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Bates College

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The
Bates
Student

VOL. XXI.

No. 10.

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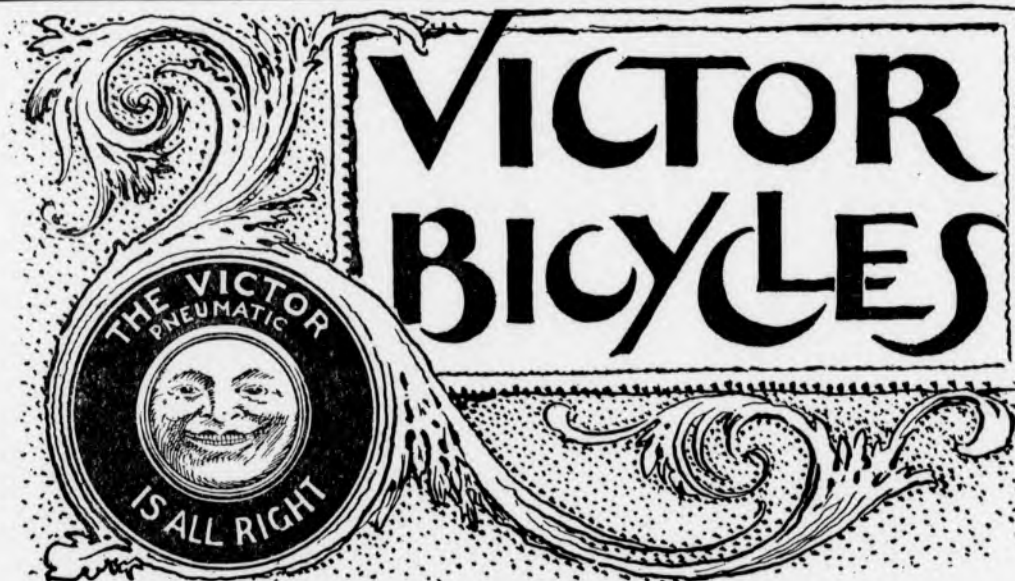
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VOLUME XXI.

THE
BATES STUDENT.

Published by the Class of '94,

BATES COLLEGE,

LEWISTON, MAINE.

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INDEX. VOL. XXI.

EDITORIALS.

	PAGE
JANUARY:	
¹ Our College Journal; ⁵ The College "Pluggers"; ⁶ The Lecture System of Conducting Recitations; ² Importance of Public Declamation; ⁴ Concentration in Reading; ³ The Literary Societies; ¹ Young Women's Dormitory.	1
FEBRUARY:	
¹ Life of Dr. Dennett; ⁵ Teaching During the College Course; ¹ The Interest of the Alumni in the College; ² The Summum Bonum; ⁴ The Society Debates; ⁶ The Need of a Chair of History and Economics at Bates.	29
MARCH:	
⁵ Social Life at Bates; ¹ Method of Awarding Prizes; ² Need of a Piano in the Chapel; ⁴ President Cleveland's Cabinet; ³ The Abolishment of the District System.	57
APRIL:	
¹ Enthusiasm in Athletics; ⁵ The Examination System at Bates; ³ Higher Education of Women; ⁴ Electives; ² Persuade the Student in the Fitting School to Come to Bates.	91
MAY:	
⁴ Work and Play; ¹ Newspaper Corresponding; ⁶ System in Reading; ³ Freedom of the Press; ⁵ More Visitors from Across the Hall; ² Shall I Attend the World's Fair?	121
JUNE:	
¹ The Departure of '93; ⁶ Foot-Ball; ² Shall I Become a Specialist? ³ Remain During Commencement Week; ⁵ College Spirit at Bates; ⁴ Class Sympathy; ¹ Our Dependence upon the Latin School.	147
SEPTEMBER:	
¹ Fall Sports, ⁵ Regularity Essential to Good Work; ⁴ The College Christian Associations; ² Filibustering in Congress; ⁴ Bible Study; ¹ Financial Methods in the College Associations; ³ The Reading-Room; ⁶ Significance of the Over-proportion of Young Ladies in the Class of '97.	195
OCTOBER:	
⁴ The Study of Character; ⁵ The "Yagger"; ² Support of the Foot-Ball Team; ³ Order at Public Exercises; ⁶ Plenty of Sport Gives Better Results in Study.	219
NOVEMBER:	
³ Reading; ⁵ Public Exercises; ² A Lesson from the Recent Elections; ⁴ One's Right to His Own Opinion; ¹ Active Society Work; ⁶ The Responsibility of the Student who Teaches.	245
DECEMBER:	
¹ Practical Journalism; ⁶ Some Needs of Our College; ³ Unselfishness; ⁵ The Base-Ball Situation; ² The Practical Man; ⁴ Sincerity.	271

1 Brackett; 2 Hoag; 3 Cook; 4 Marsh; 5 Pierce; 6 Leathers.

LITERARY.

PROSE.

Charming Vacation Day, A. Bessie W. Gerrish, '94.	34
Clara Barton. Cora B. Pennell, '94.	67
Coat of Arms of the Twentieth Century, The. N. C. Bruce, '93.	161
Coincidence, A. Bertha A. Bryant, '96.	223
Conserve Thy Youth. E. F. Pierce, '94.	154
Visit to Mount Auburn Cemetery, A. Ethel I. Cummings, '94.	280
Discontent and Progress. J. C. Woodman, '94.	201
Ethics in Politics. F. L. Hoffman, '93.	6
Fate of the "Ville du Havre." W. W. Harris, '94.	8
Hugo's "Toilers of the Sea." C. C. Brackett, '94.	65
"Lady of Shalott, The." Eva B. Roby, '97.	255
Library as an Educator, The. Kate A. Leslie, '94.	254
Maine Coast, The. Fannie A. Wheeler, '95.	100
My Visit to the World's Fair. Flora A. Mason, '96.	205
New Hampshire in Literature. W. S. C. Russell, '95.	10
One View of an Old Subject. A. B. Howard, '96.	229
Originality Necessary to Success. J. B. Hoag, '94.	252
Physical Training a Factor in Education. W. A. French, '94.	129
Reflections on Recent Labor Troubles. Frank C. Thompson, '94.	231
Rejected Laureate, A. George M. Chase, '93.	156
Sir Gibbie. Grace P. Conant, '93.	98
Sketch of Home Scenery, A. Lotta E. Neal, '95.	64
Sketches from Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.	248
Some Inconsistencies. C. C. Spratt, '93.	128
Sylvan Romance, A. Wildie Thayer, '96.	276
To the Victors Belong the Spoils. M. E. Joiner, '93.	131
True Test of Ability, The. J. B. McFadden, '93.	33
United States, the Leader of Nations, The. Cordelia M. King, '95.	202
Value of Pure Science in Education, The. A. C. Yeaton, '93.	159
World's Deities, The. Maude A. Hill, '94.	257

POETRY.

Class Hymn. G. M. Chase, '93.	160
Class Ode. G. M. Chase, '93.	161
Class Ode. E. J. Hatch, '94.	156
Ivy-Day Poem; The Monk's Story. J. W. Leathers, '94.	153
Ivy Ode. E. J. Hatch, '94.	156

COMMUNICATIONS.

Bates Men in Boston. Clarence C. Smith, '88.	17
Bates's Needs—Scholarship and Discipline. W.	42
Chaparral, The.	213
Golden Opportunity of Moments, The.	114
Graduate Work at Harvard. William F. Garcelon, '90.	44
Hon. A. M. Spear, '75.	183
James H. Baker, '73.	183
Public Confidence as an Element in Business. W. H. J., '80.	286
Requirements for Admission to College; Should they be Modified? H. S. Cowell, '75.	108
Secret Societies in Bates. W. B. Skelton, '92.	112
Story of the First Graduates from Bates, The. G. C. C., '68.	73
Teaching in Lower Grades. A. L. Safford.	264
Thoughts. F. L. Pugsley, '91.	18
To the Editors of the Student. A. L. Safford.	84
To the Tennis Players of Bates. Nelson W. Howard, '92.	82
What Shall We Do with the Co-Ed? W. B. Skelton, '92.	287
Work and Needs of the Latin School, The. I. F. Frisbee.	178

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.	17, 42, 73, 108, 142, 178, 213, 240, 264, 286
ALUMNI PERSONALS.	20, 45, 86, 118, 142, 189, 214, 240, 265, 289
Bates Lunch Club.	18, 42
COBB DIVINITY SCHOOL.	16, 39, 72, 106, 141, 169, 212, 239
College Club.	238
COLLEGE EXCHANGES.	25, 51, 89, 119, 145, 192, 217, 242, 268, 291
COLLEGE NEWS AND INTERESTS.	37, 68, 103, 135, 165, 209, 233, 260, 284
COLLEGE NOTES.	23, 49, 88, 144, 193, 218, 243, 269, 292
LOCALS.	14, 37, 68, 103, 136, 165, 209, 233, 260, 284
MAGAZINE NOTICES.	26, 54, 90, 120, 146, 243
OWLDOM.	61, 94, 125, 151, 199, 222, 275
POETS' CORNER.	13, 36, 67, 102, 134, 164, 208, 232, 259, 282
CUTS:	
Base-Ball Nine.	Opposite 147
James H. Baker.	182
Hon. A. M. Spear.	184
Prof. I. C. Dennett.	184
William C. Buck.	185
STUDENT Editors.	Opposite 271
IN MEMORIAM:	
Isaac C. Dennett, '73.	47
Charles E. B. Libby, '86.	84
Henry Beecher Nevens, '81.	111
William C. Buck, '87.	184



MILLER.
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PIERCE.
LEATHERS.

HOAG.

MARSH.
BRACKETT.

THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XXI.

DECEMBER, 1893.

No. 10.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

JUNIOR CLASS OF BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. XXI., No. 10.—DECEMBER, 1893.

EDITORIAL,	271
OWLDOM,	275
LITERARY :	
A Sylvan Romance,	276
A Visit to Mount Auburn Cemetery,	280
POETS' CORNER :	
Ambition's Hill,	282
A Lesson from Life,	283
Seeking,	283
COLLEGE NEWS AND INTERESTS :	
Locals,	284
ALUMNI DEPARTMENT :	
Public Confidence as an Element in Business,	286
Personals,	289
COLLEGE EXCHANGES,	291
COLLEGE NOTES,	292

Editorial.

THERE is much pleasure in a year's service upon the editorial board of the STUDENT. There is still more of something that might come under the general head of experience. To combine a newspaper and a literary magazine in one monthly periodical is no light task. But the work is both practical and profitable, and could not be expected to be easy. We wish to em-

phasize the fact that it ought to be more practical and more profitable. It might give men experience almost equal to actual newspaper work. Such departures as this would require would also insure the most readable and, we believe, the most creditable volume ever issued from Bates. The demand in all business, and especially in journalism, is for ideas—something new and unique.

It is far from us to commend the general policy of the modern newspaper; but the eagerness of the current press for something new is commendable and might be advantageously applied to college and literary magazines. The same departments, similarly handled from year to year, become dry. What is a good feature this year might be stale next year. Remembering that the great mission of the *STUDENT* is to represent the highest interests of Bates, we hope that the succeeding boards will bear in mind that the work can be made more beneficial to themselves and, at the same time, more eminently serviceable to the institution, by the study of practical newspaper methods and the application of practical newspaper ideas.

SEVERAL months ago the *STUDENT* emphasized the need of a Chair of History and Economics at Bates, and we were gratified to hear that the matter was proposed by a prominent member of the faculty at a business meeting of the trustees last summer. It was side-tracked, however, to make way for something else. So, lest it remain side-tracked for lack of agitation, we wish once more to call the attention of every loyal friend of Bates to this subject, which is deemed important enough to receive special attention at the hands of a large number of supervisors in our cities and rural towns. Nearly every country high school is now provided with some means of teaching the duties of American citizenship to its students. This fact has a double application to the case in question, for not only is the

student called upon to practice the duties of citizenship upon leaving college, but he must teach these duties to others in the public schools. And, after all, a college needs men more than buildings, or books and paintings. The helpful personality of Mark Hopkins attracted Garfield, the student, more than any number of fine buildings could have done.

We are getting along comfortably with the buildings that we have, but every student realizes that certain portions of our course of study are far from satisfactory and are so because we need more teachers. We do not write this in a spirit of criticism, but only hoping that some may be brought to see the matter as we do, and thus a few more be added to the rank and file of those who are working for this much-needed reform.

WE once heard Phillips Brooks, in an address before college students, warn them against the fault of selfishness as one that they should guard against. To a careful observer familiar with the tendencies of college life the great preacher's warning seems timely and needful. The student devoting his energies for a series of years to the cultivation of himself, and perhaps hearing constantly the ill-advised admonition of flattering friends to achieve a great place in life, is apt to have a narrow and distorted view of the world. We know that there are as noble examples of generosity and self-forgetfulness in college as anywhere; but we fear that most of us need to be on our guard against a tendency to

make our own interests look very large to ourselves, and those of the rest of the world very small. There has been no better example in recent years for us to imitate than the great-hearted man we have already alluded to. There is no more desirable result to be attained by a four years' course of training than a small measure of his broad sympathy and benevolence.

No impossible nor ideal qualities are demanded from us, but there are many channels right around us for the exercise of practical unselfishness. If we are to be public-spirited men out of college, let us be the same here. Let us give our moral support—and financial, if we are able—to all worthy movements. Let us belong to the different associations of the college, and pay our dues. When we are called upon for a favor, whether it be to guard the ball ground or to lend a lampful of kerosene, let us do it with cheerful readiness; do it not solely for the benefit of the one asking the favor, but to prevent ourselves from becoming narrow and selfish.

ANOTHER term will shortly be upon us. It is the term which must decide, in a large measure, who shall be victors on the diamond next June. For it is the good, hard winter's training and practice upon which our base-ball honors depend. Cannot something, then, be done to straighten out the present unfortunate muddle in base-ball matters? Surely it is high time for the honor of Bates that some sort of measures be taken to settle the difficulties. We lost several good men

with '93; we gained several good men with '97. But it is not enough that we have strong individual players. There is need also of the best possible team work. Unless we have men who play the game for all it is worth, and play the game together, we need not expect to down Bowdoin and Colby and Maine State College next spring. But under the present circumstances the prospect of anything like team work seems decidedly slim. One claimant of the captaincy and his supporters pull one way; the other claimant with his faction another way. And no one seems to take the initiative in bringing about a union of both parties. Now why not lay aside all personal and society feeling for a while and try to do the square thing? Let a committee be appointed to investigate the rival claims and honestly decide between them or let both claimants withdraw in favor of some third man. It seems to the writer that this is about the only way of bringing matters to a settlement. If any one thinks of a better plan let him bring it before the association at the beginning of next term. At any rate let us straighten the matter in some manner, and then "play ball."

TWO the business man, which is more valuable, a college education or a four years' practical business experience? The fact that this question is so frequently asked and so vigorously discussed by the most practical men of the day proves that, while the college does much, it cannot do everything necessary for success. We sometimes hear the expression, "an educated

fool," applied to an impractical college graduate. What does this man lack? He lacks the power to observe and to profit by observation.

The impractical man may have in his mind a systematized record of the facts presented to him during his course. He may have acquired the faculty of rapid and accurate reading, of appropriating to himself the valuable and of omitting the worthless, and still lack the better faculty of reading circumstances and men. He is like a store-house, he produces nothing, simply preserves from destruction. The practical man not only preserves but produces. He is like a great factory, continually adding to the store of human wealth or of human good. His eye is ever open to examine the new or the strange. His tongue ever shapes the word "why."

Such a man was Franklin who, with his own house-key, unlocked something of the mystery of the universe and then placed upon the lightning its fetters of eternal servitude. But we do not need to multiply examples. The men who have benefited themselves and the world are they who have made auxiliary the teaching of the schools and who have been on the alert to obtain the better education of practical experience. Ingersoll says man must mingle his thought with his labor, and he is right. Together, they can accomplish miracles. Thought alone, or, what is worse, knowledge without thought, is of little value.

THERE are no students who would not consider themselves insulted if called untruthful, and yet, perfect sin-

cerity is as rare a trait of character as it is admirable.

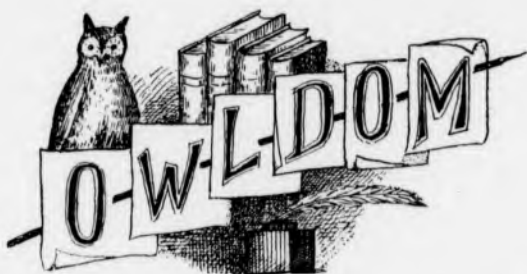
In addition to the little affair about the cherry tree, we have it said of Washington that he never allowed himself to vary from the exact truth, even in jest. This is so common a fault with many that they almost cease to regard it as such. But all will agree that it is not the highest vein of wit and humor which requires falsehood to carry it through.

There are very few who do not, in some way, allow themselves to habitually practice deception. This is sometimes called shrewdness, but if that name is correct, then shrewdness is to be avoided, for no one can practice it without losing influence just to that extent.

The man who is sincere in everything, who is true to his real self and his highest purposes in all he does and in all he says, bears the stamp of honesty and frankness on his countenance, and universally wins from his associates their respect, admiration, and confidence, prizes worth having before all other honors. This is the reward of sincerity, a result no other virtues can gain if perfect sincerity be lacking.

The library of the University of Wisconsin is used at night by the students, the building being thoroughly lighted by electricity.

Dartmouth has graduated forty college presidents, two hundred college professors, sixty members of Congress and twenty-four governors.—*Ex.*



THE Owl was silent last month. Had he said anything he would have been in danger of saying too much. But now the smoke of battle has cleared away and the Owl wishes to say a word upon college discipline, which, difficult under any circumstances, as we are aware, is intensely perplexing in a small institution where class feeling is strong and often unreasonable, and where students are fewer and less easily to be spared in punishment of an offense, whether such punishment be called for by the intrinsic deserts of the student or advisable as a reformatory example.

We hardly realize the prejudicial effect of broadcast publication of college troubles. Traveling in different parts of the state just after the recent Sophomore suspension, a frequent inquiry from interested citizens was: "What is the matter with you people down there, any way?" These practical men protest that there is something wrong when there is a perennial outbreak of exactly the same disease. And so it would seem. Now, let it be frankly admitted that in the developed stage of the recent case we believe that the ultimatum of the faculty was fair and judicious. But whether that ultimatum might not have been diverted by sufficient tact is a question. So, some lay blame upon the executive function, one alleging

severity, another leniency. We attribute it to neither of these. We hold the very bottom policy of the college to blame. No set of men could keep things smooth or make peace permanent when all the by-ways leading to suspension are labeled in loud and tempting letters. You do not keep a patient contented by enumerating the luscious and hearty treats he might enjoy were he privileged or had he the reckless hardihood. So, you do not restrain romping youth by pointing out the grassy fields of forbidden sports, which might have been his but are not. Remove the "Anna Law" and several comrades, and you will have removed the principal cause of their violation. Then, for looks, remove some few that are too obsolete to be reverted to by the faculty and too insipid to be broken by the students.

* * * * *

Such a course, we believe, would promote a good feeling at home and inspire a confidence abroad which would be to Bates the blessing of her life.

* * * * *

Proud fathers will not send their sons to a college from which they are sure to be suspended during the Sophomore year—when the special attractions are offered—whether for the boy's special badness or for the college's extra goodness.

* * * * *

The Owl's sharp eyes detected the following letter which was lying among some old rubbish in one of the Senior's rooms the other day. It was thusly:

FRIEND:—

I have expressed your pants this P.M. Please send mine as soon as you can.

YRS., _____

What on earth were they doing with each other's pants? I asked the Senior about it, but he wouldn't tell. At the bare mention of the word "pants" an injured expression crept over his countenance and he turned sorrowfully away. I tried it again in softer language and asked him how his nether apparel and that of his friend alumnus had become so inconceivably mixed up in a case of mistaken identity, but it wouldn't go.

The subject was evidently a sad one; and as, with a determined look in his eyes, the Senior reached for his gun, which was hanging on the wall, the Owl left without making further inquiries.

* * * * *

But just imagine that worthy Senior parading on exhibition in a pair of misfit pants! Wouldn't you like to have camped on his track with a Kodak?

Literary.

A SYLVAN ROMANCE.

BY WILDIE THAYER, '96.

"COME, Ned, it is time we started for home; and haven't I a fine collection of ferns?" The speaker was a young girl of about eighteen years of age.

The picture upon which we gaze is one of the finest to be seen in New England. It is in the heart of a large forest; huge trees make a rich background; on one side a pretty little brook sparkles gaily, for the day is sunny, the sky almost cloudless. But it is not the rural scenery which makes the picture so attractive; it is the characters in the foreground. It would be hard to find a lovelier girl than Edith Forest. She is not one of your romantic heroines with lily-white complexion and delicate waist; she is a perfect picture of health; health is emphasized in her every movement. Her figure is graceful; there is a freedom in her motions showing that she is a lover of the open air. Her face, though not

beautiful, is sweet and attractive. Her cheeks and lips are glowing; her features are good; her eyes are brown, and her hair, as the sun peeping through the trees overhead, shines upon it, shows rich, golden gleams.

Look at her closely and she cannot fail to please you. She is just a lovely picture of health. On one arm she carries a small basket, and as she speaks the words with which our story opens, she lifts the cover of the basket to show her companion the ferns she has been collecting, for Edith is a student of nature. Her companion and brother, a robust boy of ten years, answers gaily, "Yes, Edie, they are pretty, and now look at my collection." As he speaks, he opens the cover of a fish basket which hangs from his shoulder and shows a rare collection of trout. "Haven't I done well?" His sister opens her fine eyes reproachfully. "Oh, Ned," she returned, "you know the fisheries are private property."

“So is the whole forest, Edie, and isn't it lucky for us that Sir Harold Raleigh is away? When he returns we can't come here any more.”

“We ought not to have come here to-day, Ned, we will not again; but I suppose we may as well take our collections home now we have them,” and the girl laughed, showing two rows of faultless teeth.

Ned laughed. “Certainly, I wouldn't leave the trout here for anything,” and gathering up his fishing tackle, he led the way down the mossy path. Edith followed, stopping now and then to pick some botanical specimen.

They had not gone far when they came suddenly face to face with a young man who seemed bewildered and not to know which way to turn. “Have you lost your way?” Ned inquired abruptly. “Yes,” the gentleman answered, addressing Edith, and looking admiringly into her sweet face. “I am a stranger in these parts and have wandered too far from the highway. Will you please direct me out of the woods?”

Edith flushed slightly; she could not mistake the look of bold admiration in his eyes, and answered sternly: “I suppose you know, sir, that this forest is private property, and that you have been trespassing.” A look of intense amusement overspread the man's face as he returned, “I did not know,” then, in a lower tone, “your property, miss?” “No,” Edith answered sharply, “it is the property of one Sir Harold Raleigh; he is away at present, but rumor says he is to return soon, so, for your own sake, I advise you not

to come here again.” The young man smiled and said: “Thanking you for your timely advice, I promise you I will not come here again without permission from the owner of the forest; and now, will you please direct me from the place where I have no right to be?”

“With pleasure,” answered Edith, then she led the way, while Ned and the stranger followed. Edith was a brisk walker, and ere long the man, turning to Ned, said: “We must hasten to overtake your companion; she seems to be a good pedestrian.”

“I don't know about that,” said Ned, “but my sister is a regular trotter.” The young man laughed, but Ned continued, “Never mind about Edith, she's all right, and I can show you to the road just as well as she can.” But before they reached the highway the young and handsome stranger had learned all he could possibly wish to know about Edith and her home, for Ned, unasked, had told him all of the family history he could remember, and, on the other hand, he had impressed Ned as a very fine fellow indeed, so much so that Ned said confidentially, “Edie won't like it if she should hear of it, but if you won't tell anybody I'll take you fishing some day; there are beauties in the little brook up there.” The young man did not answer for a while; at last he said: “I would do as my sister wanted me to, my boy,” and Ned flushed as he said, “That's so. Edith's a good girl.” Then they parted, Ned telling the young man where he lived, and the young man promising to call upon Ned on a day not far distant.

Ralph Forest was a widower. Edith and Ned were his only children. He had but lately moved to this pleasant little town for rest and retirement. Edith was his idol. She seemed to him to grow every day more like her mother, and he was dreading the time when another should supplant him in her heart. Ralph Forest was not a wealthy man; yet, by careful management, he had given Edith a liberal education, and she well repaid him in love and gratitude. There could not be a pleasanter home than the home of the Forests. It was a model of warmth and coziness. Mr. Forest was a kind and indulgent parent, and was nearly idolized by his children.

But, to return to Edith. She reached home some time before Ned and at once proceeded to prepare tea.

When Ned entered he was flushed and excited. "Oh, Edith," he said, "that man's a jolly fellow! He said he'd come and see me some day." Edith smiled, and, strange to say, seemed herself quite interested in the subject. "Who is he, Ned? Did he tell you his name?" "I declare, Edie, I never thought to ask him, but I liked him first-rate." "Where does he live?"

"I never thought to ask him that, either, but he's a jolly fellow." "Well," laughed Edith, "all I know about him is that he is a jolly fellow, and no doubt you told him everything you knew." "Oh, no, Edie, we didn't talk much. He called you a pedestrian; what is that, Edie?" "It is a person who walks," said Edith, laughing merrily. "Now run, Ned, to call papa for tea; I am sure we all are hungry."

Ned scampered away and soon returned, followed by his father.

Ralph Forest impresses us favorably, a tall, portly man with a fine face and noble bearing. He seats himself at the table and asks his children if they enjoyed their ramble. "Oh, ever so much, papa," Edith answered, pouring his tea for him. "We went to the Raleigh forest, and we had an adventure as well." "Tell me about it," returned Mr. Forest, interested at once in what interested his children. Edith looked at Ned—his eyes were shining with interest—and said: "You may tell papa, Ned; I know you want to."

Thus, at liberty, Ned gave a glowing account of their meeting the young man and of guiding him out of the woods, and ended by saying, "he's a jolly fellow, pa."

"I dare say, and who is he? Where does he live?" "I forgot to ask him, but he's coming to see me some day, then I'll find out."

"My children," said Mr. Forest, in a low, earnest tone, "I am glad you enjoyed your ramble and were able thus to guide this stranger, but I advise you not to go to this forest again; you know it is private property and you have no right there."

Edith flushed. "We will not go again, papa," she replied obediently.

One afternoon, a few days later, after Edith had finished her household duties and had seated herself to work on a bit of embroidery, there was a violent rap at the door.

"Now, Ned," she called out sharply, "I can stand no more of this nonsense; you have made me drop my

work twice already, thinking some one besides yourself was at the door. I will not go again." Then, in a persuasive voice, "Now come in, there's a good boy, and read to me." No answer, only another knock—this time less violent. "Very well, Ned," said Edith, rising, "if you must persist in troubling me, I'll speak to father," and Edith was about to pass the half-opened door, when she saw—not Ned, but—the handsome stranger.

Edith flushed, but invited the young man to enter and before she could recover from her embarrassment, Ned came bounding into the room. "Hello!" he screamed. "I saw you coming! I'm glad to see you! and oh, Edith didn't like it because I didn't ask you your name the other day. What is it?"

The young man shook hands with the boy and said: "To be sure, I haven't yet introduced myself. My name is Harold Raleigh."

If a ball of darkness had fallen from the sun Edith could not have been more surprised. Her still burning face turned crimson, but she controlled herself sufficiently to accept his proffered hand and say, shyly, "I did not know who you were, else I should not have warned you from your own forest."

The young man answered lightly, "I hope you will not let that simple mistake embarrass you. I shall be pleased to have you and your brother go to the forest whenever you care to do so. You, no doubt, can direct me to many points of interest there, for I have been away from home so much that I am not at all familiar with the

place, and Ned, my boy, we will go fishing there some day."

"Well, well," cried Ned, "if it isn't funny! You Sir Harold, and Edith told you you were trespassing. Oh, Edie, won't pa laugh?" And the boy laughed in a hearty, boyish way that caused Edith and Sir Harold to join him. Sir Harold soon took his departure, for it was plainly to be seen that Edith could not control her mortification, yet, within a few days, he called again.

The summer passed quickly away; but, before it had half passed, Sir Harold confessed, to himself, that he had never seen a sweeter or more charming girl than Edith Forest; consequently he fell deeply in love with her, and he did not seem to be an unwelcome caller at Edith's home.

The gates of autumn were now swung wide open and Sir Harold must soon return to pursue his college course, but he could not return in suspense. He loved Edith Forest and he must know if she loved him.

It happened in this way: He was taking his usual morning ramble, when, passing a bend in the road, he overheard a conversation which caused him to fear the worst. The speakers were two women who were picking berries by the roadside. One of them said: "I wonder what George Wilson will think of Edith Forest's actions?" "I don't know," the other replied. "George is a good fellow; he thinks a sight of Edith. I reckon there'll be trouble for young Raleigh when he returns, and I hear he's coming home soon."

Harold heard no more. He scorned

to listen, neither was he a man to give way to idle fancies. "I will ask Edith who this George Wilson is," he resolved, "and if he is her lover I will leave her, though I love her dearly." Just then he saw Edith walking through the field. He rightly guessed that she was going to his forest. He took a short cut across an opposite path and, as it happened, they met in the very spot where they first saw each other.

Good mornings were exchanged, then Harold said: "I heard a conversation this morning and the persons conversing were talking of you."

"Of me?" inquired Edith pleasantly. "What did they say of me?" "They spoke of a young man who loved you. They called his name George Wilson. Who is this George Wilson, Edith?"

Edith, seeing the anxious look in his eyes, blushed as she said: "He is a cousin of mine who seems almost as dear as a brother. He is a sailor, but will soon return home. He does love me; we all love him."

Suddenly the sun shines brighter, the birds sing sweeter. Truly the sunshine, the musical brook, the trees, the bright-winged birds, all combine to make a fine view, but it is the characters in the foreground that make the picture so interesting. But come away, reader, we have no right to remain longer.

A VISIT TO MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

IT is indeed a beautiful resting-place for the dust of scholarly men, whose souls have gone to learn from God's own lips the deeper revela-

tions which long years of laborious thought and perseverance in the study of nature's secrets, long years of speculation and argument, have failed to make known to them." This thought suggests itself on our visiting the final resting-place of some of New England's profoundest thinkers.

Mount Auburn is one of the most beautiful cemeteries of the United States; for nothing has been spared that wealth, time, and taste can devise to add to the beauty of this "city of the dead."

As one enters the gate, the large palms, waving in the warm July breeze, the great purplish hydrangeas, and, occasionally, an orange tree, with its half-ripened fruit hanging to a branch, the many-colored and many-shaped beds of flowers, the tame red squirrels frisking about and peering out half-shyly at the new comer—all these varied pictures suggest life, not death. But the carefully chiseled monuments of marble and granite, the dark and white slabs with their inscriptions, a mound showing that its turf has been disturbed recently, these remind us that "in the midst of life we are in death."

Soon, however, we turn from this scene, to seek the graves of those whose names have become famous in the realms of science, literature, and art. Broad, graveled avenues, wide enough for the carriage to pass, radiate from the gateway and traverse from base to summit the gradual ascent of the mountain. Darting out irregularly from these avenues and alongside the lots which are smoothly-graded green mounds, are little foot-paths called after the names

of the flowers. Following the direction given by the newspaper clipping we have, we turn into one of these paths and, after going some distance, come to the grave of Lowell. It is at the foot of a slope and almost hidden from view by a tall evergreen tree overshadowing it—only a plain dark-colored slab, simply marked with the poet's name. How fitting a burial place—in the city of his birth and where, as a boy, he loved to roam over the fields and pastures, and perhaps, whispers the imagination, on this very spot, when Mount Auburn was only a wooded pasture, the youth came seeking the first flowers of spring, or lay listening to the birds singing overhead.

Soon, however, we retrace our steps and follow the leading of the broad avenue, until we come to the grave of Longfellow. The memorial itself is noticeable for its simplicity of design and workmanship—the smooth surface of the sarcophagus-like stone being inscribed merely with the poet's last name. No words or sentences commemorating his virtues are needed—he was simply the people's poet, whose songs, coming from his heart, have reached after and found a dwelling-place in the hearts of the learned and unlettered alike. Before leaving we cannot help noticing how pleasant is the site of the grave, here on this knoll, overlooking the little lake below and commanding a fine view of nature's scenery, where the sun's rays, lingering tenderly, always strike.

As we leave Longfellow's grave and pass along, our attention is called to the elaborate design of some of the mon-

uments, many of which must have cost a great deal of time and money. Loitering in our way we came, almost unexpectedly, upon the monument erected to Choate. It is of beautiful red stone, large and elegant in design. Standing, as it does, at the junction of two avenues, it is very conspicuous—"as in death so in life;" for his wonderful intellect, his impressive personality and deep sympathy, his appreciation of the noble and patriotic, made him conspicuous in life as one of our greatest scholars and orators.

Next we visit the grave of Channing. It is marked by a plain marble slab inscribed with the date of his birth and death. Here, surrounded by his kindred, he sleeps, of whom it was said: "The superior light of his mind shed a pure, bright gleam on everything that came from it." After some hunting we find the lot where Bishop Brooks is buried. No stone had then been erected—only a vacant space marked his grave. Awhile we linger here, with thought too full for utterance, of the noble tributes paid to him.

After a long search we find the grave of Agassiz. It is marked by a huge boulder, from his native Switzerland, we are told. It is situated near the top of the mountain, as I remember, almost hidden from view by the trees and bushes around it. Very suggestive it is, to us, of his love for nature's works, and while contemplating it, we are reminded of that other monument to his name, not far away, which he so generously left for the furtherance of the studies he left uncompleted.

Not far from here rests Edwin Booth,

who has left to us a noble example of the possibilities awaiting those who follow the profession of the actor. Before leaving, we visit the grave of Fanny Fern. The stone is of very appropriate design, with ferns ingeniously wrought out of the marble.

After visiting the graves of Dorothea Dix and others, we make the ascent of the observatory on the summit. From here we get a fine view of Boston and the suburbs. Against the sky we see the State House dome sparkling in the summer sunshine. Off to the left a tall tower arises, which we conclude to be Bunker Hill monument. Then we draw our gaze to objects nearer, and, looking down upon these silent witnesses of

life spent here in time, like one who has "gone before us," "we are impressed with the broad sameness of the human lot which never alters in the main headings of its history—hunger and labor, seed-time and harvest, love and death."

Soon, however, the stiffening breeze makes us aware of ourselves. We tie down the brims of our hats and quickly making the descent of the tower, we hasten down the mountain side, pass out through the gate just in time to catch the homeward-bound car. Thus we leave Mount Auburn behind, not, however, without the feeling that truly a day spent with the dead is an inspiration to the living.

Poets' Corner.

AMBITION'S HILL.

Impatient soul, on yonder height,
There thy air-castle stands:
Around it floats a dazzling light,
Within are fairy bands.
The way is long, and drear, and slow;
But fame and wealth are there!
Come, gird thy armor on and go,
And gain thy castle fair!

Why linger in the vale and sigh?
Others have reached the goal.
Just lay thy fears aside, and fly,
Haste thee, thou trembling soul.
The lowly vale hath nothing grand,
Hath nothing great or new.
But toil and reach the airy land,
And find a glorious view.

Thou seest the storm-cloud brooding o'er,
Thou tremblest at the sight,
Thou hearest the latent thunder roar,
But—see the stars of light;

And know, that he who climbs the hill,
Who conquers in the fight,
And journeys towards the storm-clouds,
Will be nearer stars of light.

Courage, my soul, ascend the hill,
Bravo! you're on the track!
Let thirst for fame thy being thrill,
And do not turn thee back!
Faster, oh fast, impatient soul!
Thy castle gleams afar;
Nearer, ah nearer to the goal,
Follow the guiding star.

The storms roar, the lightning gleams,
The way is dark and long,
Dreary the toilsome journey seems,
Oh soul, be very strong.
Onward, heed not the chasm deep,
Surmount them, soul, be brave,
And journey on while thousands sleep
And thousand others rave.

Hurrah! a supermundane light
 Seems to enclose thee, soul,
 Dispelled are clouds, and storm, and night,
 For thou hast reached thy goal.
 The weary way thou hast o'ercome;
 Now, gaze adown the vale;
 Around thee fame and praises hum,
 But hear thy followers wail!

Come, rest thee in thy castle fair,
 Let weapons round thee fly,
 Look calmly on, thy home is rare,
 Thy resting-place is high.
 Thou gazest down the weary way,
 Adown *Ambition's Hill*.
 Oh soul, why dost thou gaze and say,
 "I'm discontented still."

—W. T., '96.

A LESSON FROM LIFE.

A youth was roaming through the spring-time
 walks of life,
 With present love, and hope, and joy his life
 was filled.
 No sorrows pressed upon his soul, nor doubts,
 nor fears—
 He envied manhood's strength and skill, but
 only these.

The youth became a man. The strength and
 skill were his.
 The massive brow, the locks of Jove, pro-
 claimed his power.
 Ambition, like a vampire, at his vitals gnawed,
 And from his veins the love, and peace, and
 joy sucked out.

The mystic laurel wreath of fame he longed
 to wear,
 And wield the despot's wand of power o'er
 conquered man.
 Long years he struggled on. His wish was
 gratified,
 But age had come meanwhile and weakness
 in its train.

And lo, the laurel leaves were buried as in
 snow.
 Too soon the wreath of fame had withered on
 his brow,
 And, like a broken branch, it seemed to drift
 away
 On silver waves to that unknown eternity.

Our brightest, gladdest days we yield without
 a thought,
 And reach with yearning haste for manhood's
 toil and care.
 With rash and foolish hand we break the
 golden cord
 That binds us to our better selves and holds
 us there.

Ambition calls us on, its bubble prize to win,
 A prize that touch, or breath, or near approach
 destroys.
 How true the tale! Life's lesson few can read
 aright.
 With hurrying feet, we pass the golden prime
 of youth.

It gives the struggling soul nor joy, nor peace,
 nor rest,
 Till hope becomes a phantom, life becomes a
 dream;
 Till silver waves of time break on our wrinkled
 brows
 And wash our honors off and bear them far
 away.

—J. B. H., '94.

SEEKING.

A perfume sweet, from the river's bank,
 Was wafted o'er fields by the breeze,
 Over the bushes and grasses rank
 And under the o'er-hanging trees.

Again and again by the water blue
 The flower with the perfume was sought;
 But still it hid itself from view
 In the bushes and briers wrought.

A purpose, full noble in its intent,
 Was wafted oft through the mind,
 Midst many thoughts it came and went
 As the perfume borne by the wind.

Again and again through weary days
 The deed, unattained, haunts the soul;
 For still its beauty, by devious ways,
 Leads not to the perfect whole.

The fragrance of the flowers we breathe,
 The beauty of the deed we see,
 Oh, may time's silent fingers weave
 A day when both attained may be.

N. G. W., '95.

College News and Interests.

LOCALS.

VALE.

At last we abandon our quill and retire,
Our successor is now in the swim;
He knows some old jokes, is an original liar—
Enough! We will leave you with him.

The campus is now deserted.

A new tub has been put in the bath-room.

W. J. Malvern, '96, is preaching at Loudon, N. H.

A. P. Norton, '96, is clerking in his father's office.

A. W. Bailey, '97, is clerking at the Boston Tea Store.

R. W. Emerson, '97, spent two weeks visiting relatives in Ohio.

Miss B. W. Gerrish, '94, spent a part of her vacation visiting at A. W. Walker's, Malden, Mass.

D. F. Field, '94, is clerking for Horace Partridge & Co., Boston.

W. W. Harris, '94, has supplied for pastors in Auburn and Augusta.

A large number of the Seniors have elected Chemistry for next term.

E. O. McAllister, '96, is clerking in Moody & Moulton's shoe store, Auburn.

L. J. Brackett, '94, is assisting his brother, editor of the *Phillips Phonograph*.

Miss Dora E. Roberts, '95, was at Milton Mills, N. H., visiting relatives for a part of the vacation.

Frank L. Callahan, ex-'94, is meeting with marked success in music. His orchestra is very popular.

F. S. Wakefield, '95, manager for the next year's *STUDENT*, has had good success in soliciting advertisements.

A new ceiling has been put in the Reading-Room. The hard-wood floor, with new paper and paint, will make it attractive.

J. C. Woodman, '94, only spent a week at home. He can be found at his old place in the library every day between 11 A.M. and 12 M.

Now for base-ball! All difficulties should be settled at the beginning of the coming term, in order that proper training may be entered upon at once.

E. J. Hatch, '94, remained in Lewiston for three weeks, studying a special course in electricity, then went to his home in Montville for the remainder of the vacation. He has manufactured several electrical machines, among which is an electric bell, which works very successfully. This will, however, be used exclusively by the upper classes.

The repairs and changes in the Physical Laboratory are nearly completed. Half of the adjoining hall and the Cynescan's room have been added by the removal of partitions. The walls and wood work have been painted in contrasting colors, giving the room a very attractive appearance. A long stone table has been placed in the alcove, and the case removed to another part of the room. This table rests upon brick piers, extending through the floor to the ground, and so arranged that they do not touch the building.

This alleviates all difficulties formerly experienced in using Jolly's balance, the vibrating balances, and tangent, astetic, or reflecting galvanometers. At a few feet from the stone table there will be placed a small wooden table for the reading glass, bridge, and resistance box. All the different barometers and thermometers are hung in the alcove, where they can be easily studied by comparison. A reading table and a case for reference books, furnished by the College Club, have their appropriate place. These books are: Physical Technics, Gage; Kohlrausch's Physical Measurements; Gannot's Physics; Stewart and Gee's Practical Physics, three volumes; Practical Physics, Glazebrook and Shaw; Light, Wright; Treatise on Physics, Thompson and Tait, two volumes; Electricity and Magnetism, S. Thompson; Wormells' Thermodynamics. The new instruments added recently are Bunsen's photometer, Rumford's photometer, two astetic galvanometers, tangent galvanometer, metronome, two telegraph keys, pendulum apparatus, comparison magnetometer, several commutators, several dry batteries, and induction apparatus for shocks. A heavy work table and gas fixtures have been added to the professor's private room, a chandelier in the lecture room, and slight repairs in the dark room.

Bates sends out her usual large number of teachers this winter. The following is a partial list of those who are teaching and the places where they are located. Several others are teaching whose addresses have not been reported to the STUDENT.

		'94.	Latin School. East Bowdoinham. South Lubec. Greene. Latin School. Eliot. Iceboro. Wells. Oceanville. South Turner.
H. M. Cook, S. I. Graves, J. B. Hoag, J. W. Leathers, A. J. Marsh, W. E. Page, Miss Cora B. Pennell, E. F. Pierce, A. W. Small, F. C. Thompson,		'95.	Eastport. Ashby, Mass. Mechanic Falls. North New Portland. Cape Neddick. Chebeague. Ogunquit. Latin School. Windham. Georgetown. Lubec. Burlington, Mass. Belfast. North Anson. Deer Isle.
W. S. Brown, E. G. Campbell, Miss A. W. Collins, W. M. Dutton, S. M. Farnum, Jr., W. P. Hamilton, G. A. Hutchins, H. N. Knox, J. G. Morrell, B. L. Pettigrew, T. C. Pulsifer, W. S. C. Russell, R. F. Springer, Miss M. A. Steward, C. S. Webb,		'96.	Damariscotta Mills. Auburn. Stetson. Northport. Topsham. North Livermore. Lincolntonville. Machiasport. Matinicus. Georgetown. Perham. Northport. New Portland. Minot Corner. Gardiner. Scarboro. Monmouth. Phillips. Castle Hill. Phillips.
I. P. Berryman, Miss B. A. Bryant, J. B. Coy, O. F. Cutts, Miss M. E. Dolly, H. L. Douglass, H. T. Gould, E. I. Hanscom, O. E. Hanscom, A. B. Howard, Herbert Lord, L. S. Mason, Miss I. M. Parsons, W. S. Parsons, H. S. Peacock, L. G. Purinton, Miss G. B. Prescott, G. W. Thomas, L. D. Tibbetts, E. C. Vining,		'97.	Turner. Bowdoinham. Livermore. Scarboro. Wells. Lubec. Westerly, R. I. New Portland. Berlin Falls, N. H.
C. M. Barrell, E. F. Cunningham, Miss E. L. Dunn, Henry Gilman, A. C. Hanscom, Miss M. F. Knowles, J. A. Marr, A. L. Sampson, Miss I. H. Smith,			

Alumni Department.

PUBLIC CONFIDENCE AS AN ELEMENT IN BUSINESS.

IT was St. Paul, I believe, who defined faith as "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." St. Paul was speaking in a religious sense. Had he been talking politics or business, his definition would have been equally pertinent.

The business world to-day is absolutely without faith. The situation is anomalous and furnishes to the intelligent citizen, and especially to the student of affairs, a remarkable study.

Twelve months ago the business world was abounding in business faith. The "substance of things hoped for" was within the angle of every man's vision, and he could behold, with single eye, the "evidence of things not seen." Capital had lost its timidity, and labor was singing in exultant and forte strains, "To the work." The wheels of industry were humming; and happy, well paid, but too improvident, labor was luxuriating in the superfluities of life.

Twelve months ago the twenty million wage-earners of the nation were receiving wages whose purchasing power was never equaled in the history of the country. Invested capital was paid a fair, though not extraordinary, rate of interest. Consumption ran after production so fast that he hit his heels at every stride. Prosperity was prodigal and abundant. There was the discontent of business ambition. There was

dissatisfaction for more. There was the healthy unrest of quick blood and eager brain. But, on the whole, our country was never brighter with the promise and potency of the future.

Our foreign exchanges, too, were satisfactory. We were selling more of what we had to sell to the peoples and nations of the earth than ever before. We were buying more from them of what we wanted and they had to sell. Our home market was strong and vigorous in all its features.

The change was sudden and extraordinary. In the short space of a few brief weeks we beheld an entire transformation in the financial and business world. Banks failed by the score, corporations by the hundreds, and business men by the thousands. All over the land was financial desolation. Old men saw the savings of their entire lives vanish in a day; widows, with helpless and dependent children, lost their all. Riches took to themselves wings and flew away. And now paucity has succeeded plenty; poverty, wealth; want, abundance; idleness, employment; and hope has given place to despair. Crimes, especially larcenies, have multiplied. Men and women by thousands, able and willing to work, have been driven to beg or steal. Instances of poverty and misfortune, that have shocked our sensibilities and taxed our credulity, have repeatedly come to our notice. The picture is not overdrawn or highly colored.

The exciting cause of this extraordinary condition was a want of business confidence, a lack of business faith. Men first lost confidence in the government of the country and then in each other. The credit system, upon which the great structure of business rests, became undermined. The promise of the business man to pay at a future time became no longer acceptable. Distrust and suspicion filled all minds.

The business situation to-day—politics aside—is worthy of our observation and study. It exhibits to us distinctly one of the elements of wealth that we are accustomed to overlook. In times of general prosperity, the man of means looks upon his stocks and bonds, upon his notes and title deeds, as so much absolute wealth. He draws from them his annual income, and comes to regard them not as representing value but as value itself. He is mistaken. They represent value. They are simply the outward form which value assumes. All material things are valuable in so far only as they are useful. When they cease to be used they cease to be valuable. An idle mill does not feed the hungry, clothe the naked, or pay dividends on its stock.

Business is production, but it is consumption also. And sooner or later, in all business, consumption must equal production. But consumption is the uncertain factor, because it is the future one, and is discerned only by the eye of business faith. The business man, therefore, must be a prophet. He must anticipate consumption. If he anticipate it correctly, have confidence in his ability to so anticipate it, and act there-

upon, he will be successful; otherwise he is liable to failure. Business is, therefore, the work not of one, but of the many. It depends upon confidence in the many that each will do his part in the great work of production and consumption in the business world. When that confidence is shaken, when the business man distrusts the ability of others to perform their respective parts, then the heart of business ceases to beat, its blood to circulate, and stagnation and paralysis result. Then consumption ceases, production stops, wage-earners are turned out of employment, and there follow all the evils incident to financial panic, confusion, and disorder.

Business will revive only with the restoration of public confidence. That will be prerequisite. As confidence is restored, production and consumption will resume their functions, and advance will be again made, step by step, to a return of national prosperity.

W. H. J., '80.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE CO-ED?

To the Editors of the Student:

I NOTICED a very inspiring remark in the exchange column of your last issue. It was to the effect that other institutions, as well as Bates, were beginning to wake up to the evils of co-education and to demand a return to the old system. I have heard too much on this subject from Bates students within a few years to accuse the editor of this department of advancing his own idea simply as that of the college at large. I have heard too many of the students and alumni deplore the day

when Bates shall become a "female seminary" to be blind to the fact that he voiced the sentiment of no small number of those connected with the institution.

They draw long breaths every fall as the Freshmen file into chapel, and wonder what we are coming to. They compare the number of young ladies in the class with that of the preceding year, and shudder at the lesson it teaches them. Then they begin to discuss various ways of keeping the number down. One suggests that only a limited quota be accepted, those to be chosen by competitive examinations. Another advocate of change says let the faculty select this number according to the general benefit that would be reflected on the college, financially as well as intellectually. Still a third would take the first twenty-five that applied and stop there.

The injustice of all these methods is obvious enough, though the last is evidently the fairest of the three. The idea of turning away a dozen ambitious young ladies who had taken 90 in a competitive examination, but fell below the allotted number, while their places are filled with a crowd of boys, who are hindrance enough to their class when allowed to drag through the first term "on trial." Then, who would applaud the democratic spirit that would turn away a bright, hard-working girl without a mint of money behind her and let in some over-laced, gadding stick whose maiden aunt has a few thousand stowed away in a dilapidated stocking, somewhere? And surely the daughter of wealthy parents shouldn't be kept

out simply to give room for the poorer one.

But what then shall be done in deference to those who see a mass of evil in the growing tendency of the girls to come to Bates? That is simple enough. Let the girls alone, let co-education alone, and educate the fault-finders, the would-be reformers, up to it.

What injury do the "co-eds" do the college? Do they lower the grade of scholarship? Well, not to any great extent. If they did, they would have more friends in some quarters. Do they lower the moral tone? If they did, three-fourths of the detractors of co-education would be its most ardent supporters.

Yes; outside of a few who cannot entirely free themselves from what tradition has taught them to be the ideal college, the opponents of co-education are practically included among those who do not succeed in causing their light to shine with quite as much dazzling splendor as they anticipated, or the larger class of fellows who have a little money and who go to college largely to put in four years of "toughness,"—to free themselves of all civilized restraints, let their hair grow long, befog their brains, stew their stomachs, and blast their reputations with dissipation, and reform afterward.

I say that of those who really have any strong objections to co-education, aside from thoughtless prejudice, most of them may be found in these two classes, and it is a mistake for the body of the students to take up their rant with the idea that they are voicing public sentiment. To be sure, the num-

ber of men in the recent classes hasn't increased as rapidly as the number of ladies. But the remedy for that is to be found elsewhere. Build up instead of tearing down. Help to put more hustle into the thing. Waste less adulation on some meddlesome "sissy," who comes here with his mind bent on reforming everybody's business but his own. Give the same attention to the encouragement of a broad, independent individuality among the students. Then make a protest and keep it up until certain Senior year books, whose mazes would have made the Minotaur himself seasick, are displaced by some in which an ordinary mortal of the nineteenth century can see a grain of sense. And, above all, stop this ranting against co-education even if it doesn't seem quite so smart.

Then there will be no trouble about the proportion of young men in the class being kept up. And the time may come, even, when fifty or sixty bright, honest, industrious young ladies, against whom there is not a shadow of suspicion, will not be called up to sign a code of rules and regulations for their private conduct that would do justice to an English convict deported to Australia on a ticket-o'-leave.

W. B. SKELTON.

PERSONALS.

'67.—Prof. J. H. Rand is making an extensive vacation tour, visiting Brown University, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, and the city of Washington.

'68.—Prof. George C. Chase was elected president of the Maine School-

masters' Club at its annual meeting at Waterville, November 24th.

'69.—Addison Small has resigned the position of Treasurer of Bates College.

'70.—Josiah Chase, Esq., of Portland, of the Committee of Finance and Oversight for Bates, was in Lewiston recently.

'70.—Professor L. G. Jordan is about to move into his beautiful new house on Frye Street.

'70.—F. W. Baldwin, D.D., Orange, N. J., has a rapidly increasing congregation which already nearly fills his commodious new church.

'74.—Rev. J. H. Hoffman, pastor of the Congregational church in Kearney, Neb., is in the lecture field with several popular lecturers.

'74.—Judge Ruel Rogers is the subject of a biographical sketch in a recent article in the *Lewiston Journal* devoted to the eminent citizens of Belfast.

'77.—G. A. Stuart is acting president of the Maine Pedagogical Society.

'78.—F. H. Briggs, Esq., has become an active member of the firm of Ara Cushman & Co., Auburn.

'80.—Rev. F. L. Hayes of Minneapolis is president of the Pastors' Union of that city.

'80.—W. H. Judkins, Esq., is to continue his legal business at the offices lately occupied by Newell & Judkins.

'80.—Born in Kansas City, Mo., November 18th, to the wife of Ernest H. Farrar, a son.

'81.—Rev. W. W. Hayden has entered upon his duties as pastor of the Free Baptist church in Brockton, Mass.

'81.—F. H. Wilbur of Camden read a paper at the recent meeting of the Knox County Teachers' Association.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout is giving an interesting and able course of Sunday evening lectures at Norway.—*Lewiston Journal*, December 1st.

'82.—G. P. Emmons, M.D., Superintendent of the Central Maine General Hospital, has published an interesting report for 1892-93.

'83.—O. L. Frisbee has published an attractive prospectus of the immense Lookout Mountain Hotel at Lookout Mountain, Tenn. Mr. Frisbee is manager.

'84.—Miss Ella Knowles, who was an unsuccessful candidate for the Attorney-Generalship of Montana, and was then appointed assistant by her successful competitor, recently secured in favor of her state, before the Interior Department in Washington, a decision involving about \$200,000 of school lands in Montana.—*The Outlook*, December 2d.

'84.—D. L. Whitmarsh has been elected principal of the high school, Whitman, Mass. Upon leaving Farmington he was presented with a gold watch by the pupils of the high school.

'85.—Rev. E. B. Stiles, lately returned from the mission field in India, was recently in Lewiston.

'85.—Mrs. Ada (Tucker) Stiles has sufficiently recovered her health at the Massachusetts Homeopathic Hospital to go to her father's home in Norway, Me.

'86.—Professor W. H. Hartshorn

read a paper on Physics at the recent meeting of the Knox County Teachers' Association, and in the evening delivered an address on "What Can We Learn in Germany?"

'87.—F. W. Chase, principal of the Lewiston Grammar School, has begun house-keeping on Davis Street, in this city.

'87.—P. R. Howe, D. D. S., has opened an office in Osgood Block, Lewiston.

'88.—H. Hatter, of Storer College, has secured a valuable patent for a machine for harvesting Indian corn.

'88.—W. L. Powers has introduced a course in mechanical drawing in the Gardiner High School.

'89.—Born in Denver, Colorado, November 18th, to the wife of G. H. Libby, a daughter.

'89.—J. F. Hilton, M. D., for two years a member of '89, is having a successful practice in Lewiston.

'89.—B. E. Sinclair, of Westbrook, for two years a member of '89, took an active part in the Cumberland County Teachers' Association at its recent meeting at Brunswick.

'89.—Rev. Blanche A. Wright is pastor of the Church of the Reconciliation, Newport, N. Y., and of the Church of the Messiah, Middleville, N. Y.

'90.—F. L. Day has been appointed Senior House Physician and Surgeon to Bridgeport, Conn., Hospital.

'91.—William S. Mason is principal of Watson Academy, Epping, N. H.

'91.—Miss A. A. Beal, who is in Redlands, Cal., at last accounts was improving in health.

'92.—E. W. Emery is superintending the business of his father, who died recently.

'92.—Scott Wilson, in addition to teaching in the Haverford College Grammar School, is attending lectures

in the law department the University of Pennsylvania.

'92.—A. D. Shepard is meeting with excellent success as Superintendent of Schools, Pascoag, R. I. He has been holding a series of Teachers' Institutes.

'93.—N. C. Bruce is having excellent success in his work at Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C.

College Exchanges.

AS we look over the exchanges for the last time before passing the scissors and paste-pot to our successor, a few general observations with respect to so-called "College Journalism" may not seem amiss. In the first place, then, "college journalism," like a certain well-known patent medicine, is "peculiar to itself." It cannot be judged according to ordinary literary standards. It embraces, in its treatment, a broad variety of subjects, but they are of such a character as to interest only the student mind, and that from a critical standpoint rather than any intrinsic value. As might well be expected, the great mass of student literary work bears unmistakably the mark of immaturity. The writer aims to produce an effect. He is unable, as yet, to do much original thinking; so he seeks to attain his end by forcing the language. Like many a more experienced man, he takes a club to crush a mosquito. This is almost universally the case with the "heavy articles."

With respect to the lighter work, sketches, stories and the like, there is the same fault, though perhaps to a less degree. A hero waxes passionate where no occasion for passion can be discovered. This is not at all artistic, of course, and wearies a reader sorely. But occasionally in the better college Lit's one may come upon a sketch, or criticism, or story of real merit. These grains of wheat in the great mass of worthless chaff are a most grateful relief from the general monotony. With college verse less fault can be found. It cannot be called poetry and does not aspire to that name. A humorous conceit in rhyme, an unexpected play of words, this constitutes a large part of the undergraduate verse. Poor enough stuff it is to the really critical, but it certainly indicates, better than anything else, the jolly light-heartedness of the average student; and it furnishes an always welcome opportunity to laugh. The college man is capable of better work, however, in this

line, and really good verses are not at all rare. Below will be found examples from the exchanges of the past month :

SORCERY.

Pale are the upturned faces of the roses,
The dew-drenched roses, when the mystic
moon

(Bending above them in her highest noon),
Searches with phantom hands the laurel
closes.

At her magic touch the owlet dozes,
The brook says "hush!" and in a pallid swoon
Under that lunar spell, the flowers commune
With Death; and no good angel interposes.
All silently the petals part and fall
In ghastly spirals to the sodden ground,
Like butterflies, uncertain where to rest;
Within that tranced garden not a sound
Shivers the crystal silence; but a pall
Of darkness hides the moon deep in the west.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

EVENING.

On dreary marsh-land darkness settles low,
The sky is dull and gray, save far away
A cold, pale brightness marks the orb of day
Far down the west. Faint ghost of ruddy
glow

The sunset comes and goes. The shadows grow
So long that all is shadow, and the gray

Of twilight falls. On silent pools yet stray
Reflections of the latest gleams, then go.
The fringing alders by the black brook blend
Into a wall of deepening gloom. Below,
So stilly glides the stream, I scarce can hear
Its mournful murmuring, though strained my
ear.

Athwart my way a light gleams that I know.
A latch is lifted: left the drear day's end.

—*Trinity Tablet.*

CLOUDLAND.

Over the hills at the close of day,
Gazing with listless, seeming eyes,
Margery watches them sail away,
The sunlit clouds of the western skies.

Margery sighs with a vague regret,
As slowly they fade from gold to gray,
Till night has come and the sun has set,
And the clouds have drifted beyond the day.

What are you dreaming, my little maid?
For yours are beautiful thoughts, I know.
What were the words that the wild wind said
And where, in the dark, did the cloud-ships
go?

Come through the window and touch her hair,
Wind of the vast and starry deep!
And tell her not of this old world's care,
But kiss her softly and let her sleep.

—*Columbia Lit.*

College Notes.

Middlebury College of Middlebury, Vt., will receive from the estate of Charles J. Starr of New York the sum of \$150,000. Mr. Starr has given to this institution almost \$250,000 at different times.

The rules of Oberlin College require students "to be in their rooms by 10 o'clock P.M." They say also that "gentlemen are not permitted to call on ladies during study hours."

Harvard has established a meteorological office on top of the volcano of Arequipa, Peru, 19,000 feet above sea level.

The University of Chicago has decided to erect the observatory for the great telescope presented by Mr. Yerkes, at Lake Geneva, Wis., about three hours' ride from Chicago, provided a site of forty-five acres and \$100,000 can be secured.

A course in physical culture is opened at Yale this year for the Senior class. Recitations will be held in the gymnasium and instruction given in Swedish, German, and American methods.

"Why do you speak in such sharp tones?"

She asked her lord in some surprise.

"I have to, love," he heartless said,

"Since I must get them in edgewise."

—*Ex.*

Beloit has secured for its museum the Rust archaeological collection worth \$15,000, which has been on exhibition at the World's Fair. It includes some 3,000 specimens of arrow-heads and pottery, gathered by Major H. M. Rust of California.

The Wesleyan faculty have promised to send their Glee Club on several trips each year, and to make up any financial loss which may be occasioned in so doing.

By the will of Martin S. Eichelberger of York, Pa., Yale recently received a gift of \$85,000. No conditions were made in regard to the use of the money.

The first woman in the world to receive the degree of electrical engineer is Miss Bertha Lamens of Springfield, O. She is a graduate of the Ohio State University, where she led her class through the entire course.

The foot-ball team of North Carolina is said to be the heaviest team in the country. The average weight of the team is 182 pounds.

At the University of Wisconsin a rank of 85 per cent. in daily or term work exempts a student from examinations.

The Kansas State University has one woman in the law department. She is called sister-in-law.—*Ex.*

The Yale Boat Club's total expenditures for 1892 and 1893 were \$13,902.05.

Statistics for this country give 52 law schools with 345 instructors and 3,906 students.

Wellesley College has 746 students of whom 290 are Freshmen.

There are 117 colleges represented among the graduates studying at Columbia.

There are 130 students in the law school of the University of California.

Plans are on foot at the University of California for the suppression of cheating in examinations.

The University of Wisconsin has challenged the University of Michigan to a joint debate.

'Twas a lovely moonlight evening,
As on the porch we sat,
And I asked what for her birthday
I should give my darling pet.
She looked up smiling in my eyes,
Her cheeks grew red and hot,—
"Why, Charley, you forget—yourself."
I offered on the spot.

—*Brunonian.*

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer has given \$100,000 to Columbia College.

There are 193 college papers in the United States.

The Dartmouth library is open to students Sunday afternoons.

The Yale commons has a seating capacity of 420.

Cornell offers a course in Russian language and literature.

Student self-government will be tried at Cornell for a year.

For fifty years no smoker has graduated from Harvard with the honors of his class.

The University of Michigan has fifty of its own graduates on its faculty.

The College of South Carolina is soon to be closed for lack of students.

Exeter intends building a dormitory costing \$65,000 in honor of Dr. Peabody.

One hundred and two members of the House of Representatives are college graduates.

There are 77,000 members of the Greek-letter fraternities in the United States.

Columbia offers free tuition for the course, which is equivalent to \$600, to the Freshman passing the best examination.

According to President Harper of Chicago University, college presidents receive salaries ranging from \$620 to \$10,000, with an average of \$3,047.

Only 500 of the 1,000 applicants for admission to the new Armour Institute in Chicago can be accommodated.

The Freshman class at the University of Wisconsin numbers 280, the largest in the history of that institution.

The Vassar girls take proper pride in the fact that none of their graduates have ever been divorced.

The University of Chicago is about to make an attempt to combine the Chicago medical schools into a great medical college which will rival the best European institutions. Preliminary steps in this direction have already been taken.

"*Tempus fugit*," said the Romans;
Yes, alas, 'tis fleeting on;
Ever coming,
Ever going,
Life is short and soon 'tis gone.

But as I think of next vacation,
Pouring o'er these lessons huge,
Ever harder,
Ever longer,
All I say is, "Let her *fuge*."

Chicago University has purchased for \$80,000 the library and manuscript of the historian Bancroft.

In the opening address President Schurman of Cornell threatened suspension for any participant in an under-class rush, or for even a by-stander.

"Sing a song of side-shows,
A pocket full of tin;
Costs you forty dollars
To take the Midway in."

—*Sequoia*.

By a judicious arrangement of receptions to the entering class, the Harvard faculty succeeded in doing away with "Bloody Monday" this year.

Of the 280 Sophomores at Yale, 149 refused mathematics, 57 Greek, 27 Latin, and but three English. The class will be divided on the line of those who do not take mathematics.



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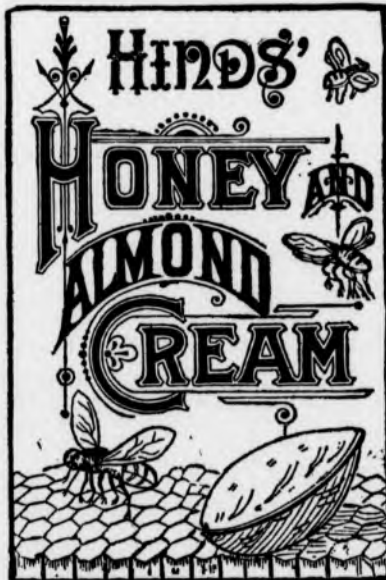
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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on 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.

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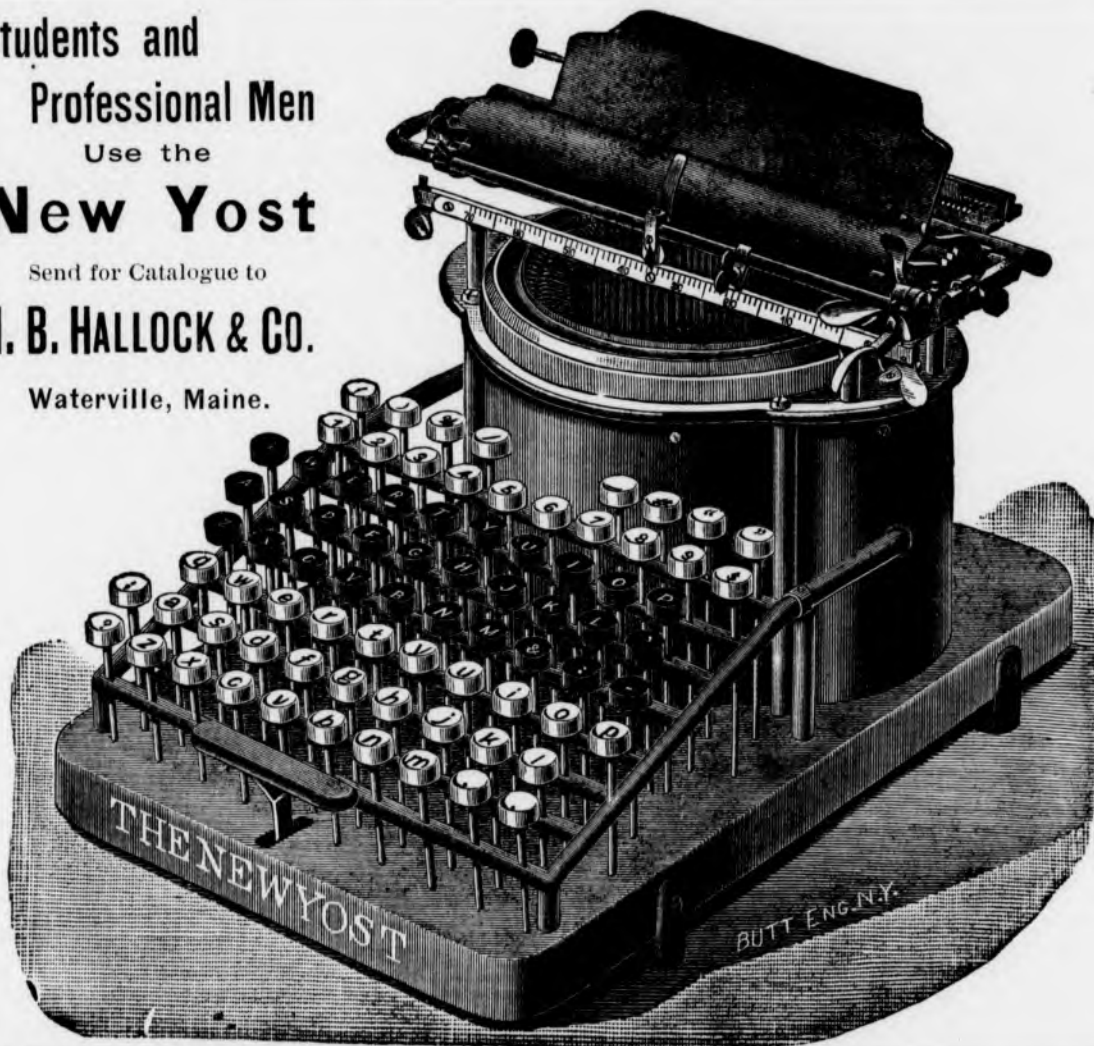
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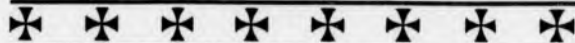
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
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