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The
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VOL. XXV.

No. 7.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

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T H E

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXV.

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No. 7.

THE ORGAN PUMPER.

To their pews the saints are gliding,
With their faces calm, serene,
While the scowling organ pumper,
Takes his place behind the scene.

First the prayer, then the preaching,
Music often comes between;
No one sees the organ pumper,
For he is behind the scene.

Yet he hears the solemn sermon,
For his ears are very keen,
And he listens there intently,
In his place behind the scene.

Well he knows the sacred singing
Would not sweetly intervene
If he should forget the moment
He must jump behind the scene.

"Is the music not entrancing?"
Breathe the sisters, as they rise.
"Yes, indeed," the brothers whisper,
As they close their pious eyes.

"O, I am so tired of pumping
This infernal old machine!"
Growls the weary organ pumper,
As he pumps behind the scene.

Ah, while some enjoy the sweetness
From life's laboring machine,
There are others, pumping, pumping,
Wearily behind the scene.

—W. T., '99.

A VISIT TO THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

BEFORE leaving Paris I wished to attend a "séance" of the French House of Representatives. How should I get in?

Madame B—— said that the way was to go to the side entrance of the old

palace, which stands on the left bank of the Seine, opposite the Place de la Concorde, and there, she continued, "you will find on guard a man with on his head what you call it?" (flourishing expressive hands around a shapely head).

It turned out that she was struggling for "cocked hat."

"Then," speaking with a slight hesitancy, "you will gif him somethings and he will take you in and gif you a good place to see."

That was one way; but I preferred another. So, some days later, happening to be going down the Avenue de l'Opera and to see the sign of the United States consulate, I went in. On the ground floor (the first floor of a French building is, in reality, always the second floor) I was put into a slow elevator that seemed *en route* long enough to reach the stars. It stopped at length with a violent clucking. Then the doors opened and I was received in a small ante-room by a polite *garçon*, who forthwith ushered me into another and larger apartment. Here, in what seems, in the retrospect, a big iron cage, was a mulattoish-looking official who, on being informed of my desire, said, in tones that recalled the deep music of the speech of Frederick Douglass:

"You will have to apply at the office

of the United States ambassador in the Rue de Galilee."

"Will a request by mail be sufficient?"

"You would better apply *in person*, sir."

I knew where the ambassador resided. I had been there before and was well received.

One does not like to put too many requests for favors in one place. However—

Drifting about over the sea of Parisian life, I found myself a few days later gazing with patriotic emotions at the bronze group of Washington and Lafayette, in the Place des Etats Unis. It suddenly "ran up to me" that I was near the Rue de Galilee, and that I might now put in my application for a ticket to the Chamber.

After a season of waiting for others who were ahead of me on some business of their own, I was courteously received by the chief secretary of the embassy and obtained his promise to do his best.

"Thank you. And is there anything more for me to do?" I inquired, looking the secretary exactly in the eye—for he was a Frenchman and I was a sight-seeing traveller.

"Nothing at all," he replied, with soul-enrapturing sense and decision. "I will make the application at once, send you the permit, and you will be quite welcome. It will require several days to effect the thing."

One week later was delivered at my hotel on the Boulevard des Capucines a communication marked "urgent." The secretary had been successful. He wrote: "I enclose herewith two tickets

for the sitting of Saturday of the Chamber of Deputies. They were applied for the day you called and were received this morning." I might have been seen to smile with unmistakable satisfaction.

It was a fine, spring-like day in February when we passed through the Place de la Concorde, noting anew the exact spot on which stood the guillotine when, just before her execution, Madame Roland cried, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" Threading our way through a mass of rapidly moving vehicles, we crossed the Pont de la Concorde and stood before the old Palais Bourbon, on the Quai d'Orsay, more recently known as the Palais du Corps Législatif, and now labeled the Chamber of Deputies.

The building now in use by the deputies of France was begun early in the eighteenth century for the Duchess of Bourbon. It was subsequently greatly enlarged by the Prince of Condé. In 1790 it was declared to be national property and has since been used as such. The façade, facing north, exactly opposite the Place de la Concorde, is in the style of a Greek temple with a handsome Corinthian colonnade composed of twelve columns. The approach to the portico is rendered interesting by statues of D'Aguesseau, Colbert, L'Hôpital, and Sully; and on either side are sculptured reliefs by eminent artists. In the tympanum stands a group, by Cortot, representing France with the constitution, between Liberty and Order, summoning to her aid the genii of Commerce, Agriculture, and Peace. While the Chamber of Deputies sits here, the French Senate holds its sessions in the

Palais du Luxembourg, about a mile distant.

Entering the court at the right of the broad flight of steps in front, we were immediately challenged by one of the attendants. The sight of our pass calmed his slightly perturbed spirit. Through an unpretentious entrance we gained the interior of the building. Directed by uniformed guards stationed at every turn and entrance, we went through echoing corridors, up a winding stairway, and along a passage where more of our clothes were taken possession of than we really cared to part with; but how can one resist the persistency of an official who speaks only half intelligible French and has the great authority of the Republic back of his manœuvres for a fee? I would have given the man my boots (I do not mean as boots are sometimes given) had he asked for them, for the sake of the end in view.

At length we were seated in the gallery overlooking the splendid assembly hall. It is semicircular in form and is lighted only by a hemicycle above the president's chair. As daylight fades and artificial light becomes necessary, it is provided above this hemicycle, from unseen illuminators, in a way that seemed to us as novel as the effect was delightful. The roof of this splendidly constructed room is upborne by twenty marble columns, behind which are the two rows of galleries for the public, containing sittings sufficient, I judged, for several hundreds of persons—a provision much ampler than that in the British House of Commons. On the wall above the president's seat, beneath

the semicircular light, is a large reproduction in tapestry of Raphael's "School of Athens." On both sides of this, in niches adorned by beautiful Doric columns, are marble statues, by Pradier, of Liberty and Public Order. The tribune, from which orators address the Chamber, is in front of the president's chair, considerably lower down and but little higher than the floor of the Chamber. The front of this tribune is adorned with a fine and appropriate sculpture in bas-relief. The costliness and beauty of the entire hall are in accord with the few features thus suggested. Here, in 1795, was the assembly place of the Council of Five Hundred. In 1848, the Duchess of Orleans here presented her two sons, the Count de Paris and the Duke de Chartres, before the National Assembly, in the hope of obtaining the throne. The same year the Assembly was expelled from the hall by a resistless mob. On the 4th of September, 1870, another mob forced an entrance, making the building ring with their cries of "*Vive la République!*" The assembly dispersed, and down at the Hotel de Ville the republican members formed a new government. It would be an empty mind indeed that during the half hour while the galleries were filling, before the "*séance*" began, could not find food for thought in the French Chamber of Deputies.

Two o'clock. The hour has arrived. The galleries are full. All the front rows of seats are given to ladies. A flutter of expectation is heard as some officials appear in the chamber below. A door opens and in come a few others. One ascends the stairs

leading to the president's chair. "*Monsieur le President!*" calls a clear voice, and M. Brisson, a gray-haired and well-built man, sits down in his seat of honor and responsibility. Not twenty deputies are yet in the chamber. Both now, and also after the speaking has begun, I remember a joke which appeared in a Paris paper. Scene—outside the Chamber of Deputies. Little Marie—"Who are all these men walking about outside here, father?" Father—"Those, my dear child, are the members of the Chamber." "Are these all the members there are?" "No, there is one more." "Where is he, father?" "Inside, my dear, making a speech." I comment to a gentleman at my side on the smallness of the number present as the bell rings for the opening of the session. He shrugs his shoulders and remarks that the members will be in presently.

Soon they enter in considerable numbers. An audible, though suppressed recognition, half an exclamation and half a titter, sounds along the galleries, as the Mohammedan representative takes his seat, arrayed, without the slightest deference to Parisian styles, in his full turban and flowing, cream-colored robe. By the time the president gets through with his rather monotonously and indistinctly read budget, a fair number of deputies are in their places to listen to the first speaker of the afternoon. Within two hours the seats become well filled, and when the debate is at its hottest there are plenty to clamor for the tribune and to contribute to the medley of sounds that fills the Chamber. They are in general a good-looking body of men, with well-

shaped heads, very many having the interesting spot on top which Paul Flemming saw on the head of the stout gentleman described in "*Hyperion*." That head, being a little bald at the summit, looked not unlike a crow's nest with one egg in it.

The subject under discussion does not, I regret to find, refer to the position to be taken by France respecting the refusal of Greece to retire from Crete; but it is one which gives considerable animation to the speakers and affords an opportunity for exhibitions of Gallic wit and sarcasm. The socialists are endeavoring to obtain a commission to investigate the *modus operandi* of electing a republican delegate from Neuilly, whose election has just been confirmed by a committee of the Chambers. M. Viviani, socialist, in a long address, makes pointed accusations of the use of a corruption fund, quotes much documentary evidence from letters in his possession, and demands a thorough investigation. M. Jumel, the republican chairman of the committee that has confirmed the election, follows. He carries a big head on broad shoulders and does not appear to be of an excitable temperament, although a Frenchman. And yet he gives the lie direct to M. Viviani respecting alleged corrupt doings, and claims that some perfectly permissible things, jokes (*"plaisanterie"*) in fact, have been misconstrued intentionally by the wicked socialists and made to have a sinister look. This point provokes loud exclamations from "*l'extreme gauche*." He further excites the socialists by accusing them of the very crookedness which they allege

against the honest republicans. A bald-headed socialist with big eye-glasses now gets the tribune and in clear, incisive utterances overhauls M. Jumel's political record, showing that in 1889 he was anxious to prove against republican electors the very deeds of which he now declares them so innocent. This sally is evidently a hit. It provokes tremendous applause all over the chamber. M. Jumel evidently suffers from the misconception to which a man exposes himself when, even for very good reasons, he turns his political coat. He is allowed a chance to reply to his antagonist and convicts him of a rather flagrant blunder in statistics. And now a dignified, elderly gentleman, with the head of a statesman and the smile of a genial humorist, gains the tribune. He speaks deliberately, pungently, with his hands in his pockets. It is the Comte de Bernis, a conservative, a gentleman of the old times when France was ruled by a monarch. He is opposed alike to socialist and republican, and is on his feet only to have a tilt with both of them at once. He makes use of the existing situation to expose the inconsistencies of both republicans and socialists. He proceeds without mercy and yet with a smile that shows how much he enjoys his opportunity and is pleased with his own wit. He provokes roars of laughter, and yet howls of rage rise like shrieks of pain heard amid orchestral music. But he makes a reference to the president which the latter deems unparliamentary. M. Brisson's rebuke, bell in hand, of the Comte de Bernis, while the latter stands with an expression of mock-

meekness and all the Chamber of Deputies rings with bursts of applause and cries of approval, is one of the few parliamentary scenes of special interest that I have been permitted to look upon. At one or two points in his address the imperturbable humorist stood in utter silence while arrowy invectives, hot-shot questions, and rocket-like yells of rage fell upon him from all parts of the chamber. When he finally descended and took his seat again I noticed, however, more than one hand extended to congratulate him on his effort. The Bourbonists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists still live, and they still hope. I asked a royalist the other day if a return of monarchism was still expected in France. "Ah," was the reply, "people always expect what they wish for." But the French republic will doubtless stand.

The debate went on. The attempt to get an investigation failed. The findings of the bureau that confirmed the election of the republican member from Neuilly were approved. The socialists were defeated by a vote of 268 to 223.

C. A. BICKFORD, '72.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND, March 24, 1897.

ONE SUMMER DAY.

The murmured music of the sea
Was mingled with the rustling pine,
While feathered warblers piped in glee,
Betwixt the giants' swaying line.

The merry sunbeams danced amid
The shadowy tracery of the ferns,
Or where the fairy mosses hid,
They darted in and out by turns.

Their lovely faces to the sky,
The roses welcome seemed to sing,
While yellow lilies nodded high,
And songsters fluttered on the wing.

—'99

INDIVIDUALISM.

SOCIETY exists because humanity is human and because individuals are individuals. If every man were not human he would have no common ground of associating with others; if he were not individual so evident would his hopes and aims become that society would be in a state of clashing tumult.

All men are similar in their desire and need of companionship, friendship, and love; in their aspirations for wealth and success; and in the limitations set to their knowledge. Education, too, often imbues their minds with similar tastes and convictions, and influences their social demeanor.

But more striking, even, than the likenesses are the unlikenesses in man. As in physical feature and form, there is a difference in the activity of the various functions of the mind, in the predominance of one passion over another, in the quantity and quality of the sensibilities, and in the ruling motive of action. Just as education strengthens the similarities, it may strengthen the dissimilarities. The result of these differences is Individualism, or the higher evolution of man as a unit, and the distinctive development by which he is marked out from his fellows. Individualism is a universal possession, but there is a minute gradation from the coarsest to the finest, each class of which contains numberless diversities.

The persons that make the most painful impressions upon us are often distinguished as most strongly individual, and thus we come to regard

individualism as something to be avoided. Never was there a more erroneous and misleading notion. Take from yonder man his slovenly dress, brusque manners, and cultivated independence of social custom, or turn his thought and conversation away from his particular hobby, and he is shorn of his individualism.

True individualism does not reside in evident peculiarities. It is not tangible, but is like the flavor of fruits, the fragrance of flowers—deep-seated, all-permeating, and never to be exhausted as long as the fruit and flower are living organisms. It does not make personal defects more prominent, but is nature's covering for nature defaced—as the tangled ivy covering with its living green the gnarled stump or heap of weathering stones. To come in contact with it is to feel the throbbing thrill of an electric current charging the whole being with admiration, courage, and inspiration. In this full measure of its perfection it belongs only to the thoroughly intense and pure nature which absorbs it, atom by atom, into a brilliantly-clear solution.

The great enemy to individualism is mental and moral laziness. It is so easy for us to follow others; to accept their theories with their proofs; to adopt their tastes; to make their outer life our inner life; it is so hard to be self-reliant that we quote not only sayings and books, but arts, sciences, religion, and laws. By the strongest nature this mimicry and plagiarism may be made the means to the highest development; to the weak it results in a delay and vacancy of thought most fatal to individualism.

Art, not nature, is responsible for the difference in the strength of the individualism of men. This lies in no particular attribute, but it is the result of the union of the perfected natural powers of the mind; and so, violent direction given the mind by the will power tends to erase the lines of individualism, too finely drawn for the human eye to distinguish, but yet those that give the delicate light and shade and tints to the individual character.

Unified force is the most perfect in individualism, as in all else, and the man whose every faculty presents no resource undrawn upon, whose every purpose and ambition is in harmony with every other, whose nature is the reflection of the nature around him—who is a unit—is the individual power.

Would you be individual? Be natural, and assimilate just as much of the artificial around you as shall give you true social refinement.

Who can measure the value of individualism! It has been well said: "There is nothing in the material universe of which it is not the interpretation and ultimatum in its final form." Nature shuts away each sensitive spirit from intruding eyes by this opaque garment, the suggested denial of which adds multiple charm to the secret self within. It raises man from the lowest to the highest of created things, and makes it possible for him to move and have his being in the midst of society and in sympathy with nature and his Creator.

This means genius. "And he who has what is called genius is in harmony

with and assimilates the best thought of his own and of preceding epochs, and carries it forward to a higher evolution." This means power—the power that shall rule the world by the law of ruling forces, thoughts, and liberties. This means character. This means the beauty that the old Roman school defined as "multitude in unity." The grandeur of it is not to be compassed, and its endurance shall be forever.

"Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late."

—ADAH M. TASKER, '98.

THE GRADUATING DRESS.

I.

IT was such a beautiful dress, soft and shimmering, with a delicate tracery of figures interwoven; so fine of texture; so rich in color,—that creamy color blushing faintly where the fabric fell in folds; the sleeves, too, were of delicate lace, and meshes of the same fine material fell gracefully from the throat; through all breathed the perfume of roses. The mother, who had taken the beautiful garment from its resting-place, held it reverently across her lap. She sat in the still twilight, unconscious of the approaching darkness, with bowed head and clasped hands and quiet, tearful eyes. Moved by some impulse, she put her hand into the pocket of the dress. There was a card in it and she drew it forth. Even then she could scarcely bear look at it; it seemed like violating the sacred rights of the dead. She felt almost sure whose card it was, and, at last, when she was sufficiently calm, she

raised it and read the inscription. And the full tide of feeling, that she had restrained till now, broke out in sobs. Ah! it was hard, so hard! Her Margaret, her beautiful daughter, Margaret! How thoughtfully and joyously they had planned every detail of the garment before her! How they had sat together in the dainty room at Wynton, Margaret and her sister Lucie, and the mother, who lavished on them both the fullness of mother love, and talked together for the last time of the approaching Commencement! And when there was silence for awhile Margaret had said, "It will seem like the end of the world, Mother, to be out of school forever." And Lucie had answered quietly, "but there's a glorious resurrection after the end of the world, Margery." Ah! how little they had realized! How little they had imagined that for one of them the end of the world was so near.

The next morning all was life and bustle in the college halls. The mother and Lucie were helping Margaret dress. The last ribbon was fastened, the last deft touches given, and Margaret stood before the mirror looking thoughtfully at the graceful figure reflected within, when a basket of roses was left at the door. The mother recalled the flush that crept over Margaret's face as she detached the card from them and fastened the beautiful flowers at her throat. The loyal, queenly roses! It was their's to die for love's sake. For a few brief hours they had adorned the beauty of the loveliest lady in all the region. Then they had withered on her heart, but their breath still clung

to the garment in whose folds they had nestled.

II.

A bevy of young people were at the seashore. The bright waves came dancing in, flecked with sunshine; white gulls circled overhead; white sails swam along the horizon. The ever-changing sea stretched in bands of blue, gray, and silver, green, purple, and amethyst, till it faded away in the distance. Everywhere life was throbbing in the changing surface of the sky, the tremulous pulsing of the air, the never-ceasing motion of the waves, the bouyant spirits of the merry group that came down to the water's edge, shouting, laughing, filled with the exhilaration of abundant life. Life spoke loud and clear to their hearts, and, hearing her summons, they rejoiced and rushed with open arms to meet her. She was indeed beautiful that morning, and her call was sweet as a seraph-song, but there was another who followed in her steps and silently beckoned to one of the happy group—the gayest and loveliest of them all—and the maiden was fain to turn from Life and follow Death; while the sea, the smiling, sun-flecked, treacherous sea, kept up its maddening motion and melody when there was none to be glad with it; when there was naught but desolation and anguish, and the blackness of darkness over the land.

They carried her home—the beautiful girl—to her native town, to the mother who had heard and was waiting for her. They covered her with roses and said sweet words to her. Her brothers came and wept over her and

spoke tenderly of her; her father could not speak at all, but choked back the sobs that shook his frame; Lucie knelt beside her with tears and caresses and tender words; her lover came and stood alone with her, and then went out like a dazed man; and her mother sat by with a dumb anguish in her eyes; friends came in for the last look at the girlish face; the old pastor exhausted the treasures of his never-failing comfort, then knelt and plead with the all-kind Father to support the afflicted ones; and finally they restored her to the bosom of the great mother of us all. For her the end of the world had come. "But there's a glorious resurrection after the end of the world."

III.

Not far from Wynton, two sisters sat under the shadow of the elms, the elder occupied with sewing-work, the younger with her books. They had lived alone in the old homestead since the death of their parents, bound together by the strongest ties of love and tender association. Together they had met poverty and pain and had vanquished both. Together they had sorrowed and rejoiced, dreamed and labored. By dint of unceasing labor Grace had managed to keep her younger sister in school, till now her college course was nearly completed. And though, in the accomplishment of this purpose, she had denied herself many an opportunity for advancement, she was well rewarded by the harmonious development of her sister, no less than by the tender devotion and confidence manifested toward herself.

To-day they sat for some time silent. Then Grace spoke: "If only I hadn't been sick last fall—" She broke off with a sign. "Never mind, Date," her sister replied cheerfully, catching up the unspoken thought, "You know, dear, I don't want you to worry about that dress. You've always said I looked better in my old white muslin than in anything else, anyway; and not a person but you will notice what I wear. Now don't think of it any more, please, Date," and down she went on her knees before her sister, scattering books to right and left and pulling the work away from the busy fingers.

Grace often said that Elinor was wont to presume on the motherly indulgence of her elders; and whether or not she made use of the privileges generally assumed by the youngest of a family, certain it is that she drew her quiet sister into such a frolic that the chattering squirrels in the garden withdrew defeated, and the orioles overhead were frightened away from their nest. Nor did she cease her frolicsome teasing till she had exacted a promise from the unwilling Grace not to allow herself even to think again of the greatly-desired dress. So the matter was dropped and the lovely June days passed, bringing Commencement day nearer and nearer.

But one evening, as Elinor was sitting on the veranda, a carriage climbed the hill and turned in at the driveway. On its nearer approach she recognized Grace as its occupant. She was conscious of a grateful heart-thrill toward the wealthy customer whose thoughtfulness had so many times provided

for Grace a pleasant drive in the summer twilight. The carriage stopped and she moved dreamily down the steps. "Another dress to make?" she questioned as Elinor handed her a long white box. "Yes, Ellie, a beauty, too! Come in and let's look at it," she said hurriedly. The sedate elder sister was trembling with suppressed emotion. Once inside she could control herself no longer. She seized the box eagerly and began breaking the strings, saying, "It's yours, Ellie, your graduating dress. That lovely Mrs. Driscoll gave it to me for you. Don't you remember—of course you don't, though—her daughter, Margaret? She graduated from Wynton twelve years ago this June, and the next summer she was drowned at Brendy's Beach. Mrs. Driscoll told me all about it to-day, and then she turned suddenly and said she wanted to give you Margaret's dress because she had been watching you and was interested in you. She said you had reminded her of Margaret ever since she knew you. And she went away and wrapped up the dress—I could hear her crying softly all the time—and she wished you to be as happy in it as Margaret was—and there are yards and yards of the silk that never have been touched. Oh! isn't it beautiful!" And she held up the dainty, shimmering garment. "Isn't it beautiful?" she repeated.

Half choked with emotion and suppressed excitement, Grace had been

talking hurriedly, paying no heed to the growing amazement on Elinor's face; but when she took breath to repeat her question, Elinor recovered herself, and, putting up her hand as if to push back the explanation, she said: "Please, Date, say it slowly." Then they laughed hysterically. But Grace, quickly calming herself, repeated her message, telling softly the whole story of the mother's love and sorrow and patience, and at its close, Elinor stooped and folded the dress with reverent, tender touches, and laid it back in the perfumed tissue papers that had been wrapped about it. Glad she was in her heart that the beautiful garment had come to her, but ashamed of her very gladness, and sincerely sorry for the beautiful girl whose life had gone suddenly out, twelve short years before. And when she was alone in her room that night she suddenly pressed her cheek close against the precious box, murmuring in a smothered voice something about being "worthy to wear it."

—MYRVAL.

Is it not meant that every one should see
 In all the things about him day by day—
 The clear, blue heavens, the starry canopy,
 The green fields gowned with flowers gay,
 The feathered songsters piping their sweet
 notes,
 Great branching trees, and, underneath, the
 running brooks—
 That God is not a being careless and remote,
 Who turns away from mortals with a look;
 But from the depths of His great love doth give
 Beauty and purity to teach us how to live?

—M. B. M., '98.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

CLASS REVIEW.

REVISED AND ABRIDGED FROM THE GENERAL CATALOGUE.

CLASS OF 1867.

Arthur Given, A.M. Principal New Hampton (N. H.) Literary Institution, 1867-68; ditto Maine State Seminary, 1868-72. Tutor in Bates, 1871-72. Pastor F. B. Church, Bangor, 1872-75; ditto Greenville, R. I., 1875-81; ditto Auburn, R. I., 1881-90. Treasurer F. B. Benevolent Society, 1885-. Publisher *Morning Star*, 1890-94. Present address, Auburn, R. I.

Albert Hayford Heath, A.M. Has been pastor of F. B. churches in Auburn and Providence, R. I.; also of Congregational churches in New Bedford, Mass., St. Paul, Minn., and St. Johnsbury, Vt. Delegate to the International Congregational Council, London, July, 1891. Present address, St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Joel Stevens Parsons, A.M. Resided in Collinsville, Ill., 1867-70; St. Paul, Minn., 1870-80; Red River Valley, N. D., 1880-. Now carries on a very large agricultural and warehouse business. Present address, Theed, N. D.

John Holmes Rand, A.M. Taught in New Hampton (N. H.) Literary Institution, 1867-70. Professor of Mathematics in Bates, 1870-. Present address, 28 Frye Street, Lewiston, Me.

George Small Ricker, A.M. Graduated at Bates Theological School. Pastor F. B. Church, Richmond, three

years; Lowell, Mass., eight years; pastor Congregational Church, Stillwater, Minn., three years; Pierce City, Mo., four years; St. Louis, Mo., five years. Present address, Faribault, Minn.

Frank Eugene Sleeper, A.M., M.D. Tutor in Bates, 1867-68, Graduate student at Maine Medical School. Physician and surgeon at Sabatis since 1870. State senator, 1887-91. Prominent member of the Masons. Present address, Sabatis, Me.

Winfield Scott Stockbridge, A.M. Graduated at Bangor Theological Seminary. Principal Lapham Institute, R. I., five years. Superintendent Industrial School, Georgetown, D. C., eight years. Present address, 1337 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Harrison French Wood, A.M. Graduated at Bates Theological School. Has been pastor of F. B. churches in Augusta, Oakland, Manchester, N. H., Concord, N. H., Dover, N. H., and Bath. Principal Commercial College and President Y. M. C. A. at Augusta. Delegate to World's Sunday-School Convention, London, 1889. Has traveled extensively in the Holy Land. Present address, Bath, Me.

CLASS OF 1868.

George Colby Chase, D.D., LL.D. Taught in New Hampton, N. H., 1868-70. Tutor in Bates College and student in Bates Theological Seminary one year. Graduate student at Har-

vard one year. Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Bates, 1872-94. Elected President of Bates College, June, 1894. Sixteen years a member of the Lewiston School Board and two years its president. Spent the greater part of 1891-92 in study and travel abroad. Received degree of LL.D. from Colorado University in May, 1895, and of D.D. from Colby University in July, 1895. Present address, 16 Frye Street, Lewiston, Me.

Grenville Cyrus Emery, A.M. Instructor in Maine State Seminary, 1868-69. Superintendent of Schools and Principal High School, Auburn, Me., 1869-71. Principal High School, Grand Rapids, Mich., 1872. Since then has been Master of Public Latin School, Boston. Graduate student at Göttingen. One of the authors of Bradbury and Emery's "Academic Algebra." Mr. Emery now has a leave of absence of one year, which he is spending in California. Present address, Latin School, Boston, Mass.

Thomas Oakes Knowlton, LL.B. Principal of Francestown (N. H.) Academy, 1868-70. Graduate student at Harvard Law School, 1870-72. Traveled in 1873. Since 1873 has practiced law in New Boston, N. H. A member of the New Hampshire Legislature, 1881-82. Present address, Goffstown, N. H.

Howard Woodbury Littlefield. Member Board of Overseers of Bates College, 1873-77. Member of School Committee ten years, and selectman three years. Representative to the

legislature one session. Died at his home in Wells, Me., May, 1895.

Oliver Clinton Wendell, A.M. Graduate student, Harvard Observatory, 1868-69. Civil engineer at Lowell, Mass., 1870-79, except one year. Professor of Astronomy at Bates, 1875-76. Instructor at Harvard Observatory since 1879. Present address, Harvard Observatory, Cambridge, Mass.

CLASS OF 1869.

William Henry Bolster. Graduate student at Bangor Theological School, 1871. Pastor of Congregational church, Wiscasset, 1871-76; ditto Everett, Mass., 1876-81; ditto South Weymouth, Mass., 1881-91; ditto Dorchester, Mass., 1891-. Member Board of Overseers, Bates, 1873-79. Present address, Dorchester, Mass.

George Byron Files, A.M. Principal Maine Central Institute, 1869-73. Principal Augusta High School, 1873-89. Principal Lewiston High School, 1889-95. President Maine Pedagogical Society, 1887. Present address, Lewiston, Me.

Lucien Chase Graves. Graduated from Bates Theological School. Has been pastor of F. B. churches in Bean's Corner, Vienna, Farmington Falls, Bowdoinham and West Lebanon; also East Tilton, Wakefield, and Gilmanton, N. H. Present address, Gilmanton, N. H.

Mary Wheelwright Mitchell. Teacher in High School in Worcester, Mass.; also in Vassar College. Afterwards opened a private school for ladies at

West Chester Park, Boston, Mass. Miss Mitchell was the first woman to graduate from a New England college. Present address, Laconia, N. H.

Charles Albert Mooers, M.D. Graduate student at University of New York, 1876. Tutor in Bates, 1869-70. Has taught in Nichol's Latin School and in Green Mountain Seminary. Since 1876 located as a physician in Lawrence, Mass. Member of Board of Overseers of Bates, 1873-75. Present address, 249 Haverhill Street, Lawrence, Mass.

Galen Alphonso Newhall. Farmer in Washington, Me., since 1869. Licensed preacher in the M. E. Church. Present address, West Washington, Maine.

Addison Small, A.M. In business in Portland, 1869-74. Superintendent of schools, Auburn, 1874-75. Cashier Manufacturers' National Bank, Lewiston, since 1875. Treasurer Bates College, 1885-94. Present address, Lewiston, Me.

PERSONALS.

'70.—Josiah Chase is manager of the York Harbor Water Works Company.

'70.—W. E. C. Rich has been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Bates College.

'70.—L. M. Webb, Esq., has charge of the settlement of the affairs of Green Mountain Seminary.

'71.—Hon. J. T. Abbott and Hon. C. H. Hersey have recently been in Wachita, Kan., in the interest of an extensive street railway deal.

'72.—C. L. Hunt was in attendance at the meetings of the American Educational Association, which were held in Montreal, early in July. On his return to Massachusetts he attended the summer term at Clarke University.

'73.—G. E. Smith recently lost his only daughter. She was a Sophomore in Smith College.

'75.—Rev. N. S. Palmeto is residing at Stoneham, Mass.

'76.—E. C. Adams has been elected to succeed Professor Goodwin as principal of the High School in Newton, Mass.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy has had charge of the Riverside Camp-meeting in Aroostook County, this summer.

'77.—B. T. Hathaway is superintendent of schools in Great Falls, Montana.

'78.—F. H. Briggs has been chosen a member of the Board of Trustees of Bates College.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins has been elected to the principalship of the Malden, (Mass.) High School.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes has so far recovered his health as to spend part of the summer with his parents in Maine. He has now returned west as pastor of the Congregational Church at Trinidad, Col.

'80.—M. P. Judkins, M.D., is having a large practice in Rockland.

'81.—Rev. W. P. Curtis is pastor of the Greenwich Street Church, Providence, R. I.

'81.—H. S. Roberts is principal of the High School in Farmington, N. H.

'82.—H. S. Bullen, the manager of the Chicago branch of the Bridge Teachers'

Agency, has been visiting during the summer in Maine.

'84.—Rev. A. Beede, Dean of Redfield College, South Dakota, is taking a three months' course at the Chicago University.

'85.—Rev. E. B. Stiles and wife, returned missionaries from India, have settled in Groton, Mass.

'86.—E. A. Merrill is having an extensive practice in Chicago. He was recently elected president of the Masonic Mutual Savings and Loan Association. Address 1638-41 Monadnock Block, Chicago, Ill.

'86.—E. D. Varney has nearly completed a course for the degree of Ph.D. at Chicago University. Mr. Varney holds a fellowship from the University and is conducting a correspondence school under the direction of the University Divinity School.

'88.—C. W. Cutts has resigned his professorship in Keuka College, contemplating graduate study. He is residing in Bristol, N. H.

'88.—W. F. Tibbets is studying Latin at Chicago University for the degree of Ph.D. He is also teaching in Kenwood Institute, one of the leading secondary schools of the city.

'88.—B. W. Tinker is superintendent of schools in Waterbury, Ct.

'90.—Miss Mary Brackett of Harper's Ferry, W. Va., was recently united in marriage to Mr. Thomas Robertson of Washington, D. C.

'90.—Dr. H. V. Neal is professor of Biology in Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.

'91.—F. W. Larrabee has settled as a physician in Auburn.

'91.—F. S. Libbey has recently completed a very fine residence near his place of business in Wolfeborough, N. H.

'91.—G. F. Babb is principal of the High School in Harwich, Mass.

'92.—N. W. Howard of Lewiston and Miss Helen M. Willard, Bates '95, of Auburn, were married September 1st, at the home of the bride's parents.

'92.—E. E. Osgood has been chosen principal of Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

'92.—A. D. Shepard is principal of the Grammar School in East Providence, R. I.

'93.—Miss Harriet D. Church is assistant in the High School at Manchester, Mass.

'93.—M. E. Joiner expects soon to enter Cornell University Law School.

'93.—G. L. Mildram is clerk at Hotel Atwood in Lewiston.

'93.—M. W. Stickney and Miss Grace G. Gowan were recently united in marriage at the home of the bride in Wells, Me. Mr. Stickney is now instructor in Biology in Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass.

'93.—C. H. Swan, Jr., has recently published, through G. P. Putnam's Sons, a book entitled "Monetary Problems and Reforms."

'94.—A. J. Marsh has completed his theological studies at the University of Chicago.

'95. F. T. Wingate is assistant in the Lewiston High School.

'96.—L. P. Gerrish is principal of the High School at South Paris.

'96.—J. E. Roberts is principal of Monson Academy.

'96.—F. A. Knapp has been elected instructor in Bates College. He is to teach English and Latin.

'96.—G. W. Thomas has been at Poland Spring during the summer. He will return to the Harvard Law School this fall.

'96.—I. P. Berryman is in the insurance business at Augusta.

CLASS OF '97.

Everett Skillings is teaching in the High School at Dartmouth, N. H.

J. A. Marr is principal of the High School in Cloquet, Minn.

Miss Mabel C. Andrews is in Cobb Divinity School.

F. W. Burrill is teaching at Gorham, N. H.

Miss E. V. Chase will continue her studies at the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics.

H. A. Childs is preaching at Gray.

Miss Mary Buzzell is teaching at Newton, N. J.

J. S. Durkee is continuing his course at Cobb Divinity School.

Miss M. A. Hewins is teaching Latin at Greeley Institute, Cumberland Center.

Miss Nellie A. Houghton is teaching in the High School at Natick, Mass.

A. L. Hubbard is studying law with F. A. Morey, Bates, '85.

Miss Stella James will teach at Storer College, Harper's Ferry, W. Va.

Miss M. F. Knowles is teaching at Bristol.

C. E. Milliken has been elected instructor in the Latin School, and assistant in chemistry in the College.

Miss Caroline A. Cobb is to teach at Conway, Mass.

H. P. Parker will teach the High School in Unity.

H. L. Palmer is principal of the High School in Machias.

Miss Ivy Smith is assistant in the High School at Presque Isle.

Miss Eva B. Roby is principal of the High School in Wilton, N. H.

R. B. Stanley is to enter Harvard Law School.

C. O. Wright is in attendance at Cobb Divinity School.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

I HAVE heard the remark that some are born great and others have greatness thrust upon them. It seems to me that the number to whom this statement can be truthfully applied is exceedingly small; in fact, I question whether it has any existence whatever. That men become great by wise, systematic, persistent training must be to every thoughtful person an accepted fact.

From the time the first class entered Bates College, in the fall of 1863, to the present time, I have been more or less familiar with the work of the various departments. It is my opinion that many students—I regret that this is not true of all—have received as much benefit from the literary societies as from any other department.

I believe in the study of Greek and Latin. Not only are acquired a command of language and accurateness of expression, but also as a preparation

for later achievements, an appreciation of the masterpieces of the philosopher, orator, historian, and poet.

I believe in mathematical studies which train the reasoning powers and give clearness and conciseness of expression.

I believe in scientific studies which cultivate keenness of observation, reveal the wonderful law of adaptation, bring one into sympathy and love of nature, and open avenues of endless enjoyment.

I believe in psychological studies, revealing the laws which must govern us, if we would get the best results, not only in the acquirement and retention of knowledge, but also in the development of mental and spiritual power.

I believe in the study of English literature. The fruits are intellectual and moral. It enlarges the mental horizon, awakens and quickens thought, exercises reason and judgment, stimulates the imagination, refines the taste, gives nobler ideals, and purer aspirations, and thus precludes the danger of yielding to low ambitions and unworthy desires. Therefore, it is gratifying that literature occupies so conspicuous a place in our college curriculum and that the instruction is of such a high order.

Now, as much as I appreciate the

work of these various departments, I am no less positive in my conviction of the value of the society work.

The discussions from week to week bring the student face to face with *living* issues.

Questions of tariff, protection, revenue, taxation, currency, trusts, capital and labor, temperance, arbitration, municipal government, and many others are clamoring for solution and they demand the combined wisdom of the widest research and the most profound thought. The times demand not theorists but practical men.

For my part I know of no training so eminently adapted to secure this desired result as that afforded by the literary societies of Bates.

I sincerely hope that the time will never come when their efficiency will be impaired, or, as is the case in some colleges, their existence will terminate because of the introduction of Greek-letter societies.

It is nearly twenty-eight years since I left college. It does not seem to me merely a coincidence that the most active in society work of the men who were my contemporaries in college are now occupying prominent and influential positions.

GEORGE B. FILES, '69.

LEWISTON, ME., March 24, 1897.

BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of 1898.

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AS it becomes easier to obtain a college education, a larger proportion of the young people of New England avail themselves of the opportunity and are thrown upon the world as college graduates.

The very general tendency has been for these graduates to enter some one of the professions and to gain a livelihood by the direct use of their acquired knowledge; but the top of the ladder of success becomes yearly more difficult to reach, while the lower half is densely crowded. Why, then, should the graduate not find success in a business life? Here his college training fulfills its purpose as a preparation for real life work; here competition is not so much with college men as with those who began when young to gain support by manual labor.

The primary object of real life is to help those about us, and since much is given the college graduate, much is required, but he who follows mercantile pursuits has a large acquaintance among all classes; he may elevate the citizenship of his community, and, with the ample rewards of successful business life, his charity may bring cheer to many homes.

WE welcome the promise of another year with its work, play, new friendships, and deeper significance of old associations. Each year sees the strengthening of college memories and ties which shall endure with life; each year sees a new band of eager students to mould and be moulded by the life of our college; each year sees about the same round of play, and for each class a larger line of work.

Through it all, with the most, comes the deep-seated purpose to grasp all these opportunities in fitting for the future struggle of life. That struggle has two chief elements—the provision for self, and the filling of some need of the world. Life shall be complete only as these two primary needs are met in just and due proportions. Either one in excess will destroy the highest usefulness of future years.

That self may be properly preserved for life's labors and our work meet the needs of our day, let us not fail in all our college training to seek for power and wisdom as well as knowledge. Knowledge is the foundation; its use gives wisdom; the two combined gives power and results in success.

IT is to be hoped that no student will forget the importance of exercise. You are very busy. You cut corners wherever you can, and the first thing you know you are getting no exercise. But you cannot long do good work without it. Your brain becomes clouded, you cannot think clearly, and you will soon find your health becoming impaired. Don't go on without exercise. Get out in a foot-ball suit, try tennis, or take a daily walk. There are plenty of pretty walks around Lewiston and Auburn. Do something each day out in the open air and your brain will become clear and your step elastic. You will do your work easier, and the world will appear brighter to you.

THERE is an increasing impression in the outside world that somehow, slowly but surely, the standard of morality in our higher institutions of learning is becoming lowered. Such an idea is perfectly natural to one who is not intimately acquainted with students and student life. Modern journalism spreads abroad every unusual event and blazons forth every innocent college prank. Should a report be sent out that a certain class was doing excellent work along any line, that habits of reading were on the increase, that the student body as a whole was reverent, earnest, and faithful, such an article would be treated as a joke. The reports of college literary exercises are contained usually in a few inches of space, but columns are devoted to enlarging

upon a good-natured rush. Then, too, students themselves are somewhat to blame in the matter. In describing college life it is but natural to tell of the jokes and pranks rather than the hard study and work of recitation period.

WE notice with interest that our friends at Colby are already laying their plans for the next inter-collegiate debate, and are making arrangements for the selection of their representatives. During the summer it was announced that the honor of representing their college would be open to members of all classes; that early in the fall term all candidates for this position must present a written part, which would be judged by a select committee, and later in the term they should participate in an oratorical contest. The participants in the inter-collegiate debate are to be selected from those doing the best work in the two contests. In this way it is hoped to insure both literary and oratorical ability on the part of their representatives, and to remove their selection from all society influence.

We congratulate our sister institution on the energy which she displays in this helpful form of rivalry and on the persistence with which she has labored to increase her efficiency in this line. Bates may well look sharply to her laurels, for her rival has no thought of allowing her to rest at ease on the reputation already gained.

College News and Interests.

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ONE.

NAME.	FITTING SCHOOL.
Bailey, Annie Eugenia,	Pennell Institute.
Baldwin, Lizzie Maud,	Nashua (N. H.) High School.
Bennet, Mame Seeley,	Colby Academy.
Besse, Bertha Amanda,	Edward Little High School.
Blanchard, Delia Mae,	Guilford High School.
Bragg, Jesse Sumner,	Maine Central Institute.
Brett, Bertha Mabelle,	Edward Little High School.
Buker, Winfield Richmond,	Maine Central Institute.
Burke, Wilfrid Israel,	Kennebunk High School.
Channell, Ralph Walter,	Lewiston High School.
Chick, Arthur Jesse,	Westbrook Seminary.
Clark, Arthur Charles,	Sullivan High School.
Clark, Chester William,	Sullivan High School.
Crossman, Daniel Marston,	Portland High School.
Daicey, Elmer Eugene,	Edward Little High School.
Davis, Arthur Eugene,	Lewiston High School.
Davis, Eben Frank,	Latin School.
Davis, Mildred Eloise,	Edward Little High School.
Deane, Lewis James,	Latin School.
Demack, Leo Charles,	Lewiston High School.
Dennett, Thomas Chase,	Lewiston High School.
Dennison, Martha Ella,	South Paris High School.
Dinsmore, Willis Andy,	Kennebunk High School.
Dow, Mittie Anna,	Maine Central Institute.
Ellingwood, William Henry Swift,	Kent's Hill.
Estes, Nina Theresa,	Lewiston High School.
Felker, Ivan Isaiah,	Maine Central Institute.
Fisher, Anna Hortense,	Bowdoinham High School.
Garcelon, Alonzo Herrick,	Latin School.
Goss, Ralph Warren,	Latin School.
Guptill, Herbert Samuel,	Sullivan High School.
Ham, William Ross,	Lewiston High School.
Halliday, Frank,	Monmouth Academy.
Hamlin, John Fredrick,	Bangor High School.
Hardy, Lawrence Parker,	Framingham (Mass.) High School.
Holman, George Shaw, Jr.,	Latin School.
Holmes, William King,	South Paris High School.
Irving, Bertha Lorea,	Edward Little High School.
Jordan, Elwyn Knowlton,	Latin School.
Landman, Nina Floretta,	Leland and Gray Seminary.
Lang, Ivan Earle,	Bowdoinham High School.
Libbey, Gertrude Brown,	Lewiston High School.
Maerz, Alexander,	Latin School.
Marr, William Middleton,	Mt. Hermon.
Mills, Hamit Bagnall,	Lewiston High School.
Moore, Harry Leroy,	Northborough (Mass.) High School.
Moulton, Percy Daniel,	Latin School.
Nash, George Page,	Lewiston High School.
Nason, James Hamilton,	Latin School.
Neal, Josephine Bicknell,	Lewiston High School.
Noyes, Blanche Belle,	Lynn (Mass.) Classical High School.
Osborne, Florence Eldora,	Lewiston High School.
Parker, Louise Lester,	Edward Little High School.
Perkins, Cynthia Burnham,	Kennebunkport High School.
Phillips, Sherman Elmer,	New Hampton Literary Institution.
Pierce, Walter Blake,	Stoneham (Mass.) High School.
Purinton, Angie Lois,	Wiscasset High School.
Putnam, Harold Atherton,	Latin School.
Rand, Vernie Elmer,	Dexter High School.
Roys, Lincoln,	Lewiston High School.
Russell, Arthur Wellesley,	Edward Little High School.
Siegars, Albert John,	Bowdoinham High School.
Small, Flora Belle,	Lisbon Falls High School.
Smith, Harry Ira,	Maine Central Institute.
Smith, May Helen,	Edward Little High School.
Stevens, Harold Elmer Ellsworth,	Lewiston High School.

Stevens, Edward Synott, Latin School.
 Stuart, Herman Harry, South Paris High School.
 Towle, Lena Belle, Lewiston High School.
 Towne, Charlotte Gertrude, Portland (Conn.) Central School.
 Trickey, Harold Albert Marriner, Higgins Classical Institute.
 Varney, Bertha May, Bowdoinham High School.
 Vickery, Ethel Belle, Maine Central Institute.
 Wheeler, Carlon Eugene, Northboro (Mass.) High School.
 Williams, Annie Evelyn, Brunswick High School.
 Williams, Leroy Everett, Bowdoinham High School.
 Wilson, Joseph Edward, Latin School.

THE NORTHFIELD Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE.

THE World's Student Conference at Northfield this year was of more than usual interest, six continents and twenty-seven countries and nations being represented. Among the six hundred delegates were found representatives from thirty-six religious denominations and one hundred thirty-six institutions of learning.

Sixty foreign delegates, with delegates from our own land, represented the first meeting of the World's Student Federation. The presence of so many foreign delegates added much to the interest of the conference.

Bible-study classes, the missionary institute, conference work, and addresses occupied the forenoon. The afternoon was entirely given up to recreation in base-ball, basket-ball, tennis, etc. The sunset meetings on "Round Top" are always a significant feature of the Northfield conferences. There we listened to the appeals from the different nations for missionary work.

Rev. H. P. Beach, Educational Secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, conducted the Missionary Institute; L. Wilbur Messer and Prof. Bosworth of Oberlin, led the Bible classes; and Mr. John R. Mott had charge of the association conferences.

The platform addresses were very inspiring. Dr. Van Dyke's "A Christless Bible," Dr. McKenzie's "Knowledge and Mystery," Rev. W. J. McCaughan's "Bringing a Comrade to Christ," Mr. Mott's "Secret Prayer," and Mr. Moody's "The Ten Commandments" had a marked effect on the students. Dr. A. F. Schaufler's bird's-eye views of some of the books of the Bible were a feature of the public addresses. Other speakers were Dr. Torrey, Superintendent of the "Chicago Bible Institute," Rev. C. I. Scofield, Rev. R. P. Wilder of India, Dr. H. C. Mabie of Boston, Mr. J. L. Houghteling, President of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

Northfield has come to be a very significant factor in the College Y. M. C. A. work. Bates was represented this year by eight men. We trust that the influence of Northfield may be felt in our Christian work this year more than ever before, and that there may be a still larger delegation sent to Northfield this coming year.

THE Y. W. C. A. CONFERENCE AT NORTHFIELD.

THE very situation of Northfield is conducive to holy thought. Lying in the quiet valley of the Connecticut, surrounded on either side by the rising hills, it seems to be a spot set apart

by God where his people may gather and hold communion with Him.

The day is begun with the morning watch, a half-hour spent quietly before God, ere we come in contact with the outside world. After the breakfast hour comes the devotional service, led usually by the association evangelist, Miss Sara Carson of New York. From nine to eleven o'clock are the different classes in Bible study and personal work, and the college and missionary conferences. The Training Class, one of the most helpful of these, was conducted by Hugh M. Beaver, Princeton, '93, a man of wondrous power, not merely because of his oratorical ability and intellectual superiority, but because of his dependence on the Holy Ghost. He had been in active work of some form ever since he left college; and, as he stood before the class, and related with such earnestness the experience of those few years, every member was inspired to work for Christ as she never had before. A few days after we returned from the conference we were grieved by the news of his death.

At eleven o'clock came the morning platform addresses, given by Mr. Moody and other speakers of prominence. The afternoon was devoted to rest and recreation. Just at sunset the young women assembled for the Round Top service. This was under the charge of Miss Price, assisted by Mrs. Margaret Sangster, Mrs. Edwin Mott, and others. It was here that Miss Price came in closest touch with the members of the conference. Seated about her on the brow of the hill, their faces lighted up by the setting sun as

it dropped down behind the western hills, these young women were lifted to holy thought and purpose, as the Christ-like personality of their leader impressed itself upon their thought and action. After Round Top, immediately followed the evening platform service, with addresses by such men as Dr. Torrey of Chicago, President Butler of Colby, and Dr. Atkins of New York. A good-night service of prayer and praise at the different halls closed the day.

We are confident that none of the five delegates who represented our Bates association at this gathering of consecrated young women can fail of realizing in their own lives a stronger determination to be about their Master's work, and we trust that the influence of Northfield may be felt in our association, impressing us all with a deeper sense of our dependence on Christ, and inspiring us to greater aggressiveness in His service.

HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

1901!

Bassett, '99, is teaching at Burlington.

Knowlton, '98, is teaching at Jonesport.

Miss Garcelon, '98, is teaching at Wells Beach.

Miss Berry, ex-'97, has resumed her course with 1900.

Miss Edgerly, '99, presides at the piano at chapel exercises.

Pulsifer, '99, has been captain of the Murphy Balsam base-ball team during the summer.

Mrs. Edgerly of Portland has been engaged as matron at Cheney Hall.

Nineteen hundred regrets the loss of Miss Baldwin, who goes to Cornell.

'Ninety-eight is increased by two new members, Mr. H. S. and Miss G. C. Goodspeed.

'Ninety-nine welcomes Miss Perkins of Auburn, who took her first two years at Smith.

President Chase has an office at No. 1, Parker Hall. Hours: 9 to 10 A.M., 1.30 to 2.30 P.M.

Many of the younger alumni were present at chapel exercises the first week of the term.

Hutchinson, '99, and Miss Brown, '99, have returned to college, after an absence of two terms.

The Polymnian and Eurosophian societies made repairs and improvements in their rooms during vacation.

Johnson, 1900, recently broke his arm in a base-ball game while throwing from the short-stop's position to first base.

In appreciation of the comfortable chairs in Dr. Gear's new room many of the Seniors have elected Political Economy.

Tuesday evening, September 15th, Professor Hartshorn lectured before the students on "The Literary Aspects of the Bible."

It has been decreed that other means must be found to lay the dust on the walk in front of Parker Hall than that of throwing water from the windows.

The Y. W. C. A. tendered a reception to the young ladies of 1901, at

the home of Miss Files on College Street, Tuesday evening, September 7th.

Prizes at the Junior Exhibiton were awarded to Miss A. M. Tasker and Mr. T. E. Woodside; the prize for Sophomore Champion Debate, to Mr. O. C. Merrill; and for Sophomore essay, to Miss S. L. Rounds.

Prizes for scholarships last year were awarded as follows: in the Junior class to Miss Tasker and Mr. Tukey, in the Sophomore class to Miss Jordan and Miss Rounds, and in the Freshman class to Miss Baldwin and Miss Marr.

A Ministers' Institute was held at Roger Williams Hall, in connection with the Divinity School, August 30th-September 7th. Among the speakers were: Professor Berry of Colgate University, President Butler of Colby, and Professor Woodruff of Bowdoin.

Dr. Gear, who gave so much satisfaction last year as instructor in History and Economics, has been elected permanent professor in that department. Mr. F. A. Knapp, '96, has been elected instructor in Latin and English. His position as assistant in Chemistry and Physics is filled by Mr. C. E. Milliken, '97.

The Christian Associations of the college gave their annual reception to the members of the entering class, in the gymnasium, Thursday evening, September 10th. Refreshments were served; and addresses of welcome were given by President Chase for the Faculty, Miss Files, '98, for the Y. W. C. A., and Mr. Landman, '98, for the Y. M.

C. A. The Ladies' Glee Club rendered several selections, and readings were given by Mr. Powell, 1900, and Miss Knapp, '99.

Tuesday, September 14th, was the eventful day of the annual Freshman-Sophomore ball game. The usual amount of noise, both vocal and instrumental, was poured forth over the dusty diamond, and rising, shrouded the summit of Mt. David; then settled down among the quiet shades of Frye Street. When all was over it was found that the Sophomores had won the game by a score of nineteen to thirteen.

A number of valuable historical works have recently been added to the college library. Among them are thirty-nine volumes of Bancroft's works, Sloane's Napoleon Bonaparte, and four volumes of Correspondence of the

Revolution. Other books are four volumes of Agassiz's Contribution to the Natural History of the United States, and ten volumes of Johns Hopkins's Studies in Historical and Political Science.

The foot-ball men are busy with their daily practice. At the opening of the season they were coached by Kelley, Dartmouth, '97. September 17th they were put under the direction of Hoag, Harvard, '94, who will be with them for the remainder of the season. A number of good men are found in the entering class. As we go to press we are unable to give the formation of the team. Below is an incomplete schedule of games:

Bowdoin,	October 2.
Tufts,	October 9.
University of Maine,	October 16.
Colby,	October 23.
University of Maine,	October 27.
Exeter,	November 6.

College Exchanges.

SUMMER is past and fall is here. The retrospect into which your editor is led, as the numerous farewells in the June numbers of the college papers are read, is half melancholy—for 'ninety-seven is surely a thing of the past—and many of those with whom, through the exchange column, we have been artificially associated the past year, are gone from their corners never to return. We wish them God-speed and turn to the colleges with a message of cheer, for 'ninety-eight is still left. My friends, three terms of prosperity still await you, for we no

longer echo the cry of that Junior who said:

"The Senior's time is nearly run,
Next year we'll put on airs,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints just as large as their's."

For the time for us to put on airs has arrived, and we assure you that we will wear them deservedly and yet modestly. Health and prosperity to this great brotherhood and sisterhood of 'Ninety-Eight!

Numerous and good are the Commencement numbers that lie on our table. Several special features deserve notice this month. We would mention

the souvenir number of the *College Days*. This contains, beside noteworthy literary matter, several illustrations; one of the Class of '67, accompanied by a sketch of the individual members, is rather interesting. Commencement parts fill the columns of many of our exchanges. In the *Tuftsonian*, the chapel oration, "The Power of Personality," has the true ring to it. The class oration, "The Nature of Culture," in the *Brown Magazine*, is thoughtful and practical, and we think the class poem, "The Sword of Light," unusually good. The length forbids copying it.

PURPLE VIOLETS.

All violets were white as snow
When Love was constant, leal, and true.
But Love was false, and in their woe
They donned the sombre mourning hue.

—E. B. Kenner, '98,

in the *Mountaineer*, is a daintily-expressed fancy, and "Wanderers," by the same author, appeals to us. We give it below:

WANDERERS.

I saw a sea-gull drift away
Over the sea at the close of the day,
Till the bird was lost in the clouds of ink
That lay in the dark horizon's brink.

But wild and free

O'er the surging sea

The cry of that sea bird came to me
Like the sob of a soul in agony.

I saw a killdee flit away
Over the lea at the close of the day,
Till the bird was lost in the rosy mist
That the sun's last lingering rays had kissed.

But sweet and free

O'er the grassy lea

The cry of that killdee came to me
Alit with love's low melody.

And thus my thoughts drift far away
In dreams at the close of a weary day.

And some, like the gull, cry out in pain,
And some sing sweet like the killdee's
strain;

But all are free

And bring to me

A sweet love song or a threnody
That rings in my soul eternally.

The *Colby Echo* for June is a special number. A large frontispiece of the Class of '97, cut of the campus, and one or two Waterville views add to its appearance. There is a greater abundance of verse than usual, and it is an improvement. We clip the following from the *Smith College Monthly*:

ACCORD.

A child low bending over a lyre,
Laying her ear to the soft-touched
strings,

"Hush"—to her fingers' quick desire—

"It's dreaming of happiness when it
sings."

A song faint jarred by a note's discord,
A melody spoiled by a tone false lowered,
And then, with a harmony all her own,
The dream-child, almost to woman grown,
Tenderly putting the strings in tune
To sing with, sometime, some day, soon!

—M. H. J.

JUNE.

In April, when quick tinkling notes
Fell from the first birds' joyous throats,
When through brown grass, the light showers
flashed

And left it emerald where they passed,

When maple leaves unfurled,

And buds uncurled,

With April on the wing,

We did but smile and glance and sing,

And hold glad faces to the sun,

We did not know how time would run

Fleet foot to May.

In May, when petals to and fro
Swept with the wind like fragrant snow,
We read our dreams in answering eyes,
And drifted into Paradise.

Late May flowers flushed to pink,

And on the brink

Of their forbidden days,
 We walked the cool melodious ways,
 Of college twilights, happy, yet
 O'ershadowed with a swift regret
 For vanished spring.

But June,—it is most passing sweet,
 Where blessing and the parting meet.
 Where laurel bursts to welcoming bloom
 Below the wide trees' leafy gloom.

Then breathe a glad farewell,
 We shall but spell
 Beneath the arching blue
 Of life's broad space, the joy anew
 Of fragile spring, perchance to find,
 When her light step has fallen behind,
 A laureled June.

—Alice Katharine Fallows.

A Chat About New Books.

"Along the pastoral ways I go
 To get the healing of the trees;
 The ghostly news the hedges know,
 And hive me honey like the bees,
 Against the time of snow."

THUS sweetly Elizabeth Woodworth Reese sings of the autumnal holidays. Assuredly she takes us along *A Quiet Road*¹ in her little verses of remembrance, verses as sweet as the shyest of wild flowers. With loving hand she touches the common experiences of life and makes them beautiful.

Even a careless reader is impressed by the weak manner in which the mass of young writers cater to the public taste. Ian Maclaren wins favor by his pretty Scottish stories, and straightway the new books are overrun with servile imitations of things Scottish. A vein of coarse wit in some successful novelist is reproduced with exaggerated vulgarity, until the people become sated, or each man tries his hand at a "vital problem." It is encouraging to come across a writer with a conviction of some sort, joined with the courage and ability to tell it plainly. Such a writer is Olive Schreiner.

*Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland*² is an attack on Cecil Rhodes

and his treatment of the Boers. The author is evidently deeply moved by the truth of the matter as she sees it. The book is inspired by deep religious feeling; and when all interest in Cecil Rhodes shall have passed it will be worth reading. Whether the author speaks the truth about Cecil Rhodes or not, she speaks the truth about many things touching the human heart.

The strongest message in the story is "Love mercy; hate oppression." The best of the book is in that strange interview between Christ and Trooper Halket around that lonely camp-fire in the veld. Forms of persecution in the Christian as well as unchristian portions of the world are revealed. And Christ said, "Peter Simon Halket, it is easier for a man to die than to stand alone. He who can stand alone can also, when the need be, die."

His Native Wife,³ by Becke, is a story of the South Sea Islands. A "jug-faced old parson," who goes about "droning psalms" to unwilling listeners, is taken as a type of the missionary. He and his work are ridiculed, principally through his pretty young wife from Boston, who, having

become weary of her work and her husband, falls in love with an English trader, already married to Nèdee, a native. The book is most unjust in its representation of missionary work. The whole thing seems to be an attempt on the part of a coarse nature to justify itself. The character of a vulgar and tyrannical ship captain is disagreeably prominent.

To those people who search the newspapers for the ghastly details of each murder case, Morrow's scarlet book,⁴ with its gilded dragon, will be welcome. The stories are studies in different types of human suffering. The style is vivid, and some of the situations so cleverly and truthfully drawn that the most hardened reader must feel a thrill of horror. The stories are all fascinating. They are taken for the most part from leading periodicals in San Francisco.

"The Hero of the Plague" is a very original presentation of the beautiful truth, "cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return to you after many days." The bread in this case seems to be mostly pie.

"The Resurrection of Little Wang Tai" is an odd story, quite a departure in fact, as its heroes are an idiot, an

ape, and a Chinese baby. It is prettily written.

*Die Journalisten*⁵ is a very readable little comedy. The book is conveniently arranged with an introductory note on the life of Gustav Freytag, and a vocabulary at the close. Oberst, a quick-tempered, pompous old gentleman, quarrels with his daughter's lover on political grounds. They become leaders of opposite parties. The lover is editor of a rival journal, and so the breach is widened. The lover is victorious in politics, but unfortunate in love. At last a friend, with a love affair of her own, intervenes, and, by a pleasant little artifice, conciliates the enraged father and makes the lovers happy. The book recommends itself especially to students. The German is easy and the plot assures attention.

¹ A Quiet Road. By Elizabeth Woodworth Reese. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.00.

² Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland. By Olive Schreiner. Boston: Roberts Bros.

³ His Native Wife. By Louis Becke. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; 75 cents.

⁴ The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People. By N. C. Morrow. J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25.

⁵ Die Journalisten. By Gustav Freytag. New York: American Book Company.

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

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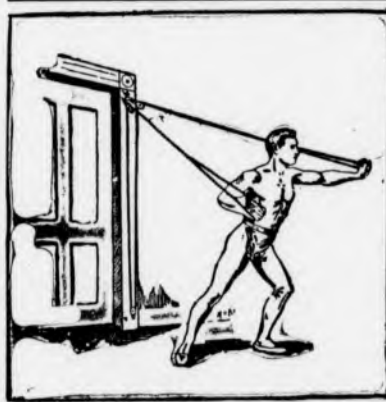
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