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Bates College

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The
Bates
Student

VOL. XXIII.

No. 8.

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Our establishment is headquarters for everything that pertains to the

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OSWALD & ARMSTRONG.

D. W. WIGGIN & CO., Apothecaries.

PHYSICIANS' PRESCRIPTIONS OUR SPECIALTY.

213 Lisbon Street, Corner of Pine, LEWISTON, ME.

THE BATES STUDENT.

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OCTOBER, 1895.

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A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

JUNIOR CLASS OF BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

BOARD OF EDITORS.

O. F. CUTTS, Literary Editor.
O. C. BOOTHBY, Alumni Editor.
R. D. FAIRFIELD, Book Review Editor.
A. P. NORTON, Local Editor.
L. D. TIBBETTS, Exchange Editor.
A. B. HOAG, Local Editor.
O. C. BOOTHBY, Business Manager.
F. W. HILTON, Assistant Manager.

TERMS.—\$1.00 per year, in advance; single copy 10 cents.

Subscribers not receiving the STUDENT regularly should notify the Business Manager.

Contributions cordially invited.

Exchanges and matter for publication should be addressed EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT, BATES STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE; business letters to O. C. BOOTHBY, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON, MAINE.

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Editorial.

A PERIOD of unparalleled prosperity in the history of our *Alma Mater* arouses in every student a desire for still better and grander results. Around us all is activity, and we feel the exhilaration which comes from life at high pressure. The constant recurrence of daily duties fills each moment with its precious freight of opportu-

nity and possibility of future success. This is merely a normal condition. Now is the period when life is just opening before us and the spur of ambition urges us onward.

In this over-plus of enthusiasm, which is certainly an important factor in all successful endeavor, let us remember that, while important, it is

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ambition urges us onward.

In this over-plus of enthusiasm,
which is certainly an important factor
in all successful endeavor, let us
remember that, while important, it is

not the only factor of success. A movement of any nature among the student body, if it is to accomplish anything that shall be grand and permanent, requires much of wisdom and direction, of careful consideration of circumstances, and a not hasty estimate of the obstacles to be surmounted.

The desirability and necessity of several new buildings upon our campus is not to be questioned. The appreciation of this fact by students is an indication of loyalty and progress. An effort to inaugurate a movement, to set in motion a force which shall accomplish the end desired, cannot be declared impracticable. We should never despise the smallest beginnings or underestimate the power of determined effort.

We are of the opinion that a small fund may be started at the present time, as some propose, having in view the erection of a suitable building upon the college campus which shall meet many of the needs that are felt at present. But it has also been our impression that many are over-sanguine with regard to the growth of a building fund and underestimate the amount required for the purpose.

At present, it is possible to keep such a matter prominently before the student body and to make whatever efforts seem to be advisable. But let us not imagine that the result desired is to come at once, or picture to ourselves a magnificent brick structure erected at about the average cost of a good-sized dwelling-house. Let our object be not to spread ourselves in thin layers over a large amount of territory, but, if we

must do only a little, to do that little well.

IT is essential to our absolute success in college work that there be perfect understanding and zealous co-operation between Faculty and students. Most manifestly is this true when a particular branch of college work is mapped out and intrusted to an individual or to a class. Then is seen either the rapid growth and advancement brought about by concerted action, or the stagnant existence and certain deterioration caused by distrust and discord.

During the past years it has been the custom at Bates for the Faculty to appoint from the Junior Class the editors who are to take charge of the college magazine throughout the succeeding year. Whether or not it is wise and just for the Faculty to make these appointments, without some consideration for the wishes and choice of the class, the writer does not consider himself competent to decide. The practice is questionable, however, and the writer hopes that, in the future, the class may unite with the Faculty in the appointment of the editors; the power of the former being controlled by the judgment of the latter. This is right, because the magazine is edited by the class, not by six members of the class.

We feel a keen interest in the future of the magazine, for the success of which, during the past months, we have continuously and faithfully labored. It is their interest which prompts us to urge the immediate appointment of the corps of editors who will have

supervision over its pages next year. The editor-in-chief is usually totally inexperienced as regards the responsibilities of his position, and he should have time to make himself familiar with his duties, to observe carefully the best college magazines and periodicals, and to plan and arrange his work. The associate editors, also, need time to consider and to map out the work of their respective departments. Last year the editors were not appointed until the last week of the term, and, on this account, were seriously hampered in their work.

If the Faculty are to appoint the editors, without consulting the wishes of the class, certainly those students who have the greatest literary ability should be selected. The fact that a student belongs to a particular clique or society should be neither favorable nor unfavorable to his appointment.

Finally, there should be some consideration made for the time and labor expended upon the magazine. The STUDENT work is no play; and it seems hardly just that students upon whom falls the responsibility of publishing a college periodical, should be obliged to perform the same laborious tasks as their classmates, being excused from only one or two short essays.

DURING the present year has occurred the death of several of the alumni of our college. Bates's existence as a college is as yet quite brief, and these alumni were all comparatively young men and women. Yet they all were quite prominent in the professions which they had adopted, and

would be called successful men and women. Their careers bring to our mind the shortness of time in which life's work must be accomplished. It is a well-known fact that in the great majority of cases a man reaches the height of his prosperity before he reaches middle life. He may still, if health and faculties remain, keep on in the old lines and perhaps increase the results of his work, but we rarely hear of one who has before been unknown suddenly rising to fame and success late in life. So it is important that a young man start out with decision, energy, and industry, into his chosen occupation, and if he wishes to make his mark, he must constantly employ these essential qualities.

NOT long ago, the English professor of one of our colleges, in a lecture on teaching, spoke of a criticism lately made to him on his work by one of his fellow professors. "Why," he remarked, "I don't understand what you are doing; here is a young man making the most atrocious blunders in English every translation." "Well," retorted the English professor, "have you corrected him?" "No," was the reply, "it's my business to teach Latin."

The question of teaching English has for years been discussed pro and con, by college professors and teachers of preparatory schools, and evidently it is not yet near its solution. Each seems trying to throw the responsibility upon some one else.

Professor Goodwin, of Harvard, remarks upon the disgrace to his college

of the paltry knowledge of English possessed by many of her students. The same criticism is made upon the work at West Point. Yet, in both cases the fault-finding rebounds upon the preparatory schools. But there is another side to the question. When college students acknowledge, as they often do, that the work of a little girl in the Grammar school, in her English analysis, is far better than they could do, where is the blame? Very largely it is the fault of the student himself, arising from neglect of duty and a disinclination to take up in its time the rhetorical work assigned him. Is it not too largely, also, with those teachers of other branches, who, in teaching Latin or Greek History, or Mathematics, feel that they have no time to waste on English?

Perhaps the most satisfactory solution to the problem, for the present at least, so far as the individual student is concerned, is to adopt Miles Standish's motto, "If you want a thing well done you must do it yourself." If each student should do his best to guard his own English, matters would be at least improved.

ONE of the many signs of progress in Bates is the increased attendance at the society meetings. Indeed, the societies have grown so large that mutual rivalry, rather than any need of larger numbers, is the cause of the especial attentions to the incoming class. A third society is fast becoming not a possibility but a necessity. If only the great difficulty of lack of suitable quarters can be met, the for-

mation of the new society should not be delayed. The old societies would doubtless vie with each other in helping to place the young sister on something like an equal footing with themselves. There may be difficulties in the way; but aside from the question of a room, they can all be easily met, and if only this obstacle can be surmounted, the way is open for adding another to the many attractions of our college.

WHETHER or not the embryo of a Good Government Club, which has recently appeared at Bates, shall develop into something more than an embryo, remains to be seen. Its success depends upon the interest which the students take in the questions before our country. While we would not adopt the pessimistic views of some, yet we cannot fail to see that there are grave questions to be settled in the future, and these can be properly settled only through careful study and patriotic thought in regard to them. An active and alert patriotism is needed in times of peace as much as in times of war. We do not mean that kind of so-called patriotism which, by its mere desire to show itself, continually invites conflicts with foreign nations; but that true patriotism, which, taking as a foundation the teachings of Christ, seeks to build upon that foundation a better condition of things intellectually, socially, morally. This is the only kind of patriotism which can ever make a country truly great, and we as students should seek to cultivate that patriotism; for college graduates are becoming more and

more a power in this country, and whether their influence shall be on the side of good or evil remains with themselves. Let us not, then, while in college, delude ourselves with the idea that the political problems of the present day are of no importance to us; but let us, by studying into them, render ourselves competent to aid in solv-

ing them, when we shall be called upon to do so. If we are convinced that we can further the cause of temperance and other reforms by means of a Good Government Club, let us, by all means, go into it thoughtfully and earnestly and show where we stand in regard to these important questions.

Literary.

VERSATILITY.

BY R. L. THOMPSON, '96.

A BROAD expanse of sea, stretching as far as the eye can reach in every direction. Seated in a skiff a young man, his face yet suffused with the rosy bloom of youth. Far in the distance an island which we will call Success; to the left and right other islands, which we will call Fame, Wealth, and Pleasure. The young man in the skiff starts with steady stroke for the land in the distance, but a nearer isle offers a chance for shade and rest, and perhaps he may find some valuable shell or coral on its pebbly beach. Glancing at the sun he sees that he has ample time to make the excursion and yet reach the farther isle before sundown. He rows about from one isle to another, picking up a few pebbles here, a few there. Absorbed in his wanderings he fails to notice the descending sun, until darkness falls upon the sea, a whirlwind descends with lightning rapidity, his skiff is crushed like an egg-shell by the raging waters, and he sinks from sight forever, the island of Success still far in the distance.

It is slow and steady progress in one direction; it is a grim determination to stick it out on a single line; it is the devotion of one's life work to a single object, that has made those men, whose achievements have placed them above their fellows in every department of life. It is this singleness of purpose that has given to the world its philosophy, its literature, its statesmanship and its science; its Socrates, its Goethe, its Jefferson, and its Edison. Other men have lived, obscure and unknown, endowed with as much talent and with as great genius as these, but whose names will never be enrolled on the scroll of history. Shipwrecked on the sea of versatility they have disappeared forever, with the success which they might have attained far in the distance.

Alexander Pope was right when he said, nearly a hundred years ago:

"One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

Versatility does not pay. We cannot wear the sock if we aspire to the buskin. No matter how close the relation of our life work be to a kindred subject, we must not confound the one

with the other. Although David Garrick lives in the memory of all as England's greatest actor, the works of his pen are long since forgotten. As an actor the name of Shakespeare would never have survived the sixteenth century; but in the bejeweled garter of literature, made of thirty centuries of the finest gems of prose and poesy, the rarest contributions of all the ages are but as opaque pebbles to the diamond cluster of his immortal offering. We cannot be Shakespeares or Miltons or Macaulays; but if we aspire to place our charred piles beside those shafts of purple granite,—if we think that by devoting a few moments to the pen we can place our names beside those, remember that they are men who gave their entire lives to their work. Remember that Stevenson as a boy carried in his pocket blank sheets of paper on which he might depict the scenery of his boyish rambles; and that Conan Doyle laid down the lancet when he took up the pen.

In this, an age of the sharpest competition, generalist and specialist stands shoulder to shoulder; but it is the specialist who steps from the porch of his *Alma Mater* into the most lucrative position; it is the specialist whose advancement is surest and most rapid; it is the specialist who unfolds the wonders of science, and gives to the world the comforts of the fireside and the hypodermics of medicine.

We all put our hopes into a future. The aspirations which fill our hearts may never be realized; we may fall far short of our ideals; but, standing upon manhood's threshold, it is better to look

out upon a noble future, though filled with hard work and disappointments, than to have no battlements to storm, no heights to win. But let us look out upon that future with no undecided purpose. Let us search ourselves. Let us seek with all our God-given intuition for the veins of our ability, even as the monks of the Inquisition sought with their hellish designs for all the nerves of pain on which to inflict their inhuman tortures. Let us bring our powers to light, hiding them not under a napkin, but developing them in the best interests of humanity, and our own advancement is sure to follow.

A VISIT TO THE "HUB."

BY MABEL C. ANDREWS, '97.

AMERICANS have often been accused of wandering into the far distant lands of the earth in search of the beautiful in art, the quaint in architecture, the sublime in nature, or the curious in scenes of historic interest, while the wonders of their own fair land are unnoticed or unknown. Truly, distance does "lend enchantment to the view." It would, however, be hard to find in the most foreign of foreign cities more of historic interest, more of the beautiful in art, than in quaint old St. Botolph's town, or Boston.

Let us take a turn through the streets of the old city, and, in the little time at our disposal, seek to gather inspiration from the many reminders of our country's early history. It makes little difference where we start, but suppose we visit first Boston Common and the Public Garden. The Common, with

its nearly fifty acres of green grass and trees, of shady walks and quiet restfulness, seems a veritable oasis in the busiest part of the busy city. As we enter the Public Garden it is hard to realize that as late as the middle of this century the sea covered both it and all the land to the west of it, now so densely covered with churches, public buildings, and stately residences. The Garden contains five statues, Ball's bronze statue of Sumner, an insignificant one of Col. Thomas Cass, the artist of which, it is said, mistook his order and thought he was preparing a monument for a cemetery; the equestrian statue of Washington, said to be the finest piece of sculpture in the city; a life-like statue of Edward Everett, and the famous Ether monument, commemorating one of the most wonderful of human discoveries, the use of ether to deaden pain. The beautiful display of flowers and the water with the swan-boats flitting here and there charm the eye, but, in spite of all this beauty, we find ourselves drawn irresistibly toward the Common as the scene of so many interesting events in the early history of our country. From here the British troops set out for Lexington, the night before the famous battle; here, thirteen years after, were encamped General Amherst and his army; here were stationed the British soldiers during the siege of Boston, and from here the troops set out for Bunker Hill. Here, too, Washington reviewed the Continental army. Nor are we reminded of old Revolutionary days alone, for the Soldiers' Monument on the hill brings to our imagination the many stirring

scenes enacted here during our Civil War.

Toward the south-eastern part of the Common stands a young tree, which is, nevertheless, a very famous one, for an inscription on a little bronze tablet near it tells us that it is a shoot from "The Great Elm," a tree much older than Boston and indeed supposed to be one of the oldest in the colony. A true Bostonian author thus describes it. He says: "This old elm was religiously protected for many years, but was blown down by a storm in 1876. Witches have been hanged on the Common, pirates, Indians, murderers, deserters; and some of them doubtless on the branches of this venerable tree. What scenes its hoary trunk beheld! What men passed beneath its shade—Winthrop, Eliot, Mather, Franklin, Hancock, Otis, Adams, Warren, Revere, Sumner, Phillips, Webster, Choate, Mann, Everett, Washington, Lafayette, Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, Alcott, Hawthorne, Parkman, Motley, Prescott, Fields, Agassiz, Beecher, Brooks, Gordon,—where shall we stop? And then the stretch of history, from the sturdy Puritans and their demure daughters, through the rousing drum beats of the British redcoats and the parades of our own boys in blue down to the present yearly march of beardless regiments from the public schools! But this latter is looked upon by the young and vigorous scion of the old tree, which stands thus for the new Boston rising out of the old—for the modern Boston of wealth and power, of high ideal and mighty achievement."

North-east of the Common is the

State House, whose corner-stone was laid by Paul Revere, and which is built on ground that was once a cow-pasture belonging to Governor Hancock.

Going down Park Street to Tremont, we come to what is called "Brimstone Corner," on account of the doctrines once taught in the Park Street Church, situated on that spot. In this church, since the burning of Tremont Temple, Joseph Cook has delivered his Monday evening lectures.

Following Tremont Street a few steps we come to the Granary Burying-Ground, so called because the public granary used to stand near it. Here are buried three signers of the Declaration of Independence, John Hancock, Samuel Adams, and Robert Treat Paine. Here also rest Paul Revere, Peter Faneuil, Benjamin Franklin's father and mother, the victims of the Boston massacre, and last, but not least, Mother Goose. Who can stand by that grave, and, gazing on the quaint, old-fashioned stone, read the simple inscription, "Mary Goose, wife of Isaac Goose," etc., without a feeling of something like awe, as he realizes that here lies the patron saint of his childhood, the immortal author of "Jacky Horner" and "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe"?

Just beyond the burying-ground, on the corner, stood until very recently one of the most famous of Boston's hotels, the Tremont House. In the list of its guests have been numbered Jenny Lind, the Prince of Wales, Dickens, Henry Clay, Presidents Jackson and Johnson, and many other noted men and women. Opposite this site the new Tremont Temple is rapidly rising.

Walking on, we find, just opposite Winter Street, St. Paul's, a church for many years attended by Daniel Webster.

Let us now take a trip to the North End, beginning with Union Street. Soon we come to a great bronze tablet which marks the site of a once famous tavern, "The Green Dragon," the secret meeting-place of the Sons of Liberty.

At the south end of the city, at the foot of Boylston Street, we see a sandstone tablet on which is carved a tree, marking the site of a great elm which was called Liberty Tree, under which these same Sons of Liberty were wont to assemble. From its limbs had dangled the effigies of the hated stamp officers. In its shade had gathered a mob of angry protesters against the Stamp Act, and under it Secretary Oliver had stood and promised the people that he would no longer act as stamp-master. Truly, in the words of the great Lafayette, "The world should never forget the spot where once stood Liberty Tree."

Keeping on down Union Street to Marshall Street we reach Hancock Row, a row of four brick houses built by the Hancock family, in one of which is said to have been stored a roomful of money brought from France to pay the Continental troops. Crossing Hanover Street and turning into Salem Street, we enter the Jewish quarters. Not far away, on North Bennett Street, we find the house in which lived the famous Mathers, Increase Mather and his son, Cotton Mather. Crossing over to the old North Square we see the home of Paul Revere, and farther on toward the north the

oldest house in Boston, the Tremere House, built before 1674. On the southern corner of Sheafe Street stood, till within a few years, the house in which lived Robert Newman, the sexton of the Old North Church, who hung the lanterns in the tower for Paul Revere.

Not far away is Copp's Hill, famous for its burying-ground. Here lie the Mathers and some of Massachusetts' early Governors, and here are to be seen many quaint and curious inscriptions. One is of a child, six months old, who, we are told, "bore a long and painful illness with patience, and met the King of Terrors with a smile." On this hill General Gage had his headquarters during the battle of Bunker Hill.

But the most interesting place to visit in this part of the city is the Old North or Christ Church, from whose tower were hung the famous signal lanterns. Within we notice many interesting things,—the high-backed box pews, the slaves' gallery, the "vinegar Bible," the communion service given by King George II., the old organ case with the bronze cherubim in front, captured from a French privateer, and the quaint decorations. This was said to have been, when it was built, the most magnificent church in the country. The chimes in the tower, brought from England in 1744, were the first in America. Here also is a bust of Washington, the first ever made. It stands directly in the window out of which faithful Robert Newman leaped that famous night after he had hung the signal lanterns for Revere. Running across the back-

lot to his home, he contrived to be in bed and apparently very sound asleep when the angry Britishers came thundering at his door to know who had betrayed them.

After seeing the Old North Church we cannot help wanting to visit next the Old South. This stands upon the site of Governor Winthrop's house. Here were held many exciting town meetings in Revolutionary times. One of these meetings resulted in the Boston Tea Party. The building is used now as a museum of Revolutionary relics. Near by, on Milk Street, may be seen the site of Franklin's birthplace. At the corner of School Street is the "old corner bookstore," built in 1712. On Washington Street we see the old State House, from the balcony of which the Declaration of Independence was read to the people standing in the street below. Turning up Court Street we see the old Court House, which stands on the site of the prison in which Captain Kidd was once confined.

Going up South Market Street we come to the famous "Cradle of Liberty," Faneuil Hall. Here, too, were enacted some of the most stirring scenes of Revolutionary times. Here Wendell Phillips thundered forth his first anti-slavery speech. It is a curious fact that when this building was partially destroyed by fire in 1761 it was rebuilt from the proceeds of a lottery, each ticket for which bore the signature of John Hancock.

On leaving Faneuil Hall we find on the corner of Dock Square a little wooden building known as the Sun

Tavern, which is half a century older than Faneuil Hall, dating back to 1690. But our time is too limited to visit all the places of interest, for old Boston has almost unlimited power to charm. Here is King's Chapel, dating from 1749, and King's Chapel burying-ground, dating from 1630, in which lie buried Governor Winthrop, John Cotton, and Mary Chilton Winslow, the first woman to land from the Mayflower. Here were the homes of Phillips Brooks, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Lothrop Motley, Richard Henry Dana, Francis Parkman, William Ellery Channing, and multitudes of others. Here is the Athenæum, a great private library of nearly 200,000 volumes, among which is the library of George Washington. Here is the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the beautiful Y. M. C. A. building, the Art Museum, the Natural History rooms, magnificent Trinity Church of which Phillips Brooks was so long pastor, and the wonderful new Public Library, the largest free circulating library in the world and the most magnificently sheltered, the present structure having cost two and a quarter millions of dollars.

Well may Bostonians be proud of their city, and if her streets are crooked, let us remember that that is almost her greatest fault, and heed the advice of one of her devoted champions, who bids us "not to get mad even if you do see your back going round the corner in front of you." As another expresses it, "If Boston were as dead as some cities, it, too, would be well laid out."

"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE."

By J. B. Coy, '96.

THE world presents a picture to every man, varied by the lights and shadows of his own mind. The merchant, intent upon gain, sees first the lines of commerce. The historian, peering far into the background, discerns an ancient landmark. The scientist, surveying with a critic's eye, detects the varied pigments. But with the keenest perception of all, the poet gazes upon it, sees every beauty, notes every defect. With artistic touch and creative genius, he adds new beauties, and paints in words of living light all that is dearest to mankind.

Among the poets there is one whose genius outshines all others. Divining every human passion and impulse, he has created a world of his own. The characters of Shakespeare, and the burning words they utter, have lived, and will ever live, to stir men to nobler deeds and more heroic action. Endowed with this power, yet like the prophet of old, scarcely realizing the halo of light and truth which his name shall bring to all future ages, the poet exclaims, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

To us in the nineteenth century, living in the light of all acquired knowledge, and amid the splendors of past achievements, these words come with a special meaning.

We look out upon the world. We contrast the scenes of the present with those of the past. To-day the evolutionist, theologian, preacher, artist, and statesman, are all vieing with each other in depicting the highest truths. We

look back to former ages. We search for the men who have been most conspicuous in the world's progress. There is an object lesson in the two scenes; for while in the principles of evolution and theology, of reason and revelation, exists an uncertain gleam, down through the ages one principle remains the same. The men who shine as beacon lights along the shores of time, have been men of action. These men, impelled by no uncertain truth, have come in times of peril to the rescue of humanity.

Again we look out, and glance away from the scenes of reality to those of art. The play-house will serve our purpose, provided it be such as shall not dishonor the poet. Here again we are surrounded by the various classes of mankind. High and low, simple and profound, each has its representative. But during the progress of the play, let us observe those around us, let us compare the effects of art upon their minds, with those produced by the daily scenes of life.

If the artist has been true to nature, if the actor is alive to the ruling passions and impulses of men, we see life pictured in every phase. From the panorama of the landscape to the scenes of compassion and remorse, the vision passes before us.

Is the scientist here? Does he look on now, to see if he can trace upon the canvas every stroke of the brush, or is he stirred to the depths of his soul by a tragic recital? Has the preacher ventured hither? If so, does he rail at a Darwin or a Spencer? Is he oblivious to the fact that before him are their

representatives? Is he so enthralled by the tragedy that he has forgotten that every act, every scene, has its background? No, there is no such stupidity here. Even the rustic is acquainted with every effect, gives to each its proper value.

We turn again to the scenes of earth. How shall we be enabled to interpret life as clearly as does the poet and dramatist in the works of art? We face stern realities. How shall we be impelled to act as boldly in the crises of the present, as have the heroes in the past? There is but one interpretation, but one inspiration, "All the world's a stage." From the beginning of life to the end of eternity, is the world's great drama. Passing down the ages are the tragic scenes. Up from the graves of Christian martyrs, out from the fields of darkness, superstition, and cruelty, comes the call to action. This shall be the watchword. Sung by the poet, uttered by the orator, flaming in letters written in blood across the zenith of civilization, it shall lead us on in triumph, through the realm of mortals. This shall be the echo, sounding from the shores of time, past the vale of earthly scenes, to the gates of Paradise.

Fifty years ago, co-education in Oberlin College was considered the monster peril of the age. Now there are full fifty colleges where the sexes pursue the same course and recite in the same classes, with manifest advantage to both.

Poets' Corner.

LEGEND OF PROFILE ROCK.

Once there lived near Anaskootic,
 In the shadow of the forests
 By the side of the great river,
 A tall hunter, Musqueloowah.
 Brave was he, and great of stature.
 So the maidens of the north tribes,
 All the dark-haired, bright-eyed maidens,
 Longed to live within his wigwam,
 Longed to cook his fish and venison,
 Sighed to plant his corn and wild rice,
 But not these pleased Musqueloowah.
 He no squaw brought to his wigwam,
 Neither Tripping Toes, the mirthful;
 No, nor Arwagar, the Hawk's child.
 Many bear skins had her father,
 Many mink, and many beaver;
 Rich he was and she his darling,
 She, the fairest of all maidens.
 But our hunter cared not for her—
 Nor for any other maiden.

But one day he, in mid-winter,
 As he staggered through the snow-drifts,
 Through the whirling, blinding snow-drifts
 Sent by Epigee, tormentor
 Of all brave and skillful hunters,
 He was overcome and weary;
 For the deer upon his broad back
 Heavy was and hard to carry.
 And he sighed for red-hot porridge
 And his wigwam bright and cheery,
 Kept by Wahmassee, his mother.
 Then between the bending fir-trees,
 Bending low and heavy laden
 With their winter's pack of snow-flakes,
 Saw he through the bending branches
 A fair hand, that beckoned to him.
 Then there came into his cold heart
 A warm spark of love and longing;
 And he cried aloud unto it,
 "I will follow you, oh, White Hand!
 Where you lead I will not falter."
 And he rushed on through the forest;
 Came to end of trees and snow-drifts,
 Came to banks of Anaskootic;
 To the falls of the great river.
 Then he rushed into the torrent,
 Rushed into the surging waters,
 And their icy cold struck through him,
 Turned his heart to stone within him.
 Half way 'cross he gasped and faltered,

Groaned aloud in mighty anguish,
 Called upon the Hand to help him.
 But the form of the white maiden
 Fainter grew among the cloud lights,
 Rising ever high and higher.
 Thus the fairy vision vanished—
 Vanished with the clouds above him.
 And the Sun God, looking downward,
 Pitied his despairing struggles,
 Changed him to a mass of granite
 In the bosom of the river.
 But his face was ever changeless,
 Ever lifted toward the heavens,
 Watching for the Hand that came not,
 The White Hand of the Mist Maiden.

Years passed by, and many changes
 Came to man and came to nature.
 All the dusky race of nations
 Passed away to other places.
 And another race was seen here,
 Faces pale, and worn, and eager,
 Striving after gold or learning,
 Caring not for trees or freedom;
 Building, building, ever building
 With the trees cut from the forest,
 Till the forests were no longer,
 Only clumps of lonely young trees.

And they knew not Musqueloowah,
 This strange race of pale-faced people.
 For the Sun God had decreed it:
 None should see his face of granite
 Till an artist of the cities,
 Of the cities hot and crowded
 Which were placed along the river,
 On both banks of Anaskootic,
 Till an artist who was famous,
 One who loved the sun and freedom,
 Wandering by the Anaskootic,
 Near the great falls of the river,
 Placed his easel on the greensward
 And uplooking—saw the stone face!
 Saw the face of Musqueloowah!
 Then upon the canvas placed he
 Tree, and sky, and foaming river,
 And the rock within its bosom.
 Then against the sky outstanding
 Traced the features of the hunter,
 And the clouds high in the heavens
 White as hand of the Mist Maiden.
 Very skilful was the artist,
 With a soul to feel the beauty

In the rock and in the river,
 In the dark trees of the West Pitch
 And the mills in mist and distance.
 Profile Rock was called the picture,
 And into our hall we brought it,
 We, the members of Polymnia;
 And upon our walls we hung it,
 There to be "a joy forever,"
 Both to us and those succeeding.

—S. M. B., '98.

LINES WRITTEN DURING A HEAVY THUNDER STORM.

The storm is coming on apace,
 God's arrows swift are flashing;
 The waves leap wildly in the bay,
 With their foam the dark rocks dashing.

The mighty elms before the blast
 Like stalks of wheat are bending,
 While peal on peal of thunder loud
 The atmosphere is rending.

Down falls the rain in perfect sheets,
 And loud the thunder crashes;
 The dull gray sky above is pierced
 With livid lightning flashes.

O, mighty is our God above,
 Who thus reveals his power;
 Well may we put our trust in him,
 However dark the hour.

The hand that guides the thunderbolt,
 That splits the forest giant,
 Once touched the humble blind man's
 eyes
 With fingers, soft and pliant.

Yes, mighty is the God we serve,
 And yet how kind and tender!
 O, let us give our lives, our all,
 In one complete surrender!

—A. B. H., '96.

LIFE.

They say that life is short. 'Tis better so;
 For if the sands move quickly, quicker comes
 The end of all this wearying, worthless toil,
 The end of all these sad heart-longings after
 things

That, never satisfying, drag us down.
 And what is life? Thus each one asks himself
 Yet cannot answer. Life is still unsolved.
 Part clouds, part sunshine—life and death in
 one;

And through it all in one long file appear
 Bright hopes that vanish, dreams that ne'er
 come true,

And things that, dying, never, never die,
 But live, a haunting memory in the mind,
 Till Death approaches, and far off we hear
 The whispers of a great Eternity.

—L'ECRIVAILLEUR, '9—.

A little sunshine, falling through the trees,
 Will make a flower in brighter beauty grow;
 A word of kindness from a friend we love
 Makes glad the heart that else is filled with
 woe.

—L. D. T., '96.

College News and Interests.

LOCALS.

Daylight doesn't seem conducive to
 enthusiasm in declamation.

R. L. Thompson, '96, is very sick
 with typhoid fever at his home in
 Lisbon.

Quite a number of the students
 attended the State Y. M. C. A. Con-
 vention at Bath.

Hear the flutter of the mock pro-
 gramme; now listen for the patter of
 the facultorial shingle.

Was it Prof. Strong's whistle that
 called the two policemen to the scene
 at the quarry the other day?

A reception was given to the stu-
 dents, in the vestry of the Main Street
 Free Baptist Church, Thursday, Octo-
 ber 24th, which was enjoyed by many.

Bates is like an overgrown boy. Its clothes are not large enough. Will some one please give us another "splice?"

Rev. Dr. Bowen of Providence, R. I., recently lectured in the chapel on "The Golden Age of Western Asia."

A reception was given to the Christian Associations of the college by the students of the Divinity and Training Schools, Monday evening, October 28th.

The union prayer-meetings continue to grow in interest, and would doubtless grow in numbers also were not the limit already reached. The need of a larger room is felt keenly.

Mr. C. to Professor of Geology—"Isn't peat what is commonly called muck?" Professor—"Yes, it is called so by farmers." Great amusement and applause on the part of the class.

A Good Citizens' Club is being organized, with Mr. Skillings, '97, as President, and Mr. Tukey, '98, as Secretary. Its motive is certainly a worthy one, and the club ought to be well supported.

A literary society has been organized by students of the Divinity School and Training School, with officers as follows: Mr. Keith, President; Mr. Jefferson, Vice-President; Mr. Dark, Secretary; Mr. Paige, Treasurer.

The capacity of the college seats in the Main Street Church is frequently pretty well taxed. Other churches have also larger delegations. If we are learning that it is not beneath our dignity to go to church we are indeed advancing.

Receipt for a foot-ball report in newspaper: 3 ounces fact, 7½ quarts

slang, 3 slight puffs, 6 roasts, mixed with enough bluff to fool those who don't know the game. The writer must be sure to favor the team the farthest away from home.

The foot-ball practice, which languished for a few days last week, is more successful than ever. A strong second eleven is indispensable to the proper training of the first. This is what we have had lately, and the first team have improved rapidly in the last few days.

The Freshman Class welcomes a new arrival, Mr. Willard K. Batchelder of East Wilton. The class now numbers seventy-eight, forty young men and thirty-eight young ladies. Three more members are expected. We shall be pleased if the class increases to ninety-nine.

In the midst of a rather wandering and indefinite recitation by Mr. P. in regard to the geological formations of Scandinavia, Professor suddenly inquires, "Where is Scandinavia?" "In South America," answers Mr. P., and goes to the head of the class in geography.

On one of the beautiful autumn days, when it is bliss to be alive and out of doors, the Sophomores took a barge ride to Sabatis Mountain. One of the events was a ball game between the occupants of the two barges, with Professor Hartshorn as umpire. The same day the Freshmen visited Lake Grove, and enjoyed the usual climb to the summit of Mt. Gile, and the boating and other attractions of this resort.

The Freshmen have elected the following officers: President, Greely; Vice-President, Calhoun; Secretary, Miss Knapp; Treasurer, Pomeroy; Member of College Council, Fuller; Chairman of Devotional Committee, Calhoun.

Among the recent gifts from the alumni to the library are:

Lowell's Works, 12 volumes.
Whittier's Prose Works, 3 volumes.
Whittier's Life and Letters, 2 volumes.
Huxley's Essays, 7 volumes.
Contemporary Science Series, 5 volumes.
Marion Crawford's Works, 21 volumes.

The last-named set was given by the Class of '91.

The benefit concert, recently given in support of foot-ball, was very pleasing to those who heard it. The vocalists, Mr. Horne and Mrs. Lufkin, are among the finest in the two cities. Miss Bartlett's violin solos delighted the audience. The readings by Professor Osgood and Miss Douglass were of a very high order of merit. Miss Starbird, the well-known organist, accompanied the musical selections. Mr. Clinton, '96, gave a character sketch, and Samson, '97, played the clarinet *in toto* and by sections. The concert certainly deserved a larger audience.

The sun shines brightly in the sky,
The grass grows green below;
The streamers gaily ride the breeze—
But why is all this woe?

The wily Soph has swiped the rag!
And quickly fled away.
The Freshies hustle after him,
As wolves pursue their prey.

And now they scrap beneath the trees.
Great Cæsar! how they fight!
Apollo, hide thy cheering beams
In the dusky sheath of night.

And tell the priest to quickly come
Before their spirits flee.
Engage that truckman over there
To haul off the *débris*.

But, what is this! The fight is o'er,
And not a man the worse?
No soul has left its body yet,
No body in the hearse?

The Sophs and Freshies stand around,
And laugh aloud with glee!
And all around not a single trace
Of hatred can I see.

But laughter, jokes, and pleasant words
Are all that I can hear.
Each class extols the other's power,
Glad that it showed no fear.

Left to themselves the boys of Bates
These things can well adjust,
As well at least as if all were sent
Far away to rust—icate.

The first foot-ball game of the season was played with Dartmouth, Saturday, October 12th, at Hanover. It was wet and slippery, rain falling continually throughout the game. Two halves, one of 20 and the other of 10 minutes, were played, the game resulting in a score of Dartmouth 38, Bates 0. It is lamentable that the team didn't make a better showing, but there was some excuse for its weakness. Dartmouth has a very strong team and her line is very heavy, while the Bates team averaged only 157 pounds. Bates's coaching had not prepared her to withstand the style of game played by Dartmouth and there was a great lack of team play. The Dartmouth interference was almost perfect, and Bates's linemen, as well as her backs, learned much from their opponents.

The Freshman-Sophomore ball game this year was, on the whole, the best played class game which any of us have

witnessed. ('96, of course, played better in her games than either side, but her opponents always spoiled the effect.) The din and confusion did not have much effect on the Freshmen, and they finally won by a score of 11 to 9. This has not happened before for a dozen years, although one Sophomore class failed to challenge. The '99-ers of course celebrated, meeting that evening at the home of Miss Alice Lord on Webster Street. The Juniors also felt symptoms of hilarity, and took occasion to vent their enthusiasm by a gathering with Miss Hanson in Auburn. The Sophs, notwithstanding their defeat, claim to have had the "best time yet" at their party, at the residence of Deacon Cook, on College Street, where Miss Sadie Brackett entertained. All's well that ends well.

The interest in tennis this fall has been good. In the fall tournament the number of entries in singles was 19, doubles, 11. The following are the scores :

SINGLES.

PRELIMINARIES.

Burrill, '97, beat Conant, '98, 9-7, 7-5.
Milliken, '97, beat Gilman, '97, 3-6, 6-0, 6-3.
Boothby, '96, beat Hubbard, '97, by default.

FIRST ROUND.

Pulsifer, '99, beat Millett, '99, 6-2, 7-5.
Greely, '99, beat Davidson, '98, 6-0, 6-4.
Knowlton, '98, beat Bruce, '98, 8-6, 3-6, 6-3.
Burrill beat Milliken, 6-0, 7-5.
Boothby beat Tetley, '99, 6-2, 6-1.
Hinkley, '98, beat Tobien, '97, 6-4, 3-6, 9-7.
Norton, '96, beat Berryman, '96, 7-5, 6-2.
Quinn, '99, beat Wakefield, '98, by default.

SECOND ROUND.

Pulsifer beat Greely, 6-2, 9-7.
Burrill beat Knowlton, 6-2, 8-6.
Norton beat Quinn, 6-2, 6-1.
Boothby beat Hinkley.

SEMI-FINALS.

Burrill beat Pulsifer, 6-3, 6-2.
Boothby beat Norton, 6-2, 6-0.

FINALS.

Burrill beat Boothby, 6-3, 6-1, 6-3.

The doubles have been played as far as finals, in which Boothby, '96, and Milliken, '97, are to play Pulsifer and Quinn, '99. The ladies' tourney equaled the other in number of entries and interest, and some very fine playing has been done. The scores :

PRELIMINARIES.

Miss Tasker, '98, beat Miss Smith, '98, by default.
Miss Cobb, '97, beat Miss Chase, '97, 6-1, 6-4.

FIRST ROUND.

Miss Hanson, '97, beat Miss Buzzell, '97, by default.
Miss Knapp, '99, beat Miss Hewins, '99, 6-4, 6-4.
Miss Hayes, '99, beat Miss Chase, '99, 6-1, 6-2.
Miss Perkins, '98, beat Miss Whittum, '99, by default.
Miss Cobb, '97, beat Miss Tasker, '98, 7-5, 6-3.
Miss Cross, '96, beat Miss Miller, '96, by default.
Miss Gay, '99, beat Miss Weymouth, '98, 6-2, 6-0.
Miss Coan, '99, beat Miss Prescott, '96, by default.

SECOND ROUND.

Miss Perkins beat Miss Hayes, 6-2, 4-6, 6-2.
Miss Cobb beat Miss Cross, 7-5, 0-6, 6-1.
Miss Gay beat Miss Coan, by default.

The Seniors boarded the Gypsy Queen on the morning of October 10th, bound for—well, they didn't know where. Professor Strong and his geological hammer accompanied the expedition, but of course the latter did not need to be used as a gavel to interrupt any proceedings which were out of order, and certainly not, like the rabbit's foot of Puritanic times, to wake any sleeping youth. Everything went well until a defective place in the roadway caused a break-down, which

the geological hammer, without materials to work with, proved inadequate to repair. So most of the party trudged along for five miles through a dense wilderness; but as it was mid-day, and the glowing autumn leaves and bracing air were all around, this was a most enjoyable part of the trip. The food kindly furnished in large quantities by the young ladies was voraciously consumed along the roadside. Geological formations were noted, and we really learned a great deal in this line. On this part of the road we are able to report beech-nuts fairly plentiful, and the apple crop, at that particular time, good but rapidly decreasing in quantity. Two couples remained on board the barge, and stated that they enjoyed themselves in a manner quite 'out of sight.' This is probably due to the fact that only one house was near the road during the whole distance. At West Minot a blacksmith's shop was found, and the repaired vehicle with its load resumed the journey. The next halt was made at a quarry, where several quite rare minerals are found. Then Hebron Academy was visited, and Principal Sargent showed us about the new and handsomely fitted-up buildings. By this time the shades of night were falling fast, so, with hearty cheers for the Academy and its principal, we started to retrace our journey. Nothing peculiar happened during the return which would be of interest to the "general reader," but the singing, shouting, and the geological, psychological, and especially the theological discussions were kept up with unabated

vigor. All arrived at their destination at such a time that we hope the ten-o'clock rule was not shattered.

Several students trembled and turned pale, when a speaker in one of the societies stated that sometime we would be obliged to pass a test in order to qualify for voting. We respectfully request the legislators to postpone any action on this subject till we all reach our majority.

A Selection for the Primer.

What is this? It is a card. Why does the man tear his hair when he sees the card? Be-cause he is a pro-fess-or. See the boys that crowd a-round the card. Why do they all laugh so? Be-cause they are stu-dents and they can see a joke. Are they all Soph-mores? O no; the ones who laugh the most are Fresh-men. I like to see a man laugh at a joke. He looks pleas-ant-er than when tear-ing his hair.

A traveling scholarship of \$2,000 has been founded at Columbia with the condition attached that the holder must spend two years abroad, most of which must be passed in Italy and Greece.

The Harvard Faculty has passed the following vote: "Hereafter musical and dramatic performances by students are not allowed, except in places to which and from which students can travel in one day."

A new departure in college journalism has been taken by the University of California. It issues an illustrated comic paper, the drawings being furnished by students, and contains editorials, jokes, and humorous sketches.



"I Cannot Tell a Lie."

TRUTH has been the subject of much discussion in the Psychology Class lately. While some argue that only in the case of war or highway robbery is the intention and act of deceiving justifiable, there are others who strenuously maintain that all is fair in love as well as war. But the crisis came when the topic was reached in which mention was made of the question: "Are you willing to be damned for the glory of God?" which now seems so shocking, but which was formerly one of the regular inquiries made of candidates for the ministry. The "doubting Thomas" immediately became deeply interested, and inquired of the professor, "Do they ask that question now?" He appeared much relieved when the prompt answer came, "You needn't hesitate a moment on that

TRUTH.

account, Mr. T—, they do not ask it now." It is still a question in some of our minds whether the Senior was moved by a fear lest some of his classmates be tempted, or really was seized with a sudden good resolution. Perhaps Class-Day and the tenor of the address to undergraduates may throw light on the matter.

This is an age of reforms. Now, we wish to be up with the times. We wish to advertise new departures. So it has been decided that in the post-meridional portion of the day, to be sure, but before the radiant orb has completed his journey and, by so altering his position that the terrestrial sphere intervenes between himself and the inhabitants of that section of Christendom which we occupy, and thus excluding from that section the illumination which his beams produce, instead of as formerly, after this change, commonly denominated the setting of the sun, the declamatory exercises of the class which is now pursuing the studies of the initial part of the curriculum shall be held. We think this an appropriate place and a fitting occasion to explain some of the advantages which various classes of interested individuals perceive in the novel arrangement. First, this will prevent the wily and

wicked Soph and the merciless yagger from stealing about under cover of the nocturnal umbrage, and annoying or injuring the innocent, unsophisticated and defenceless Fresh. Many other benefits might be adduced, but as space is limited, we will simply mention the one which appeals most strongly and deeply to the feelings of the mass of students. This is the suppression of a practice which they say originated as long ago as year before last. It has leaked out that since that time young men and ladies have sometimes, after the close of the exercises, perambulated to the domiciles of the ladies in each other's company! A large number feel such a condemnation of this sort of actions that they have silently passed a resolution commending the new regulation. The excitement is really something which must be observed to be understood. The evil practice must be abolished, say the students, and a great many are willing to resort to any means to stop it.

Now it came to pass in the second year of King George, in the ninth month and the twenty-first day of the month, that the strong men and men of valor of the tribe of Sophites sent unto the tribe of the Freshites, saying: "What have we to do with you? Come now and we will go up against you, and so do unto us and more, also, if we do not wipe you all over the diamond." And the Freshites answered as with one accord: "We will come."

Now these Freshites were lately come into the land. They had been chief

men in their own country, and there was anxiety in the hearts of those who had been longer in the land lest they should attempt to be rulers and princes in this country. The Sophites were especially troubled. "How now! will not even water quench their zeal?" And so they went up against them in the plain called the ball-ground.

Neither were the other tribes unmoved in the matter, for lo! when the day came, not only did the Sophites, both men and women, encamp on the plain; but the ancient and reverend tribe of Seniorites came forth in all their splendor and moved through the midst of the gathering Freshites to the camp of the Sophites. And it was so that, as they came near, all they of the camp of the Sophites arose and gave them welcome.

Not only these, but the Juniorites also, after allowing time enough so that no one could accuse them of being swift, came quietly upon the plain. And it was so that when the Seniorites saw them they feared lest they should go astray, as none of the elders were there to guide them; so they arose quickly and went to meet the little band of Juniorites, and led them to where the Freshite maidens awaited them. And behold, the maidens were so moved by this courtesy that they arose and saluted them as they went past.

Then communed together certain of the men of valor of the Sophites, and thus they reasoned together: "Go to, now, let us stir up these Freshites a little, or peradventure they will be as slow as their allies. Then arose one of their number; strong and mighty in

battle was he; swift of foot and tall of stature, and gat himself behind the camp of the Freshites, and quietly gathered in their banner and departed. Then was there such a hurrying to and fro, and running up and down in the plain, and calling one to another, as has not been seen for years. And yet for all they could do the Freshites could get nothing but a little narrow strip of the banner, as it were but a hand-breadth. However, one of the Juniorites saw a goodly piece of head-covering and made off with it, with many a glance behind, lest some big Sophite should drop on him.

But time would fail to speak of all the matter: of the Freshite, slow of movement but mighty of limb, who smilingly walked off with a small army on his back; of the Sophite whose garments parted in twain even in the hottest of the fray; of the Juniorite who got surrounded and had to fight in self-defence; of the Freshite who tried to get the Sophite banner; of the Sophite maidens who defended it so bravely.

But yet the contest on "the diamond" was not decided. The tide of battle waged hot. In spite of phenomenal pitching of the Freshites, and phenomenal errors in the left vineyard, the Sophites gained on their verdant opponents. Then mused within himself Frederick, who was one of the judges of the contest: "Will they who have taken the banner take away the victory also?" Now this Freddie was a crafty man, and he said within himself: "Lo! I will entrap them in a snare, and with guile will I obtain the victory." And

it was done; for by a technicality was the game decided. Then did Freddie get great honor among the maidens, and a reception was given to him, "for was he not the man who got for us the victory?"

Now the rest of the acts of these tribes and all that they did on that day, are they not all written and much more also, in the books of the histories of these nations?

The Home Baptists.

In the good days of our fathers
 (Antique days, now decked with cobwebs,)
 Dwelt there on the isle of England
 A peculiar sect of Christians,
 Who rebelled against the dogmas
 And the old established doctrines
 Of the church their sires attended;
 Thought they ought to have more freedom
 And more liberty in worship;
 Crossed in ships the fierce Atlantic,
 Landed on our storm-tossed sea-board
 One cold morning in November,
 In a place called Massachusetts,
 On a big, rough Plymouth boulder.
 Pushing back the hostile savage,
 They built sheds for meeting-houses,
 Worshiped as the conscience prompted—
 Founders of religious freedom.

Many changes have transpired
 Since the landing of the Pilgrims.
 From the little church they founded
 In their little shed-roofed buildings,
 From their worship and their doctrines
 Have grown our denominations:
 Methodist, Episcopalian,
 Baptist, Catholic, and Advent,
 And innumerable others—
 But we haven't time to name them.

But the church that with the student
 Far eclipses all the others,
 Where the sermons never tire
 (For there are no long discourses),
 Tolling bell or pealing organ
 Never grate upon the senses,
 This the church for college students,
 Senior, Junior, Sophie, Freshie,

This the church for weary mortals—
'Tis the liberal "Home Baptist."

Roger Williams or John Calvin
Ne'er had half so large a following,
Different names in different places
May be given to its members.
But they follow the same programme
And they swallow the same doctrine.
Should you hunt the wide world over
You would find them all "Home Baptists."

Yes, its growth has been appalling,
For of late years college students
Have enlisted in large numbers
'Neath its banners; and its motto,
"*Dum dormimus dormeamus,*"
Is now on the lips of thousands.

But the home branch on the campus
Has of late met with disaster,
Lost some influence and members
By a facultorial action.
For one deacon hath been summoned
To explain the rules and doctrines,
And reveal the profound secrets
Of its inward mechanism.
Then he told them his experience,
How for three long years he'd ever
Been a true, faithful attendant.
That the reason for his joining
Was that every Sabbath morning
He was tired out and weary,
And church sermons were oppressive;
That he liked home service better,
Where, as did the Pilgrim Fathers,
He might worship with more freedom
Underneath his vine and fig tree."
And as to the form of service
There was none so well adapted
To the need of every student
As the good Home Baptist ritual.
Bible reading was indulged in;
Chants and songs of praise from Glee Books;
Next a Psychologic treatise
By some able theologian,
Followed by a penny offering
In the aid of needy Juniors,
While a gallon of new cider
And the popular "Yale Mixture"
Lent the scene their balmy odor;
Helped to keep the choir from dozing
And their voices free from hoarseness.
Never was there such a service
As the liberal "Home Baptists."
Yes, the services are pleasant,
But they are "extremely naughty."

"Idle sect," exclaimed one critic;
"Very bad," admit the others,
"And this matter must be dealt with
Lest the sect so greatly increase
That we have to close our churches."

Since that time a month of Sundays
One by one have slowly glided
To the distant past, forever;
And as Sabbath suns, uprising,
Cast their beams of radiant glory
Into Parker Hall's back windows,
One by one the dormant students
Rise and don their Sunday vestments,
Hasten every preparation.
Glad are they to turn their footsteps
To the church where spires point Heaven-
ward,
And the long and tedious sermon
Lulls once more their weary members
Into calm and quiet slumbers.
Nunc in pace requiesce!
Destitute is the Home Baptist.

Our peaceful and soul-quieting sur-
roundings which, but a few months gone,
we left, to seek recreation in the fitful
lights and shadows of the moonlit beach
or revel in the cosmopolitan delights of
the metropolis, have been strangely and
suddenly upheaved by the arrival of a
caravan of strange and wonderful beings
who have taken up their quarters with
us, as a place of permanent abode.

A conquering host comes not unher-
alded. Divers rumors of mighty com-
motion, of sights and sounds within the
earth, the sky, and the waters which
surround the earth had reached our
philosophical retreats ere this; but,
like Archimedes and his circles of sand,
our own meditations had so completely
absorbed us as to render us unconscious
of imminent danger.

The newly evolved species of woman
is a most wonderful creature. The
rigor of her self-imposed, Spartan-like
simplicity imparts a feeling of terror to
stricken spectators who gaze in wonder

at a once familiar landmark, now bristling like a fortress, with a member of this female democracy at every port-hole. No sight or image of the unprogressive sex is permitted to darken the doors or repose in the alcoves of this mysterious abode. The appliances of modern invention embodied in the swift conductivity of the mysterious fluid heated to incandescence are sufficient to terrify the most gallant representative of advanced co-education. Imagine a pleasant evening, when a maiden, wearied of this rigorous rule, has stolen away unheeded to experience the delights of the outer world. Her absence is noted. When soft footfalls are heard on the walk outside, the wrathful females pour forth and secure their recreant sister, while her terrified escort is suddenly enveloped in the shades of night.

The unfortunate member is thereupon summoned before a tribunal of her peers, convicted of "grand, unwarrantable insubordination and unpardonable weakness in yielding to unlicensed allurements," and condemned to solitary confinement for one month. Nothing but the clemency of the "chief justice and grand administratrix" avails to lighten

the sentence of the unhappy damsel. Like the Amazons of old, these female warriors exhibit an intrepidity and independence of conduct entirely unprecedented in the history of the nineteenth century woman. Their serried ranks may frequently be seen, marshaled upon the draw-bridge of the castle, or dispersed among the outposts of their domain. Archery and rifle practice render them formidable opponents at all seasons. The loftiest heights of arboreal vegetation present no obstacle to their ever upward progress. The Pegasus of the modern world, clad in mail of steel and rubber, bears them hither and thither at their own sweet will. Stretched in careless attitudes upon the green turf, they pursue their scientific investigations, undisturbed by curious and far-distant spectators.

One conclusion is inevitably forced upon us. The advance guard of the twentieth century woman has arrived. The epoch has already commenced when man shall give way before the ever onward march of the new woman, and go down into the dust and oblivion of by-gone ages, under the all-pervading splendor of her universal sway.

Alumni Department.

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

PERSONALS.

'68.—Prof. O. C. Wendall of Harvard University has been engaged in important astronomical calculations based upon the observations of the moon's eclipse which occurred September 3d.

'72.—At Washington, D. C., at noon, Wednesday, September 25th, Mr. George Herbert Stockbridge, a patent lawyer of New York, and Miss Louise Adele Marguerite Von Rodenstein were married. St. Thomas's Church was the scene of the event, and the Rev. W.

C. Ware performed the ceremony. The bride is a daughter of the late Charles Frederick Von Rödénstein. Dr. Louis Von Rodenstein, the founder of the Manhattan Dispensary and Hospital in New York, gave her away. Mr. Wm. M. Stockbridge, nephew of the bridegroom, was his best man, and Messrs. W. H. Morse, William McNeil Fairfax, Charles M. Catlin, and Charles Edward Rice were the ushers. The groom is a graduate of Bates College and a brother of Mr. N. B. Stockbridge of Lewiston.—*Lewiston Journal*, September 28.

'73.—President James H. Baker, LL.D., of Colorado University, has an article, "Educational Values," in the *Educational Review* for October.

'73.—E. A. Smith, Esq., is one of the editors of the *Spokesman Review*, Spokane, Washington, and author of the Smith family proverbs, which appear weekly in that paper. We will quote several of these proverbs for the benefit of our readers: "Uncertainty gives zest to life." "A lucky guess passes for good judgment." "There is exquisite grace about some lying." "Some have too many irons in the fire, many too few." "There is more fun in downing the other fellow than in getting the office yourself." "It gives more joy to collect a bill from one sinner than from twenty righteous men who pay on sight."

'73.—N. W. Harris, Esq., of Auburn, was a delegate from the Maine Benefit Life Association to the national convention of assessment life insurance companies at Atlanta, Ga.

'74.—Hon. F. L. Noble, Esq., is

counsel for the plaintiff in a \$10,000 suit brought by a deputy sheriff of Cumberland County, against the *Portland Express*.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear, Esq., will be a candidate for the Republican Congressional nomination at the next third district convention.

'77.—Superintendent G. A. Stuart of Lewiston, was one of the speakers before the Androscoggin County Teachers' Association, at the recent convention held at Turner.

'77.—H. W. Oakes, Esq., formerly County Attorney of Androscoggin County, has won new honors on the base-ball field. In a recent game between the business men of Lewiston and those of Auburn, Mr. Oakes officiated as pitcher for the Auburn team and succeeded in winning one of his old-time victories.

'79.—At a banquet given by the Oxford County Bar in honor of Judge Strout of the Maine Supreme Court, E. M. Briggs, Esq., of Lewiston, was one of the prominent speakers of the evening.

'81.—G. L. Record, Esq., is a member of the law firm of Bacot & Record, No. 1 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, N. J.

'82.—Stephen Arthur Lowell, Esq., of Pendleton, Oregon, has been appointed by the Governor of that state to the important position of Circuit Judge of Oregon, a preferment in which a host of friends in Lewiston and Auburn will heartily concur. Mr. Lowell is only 36 years of age, a graduate of Bates College, and a half-brother of ex-Mayor W. G. Lowell of

Auburn. He studied law with Judge Wing of Auburn; was admitted to the Bar in Androscoggin County; went West some seven or eight years ago, and has risen rapidly by his own brilliant talents and attainments to a leading position in that state. He is a finished speaker, a studious and thorough lawyer, and a young man of marked dignity and uprightness. While in Auburn, he was prominent in local and county politics and was active in many ways. In Oregon he has been frequently mentioned for high office. His appointment to a judgeship is looked upon with favor in that state by all parties. The courts in Oregon are somewhat different from ours in Maine, the Circuit judgeships corresponding exactly to our Supreme Court judgeships, and having jurisdiction to the same extent, both in civil and criminal cases. The salary is about the same as in this state. The appointment was reported to Judge Whitehouse at the session of the Supreme Court in Auburn, Monday, it being stated that a member of the Androscoggin Bar had been appointed as a judge in Oregon. The court announced it publicly and it was the subject of congratulation.

—*Lewiston Journal*, October 7.

'84.—Lieut. M. L. Hersey, 12th Infantry, U. S. A., formerly military instructor at Maine State College, has rejoined his regiment at Fort Niobrara, Nebraska.

'85.—F. A. Morey, Esq., was one of the plaintiff's attorneys in the sensational *Randall vs. Randall* case, tried at the October term of the Supreme Court in Auburn.

'87.—Prof. J. R. Dunton, of the Lewiston High School, delivered an address before the Androscoggin County Teachers' Association, at its recent convention held at Turner.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow, formerly pastor of the Congregational Church at Westerly, R. I., has been installed pastor of the Congregational Church at Lynn, Mass.

'88.—Passers-by on Fairview Avenue, Highlands, have lately noticed in the neighborhood of Sixth Street a group of buildings in course of erection which attracted more than casual attention, and excited comment because of extent and architectural beauty. Too extensive for a private residence and in a location and of a too particularly attractive character to be a public building, it has excited much curiosity and kept street car conductors and residents of the vicinity busy answering inquiries concerning it and its object. The simple name of this group of buildings is "The Home," and it is the successful outcome of the labors of Rev. Frederick W. Oakes, rector of All Saints Episcopal Church, Highlands, in behalf of seekers after health. The Home is a unique institution, and Mr. Oakes is authority for the assertion that there is none other like it anywhere in the world. It is not a sanitarium, a hospital, a boarding-house, or a hotel, but a home for a certain class of consumptives who seek the advantages of the climate of Colorado to restore their broken health. People of culture and refinement, of brains and education, who are victims of this wasting disease, have been

compelled to put up with the accommodations offered to ordinary tourists when seeking health, or else become inmates of a hospital, or its near neighbor, a sanitarium. These conditions aroused the sympathy of Mr. Oakes, and he set to work to obtain the means to provide a real home, with all the comforts and advantages of such a place, for the sufferers he had in mind. What measure of success he has achieved may be seen by a visit to the splendid institution in Highlands, now nearly completed and ready to receive its guests. The Home occupies an entire block of ground, 386 feet square, fronting on Fairview Avenue, in the most sightly portion of that thoroughfare. It is situated on a rise of ground which commands a magnificent view of the mountains and of the city, on the highest part of the heights of North Highlands, and is entirely free from the smoke and other disagreeable conditions that prevail elsewhere. There are three buildings, all connected by a covered cloister or colonnade, the center one facing Fairview Avenue and the others flanking it on each side with their lengths along the side streets. The buildings are of yellow brick and two stories in height, of the New England or Northern colonial style of architecture, and cost over \$100,000, finished and furnished. Their beauty of design and arrangement, with the colonnades, verandas, walks, and drives, and a little imagination added concerning the appearance of the grounds after a season's work on them, fosters the illusion that the beholder is in the vicinity of Lenox,

Mass., rather than the new West. The central, or administration building, is called "Grace House," after Grace Church, New York. The cloister connects it on the left with "Emily House," for ladies only, and on the right with the exact counterpart of the other, "St. Andrews House," which is for men. Grace House contains the parlors, library, dining-rooms, and kitchens and other general apartments, and eleven suites of private apartments. Emily House and St. Andrews House contain parlors and thirty suites of private apartments each. The furnishing of the buildings is of the richest and most elaborate order, and nothing is omitted that would make the place more home-like or comfortable. The furniture is of quartered oak, upholstered in sole leather, and Wilton and Smyrna rugs and Wilton carpets cover the hard-wood floors. The walls are tinted in oils, the halls in light terra-cotta, the parlors and other general apartments in bird's-egg blue, and the sleeping rooms in white, and are adorned by costly etchings and paintings. The illumination is by electricity, and the fixtures and arrangements are of the latest patterns. The property is held in trust by the Episcopal church of Colorado, for the purposes set forth by Mr. Oakes, the projector of the enterprise, and the directors of The Home are Rev. F. W. Oakes, D. H. Moffat, and Dr. Samuel A. Fisk. The man who has caused this splendid institution to spring up out of the ground in so short a time, and which now throws open its doors free of any debt and ready to accom-

modate so many seekers after health, is a native of New Hampshire. F. W. Oakes graduated from Bates College, Lewiston, Me., and afterwards took a post-graduate course at Yale, finishing in 1891. He came West in 1892, and was in charge of a church at Leadville for seven months. Coming to Denver he was appointed by Bishop Spaulding, of the Episcopal diocese of Colorado, to be rector of All Saints Church. Six months after taking charge he has cleared off a \$10,000 obligation, and absolutely freed the church from debt. Then this work presented itself to him and he began to carry it out.—*Denver Republican*.

'92.—Rev. A. P. Davis has been called to the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at New Market, N. H.

'93.—A. P. Irving, formerly of Skowhegan, has been elected Superintendent of Schools at Rockland.

'93.—A foot-ball eleven has been organized at Monmouth Academy. E. W. Small, principal, will play halfback.

'93.—E. L. Haynes is principal of the High School at Kennebunk, Me.

'94.—Frank L. Callahan, formerly of '94, has been engaged as musical director of the new Parlor Theatre in Lewiston.

'95.—Miss C. M. King is teaching at Lisbon, N. H.

'95.—At the annual meeting of the Hancock County Teachers' Association, Miss G. L. Foster, of the Bar Harbor High School, read a paper on the subject "Physical Culture as an Element of Education."

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

This, books can do;—nor this alone; they give New views of life, and teach us how to live.

—Crabbe.

ABOUT a year ago, at the early age of forty-five, James Darmesteter, universally regarded, after the death of Renan, as the greatest scholar in France, died suddenly at his writing table. At that time plans were being made for the publication of his works in this country, and thus the volume which was intended to introduce this great essayist to American students, has become a memorial to his career now sadly closed. The book of "Selected Essays" includes some of his best thought and on various subjects. The son of a poor but ambitious Jew, thoroughly instructed in Jewish lore, Darmesteter early ac-

quired great knowledge of Hebrew literature; he then did remarkable work in Oriental philology, giving to France a translation of the "Zend-Avesta." He contributed largely to the world's knowledge of Sanskrit literature, of Latin philology, and of the Semitic tongues. The present volume contains seven essays, two of which were written originally in English; the other five have been translated from the French by Helen B. Jastrow. "The Prophets of Israel," a study of the Hebrew prophets in their historical relations, is full of dramatic force and fire, and is regarded as one of his most enduring productions. The essay on "The History of the Jews" has been given partly as an example of

the author's marvellous power of condensation. "Afghan Life and Afghan Song," deals most interestingly with a subject, fascinating through its remoteness and naturalness. "The Religion of the Future" is a study of the relation of science to religious ideals. The whole work is full of interest and value to the earnest student. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.75.)

"Four Years of Novel Reading," by Richard G. Moulton, Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago, is a new departure in the study of literature. The book is an account of four years' work of a novel-reading club formed in a mining town in England, and composed of scholars and working men and women. The object of the club was to encourage the systematic reading and study of classical novels; such reading and study as should apply to life the lessons of the novels, and lead to real thought the reader unaccustomed to concentrated mental effort. Professor Moulton's introduction to the book is a fine essay on "The Study of Fiction." His argument for fiction, from the analogy to experiments in science, is worthy of careful thought. His contention that "fiction is truer than

fact," is ably and sensibly supported. His plea for more thorough study of literature in school and college, is one that will, sooner or later, insist on being heard. The animated style of this essay is shown by the following: "A paradox is simply a truth standing on tiptoe to make itself seen." Following the essay is an outline of work done, in which twenty-five famous novels are taken up in a study outline, prepared for the club by different authorities, Prof. R. G. Moulton, Prof. W. F. Moulton, Stanley Weyman, Justin McCarthy, and others. Then follow brief essays by different authors on "Why is Charles Dickens a More Famous Novelist than Charles Reade?" "The Character of Clara Middleton," "Character Development in Romola." The unique little book is full of good things. (D. C. Heath; 50 cents.)

"The Whittier Year Book" is explained by its title; it can be appreciated only by the reader who follows it through the year, with its hopeful, consoling, or inspiring lines for every day, from our great interpreter of the human soul. With its dainty green and gold dress, and portrait of Whittier at seventy-three, it is an ideal gift book. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; \$1.00.)

College Exchanges.

In every work regard the writer's end;
For none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
—Pope.

I AND Myself sat down together the other evening to look over a pile of exchanges. I say I and Myself, because I had just been studying Psychology, and the fact of the existence of the different selves had so impressed itself upon my mind that I instinctively began to talk to Myself in regard to those magazines that must inevitably be looked over. "There is nothing in them but trash," I remarked loud

enough so that Myself could hear, as I hastily turned over the leaves of one after another. "No new thoughts—nothing but old ideas moulded over and over to fill up so many pages!" and I threw them all onto the floor in disgust.

"Whew!" exclaimed Myself, picking up the papers which I had dropped, and beginning to scan their contents. I settled back in my chair, placed my feet on the stove, and let Myself do the work undisturbed, while I pondered deeply on the hard lot of the editorial "We." An hour passed, and then I got up and, looking over the shoulder

of Myself, found that that worthy personage had clipped out the following verse-productions from the different magazines :

TALES OF THE SEA.

What is the tale ye tell, O waves,
As soft ye ripple on the sand?
Mayhap a mother's lullaby,
Half sighed in some far distant land.

Mayhap a lover's tale of joy,
Or song which bursts from happy breast,
To fill this world with gladness full,
Where many dwell by care opprest.

Hark! hear the billows roll and break
Against the storm-beat headlands grey!
What tell ye now, O raging waves,
From out the foam and dashing spray?

There come to me long tales of death
And wreck, and, 'mid the breakers' roar,
I see the lonely fisher's hut
Beside the dark and wind-swept shore.

The sea doth ever smile or rage,
Now sparkling 'neath the sunset's gold,
Now lashed and torn by stormy winds,
It ever tells its tale of old.

—T. J. B., in the *Brunonian*.

TO A COLLEGE FRIEND.

Among the hills and in their woodlands oaken,
Upon the lake, and on her islands fair,
The long, long summer glided on unbroken,
With thought and solitude that hovered there;
But now you wind along the crowded street,
Your days are spent beneath high dome and wall,
There's human life and strength in all you meet,
The human soul is there behind it all;
You mingled with yourself and nature then,
And felt her ever-living spirit o'er,
But now you think, you plan, you act with men,
And there's a spirit here unfelt before.
These are two worlds of life, soul, mystery—
Which deem you, friend, the better one to be?
—Wm. Ellery C. Leonard, in *University Beacon*.

STAMBULOFF.

July 20, 1895.

Why, let them tear the flowers from his corse
That was too holy for the garland-girth,
And let them fling the stones upon the earth
That covers him from them. Let foot and horse
Keep back the fury of the ruffian force
Until he lies there. Songs are nothing worth
To him whose song has tamed the tyrants' mirth
And turned the stars of empires from their course.

Nay, let the pale shades have him: earth is done.

The heaven-most circle Stambuloff has run.
Stand back and howl, ye brood of despot birth,

To-day your savior's bleeding hands you tear,
To-morrow, in your heart of hearts you wear
His name through weary years of long goddearth.

—Katharine Melick, in *University Monitor*.

A DREAM.

With blithesome laugh, so light and gay,
The dewy lawn she treads;
With 'witching glance, her lonely way
Thro' flow'ry paths she threads.
The maid bright flowers plucks in glee
As to my side she trips,
But brighter far appears to me
The tint of ruby lips.

With many a sly, coquettish pout,
She lifts her face to mine;
I see there lurks both fear and doubt
Within those eyes divine.
How fraught with love's transcendent bliss
Those fleeting moments seem!
Her ruby lips I strive to kiss,
And wake—'tis but a dream.

—Bowdoin *Orient*.

By this time I had begun to be somewhat interested and took up the *Harvard Monthly* for October. It is a "Founders' Number," the entire control being given over to those who composed the editorial staff of the first volume, ten years ago.

Several new friends have made their appearance this month, and I and Myself together tried to make their acquaintance. One of these, which we would especially notice, is the *University Monitor*, from the University of Nebraska. It is full of western enthusiasm and enterprise of which we hear so much, and we shall be glad to receive it regularly.

Laying down the *Monitor* we looked inside the *Mountaineer* and found quite an interesting "Letter from the Orient," being a description of travels in Palestine.

By this time I was getting sleepy, and as Myself was in nearly the same condition we tossed the exchanges all into one pile, and mutually agreed with Solomon that "much study is a weariness of the flesh."

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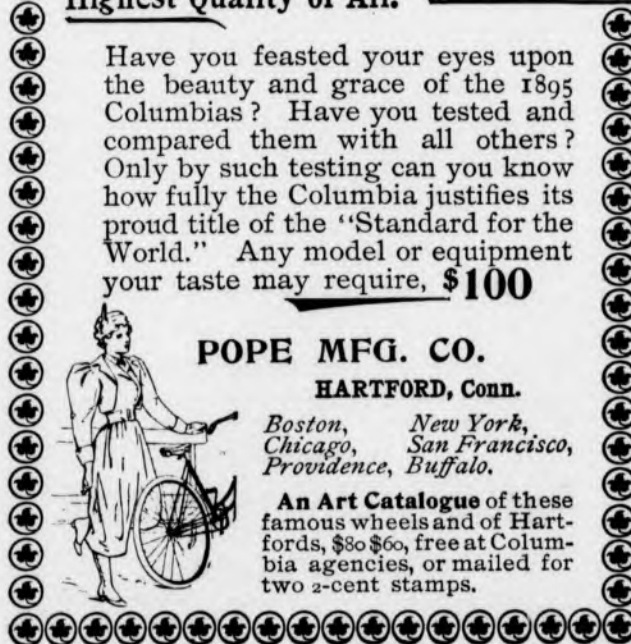
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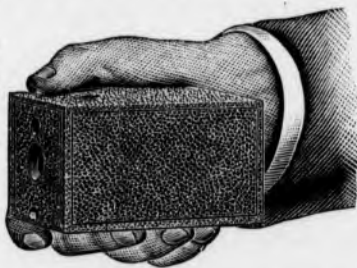
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