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The
Notes
Student

VOL. XXIII.

No. 3.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

Vol. XXIII.

MARCH, 1895.

No. 3.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

JUNIOR CLASS OF BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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Editorial.

THE American public school system has been freely criticised because of its alleged failure to teach pupils to think. It is claimed that pupils are not taught to form opinions of their own, but to accept blindly those of "President W.," or "Professor B.," or whoever the author of the text-book may be. Now, if this be true, should

not our system be amended so as to give a little room for the cultivation of the reasoning faculties and the power of discrimination?

An examination of the curriculum of most schools and many colleges reveals what we shall try to show to be one great reason for this acknowledged deficiency in our school system. The

reason is this: Nearly all the branches taught are what we may, for convenience, call "absolute" or "fixed" studies; that is, they deal largely, if not entirely, with questions of fact, which, indeed, can hardly be called questions. So fixed and established are they that there is nothing for the mind to do but to accept them humbly and ask no questions. Thus memory is cultivated at the expense of the other, and perhaps more important faculties, and we have so many educated dunces that it requires all the efforts of those who have come nearer to the secret of true education to convince this practical world of the real benefit to be derived from the higher education. Just how this may be remedied is a difficult matter to decide. These "absolute" branches are quite necessary, as many of them underlie other and more advanced studies, but it would seem to the writer that, with a wise instructor, even these which often seem drudgery, may be so managed as to give play to the reasoning faculties and to encourage originality and freedom of expression. Not only this, but some branches of study, if but for an hour a week, should be pursued which will throw the student upon his own resources and stimulate to action parts of the brain which are needed to make the well-rounded mind of the man whom the world needs for its many emergencies.

THE outlook for base-ball at Bates has never been as promising, on the whole, as at present. All the most important positions are filled by experi-

enced and efficient players, and there is no lack of good base-ball material to fill the places left vacant by the class of '94, and, also, to insure the team against being crippled by accidents.

We congratulate ourselves on our brilliant prospects, but we must not forget that success means determination, self-sacrifice, and unceasing toil on the part of the players and enthusiastic, continuous support on the part of the students. Over-confidence and inactivity are the unfailing precursors of defeat and failure. Every man realizes this important fact, and the regular daily training, taken thus early in the season, is certain to have a most beneficial effect in the severe contests that are to come. Every precaution should be taken against an epidemic of "swelled head." The disease was prevalent last season and its effects were disastrous, in a certain degree, to the success of the team.

We are confident that we will have a winning team of ball-players; we are confident, also, that our team will be composed of gentlemen as well as base-ball players. Bates has always had a reputation for clean, honest, hard playing, and this reputation she not only expects to retain but also to increase. We consider it a great honor to a base-ball team to be complimented, as ours was last year, upon being "the most gentlemanly set of players from out the state ever seen in B——." A game won by unfair, questionable, or dirty playing, is a lasting disgrace to any team, but especially is this true of a college nine. No man, destitute

of self-respect or college loyalty, should be allowed to play on a college athletic team, and in the case of two candidates of equal ability as ball players, the preference should be given to that one who has the stronger character and the greater willingness to work.

Bates will not enter the Maine college league this season, but will play Bowdoin, Colby, M. S. C., and strong teams from outside the state, and we may expect to see some close and exciting games.

A MURDERER he most truly is who willfully persists in "killing time," yet all around us are persons who can seem to find no better employment. How strange it is that when every moment of time might be spent in thinking some lofty thought, in doing some noble deed, in acquiring that knowledge and experience that would tend to our own happiness and to the uplifting of others, time should be so lightly esteemed. "We all complain," said Seneca, "of the shortness of time; and yet we have more than we know what to do with."

But what is it to save time? It surely cannot, like money, be amassed; it cannot be exchanged. Each must spend it for himself; and happy is the man who knows how to employ it to the best advantage. Much time is saved by having a definite end in view. This is a fast age and one in which everybody seems in a hurry. We hasten on with impetuous speed, striving to win positions of trust and remuneration, without once stopping to consider our ability or fitness for them.

The student's economy of time does not consist in the rapidity with which he hurries through his required course of study and then throws himself upon the world; but he is truly economical who carefully measures his capabilities and discovers in what branch he can excel, making use of those electives and outside helps which would naturally assist him in his chosen department; and thus, by thorough preparation, becoming a true servant of mankind and an honor to his *Alma Mater*.

But it must not be forgotten that strong and healthy bodies make higher intellectual attainments possible; and that time spent in recreation or exercise is not wasted. Proper recreation and rest of body and mind are elements absolutely necessary to the real economy of time.

IT is sometimes said that a college course does not fit one for the activities of life. Such a statement, we think, is made ignorantly or for the sake of a plausible argument. The fact remains that, comparing a class just entering college, and one graduating, you will generally find in the latter much more improvement in self-reliance and capability of prompt, aggressive action, than in young persons equal in other ways who have spent four years elsewhere.

Why is this? one may wonder who is unacquainted with college life. Yet it is very natural. Unless the student is a shirk, and steadily avoids such tasks, he finds work other than study ready for him up to the limit of time and ability. Matters connected with the classes, societies, and various inter-

ests, are almost innumerable. And many of them require judgment, discretion, decision, and ability to work well with others. One feels that he is noticed by his peers and intimates, whose admiration he especially desires. So ambition is stimulated and he does his best, the sure means of development. The activities of the busy college community are by no means entirely directed toward books, nor in them alone is the best training.

WE wish to publish, in each issue of the *STUDENT*, a good story. Some of the very best magazines devote considerable space to this branch of literary work, and we believe that it should receive its share of consideration as well as the more serious and weighty style of writing. We call the attention of the students to the matter in the hope that they will exercise whatever dormant talents, in this direction, that they may possess. We know that there are students here who can write good stories. We want some. It is a case of supply and demand. There should be production.

IT is with some hesitation that we take up our pen to write on the time-honored subject of "cribbing" in examinations. Many will, no doubt, say that this subject is worn out and should be laid at rest; but we have the testimony of a certain wise man that there is nothing new under the sun, and so, in looking over the old things, we have taken this. It is not our purpose, in the short space allotted to us, to preach a sermon on the evils of

cheating in examinations, for it seems to us that no one will candidly deny that it is an evil, doing injury not only to the character of the one who practices it, but also doing injury to the whole college.

Our intention is merely to give a few facts which have come to our notice. There has recently been a great deal of comment in other college papers in regard to an article on this very subject, in the February *Forum*, by Professor Stevens of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. In this article, Professor Stevens gives the results of inquiries which he made into the system of examinations in about forty colleges and universities in this country. It seems that in a majority of the institutions named, the old system, such as we have here at Bates, is used. In others they have the honor system, in which each student must pledge his honor as a gentleman that he has neither given nor received help during the examination. This system, according to Professor Stevens, seems to be growing in favor. In many of the colleges the sentiment against cribbing is strong, while in some it is rather weak. We find that in some of the southern colleges there is such a strong sentiment against cribbing that any one caught doing it is summarily dealt with by the students themselves.

With these few facts we leave the subject, regretting that the practice of which we have spoken exists so extensively, since those who gain their diplomas in this way not only diminish the value of their diplomas, but form for themselves habits which in later years it is not easy to shake off.

THE college-bred man should be ever looking forward to that time when he must take his place, among others similarly equipped, in the field which is to be the scene of his life-work. In the effort for self-culture and the acquirement of knowledge gained from books, the practical side of a college education cannot receive too much attention. The ability with which the student employs his enlarged capabilities for ends which will further his own advancement, is the test of how profitably he has spent the four years of college life.

This is an age of specialists. The importance placed by our advanced civilization upon minute research has narrowed greatly the circle into which the individual student may enter. The college should give the broad foundation which will enable him to build wisely and well in whatever calling he may choose, but soon his own immediate sphere must be curtailed in the work of special preparation. Yet in a measure we may say that this distinctive training begins with the college course, or even before it, and continues until one is qualified to enter the profession

which he has chosen. How important, then, that the student's ideas of what his life-work is to be should be developed early. He may then make use of his great opportunities with his one purpose in view, and be steadily laying the foundation of a successful career. In the college of to-day, the increasing number of courses, the allurements of college life, and the countless distractions which are constantly arising, render it almost imperative that there be some reliable guide for the choice between them. The student is likely to stand bewildered or to choose without regard to the highest motives. But if he has some specific line of work mapped out he is in a sense a specialist and will choose with regard to his specialty. Whatever may be the considerations for delay, it can hardly fail to be of advantage to the under-graduate that he has looked beyond his environment into the world before him. The early start is generally the best one, and thus can the college course give the best impetus possible for the work of life.

Literary.

IMPULSES OF LIFE.

BY J. STANLEY DURKEE, '97.

TO all thoughtful ones there come times when life is burdened by the weight of its own yearnings. Quiet moments, thoughtful moments are these, when the soul communes with itself and seeks to fathom the depth of its own being.

We look back to the days of childhood and vividly recall some of the fancy castles builded then; some of the yearnings of a young life, which portrayed themselves in glowing colors. Castles were they; yes, strongholds of youth; yearnings which meant strength for life. But the years sped. One by one those glowing pictures fade. Not

because of the impossibility of attaining to them, but because the power to see farther and build higher came with the years, and caused them to fade before brighter pictures. These, in turn, faded only because the developing powers, the stronger light threw more vivid pictures upon the canvas of the future.

Thus it has ever been, ever will be. In its yearning the soul is never satisfied. Ever reaching out, ever seeking to attain some new height. Every one knows that we never find in this world anything to *fully* satisfy. Often we say, can I but attain to that position, can I but compass that goal, and I shall be satisfied. But no! we forget to reckon with this expanding power. *Enough* is ever receding. The men of greatest fortunes are the most eager to accumulate. The ring of the dollar has a sweeter sound to them than to the poorer ones. Men of the profoundest knowledge are the most eager to learn. Newton, that mighty philosopher, who weighed the planetary systems, and disentangled the rays of light with delicate fingers, from his dizzy height of attainment exclaims, "I am as the little child upon the shore, who has found only a few shells, while the vast ocean of truth lies unexplored before me." Alexander hurls his invincible phalanx at nation after nation, and sees each in turn fall at his feet. Proud kings do him obeisance and haughty rulers own his sway. Babylon, the mighty, the rich, the luxuriant, receives him as her Lord. Yet he stands by the perfumed waters of the Indias and weeps for more worlds to conquer.

The sculptor embodies his grandest conceptions in the almost-breathing marble, and ere the last stroke of chisel is given, he discovers new beauties in the human form and sees a still higher ideal. The artist breathes forth his soul upon the glowing canvas, but immediately that soul has developed a loftier theme. The orator mounts the golden stairway of fame, only to discover another flight reaching far on before him. The rhythmic beat of the poet's soul awakens ecstasies in the human breast; yet the poet soars far aloft and above his song, for

"Never a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter;
And never a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the meter."

All are but following the ever-receding yearning of a restless spirit.

These yearnings after something higher, something nobler, are in man as the unfledged bird in its shell. It feels impulses of life and activity. Something within tells it of a better existence. It is not content with its present surroundings. Yearnings for a larger place seem to fill it. Does something whisper to the little prisoner, "there are sweet songs without; there are green fields and laughing brooks and sporting winds and bowing cradles?" It begins to demand a broader life. It picks at the shell. It must be released. Little bird, a prisoner in your shell, keep picking, soon you will break your shell, find your wings, and soar away.

These yearnings of the soul, these mighty impulses surging against the walls of clay, these stirrings of an ever-restless spirit are but voices, divine voices, bidding us pick away at

the shell, and it will be broken, disclosing things more marvelous, more glorious than the skies and songs are to the birds.

“Knock and it shall be opened unto you,” is no more a law of the Bible than of life. These impulses after the higher, the purer, the holier, are but the impulses of the bird in its shell.

We build not one castle, we conceive not one ideal that is beyond the power of attainment. The mind cannot reach beyond the possibility of acquiring. The intellect cannot frame Utopias of achievement to which *that* intellect cannot attain. The shell may have to be broken; yea, must be broken, before the highest development may appear, yet how the soul beats against its prison bars, longing to be free. How the environment of life hedges us round, and its limitations but mock us for our own littleness. How the ever-brightening, ever-fading pictures cause an escaping sigh or tear. Still we cannot be too thankful for these impulses. They are the secret of all success.

Though constant attaining but pushes the goal farther and farther away, yet each place won is a stepping-stone to a higher place. They cause a Clay to step from that box in the barn where he has been declaiming to the mild-eyed cattle, and step upon that platform, where thousands are charmed by his matchless eloquence. They cause Webster, as a boy, to hang up his scythe in the apple tree; and they cause him, as a man, to hang up his name in the halls of a nation's everlasting remembrance. They cause a

gaunt, angular, homely boy to get up from an old wooden bench in yonder log cabin, on the plains of Illinois, and sit down upon the cushioned throne of a nation's gratitude; and send him up to that other life, with the envious eyes of a world fastened upon him, and the broken shackles of over 4,000,000 downtrodden ones firmly grasped in his right hand.

Shall we, then, seek to stifle these divine impulses and hush these voices of inspiration? Shall we crucify our intellects and stunt our upward growth? Shall we be content with our present attainment and allow these monitors of immortality to urge us on in vain? Surely we shall be wiser than this! Surely we shall listen to the sublime anthems of nature, the glorious harmonies of creation, the divine call of our noblest selves, and reach out and up to that broader life—that life where genial spirits walk arm in arm; where soul beat answers to soul beat. Far above the low, the base; far above the trifling, the insincere; far above the pomp, the show; that life where none but noble souls may dwell, none but true ones come.

And though these yearnings may lead to the highest development of which *mortal* is capable, yet the soul knows its limitations, and shall only be satisfied when the shell is broken, and its flight is across fairer fields, through shadier groves, up, up, into the bosom of the Infinite One.

Over sixty Harvard students are engaged in the editing of the five Harvard papers.

THE DRUMMER'S STORY.

BY L. D. TIBBETTS.

IN a certain part of Maine is a little railroad station called—but no matter what it is called. It is a lonely place. No houses in sight, nothing but sand and hard pines and scrub oaks stretching away in all directions. Here two railroads cross, and here passengers coming on one road and wanting to change over have to wait sometimes till patience is exhausted.

One night in the latter part of October, four persons were seated around the stove in the waiting-room, for it was chilly. One of these men was a large, round-faced individual, who had the appearance of taking life easy and making as little effort as possible. He was a drummer for a firm in Portland. The second was a minister. A slightly shabby silk hat covered his gray hair, one or two locks of which might be seen straying down over his high forehead. His face bore a kindly but sober look. On the other side of the stove from the minister sat a man whose face would have puzzled many folks. He was a young man, with a black mustache, twinkling eyes, and a small mouth, around the corners of which a smile seemed to be ever flitting. We will call him, for want of a better name, the funny man. Almost directly behind the drummer was an individual whose general make-up showed that he was a tramp. Besides these four there was a man lying on a settee in a corner, apparently asleep.

It was dark outside. The rain beat against the windows, and the wind wailed mournfully. The station agent

had told the travelers that they would have to wait four hours; there had been an accident or something up the road, which delayed the train. On hearing this the drummer swore; the minister looked at him reprovably; the tramp settled down in his chair as if it was all the same to him; the funny man went and pressed his face against the window and looked out, and then came back to his seat again; the man asleep in the corner continued to sleep. After a long interval of silence the drummer suggested that perhaps it would make the time seem a little shorter if each one should tell a story.

“Like the company we read about in Chaucer,” remarked the minister.

“Thank ye,” exclaimed the tramp, misunderstanding the minister, “I hain’t had a chaw since day afore yesterday.”

This remark was passed unnoticed by the rest of the company, and the drummer, being urged to tell the first story himself, took his cigar from his mouth and asked, “Have any of you ever been in this region before?” None of them had, and he resumed.

“Well, then probably you never heard the story connected with the ravine, out here about half a mile. This ravine is about a hundred feet long and two hundred feet deep, right down into the solid rock. Over its side, which is nearly perpendicular, a brook rushes, and after flowing along the bottom for a short distance, disappears. Folks call it ‘The Devil’s Bath-tub.’ It’s a queer name, and there’s a queer story joined to it.

“The story is about an Indian girl

named Wahtonwah, which means Light-that-Shines-in-the-Night. Her father was a big chief, and was called Chawwa. This Wahtonwah was a pretty girl, according to an Indian's idea of beauty, and the young men of the tribe used to spend a good deal of their time at her father's wigwam. The one that had seemed to have the inside track was Mictaw, a young brave who had a big pile of wampum in his wigwam, and several scalps hanging at his girdle. But at last a white man came into the region, and then everything was changed. He took quite a fancy to Wahtonwah; used to meet her every night over there by the chasm."

"How did Mictaw like that?" asked the funny man.

"He didn't find it out for a while," replied the drummer, "but when he did he wanted to get that white man's scalp right away. Well, things went on all right until, one night, the white man told Wahtonwah that he must leave her for a short time, promising to come back when the moon was full again, and then they would flee together. A night was appointed, on which they should meet there again, and then they parted. Patiently Wahtonwah counted the days until the appointed night came. It was a dark, rainy night, something like this, when Wahtonwah started out toward the chasm."

Here the drummer paused for a moment, and looked out of the window into the darkness, then resumed.

"From far away on the hills came the dismal cry of a catamount, but Wahtonwah did not notice it. She

pressed on through the rain, through the darkness, thinking only that she should soon meet her loved one. At last she came to the appointed place, where the brook tumbles over into the chasm below. The pale-face had not come. He was late. Seating herself on a fallen tree, Wahtonwah crooned a soft Indian love-song, and waited and listened. The autumn winds sighing through the trees seemed to say, 'He will not come.' Long she waited. Then, impelled by some sudden thought, she went to the head of the chasm and looked down into the depths below, and then started back with a wild cry. What was it she saw? Down at the bottom, on the hard rocks, lay the body of her pale-face lover, as if dead. She—"

"How could she see him when it was so dark?" asked the minister, interrupting.

"Sure enough," exclaimed the drummer, thoughtfully, scratching his head. "O, I see," he resumed after a moment. "The moon had broken through the clouds while she was waiting, so that where before it had been dark, it was now nearly as light as day. When she saw her lover down there her first impulse was to throw herself down into the chasm too. That would have been the proper thing to do. It would have been the most romantic thing. But she didn't do it. She thought a moment, and then decided to climb down over the rocky wall, dangerous though it might be, and find out if the pale-face youth was really dead. She was just on the point of beginning this perilous descent, when from out the shadows of

the woods rushed an Indian youth. It was Mictaw.

“‘Is Wahtonwah mad?’ he cried. ‘Will the daughter of Chawwa throw her life away for the sake of the white dog? The young maidens will laugh and say that Light-that-Shines-in-the-Night was a fool.’ Wahtonwah paused. She cast a look of scorn at the young Indian standing before her, and then turned away. She was thinking. If she was sure that he was dead it would do no good to go down. But how could she make sure of this? These thoughts went through her mind while Mictaw stood with folded arms watching her. How could she make sure that her white lover was dead? At last a happy thought came to her. A few rods away was a large stone, nearly round. Towards this she rushed, and by the exertion of all her strength succeeded in starting it from its position and rolling it slowly toward the head of the chasm. At last she got it to the edge and rolled it over. Down, down it went, right onto the body of the pale-face far below. It struck his head.”

“What did she do that for?” asked the funny man, looking interested.

“To make sure that he was dead,” replied the drummer. “She knew that if he was alive before the rock hit him, he wouldn’t be afterward. As she saw the huge rock strike the head of her white lover she turned toward Mictaw, who had stood motionless all this time, and with a sigh of relief exclaimed, ‘He is dead! Now Wahtonwah will go to the wigwam of Mictaw and be his wife.’”

“The two went away through the

shadows together, and Wahtonwah became the wife of Mictaw and made his moccasins and hoed his corn for many years.”

“What is the moral of this story?” asked the minister, solemnly, when the drummer finished.

“The moral is——missing,” replied the drummer, watching a wreath of blue smoke float up from his cigar.

GOLDSMITH'S PARSON COMPARED WITH CHAUCER'S.

By F. A. KNAPP, '96.

AT the time of the appearance of the Canterbury Tales, the church in England was rent with dissensions. On account of the jealousy existing between the different orders of the clergy, and, also, of the intense worldliness of their lives, they were constantly calling down upon themselves condemnation and derision.

Reformers were numerous; but their doctrines classed them as heretics, and were far from being able to restore confidence and respect to their orders. And yet, the humble life of some consistent parson so impressed the mind of Chaucer that he describes him in such a way as to create a model for all ages.

Though poor in earthly possessions, Chaucer's Parson was rich in mental training and holy activity. Instead of frightening his parishioners to the payment of their tithes under fear of excommunication, he shared with them, out of the kindness of his charitable heart, his offerings and his benefice, even to the sacrifice of his own comfort. On account of his profound inter-

est in the spiritual welfare of his flock, he never entrusted it to the care of a strange curate, though by so doing, he might have found leisure to seek personal favors at St. Paul's in London.

In the great and the small he was equally interested. His business was to lead them to heaven. And so important was his mission that neither tempest, illness, misfortune, nor distance, entered in to hinder his frequent calls, afoot and staff-in-hand. To the sinner he was merciful and affable, and by his thoughtful words extended comfort to him. And yet, the strongest point in his nature was his firm determination to live his precepts before preaching them. Indeed, his intimate acquaintance with the Gospel, and the logic of his own mind, had taught him that in this way only could he find the realization of his ambition. And, furthermore, so consistently did he live up to his profession that Chaucer, who was very skeptical of the clergy, called him a "good man of religion."

When now we turn to the Preacher of the Deserted Village, we again find a character that impresses us with his virtue. Without the necessity of searching for him among a mass of degenerate men, the poet has doubtless given us a type of his class. A comfortable reward remunerated his services. A home, suitable for his calling, was his possession. In the quiet of a beautiful village he pursued his holy life. Flattery was unknown to him, the desire for secular power, farthest from his thought. His sole aim in life was to assist the unfortunate, and this purpose he carried out with such profound devotion that he won for himself

the love of the community. His fire-side welcomed alike the wanderer, the beggar, and the prodigal. The crippled soldier was glad to linger at its hearth and relate the memories of the past. Fascinated by their stories, his sympathizing heart caused him to forget for the time their true character. In every one he was greatly interested, coveting for them a higher, purer life. He earnestly sought to bring comfort to the sick, and to win from them words of praise for their Creator. His gentleness and sincerity were ornaments of the sanctuary, and, after each ceremony, his interested hearers eagerly sought to exchange greetings with him, while the little children artfully snatched at his garments to win a smile. His sermons fell with such eloquence that the scornful listener was converted into a penitent sinner, and the secret of this power lay in the fact that his life was a perfect example of his teachings.

Thus we have the Parsons. The one a creature of poverty; the other of comparative luxury. Each profoundly religious. The one, in accordance with his time, seeking out his people; the other, in accordance with his time, opening his doors to all. Each held high opinions of his calling, cared not for worldly power, and labored diligently for the salvation of his parish.

Sympathy, humility, charity, and devotion are foundation stones in the character of each. The one:

"Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it himselve."

As for the other:

"He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

There is, indeed, a marked similarity between the two. Perhaps Goldsmith may have copied some of his ideas from Chaucer. And yet, since each was describing a worthy type, it is

only natural that their ideas should largely coincide, for certainly the traits of a consistent clergyman are substantially the same for all ages.

Poets' Corner.

CREATIVE DESIGN.

O grand and wondrous thought, a great design
Of reason born and wisdom all supreme
Through cycles endless runs, a vital theme;
It moulds the life of lowest form and mine
And so will do till end of endless time.
This thought has ever been the poet's dream,
It forms the base of evolution's scheme,
Which traces life to primal spark divine.
To form a special being is the plan,
And each creation acts a special part
In building that most perfect structure, man,
The great resultant of selection's art;
And evolution ends its mystic chain
Within the labyrinths of human brain.

—W. S. C. R., '95.

WEAVERS.

In the shadow, calmly weaving,
Sat a woman, old and gray;
In her web a square was fashioned,
True, her pattern was not gay;
Yet the scenes her spirit cherished,
In her web were woven there;
No one knew, except the weaver,
Why her pattern was a square.

In the sunshine, slowly weaving,
In a web of beauty rare,
Weaving sunbeams in a circle,
Sat a woman, young and fair.
Faces greeted her, she wove them
Firmly in her web; it crown'd
Her at last, and many wondered
How she wove her web so round.

In the gaslight, gaily weaving,
Lovers watching her the while,
Was a lady, gay and merry;
Like a diamond was the style
Of her web; it brightly glistened,
For its threads were all of gold;

Yet the pictures interwoven
Disappeared at every fold.

In the gloaming, eager weaving,
Sadly smiling as she wove,
Sat a woman, old and saintly,
In her web was sweetest love
Woven in a star-like pattern
Which, like lances, gleamed afar;
No one knew, except the weaver,
Why her pattern was a star.

—W. T., '97.

THE GYPSY BOY IN THE NORTH.

[From the German.]

In the far-off South, so lovely,
Lies fair Spain, my native land,
Where the shady chestnut branches
Rustle on the Ebro's strand;
Where the almonds blossom ruddy,
And the warm grape-clusters grow;
Where the golden moonlight glimmers,
And the roses fairer glow.

Now from house to house I wander
With my lute, so sadly here,
Where no friendly eye looks on me,
And no friendly voice is near.
Sparingly they give me money—
Drive me forth with harsh command;
Ah! the poor, brown, homesick gypsy
No one here can understand.

These damp mists oppress me ever,
As they hide the sun's bright rays,
And I have well-nigh forgotten
Those old songs of other days.
Ever through the music ringing
Comes to me the same old strain;
How I long once more to wander
To my sunny home again.

At the last gay feast of harvest,
Where the great dance held the throngs,
There have I struck up the gayest
And the best of all my songs;
Yet, whene'er I watched the dancers
Dancing in the evening's glow,
The hot tears of hopeless sadness
Down my dusky cheeks would flow.

No! my weary heart's sad yearnings
Longer I can not restrain!
I will every joy relinquish,
Only take me home again!
Back to Spain, the South so pleasant—
Sunny land and sunny sky!
Underneath the shady chestnuts
I must sometime buried lie.

—L. D. T., '96.

THE LAUREL CROWN.

"They twined his brow with laurel!" Child-
hood's dream
Of unknown bliss, youth's hope and longing,
years
Of upward toil, of strivings drenched in tears,
And one bright vision, that through dusk and
beam
Grew slowly clear—then that fierce-fervored
stream
Of eager struggle with contending peers—
At last, the great hushed throng that breath-
less hears
The name, and sees the wreathed forehead
gleam.

Perchance the traveler from a distant clime,
Searching a tumbled ruin, 'mid the weeds
Spying some block of marble, doth inquire
Its record; brushing off the crust of time
And spelling out the letters dim, he reads:
"—Some name effaced,—'crowned victor of
the lyre.'"

—C., '93.

KATAHDIN.

Would'st thou hear music such as ne'er was
planned
For mortal ear? Song wilder than the tune
The Arctic utters when its waters croon
Their angry chorus on the Norway strand,
Or where Nile thunders to a thirsty land
With welcome sound from Mountains of the
Moon,

Or lone Lualaba from his lagoon
Draws down his murmurous waves? Then
should'st thou stand
Where dark Katahdin lifts his sea of pines
To meet the winter storm, and lend thine
ear
To the hoarse ridges, where the wind en-
twines

With spruce and fir, and wakes a mighty cheer,
Till the roused forest, from its far confines,
Utters its voice, tremendous, lone, austere.

WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER, '81,
In March Century.

Brown is the first institution in this
country to offer instructions in Dutch.

This is Yale's record as given by
Judge Howland at the New York alumni
dinner: "She has furnished 1 vice-
president, 17 cabinet officers, 1 chief
justice of the United States and 1 for
Canada, 2 national officers of the Ha-
waiian Islands, 1 minister plenipoten-
tiary for China from the United States,
3 justices of the United States Supreme
Court, 1 surgeon general, 50 United
States senators, 20 United States dis-
trict judges, 1 circuit judge, 22 minis-
ters plenipotentary, 160 state judges, 4
chancellors, 187 members of Congress,
40 state governors, and 92 college pres-
idents. Four of her graduates signed
the Declaration of Independence and
four signed the Federal Constitution.
The first presidents of Princeton, Co-
lumbia, Williams, Hamilton, the Uni-
versity of Georgia, of Mississippi, of
Wisconsin, of Illinois, the Chicago
University, Johns Hopkins, the Uni-
versity of California and several others
were Yale men. She gave Jonathan
Edwards to Princeton, Harper to Chi-
cago University, Gilman to Johns Hop-
kins, and George Woodruff to Pennsyl-
vania."



TRUTH.

"I Cannot Tell a Lie."

We tuned our lyre to sing of truth,
But still no truthful song would rise.
Alas! alas! 'tis easier far
To write a multitude of lies.

IN our pursuit of Truth we must be consistent. It matters not if we have to tread on some one's toes. But if you will just notice, we never will tread on the toes of any one who is going the same way with ourselves, and like us, is a disciple of veracity. No, it is a physical impossibility. We can only tread on his heels.

It gives us especial pain to say anything which reflects in any way upon our predecessors. Why, if we hadn't had predecessors, how could we be here? But as we have before implied, *Magna est veritas et prevalebit*, and it pays to be on the overcoming side.

All this, however, is simply introductory, and we hope to make clear its

bearing later. To change the subject a little, our good old patron, George W., is accustomed to straighten out, on his annual birthday, some violation of that cardinal virtue for which he is especially noted. He does this by impressing upon some one's mind in a way which we, not being a metaphysicist nor a spiritualist, cannot explain, the truth of some matter. This year we were the favored one. And the subject of our enlightenment was the telescope. We presume that a test which we took only two days before on the subject of optics may have made us particularly receptive of such impressions. You see how that might be, no doubt, and we must not digress further. So "to continner and resoom," as Samantha Allen would say, we will come to our main subject, and I will simply state what I learned from the spirit of the immortal George.

"As you all know" a telescope belonging to Bates College Observatory mysteriously vanished some years ago. It was not revealed to us who the culprit was, since our informer does not seem to despise theft as much as lying. But we did learn that this scoundrel used his optical instrument to deceive the editors who preceded us, pretending that with it he "observed" the

doings about Parker Hall and vicinity. We understand that he imposed upon their credulity to such a degree that they actually paid the impostor who called himself the "Observer" for his contributions at the rate of three cents for four pages. Of course they were not to blame, but we do wonder that no one who saw his picture *observed* the connection. So all we wish to do is to tell you, for George, that whatever this scoundrel said was trash, rubbish, and lies, and warn you, even at this late day, to withdraw whatever credence you may have given it. Certainly no one would expect a thief to see things straight through a stolen object-glass.

Just a word as to the fate of this man. He told us, you know, that he went away to teach school. Now the truth is, that he feared detection when the '96 editors came in, and at once "departed for parts unknown." But "murder will out," and we prophesy that soon the observatory rather than the Observer will have the telescope.

There was a man in 'Ninety-five,
And this man's name was ——;
He came to chapel one cold morn
A subject fit for Barnum.

And when he saw upon him fixed
Each student's wondering stare,
He thought he had grown popular;
He wist not 'twas his hair,

Which had for many, many months
Been growing down his back,
And of which a kind student's shears
Had taken in the slack.

The victim did not understand
Why all the students raved;
He did not realize that his pate
Was pretty nearly shaved.

But when he'd well surveyed the job
He swore with might and main,
By all on earth and all above,
He'd ne'er go there again.

Night has spread its wings over Parker Hall. Awake, noble Senior youth, and see the ghostly forms that round thy couch are standing! One holds a gleaming razor in his hand. Wake, noble youth, you with the golden whiskers! The Senior youth awoke. He saw the pale ghosts gathering at his side. He rose in his wrath. Wild roared the sound of strife; but not long was the struggle.

Yet it is not for me—it is not for me to tell the dreadful tale. It is not for me to tell how the cherished whiskers fell, shaved off by unknown hands. Bards shall sing of his woes in song. The sad winds that wail round Parker Hall shall tell of his lamentations. But his voice no longer resounds through the hall. He has fled in his grief, for great is the depth of his woe!

"The Missing Link" is not usually considered a complimentary sobriquet; but when the said connector is Ab(1)e to Link together in bonds of mutual respect, esteem, and affection the students of a college with the Faculty of the same, it is evidence of a far different make-up from that sought for by Darwin, Morrill, and other great evolutionists. In fact such a type must belong very near the front end of the section of the evolutionary chain, occupied by that development of the primordial germ, which is called man, and according to the working law of evolution said type should—but here the language of science is a little harsh and we will modify it—not be replaced by the older and less evolved types.

In days long gone by, our ancestors proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer

in view of the imminence of a great calamity. Similar feelings, if without a similar manifestation, move the hearts of the students of "Good Old Bates" at the thought of the possible loss of the most recent addition to our Faculty. May our anxiety be turned into rejoicing by his permanent connection with our college.

Silently the evening shadows
Settled o'er the college campus.
Silently as flow the sunbeams
Over forest, hills, and praries,
So the shadows calmly rested
As a mist upon the ocean.

Weary heads were laid in slumber,
Heads grown weary with hard plugging
Over Physics and o'er German,
Over Walker's Economics,
Not to speak of other studies
Far too numerous to mention.

But, while tired heads were resting
On their soft and downy pillows,
Some were up to other business,
Thinking thoughts of revolution,
Making plans for perpetration
Of some fearful misdemeanor.
How it grieves me to relate it.
'Tis the ghostly hour of midnight,
Time for murders and for hazing,
Time for robbery and plugging,
Dreadful hour for evil-doers.

Stealthily along the hallway
Creep the stern, bloodthirsty villains,
Eager as a roaring lion,
Seeking whom he may devour.
Masks are seen upon their faces,
Masks of handkerchiefs and towels,
Masks of anything to hide them
From the prospect of detection.
What the cause of this uprising?
Hark! they hold a consultation.
One, their leader, in a whisper,
Says, "Leave that to me, you fellows,
I will see the task completed;
Quick, now, give to me the weapons."

At a student's door they halted,
Quietly they sought an entrance.

For a moment all was silent,
Just before them lay their victim,
Peacefully enwrapt in slumbers;
Raven locks about his forehead,
Seemed to cover all his pillow
With their bountiful profusion.
Many months had seen their growing;
From the cold and barren North Land
Down the crystal river's surface,
Many a wind had whistled through
them,
As through some high forest tree-top.

But the fairy vision fadeth
And the leader hurries forward,
Calls his men to his assistance;
Hastens now with shining weapons
To the bed-side of the slumberer.
He awakes. But strong hands grasp
him,
Hold him in their strong embraces,
While still others seize the "squire,"
Lest he should create disturbance.

All is o'er. The deed is ended.
Perpetrated by the leader.
'Twas the work of but a moment,
Then the band in haste retired,
Leaving all things in commotion,
Leaving still in bed the victim,
Not as when they first had entered;
All around his head were trophies
Of the band's nefarious doings.
But as Samson, by Philistines
Shorn of all his hair was powerless,
So with all his craft and knowledge
He could not repair the damage
Done to him in those few moments.

It is said that the next morning,
Early rose the barbered victim,
Seeking for some local artist
Who could smooth up the rough places,
And make other alterations.
But his pains were unsuccessful,
And at least for one short Sunday,
People knew just where to find him.
He attended the Home Baptist.

An atmosphere of examination and research pervades our classic halls and seems to extend beyond the bare brick walls, out upon the surrounding campus, and to arouse to unaccustomed activity

even the dumb brutes. It was only the other day that an instance of this came to our notice. A horse owned by an industriously gymnastic Freshman has, for some weeks past, been permitted to stand during two or three hours nightly, and face the delightfully cool, refreshing breezes from the North.

This hoofed quadruped has fared sumptuously on good, substantial bark and wood fibre from the elm tree to which he has been fastened, and has varied this diet with letter-box sauce. He has gazed, with moistening eye and quivering lip, at the towering masses of brick and stone before him and has bemoaned his unhappy fate, while he has wept over the sad thought of his misspent youth. At length, after long hours of profound meditation upon the value of gymnastic training, his yearning for knowledge overcame the trained experience of thirty or forty long years. He silently severed connections with his manger, the incisor-scarred tree, drew the sleigh over to Hathorn Hall, carefully ascended the stone steps, arranged the sleigh in a proper position, and gently disengaged himself from the shafts. A smile of satisfaction spread itself over his features as he trotted back toward Parker Hall. He was a little undecided as to what he should do next, but he had heard that it was proper for a Freshman to join the Y. M. C. A., and he wished to start correctly in his college course. Accordingly he entered the hall and knocked at the Y. M. C. A. door. There was no response and he decided to wait, as a Freshman sometimes does. He looked for his mail, and finding none,

spent some time in examining the dunning letters addressed to certain students. Here the gymnastic Freshman found him. We know not if the aspirations of this noble equine were fulfilled, but we haven't seen him lately at the old stand, so perhaps he has been promoted.

The editor no longer reposes in that blissful retreat where he dreams half his life away and without which he is hardly supposed to exist. For alas, the *sanctum sanctorissimum* from whence has issued such volumes of forgotten lore, that spot hallowed by the dishevelled locks of numberless unfortunates, is now invaded by the buzz of a water-motor and the clang of a green baize door. Alas, never again shall that once peaceful abode witness the nightly sufferings of the ambitious disciple of journalism; never again shall it resound with the wails of the unsuccessful competitor for literary honors. With what tales of doubt, anguish, despair, or final triumph shall the ghostly tenants of that small enclosure terrify the ruthless spoilers who have dared to enter these secret haunts? But the material form of the sorrowful scribe has departed. He sought earnestly for quarters which might, in a slight degree, compensate him for his loss, and was told to regale his delicate taste upon the blissful inspirations of a dingy window-pane and an ash heap. But, although cast down, he is not utterly forsaken; although wandering as a stranger up and down the land, he still perseveres, for he has collectively arrived at a momentous conclusion, *Sanctum* or *Suspension*.

College News and Interests.

LOCALS.

Don't get April-fooled.

Did you see the eclipse?

Spring poetry is in order.

The Soph. is clearing his throat.

"Are 'strikes' effective?" "On the nose—yes!"

The Sophomores have been busily hunting winter birds.

The Freshmen held a reception in the gymnasium, February 28th.

Washington's Birthday passed off quietly with no special observance.

The opening of the library for a longer time each day is a great convenience.

Class drills and individual work in preparation for the exhibition engage the attention of the athletes.

Many of the students attended the drama, "The Trustee," given by the Lewiston High School in Lyceum Hall.

Rev. Mr. Elder, of Farmington, Me., preached at the college church, February 24th, in exchange with Dr. Summerbell.

A movement is on foot to establish a State Intercollegiate Athletic Association. The plan is, if such an association is formed, to hold its first field day in June.

Rev. Mr. Patton, of Auburn, gave a very interesting lecture to the students of the Divinity School, Friday, March 8th. The subject was "Books and Reading."

After prayers, March 5th, the students were favored with a short address by Professor Anthony, on "Christian Steadiness." It was thoughtful, pointed, and earnest.

Youthful "Theolog" to mourning widow—"I sympathize deeply with your loss." "Yes, I shall miss him terribly. I don't know who will feed the chickens."

At the reception. Prof. (aside)—"My! I've got the wrong partner." (Aside No. 2)—"There! there's the right one!" (Aside No. 3.)—"It's never too late to mend."

The prize declamations of the Senior Class of the Latin School took place in the Main Street Free Baptist Church, March 8th. The first prize was awarded to Miss Edith A. Ames, and the second to Arthur F. Dow.

Junior (reciting)—"Interest is that which is paid for the use of—" (hesitates). Prof.—"How will 'capital' do?" Junior—"That's good." Prof. seems delighted that he has made such an "excellent" recitation.

It is rumored that the Philistines are abroad in the land and are up to the old barber trick. Samson, take heed lest thou lose thy hirsute appendages. Privately we have no doubt Samson looked better after his hair-cut.

The funeral services of the late Rev. Thomas Spooner, Bates, '76, took place at the home of his wife's father, Mr. Lyman Prescott of Auburn. Members of the Faculties of the college and

Divinity School were in attendance and assisted in the services.

There were rumors of war in Parker Hall the night of the Freshman soirée.

Professor Angell's reception to the Juniors occurred March 14th, too late for an account to be given in this number. A report will be found in the next issue of the STUDENT.

A SOLILOQUY.

Nothing but a test,
Yet, what consternation!
Wish I'd done my best
Every recitation.

Crib? of course I couldn't
Think of such a thing;
Cram? of course I wouldn't;
Don't feel well in spring.

Flunk? I'll take my chances,
Do the best I can;
If I fail I'll study
Like a little man.

Prof. was "kind" and "thoughtful,"
Asked just what I knew.
I correctly answered
Questions "just a few."

Chance, or luck, or something
Made me just "pull through."
I again will never
Get thus "in the stew."

It tends to produce a sensation of fear to meet half a dozen college girls on the street all armed with Indian clubs. They are only practicing for a drill, however, and are not on the war-path.

The Senior orations were read before the committee March 11th. The following were selected for the Senior exhibition: Miss Collins, Miss Cornish, Miss Foster, Knox, Miss Nash, Pettigrew, Springer, Miss Steward, Wakefield, Webb, Miss Willard, Miss Wright.

Several of the boys who live near went home to vote at the recent election. Some who are citizens of Lewiston, and have lately attained their majority, exercised their right of suffrage for the first time. The result of the election was, no doubt, due to their efforts.

At its annual meeting the Y. M. C. A. elected these officers for the year commencing April 1st: President, J. B. Coy, '96; Vice-President, E. Skillings, '97; Recording Secretary, A. W. Foss, '97; Corresponding Secretary, W. O. Phillips, '97; Treasurer, R. H. Tukey, '98.

The Senior Class has announced the Class-Day parts as follows:

Oration.	W. S. Brown.
Class History.	B. L. Pettigrew.
Class Prophecy.	Miss M. A. Steward.
Address to Undergraduates.	R. F. Springer.
Address to Halls and Campus.	C. S. Webb.
Poem.	W. S. C. Russell.
Class Ode.	Miss N. G. Wright.

The Bible Study Class, conducted by Professor Howe, is taking up the Book of Acts. This course will occupy the remainder of the school year. The attendance thus far is not as large as is desirable, and it is to be hoped that the students will make an effort to plan other work so as to receive the benefit of this class.

If the Professorship of Economics and History is permanently endowed, courses in Sociology for the Juniors and European History for the Sophomores will probably be added. The students are anxious that this may be done, as they greatly enjoy the branches taught by Professor Lincoln and his methods of instruction.

A movement is on foot toward the starting of a Chess Club. This greatest of all scientific games is deserving of more attention than it has received in the past, and it is hoped that this will be effected by organization. Those interested will please communicate with Campbell, '95, Thompson, '96, or Phillips, '97.

One of the Freshmen recently found his horse near the mail-boxes in Parker Hall. The strange thing about this is that it was one of the real four-legged or quadruped variety. It is not customary to have exactly this kind of an inmate in the dormitory, but it seems that both species of the equine genus will bear watching when they are around Bates.

Prof. L.—“Now, Mr. P., suppose some one should ask you if you had studied Political Economy. You would say, ‘yes.’ Then suppose he asked when exchange would be at par, what would you say?” Mr. P.—“I should say it might be at premium or it might be below par, and if it wasn't at either one it would be at par.” [Great applause.]

The Sophomores have been trained in their declamations by Professor Robinson of Boston. He is a graduate of the Boston School of Expression and now teaches there, where he has been employed over two years. He has also been engaged in other schools of elocution including the Harvard Summer School. He comes highly recommended as a skillful teacher of this branch.

Conversation clubs in German and

French have been formed by members of the Junior and Sophomore classes. They meet weekly and are under the direction of Miss Nellie B. Jordan, '88. Miss Jordan, since her graduation from Bates, has spent two years at Wellesley taking special courses in the modern languages and has traveled abroad a year. Those who belong to these clubs enjoy such work very much.

The base-ball managers met at Waterville, March 6th. On account of the old trouble about the Bowdoin “Medics” and financial considerations the College League will not include Bates this year. Two games have been arranged with Bowdoin, and the series will consist of three or five. After the league schedule is made out, a series will also be arranged with Colby.

The editors decide to leave out the dashes between the paragraphs in a certain department. The impulsive one, who has been building air-castles, awakes in time to catch the last part of the conversation. His frugal mind revolts at the idea of wasting any good matter. “Can't we put it in some other time?” he asks. Our readers will therefore not be surprised if sometime they find a page devoted to

The college Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. were invited to co-operate with other religious and temperance bodies in a proposed Gospel temperance revival under the leadership of Mr. Ed. Murphy, who has conducted such meetings very successfully in many places. The committee from the Y. M. C. A. were Norton, '96, Durkee, '97, and Tukey,

'98; from the Y. W. C. A., Miss Peacock, '96, Miss Twort, '97, and Miss Sadie Brackett, '98.

At the annual meeting of the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Association, held at Bangor, Saturday, March 9th, the following officers were elected: President, Gibbs, M. S. C.; Vice-President, Boothby, Bates; Secretary, Foss, Colby; Treasurer, Dana, Bowdoin. It was voted to hold the next tournament at Portland, June 4 to 7. Fifty dollars were appropriated to purchase a new cup for the doubles, the other cup having been won by Bowdoin.

The dynamo, which was put into the physical laboratory last fall, is specially of advantage in the study of electricity and magnetism. The photographic room and the use of the powerful projecting lantern with arc light enables the term's work with the Junior class in optics, acoustics, and electricity to be very fully illustrated by experiments. The elective work added to the course by Professor Millis, extending through two terms, will probably be taken by many who have a taste for scientific study.

We understand that the Great Objector of Congress has a worthy disciple in one of our editorial colleagues, and that his frequent and emphatic "I object" materially delayed the progress of the wheels of justice in the recent trial, and perhaps was one of the influences that befogged the minds of the jury so they could not bring in a verdict. We would disclaim all such action and remind the reading public that there are sheep of dusky hue in every flock.

A very pleasant evening was passed by members of the Faculty and the Divinity School at the residence of Prof. Howe, Dean of the Divinity School. The feature of the evening was "Reminiscences of Student Life in Germany," by Professors Hayes and Anthony. Instrumental selections were rendered by Mrs. Hartshorn and Miss Angell, and a collation was served, after which the guests took their leave, having passed, as all declared, a most enjoyable evening.

The case of Eurosophian Society vs. Springer ('95) was tried March 1st before Judge Pettigrew ('95) of the Euro. Supreme Court. Plaintiff brought suit for the recovery of \$5,000 as payment for books which they claimed were sold the defendant and damages resulting from non-payment of said debt. Boothby, '96, and Stanley, '97, were the counsel for the plaintiff, while the defendant had as attorneys Cutts and Thomas, '96. After listening to a lengthy display of legal learning and able argument, the jury disagreed, and court adjourned.

In the midst of many attractions of a foreign nature, everybody (we hope there are no exceptions) is studying very hard. The Freshmen have the usual round of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics; the Sophomores pore over Analytics, read French history and literature in the original, admire Socrates' defence as given by Plato (more than they do the task of translating it), and learn the glorious history of our great nation; the Juniors grapple with the guttural German, perform electrical experiments in the most shocking way,

and delve deeply into the intricate questions of theory vs. fact in Political Economy; the Seniors discuss the insanity of the "Noble Dane" and concoct chemical compounds.

"La Troisième" reception occurred in the gymnasium, March 7th. The guests were received by several couples in a most dignified and courtly manner. During the evening the following order of marches was carried out, about seventy-five couples participating:

1. Welcome to our Third, ('95.)
2. Loyal en tout, ('96.)
3. Conversation.—Mulum in Parvo.
Music. College Glee Club.
4. Tant Mieux.
5. Carpe diem, ('97.)
6. Caetera desunt, ('98.)

Music was furnished by Callahan's orchestra, and the marches being quite complicated and varied produced very pretty effects. This delightful affair was in charge of a committee from the societies, consisting of Springer, Knox, and Miss King, '95, Miss Mason and Howard, '96, Durkee, '97, and Miss Tasker, '98. Mr. Springer acted as master of ceremonies.

Monday evening, March 4th, the Junior Class was received by Professor Lincoln at the home of Mrs. Rich, 17 Frye Street. During the evening readings were given by Mr. Thomas and Mr. Thompson, and music furnished by the class male quartette, consisting of Messrs. Eaton, Gerrish, Roberts, and Fairfield. Toasts were responded to as follows, Professor Lincoln acting as toast-master:—'96, Miss Parsons; Eurosophia, Mr. Cutts; Polymnia, Mr. Howard; Bates College, Mrs. Chase.

The sentiment expressed by the "President of the college," as the toast-master called Mrs. Chase in introducing her, that the loyalty of the students is very essential to the prosperity of a college, was heartily applauded. Impromptu speeches, political and otherwise, were then made by members of the class; but the specially enjoyable feature of the entertainment was the readings given by Professor Lincoln. The natural style with which they were rendered made them productive of much feeling among the hearers of a serious kind, or the opposite—in most cases the latter. We will not try to tell more that was said and done, but in every way this was one of the most pleasant occasions in the history of '96, and the class unanimously votes Professor Lincoln perfection in the art of entertaining.

The annual Day of Prayer for Colleges was observed Thursday, February 21st, by the usual exercises. In the morning, after chapel exercises, a prayer-meeting was held, led by Mr. Durkee, '97. In the afternoon service, good music was furnished by a quartette, Misses Bryant and Buzzell, Messrs. Eaton and Fletcher. The sermon, by Rev. Mr. Stacy of Saco, of the Class of '76, was very interesting and helpful. The text was Ps. 37:37—"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright." The perfect character, the preacher said, was equal in three dimensions. "The length and the breadth and the height of it are equal." He spoke of personal ambition as giving length or projection to character; sym-

pathy, breadth, and sweep; and faith, constituting the height and nobility. In the evening a very impressive service, conducted by Professor Anthony, served to collect the lessons of the day and awaken a resolve to make its effect lasting.

Saturday evening, February 23d, '96 did a thing unprecedented in the history of the college—they had a class banquet. This affair, tendered by the ladies of the class to the gentlemen, took place in G. A. R. Hall, and twenty-eight were present. After thoroughly doing justice to an elaborate menu, the following toasts were introduced by Toast-master A. L. Kavanaugh:

Our First Banquet,	A. B. Howard.
Old '96,	F. A. Knapp.
Our Ladies,	G. W. Thomas.
Our New Prof.,	R. L. Thompson.
A Pointer on Electricity,	F. Plumstead.
The Terpsichorean Art,	H. R. Eaton.

The Gentlemen,
Society at Bates,
Westward ho!
Our Prex,
The Modern Bates,
Our Next,

Miss M. E. Dolley.
Miss F. A. Mason.
F. H. Purinton.
O. F. Cutts.
O. C. Boothby.
J. E. Roberts.

Levity, wisdom, wit, and—spring water flowed freely, and after a hearty “three times three” for the ladies, we adjourned from the dining-hall to the larger hall, where the time was spent in social enjoyment until a late hour. Every one speaks enthusiastically of the success of the occasion, and the gentlemen feel that they have a large task to make a fitting return. We think an occasional gathering of this kind would be very beneficial. It tends, for example, to show, and perhaps develop, a culinary talent quite remarkable in maids who are supposed to be especially versed only in subjects purely intellectual.

Alumni Department.

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

IN MEMORIAM.

“Over her life's white page it early fell,—
The shadow of the dark-browed Angel's
hand.”

ALIFE is measured not by its years, but by its power over the lives it touches. Many a longer life has closed and left less trace than the few brief years of her we commemorate to-day. To those who knew her best she cannot indeed die; she will remain a living power.

Alice Anthony Beal was born in

Durham in 1869. Her early life did not differ materially from that of other children. It was spent largely in the school room. Possessing an intelligence of no common order, she outgrew, however, at a comparatively early age, the schools in the immediate vicinity of her home, and in 1886 was entered as a student at the Latin School in Lewiston. Here she speedily won for herself the reputation of a close and thorough student. But it was not until she had graduated from this institution and was fairly started upon

her four years' course at Bates that teachers and classmates began to realize what powers were developing in this quiet, unassuming girl. She was not only a student, she was a thinker; one of those whose strong originality marks their every phase of thought.

Her friends were troubled by the fact that at this time in her life she had not accepted the truth of Christianity. But the strong, clear mind was only finding the way through the shadows to the light of truth; truth seen and felt by herself, not reflected from another mind. She was one who could not accept the conclusions of others. Thought was at work, to end in beautiful conviction by and by.

Steadily winning her way to the respect and affection of classmates and teachers, and maintaining well the position she had early taken at the head of her class, she pursued her course at Bates, graduating with highest honor in the summer of 1891.

In the following autumn, she began teaching in Putnam, Conn., and after a successful period of work in that place, was called to a better position at Dover, N. H. Here, in the summer of 1892, she was made a member of the Free Baptist Church. Success and happiness crowned her work, but long-continued and close application at length began to tell upon her health. She was obliged to give up her position and seek a more genial climate. But it was too late. She was stricken with consumption, and returned to her home to die. Her life closed quietly and peacefully on the 20th of February, 1895. Softly as the fading of the light her

soul passed with noiseless step over the threshold of its new life.

Words of eulogy for her are needless. They are written once for all in the hearts of those who knew and loved her, who have felt the power of her strong, bright personality winning gradually, holding securely.

The "Shadow of the Angel's Hand" fell upon no blotted, unsightly page, but one clear and fair, whereon was written "Truth."

What work she might have accomplished, what power for good she might have been, cannot be estimated. With her rare mental powers and her strong native honesty and honor, it would have been no small part she would have taken in the world's work.

But nothing is left incomplete, though we may not see the end. In the fullest sense her life is not ended, since worth cannot die.

"The tares may perish, but the grain
Is not for death."

MABEL S. MERRILL, '91.

PERSONALS.

'72.—Supt. Charles L. Hunt of Clinton, Mass., formerly of Auburn, was elected president of the State School Superintendents Association at the meeting of the association at Worcester, Mass.—*Lewiston Journal*.

'74.—Hon. F. L. Noble, Esq., who is at the head of Lewiston's able representatives at Augusta this winter, is one of the leaders of the lower house. The *Lewiston Journal*, in a recent issue, says: "Mayor Noble made a telling

speech in the House in support of the Insane Hospital appropriations and it was due in a large measure to his eloquence that the favorable vote was cast." During the contest over the much-needed appropriations for the State College, Mr. Noble was one of the foremost in behalf of that institution. He has been prominent in the support of the cause of woman suffrage and has labored earnestly for the establishment of a police commission for the city of Lewiston. On March 4th, after one year's able administration, he was re-elected Mayor of Lewiston.

'74.—Rev. Thomas Spooner, an esteemed alumnus and friend of the college, died at his home in Lawrence, Mass., on Wednesday, March 6th. We hope to publish an obituary sketch of Mr. Spooner's life and services in the April number of the *STUDENT*.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear, of Gardiner, represented the Bangor and Brewer Bridge Co., a corporation maintaining a toll-bridge over the Penobscot River, in a recent hearing before the Judiciary Committee of the Maine Legislature.

'77.—Hon. O. B. Clason, Esq., was, on March 4th, re-elected Mayor of Gardiner without opposition.

'77.—Superintendent G. A. Stuart delivered an address before the Pine Street Congregational Sunday-school of Lewiston, March 3d, on the Moody Sunday-school in Chicago, which he visited during his recent trip to the West.

'80.—In the election of March 4th, W. H. Judkins, Esq., was re-elected a member of the school board of the city of Lewiston.

'81.—The Second Congregational

Church, of Norway, dedicated its third house of worship on Thursday and Friday, February 28th and March 1st. In the course of the services a historical sketch of the church was given by the pastor, Rev. B. S. Rideout, '81, and selections from scripture were read by Rev. Israel Jordan, '87, of Bethel. Rev. Geo. M. Howe, of Lewiston, delivered the sermon on Friday evening.

'81.—C. S. Haskell, A.M., who is to conduct a vacation excursion to Europe next summer, has had considerable experience in such trips and has always met with marked success, as the testimonials of many prominent Americans indicate. The tourists will sail from New York, Saturday, June 29th, by the new Anchor Line steamer, *City of Rome*. Upon their arrival in Glasgow they will be met by experienced conductors who will accompany them during the remainder of their journey. The party will visit England, Scotland, Ireland, Belgium, and France, stopping a week in London and the same time in Paris. Additional trips will be provided for those who desire to travel in Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Every want of the travelers is carefully attended to and they may devote themselves entirely to the pleasures of sight-seeing. We feel assured that all those who join this party will report a most delightful vacation tour. For particulars, address C. S. Haskell, A.M., 133 Clerk Street, Jersey City, N. J.

'81.—W. P. Foster has a sonnet on "Katahdin" in the *March Century*.

'84.—J. W. Chadwick, A.M., principal of Gardiner Grammar School, is chairman of the executive committee

of the Kennebec County Teachers' Association.

'84.—The only woman who ever came to Washington as the accredited representative of a sovereign state is Miss Ella Knowles, Assistant Attorney-General of Montana, who was recently in that city on official business. Miss Knowles's spirited canvass for the Attorney-Generalship, to which office it was one time reported she was elected, will be remembered, and it was in recognition of her evident popularity in the state that she was afterward appointed assistant in the office of her successful rival. An additional evidence of the esteem in which she is held by the state officials, is the fact that she was sent to the Capital on important business relating to the Montana school lands. Some \$200,000 was involved in this litigation. Miss Knowles also had some business incidental to her general practice which took her before the Attorney-General and Treasury Department. She is a modest little blonde with blue eyes set deep under a fine, full brow, which, if phrenologists speak truly, indicate rare reasoning power. She is a native of New Hampshire and a graduate of Bates College, a famous old Maine institution.—*Washington Post*.

'86.—H. M. Cheney, Esq., managing editor of the *Granite State Free Press*, represents the town of Lebanon in the New Hampshire House of Representatives.

'86.—A. E. Verrill, Esq., of Auburn, was chairman of the committee of arrangements for the recent semi-centennial of Androscoggin Lodge of Odd Fellows.

'88.—Prof. W. L. Powers, of Gardiner, is president of the Kennebec County Teachers' Association, which held its fourth annual meeting, March 15th, at Waterville.

'89.—J. H. Blanchard, A.M., supervisor of schools at Waterville, is a member of the executive committee of the Kennebec County Teachers' Association.

'90.—Rev. G. H. Hamlen writes to the *Morning Star* about a Christmas festival held at Balasore, India.

'91.—Prof. W. L. Nickerson, of Dover, Me., has an excellent article in the *Morning Star* on "Requisites of Self-Education."

'92.—C. N. Blanchard is studying law with Hon. J. C. Holman, of Farmington, chairman of the Governor's Council. Mr. Blanchard has recently been elected a member of the school board of Farmington. We were in error in the last issue where reference was made to him as still principal of the Dexter High School.

'92.—L. M. Sanborn, sub-master of the Gardiner High School, read a paper on "Civics" at the recent meeting of the Kennebec County Teachers' Association.

'93.—At the same meeting, E. W. Small, principal of Monmouth Academy, delivered a paper on "English Literature in the Public Schools."

'93.—The fair held on Friday and Saturday, March 8th and 9th, by the East Bridgewater, Mass., High School, of which Ralph A. Sturges is principal, netted \$325, which will go to pay the balance on a recently-purchased piano and to add new books to the library.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

"Our schools are too much given over to the acquisition of knowledge. What they need is to recognize the power which lies in enlightenment. In the susceptible period of youth, we must introduce through the medium of literature the light which will give the eye the precious power of seeing."

—HORACE E. SCUDDER.

Cicero.

A study of Cicero's life and work includes, naturally and almost necessarily, a study of the conditions of Rome, political, social, and literary, at a very interesting period of her history. Born in 106 and dying in 43 B.C., Cicero's life was blended with the lives of Cæsar, Pompey, Cato, Crassus. Later, Antony and the young Augustus are linked with his fate. A careful, thorough, and altogether interesting study of this great man and his time is given in the new volume by J. L. Strachan-Davidson, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford,—*"Cicero, and the Fall of the Roman Republic."* Cicero is here presented as a man, statesman, orator, scholar, and friend. The several phases of his character and life are revealed, to a great extent, by his own writings, his orations and essays, but especially by his letters to his friend Atticus, which, being written with no reserve, to a man whom he loved and trusted, reveal the real self of Cicero. The author has given a most careful study of the political condition of the country, and has dwelt especially upon Cicero's life in its political bearing, though he has not neglected his literary labors and his work as an orator. He has

shown Cicero as a patriot and a man of honor, though liable to the misjudgments of his contemporaries and posterity through his eager and excitable disposition. The book is of almost dramatic interest. It is the thirteenth volume of the *"Heroes of Nations"* series, and is finely illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.)

Myths.

"Classic Myths in English Literature," by C. M. Gayley, of the University of California, is a clear and concise presentation of the great mythological systems of Greece, Rome, and Scandinavia, based chiefly on Bulfinch's *"Age of Fable."* No whit of the universal fascination of mythological and legendary lore has been lost in Prof. Gayley's re-telling, but the special value of the work lies in the study of the relation of these myths to modern literature and art, especially English and American, though both art and literature of France and Germany are cited to some extent, as are also the classical writers. As an example of the general plan of the book, the story of Prometheus is gracefully told, then a selection from Byron's *"Prometheus"* and another from Longfellow are given, together with references from Rosetti, Lowell, Coleridge, Mrs. Browning, Plumptre, R. H. Horne, Chaucer; and in art to Thorwaldsen, Sichel, Church, Rosetti. The book grew out of a teacher's work in his classroom; hence has special reference to the regular work of school and college.

It is, however, so easily and clearly written as to make it agreeable reading, and, with its indices, tables, commentary, and rules for pronunciation, is a good book for general reference. It is profusely illustrated. (Ginn & Co., Boston; \$1.50.)

Molière.

Miss Katherine Prescott Wormeley, whose Balzac translations have earned her a most enviable name in her line of work, has recently published two volumes of translation from Molière. Vol. I. contains "The Misanthrope" and "Le Bourgeois's Gentilhomme," with Balzac's preface, Sainte-Beuve's criticism, and an extract from Emile Farguet. Vol. II. contains "Tartuffe," "Les Précieuses Ridicules," and George Dandir," with further criticism by Sainte-Beuve and extracts from Bourdaloue, Bossuet and others, and Molière's own preface and letters to the king. The contemporary value to society of the work of this great satirist of the seventeenth century is perhaps best expressed in these words of Balzac:

"If it were possible to reform men by making them blush for their follies, their defects, their vices, what a perfect society this splendid legislator would have founded! He would have banished from the bosom of his nation falsehood, cant, deception, jealousy,—sometimes insane, often cruel,—the senile love of old men, hatred of humanity, coquetry, backbiting, self-conceit; disproportioned marriages, base avarice, chicanery, corruption; the heedless frivolity of magistrates, the pettiness which makes men aspire to be greater than they are, the arrogant empiricisms of doctors, and the laughable impostures of false piety. Such is the brief summary of the follies and vices which Molière attacked without ever ceasing to be humorous, natural, and varied."

His interest in the present time is

surely no less; for which one of the above-named vices and follies has become extinct? Tartuffes are all about us; "The Misanthrope" has many a brother among us; the folly of "Les Précieuses Ridicules" we can see paralleled each day. Molière is among the great. He studied and presented to his readers human nature, the universal humanity which has no limit of time or place, hence his writings can never grow old. To quote from Sainte-Beuve: "Molière is, with Shakespeare, the most complete example of the dramatic, or to speak more correctly, the creative faculty. Shakespeare has, what Molière has not, pathetic touches and flashes of the terrible. But Molière redeems this deficiency in other regions by the number, perfection, and profound consistency of his principal characters." Molière is regarded, also, as the creator and promoter of realism in his time and country. The attacks of his satire were directed against extremes—excess, affectation, the false masquerading as the real. The plays selected for these two volumes fitly represent the man, "Les Misanthrope" and "Tartuffe" dividing the honors as masterpieces.

Of the translation it is only necessary to say that it is in Miss Wormeley's usual style, clear, graceful, preserving with delicate art and spirit the force of the original. (Roberts Bros., Boston; \$1.50 each.)

Columbia has received \$350,000 from the sons of William H. Vanderbilt for the erection of an addition to the Vanderbilt Clinic.

College Exchanges.

IN our opinion the only true road to success in editing a magazine of any kind is to admit to its columns only such articles as will interest a majority of its readers. A college paper which devotes its space to knowledge copied from encyclopedias is not our ideal college paper. We have noticed several of this kind, as we looked over our exchanges, and have learned to shun such. We also believe that the exchange department of a magazine, in order to be interesting, should have not only criticisms of other magazines, but also clippings from some of the best things in these magazines.

One of the best of our exchanges from the south is the *Southern Collegian*. The January number contains something interesting on the "History of Foot-Ball." Another good article in the same number is "The Origin of Creeds." We quote from it the following: "The human race is destined to some great end; whether the glorious end will be attained in time or eternity matters not. But the end must come; sooner or later man will learn again to walk with God. Man shall walk with God; a radiant and smiling heaven shall look down upon our planet, once more folded in the arms of unity and lulled by the anthem of peace."

The *W. P. I.*, of the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, has in the number for February 23d a very interesting letter from Japan, by Gumpei Kuwada,

an alumnus of that institute. It gives an excellent insight into the position of Japan in the Chino-Japanese war.

Although the article on "The Spanish Inquisition" in the *Owl* was evidently not intended to be humorous, yet it amused us greatly. The author attempts to justify that disgrace of past ages. It is refreshing to turn from this to an article entitled "The Inevitable Conflict with Romanism," in the *Nassau Lit.*

The author of "For a Dream's Sake," in the *Red and Blue* for February, seems to be trying to rival Poe in serving up literary nightmares. Such stories may be interesting to some. But speaking of stories reminds us that we can nearly always find some good ones in the *Dartmouth Lit.*

The editors of the *University of Chicago Weekly* give notice that they have a "choice assortment of poems on 'The Beautiful Snow' which they would be glad to exchange for some 'Carols of Springtime.'" But, turning from this, let us see what the real poets are doing. The following is from the *Harvard Monthly*:

WHEN DARKNESS FALLS.

If this be sleep,
Sit by me while I sleep; if this be death,
No mortal power may stay the fading breath,
But stay thou by me, be it sleep or death.

If this be sleep,
When I awake I fain would see thee by,
Watch thou my bed with thine unsleeping eye,
And take my hand in thine, when I awake.

If this be death,
Speed thou my soul upon thy steady prayer,
If this be death, I go I know not where,
Oh stay thou by me, be it sleep or death!

—Robert Palfrey Utter.

Here are some other good poems :

MEMORY.

Memory! What myriad throngs
From out the chambers of the past
Troop forth at thy command;
Sweet reminiscences of days
Whose moments, as the evening rills,
Gleam in the sunset's rays.

The lapse of time, the kindly past,
Blend sorrow, grief, and happiness
In one bright picture fair;
We seem to feel grand harmonies
Of former days sweep o'er the soul,
And thrill its wakened chords.

To live, to act, the present is,
Each day a duty nobler done,
Must mark its history;
But Memory with sacred charms,
Childhood's day, and youth's bright
dreams
Will e'er the past endear.

—Le Baron M. Huntington, in *Dartmouth Lit.*

WATER LILIES.

Softly under bending willows,
Mirrored in the stream below,
I will float with silent paddle
Down to where the lilies blow.

Softest breezes stir the willows,
Whisper all the rushes there,
"Nowhere else on lake or streamlet
Grow the lilies half so fair.

"Once there came the old king's daughter
Plucking lilies in this place,
Never in her father's castle
Afterwards was seen her face.

"We, the secret, whispering rushes,
Know that she forever dwells
With the nixies of the water
Bound forever in their spells.

"In the lilies' golden petals
You may see her floating hair,
And her breath comes through the water,
When the lilies scent the air."
—Eberly Hutchinson, in *Harvard Monthly*.

'TIS SWEET TO DREAM.

'Tis sweet to dream, if in the clouded sky
A ray of sunlight pierce the rifted rack
And by its instant magic call us back,
With scenes of semblance that about us lie,
To mem'ries of a day that never die.

Then every hour existed but to hie
The happiness we thought could never lack,
And present bliss did e'er these words belie—
'Tis sweet to dream.

But when that shaft of brightness from on
high
Beholds the pain of joy remembered,—why
Should that fair ray but make the night more
black?

A vision's vision of a dream would vie
With such remembrance! Ah,—then we can-
not sigh

“'Tis sweet to dream.”

—John Clinton Anthony, in *Brown Magazine*.

Here are two verses from a poem
entitled "Voice and Face," in the *South-
ern Collegian* :

I lie here under my mountain pines;
The branches stir—
Soft laughter, luted along the breeze,
Comes low and clear;
The sighing leaves of tangled vines
Are veiling her.

Patience—a hand shall part them soon,
Where the sunset shines—
But the laughter dies on the dancing stream;
The clustered vines
Are only stirred by the winds of June,
Among the pines.

One-fourth the number of students
at the University of Berlin are Amer-
icans.

President Harper, of the University
of Chicago, gives the average salary
of the college professor as \$2,015.

An effort is being made to endow a
female professorship in the University
of Michigan, and \$14,000 of the
necessary \$30,000 have already been
raised.

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REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D., Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

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LYMAN G. JORDAN, A.M., Professor of Chemistry.
WILLIAM H. HARTSHORN, A.M., Professor of Rhetoric.
FRANK E. MILLIS, Professor of Physics.
HERBERT R. PURINTON, Instructor in Hebrew and Church History.
PORTER H. DALE, Instructor in Elocution.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—
LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Aeneid; the Catiline of Sallust; six orations of Cicero; thirty exercises in Jones's Latin Composition; Latin Grammar (Harkness or Allen & Greenough).
GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar.
MATHEMATICS: In Arithmetic, in Wentworth's Elements of Algebra, and Plane Geometry or Equivalents.
ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and one of the following English Classics: Shakespeare's King John and Twelfth Night; Wordsworth's Excursion (first book); Irving's Bracebridge Hall; Hawthorne's Twice Told Tales (second volume).
All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.
Certificates of regular dismissal will be required from those who have been members of other colleges.
The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.
The examinations for admission to College will be both written and oral.
Hereafter no special students will be admitted to any of the College classes.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses for board, tuition, room rent, and incidentals are \$180. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirty-seven scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.
Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.
Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.
Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.
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