

5-1896

The Bates Student - volume 24 number 05 - May 1896

Bates College

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The
Bates
Student

VOL. XXIV.

No. 5.

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THE
BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXIV.

MAY, 1896.

No. 5.

EDITORS FROM CLASS OF 1897.

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The BATES STUDENT is published each month during the college year. Subscription price, \$1.00 in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Literary matter should be sent to Editor-in-Chief; business communications to Business Manager.

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter at Lewiston Post-Office.

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LIMITATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY GERTRUDE LOUISE MILLER, '96.

FROM its dawn to its close, life is a series of circles. Man himself at the beginning is but a point in that great divine circle whose center is said to be everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere. But awakening from the unconscious slumber of the senses, man sees around him, above him, and beneath him the realm of knowledge, the sight of which stirs in his breast such feelings as enkindle the general when he beholds the magnificent army of the enemy as it comes rushing upon

him. Conquer he must. For him nothing is settled in this kingdom of the infinite, nothing seems excluded.

The widening of the circumference of knowledge has been amazing. All the circles of the past have been uniting to form our present circumference. Starting from the condition of the savage hunter, our forefathers, spurred on by their ceaseless activity, built for themselves houses and opened up the treasures of the soil. Towns were built; states founded; learning cultivated. And now what a boundless field greets our vision!

By the very fire in which the savage roasted his meat while he made the air hideous with his yells, the scientist inquires into the composition of bodies and studies the relations of matter. Steam and electricity unite the most remote parts of the earth. Now the West wonders at the East, and the East wonders at the West. Even the mighty ocean cannot contend with man's intelligence, and upon its surface he boldly plants his foot. From the depths of the earth he brings up the hidden treasures of ages past. All around him are divine harmonies. Music calms the savage beast. Orpheus with his harp charms the spirits of the lower world. Arts and sciences soar into the realm of the infinite and scatter dark superstition to the winds, while philosophy laughs and mocks at the follies of mankind.

But man is not satisfied. The hidden secrets of nature are investigated, and as the naturalist with his microscope gazes upon the habits of beings whose very existence the eye does not reveal, he is led to exclaim: "Oh, Nature! The spectacle of thy infinitely small, astonishes thy children no less than the infinitely great, works of thy creation."

But not even here does man stop. With his telescope the astronomer, guided by his calculations, penetrates the secrets of those heavenly bodies which are scattered throughout the confines of immensity. He weighs them and calculates their volume as if they were before him on a chemist's balance. What would have been Conte's scorn if it had been suggested to him that

within a third of a century we should discover the composition of stars seventy million miles distant? And yet, can we say that science has reached its extreme bounds? Even now man, with his X-rays, is photographing the invisible. Edison even hopes to photograph the workings of the human brain.

No, there seem to be no bounds to man's knowledge, and in his vainglory man declares that he has penetrated to the very heart of the universe. But the philosopher knows better, and he says: "Think not, O man, to penetrate the inner secrets of the divine, for to all human knowledge the Creator has placed a limit, beyond which mankind can never mount."

Start from whatever point we will, every branch of knowledge finally comes to a dark chasm which cannot be bridged over. Man cannot understand primary causes. The discovery of the law of gravitation was the highest feat of intellectual power ever known. But what is the cause of this force—how does it work? These are questions which centuries of scientific research have never been able to answer. Our restless impatience, dissatisfied with the *how*, demands the *why*, and seeks a cause.

The operation of what the chemist calls chemical affinity is known, but affinity itself is unknown. Man has never yet been able to discover the nature of electricity, nor of that invisible ether which pervades space.

We stand before some enormous piece of machinery and gaze in wonder upon the mysterious mechanism of its parts. But man himself is a greater mystery

than any of his works. Who of us can imagine a compound of water, albumen, fat, and phosphate salts, working together and generating what we call thought? Man is the greatest phenomenon among phenomena.

And if man is a mystery to himself how can he expect his knowledge of other men to be unlimited? We meet people on the street, at church, in the crowded hall. They are crowding and jostling us everywhere. We say that one looks happy, another looks sad. Yet the romance and the tragedy, or the weary monotony of some lives, are all a sealed book to us. Sometimes they try to tell us of their sorrows and joys, but language fails and they can only say, "You do not know—you cannot understand."

"Circles only touch when met,
Never mingle—strangers yet."

And now, if we seek to inquire into the origin of the universe, we shall be dragged into still darker regions of the incomprehensible, for man can never get beyond his own capacity of thought, and the possibility of thought is not the same as the possibility of things. How often in the darkness we reach the restraining limit—conditions out of which we cannot think.

Sooner or later, try to evade it as much as we will, to every one must come such questions as—How could there be any existence which has neither cause nor beginning?—What was the beginning of the beginning? Eternity! Forever and forever. These are but words to us. Man cannot think of time and space as without limit. To everything there must come an end.

But after the end, what? Can man conceive of an empty nothingness?

Immensity is everywhere. In vain we beat against the bars and find rest only in the confession of our ignorance. So whether we go or stay, in what time, in what place we will, are there not mysteries, immensities, eternities, all above us, around us, in us? But even as man is crying out against this mystery he hears the voice from the heavens saying: "Child of God, in these is the possibility of writing upon the skies the record of a heroic life. Be thou faithful, and unto thee even the inmost secrets of the divine shall be revealed,

"In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have rolled away."

ZOE.

A Girl's Story.

BY SADIE MAY BRACKETT, '98.

CHAPTER III.

CHOICE.

DR. LUDOVICK sat in his office, his elbows on his knees, his face in his hands. He had just returned from the village post-office and two open letters lay on the desk before him.

The letter nearest him was written in a clear handwriting, and was only a page in length.

DEAR PAUL:—

Three years ago—three centuries I might say—and again, three days, so great a gulf separates me from that night on which we stood upon the bridge, and yet the time has passed so quickly, like a dream. It was you who knew me best. In the flush of my romantic girlhood I imagined that I understood the whole of life, that—but it is not necessary to say more. You must already

know what I wish to tell you. I have at last found life.

It gives me pain to write this—and yet I trust the old fond fancy for a careless child has disappeared, and that in place you have enshrined some nobler woman.

Praying God's blessing upon you, I break the slender thread which bound you to me.

ZOE.

For a time Paul sat in silence. Then, rising, he shook himself, as if to dispel an evil dream. If he could have seen Zoe as she wrote the letter, seen the struggle as she tried to make herself believe that she believed what she was writing! But he could not see her; and the cool, carefully constructed little missive carried its sting straight to his heart and touched his pride.

He took up the second letter and re-read it slowly. It was from an old college chum, a resident at the University Settlement of his *Alma Mater* in New York City. Eight young men wanted to start another settlement to reach a class of foreigners in a more wretched condition than any they had yet tried to help. A doctor was especially needed. A doctor could find a welcome in places where other workers would be regarded with suspicion or hatred. What the poor people needed was to be taught how to live healthy, honest lives, not so much by precept as by example. "Something impels me to write to you, old fellow. Won't you join us? Smith and Dunley are with us. There will be enough of us to keep in touch with civilization. If you could see the condition of the poor wretches, you could not stay away."

"I had planned a different life," thought Paul, "but what use is it now to struggle for wealth or fame. God,

with his own hand, has pointed out my path. I will join the boys in the settlement work."

CHAPTER IV.

AWAKENING.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY HERO.

How Dr. Ludovick Sacrifices His Life for His Fellow-Men.

Paul Ludovick, a member of the Riverton Street Settlement in this city, died last night. His death was the result of his faithful attendance upon the victims of the epidemic which has raged in the foreign quarter of our city for the last three weeks. Hundreds died. Day after day Dr. Ludovick went from crowded attic to more densely crowded basement, carrying his medicine-case and his Bible side by side. His only reward was the consciousness of well-doing. At length, worn out from loss of sleep and poisoned by the infected atmosphere, he succumbed to the dread disease.

The noble young martyr—

The paper dropped from nerveless fingers. The slender figure quivered and swayed for an instant. Claspings and unclaspings her hands, Zoe walked rapidly back and forth in the little studio.

Suddenly she turned, and, with a quick motion, uncovered a small picture which stood upon an easel at one side of the room. It was the face of a boy. Calm, honest blue eyes looked out at her under a broad, white forehead which bore the impress of many generations of thinkers.

For some moments she gazed into the pure, noble face, intensely, as if commanding the proud lips to speak; then, turning away, sat down in a chair, sobbing bitterly. The wind, shrieking around the house, seemed to mock her. She quivered with pain. "Paul! Paul!" she cried, and the wind's hollow moan was her only answer.

As the hours went by she became calmer. Her mind ran over the past.

She saw herself a little girl at play with her adopted brother. They were making a wonderful snow man in the front yard of her country home. Paul brought the soft, moist snow and built the giant body, or lifted her up that she might place, with extreme care, the flat enormous nose upon the strange white face.

And later, when they went to school, how unselfishly he shared his sports with her and defended her in every childish contest. No one else had understood so well her dreams and fancies, or borne so patiently her little tyrannies. They had taken the church vows together,—but how different their lives.

Again she looked at the picture. "My Hero!" she whispered, while the tears fell softly. "Once I thought that all of life was love, and since—Art—and self. For you, life had a different meaning. I was blind, so blind! But now I know the truth. I loved you, but I was too proud and selfish. I wanted to be great, to live a life of luxury.—And now it is too late!

Then her mother came to her mind, her mother, an uncomplaining sufferer, doing her best to care for the home and younger children—stifling her yearning for her oldest child, her Zoe. True, there was no lack of helpers—hired helpers. New resolves filled Zoe's mind. The gay, careless life she was living seemed a sin when thinking of that other, nobler life.

But her uncle, could she leave him! ought she to leave him?—and this lovely home!—and her Art! A weary sigh escaped her. She rose and covered the face of the picture. But she could

not hide the new, unquiet thoughts that stirred her soul.

CHAPTER V.
AFTERWARD.

One Sabbath the little world in Curvo awoke to find itself clothed in strange, new garments. When the sun disappeared behind the dark blue of the mountains on Saturday, he left a world of waste fields, brown and dreary, of bare-branched trees, and muddy, deep-rutted roads creeping wearily up the barren hills. When he rose over the mountains on the Sabbath, his round, smiling face looked down upon a world of snow.

No roads, no hills, no broken fences—only snow! Heaped high on hidden roofs; on every twig and branch of every tree; on window sill and front yard fence; filling the air and shutting out all sight, all sound.

The "breaking-out team" had just passed her father's house when Zoe threw open her chamber window and leaned out, drinking in the purity and beauty all about her.

An invalid in the bay-window across the way watched her eagerly, talking in a shrill voice to some one in the next room.

"How long is it sence Zoey Renalds come back, Mary Ann? Bin about five years, aint it?"

"It's longer'n that," came from the back room. "'Twas the spring that Mis' Jones's baby had the measles an' everybody thought 'twould die. That was 'fore you had these spells with your back an' you used ter help Mis' Renalds when they had company."

"My land, yes! what a sight of company they did hev! 'Twas a lucky thing that Zoey come home when she did. Mis' Renalds wa'n't able to do nothin' much, an' the hired gals allus leaving, an' them two younger children ter see tew.

"I guess 'twas pretty hard for Zoey to take holt at fust, coming right from her Uncle Ed's where they allus made so much of her.

"Folks said she wouldn't amount ter nothin', a-dawdling around with them paints, an' her nose turned up at everything; but I knew there was good stuff in her. There couldn't nobody done better by the children, that long sickness thet Mis' Renalds hed, a spell before she died.

"Queer that she should die so suddint after she got up around most as strong as ever. I never believed thet 'twas heart trouble. She didn't seem like nobody I ever heard of with it."

"Waal, the doctor's ought ter know," snapped Mary Ann. "There was enough of 'em, an' enough paid out."

Nothing further was heard for a time, save the rattling of dishes in the back room. Then the invalid began again:

"Mis' Dixon was in here yesterday while you was up ter the store; an' she was a-tellin' that Zoey's uncle was dreadful disappointed when she come off an' left him. An' when Mis' Renalds died he coaxed, an' coaxed, to have Zoey go and live with him for good. Wanted her to go abroad. But she said she was a-going to stand by her father an' the children."

"Changed some from what she used to be," curtly vociferated Mary Ann.

"But she can make the cutest pictures," continued the invalid, not noticing the interruption. "That one of Rainy Moores, in her pink sun-bonnet and her apron full of daisies, looks ready to speak."

"Wal, I don't think that's much credit to her. Spending her time putterin' around about such things; an' her father paying for a hired girl, year in an' year out. She's strong enough and capable enough to do the work herself."

So the busy tongues went on, turning over and over the neighborhood gossip.

And in her father's house across the way, Zoe Renalds was moving about in quiet patience, trying to fill the gaps made by her mother's death. Failing often; but sometimes succeeding; bearing underneath all surface emotion the sacred, ennobling memory of her first lover—Paul.

THE BRANDED HAND.

BY ELLEN W. SMITH, '98.

"WELL, Kate, are you almost ready? The horses are very restless, and if we do not start soon grandfather and grandmother will think we are not coming."

This remark came from one of a party of boys and girls who were home from school for the holidays, and who were to spend a few days with Grandfather and Grandmother Parlin. One would hardly think they were college students, they seemed so full of youthful gaiety. But, as Walter said on this morning in question when rebuked by his sister for some of his boyish

pranks, "We must have some sport when Freshmen and Sophomores, for we will have to be sedate enough when we get to be Seniors."

An hour's brisk drive brought this party of cousins to the old homestead, where they found Grandfather and Grandmother Parlin ready to welcome them. Amid much talk and laughter wraps were laid aside. After warming themselves, they proceeded to explore every nook and cranny of the old house in which their mothers had passed happy childhood.

About noon the snow began to fall, and the wind roared and shrieked around the comfortable farm-house, piling the huge drifts almost up to the low eaves on one side, while on the other the driveway was completely hidden from view.

Our young folks had played games, searched the garret for old books and papers, and succeeded in turning things upside down in a way to startle their grandparents, who were so unused to noise in these later days. Not for the world, however, would they have allowed a word of complaint to pass their lips, for they loved these young people little less than they had loved their mothers in those years when they had been the light of the home. "Not so very long ago," they often said, with a sigh.

As night settled down and the lamps were lighted, they gathered, one after another, around the blazing fire, grandfather with his weekly paper, and grandmother in her accustomed corner quietly knitting. The merry group grew sober as they watched the flames leaping up the wide chimney and listened to the storm without.

Kate was the first to break the silence, and drawing her chair close to grandmother's side, she begged for a story. "Now please tell us something that happened when you were young."

"Yes, do, grandma," echoed the rest.

Grandmother carefully knit into the middle of her "seam needle," folded her work, and looked at it critically with her head upon one side; then, laying it down, and removing her glasses, she looked into the dear faces gathered about her, saying: "I don't know as I remember anything that would interest you much, but this wild night has brought to my mind a night as wild when I was a young girl. Just after the short winter day had settled down into a bleak, cheerless evening, a stranger came to our door asking shelter for the night. My father, answering the loud knock, found a tall man enveloped in a rough fur coat which, being filled with snow, made him look ghostly enough. In answer to his request for lodging, my father said:

"Yes, sir, come right in; we always have room for the stranger, especially on such a night as this."

"Now you must know, my dears, that this was long before the noise of the steam cars aroused the Kennebec valley from its peaceful slumbers, but not before the minds of some of the dwellers in this same peaceful valley had been aroused to the wrongs of the slaves in the South land; and there were many God-fearing men and women who thought a dark skin no good reason why a man should be torn from wife and children, to become the bond slave

of the man whose skin was whiter than his own.

“These people were called Abolitionists, and to this despised party my father belonged; hence, it was no uncommon thing to have runaway negroes come to our door under cover of the darkness asking for aid, and none were ever turned empty away.

“No, Jennie, this man of whom I began to speak was not a black man, but he was one who, on account of his sympathy for the down-trodden race, and because he had tried to help some of them to obtain their freedom, had been thrown in prison where he was kept nearly a year, all the time in irons, and subjected to the severest treatment. He was a large, powerful man, with a heart to match his frame. As he sat by the fire that night telling his story, my own heart swelled almost to bursting.

“It seems that he had left Pensacola, Fla., in June, 1844, in an open boat bound for the Bahama Islands, taking with him seven slaves, who were so anxious for their liberty that they were willing to run the risk of being recaptured with the consequent punishment. He had not been long to sea before he was taken by a sloop, carried to Key West, and from there back to Pensacola, where all his belongings were taken from him, including his boat, and he was kept in prison for nearly a year. The poor slaves whom he was seeking to rescue from bondage, were severely punished, and returned to their masters.

“His name?—why, haven't I told you that? It was Jonathan Walker, and his home was in Harwich, Mass.,

until about two years before this, when he went to Pensacola to work at his trade. It was while there that his sympathies were aroused in behalf of the poor negro. He wrote a book, giving an account of his trial and imprisonment, and my father purchased a copy which is still in existence somewhere.

“He gave it the title of ‘The Branded Hand.’ Why did he name it that? Well, I think I am a very poor storyteller if I have forgotten to say that, besides being imprisoned and heavily fined, he was taken in public, his right hand securely fastened to a post, and, with a red-hot iron, the palm was branded with S S.

“You see they called his crime ‘Slave Stealing,’ but you and I know that ‘all men are born free and equal,’ and no man has a right to deprive them of their liberty unless they are breaking the laws of the land and injuring others. But he was Saving Slaves instead of stealing them.

“Soon after his return to Massachusetts, our loved poet, John G. Whittier, whose pen was always consecrated to the downtrodden and oppressed, wrote some stirring lines on the “Branded Hand.” I will find the book some day, that you may read them. Here are a few of the lines that I remember:

“Why, that brand is highest honor!—
Than its traces, never yet
Upon old armorial hatchments
Was a prouder blazon set;
And thy unborn generations,
As they crowd our rocky strand,
Shall tell with pride the story
Of their father's *Branded Hand!*”

"All this happened more than fifty years ago, but the memory of that night will never fade from my mind; and the sentiments and principles then fostered in my young heart have colored and shaped my whole life.

"To-night the howling of the wind, the flames in the fire-place leaping and dancing up the chimney and casting their flickering light around us, bring back vividly that evening half a century ago, when I heard Jonathan Walker tell his thrilling story.

"But, dear me, I have talked until your grandfather has gone sound asleep in his chair. The fire has burned low, and I do believe the wind has gone down so we shall be able to sleep well after all."

With thoughtful faces they separated for the night, and when they once more took up the work at school, perhaps no memory of their pleasant visit staid with them longer than the story of the '*Branded Hand.*'"

Bates Verse.

THE ROSE.

In the garden 'twixt the flowers,
Through the joyous summer hours
Oft I wandered with a glad and blithesome lay,
While I marked each tiny face
Smiling in its dainty grace
Thus to greet me as I loitered by the way.

Till one morning, wondrous fair,
Shedding perfume through the air,
Bloomed a softly tinted, beauteous, regal rose.
"Love, be mine," I gently sighed,
"Bend to me thy queenly pride,
Let thy blushing face upon my heart repose."

As I spoke, in rose-leaf shower
Fell the petals of the flower,
Sadly wafted to the swiftly darting breeze.
Then my head in grief I bowed,
While my shadow formed a shroud,
And a plaintive wailing sounded through the
trees. —, '99.

THE HEALING POWER.

When the hope you have lived for is lying dead
Under the heel of relentless Fate,
When strength is broken and light is fled
And sorrow is ever your bosom-mate,

Oh, then it is good to lean again
On the love that sheltered your early life,
Yielding your will to the great Amen
That drives you out of the daily strife.

'Tis good to breathe in your native air,
To lie on the breathing, blossoming sod,
When winds are free and skies are fair
And the soul stands face to face with God.

For hope arises and strength comes back
When the mind's at rest and the heart is pure.
No matter how hopeless and sad the wrack
If Love, the Healer, is staunch and sure.

—MYRVAL.

A SYMPHONY.

No crowded hall, no gleaming concert-room
With light and laughter, flowers and faces gay.
Only a window glimmering in the dusk;
Myself sole listener—if there be indeed
No spirit lingering in the silent room,
As well might chance at this weird twilight
hour.

But a low music, soft as coming sleep,
Mournful as life, and calm as brooding peace;
A minor music, ceaseless, sweet, and slow,
Flowing and flowing;—can there be an end,
Or am I bound by some enchanter's spell
To hear forever this weird harmony,
Rising and falling? Yet I would not change
This crowded window for the concert hall;
Nay, for to-night no sweeter thing could be
Than this soft twilight and the casement dark,
Shadow and silence, and within my ears
The endless music of the falling rain.

—M. S. M., '91.

BATES SONG.

TUNE—"Fair Harvard."

I.

O Gem of our city and pride of our hearts,
 Dear Bates, that hast never a peer.
 Thy praises we sing and thy glory proclaim
 With every crowning year.
 Here bluest the skies and greenest the earth,
 And brightest the sunlight falls
 On the brave and the fair who are chosen by
 thee
 To dwell in thy storied halls.

CHORUS.

Then, comrades, we pledge heart and hand to
 dear Bates,
 For Bates is the college that wins;
 In brawn and in brain in the old State of Maine
 Dear Bates is the college that wins!

II.

In contest of strength ever foremost thy sons
 'Neath the talisman of thy name,
 And many a well-fought battle attests
 The ascendancy of thy fame.
 Let others have numbers or power or wealth,
 Yet ours is the college that wins;
 In brawn and in brain in the old State of Maine
 Dear Bates is the college that wins!

CHORUS.

III.

The strongest thy sons and thy daughters most
 fair,
 True hearts in us all are thine own;
 In these halcyon days, in these privileged ways,
 We are reaping what others have sown.
 The past is assured, and with joy and with
 song
 The present forever is rife;
 And those who come after shall honor old
 Bates
 By the highest and holiest life.

CHORUS.

IV.

The guardianship of our lives hast thou,
 Dear College of happiest days,
 O let the bright beams of thy glorious light
 Shine ever upon our ways;
 And when we are old above silver or gold
 We will treasure thy classic lore,
 And thy name on the scroll that the years shall
 unroll
 Shall be fairest forevermore.

CHORUS.

F. J. ALLEN.

College News and Interests.

THE BATES - B. U. INTERCOLLEGIATE DEBATE.

A WARNING—A PARODY.

Ye sons of Bates College, beware of the night
 When B. U. shall meet ye with orator's might,
 For a field of defeat rushes swift on my sight
 And the league from the Pine State is scattered
 in flight.
 They argue, they plead for their college and
 state,
 Hurrah for the speakers who win that debate!
 Sprague, Shattuck, advance, primed full for
 the fray,
 And Thorn's mighty words shall win us full
 sway.
 Ye sons of Bates College, beware of that night,
 For the league from the Pine State shall scatter
 in flight.

—*Boston University Beacon*.
 April 16, 1896.

IF ever the good Bates yell rung out
 with the true college spirit behind
 it, and real college enthusiasm in it,
 it was in Faneuil Hall on the evening
 of April 23d, when Curtis Guild, Jr., of
 Boston, announced that Bates had won
 the first championship of the New Eng-
 land Intercollegiate Debating League
 by defeating Boston University in com-
 petitive debate. While this outcome
 was partially looked for by those who
 knew the Bates representatives, still
 the B. U. men were no mean antago-
 nists, and the result was in doubt until
 the judges' decision. Bates showed
 her loyalty by sending to Boston, be-

side the three disputants, some thirty under-graduates; these, in addition to President Chase and numbers of the alumni, made a goodly delegation. The representatives of the two institutions were: B. U., C. J. Thorn, W. I. Shattuck, and R. J. Sprague; Bates, O. F. Cutts, J. S. Durkee, and A. B. Howard. The question discussed was, "Should Immigration be further restricted?" B. U. holding the affirmative, and Bates the negative. The B. U. men were much more declamatory than their opponents and resorted to extemporaneous rebuttal, which the Bates men ignored altogether except in Howard's final answer to Sprague. The judges, Dr. Alexander McKenzie, Dr. Larkin Dunton, and Judge Putnam were but a few moments in making their decision. On the announcement that the laurel wreath went to Bates, her supporters went wild with delight and practically owned Faneuil Hall for the next half-hour. Bates' chief point of superiority of B. U., and that to which she owes her victory, was a consecutive, well-ordered argument, well introduced, well supported, and well summed up; briefly, good team work. At home the news was received with wild rejoicing, young men and young ladies, too, turning out to follow the band and to tell to Lewiston and Auburn that Bates had won the greatest victory in her history. The debaters returned to Lewiston on the following Monday evening and were met at the station by an enthusiastic body of students, and escorted to the college. On Wednesday evening a banquet was given in their honor in the gymnasium,

attended by students, Faculty, and alumni.

HOW WE HEARD THE NEWS.

I.

THE good news of Bates' victory over Boston University was not slow in reaching Lewiston. About 11.30, Fast-Day night, the old chapel bell broke the stillness and everybody knew what it meant. Parker Hall turned out *en masse*, and was soon re-enforced by Cheney Hall and those rooming off the campus. The enthusiastic crowd, headed by the College Band, took up a line of march for the homes of the Faculty, cheering each in turn, and giving the college yell and nine 'rahs for each of the debaters. On the return the campus rang with songs and glees till long past the hour of midnight.

II.

The celebration was continued with unabated enthusiasm on the following Monday night, when the debaters arrived home. The students, a hundred strong, met them at the depot and escorted them to the college. On the way they took the pains to inform the citizens of Lewiston of the event by frequent cheers and congratulations all along the route. Nor were the Faculty overlooked in this respect. Parker Hall reached, speeches were called for from our representatives. They modestly declined to speak on empty stomachs, and at their request the students permitted them to depart to their suppers.

III.

The enthusiasm culminated in a banquet in the gymnasium, on the evening

of April 29th. It was tendered by the literary societies, and was a fitting finale to the celebration. Besides the students and Faculty, a number of the alumni and friends of the college were there. R. W. Thompson, '96, was toast-master, and the following toasts were heartily responded to and evoked much applause: Bates College—President Chase; The Literary Societies—G. W. Thomas; The Intercollegiate Debating League—J. Stanley Durkee; Bates at Faneuil—O. F. Cutts; Bates in Athletics—W. W. Bolster, Jr.; The Women's Side—Miss Gracia Prescott; The College and the Town—F. A. Morey, Esq.; Bates in the Past—J. L. Reade, '83; Bates in the Future—A. B. Howard. There had been no premature rejoicing; the song of victory was sung not on the eve of battle, but after it had been won.

ONE OF OUR BENEFACTORS.

WHEN John Fullonton came to Lewiston in 1872, he was sixty years old. Thirty-two years of unremitting service as writer, preacher, and teacher, had shattered his constitution and enforced the strictest care of his health. No man can teach eight hours a day, preach twice on Sunday, write, lecture, administer, counsel, and inspire—virtue going out of his intense personality at every contact with his fellows—without paying the penalty. And so, while Dr. Fullonton brought to the Divinity School of Bates College an unimpaired intellect and quenchless enthusiasm, he brought only the tra-

dition of his splendid gifts as an orator, his marvelous skill in dealing with human nature, and his singular genius in administration. True, the quickening power of his alert and penetrating intellect, the clearness and force of his cherished convictions, the warmth and glow of his kindling and sympathetic soul, were never more impressively manifested than during the quiet years in Lewiston. But they were actually known only by students sitting reverently at the master's feet.

The truth that we are in danger of forgetting is, that to those earlier years of heroic and brilliant service we owe in no slight degree the rich and growing life of our college. But for his pioneer service as an educator, but for his industrious and facile pen, but for his electric voice and presence,—all consecrated to the aim of raising his own religious people to the plane of intelligent, well-organized, and efficient Christian service,—who can say that there would to-day be a Bates College and a Cobb Divinity School with their more than 700 graduates and their 250 students? Forever pre-eminent in the early history of these institutions will be the name of the founder and organizer—the name of Cheney. But if Cheney planted, Fullonton watered, and both had wrought with others in preparing the ground. God is giving the increase. Cheney and Fullonton, through long years co-laborers in a great work—the one still living, the other having entered into Life—of neither will we willingly let the memory die.

PRESIDENT GEORGE C. CHASE, '69.

LOCALS.

"Why is that Senior gallery full?"

The youthful blades inquire.

"Their canes are pillars of the church,"

Returns the loving sire.

"And if their cudgels fewer grew

Or fell away in weight,

Then these four walls would cover us,

And sad would be our fate."

May-baskets!

Botanizing and birds for the Sophs.

Polymnia has had her room cleaned.

The graduation of the Divinity School takes place May 20th.

Why not enliven the campus with some class ball games?

The cold weather has broken, and tennis-courts are in demand.

Recitations were laid aside on the day of Dr. Fullonton's funeral.

'96 was tendered a reception by President Chase on the evening of April 27th.

Our enterprising Seniors set us a good example by planting five trees on Arbor Day.

The Juniors spent two pleasant evenings recently at the homes of Professor Angell and President Chase.

The College Club has recently placed 40 works of modern fiction and 30 miscellaneous volumes in the library.

Mr. A. C. Keith, of the graduating class at the Divinity School, has accepted a call to New Hampton, N. H.

Two of the Junior Class conspired to blow up the physical laboratory recently. Happily, their attempts were frustrated.

Professor Strong's recent experiments with the X-rays have been very success-

ful. He has given two public lectures on the subject.

The theological students have been working for a fortnight on tennis-courts, and as a result have the two best on the campus.

The work of the Springfield Training School for Christian Workers was explained to the students recently, by Mr. Austin Rice, of the Yale Divinity School.

The local editors have been blamed for a too profuse use of the term "co-ed." For all past offences we humbly beg pardon of the young ladies, and promise a speedy reform.

We ask, if we may be allowed,
If the Sophomore has yet been found
Who in all his gettings up and down
Knows a bird from a hole in the ground.

Miss Harriet Spencer, representing the Student Volunteer movement, recently visited the Y. W. C. A., and addressed the students after chapel, on May 1st.

Two interesting lectures were delivered the last week in April, in Roger Williams Hall, one on woman suffrage, by Rev. H. R. Rose, and the other on the "Limitations of the Bible," by Rev. Dr. Penney.

Mr. H. K. Sautikian, a native Armenian educated in this country, gave an address in Roger Williams Hall, Sunday P.M., April 19th. Subject: "The Causes of the Armenian Massacres, and the Present Condition of the People."

Arbor Day was observed by the Sophomores with a walk to No-Name Pond after birds and flowers. Professors Stanton and Strong accompanied

them. We understand they had a right good time and saw a few new birds.

The gift of a beautiful and valuable collection of butterflies and beetles has been made to the college, by Rev. J. M. Bailey of Saco. They were collected by his son, Joseph James Bailey, and were the work of years of frail health.

The Y. W. C. A. has elected the following officers: President, Miss Morrill, '97; Vice-President, Miss Files, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Miss S. Brackett, '98; Recording Secretary, Miss Roberts, '98; Treasurer, Miss Gay, '99.

The good-will existing in our midst between Faculty and students was emphasized by the presentation of a fine portrait of Professor Jordan by the Class of '96 on the morning of May 4th. Professor Jordan in well-chosen words accepted the gift.

Dr. Summerbell's course of lectures was brought to a close Sunday evening, May 10th, his subject being "The Establishment of English Protestantism." These lectures have been valuable and interesting, and the students have shown their appreciation by their attendance.

They were members of the ball team and had started for the grounds for the game that P.M. in the city of P—. As the carriage passed the eye and ear infirmary B— sung out to the driver to stop, and followed it with the explanation: "I want S— to go in and get an eye for the ball." The advice was unheeded, but with fatal consequences.

Eight of our Juniors are rejoicing in the possession of broadsword stick-pins, which were among the contents of beautiful May-baskets hung them on the eve of May 1st. The eight participated in the '97 broadsword drill in the Exhibition, and won the class prize. Suspensions point strongly to the inestimable girls of '97 as the originators of this bright sequel of the event.

Foss, '97, represented Bates at the annual meeting of the State Intercollegiate Athletic Association in Bangor, May 2d. Each of the Maine colleges sent delegates. The Association was put on a firmer basis by the thorough revision of the constitution. It was voted to hold the meet this year on the Colby track, and the date set was June 5th. The officers for the coming year are: President, John H. Morse, Bowdoin; Vice-President, W. L. Holyoke, M. S. C.; Secretary, A. W. Foss, Bates; Treasurer, F. E. Taylor, Colby. Our delegate reports the prospects good for a successful meet.

The Building Fund Association met the second week of the term, and elected these officers for the coming year: President, Milliken, '97; Vice-President, Toothaker, '98; Recording Secretary, Tukey, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Morrill, '97; 1st Asst. Cor. Secretary, Miss Maxim, '98; 2d Asst. Cor. Secretary, Miss Tasker, '98; Assistant Treasurer, Cunningham, '97; Executive Committee, President and Vice-President *ex officio*, Stanley, Miss Knowles, '97, Landman, '98, Miss Gay, '99; Collectors, Parker, '97, Bruce, '98, Stewart, '99. The officers enter upon their duties at Commencement.

If any one ever doubted the ability of the Bates under-graduate for hard work he should have seen the shovels fly along the private way in front of the gymnasium, on the 4th and 5th of May. It was felt that, in the absence of a good training place for the field and track athletes, this way might be fenced off and, with turns at each end, be made into a temporary athletic field. So, under the leadership of Instructor Bolster and Captain Cutts of the track team, the students took hold, graded the track and turns, made the necessary take-offs, and as a result we have a very creditable field. Considering that the other Maine colleges, with whom we compete, are or will be furnished in this regard, we hope that at next Commencement steps will be taken to place us on a footing with them.

At this early stage of the base-ball season, it is impossible to tell what our chances will be with the other Maine colleges. As yet we have played but five games, with scores as follows :

Innings, . . .	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates,	2	0	0	0	2	0				-4
N. H. S. C., . .	0	0	0	1	0	2				-3
Bates,	1	3	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	-6
Lewiston, . . .	0	0	0	0	3	2	1	0	1	-7
Bates,	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	0		-5
Portland, . . .	4	0	2	4	2	0	1	5		-18
Murphy Balsam,	0	5	0	0	1	3	2	0	1	-12
Bates,	0	0	2	1	0	0	1	0	0	-4
Bates,	0	0	3	10	8	2	0	5		-28
Volunteers, . .	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	-3

At present writing the personnel of the team is as follows :

- Gerrish, '96, . . c. Douglass, '96, 2b.
- Berryman, '96, . p. Quinn, '99, 3b.

- Slattery, '97, . . p. Pulsifer, '99, s.s., p.
- Burrill, '97, . . p. Bennett, '98, . c.f.
- Penley, '99, . . 1b. Hinkley, '98, . r.f.

As we go to press we are able to insert the record of our team on their trip through Vermont and New Hampshire. Never in the history of our college has such a brilliant series of games been played outside the state. That every game has been close and hard-fought, and that one of our victories was over one of the strongest teams in the country, demonstrates that we have a clean-fielding and hard-hitting team, which should stand well in the college series. Captain Douglass, our pitching department, and in fact the whole team, deserve hearty congratulation for their splendid work.

On Tuesday, May 12th, Bates met the strong University of Vermont team. The home nine scored six runs in the first inning, but after that could do nothing with Slattery. Score :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
U. of V.,	6	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-7
Bates,	2	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3-6

Batteries—Miner and Eagan, Slattery and Gerrish.

On the next day the tables were turned. Berryman completely out-pitched Vermont's crack pitcher, Dinsmore. Score :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates,	2	0	0	1	0	0	1	3	0	-8
U. of V.,	1	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	-5

Batteries—Dinsmore and Eagan, Berryman and Gerrish.

The games of the 14th, 15th, and 16th also resulted in victories. Score :

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates,	1	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	0	-7
Vermont Acad.,	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	-1

Batteries—Fox and Whittemore, Pulsifer and Gerrish.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Bates,	0	0	4	1	0	0	1	—6
N. H. S. C.,	1	0	1	1	2	0	0	—5

Battery—Slattery and Gerrish.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	
Bates,	3	2	0	0	0	3	1	—9
Exeter,	0	0	0	5	0	1	1	—7

Batteries—Robertson, Plunkett, and Scannell; Slattery, Pulsifer, and Gerrish.

Every night when the score came to the college the bell was rung and the band turned out. A large body of students with a barge met and escorted the victors home from the midnight train, Saturday night.

Bates met M. S. C. on the college grounds on the afternoon of May 18th, and won the first game of her college series by a score of 15 to 10. Below is the tabulated score :

BATES.						
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Douglass, 2b.,	6	2	0	3	2	0
Pulsifer, s.s.,	5	3	4	3	1	1
Burrill, p.,	4	3	4	0	2	0
Gerrish, c.,	5	2	2	7	1	0
Quinn, 3b.,	5	1	2	2	4	0
Penley, 1b.,	5	3	1	7	0	2
Slattery, r.f.,	5	0	1	1	1	0
Hinkley, l.f.,	5	0	1	3	0	0
Bennett, c.f.,	5	1	3	1	0	1
Totals,	45	15	18	27	11	4

M. S. C.						
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bass, p.,	5	1	1	0	0	0
Libby, 1b.,	4	3	4	6	0	1
Farrell, 3b.,	5	3	3	0	2	0
P. Palmer, c.,	5	0	1	12	1	2
Welch, s.s.,	5	3	2	2	2	2
Crockett, r.f.,	5	0	2	1	0	1
E. Palmer, l.f.,	4	0	2	2	0	1
Dolley, 2b.,	5	0	2	1	3	1
Brann, c.f.,	5	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	43	10	17	24	8	8

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates,	3	0	0	0	9	2	0	1	x	—15
M. S. C.,	3	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	4	—10

Earned runs—Bates 6, M. S. C. 2. Two-base hits—Pulsifer 2, Slattery, Bass, Welch, Crockett. Home runs—Burrill, Bennett, Farrell, Welch, Libby. Sacrifice hit—Burrill. Stolen bases—Douglass, Pulsifer, Burrill 2, Gerrish, Quinn, Penley, Farrell. Double play—Welch, Dolley, and Libby. Bases on balls—by Burrill, Libby, E. Palmer. Struck out—by Burrill, Bass, P. Palmer, Crockett 2, Brann 3; by Bass, Douglass 2, Penley, Slattery 2, Hinkley 4. Passed ball—Gerrish. Wild pitch—Burrill. Time—1h. 45m. Umpires—McManus and Newenham.

A story is told of three French boys who were studying a volume of Shakespeare in their own tongue, their task being to render portions of it into English. When they came to Hamlet's famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," their respective translations were as follows: (1) "To was or not to am." (2) "To were or is to not." (3) "To should or not to will."—*Ex.*

'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone.
A chaperone she needs till she
Can call some chap 'er own. —*Ex.*

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew acted as judge of the Cornell-University of Pennsylvania debate on Washington's Birthday.

The name of Columbia College has been changed to Columbia University, the School of Arts alone being now designated as Columbia College.

Said A to B, "I C U R
Inclined to B a J."
Said B, "Your wit, my worthy friend,
Shows signs of sad D K." —*Ex.*

"Ah, goo! ah, gah! Bglb, glb, bah, hah!" cried the baby. "By Jove, isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed the delighted papa. "If he hasn't got our old college yell of '91, I'm a ghost!"—*Ex.*

Around the Editors' Table.

A FEW weeks ago, some of our leading newspapers contained a detailed and somewhat lengthy account of a disgraceful row in one of our western colleges. Some time later the same papers noticed briefly that "Yale defeated Harvard in intercollegiate debate last evening." These two instances are not unfair examples of the college news of too many papers,—a quarter of a column given to a vulgar squabble, and three lines to a contest of brains between the two leading universities of America. In general, the most important events are least likely to be emphasized. Years of successful building of character and scholarship, contests involving the use of the highest intellectual powers, and numberless events which exhibit the college in its true light, are often overshadowed by a hazing episode or some flagrant breach of college rules.

This is, of course, only an incident of that striving after sensationalism which is the bane of modern American journalism. But, whatever may be its cause, such treatment of college news by the secular press, demands an earnest protest from all friends of education, and especially from college publications. It distinctly injures both the public and the college itself; the public, by giving them a false idea of college life; and the college, by emphasizing its deficiencies and giving undue prominence to those students who in no sense represent the true life of the institution.

May the day hasten when the reading public shall demand more knowledge of the successes and less of the mistakes of college life; when they shall have a more true and sympathetic interest in the real process of training by which the college men of one generation are fitted to become the leaders of the next.

THE New England Intercollegiate Press Association was formed some five years ago, for the purpose of creating a more perfect unity of interest, and of placing upon a more friendly basis, where mutual advantage and support might be secured, the various student publications of the New England colleges."

Since that time the offices have been held by certain periodicals, and the Association has not been largely supported by the colleges.

Last May new officers were chosen, and a new executive board, which would be directly responsible to the Association.

This board has prepared a new constitution, which will be presented for adoption at the annual meeting, held in Boston, May 22d.

The business session will open at 3 P.M., when papers upon topics of great interest to the college editors will be read, followed by discussion.

Such papers will be presented as: "How shall we enlarge the graduate subscription list?" "How shall we enlarge the number of student sub-

scriptions?" "Popular short college stories," etc.

The Association dinner will be held at the Hotel Vendome or Brunswick, and it is expected that Mrs. Francis Walker, Miss Irvins, President of Wellesley, and such ladies of note, will be present, so that the young women's colleges will have full representation, both in the business session and in the toast list.

The session will no doubt be very interesting and instructive, and the STUDENT editors are pleased to be represented this year, for the first time, in this Association.

WE have here to suggest a custom which we should like to see inaugurated at Bates, and which is much in vogue in our sister colleges. We refer to the privilege of wearing the college letter on cap or sweater as a mark of excellence in athletics, fairly won, to the end not of personal but of college honor. The essence of amateurism, the one difference between it and professionalism in athletics, is that honor, not gain, is the reward. In a college then, where amateurism should be found in its purity, if anywhere, anything which adds to the honor, without attendant evils, must be of real benefit. The Greeks were not ashamed to accord to those who won the laurel wreath the highest honor; but many in college, after a season of hard work and little pleasure in it, lay aside the sweater and are permitted to forget all about it. In other colleges we know it to be a fact that to wear the H. or Y. or P. is a coveted honor,

securing respect to its wearer wherever he may be. We are sure that in time to come, when we return at commencement time to Bates—to be much larger then than now, we know, but always the same in spirit—we should be proud to know that from a B. we were entitled to wear, the under-graduate looked up to us with the honor always due to one who has brought athletic trophies to his *Alma Mater*. When Tom Brown returned to Rugby and found the town boys playing in the quadrangle he could only say: "Pshaw! they won't remember me. They've more right there than I." And the thought that his sceptre had departed, and his mark was wearing out, came home to him for the first time, and bitterly enough."

THE unusually large number of Seniors and Juniors who have elected English this term is worthy of note; likewise the private course in comparative epics is so popular as to be remarkable. The reason for this does not lie in any "snap" which the study offers. To get at Browning's meaning one must dig for it, and this means work; moreover, to select the *Iliad*, *Eneid*, *Inferno*, and *Paradise Lost*, in preference to modern fiction, evinces a willingness on the part of the student to work. Nor is the popularity of English at Bates, this spring, a mere incident; it is a tendency which has been at work for some time and will continue to increase. Those who are taught, as well as those who teach throughout all the colleges, are beginning to recognize the importance of English. The agitation in its behalf,

which has been so prominently before the educational world for a few years past, is bearing fruit. President Eliot's criterion of a liberally educated person, the ability to write clear, forcible English, is indisputable. The first step toward meeting this is a careful study of those writers in the past who, having had something to say, have said it well; and no place is so favorable to develop right methods of study as the classroom with an enthusiastic and painstaking instructor. Surely, they who slight the opportunity, know not what they miss.

“**T**RUE dispatch is a rich thing, for time is the measure of business.” The ability to get things done! How envied is the person who seems never to waste time over completing a task or to spend long hours of unprofitable labor. The thought is an old, old one, and has traversed through many a brain weary with its idle endeavors to accomplish something; but, after all, how new and striking it seems as we look about and see its ever-recurring illustrations.

Here is a student who has a creditable record, not only in class-room but in athletics and public exercises, who makes use of the reading-room and library, and takes an active interest in society work; to him, the college year is sufficient for all these. Another of perhaps equal intellectual ability finds only time to prepare regular recitation work; such a one will doubtless plod on through his entire life in this same slow, laborious manner.

The faculty of working with dispatch

may be one of nature, but it is oftener acquired in youth. Method and power of concentration are its life.

THE summer term is certainly the most trying one for study. When the earth seems so fresh and happy and all nature is so beautiful we are filled with a strong desire to throw aside our books, and to live a gay, free, out-of-door life. And we ought to be glad that we are not mere machines but that we have power to appreciate and to rejoice in the beautiful world about us. For this is the poetry in our natures, and it is what saves our lives from monotony. And yet we must not neglect our work. Pleasure is always sweeter when it is the reward of hard labor, and a set of tennis or a walk into the woods is twice as enjoyable if one does not have a guilty sense of some duty left undone. If we make a judicious use of our time, we shall first be faithful with our studies, and therefore find a much greater pleasure in recreation. Idleness is never an aid to happiness.

WE wish to call special attention to our *Commencement* number, which will be issued on *Thursday Afternoon* of Commencement week. It will be an *illustrated* number of forty pages or more, containing the principal literary parts of the week, descriptions of the graduates, and much other material of special interest.

Any who desire extra copies may notify the Business Manager or can secure them Thursday afternoon, at the regular price.

Alumni Department.

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

We present this month a continuation of the symposium begun in the April number.

Editors of Bates Student:

ABOUT twenty-five years have passed since my graduation from Bates. If I were to give to a young person just entering college, my best advice, I would say to him, as the wisdom these years have brought me:

1. If you are really in earnest to make the most of your college course for your own development, *carefully and wisely methodize your time*. Six hours a day—at the most eight—of really diligent work will enable any person of ordinary ability to do well the tasks assigned for each day. Nor will a young person who means to make the most of himself think this excessive time. Young people are apt to be prodigal of time because it seems to them, with life all before them, they are rich in anticipated years. This impression with students leads to desultory habits of study, and to work done in haste, when it *must* be done and not before. Habits of work accomplished at irregular intervals are thus formed, which must be corrected in later life, if one is to be an effective worker in any department of human activity. Begin now to form good habits of study. Study. Then play.

2. I believe the regular curriculum of study as imposed in the New England college is all right, if one will use it for all it is fitted to do for him.

The student needs discipline, i.e., enlarged mental power, growing discrimination, the ability to concentrate his best energy upon any subject under consideration. He gets these powers by using them; compelling them to do his bidding. "To him that hath" (and will use) "shall be given," is as true here as everywhere. One soon learns that each department of human investigation runs into, and is connected with, every other. The Classics and the Sciences are all first cousins in this regard. There is an intensely interesting side to every subject. Nothing prescribed is unimportant. Each study is of great value. Use it and broaden out from it as much as you will—*but use it*. "Electives" are well, if the student has sufficient breadth of outlook, and knows his needs well enough to wisely "elect." Put good honest work into the prescribed studies, and thus "the course of study" will do a work for you for which you will be grateful all your life. It is not so much a question of *what*, at ordinary student age, as *how*.

3. If from such wisdom as I have now, such as it is, I could do over my college course, I would make a more diligent and conscientious use of the opportunities given me for study. Beyond this in general, I would not ask for much change. I would live more in compliance with the maxim of Ecclesiastes x.—"If the iron be dull then must he put to more strength." If I

were consciously weak in any study, as mathematics, for instance, then I would try and practice the above text. Time enough for special studies when the four years of the college course are done—and done well. Get a good discipline in the main current, and then run off in special directions.

W. H. BOLSTER, '69.

Editors of Bates Student:

THE change I should hope to make in method of study, if I were to repeat my college course, would be in the direction of what may be called the vital as opposed to the mechanical method. I would free myself, as far as possible, from the influence of the fact that lessons are to be recited.

It is quite possible for a student to grasp the meaning of a lesson sufficiently to be able to hand it out to the professor in recitation, and yet not take it into his own mind in such a way as to enlarge or enrich his own personality. The student who would do the best with his opportunities must learn the secret of receiving what he studies into himself, not for the purpose of giving it out in payment for a mark on the teacher's class-book, but for its own worth and for its contribution to the enlargement and strengthening of the personal life. This habit, begun early, will be invaluable, for it will lead to the assimilation of truth into personality, and in personality more than anything else lies the conditions of success.

In regard to reading, I should hope to give more attention to that class of literature which deals with human

nature and, in religious phrase, appeals to the heart.

ROSCOE NELSON, '87.

Editors of the Bates Student:

AND so you seek from me a "confession." If you please, ambitious editors, I have none to make. It may be presumed that my "methods of study and reading" ten years ago were the best known at that time(?). Without doubt a better condition exists now. There is progress in all things.

In view of my "experience in life" Bates students need to be advised on the above subject less than students of several colleges. Yet even they may improve.

Economy of time deserves consideration. Let every hour count for physical, intellectual, or spiritual welfare. Let there be no waste, no misspent hours. Students should work intensely eight hours daily, and no more. Do not dawdle. Work regularly and persistently, but avoid being a "dig" or a shirk. Make daily use of the college library books. Read for a *well-defined purpose*, but read. The best in literature, history, and biography should be sought for. Make a beginning in all these lines and let your study continue through life. Never stagnate. Even though you have a college diploma and do not have a love for good reading you are not educated.

C. E. STEVENS, '86.

To the Editors of the Bates Student:

THE request to recall my college life is not without its pleasant suggestions. I must say that I do not look back upon it with many regrets. If I

had the pleasant years at Bates to live over again, my inclinations and general methods would be much the same. Athletics, the library, and the Polymnian Society would still have their strong attractions. I should try to do thorough work from day to day in all courses and should place no reliance on cramming for examinations.

If I made any change in the routine work, it would be in the way of greater intensity along special lines. I think I see more clearly now the real value of those studies which have most to do with relations between man and man. I should take special pains to do the full requirement in the rhetorical work of the college and of the literary society. The debates would claim a large share of time and interest. If I were fortunate enough to be assigned to editorial work, I should consider that honor a golden opportunity. And, finally, I should not be satisfied with mere perfunctory work in allied subjects of the regular course, like History, Social and Political Science, Psychology, and Philosophy.

Very sincerely yours,

E. W. GIVEN, '79.

NEWARK ACADEMY, NEWARK, N. J.

Editors of Bates Student:

THE average man looks back upon the four years spent in college as years of special pleasure. A careful distinction should be made in respect to the things to be sought in a college course, in a university course, and in a technical or professional course of study.

The college course was intended and

should be kept as the place where the foundations are laid for manhood and womanhood in any and every sphere of life. Pupils that enter it are, on the average, too young to wisely select their branches of study, at least to any extent, before the Junior year. University work, properly speaking, comes after the foundations are laid, and should be wholly elective.

From what has been said it would follow that the reading done, as purely of an educational character, should have reference to securing a wider knowledge of some of the branches studied. The student does well to keep a small, handy note-book, in which to put down his desires as they occur to him, of books and lines of reading which he wishes, at some later time, to follow out. But if he wishes to make his college course of most solid advantage to him in after years, he needs to do his work systematically and conscientiously. Every student can and should do some reading as a mental relaxation. In this he can exercise his taste in poetry, fiction, history or biography, and as he reads and takes his notes he will learn wherein his taste centers most, and will be prepared to determine wisely, when the college course is completed, whether he may well enter upon university study, or go to the professional school, or seek a business career.

J. S. BROWN.

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PERSONALS.

'72.—E. J. Goodwin has returned from a year's study in Germany to his duties as principal of the High School in Newton, Mass.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin, D.D., will deliver the address to the graduating class of the South Framingham, Mass., High School.

'74.—R. W. Rogers is judge of the municipal court at Belfast, Me.

'76.—F. E. Emrich, D.D., is to deliver the address before the alumni of Cobb Divinity School during anniversary week.

'77.—L. H. Moulton is principal of the Lisbon Falls High School.

'77.—G. A. Stuart has removed from Chicopee, Mass., to New Britain, Conn., where he has been elected superintendent of schools with a salary of \$2,500. This election is very flattering to Mr. Stuart from the fact that he was chosen out of about thirty applicants, many of whom were highly recommended.

'84.—J. W. Chadwick is principal of Highland Avenue Grammar School at Gardiner, Me.

'89.—Arthur E. Hatch is engaged in evangelistic work. His residence at present is at Oldtown, Me.

'89.—Rev. Blanche A. Wright recently entered upon her duties as pastor of the Universalist Church in Livermore Falls. Her first sermon was preached to a crowded house.

'90.—George F. Garland has entered the Maine Medical School.

'90.—W. F. Garcelon has been coaching the Bowdoin track athletic team.

'90.—C. S. F. Whitcomb is practicing medicine in Milton Mills, N. H.

'91.—Miss Kate H. Merrill is at her home in Auburn, rapidly regaining her health from a recent illness.

'91.—William B. Watson is employed on the staff of the *Portland Express*.

'93.—J. F. Fanning was compelled by illness to leave his school and return to his home at Lubec.

'93.—R. A. Sturges is a member of the Columbia University Glee Club.

'93.—Dr. John Sturgis of Auburn, son of ex-Mayor B. F. Sturgis, and Miss Helen Louise Brickett of Groveland, Mass., were married on Saturday at the home of a relative of the bride in Groveland. Rev. Mr. Swain of Boston was the officiating clergyman. The wedding was private, being attended by only the immediate families of the couple. Ex-Mayor and Mrs. Sturgis were among the guests. Dr. and Mrs. Sturgis came direct to Auburn, where they are receiving congratulations of their many friends.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'94.—Wesley E. Page has taken this year two prizes in the Yale Divinity School.

'94.—F. E. Perkins has resigned his position as principal of the Princeton High School, to accept the professorship of mathematics in Dow Academy, one of the finest fitting schools in New Hampshire.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

WE would call the attention of the alumni to the proposition made by F. W. Baldwin, D.D., of the Class of '72, to the Bates College Students'

Building Fund Association. Dr. Baldwin offers to be one of ten who shall give \$10 each toward the building, one of fifteen who shall give \$15, one of twenty-five who shall give \$25, one of fifty who shall give \$50, and one of one hundred who shall give \$100. He will enter any or all of these groups, and imposes no conditions as to the total amount which shall be raised for the building.

It is earnestly hoped that all alumni who are willing to give one of the amounts above mentioned will communicate with the alumni editor or with the executive committee of the Association.

THE following books, for the Department of English, have been presented to the College Library by the College Club:

Caine's *The Bondman*; *The Deemster*; *The Scapegoat*.
 Barrie's *Window in Thrums*; *Auld Licht Idyls*; *The Little Minister*; *When a Man's Single*.
 Besant's *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*.
 Eber's *Uarda*; *Egyptian Princess*.
 Crockett's *The Raiders*; *The Sticket Minister*.

Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*.
 Doyle's *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*; *Micah Clarke*; *The White Company*.
 Black's *Daughter of Heth*; *Kilmeny*; *Madcap Violet*; *Princess of Thule*; *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*.
 Haggard's *She*; *King Solomon's Mines*.
 Hardy's *Far From the Madding Crowd*; *A Pair of Blue Eyes*.
 Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*.
 Meredith's *Lord Ormont and His Aminta*; *The Egoist*.
 Mrs. Ward's *Marcella*; *David Grieve*.
 Weyman's *House of the Wolf*.
 Manzoni's *The Betrothed*.
 Marryat's *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.
 Sands's *Consuelo*; *Countess of Rudolstadt*.
 Buchanan's *Shadow of the Sword*.
 Poe's *Tales*.
 Lanier's *Science of English Verse*.
 Alexander's *Introduction to Browning*.
 Berdoe's *Browning's Message to His Time*.
 Revell's *Browning's Criticism of Life*.
 Harrison's *Choice of Books*.
 Richardson's *Choice of Books*.
 Hardy's *Five Hundred Books for the Young*.
 Corson's *Aims of Literary Study*.
 Gow's *Method of English*.
 Skeats's *Questions in English Literature*.
 March's *Method of Philological Study*.
 Moulton's *Four Years of Novel Reading*.
 Huffcut's *English in the Preparatory Schools*.
 Woodward's *English in the Schools*.
 Klein's *Chips from a Teacher's Workshop*.
 —*English in American Universities*.
 Cook's *Art of Poetry*.
 Shelley's *Defense of Poetry*.
 Hunt's *What is Poetry*.

College Exchanges.

WHAT clear reflections the college magazine gives! Spring numbers present a vivid picture of the awakening spirit of the season and the stir in base-ball, tennis, track work, and rowing. The literary articles, too, for the last month seem to possess unusual vigor and merit, and as we look over our huge pile of exchanges

we think of the extended leisure we should like to possess in order to read and enjoy all of the excellent contributions.

It is the *Nassau Lit* which has most pleased us this month. A spirited oration, "Evolution Not Revolution," and a short story, "Zareefee," which is a delightful departure from the ordinary,

are its most attractive features. We can never find anything in the least derogatory to say of our visitor from old Nassau.

The *Morningside*, from Columbia, is one of our new exchanges. It is a bright, original little magazine, and makes very little attempt at the serious. It is sure to make friends, and affords a pleasant relief after reviewing many essay-laden exchanges, a task which at best proves sometimes depressing.

The *Pharetra*, from Wilson College, reflects great credit on the young ladies who compose the editorial board. From its March number we clip the following :

THE STORM-KING.

The storm-king has yoked his horses,
And is driving with headlong speed
Across the darkening heavens;
Beneath, on the shadowed mead
The grasses rustle and whisper
And whisper and rustle again,
And tell to the trees in the pine grove
The news of the coming rain.

The storm-king's legions are speeding
To aid him in battle array,
With banners triumphantly waving
As they hasten afar on their way;
Now they move in a solid column,
A procession gloomy and still,
Spread far and wide o'er the heavens
In response to their leader's will.

The storm-king has marshaled his army,
Now a single resounding crash
Bursts forth from the trumpets of thunder,
And the raindrops with headlong dash
Come down with a rush and a patter
On the fields of the waving grain,
Till the grasses bend and ripple
'Neath the mingled wind and rain.

The storm-king's legions are flying
In ragged and scattered array,
The banners so awesome and gloomy
Have paled to an ashen gray;
The grasses are bending and nodding,
The branches are swaying about,
The birds trill forth carols triumphant,
For the army is put to rout.

From the Junior Prize Oration, "The Democratic Idea in College Life," in

Yale Lit, we select the following sentences :

Only as the student is imbued with the spirit of true democracy and made ready to stand firm, at whatever cost, against all that opposes his country's highest good, are the colleges fulfilling their duty to the nation. . . . Nowhere has the ideal of democracy been so nearly realized as in the life of the undergraduate. Here, to a far greater degree than in the world, a man stands for what he is worth. A free and hearty good-fellowship has broken all barriers down between rich and poor. The spirit of democracy has been kept pure; but it has been at the cost of devotion and sacrifice. . . . Cynicism and pessimism are rightly repulsive to the vigorous student mind; but a spirit of fearless, searching criticism must be encouraged if we are to keep our life free from taint. . . . Pocket-books and family trees are held in light esteem by the student body, and their direct influence is not to be feared. . . . Snobs may now and then pass through our ranks, yet no snobbing can prevail against the opprobrium in which it is held.

THE SPIRIT OF BEAUTY.

Glimmering in the roseate dawn,
Far in yon purpling west,
Calm in the starry skies of night,
Deep in the sad sea's breast,
A spirit waits.

Muttering in the storm cloud's gloom,
Pale in the heaven's glare,
Whispering low in the forest shade,
Bedewing each petal fair,
A spirit waits.

Waiting, sighing for some pure life
To fathom its mystery;
Longing some noble soul to find
To render its beauty free,
Beseeching waits.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

STRUGGLE.

As the oar, dipping 'neath the wave,
Struggling with the swift on-pressing flood,
Sinks, and strives, and rises yet again—
So my soul, though fainting, oft subdued,
Rises yet, the conqueror of the grave.

—*Amherst Lit.*

FULFILLMENT.

Methinks I hear a gentle voice arise
From out the sleeping earth, snow-covered
still;
A subtle sweetness in the warm air lies,
And 'neath the genial sun each tiny rill
Its icy thralldom breaks with joyous sound;
The woodlands, too, their early tribute bring,
While from all Nature everywhere resound
The quickening pulses of the coming Spring.

—*University Cynic.*

Our Book-Shelf.

THERE is as much difference in books as there is in the minds of the authors who write them. The one who makes his books his friends certainly finds variety.

Recently the Scotch novel has become very popular. The peculiar charm of the Scotch dialect, together with the unique traits of the Scottish people, predisposes the reader in favor of a Scotch story, and he is ready to appreciate S. R. Crockett's new novel, *Cleg Kelley, Arab of the City*.¹ The hero, Cleg, is an Edinburgh street urchin, the son of a professional burglar. Cleg is a mischievous, bright, romping boy, the admiration as well as the terror of his street associates. Our sympathy is called forth by stories of his harsh treatment at home, while we are entertained by the pranks that he plays, and his deeds of valor. His loyalty to his little friend Vara, who takes care of two baby brothers and is maltreated by a drunken mother, is strong and pathetic. "Miss Celie," Cleg's pretty mission teacher, gives an added charm to the book. The story holds the interest well. In the course of it we are led through wild and strange scenes. The author is specially skillful in describing comic situations, and he displays quite a gift for character-sketching, particularly in his descriptions of children, and in his unique and apt expressions. While the story shows a good play of the imagination, our chief criticism would be that it is hardly true to life. The ending is improbable in the extreme. The narrative as a whole is commendable, having originality and power.

At this season of the year a book about nature is refreshing, and touches a responsive chord. Bradford Torrey's *Spring Notes from Tennessee*² is full of a simple, open-hearted love for nature. It is written in an easy, pleasing style, much after the form of a diary. Mr. Torrey describes to us what he saw and heard, while living out of doors for three weeks in Eastern Tennessee, from

April 27th to May 18th. The book is full of the birds and their songs, of the flora of the region, and of the rough people met with. The author is specially interested in ornithology, and the enthusiasm with which he tells of a new bird seen is delightful. He reports ninety-three different species distinguished in those three weeks. The singular scarcity of hawks in this region has not yet been explained. The description of points made famous in the Civil War, and the incidents told of the inhabitants, lend variety and interest.

Pirate Gold,³ an interesting story from the pen of F. J. Stimson, has come to our notice. There are few characters and a simple plot, divided into three parts—*Discovery*, *Robbery*, and *Recovery*. We read the history of a little Spanish maiden, Mercedes, who is captured with a number of pirates in Boston Harbor. One of these outlaws passes over a bag of gold to the son of a banker, who places the money in the bank. The book-keeper of the company, James McMurtagh, takes the little girl home and cares for her as his own. She is fond of society, and becomes infatuated with a young man, whom she marries. His true character is soon revealed to her—a gambler and a villain. The foster father, although an extremely honest man, finally steals the pirate gold from the bank to save Mercedes' name from disgrace, spending the rest of his life in earning money to replace what he has stolen. He finally succeeds in his endeavor, although not until Mercedes is dead. At length it is discovered that the pirate who owned the gold was Mercedes' father, whereupon the money passes into the hands of Mercedes' little daughter who lives with James McMurtagh.

¹ Cleg Kelley, Arab of the City. By S. R. Crockett. (D. Appleton Co., New York; \$1.50.)

² Spring Notes from Tennessee. By Bradford Torrey. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & New York; \$1.25.)

³ Pirate Gold. By F. J. Stimson. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.25.)

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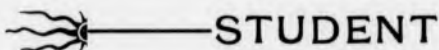
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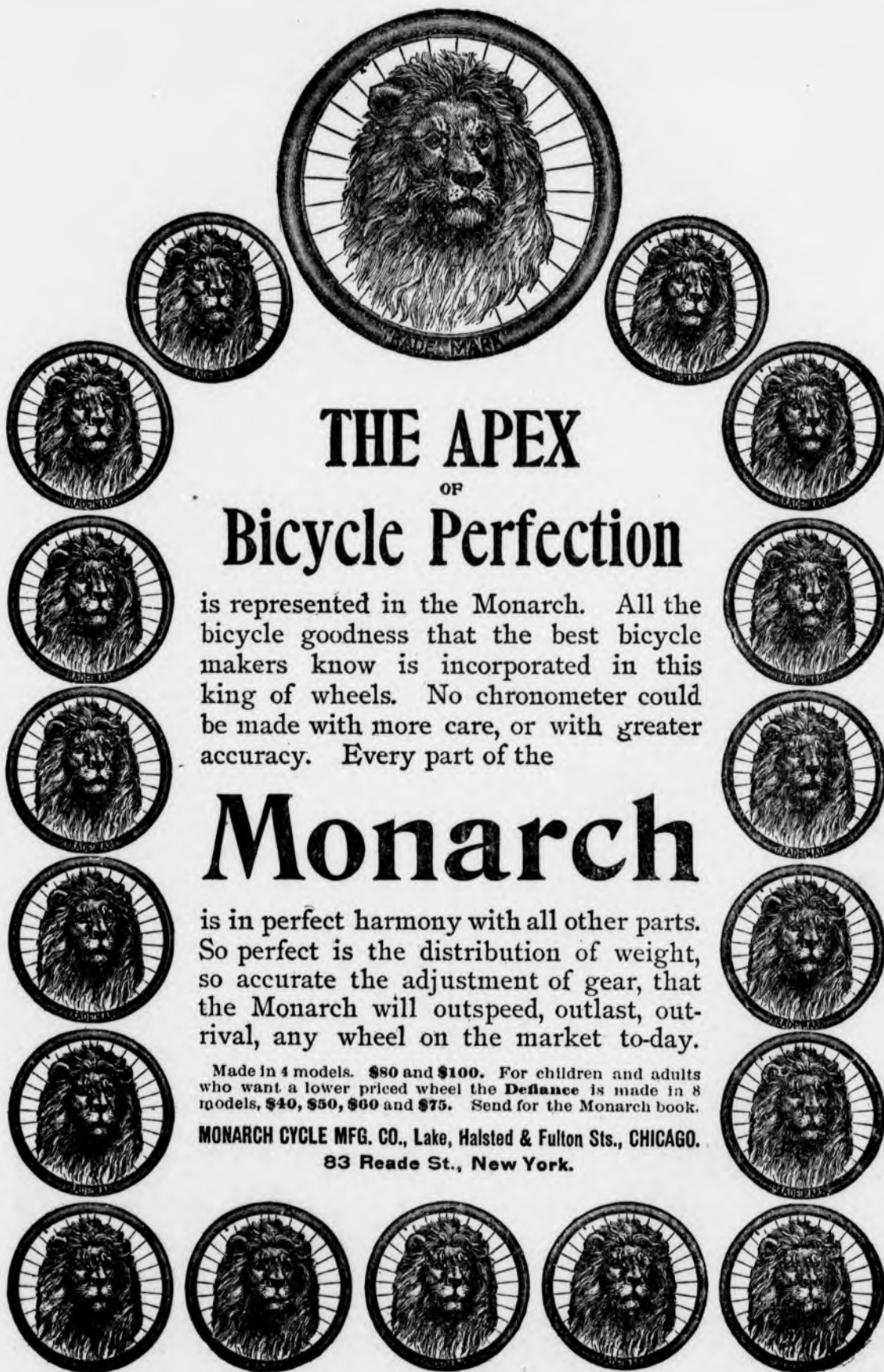
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