

5-1889

The Bates Student - volume 17 number 05 - May 1889

Bates College

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No. 5.

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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. XVII.

MAY, 1889.

No. 5.

THE BATES STUDENT

A MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE
COLLEGIATE YEAR BY THE

CLASS OF '90, BATES COLLEGE,
LEWISTON, ME.

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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
H. V. NEAL, MANAGER OF STUDENT, LEWISTON,
MAINE.

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

Printed at the Journal Office, Lewiston, Maine.

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EDITORIAL.

THE great changes which have recently taken place at the east of Hathorn Hall—the laying out of a new street in front of the gymnasium and the cutting down of the sweet-fern bushes that formerly cast so refreshing a shade over the girls' tennis court—are all a means to an end. The "end" is our new chemical laboratory, which, as you all know, is soon to adorn the crest of the hill at the left of Hathorn Hall. This building is to face the south as do the other buildings; it is to be, they tell us, somewhat longer than wide, about 58 x 36, made of Lewiston brick, and having a hip roof smoothly slated. Even in the way it is to be built, it seems to bid to all a cordial welcome. A projection near the center of the front contains the large door, and comes out to meet the stranger fully four feet from the main building. But here it stops, and the beautiful semi-circular tower close at the right gets ahead of it for five feet more. This classic tower and the projection topped by a neat gable are the ornaments of the front of the building; each of the sides also boasts a gable, while the center of the roof, not to be outdone by front or sides, rejoices in a fine glass ventilator, a sort of cupola called a "lantern." The back of the

building is plain, though it has its share of the handsome round-topped windows which give to this style of architecture the name of Romanesque. The sills of these windows are of North Conway granite, as is also that ten-inch band running all around the building at the top of the basement.

We are also told that this building is to be two stories high beside the basement. On the first floor is the chemical lecture room, with opportunity to illustrate the lectures by experiments before the class. In another room also on this floor may be found the geological cabinet.

But "the way into my *parlor* is up a winding stair," and if we go up the "winding stair," situated in this case in the semi-circular tower, we shall soon find ourselves in a large, light, well-ventilated room finished even into the roof somewhat after the fashion of the gymnasium. This room is the large laboratory for individual work in analytical chemistry, and all around us are pneumatic troughs, racks of test-tubes, numerous bottles of H_2SO_4 and HNO_3 , and everything else necessary for the accommodation of fifty aspiring young chemists at work at the same time. Beside this large laboratory, there is also a smaller one for the private use of the Professor in Chemistry, and two other small rooms for cloak rooms.

Taken all in all we feel assured that our new laboratory is to be both an ornament and a benefit to Bates College. Those who have the matter in charge hope to have it ready for us by next September. A lithograph of the building will probably appear in our next number.

ONE of the evils which is most encountered in college life is the acquiring of the habit of using slang. Not that the use of low and vulgar slang is meant, for the evil is too apparent in that, but the so-called fashionable slang which is used in polite conversation. The English language in all its beauty and expressiveness can never be thoroughly mastered and rightly handled by one who habitually makes use of slang. There have been men and there are those to-day who have realized its beauty and the power which can be attained by its right use. This appreciation of the language ought not to be confined to a few but should be universal. The habit of using slang is by no means prevalent among college students only. Those who profess to move in the highest social circles seem to pride themselves in the number of slang expressions they can make use of. The professor uses it in his class-room; the lawyer uses it at the bar; and the minister in his pulpit. The influence of this evil is not decreasing but rather increasing, and if no counteracting influence is brought to bear we cannot expect to hear good forms of expressions from scholars who daily hear these slang phrases from the lips of those to whom they look for instruction. The influence then of all college students and graduates ought to be used in checking this present tendency of our language.

TWO years ago the interest in baseball at Bates died out, but last year a new interest was awakened and Bates was again represented in the col-

lege league. Though we won but two games, yet the work of the season was not fruitless, for it laid the foundation upon which we now stand. This year Bates is represented in the league by the best team she has had for several years. Though we were badly beaten the first game, yet our courage does not flag. The injury of our captain was a severe blow to the nine, but still we have the material to cope with any of the college teams. The nine now needs but two things to repeat the work of last September at St. John,—a little more pull-together and more practice at the bat. Boys, work together as you did then and the pennant is yours. Do not protest the games you win.

THE need of a General Intercollegiate Press Association seems evident. The present sectional associations are doing a good work, but they cannot fully cover the ground. There are important interests that only a general association can properly foster. Chief among these is our new magazine, the *Collegian*, which needs and deserves the hearty support of all the college papers of the country, and which, rightly managed and treated, would be helpful to all. Should a strong general association be formed and assume the support of the *Collegian*, the success of the latter would be assured; and, having a larger constituency to draw from, it would doubtless improve much faster than under the present conditions.

But the question may arise, is it best to merge the existing associations into one? Are there not interests which

may be better served by the present arrangement than by any other? We think so; and for that reason we hope it will not be given up. Besides, we fear lest, if we should have only one association for the whole country, the stronger papers would practically monopolize it, and crowd the weaker ones to the wall. At least it is certain that many of the poorer ones could ill afford, or could not afford, to send a representative to a distant meeting, no matter how much they might wish to do so.

To obviate these difficulties, would it not be well to let each section have an association to care for its own interests, and then have each of these represented in a central association, something as each State is represented in Congress. This seems better than to have only one association, as well as more in accord with American ideas.

IN a number of Western States intercollegiate oratorical contests are taking place and great interest is manifested in them. The idea is naturally suggested that a similar league might be formed in Maine. Our base-ball league keeps up a lively interest in the athletic condition of neighboring institutions, and something of this kind would awaken us to an appreciation of what they are doing in those lines of work that are more distinctively the province of a college. Though prizes are uncertain, and their award often unsatisfactory, it would be well for us to have a chance to measure something more than bats with one another. To the students of Maine colleges we suggest that steps be taken for such a con-

test next year. It would afford a powerful stimulus for better work in rhetorical at home, as well as for this event, and could not fail to establish a higher standard of literary work.

THE proposition to make attendance at chapel exercises entirely optional has been much discussed of late in some of our colleges. If this be a move forward, it is strange that it has not yet reached Bates, which has a reputation for taking the lead in advance movements, the admission of ladies, for example. But somehow this does not seem to be a move forward, but rather backward. It looks like the first step toward doing away with all religious exercises in college, a result little to be desired. One would almost think that, in these days, when the scholarship of the country is so largely Christian, such a move would find little support. Perhaps it would not were it not for the idea of compulsion which attends the requirement, and which offends the high (?) regard for liberty of our freedom-loving youth. But it is as true now as in the days of the wise man, that "It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth." Removed from all the restraints of home life, a few requirements like this can hardly fail to exercise a healthful restraining influence on us as students. We are confident that a large majority of the students here would not be in favor of having the chapel attendance made entirely optional, and if they would, their parents would not. However other colleges may decide the question, we cannot but think that the arrangement

here, neither making the attendance entirely compulsory, nor leaving it entirely optional, is by far the best.

KNOWLEDGE may be accumulated to no purpose. The mere acquisition of the facts and details of knowledge without attention to their application gives no discipline except to the memory. A student may learn the rules of a language or the principles of a science, but if he can not apply those rules and principles to language and science, he has gained a fund of knowledge worth no more to him than pearls at the bottom of the sea. For, like those pearls, it is far beyond his reach. What does it avail a student to become acquainted with the facts of history if he can not see in them the great laws that govern nations and men? Of what value is botany, geology, physics, or any other science to the man who makes them a mere exercise of the memory? Can he see them in the flowers, the rocks, and the rainbow? No. His observing faculties have received no discipline and his study has failed of its true end. He has become a passive receptacle of other men's thoughts, and a leaky one, too. He is the man of well informed intellect, but of weak powers of observation. Literary culture alone cannot make a man. It is possible to have read a great deal and to have waded through many branches of study, and still to possess but little practical wisdom. It is not wholly how much one knows that is of importance, but in a great degree the facility with which one can use what he knows. The stu-

dent who knows a great deal, but is not able to use his knowledge, is the man of poor judgment and weak understanding; but the student who can use his knowledge, though it may be limited, is the man of sound judgment and clear understanding. He is the man of practical wisdom. His is the example to follow.

THOSE who have not yet joined the Athletic Association, we would urge to do so for three important reasons:

I. It will increase your interest in the college. To the confirmed bookworm, college is nothing more than a place where recitations are heard. He who takes an active interest in all that pertains to the college, regards the college as a home, an *Alma Mater* indeed. Incidents occur which will never be forgotten. Stir from your rooms, then; shout the "Boom-a-lak-a" and learn to love your college home.

II. It will increase your interest in the college work.

"He does not *live* whose poor contracted life is narrowed to a single changeless round." The student who pores incessantly over his books never learns the true ardor and zest of college life. We need sometimes to forget our books and cease to worry why we cannot succeed with this problem or that translation. If one applies himself strictly to his books with no intermission, he will soon become morose, dissatisfied, discouraged. Many students have become thoroughly discouraged and left college simply because they took no recreation. Keep the life current flowing, and, with body

healthy and mind alert, college work becomes a pleasure—a pastime.

III. It will increase your interest in your fellow-students. Remember that you do not come to college to be shut up as in a monastery, but to be a student among students, just as later on you are to be a man among men. If you become interested with the sports of the students, you will soon become interested with the students themselves. Many firm friends are thus made, which no one can afford to lose. Ties are formed which are never broken, ties which will brighten the hardest and most obdurate life, ties which, as the years roll by, will bind you with increasing love to your college and college associates. Consult your purse then. Cut short your expenditures. Join the Athletic Association and get out of college life all there is in it.

LITERARY.

WHAT IS AMERICAN SOCIAL-ISM?

By C. J. E., '89.

AT the beginning of the present century, monopoly of land, stagnation of trade, tyranny of caste, and oppressions by a bigoted and ignorant clergy had plunged the working people of England and France into wretchedness and despair.

Responsive to the cry of the down-trodden classes, there appeared, on this scene in civil history, two characters, colossal in their breadth of conception and energy of execution. Saint Simon in France and Robert Owen in England espoused the cause of the toiling

masses, and proclaimed to the world that inequality is the accident of birth or of fortune, that all property should be common and collective and its distribution equal; asking from each according to his abilities, and giving to each according to his needs. This was the first actual declaration of real socialism, mistaken perhaps, but wrung from the heart and brain of generous philanthropy.

In 1826, the economic principles of Saint Simon and of Owen were welcomed to America, and served for forty years as the philosophical and working basis of American Socialism. Sometimes under the milder title of communism, but still embracing the essential principles of unity of property and equality of distribution, they flourished during these years in sixty-nine communities, supported and inspired by some of America's brightest and ablest men.

Of these communities the most interesting was the Brook Farm, of Roxbury, Mass., of which Dr. Channing, Geo. Ripley, Horace Greeley, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Margaret Fuller, Chas. Dana, and Nathaniel Hawthorne were members; a society that "Aimed to be rich, not in the metallic representative of wealth, but in leisure to live in all the faculties of the soul." Thus earlier American Socialism, with its religious ardor and Christian aims, proved a beautiful and interesting, if not altogether successful experiment.

But since 1850, socialism has suffered a grievous and radical change, wrought chiefly through the importation of revolutionary socialism from Russia and

Germany, the world's great socialistic, nihilistic, and anarchistic strongholds. These revolutionists, also, believe in common property and equality of distribution; in fact, so firmly are they grounded in the belief that they would overturn all existing institutions and found upon the ruins a socialistic state that should embrace the world; like Gonzala's Commonwealth, having neither riches nor poverty, nor occupation nor sovereignty, yet each would aspire to be king of it. In 1878 Bismarck disfranchised 200,000 Socialists, and, it is reported, assisted many of them with German gold to emigrate to America.

To-day there are probably half a million socialistic sympathizers in the United States. They are embraced in three classes, namely: The International Working People's Association, or Society of the Black Hand; the International Workmen's Association, or Society of the Red Hand and the Socialistic Labor Party, boasting no hand, but stigmatized by John Most as the Blue Hand, because of its cowardice. Differing as to means, they cherish the same object. To quote their own words, it is "Free land, free tools, and free money." Terribly in earnest, both branches of the Internationals exclaim "Away with private property, away with authority, away with the State, away with the family, away with religion. War to the palace; peace to the cottage; and death to luxurious idleness." Renouncing all government except individual will, they rejoice in dynamite and ignore the ballot.

On the contrary the Socialistic Labor

Party has remained true to some, at least, of the ideals of primitive socialism. Believing in the ultimate triumph of a socialistic state, it would work out its destiny by peaceful degrees. It emphasizes the dignity of labor, and claims that "Socialism rightly understood is Christianity applied to social reform." It censures violence, and abides by the law.

However, it falls into error in assuming that selfishness can be eradicated from human character; it falls into error in supposing manual labor the sole source of wealth, forgetting the brain must plan before the hand can build; it falls into error in using the right of suffrage not as a means of salvation but as a weapon of battle against our gracious government.

We respect the virtues of primitive socialism; we condemn the principles of anarchy. Modern socialism has less of good than of evil. What are the remedies for this evil? Restriction of immigration, co-operation, education, patriotism, and Christianity. Properly restrict immigration, and the turbulent flood of atheism and discontent, that swells the ranks of socialism, will recoil on its natal shores. Institute just co-operation between employer and employed, and the conflict of labor and capital will vanish in the peace of a common interest. Teach the generations the principles of government and they will uphold the dignity of the State. Preach the gospel in its simplicity, not as the instrument of a foreign despotism, and the heart even of a Socialist will hail the good tidings. Assert, everywhere, the patriotism of

American manhood, and these dark pyramids of social evil will crumble into dust.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

By A. N. P., '90.

So waved the pine tree through my thought,
And fanned the dream it never brought.
—Woodnotes.

Bind no laurel crown for him,
But wreath of pine, with sap of fire,
Whose needles are his myriad thoughts,
Whose towering trunk, a central spire,
Unites them in grand harmony,
And draws them higher, ever higher.

Rough winter cannot bare the boughs
By his rude grasp of raging cold.
But when new leaves, in silent course,
The former growth in love enfold,
Rejoicing in this better garb,
Unheeded falls the useless old.

So grew his truth from year to year,
Evolved a grander self in thought,
Finding the new released the old,
And for still higher regions sought,
Until his e'er aspiring life
With God's own presence was inwrought.

SHAKESPEARE'S "TEMPEST."

By A. L. S., '89.

"THE TEMPEST" is one of the latest as well as one of the best of Shakespeare's plays. Malone fixes the date of its composition at 1611 A.D., but this is not to be regarded as strictly authentic. The play derives its peculiar merits from the directness and variety of its characters, which exhibit almost every emotion and impulse that stirs men to action. There is displayed at once the folly and contemptibility of the weak; the monstrousness of the purely animal; the successes and failures of worldly wisdom; the strength and weaknesses of

the intellectual faculty, and the subtle and charming powers of imagination.

Moreover, this is not obscurely accomplished, as by presenting the same individual in several lights and leaving the general results of uncertain origin, but by pursuing a simple plot and by embodying each character with a befitting individuality.

Trinculo and Stephano are typical of a considerable class of men who are shallow, careless, and hopelessly—sometimes despicably—commonplace. They are not only extraordinarily animal and passionate like Caliban, but they are vulgar. There can never be any excuse for vulgarity.

Caliban seems hideous, yet there is a sort of sublimity in his character. He is bold, self-conscious, and self-controlled. He is passionate, not because he is weak as were Trinculo and Stephano, but because to him passion is the legitimate expression of his character; the embodiment of his ideal.

Gonzalo, Sebastian, and Antonio are men of the world. Their interests are centered in the affairs around them. They refuse to consider the hereafter as seriously affected by their present business. This speech of Gonzalo is characteristic: "Let the wills above be done, but I would fain die a dry death."

Antonio is maliciously wicked. Sebastian is criminally weak. Both are wholly selfish. Both ultimately come to grief. Gonzalo is the honest, candid, benevolent counselor. His motto is "be helpful." He has a keen sympathy for human suffering. He reaps his reward.

The boatswain, a minor character in the play, exemplifies a class of people wholly occupied and satisfied with their sphere in life. In this he somewhat resembles Gonzalo, Sebastian, and Antonio. He is different in that he is a genius in his own little world, and, narrow though that be, he regards with a sort of contempt, or at least nonchalance, any dignitary of another calling, though it be a higher and broader one than his own. As he replies to Gonzalo, "there is no one on board for whom he cares more than for himself."

In Alonzo, King of Naples, Shakespeare exhibits a keen appreciation of the character and motives of most kings of that time. Though a man that would stoop to any plot to further state interests, he was very willing to be forgiven when the "tables were turned," and he saw greater advantages in possessing the friendship of his former enemy. He was a thorough-going policy man.

Shakespeare "turns the tables" very naturally and gracefully by introducing the marriage of Ferdinand and Miranda. Ferdinand is an honest, chivalrous, impulsive youth, such as, I imagine, we may often meet.

Prospero very truly exhibits the strength and the foibles of the intellectual man. As we should expect from analogy to life, Prospero is the ruling character of the play. Though by his seclusion he loses his power in society, yet by that very seclusion and devotion to study he is enabled to gain a secret strength that restores to him a controlling influence.

Prospero and Miranda each show the influence of Nature's teachings and

the sweet ministrations of solitude. Each, however, is affected in a manner peculiar to the individual. To Prospero solitude with nature is opportunity for meditation and instruction in the hidden mysteries of life. To Miranda it is a freedom from the debasing influences of court society; an opportunity for normal growth; an inspiration to purity, gracefulness, and frankness of character.

Miranda is often called an ideal woman; but not justly so. She is pure, loving, perhaps perfect so far as she is portrayed to us, but Shakespeare does not present her at the age and in the circumstances necessary to reveal the full power and charms of complete and symmetrical womanhood.

Indeed, I have never found among Shakespeare's writings anything like an adequate presentation of the dignity, individuality, and superior worth of woman's character.

As far as I can judge, womanhood is much more completely and successfully portrayed in the little volumes of Merideth's "Lucile" and Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" than in all of Shakespeare's plays taken together, a circumstance doubtless due to the humiliating position of woman in the social and private life of Shakespeare's day.

Sweet, airy Ariel is certainly one of the finest and most exquisite products of Shakespeare's ingenious imagination. It must have been the offspring of his delight in the delicate workings of his own imaginative faculty. The fine perception in grasping just the sentiments that are universal

creations of this faculty is certainly something very remarkable.

Ariel is the personification of the human faculty of æsthetic perception and creation. So accurate is this analogy that the whole story of Ariel may be regarded as a sort of allegory. We might include also the characters of Miranda, Prospero, and Caliban.

Miranda, the central figure, would typify the developing mental powers as a whole; Prospero, the guiding, restraining, controlling power of reason; Caliban, the necessary and somewhat ignoble services of animal passion; and "dainty Ariel," the exhilarating, fascinating, ennobling influences of poetic conceptions. The very details of Ariel's existence are matters of universal experience.

Who has not at some time felt his imagination to be of supernatural origin? Who has not been conscious of the enslaving influence of the animal instincts over his finer nature, imprisoning it as it were, "in the heart of the pine?"

I quote advisedly the expression "in the heart of the pine" because it is most often through the beauties of nature, "the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," that the intellect (Prospero) is enabled to recall the imagination from servitude to animal passion. Afterward when it is released it "comes to answer thy best pleasure; be't to swim, to dive into the fire, to ride on the curled cloud."

Ariel's demand, "my freedom," is what every one feels at times when the soul, awakening into fuller life, seems to soar to other worlds, and

looking yet further to the heights beyond, cries, "O loose these mortal chains."

Ariel's lack of human sympathy is also true of the æsthetic faculty, for some of the finest conceptions of art take their inspiration from intense human suffering, as "The Dying Gladiator," "Laöcoon," "The Prisoner of Chillon."

Finally, as a whole, the drama is bold and general rather than minute or specific. It is like an outline map of the great currents of life. "Macbeth," "Julius Caesar," and "The Merchant of Venice" are details from the great panorama of existence. "The Tempest" is a comprehensive view of the whole. It suffers a lack of intense human interest accordingly.

MAY-FLOWERS.

By ERIC, '90.

A southern slope of gray brown grass,
From which the northward-journeying sun
Has barely solved the blanket white.
Along it as I musing pass,
It seems the life can never run
To loose the bonds of nature's night.

But scarcely is the thought expressed,
When close beneath my feet I see
A star-group touched with morning's bloom.
The perfume rising from its breast
Is the first incense given to me
Of glad spring life from winter's tomb.

So oft when life seems sad and dull,
Like subtle odor will arise
A true word from a trusting soul,
A promise heaven-sent, powerful,
That all the wealth of truth we prize
The hidden future shall unroll.

The Cornell delegation to the summer school at Northfield will number fifty.

FAILURE: ITS CAUSES.

By F. J. D., '89.

THE subject of failure is not a cheerful one to speak upon. It does not in any sense look over the beautiful, radiant, and perfect side of life; but, on the contrary, it gives one a sort of post-mortem view of humanity. Nevertheless it is a most interesting subject to study into, and a most difficult one to understand. It is interesting because it deals with that noblest of God's creatures, man, of whom Shakespeare says: "How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!" And yet these infinite capacities, this reason, this multifold faculty, this godlike power of apprehension and action, all of these sometimes in the course of individual life become so frost-bitten by accident, pain, and disappointment, that they cease putting forth endeavor, and withdraw into the recesses of the mind and heart, with a quiet and nerveless majesty like embalmed Pharaohs. An investigation of a few of the reasons that occasion this ebb, this retrograde, this subsidence in human experience, cannot fail to interest.

Failure is difficult to understand in any broad and fundamental sense, because there are so many different types or varieties of it, and consequently so many different causes for it. Now to search for a common bond or cause of death in the victims of consumption, of fever, of apoplexy, and of heart disease would be fruitless, because the microbe, so to speak, differs in each case. Each

case constitutes a distinct genus in itself. Now to search for a common cause of failure, an underlying principle that is constant and unvarying in all cases, from the pure Queen Catherine, who by kingly decree "wears a golden sorrow," down through all grades to those who by false love or low instinct's decree become the very dust and loam of society. To search for a constant similar principle of failure that inheres and ministers alike to the downfall of a Napoleon, whose great projects miscarry on account of the veto of an allied Europe, to him of lower estate who is dispossessed of the petty accumulations of plodding industry, seems also fruitless, because the microbe of failure, as it were, differs in each case. In one case the microbe is ambition, in another false love, in another low instincts, in another speculation, in another envy, and in others flood or fire. Each case of failure appears to constitute a genus in itself. And therefore to discuss the causes of failure it would seem necessary, in the absence of any common reason, to regard each particular case alone and by itself. But, however, this is not necessarily so. For, just as it is always the law of gravitation that brings all things to the earth, whether it be a golden sphere, a rotten apple, a brick, or a snow-flake, so there is a common element, a constant related cause that brings all human beings to the earth of failure. And that this is true will be manifest when we examine closely the true nature of failure.

Now precisely what is failure? A man's house burns to the ground, but

the flames did not touch his honor. Has he failed? A man embarks his property in a ship, and one night in a storm it goes down, but his courage is unaffected. Has he failed? A man has his throat cut from ear to ear, but he was defending his trust. Has he failed? Thousands of men in the late civil struggle did their duty, when they knew the doing of it would in an instant tear their bodies into unrecognizable masses. But does the concourse of citizens through the nation, placing the evergreen circlet upon the soldiers' graves on the 30th of May, designate them as failures? Thousands of other men, and women also, to-day in that other struggle for life and duty, while their hands are keeping up an everlasting fight for the bread of existence, their heads and hearts are taking hold of the great, good, and beautiful things of life with a sweet and enlarging interest. Are they failures? A young man stands forth so strong, so beautiful, so upright, that a whole family of hopes are centered in his manhood. But sickness comes. His hopes are truncated, his activity forever circumscribed to the couch, and uncomplaining hope through a series of years keeps him cheerful. Has he failed? A man says, "I will build me a house," but all through the years his heart was so kind that to perceive need was to relieve it; and one day his hair is gray, and where the walls should rise and the roof of his house should spread, there rises the trunk and spreads the branches of a tree; and where the portico and veranda of his house should be there are shrubs and weeds; and never in

this world will the corner-stone of his house be laid. But his heart is young, and all the beatific visions of spring, of summer cloud, of singing birds, and all the beautiful things in nature grow more appreciated as life advances, and the internal radiance of loving and being loved are his. Has he failed? Oh, don't tell me that the loss of money is failure, for if the loss of it is then the lack of it is, and if the lack of it is, then how many good, honest, enterprising people are failures. But this is contrary to all admission of God or man. Therefore neither the lack nor loss of money is failure. Failure is not loss of property, but loss of courage; not lack of funds, but lack of heart sympathy; not industry on small pay, but idleness. A \$1,500 man working on \$700 salary is not failing, but a \$1,500 man loafing on a \$2,000 prospective, is failing. No man who works, who does his duty, whose life is one of steady, honest industry, can fail.

The full-rigged and manned ship that is launched in the deep ocean, buffeted and beaten and sometimes driven upon the rocks, is the successful man.

The full-rigged and equipped ship, full of promise, that never is launched, but rots upon the dock, is the failure.

The student who, when he graduates, is full of energy and capacity for hard work, content only with the subjugation of his worst self and serious opposition, but who in a few years loses courage, until he is amply content to subjugate warm food and a feather-bed, is a failure.

Now just as success is not accumulation of wealth, nor any position of

power held by popular favor, but the condition of the mind and heart, so degrees of failure do not run up and down the thermometer of external acquisitions, but inhere in the state of the mind and heart itself. In general I define failure as the process of the gradual diminution of the force elements, the gradual discouragement from circumstances, until permanent dejection sets in, followed by the final renunciation of all effort to obtain those excellences and powers the heart agreed upon in early life.

The first cause of failure I mention is the fact that men have no settled policy with themselves. It is inevitable that a thinking, robust man should have conflicts in the region of his spiritual, intellectual, moral, and affectional natures. These conflicts must come before there is anything rich, prized, and durable in manhood. But there comes a time when the conquest of self must be made. There must be acquired and held in the soul some *terra firma*. There must be settled belief in something. There must be an immutable homestead in the soul, where the spiritual nature can say, "I have a right to this. Upon its unyielding permanence I will rear my lofty and white architecture." There must be a homestead in the soul, where the moral nature can plant its solid masonry and rear its structures more grandly simple and chaste than any Doric temple. There must be some settled principles the intellect accepts and believes without question or reservation; for without this there can be no growth. Where this is not the case, where religious

ideas, moral notions, and intellectual conceptions are constantly on the wing, the poor mind, under this wind-mill process, becomes confused, whirls around, but makes no advance. In such evanescent mentality great ideas and inspirations can find no trellises on which to climb, no sun to ripen. Without a settled internal policy with himself, a man cannot grow, he will fail.

Again, a fruitful source of failure is inadequate preparation. The law of equivalents, that a man will get what he pays for, is operate in every code of nature or man. To inform himself upon his topic, his case, his profession, to master the elements of his subject, is an injunction laid upon life with as much authority and sanction as has any statute law upon earth. He who tries to climb into the realm of useful happiness and honorable power by cheek, jugglery, sleight-of-hand, and fraud, the same is a thief and a robber; but not only that, he never gets in. Though a man have the strength of an ox and the spirit of a God, and lack an understanding of the situation, therefore is he a drawback and an injury. In conscientious preparation there is a compensation in the soul's belief in its own efficacy. Without this belief there is failure.

Another essential element of failure is the expecting of too rapid advancement. The building up of professional or other business is necessarily slow and gradual. Even undisputed ability and worth must serve a long apprenticeship to obtain the acquaintance and confidence of the public. There are several years in the beginning of a pro-

fessional life in which a man does little else but extend unresponsive solicitations to the world. He is like a successful fisherman in everything but the fish. He has all the paraphernalia, all the tackle. He flings his well-baited hook into the stream, but the fish don't bite. Perhaps some of you have sat in a boat and fished several hours without a bite. Perhaps you have been so unfortunate as to fish half a day without catching anything, and then you began to get glum, to boil internally. You felt implacable wrath against the boat, the pole, and all your surroundings, and mentally consigned all the fish in the sea into all manner of disagreeable and warm situations. Well, think of a man fishing in a little office, not one day, but months and years without scarcely a nibble. Think of a man who expected to catch big fish catching nothing at all, and yet fishing on, month after month. The courage that is required to do that sort of a thing is hardly appreciated. Under that pressure said Rufus Choate, "during the first two or three years of my professional career, in seasons of despondency I seriously debated throwing up my profession and seeking some other method of support." It does not take half the nerve and courage to harpoon a whale that it takes to hold an unresponsive fish line all day in a small pond. Those initial years stand out in existence like a desert—a desert upon which is drank the cup of despondency and doubt, but also upon which is generated imperishable qualities of manhood. How many, disengaging from the sweet and confluent companionship of preparatory

life, have entered upon that desert, and, expecting to cross too soon, have been overpowered by the barren monotony, and the few voices and the few lamps that had lighted, cheered, and guided seemed to be going out and growing silent, until from the soul is wrung that bitter cry, "It is no use." By expecting too rapid advancement, ambitious purposes, dreams fostered in youth, self-pledges, and extravagant but noble resolves have filled thousands of lives with as melancholy memorials as ever marked the desert track.

There have been many lonesome vigils in the past—vigils upon battlements and towers, midnight vigils in lonely passes, where no light struck the eye save the penciled serenity of a star. But no vigil that has been kept between Marathon and Gettysburg, between Delphi and the modern church, ever required more pure courage and self-faith than that initial, unhistoric, and perennial vigil kept in the first epoch of professional life.

The last cause of failure I mention is the most difficult to understand and more melancholy in its operation than any other in the world. It is that failure caused by having a too delicate and impractical ideal. It sounds like a paradox to say a man can fail by going up too high. But a man can make a fool of himself just as well by climbing too much as he can by creeping too much. It is well that the mind should be stored with ideas of beauty, sublimity, harmony, and power. But it is absolutely necessary that those ideals shall have a vital relation, a real connection with practical life. It is

well to be led by poetical sentiments and fine emotions, but when they lead a man away from men as they really are, and away from struggling, hard-lined, every-day life as it really is, then are emotions and ideals a delusion and a snare. When a man has such a grand ideal of government that town affairs look insignificant; when a man has such a conception of the absoluteness of duty that he absolutely neglects the trivialities nearest to him; when a man has such an ideal conception of heroes and heroism that he cannot see it in the every-day life and the common people; and when a man has such tender sensibilities and delicate yearnings that he is shocked and repelled by the great, gross needs of society, then it is time for him to come down a notch, for a too delicate and impractical ideal is rendering abortive the purpose of his being. This is not the function of the ideal. But on the contrary, the many-colored, many-sided ideals that stretch away ahead in perfect beauty, so far from weaning man from his surroundings, cover the soul like a giant lens, through which the imperfections of life seem more perfect, the unloveliness of life more lovely, and the unheroic and trivial mankind more heroic, nobler, and ampler.

FANCIES.

By M. S. M., '91.

In the pools of the meadow, here,
The gay little frogs are singing,
Like the piping of numberless fairy flutes,
Their clear shrill voices are ringing.

Where the violets soon will bloom
Now a miniature lake is lying,
Born of the tears the snow-elves shed,
When Winter, their king, lay dying.

How my childish dreams come back,
 As I gaze at the dimpling water;
 I seem but a fanciful child again
 As here, by its brink, I loiter.

I could almost hope to see,
 Come out from the alder's shadow,
 The fairies I used to watch for long
 Here in this charmed meadow.

Ah, see! from the rushes there,
 Swift over the waters sliding,
 Rowed by a frolicsome nut-brown sprite,
 A tiny shallop is gliding.

It turns to avoid a snag,
 (A fallen twig from the willow)
 And rides, with a proud triumphant air,
 On the crest of each mimic billow.

And now he rests on his oars
 A moment, this queer little sailor,
 To talk to a frog who has seen his craft
 And paused in his song to hail her.

A movement—hush! he is gone;
 It was only a foolish vision;
 But frolic fancy has captured me
 And borne me to her Elysium.

Where all the dream-folk wait,
 And all is beauty and gladness;
 Here let me wander awhile
 Forgetting the world and its sadness.

For here can I feel again
 The joy of those sweet lost hours,
 When I wandered careless as bird or bee
 Through a world abloom with flowers.

So leave me my foolish dreams,
 Ye, who in your brave endeavors
 To climb to some mountain height of life
 Have missed Heaven's sweeter favors.

I, down in the meadow, here,
 Can smile at your toilsome climbing;
 From the mountain top ye behold life's
 cloud,
 But never its silver lining.

Edison has just presented to Sibley College a fine dynamo having a capacity of 480 lamps, and listed at \$4,700. The Brush Electric Co. have contributed an improved motor of 10 horse power, worth \$600.

COMMUNICATION.

HOW REPORTERS LIVE.

To the Editors of the Student:

The manner of living of a New York newspaper reporter is like Hood's Sarsaparilla — "peculiar to itself." It results from the general Bohemian character of his existence, together with some remains of his early habits, and a slight regard for the ordinary usages of society. It is usually on the "European plan," if anything so desultory can be said to have a plan. The reporter, generally in company with another of the same fraternity, takes a furnished room, or bachelor apartments, where he makes his domestic headquarters, and where he generally manages to sleep during some part of the twenty-four hours. These apartments are usually between 14th and 26th Streets and 3d and 6th Avenues, and are in most cases fitted up comfortably, and sometimes elegantly. But the small amount of time that their occupants spend in them, prevents their acquiring the impress of their inmates' tastes and habits that students' rooms commonly acquire. The rent ranges from six dollars to twenty dollars a week, according as the reporter is satisfied with a single room on a cross street at some distance from Fifth Avenue, or goes into a suite in a more desirable locality.

The conventional idea that day begins in the morning would hardly apply to the newspaper man's day. If you should look in then you would find him and his chum sound asleep. Somewhere between nine and eleven a

white-aproned, meek-looking waiter, from some neighboring restaurant, mounts the stairs, carrying a covered tray. There is a tradition that he knocks gently at the reporter's door before entering, but no one ever yet heard him. The first indication of his presence is the clatter of dishes as he sets the tray down. This arouses at least one of the sleepers, who turns over, opens his eyes slowly, gazes at the waiter for a while, and finally asks in a sepulchral tone: "What's the bill?" The latter names a sum as far in advance of the actual price as he dares; some change is fished out of a pocket and handed over, the apparition vanishes, and our friend goes comfortably to sleep again. Inside the next half hour he wakes once more, stares at the tray in apparent wonder, and finally kicks his chum and remarks: "Say, old man, wake up and eat your breakfast. It'll get cold if you don't." This wakes them up enough so that one gets up and divides the contents of the tray, while the other takes his share in bed.

This meal in the forenoon is dignified by the name of breakfast. Dinner may come anywhere between five in the afternoon and one the next morning. If a meal intervenes between these two it is called lunch; while a meal after dinner is called by the regulation name of supper.

The character and cost of these meals varies greatly. Breakfast usually consists of a roll and a cup of coffee, chocolate, or milk, with perhaps an egg or omelet. This generally costs from twenty-five to forty cents; but

prices are considerably higher in the upper part of the city than in the business portions. Dinner, of course, is the chief meal of the day. Its character varies much with the reporter's taste and the state of his finances. Indeed, the question "Where are you eating?" has come to be considered a test of a newspaper man's prosperity. Naturally reporters, like other New Yorkers, aspire to a dinner at Delmonico's, and many of them dine there. If you know how to order, you can get a good dinner there without going outside a five dollar bill; or if you have a friend with you and divide the course, the cost is less.

There are many dining places that might be mentioned, where the food is good and the prices are moderate; but there is one that deserves especial notice. Almost every newspaper man in New York, at some stage of his career, has found himself obliged to eat there; and, although he usually migrates as soon as possible, he generally keeps a vivid remembrance of it ever afterwards. It is a cellar restaurant under the corner of Beekman Street and Park Row, known as "Hitchcock's." It is open day and night, Sundays included. The bill of fare consists almost wholly of what is known as "beef and beans, butter cakes, and coffee." Beef and beans are ten cents; other things five. There is a tradition among the reporters who frequent the place, that the dishes are washed once a day and the waiters change their aprons on the full of the moon. Hitchcock's cannot be called a luxurious place; but the New York newspaper man who has never seen the

peculiar swinging motion with which the waiters slope from one table to another, nor witnessed the reckless angle at which it is possible to carry a cup of coffee, and slide it along the marble table, without spilling more than two-thirds of its contents, has lost something he can never replace.

The reporter's work may be done somewhere between eleven o'clock at night and three the next morning, the latter usually happening only when he has to take his place at the copy desk. In that case he will probably send out about one o'clock for another meal. Very likely it will consist of a good sized sandwich and a bottle of beer. This he will manage to swallow while "blue penciling" some unfortunate brother reporter's copy, which has come in after the crush has begun.

If he gets through by eleven or half-past he can spend a few hours in recreation, and then have time for sufficient sleep before the next appearance of the apparition with the tray. But even in New York the available amusements at this time of the night, though not few, are limited in variety. It is needless to say that theatres, concerts, and evening calls are not among them.

Such is a hasty view of the way reporters live. If there are any who imagine that, by going into newspaper work, they can secure a life of elegant ease, or who think, as did the writer, that by undertaking it they will be kept more in the line of the literary work they wish to do, I can only say, take Punch's advice and "don't."

D. C. W., '85.

LOCALS.

The sixth of May
Was Arbor Day.

Three holidays so far this term, and "more to follow."

Look for a picture of the new building in our next number.

The Sophomore class hats are very becoming; so are the '92's.

Mr. I. N. Cox has sold out the college bookstore to N. W. Howard, '92.

W. F. Ham, '91, is rapidly improving and hopes to rejoin his class next term.

Miss P. (reciting in Botany)—"A style isn't always of any use. Sometimes there is no style at all."

A. N. Peaslee, '90, went to Philadelphia as delegate to the International Convention of the Y. M. C. A.

H. J. Piper and W. H. Woodman have been chosen captains of the two divisions of the Junior class in Botany.

Day, '90, captain of the base-ball team, badly sprained his ankle while running bases about three weeks ago.

Plummer, '91, has resigned his position as superintendent of the ball ground, and Emerson, '89, has been appointed in his place.

The Sophomores go out to look for birds nearly every morning at 5.30. One member of the class has seen over thirty species this term.

The foundation of the new chemical laboratory is now being laid, and other improvements are going on in the way of grading, etc. The building will be ready for use next term.

Prof. in Botany—"What is the name of the buds that sometimes come out on the roots of a tree when the trunk is injured?" Student—"Adventurous buds, aren't they?"

One of the Professors, meeting a graduate of '88, a few days ago, asked him if he was going to take French this term. The Professor had evidently mistaken him for a truant Soph.

On the evening of Friday, April 12th, occurred the President's annual reception to the Freshman class. The young ladies of the other classes were also invited, and all passed a very enjoyable evening.

The Union, the literary society of Nichols Latin School, held a public meeting in Nichols Hall, Friday evening, April 19th. The exercises were well attended, and some of the parts showed considerable ability.

We were all glad that Washington was made President of the United States just one hundred years ago, for April 30th was a holiday. The Polymnian Society had an inauguration meeting on the following Friday evening.

The two games of ball between the Bates and the Lewistons, April 20th and 25th, were each witnessed by a large crowd of spectators. The first game was won by Bates with a score of nine to five; the second by the Lewistons, ten to nine.

The Juniors celebrated Arbor Day afternoon by a class ride to Durham. The frequent shouts of "Boom-a-lak-a" and the orange and banana skins left to dry on the trees, sufficiently demon-

strated to the inhabitants that there was such a place as Bates College.

The following members of '89 will take part in the exercises of Class Day: President, H. W. Small; Orator, E. L. Stevens; Poet, A. L. Safford; Parting Address, G. H. Libby; Historian, Miss S. A. Norton; Prophet, F. W. Newell; Odist, A. E. Hatch.

The following are the members of the base-ball nine: Call, '89, c.; Wilson, '92, p.; Gilmore, '91, 1b.; Daggett, '89, 2b.; Day, '90, s.s.; Graves, '92, 3b.; Knox, '89, c. f.; Emery, '92, r. f.; Putnam, '92, l. f.; Cox, '89, manager; Day, captain; Daggett, change pitcher; Garcelon, '90, scorer.

A slight departure has been made in the curriculum by having the Sophomore class begin German and the Freshman class French this term instead of next, as is usually done. Though they take these studies but once a week, they will gain a good start in the languages and can do better work next year.

The class of '90 enjoyed a very pleasant evening, April 29th. The occasion was an expression of gratitude to their Vermont classmate for the maple sugar they have received from him every spring term. The serving of refreshments and the singing of a poem written for the occasion, were followed by responses to the toast from several members of the class. The evening was a scene of enjoyment to every one present.

At the annual election of officers of the College Y. M. C. A., Wednesday evening, May 1st, the following officers

were chosen: President, A. N. Peaslee; Vice-President, Nickerson, '91; F. B. Nelson, Recording Secretary; F. E. Emrich, Corresponding Secretary; H. E. Walter, Treasurer. The association is at present in a very flourishing condition, having a membership of sixty. Joint meetings of the Y. M., and Y. W. C. A. have been held Wednesday evenings throughout the year.

Wednesday, April 24th, from eight o'clock p.m., to April 25th, was passed by the Sophomores in the upper regions of Hathorn Hall. They were having a class party and a general good time. "Calculus," "Chums," "The Gymnasium," "Peanuts," and "The Tie that Binds," were toasted to just the right brown by Mr. Watson, toast-master. Other festivities were engaged in, and they broke up just in time to wish each other a "Happy Fast Day."

Wednesday evening, April 24th, was passed very pleasantly by the Freshmen at the house of their classmate, R. A. Small. The young ladies of Mrs. Small's Sunday-school class were also invited. Miss Meserve's "Village Preacher," Mr. Buzzell's "Owl," and Mr. Walter's "Darkies," amused and entertained all. Before the guests departed, their appreciation of the pleasant evening was tendered Mrs. Small in a very graceful speech by Mr. Wilson, Class President, and as gracefully replied to by Mrs. Small.

Following is the programme of the athletic exhibition, given by the college in City Hall, April 27th:

MUSIC—BATES COLLEGE BAND.

Fencing—Gun and Sabre.

Plummer and Dodge.

High Kick.

Day, Garcelon, Emery, and Turgeon.
Club Swinging by Note.

Young Women's Class.

MUSIC.

Horizontal Bar.

Pinkham, Turgeon, French, and Dodge.
Fancy Club Swinging. Garcelon.
Balancing. Dodge.

MUSIC.

Long Wand Drill.

Pinkham, Hutchinson, Wheeler, Plummer, Buzzell, Smith, Wilson, Blanchard, French, Davis, Walter, Cutts, Peaslee, Garcelon, Skelton, Libby.

Fencing—Foil.

Miss Prescott and Miss Knowlton.

High Jump.

Garcelon, Neal, Garland, Emery, Walter, and Turgeon.

MUSIC—BAND.

Fencing—Sabres. Plummer and Dodge.

Pole Vaulting.

Garcelon, Garland, McFadden, and Wilson.

Sparring.

Wheeler and Sanborn.

Parallels.

Safford, Garcelon, French, Wilson, Turgeon, and Dodge.

Sparring.

Knight and Dodge.

Tumbling, etc.

Garcelon, Day, French, Pinkham, Emery, and Wilson.

Pyramids.

Safford, Garcelon, Day, Davis, Pinkham, Emery, Plummer, Wilson, Turgeon, and French.

MUSIC.

Under the direction of Mr. Albert E. Moore the following pieces of statuary were represented:

Sophocles.

Apollo Belvedere.

Minerva.

Discobolus.

Fighting Gladiator.

Dying Gladiator.

Theseus and Minotaur.

Group from the Temple of Minerva, Ægina.

Messrs. Dolt, Eveleth, Stevens, Davis, Richardson, Rounds.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CLASS IN CLUB SWINGING.

'89—E. I. Chipman, M. S. Little.

'90—M. F. Angell, Blanche Howe, J. L. Pratt, E. F. Snow, Dora Jordan.

'91—A. A. Beal, Kate Prescott.

'92—J. F. King, S. E. Wells, Grace Knowlton.

Instructor in Gymnastics—F. H. Dodge.

The *Lewiston Journal* says of the exhibition: "It was a splendid one," and of Instructor Dodge, it says: "He worked hard to bring about the event, and the performance showed that he fully understands athletes and is a good training-master."

Bates and Colby played their first league game on the college grounds at Lewiston, May 4th. The following is the score:

COLBYS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Wagg, 3b.	5	3	1	1	3	2	2
Gilmore, 1b.	5	4	2	3	11	0	0
Roberts, c.f.	5	4	1	1	1	1	0
Foster, c.	6	3	3	5	6	7	2
Kallock, r.f.	6	1	4	6	2	0	0
Smith, 2b.	4	0	0	0	2	1	2
Megquire, s.s.	5	0	0	0	0	1	1
Merrill, l.f.	6	0	0	0	0	0	1
Totals.	47	19	13	19	27	26	8

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.	4	1	2	4	1	0	1
Wilson, 2b., p.	5	1	1	1	1	11	2
Putnam, l.f.	5	0	0	0	1	0	1
Daggett, p., 2b.	5	0	0	0	3	9	0
Call, c.	5	1	2	2	9	5	2
Gilmore, 1b.	4	2	2	2	12	0	1
Knox, c.f.	4	2	1	1	0	0	4
Little, r.f.	2	1	0	0	0	1	0
Emery, s.s.	4	0	1	1	0	1	2
Totals.	38	8	9	11	27	27	13
Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7 8 9
Colbys	5	0	0	5	2	0	2 4 1-19
Bates	1	3	0	1	0	3	0 0 0-8
Time—2 h. 15 m. Umpire—Richards.							

Bates and Bowdoin at Brunswick, May 11th. The score:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Graves, 3b.,	4	0	0	1	0	1	2
Wilson, 2b., p.,	5	0	2	0	1	5	3
Putnam, l.f.,	4	1	1	0	4	0	1
Daggett, p., 2b.,	4	1	1	0	3	6	4

Call, c.,	4	1	1	0	6	2	3
Gilmore, 1b.,	4	0	0	1	9	0	1
Knox, c.f.,	4	0	0	0	2	0	1
Garcelon, s.s.,	4	2	2	0	1	1	3
Emery, r.f.,	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.	37	5	7	2	27	15	18

BOWDOINS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Packard, 3b.,	6	4	1	1	1	0	1
Freeman, 2b.,	4	3	2	0	2	0	1
Fogg, c.f.,	7	3	2	0	1	0	0
Thompson, r.f.,	5	3	2	1	1	0	0
Fish, c.,	7	2	4	0	7	2	1
Jordan, s.s.,	7	2	2	1	1	1	1
Newman, l.f.,	6	1	2	0	2	0	0
Hilton, p.,	6	1	1	0	1	11	0
Downs, 1b.,	4	2	0	0	10	0	0
Totals.	52	21	16	3	26	17	5

* Emery hit by batted ball.

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7 8 9
Bates.	4	5	0	1	1	8	0 1 1-21
Bowdoin,	0	0	1	0	0	3	1 0 0-5
Time—2 h. 30 m. Umpire—C. W. Richards.							

PERSONALS.

ALUMNI.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood has accepted a call to the church in Bath, Me.

'67.—Rev. Arthur Given, formerly principal of Nichols Latin School, has been elected representative to the Rhode Island Legislature from Cranston.

'72.—George H. Stockbridge, Esq., of New York City, Electrical Expert and General Patent Solicitor, is one of the editors and proprietors of the new technical magazine, "*Electric Power*," which is devoted to the interests of the electric railway and the transmission of power by electricity for industrial purposes. It is an able magazine, beautifully illustrated, and although technical in character contains much to interest any intelligent reader.

'72.—John A. Jones, the well-known

Lewiston civil engineer, has lately completed for the city of Auburn a series of splendid maps of the sewer system, the streets, lots, buildings, and all the features of the city proper. Mr. Jones has done similar work for Lewiston, and is unquestionably better informed on the underground wealth of these two cities than any one else.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout has been made a member of the Board of Visitors of the Bangor Theological Seminary. Mr. Rideout recently lectured to the young men in the Congregational church at South Paris.

'81.—Rev. H. E. Foss has been appointed by the last conference to the church in Hallowell.

'81.—C. S. Haskell has been appointed a Trustee of the Free Public Library of Jersey City, N. J.

'85.—R. E. Attwood has resigned his position as Treasurer of the Lewiston and Auburn Horse Railroad, and accepted a position in the National Shoe and Leather Bank of Auburn.

'85.—W. B. Small, M.D., has been appointed Senior Surgeon in the Hospital at Randall's Island.

'86.—Sherman G. Bonney, who is to graduate from the Harvard Medical School next June, has decided to settle in Lewiston, and has leased one of the tenements in the new Neal Block on Main Street. Mr. Bonney was Instructor in Chemistry at Bates last fall.

STUDENTS.

'89.—F. M. Buker has been obliged to close his school at Lisbon Falls for a few weeks on account of scarlet fever among the scholars.

'89.—A. B. Call has returned from his school at China, Me.

'90.—Miss M. V. Wood has finished her school in Dover and returned to her college work.

'91.—G. K. Small is teacher of Rhetoric and Elocution in the Nichols Latin School.

'91.—Miss Bray is assistant teacher in the South Paris High School.

EXCHANGES.

To no poet of America does the national heart warm more sincerely than to him who knit together North and South by his songs of fire and of love. "Whittier's Voices of Freedom," in the *Pennsylvania College Monthly*, shows that his work is earnestly appreciated beyond New England. The article shows a keen realization of the strength and simplicity of his nature.

The influence which the "Voices of Freedom" have had, so great that it has made him the laureate of anti-slavery, is in a great measure due to the simplicity of his piety. Though a man fond of metaphysical studies, he never allowed philosophy to enter into his religion. The "Over Soul" of Longfellow and Emerson became with him the "Over Heart."

The progressional character of his work, fitting itself to the varying needs of the hour, is well summed up.

It is useless to attempt any classification of these poems except in their chronological order. Some are hymns, some are narratives, some denunciations of evil-doers. Called forth by individual and distinct events, they bear no logical relation to each other, except as the tone of each is influenced by the progress of the cause of anti-slavery. In the early ones we see clearly an effort to create a sentiment against slavery. Abolitionist was then the name of a small society of "fanatics" with popular opinion either set directly against them or indifferent to the moral and the philanthropic aspect of the question. The national

pride was to be awakened, the fire of enthusiasm to be kindled. The evil is therefore portrayed in its darkest colors. Soon the "people" with its keen sense of right took up the cause and undertook the struggle for its sake. Then all the poet's labors were devoted to the obtaining of victory in the fight. The tone changed to that of a battle leader, and as time brought forth a Lincoln and a Sumner and the armies of the land to take up the contest, and still later when victory was assured, each new advance added new confidence to his words, until his whole soul burst into the triumphal chant of "Laus Deo."

More especially is he described in the closing sentence of the essay:

Whittier is essentially the poet of the heart—the simple, purely American heart, the poet of "Snow Bound" roused to the moral indignation of a righteous mind, become the poet of Freedom.

The same number contains a fine poem, "Katathumion"; but its length forbids copying in full. Here are a few stanzas from it:

Though man be judged by mortal deeds
Are not his thoughts real actions' seeds?
Shall man be judged by overt act
When thought is pure, intent exact,
And naught from hope can e'er detract
Save some sad deed by allurements' power
Wrought out in one unguarded hour?

For he who ne'er hath deeply felt,
Whose heart in grief can never melt,
Hath truly never deeply thought;
Nor him hath nature wisely taught
That life's true end is better sought
By union of emotion pure
With thought which shall fore'er endure.

Man cannot scale sublimity
Nor comprehend infinity.
Then why not let our faith attend
To things which finite thought transcend,
And make our thought with pure faith blend?
Thus mortal man can bridge the chasm
Which finite thought can never fathom.

The first number of the *Buchtelite* gives promise of being a good addi-

tion in the field of college journalism. There are a good number of departments and all well conducted. The editorial column especially shows the results of faithful work. The poem "Achilles and Briseis" contains some good thoughts clothed in careful language, but the meter at once brings the reader to American forests and streams, so completely has Longfellow made it his own peculiar property in the "Song of Hiawatha." The author is also guilty of gross anachronism in picturing the Greeks with sabers in their hands. Thus the poem fails to present a distinct event, for names, meter, and weapons produce a confused medley of Trojan siege, of modern warfare, and of primeval American forest.

Among many good qualities, the best of which is strong thought, there are in the *Kentucky University Tablet* two conspicuous faults. The first is careless wording and arrangement of sentences. The same word is used many times in the same paragraph, even in the oration on "The New South," which won the State intercollegiate prize for Kentucky. The other is the frequent occurrence of typographical errors, showing hasty proof-reading.

The *Sunbeam* is the best exchange we receive, conducted wholly by ladies. It is distinctively a ladies' paper both in name and nature, and it is a relief to find one that is, when so many are trying to make their publications masculine. It is a healthful indication to see some preserving the fundamental differences between man and woman without claiming superiority for either.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE STORY OF THE PURITANS. By Wallace Peck. [Charles T. Walter, St. Johnsbury, Vt.].

The author tells us an old story in a wholly new way. A fine vein of humor runs throughout the story. The author rasps off the rough edge from the laws of our Puritan Fathers by telling us witty and laughable stories about them. In his original way he shows how they solved their problems of life,—to fight the cold, the Indians, the Dutch, the Quakers, the witches, and the devil. Notwithstanding the humorous character of the book, as Mark Twain says of his "Roughing It," in spite of himself facts will crop out. We can give no better idea than by quoting from the preface: "While compiling this book the writer has had in mind the words of Macaulay: 'There is a vile phrase of which bad historians are very fond,—'The dignity of history.'" If any dignity has crept into this history it has sneaked into it unbeknown, and will be eliminated in the succeeding editions. The book is amply illustrated throughout. Full-page illustrations by E. W. Kemble. Vignettes by O. Herford.

PHYSIOLOGICAL NOTES ON PRIMARY EDUCATION AND STUDY OF LANGUAGE. By Mary Putnam Jacobi, M.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

This is a book that deserves careful study by every teacher. The author deals with the subject of education in a decisive and logical manner. To the child the author says: "Language should not be an object of thought,

but only an organ of thought. It is not to be driven *into* him but only *out* of him, through the urgent consciousness that something must be said." The author urges throughout a plain, natural method of teaching. Simple facts should precede abstractions. Valuable suggestions of the plan and method of teaching are given throughout.

THE IDEALS OF THE REPUBLIC, OR GREAT WORDS FROM GREAT AMERICANS. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

This little volume contains the Declaration of Independence, Constitution of the United States, Washington's two inaugural and farewell addresses, Lincoln's two inaugural addresses and his address at Gettysburg. Washington's farewell address is given as found in the original manuscript. This is accompanied by many valuable notes and suggestions. The whole book presents a neat and attractive appearance. Everything considered, it is the best of the kind we have ever seen.

◆◆◆
COLLEGE NOTES.

Oxford University has appliances for printing in one hundred and fifty languages.

The young ladies at Bryn Mawr have formed a cricket club.

Hon. Benjamin F. Butler will deliver the oration at Colby next June.

One of Amherst's professors uses no chair in the class-room. We suppose he sits on the class.

University of Virginia students are allowed to bring their dogs into the class-room, but the professors draw the line on "horses."

The ladies of Harvard Annex have challenged the Columbia Co-eds to an eight-oared race.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have the largest dormitory in the United States. It will cost \$125,000.

The *Yale News* denies the report circulated by the New Haven papers, that the university is to have a chair of protection.

Ex-Minister Phelps has accepted the presidency of Columbia. His salary will be greater than any other college president in America.

Realizing the disadvantages of society strife, the students at Williams are endeavoring to raise by subscription two hundred thousand dollars to build a general chapter house.

Theodore B. Wannamaker has given one million dollars to Princeton, the income to be given annually as a prize to the student performing the best work in English history and language.

Colby is to have a new observatory and physical laboratory to cost about \$15,000. It is the gift of Colonel R. C. Shannon, of New York, an alumnus of the college, and member of the class of '62.

Several of the Harvard professors lock the doors of their lecture rooms five minutes after the recitation hour in order not to be interrupted by tardy students.

A prize of \$100 has been offered for the best written article on student life in the University of Michigan; the article to be written by a lady either connected with the university or an alumna.

The great English University boat

race was won by Cambridge, April 20th, by two lengths. The course was from Putney to Northlake, a distance of four miles and two furlongs. The Oxford crew became confused and steered badly. They made a final spurt, but failed to reach the Cambridge boat. This is the fourth successive victory for Cambridge. The score is now—Oxford twenty-three races; Cambridge twenty-two. The one rowed in '77 was a dead heat.

POET'S CORNER.

SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG.

My gentle shepherdess,
Come forth upon the hill,
And tend the fleecy flock
That follows at your will.
My thoughts are like the sheep,
For they can do no less
Than go where'er you lead,
My pretty shepherdess.
—*Swarthmore Phoenix.*

COUPLET.

Last night a star
From regions far
Beyond the gates of heaven,
Dropped from its place,
Down, down through space—
To earth a soul was given.

To-night a light
Hath spread full bright
Far out o'er heaven's dome,
And through its beams
A swift flash gleams—
Another soul gone home. —*Tech.*

SONNET.

The rich cathedral is ablaze with light;
Splendor alone might seem to win a soul,
Where harmonies forever onward roll,
And glory lingers in the arms of night.
Yet what avail its grandeur and its might,
While chill magnificence invests the whole,
And echoes, never dying, cheat their goal
And fill my fainting heart with nameless fright.

Oh, better far for me the modest church,
 Where love for God outweighs the love of
 show,
 Where humble, honest folks each Sabbath
 search
 Their hearts and, reverent, bowing low,
 Confess their sins with penitence and tears,
 And seek forgiveness through the flying years.
 —Dartmouth.

 PORTFOLIO.

The brook flows sparkling through the wood,
 With many a dancing shadow.
 From violets blue and violets white,
 It snatches kisses in its flight,
 Then glides in calmer, gentler mood
 Demurely through the meadow.
 It flirts with nodding grasses green.
 It woos the tall marsh mallow,
 And half in love, and half in fun,
 It wins the heart of every one,
 And, laughing then at what it's done,
 Hastens off to seek another scene.
 A pretty thing but shallow. —Yale Lit.

 THE TRYST.

A pool, deep-wooded, in a quiet vale,
 Upturns its face to meet the kiss
 Of drooping boughs, with fond caress,
 Lets fall the secret of the place—a tale
 Of purest love made known alone to me.
 No motion moves the unknown deep,
 But calm, serene, as half asleep,
 This love of mine, with subtle charm, holds me.

The tryst is broken; but as to requite,
 My soul for care which lingers still,
 The *genus loci*, with aroma fills
 My memory, and gives me for my might
 A legend, simple, old, yet ever new,
 Which tells me "Faith is good and Love is
 true."
 —Hamilton Lit.

 STORM VOICES.

Upon a rugged crag whose jutting peak
 Tower'd grim above a lonely rockbound coast,
 Alone I stood. Above, around, below,
 My reverent eyes with solemn awe enthralled
 Encountered awful sights which craven souls
 With dread and miserable fear would fill.
 Above, the clouds in angry masses piled,
 Black hosts of misty monsters fierce and
 strong,

Crashing and roaring in sonorous war
 With wild chaotic grandeur filled the sky.
 Below, the sea to swollen fury lashed
 By madly whirling, rushing tempest-winds,
 Was heaped and tossed in billows mountain-
 high.
 Pond'rously rolling, leaped and fell and
 seethed
 The mighty surges, striving in mad race
 To win the shore. The rock whereon I stood
 Did shake and tremble 'neath the watery
 shocks,
 While foamed and hissed, aye thundered then
 the surf.
 The lightning, ensign of the duelling clouds,
 Anon shed over the majestic scene
 An instant livid glare. And in that deep,
 Expectant hush which falls betwixt the flash
 Of lightning and the pealing thunder-clap
 Rose in my awed and wond'ring soul the
 thought—
 An echo of the symphony sublime
 Of clouds and winds and waters—*God is great.*
 —Williams Lit.

 POT-POURRI.

China and Japan are buying dried
 apple from Maine. Thus does Amer-
 ican industry help to *swell* the popula-
 tion of the Orient.—*Bowdoin Orient.*

Professor in Logic (to Sophomore,
 reciting)—"You don't seem quite clear
 upon that point." Soph.—"Well, that
 is what the author says, any way."
 Prof.—"But I don't want the author;
 I want you." Student (glumly)—
 "Well, I guess you've got me."—*Ex.*

A Sophomore, stuffing for examina-
 tion, has developed the ethics of Sun-
 day work in a way to render the future
 elucidation of the subject unnecessary.
 He reasons that if a man is justified in
 trying to help the ass from the pit on
 the Sabbath day, much more would the
 ass be justified in trying to get out
 himself.

Class in Butler's Analogy. Prof.—“Please pass on now to the ‘Future State.’” Student—“Not prepared, sir.” Prof.—“Well, I would advise you to prepare yourself before the final examination.”—*Ex.*

A newly appointed crier in a county court in Australia, where there are many Chinese, was ordered by the judge to summon a witness to the stand. “Call for Ah Song,” was the command. Pat was puzzled for a moment; he glanced shyly at the judge, and found him as grave as an undertaker. Then turning to the spectators he blandly simpered: “Gintlemin, would any of you favor His Honor with a song?”—*Earlhamite.*

The funny Fresh shinned up the tree,
All for to hang an effigy,
That would the Soph'mores vex.
The funny Fresh slid down the tree;
His eyes stuck out a rod when he
Discovered himself thereat to be
Confronted by the—President.

—*Pulse.*

A certain Professor's text-book was found on the campus not long since, and on the margin the following note appeared: “Use joke No. 7 in connection with this paragraph.

TIT FOR TAT.

He timidly climbed up the brown stone steps,
He timidly rang the bell;
He felt that this visit might be his last,
But why so he could not tell.

As he stood at the door the winter wind
Whirled in the streets about,
But above its roaring he heard her say,
“John, tell him that I am out.”

As the door was opened, with stately mien,
He said to the butler tall,
“Pray, go to Miss Jones with my compliments,
And tell her I did not call.”

—*Williams Weekly.*

Prof. in History—“Who was the—king in Shakespeare?” Sophomore (blushing)—“I don't know.” Prof.—“Well, it always throws a Sophomore class into confusion to ask anything concerning the Bible or Shakespeare.” Student collapses.

CLASSICAL CRITICISM.

21 B.C.

Old Horace, on a summer afternoon,
Well primed with sweet Falernian, let us
say,
Lulled by the far-off brooklet's drowsy croon
To a half-doze, in a hap-hazard way
Scratched off a half a dozen careless rhymes,
As was his habit. When next day he came
Awake to work, he read them several times
In vain attempt to catch their sense and aim.
“What was I thinking about? Blest if I
know!
Jupiter! What's the difference? Let them
go!”

1888 A.D.

“Lines twelve to twenty are in great dispute”
(Most learnedly the lecturer doth speak);
“I think I shall be able to refute
Orelli's claim they're taken from the Greek.
I think, with Bently, Horace's purpose here
Is irony, and yet I do not know
But Dillenburg's reading is more clear,
For which he gives eight arguments, al-
though
Wilkins gives twelve objections to the same.”
(So on *ad infinitum.*) Such is fame!
—*Fortnightly.*

A small ragged boy entered an oyster house in Salem, Mass., and asked: “Will you sell me an oyster for a cent? I want it for my sick mother.” “What is the matter with your mother?” asked the man, as he proceeded to fill a can with oysters, thinking he would help to relieve a case of suffering. “She's got a black eye,” was the reply. The benevolence rapidly faded from the mind of the oyster man, as he put one oyster in a paper bag.

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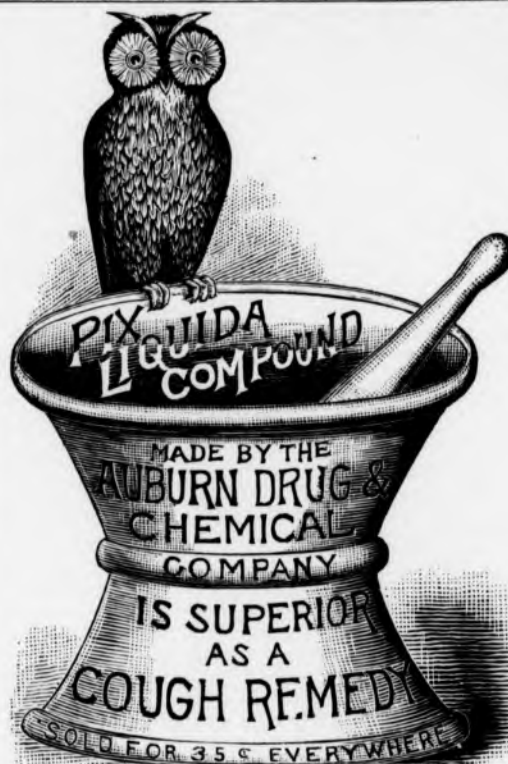
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