promise John B. Gough, one of the most popular lecturers of that period, three hundred dollars if he would visit Lewiston and lecture in the City Hall. Gough lectured to a crowd that packed the house at a dollar a head, and Spooner came out three hundred dollars in pocket. That money wiped out the debts of the magazine the first year. It was handed over to the Class of '75, a legacy free and clear of all encumbrance.

Twenty-four years ago! I sit late at night conjuring this retrospect of a pleasant past. The house is so quiet that the stillness is distinct. Only the ticking of a clock in another room reminds me that even the present moment must soon be lost in the gulf of time which yawns wide always. But in memory I hold the twenty-four years in defiance. I can still see Chandler's light, midway in the third story of

Parker Hall, while I pick my way in the dark over the crust and ice on the campus, going to him one December night in '72 with the proofs. I can see him straighten up his six feet of stature and let out one of his door-shaking laughs over some bit of nonsense. The shadows that Stockbridge and Bickford and Moulton cast in their youth are just as easily recalled. And the youth without a beard, who wanted to be an editor, is still standing at the reading-room window trying to see the way clear.

F. B. STANFORD, '74.

BATES AND THE MAINE PEDAGOGICAL CONVENTION.

DURING the recent Christmas vacation the annual convention of the Maine Pedagogical Association was held in Lewiston. It is certainly true that questions of so great importance were discussed that no one will doubt the value of this association to the schools of Maine.

Throughout the entire session there was a marked and increasing interest, the final exercise being the most largely attended, and its discussions the most enthusiastically presented.

It is interesting to every student of Bates to know that the alumni of Bates stand in the front ranks of the educators of the State. Glancing at the officers of the Maine Pedagogical Association for the year just ended, the President, Mr. I. C. Phillips, and the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. A. P. Irving, are Bates alumni. In the year just entered upon, the Vice-President, Mr.

S. I. Graves, the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. A. P. Irving, and, as in previous years, many of the various committees, are Bates alumni.

The excellence of the programme of this convention was due in no small degree to the scholarly presentation of the following subjects by Bates alumni: A Report of the Committee on Arithmetic; a paper by S. I. Graves, '94. "Is the Present Preparatory English a Success?" opened for discussion by President Chase; "The German Schools," by Professor Hartshorn; "Rural Schools: Their Claim on the College," by President Chase.

Among the alumni present, at least thirteen different classes were represented, ranging from '67 to '96, and over thirty-four of their members were seen, of whom we mention the following: Professor Rand, '67; President Chase, '68; G. B. Files, '69; Professor Jordan, '70; Phillips, '76; Daggett, '78; Professor Frisbee, '80; Miss McVay, '84; Professor Hartshorn, '86; Dunton, '87; Libby, '89; Miss Snow, '90; Chase, '91; Blanchard, '92; Gilmore, '92; Small, '92; Irving, '93; Moulton, '93; Sturgis, '93; Miss Cummings, '94; Miss Gerrish, '94; C. C. Brackett, '94; Graves, '94; Brown, '95; Miss Foster, '95; Springer, '95; Files, '95; Miss Roberts, '95; Gerrish, '96; Hilton, '96; Thomas, '96; L. G. Purington, '96; F. H. Purington, '96; Miss Miller, '96; Miss Bonney, '96; and Knapp, '96.

We might also add that several of the students of the college were regular attendants upon the exercises.

F. A. K., '96.

ALUMNI BANQUET.

THE thirteenth annual meeting of the Bates College Alumni of Boston and vicinity was held at Young's Hotel, on December 18th. At the business meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, E. C. Adams, '76, of New Britain, Ct.; Vice-President, H. S. Cowell, '76, of Ashburnham, Mass.; Secretary, C. C. Smith, '88, of Boston. About seventy of the alumni and their friends attended the banquet. The younger classes were largely represented, '93 and '96 being especially prominent in point of numbers. The guest of the evening was Rev. Charles G. Ames, D.D., of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, who received his degree from Bates a year or two ago. He made an inspiring speech. Professor Strong was also a guest and made a few remarks. The other speakers and their subjects were:

President Chase, '69.

The Progress of the College.

Dr. L. M. Palmer, '75.

Life at German Universities.

William Prescott Foster, Esq., '81.

The Teaching of English.

Mrs. Ellen Little Clark, '83.

Life of the College Girl in the Eighties.

Rev. A. N. Peaslee, '90.

Bates Men in Graduate Schools.

N. W. Howard, Esq., '92.

Bates Athletes.

Miss Grace P. Conant, '93.

The College Girl of the Nineties.

L. J. Brackett, '94.

The College Man in Business.

R. L. Thompson, '96.

The Undergraduate.

N. W. Howard, '92, presented resolutions urging the college athletic committee and athletic association to adopt and demand adherence by Bates athletes to certain rules of training which

were embodied in the resolutions. These were unanimously adopted, and will be printed in the next STUDENT.

The regular monthly dinner of the Bates Hub Club will be held on the last Saturday of January. A large attendance of the young alumni is anticipated. Older graduates will be welcomed. Several matters pertaining to college athletics will be presented.

The College Club has now forty-six members, three having been suspended on January 1st, for non-payment of dues.

PERSONALS.

'74.—Rev. C. S. Frost has been installed as temporary pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Augusta. He will remain until spring.

'74.—A preparatory Latin composition, by F. P. Moulton, A.M., of the Hartford, Conn., High School, has just been published by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

'75.—Professor G. W. Wood is editing a weekly, the *Maine Statesman*, along a new line. It is a political symposium. The matter is taken from the leading publications and commented upon in scholarly and bright editorials. The paper is designed to economize the time of those who are interested in the nation's progress and have not time to devote to an exhaustive treatise.

'82.—Rev. C. E. Mason of Challis, Idaho, has been chosen city missionary by the Congregational Church in that city.

'87.—A. S. Littlefield has tendered his resignation to the Rockland city council, as a member of the school board.

'88.—W. L. Powers was recently chosen secretary and treasurer of the United Ornithologists of Maine.

'90.—Eli Edgecomb has resigned as principal of the Camden High School.

'90.—William H. Woodman, Esq., has taken offices in the new Tremont Building, Boston, with O. C. Scales, Bowdoin, '91.

'92.—In the Franklin S. J. Court, C. N. Blanchard has been admitted to the bar. Mr. Blanchard is representative to the legislature from Wilton, and will practice law in that town.

'94.—E. J. Hatch, who has been teaching for some time in Dow Academy, Franconia, N. H., has decided to enter the ministry.

'94.—Miss Bessie W. Gerrish has been unanimously elected to the position of assistant in the Cony High School at Augusta, in the department of modern languages.

'95.—W. P. Hamilton and Miss C. M. King were married December 24th, at Fort Fairfield. They will reside at Hope Valley, R. I., where Mr. Hamilton is teaching.

'95.—At the last annual meeting of the Sagadahoc Teachers' Association, R. F. Springer was elected Vice-President.

'96.—I. P. Berryman has been elected principal of the High School at Steuben.

'96.—L. P. Gerrish has been chosen to finish the winter term of the High School at Lisbon.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

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THE BATES STUDENT with this issue commences another year of life. Its past has been helpful and encouraging. The incoming board kindly wish the departing editors God-speed, and turn with earnest enthusiasm to the untried duties before them.

A college magazine should truly reflect the college life and thought in its various phases, and present a high standard of literary and scholarly work. We realize that in order to attain this, the editorial board must have the active sympathy of its own class, of all the classes; the active sympathy of Faculty, alumni, friends. A sympathy which simply says, "I hope you will do well," is of little value. A sympathy which says, "I will do what I can to aid," is of great value. A desire to assist the new board in making our magazine all that we wish, is already manifested with a good will that presages success for the coming year.

This is as it should be. We wish all to feel a personal interest; to be paying subscribers; to aid by reporting events of interest to our local department, by sending in items of interest to the alumni. We shall be glad to

receive for acceptance, contributions of a literary character. Thus working together earnestly and in harmony, we may expect a successful year for the STUDENT which shall enlarge its value and enable it to keep pace with our rapidly developing, beloved Bates.

THE New Year is popularly accepted as the time for the beginning of reforms. By the Bates students one reform in particular may well be inaugurated,—that of putting a stop to harsh and unjust criticism of the college and its interests. There are some of the students who, be it said to their shame, whenever Bates is mentioned, sneer at the institution as though it lacked every good quality. If derogatory remarks were made to other students alone, to members of the same family as it were, they would be less reprehensible, but when a student makes such remarks to strangers to the college, thus prejudicing them against it, he deserves to be rebuked. We can fortify ourselves against attacks from without, but it is hard to deal with an enemy within. He who would betray his college is no less a traitor than he who would betray his country.

AT the opening of the present college year, for the first time, our Y. M. C. A. offered to the young men of the college, irrespective of their connection with the association, a progressive course in devotional Bible study. That in so doing, it was adding another to the many interests that demand the student's time and thought, was fully realized, but the importance of this work in a well-rounded education was felt to be such as to warrant its introduction among our other activities. During the fall, some were prevented from joining the classes by reason of the pressure of athletics and other work. At the beginning of this term, which has fewer outside duties, we ask such to consider whether this work should not receive a share of their interest.

WE publish in this number an article from the pen of Frederick Benjamin Stanford, '74, the founder and first editor of the *STUDENT*. Journalism has been his chosen profession, and since graduation he has been on the editorial board of several papers, and is at present connected with the *Brooklyn Citizen*. We feel sure that our readers will be interested in his account of the early days of the *STUDENT*.

THE new year brings with it bright hopes for Bates. The old year was full of promise, its many signs of growth betokened still greater advancement for the coming year. Our entering class was the largest in the history of the college; there was a marked gain in the total number of students;

the Faculty has been strengthened by the addition of a permanent professor in the chair of history and economics, and of an assistant in chemistry and physics; the curriculum has been broadened; the facilities for work in the different departments have been improved; the number of scholarships has been increased; even the tuition, most conservative of all, has conformed to this spirit of progress, showing an advancement of nearly 40%.

AS we, the Class of '98, look back over the period of our connection with the college, we feel that our lot has indeed been exceptional. Early in the fall of '94 we gathered here, the largest entering class of the college. We were looking forward to four years of pleasant association, and wishing, as does every entering class, that our ranks might be unbroken. But that was not to be. At the beginning of nearly every term we have learned with regret that some have left our class to enter their various walks of life. It is with peculiar sadness, however, that we mention the losses that have been ours in the last few months. Friends have gone out, not to other cares and duties, but to the far beyond—whence there is no return. We, who were their daily companions, are left to mourn. We miss the pleasant smile and the hearty hand-shake, but memories of their friendship will always be ours. As we so often think of them, joy shines through the gloom of our deepest sadness. We know that it is better with them there.

In Memoriam.

CHARLES EUGENE WELLS.

IT was nearing midday, when over campus and through halls flew the words, "Wells is drowned!" The message went hither and thither through the city, and flashed along the wires to the quiet old town by the ocean, where the family of our friend lived. As a thunderbolt out of clear sky came the awful message to them.

Never was there a June morning more beautiful; never were the fields and trees brighter and greener; never our hearts lighter. On us falls the shock, and the beautiful day and bright fields darken; our hearts are full of pain.

The sun has gone down in the glowing west, and the shades of evening are gathering around us as we sit on the rugged, tree-clad bank of the Androscoggin, and watch the dark boats of the searching party go to and fro on the bosom of the river. Now and then a voice floats across the water. The hushed sound of oars mingles in sad harmony with the mournful song of the hermit thrush. Deeper shadows fall on the calm waters. When twilight is entirely gone, we leave the cold river and the search.

A little time has passed. The flowers on our classmate's grave have withered away. But the memory of that smiling, happy face has not faded. With all the freshness of that June morning it remains printed indelibly on our minds.

But sad memories must not carry us away from our object—to write a brief sketch of our departed friend.

Charles Eugene Wells was born in Wells, Maine, February 19, 1877. He was descended from some of the oldest and best families of the town; on his father's side from the Wells family, which was among the early settlers of York County; on his mother's side from Major Pope, a soldier of the revolution. His grandfather, Theodore Wells, was at one time a trustee of the old Maine State Seminary, at which William S. Wells, the father of our classmate, was educated. His mother, a woman of singular purity and strength of character, and above all a sincere Christian, was taken from him in his early boyhood, but not before she had instilled in him a love of truth and purity rarely equaled in any young man. He early determined to be a well-educated man, and thought much about the studying of law after the completion of his college course. With this end in view he went to Berwick Academy, from which he was graduated in 1894. In the fall of that year he entered Bates College. Here he rose steadily, both in his classes and among his fellow-students. He was modest and never pushed himself forward, but his merit, worth, and ability were recognized, and our friend was loved and honored by his fellow-students much more than falls to the lot of most of us.

The early teachings of his Christian mother still lingered in his heart. The strong influence of Christian friends made them more potent, and last winter he became an open follower of Christ.

We had scarcely found out his worth and ability when, at the close of his Sophomore year, June 18th, the sudden separation came. Now that we see no more his bright, sunny face, we can measure our loss and wonder why this noble soul was taken from us.

But, though our loss is great, how infinitely small is it when compared with that to the home circle. A vacant spot must always remain there. Most sincerely do we offer our poor consolation to you. Most gladly do we tell you that we who knew him best are better because of knowing him. O, friends, let us be thankful that the ever-flowing stream of time is bearing us away from the past! In its tender embrace it takes us from the terrible day. The harsh outlines of our great sorrow begin to soften. Now the sunshine of his beautiful, happy life and the shadow of our grief blend a little, and its brightness steals away some of the darkness ere we are aware.

—'98.

CLASS RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, In the providence of God, our honored and beloved classmate, Charles E. Wells, has been suddenly taken from among us, be it

Resolved, That we, the Class of '98, deeply lament the loss of him whom we have learned to esteem so highly for his noble manhood and promising genius;

Resolved, That we extend to his parents and friends our heartfelt sympathy in this their bitter affliction and sudden bereavement;

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and also be printed in the BATES STUDENT.

R. H. TUKEY,

H. HAWKINS,

BERTHA F. FILES,

Committee.

FRED WASHINGTON FOSS.

A GAIN the Class of '98 has been called to mourn the death of one of its members. November 2, 1896, Fred W. Foss died at Denver, Col., whither he had gone seeking to recover his health in a more favorable climate.

Mr. Foss was born at Strafford, N. H., June 30, 1874, and was the son of George W. and Mary J. Foss. He fitted for college at Austin Academy, and entered Bates in the fall of 1894. Here he completed two years of his course, but during that time the confinement of his studies brought on a lung trouble which ended in consumption. Although of a retiring disposition, Mr. Foss, by his kindly spirit and regard for others, early won the good-will of his classmates. During his second year in college he opened his heart to the love of Christ, and henceforth in his unassuming way he sought to exemplify the teachings of the great Master. He was always upright and honorable, scorning to do a base act. None of his friends ever had reason to complain of unfaithfulness on his part, or to doubt the integrity of his life.

—'98.

CLASS RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, God, in His infinite wisdom, has taken from us our beloved classmate, Fred W. Foss, be it

Resolved, That we, the Class of '98, are deeply grieved at the early death of one who was a true friend and a faithful student;

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and friends in their affliction;

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that a copy be published in the BATES STUDENT.

R. H. TUKEY,

J. P. SPRAGUE,

ELLEN W. SMITH,

Committee.

College News and Interests.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

All over Maine you may find them,
From Berwick to the Canada line,
Bates students masquerading as teachers,
In school-houses of brick or rough pine.

Even grave Seniors regretfully banish
Thoughts of Psyche and dear Chemistry,
And timid and verdant young Freshmen
Pound into dull minds A, B, C.

The polo crank is here.

Some one said the glee club was to
be reorganized.

The Theological School took a week's
recess at Christmas.

Wentworth, 1900, has gone to Bow-
doin Medical School.

During vacation Saunders, '99, kept
guard over Parker Hall.

During Hinkley's absence Parsons,
'98, has charge of the book-store.

This is the time when the ghosts of
murdered New Year's resolutions arise
to haunt us.

Miss Peckham and Miss Mitchell,
both formerly of '99, will continue
their course with 1900.

Bruce, '98, is occupying the lower
tenement at 243 College Street, where
he is monarch of all he surveys.

The sign on the electrics, "Good
Skating at Lake Auburn," has proved
almost too alluring to many students
this winter.

Hon. Alonzo Garcelon, M.D., gave
an interesting lecture before the Divin-
ity School, Friday afternoon, January
8th, upon his recent visit to Mexico.

During vacation Miss Knowles, '97,
taught in Greeley Institute, Cumber-

land, taking the place of Miss Pennell,
'94, who was absent on account of ill-
ness.

A student, who is not responsible for
all that he says, is going about boast-
ing that he left his pocket-book at his
room and then went down town and
got his hair cut on his face.

A course of short addresses on
"The Spiritual Life" is being given at
the Divinity School by the professors
and the clergymen of the two cities,
every Monday at chapel exercises.

The Class of 1900 gladly welcomes
its new members: Mr. Urban Willis,
Mr. Ernest Call (Bowdoin, 1900), and
Mr. Ralph Morse (Bowdoin, 1900), all
graduates of Maine Central Institute.

Our physical director, Mr. Bolster,
spent a portion of his vacation pursu-
ing deer. At the last account the deer
were in the lead by about seventeen
miles, headed toward the Canada line.

Professor Stanton kindly furnishes
the following list of sons and daughters
of the alumni who are now in college:
Miss Baldwin, Miss Emma Chase, Miss
Muriel Chase, Mr. Clason, Miss Don-
nocker, Mr. Emrich, Miss Bertha Files,
Miss Ethel Files, Mr. Goddard, Miss
Jordan, Miss Peckham, and Miss
Sleeper.

The base-ball outlook for the coming
year is very encouraging, in spite of the
fact that we lost three good men last
year: Gerrish, c.; Douglass, 2b.; Ber-
ryman, sub. p. Mason, '99, and Purin-
ton, 1900, will no doubt do the catching,
and can be relied upon to do good

work. Wadsworth, '99, Calhoun, '99, Lowe, 1900, and Goddard, 1900, will be valuable men. Manager Marr has already arranged games with Tufts, Dartmouth, University of Vermont, and other strong teams out of the state.

Mr. Austin H. Evans, a graduate of Colby, has been secured as instructor in Latin and English. Mr. Evans was born in Cambridge, Mass., and fitted for college at Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass. While at Colby he took a prominent part in many of the public exercises, was editor-in-chief of the *Colby Echo*, and won high honors in scholarship. The fall after graduating, Mr. Evans was retained as instructor in Latin and Greek for two years. He was then elected principal of Waterville High School, but resigned on account of temporary ill health. He comes to Bates with the highest recommendations from the institutions where he has been engaged as instructor.

The following books have recently been added to the college library :

Report of the American Conference on International Arbitration; Joint Metallism, by Stokes; Christianity and Social Problems, by Lyman Abbott; The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria, by G. Barnett Smith; The Constitutional History of England from 1760 to 1860, by Charles Duke Yonge; American Church History, Vol. 5; and Commentaries on the Liberty of the Subject and the Laws of England Relating to the Security of the Person, 2 vols., by James Patterson.

Also the following books for the Department of English have been presented by the College Club :

Hamilton Mabie's My Study Fire; My Study Fire, 2d series; Short Studies in Literature; Essays in Literary Interpretation; Under the

Trees and Elsewhere; Essays in Nature and Culture; Essays in Nature and Books; Augustine Burrill's Men, Women, and Books; Obiter Dicta; Obiter Dicta, 2d series; Res Judicatae; Edmund Gosse's Jacobean Poets; Critical Kit Kats; Geo. Saintsbury's Essays in English Literature; Mrs. Ward's Sir George Tressady, 2 vols.

The Freshman Class have chosen their subjects for debate next fall. The questions and disputants are as follows :

First Division.—“Will Bismarck be a Greater Historical Character than Gladstone?” Affirmative: Clason, Coffin, Miss Ford, Miss Cole, Foster, Emrich, Powell. Negative: Miss Files, Stackpole, Ayer, Pendexter, Summerbell, Robbins, Miss Trask.

Second Division.—“Should a Court of Arbitration be Established for the Settlement of Disputes between Nations?” Affirmative: Parsons, Chase, Goddard, Miss Beal, Miss White, Dunham, Miss Parker. Negative: Richardson, W. S. Jones, Miss Marr, Pottle, Roberts, Sturgis, L. W. Glidden.

Third Division.—“Has Greece Done More than Rome to Advance Civilization?” Affirmative: Miss Joyce, Hussey, Staples, Miller, Poor, Miss P. M. Small, Catheron. Negative: Miss M. F. Mitchell, Miss Peckham, Miss Getchell, Johnston, Murphy, Miss Avery, L. G. Glidden.

Fourth Division.—“Has Arctic Exploration been Justified in its Results?” Affirmative: Littlefield, Miss Sears, Lowe, Miss Skillings, Miss Lambe, Miss Thompson, Miss Baldwin. Negative: A. M. Jones, Miss Sweetser, Davis, Miss True, Miss Dresser, Rogers, Briry.

Fifth Division.—“Is the English Government Superior in Form and Operation to the Government of the United States?” Affirmative: Miss Ludwig, Healy, Miss Hutchinson, Miss L. G. Small, Dennison, Johnson, Whitman. Negative: Miss Tarbox, Miss R. E. Mitchell, Elder, Griffin, Stinchfield, Miss Proctor, Wing.

Sixth Division.—“Ought the United States Further to Restrict Immigration?” Affirmative: Wentworth, Miss Perry, Rich, Packard, Wagg, Miss Lowell. Negative: Miss Summerbell, Thurlow, Fernald, Purinton, Manter, Butterfield, Courser.

College Exchanges.

THE college magazines of last month give to us, each of its little store, something of that seasonable "Peace on earth, good will to men." Some indeed are attractive in holiday attire, and many with a cheery greeting gladly rivet more securely the chain of common interest which binds all college men and women together.

Seek and you shall find, fails not even to the College Exchange Editor. For, while much of the matter printed in college papers is useless to those outside of the immediate college life, yet, in the midst of this, the productions of thoughtful, fanciful, and sympathetic minds contain new thoughts and new expressions which we may, with profit, assimilate into our own lives.

The *Mount Holyoke* deserves a place among the first this month. It contains a bright, interesting article on "The Vein of Mystery in Literature," and a story entitled, "The Bells of Yss," written in a dainty style, like the chiming bells, full of the music of the sea and the soft sobbing of human woe.

The *Smith College Monthly* contains two good articles, "The Independent in Politics" and "Reminiscences of an English School."

Prize orations, "Measuring Units" and "The Great Victory," add much to the value of the *Colorado Collegian*. Best things always find readers, and to those of other colleges such articles afford a means for judging the standard maintained by the students in their sister colleges.

The *Sioux* is resplendent in a new cover and greets us with a short poem, the simplicity of which gains for it a place here:

TRYING TO FORGET.

Trying to forget! And yet!
In the breaker's wild delight,
Memory floats upon the sea;
The spectral passions of the night
Are filled with dreams of thee.

Trying to forget! And yet!
These falling tears their story tell
Of days and years, a scene now past;
The murmuring peal of Sabbath bell
Turns me back, where I saw you last.

Trying to forget! And yet!
I linger at the winding creek,
To view each fond remembered place,
Where smile and sunbeam on thy cheek,
Wooded thy love-alluring grace.

Trying to forget! And yet!
I pluck the mystery of each reverie,
I brook the phantoms of night's array—
O! thou immortal memory!—
I cannot forget thee for a day.

—W. Kent Haugh.

The *Buff and the Blue* contains a decidedly interesting and instructive treatment of the influence and lives of Zoroaster, Mohammed, Confucius, and Gautama, the Buddha, by different authors. They are collected under the title of "Moulders of Creeds," and are valuable to the student because concisely written.

The *University Monthly* has a good essay, "Psychology as the Basis of Educational Theory and Practice," but more than a page is given up to a composition on "Frogs," which, although probably used to fill up, detracts much from the paper.

The *Tennessee University* and the *Yale Literary Magazine* both contain readable matter. The following from the *Yale Literary Magazine* is an attractive setting of an old truth :

"FAINT HEART NE'ER WON FAIR LADY."

"The burn runs swiftly, my dainty lass,
And its foam-wreathed stones are mossy,
An I carry ye ower to yonder shore
Ye will na think me saucy?"

"I thank ye, sir, but a Scottish lass
Recks not of a little wetting.
Will ye stand aside, sir? I can na bide, sir,
The sun o' the gloaming's setting."

"Yet stay, my pretty, the stepping-stones
Are a bridge o' my ane hands making.
An ye pay no toll I maun be so bold—
—The sweeter a kiss for taking."

"Farewell, ye braw young Highlander,
Tho' first ye sought to mask it;
Unceevil 'tis to steal a kiss,
But muckle maur to ask it."

—Charles Potter Hine.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper life above;
Human life is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

—The Owl.

DECEMBER.

The Old Year totters to his doom,
But anxiously he waits to see
One more bright scene, a merry time,
The children round the Christmas tree.

His wizened face lights up with joy,
While to be young he vainly tries;
But feeling now his waning strength,
In silence he creeps off and dies.

JANUARY.

From beneath the time-worn mantle
Of the Old Year, stern and gray,
Steps a slender, timid figure,
Called by name the New Year's Day.

Stands he there with smiling features,
Every virtue at command,
Scattering new resolutions
With a careless, lavish hand.

—The Mount Holyoke.

Brutus—"Say, Cæsar, how many oysters do you eat for supper?"
Cæsar—"Et tu, Brute."—*Ex.*

Inscribed on a professor's desk :

"It always seems to me,
That Homer's Greek is bad.
It's either *odd I see*,
Or else it's *ill I add*. —*Ex.*

There are meters of accent,
There are meters of tone,
But the best of all meters
Is to meet her alone. —*Ex.*

A FRESHMAN'S LAMENT.

Must I go, and empty-handed?
Must I attend the contest so?
Not a girl to sit beside me,
For the matron has said "No!" —*Ex.*

Thomas Hood died while composing a humorous poem. He is said to have remarked that he was dying out of charity to the undertaker, who wished "to urn a lively Hood." —*Ex.*

Appropriate sentiment found on the fly-leaf of a Psychology text-book :

If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book will still be dry. —*Ex.*

MY LADY'S FAN.

My lady is fair, my lady is sweet,
My lady is wondrous shy;
Or daintily scornful, from exquisite feet
To down-cast, azure eye.

My lady's fan is a flutter of gray,
With paintings in Watteau vein;
That frivolous fan, by its indolent sway
Speaks only her disdain.

The little Marquise with a Watteau crook
I'll swear has a smile for me;
The cavalier, helping her over the brook,
She doesn't seem to see!

Ah! little Marquise with your powdered hair,
And your saucy smile at me,
Pray look at the gallant young gentleman there
And smile for *him* to see!

—Katherine Whiting, in the *University Beacon*.

A Chat About New Books.

AS I take my pen to salute you for the first time, O readers of this modest corner, feelings overwhelm me akin to those which froze my blood when as a trembling Freshman I made my first bow to a college audience. But it is not a Freshman "dec" with which I test your patience; it is simply that I wish to chat with you about some new book friends I have learned to know this month.

Most of the books come in dainty green dresses, as if recompensing us for the absence of summer foliage.

John Burroughs's *A Year in the Fields*¹ is even more delightful than I anticipated. The illustrations are from photographs by Clifton Johnson. They bring one very close to the grand old man who talks about his neighbors of the fields. First is the snow, "the tender, sculpturesque, immaculate, warming, fertilizing snow." There is a little gray rabbit that lives under Burroughs's bark-covered study. The nuthatches and woodpeckers rap at his door, and a little red owl sleeps in his apple-tree.

Leaving his winter friends, he tells us of the hepaticas, the violets, the meadow lark, his spring chickens, brook trout—until one can scarcely wait for spring.

The essay on weeds is full of helpful lessons. His summary is cheerful: "And in human nature, too, weeds are by no means in the ascendant, troublesome as they are. The good green grass of love and truthfulness

and common sense is more universal, and crowds the idle weeds to the wall."

Burroughs's autumn acquaintances are the thistle-down, the witch-hazel, the flying-spider, etc.

But this big-hearted writer has room for other friends beside those of the fields. Quotations and references to Burns, Walt Whitman, Agassiz, Lowell, Wilson, etc., enrich the book throughout.

*Field Flowers*² is a beautiful edition of Eugene Field's poems, published and illustrated without charge. The purpose is to create a fund for the family of the poet, and the monument to be erected in his memory.

W. L. Taylor, Frank O. Small, Alice Barber Stevens, W. A. Rogers, Frederic Remington, are among the illustrators.

"Sweetheart, be my Sweetheart," "Jes 'Fore Christmas," and "Little Mistress Sans Merci," need no introduction to your hearts. The book is a treasure.

A little volume of short stories by Cornelia Pratt is aptly named *A Book of Martyrs*.³ The diversity of subjects for martyrdom convinces one that the world is full of them. The ineffectual little minister who fled from his comfortable home and well-regulated parish to shovel coal for a living, because "I couldn't stand it. I had to have a change. I was rotting away," wins our sympathy. He became a martyr by taking up the responsibilities of his position again. The young man who,

having unconsciously acquired the morphine habit, fought the consuming fire to the end of his slow, torturesome death, is a pathetic figure.

The authoress puts in the mouth of a clever writer, suddenly face to face with death, "I wanted to become as one of the gods by knowing, and the appointed path is by loving. To be human and to love is to be divine."

She causes the old countryman to touch on an oft-proved truth, saying: "Huh! My son, I've seen smart young men strike out for themselves 'fore ever you was born, and I've seen their fathers swim out after 'em—and sink."

The Modern Readers' Bible, edited by Prof. R. G. Moulton, appeals to every Christian worker. The series is presented in modern literary form, with appropriate titles. *Biblical Idyls*⁴ contains Ruth, Esther, and the apochryphal Book of Tobit. It opens with Solomon's Song of Songs. I never understood or appreciated this beautiful lyric until I read it in this work. The introduction, headings, explanations, notes, etc., are especially valuable. Altogether the edition is very practical and attractive.

The friends of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin have long known that she was as talented musically as in other ways. In *Nine Love Songs and a Carol*⁵ the public will have a chance to become familiar with several of the exquisite melodies of Mrs. Wiggin's composing. From various sources, from Herrick to Amelie Rives, Mrs. Wiggin has selected

and set to expressive music the charming love poems.

There are two Scotch songs among the number, Jean Glover's "O'er the Moor Among the Heather" and Amelie Rives's "My Laddie." The music of these is particularly good. Mrs. Wiggin has given them the real lilt of Scottish song.

A sweet little thing is the "Lullaby" from the Spanish, with its suggestive rocking accompaniment and its crooning refrain. In "A Plantation Christmas Carol," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, Mrs. Wiggin has given the music the real colored swing. One can almost hear the soft patting of hands and feet that accompany many of the negro melodies.

Two old love songs, "Phœbe," by John Byron (1719), and Robert Herrick's "To Electra," take a new lease of life in the dainty, fresh, and tripping music in which they are clothed.

In these days of cheap music and trashy sentiment a book with so much that is good and genuine will be appreciated by every real music lover.

¹ A Year in the Fields: Selections from the Writings of John Burroughs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.10.

² Field Flowers: Poems of Childhood. Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund, 180 Monroe Street, Chicago; \$1.10.

³ A Book of Martyrs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents.

⁴ Biblical Idyls: From the Modern Reader's Bible Series. New York: The Macmillan Company; 50 cents.

⁵ Nine Love Songs and a Carol. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25.

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CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's *Æneid*; four books of *Cæsar*; six orations of Cicero; thirty exercises in Jones's Latin Composition; Latin Grammar (Harkness or Allen & Greenough). **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or equivalents. **ENGLISH:** In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and in English Literature the works set for examination for entrance to the New England Colleges.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

The examinations for admission to College will be both written and oral.

Hereafter no special students will be admitted to any of the College classes.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are \$200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirty-seven scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Williams Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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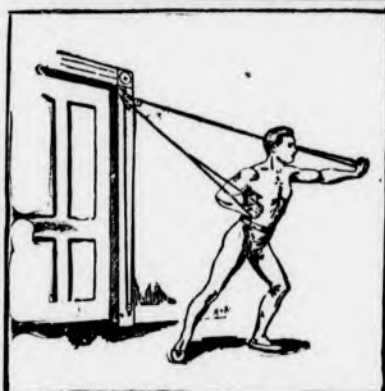
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