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BATES STUDENT.

VOL. IX. No. 5.

→‡MAY, 1881.‡←

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THE BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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F. L. BLANCHARD, Editor-in-Chief; W. S. HOYT, Personals and Correspondence; S. A. LOWELL, Literary; W. H. COGSWELL and E. R. RICHARDS, Local.

BUSINESS MANAGER: C. H. LIBBY.

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THE
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VOL. IX.

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MAY-FLOWERS.

Two centuries ago, and more,
And o'er the stormy ocean wide,
The Pilgrims sought New England's shore,
Where they their faith need no more hide.

When, wooed by April's gentle showers,
And fanned by softest breeze of May,
Ye showed your buds, O sweet May-flowers!
Strewn all about their woodland way.

Did ye not seem like flowers they knew,
In that far home beyond the sea?
Like hawthorn buds, whose beauty grew
Most fair, in month of May, like ye?

And when, throughout the wooded shore,
Your fragrant breath filled all the air,
Ye must have brought sweet hope once more,
To hearts before filled with despair.

O, sweetest of New England's flowers!
Blooming when Winter's sway is o'er,
Ye come, like rainbows after showers,
God's promises to bring once more.

C. W. M., '77.

THE PROMETHEAN LEGEND.

AMONG the wonderful stories of the Grecian mythology the most mysterious is the legend of Prometheus. Misinterpreted by scholars, misunderstood by the later Greeks themselves, this Promethean myth stands alone in solitary grandeur and depth of meaning. It appears to have been one of those prophetic traditions which originate in the very earliest history of nations, and are

handed down from generation to generation. It was probably borrowed by the Greeks, with their alphabet, from the Phenicians, and is as old, ay, older, than the Hellenic race.

Stripping the legend of the additions that are plainly the work of minor poets, and separating it from the inventions with which it has been incorporated and interwoven, its primal form was evidently this: Prometheus, one of the immortals, for some crime or sin, was banished from the Olympian realm of Zeus, and was condemned to be chained upon the snowy summits of the Caucasian mountains. There in perpetual torture he lies, his heart each day consumed by an eagle, each night renewed.

Some of you have, perhaps, looked upon pictures of the "Crucifixion" in foreign cathedrals; let us, in imagination, ascend this Asian mountain and look upon the eternal crucifixion of Paganism. Let us, in thought, climb to the icy peak, and there, so high above the world, let us stand beside the old god in his agony; as Eschylus, the Greek tragedian, stood.

We see far, far below us the waves of the Black Sea sparkling in the sun. That dim blue line away upon the eastern horizon is the Caspian, into which the Oxus River flows. Northward stretch the plains of Sarmatia; and in the south are the valleys of Albania; there the Tigris rolls its yellow flood past the ruins of Nin-

even to the Persian gulf. We are high in mid air. How lonesome sounds the wind! Look around you upon these stony acres, this barren desolation. Notice the black shadow which the peak casts far into the gulf below.

Now let us turn our eyes and look upon the Titan, Prometheus. There he lies outstretched, chained to the rock. The frost glitters upon the iron links that bind his strong limbs. The storms of a thousand years have worn his face wrinkled as the hillside where the plow has been; "by many a tempest has his beard been shaken." Nearly naked, scarred by the hail, by the blasts that beat upon him, he writhes his huge form in torment. Think of it! To be chained here through the slow ages underneath the sun and the stars. What gloom! What a punishment! To be stretched here through the dark winter night and hear the winds crying from far off centuries, and see the black cloud above, and feel the wild tumult of the elements. Then the cries that come up, out of some deep ragged ravine, wind-borne over the summit, so high, and fierce, and shrill, that you know not what it is, nor out of what world. To feel the smiting of hurricanes, and the everlasting anguish of the sharp, pointed rocks.

Here Prometheus must lie, unvisited, save by the eagle, till the end of time. Awful and godlike are his eyes;—let us look upon them with reverence!

Then, turning away, let us descend to the low earth, and walk among human homes. We meet funeral trains on the way; we pass graveyards; we hear continually the tolling of bells. Men die as the leaves fall from the tree summer after summer; but the race, man, survives. The race survives, and whatever individuals have that is good and valuable it gathers and bears on. Whatever message, whatever great word, each generation has, whatever is tenderest and best, it takes

and treasures. A part of these precious things, becomes valueless and is lost; a part is never lost, but will be borne on and on, till the last morning rolls its light up the vaulted east.

Each generation lives its little day and goes out, like a single life; but in the night the race is renewed. Whenever I look upon young, vigorous forms, and fair blooming faces, I see standing beside them another form, huge, though bowed and old. A face creased, like that face of the Sphinx, which for thirty centuries has watched the blowings and of the desert. It is the Genius of humanity; the never-dying spirit of the race. If we, in this age of the world, were making gods, like the Greeks, we should make a god of this Genius. It stands there beside these young forms and it lives through their lives. A mighty vampire, it sucks their blood, but it bears their burdens on. This spirit it is that hews the mountains down; that lays iron tracks across continents; that fills up the seas; sometimes, with its Babel towers and its balloons, it would even soar into heaven,—but no, it is bound to the earth. It is hoary with agony and toil, with watching in wind and storm. It saw the first man; it reigned with the shepherd kings; it beheld beside the Nile the building of the Pyramids; it stood with Tamerlane beside the seventy thousand skulls. Tortured, weighted, torn, mute, this spirit of universal man, is not this the Prometheus?

W. P. FOSTER.

THE TRAIL OF A LIFE.

From the nursery creeps a baby
With his little ball and spool;
Down the pathway from the farm-house,
Trots a barefoot boy to school;
From the classic halls of knowledge,
Steps a youth with manly pride;
Going forth to launch his vessel
On life's swelling ocean tide.

Manfully he braves the tempest
On the wild careering deep,
While the waves, with billowing thunder,
O'er his barque exulting leap.
He is nearing now an island,
Where a Syren voice is heard,
And the bowers and fragrant spice-groves,
Vocal with the song of bird.

And beneath a bower of roses
Sits a maid divinely fair,
And her voice of sweet enchantment,
Fills with joy the perfumed air.
'Tis the voice of Love that calls him
To that sweet enchanted land,
Though he tarries but an hour,
Fondly takes a trembling hand.

Then he seeks another island
Where no tree nor wild-flower grows;
Where the great dark engines thunder,
And the roaring furnace glows.
'Tis the voice of Fame that calls him
To the city's wild turmoil,
Sending up its ceaseless murmur
From a thousand modes of toil.

He is mingling in the conflict,
In the strife of brain and pen,
Mid the thunder of the presses,
Where they measure men with men.—
But to-day a mighty sorrow
Continents and cities drape;
And along the crowded highway,
Marble pillars hang in crape.

Now Fame's fitful dream is over,
Palsied now the icy hand;
And a soul that knew no master,
Humbly bows at Death's command.—
Follow now the plumed procession,
As the music's muffled strain,
With its low and measured pulses,
Guides the slowly moving train.

Mark ye well the place they lay him,
In yon low and leafy dell,
'Neath a wilderness of roses,
In his dark and narrow cell.
Then, in deepest meditation,
Ponder well beneath those bowers,
What is earthly fame and fortune,
But a wreath of fading flowers?

C. E. S., '83.

A LUCKY(?) FELLOW.

"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
"I' faith its more of truth than fiction."

FOR general make up, there was not a man at Bates the equal of Sam. His fine physique, good constitution, correct habits, and well trained intellect, gave him an acknowledged leadership in college. Whether pitching phenomenal curves or solving a problem in Calculus, Sam excelled. His modest, happy disposition made him a general favorite in college and in town society. Whether he wanted a lady or gentleman companion, he never lacked. Decidedly, he seemed a fortunate fellow. His most ardent admirer and friend was Tom. So much for the subjects of this sketch.

It was the last term of Sam's Senior year. The sun had just set upon one of the most perfect days of early June. The air was rich with the odors of spring. It was Saturday night; the work of the week was over, and a sense of peace and rest peculiar to such evenings seemed to settle upon town and campus.

Every boy in college seemed happy. The long-awaited game of ball with the Bowdoins had been played that day, and the score, though close, stood in favor of Bates. The boys had gathered in knots upon the grassy rectangles in front of Parker Hall, eagerly discussing the game. But Sam did not feel his usual interest in the comments and had retired to his room. He seated himself, with his meerschaum, near an open window through which the sounds of the voices below floated up to him. By and by the twilight deepened, the groups broke up, but Sam still smoked thoughtfully on.

Suddenly, Tom came rushing in and catching him by both shoulders, exclaimed, "Old fellow, I'd like to hug you. Everybody says you won the game. If I could play such a game as you did to-day, I'd

feel prouder of it than of getting a first part Commencement. You are the *luckiest* fellow; everything seems to play right into your hands."

"Fudge! Tom, I used to feel just as you do about playing ball. Do you remember during our Freshman fall, at the time our nine won the college championship of the State, the famous speech 'Wimmin' made in the chapel, when he said he'd rather be a member of that nine than lead his class through college? I believe that speech set me wild to get on the nine, and now I've succeeded and am called one of the crack players, I care nothing for it."

"What's the matter with you, boy? got the blues? and your regular night down to Holland's, too! Why, with such a day of success behind and such an evening of bliss before, I should be in the seventh heaven, and here you are moping with your dusty base-ball suit on. Hurry up! or Miss Carrie will pout because you are 'so late.' By this time she probably has her ribbons on, the parlor lighted, the music —"

"Shut up, you sap-head! I'm not going to Holland's to-night."

"Not going to Holland's," cried Tom in amazement! "Isn't this your regular night?"

"I'll admit," said Sam, "I generally drift down there Saturday evenings, but am not going to-night."

"What, not after that bouquet she so prettily presented to the nine to-night! All the boys said she took the cake for the handsome manner in which she did it. If it hadn't been well known that your sacrifice had already been laid upon her altar and accepted, half a dozen fellows would have been glad to offered themselves then and there. Sam, you *are* a lucky dog! Got the affections of one of the finest girls in town; old folks willing; old gent rich; got a big practice in law—your chosen

profession,—all ready to take you into his office and soon into partnership. Why, boy, your career is made for you; and yet you are going to jeopardize your chances by giving this young lady the slip. Isn't she expecting you?"

"I suppose so."

"Then if you don't go you are a fool—even if you were down there last night. The captain knew you were there and said you wouldn't be worth a cuss for the game; but if that's what made you play so to-day, I shall advise all the nine to get engaged and try it."

"Tom, do keep still your nonsense, for I don't feel in a joking mood; on the contrary I feel decidedly sober. To speak plainly, I'm in trouble, an *affaire du coeur* in fact. Sit down, for I want to make a clean breast to somebody, and as you confided to me your little episode with Miss Montague, I'll reciprocate with mine."

"What, has Miss Carrie spoken to another fellow?"

"Keep still! won't you?"

The last streaks of light had gone out from the west, and the gathering darkness was favorable to Sam's confidential mood. For several minutes he puffed away in silence.

"You know, Tom," at length he began, "that I've been called a very fortunate fellow since I've been in college; and I'll admit I've been as successful in regard to college honors of all kinds, as a fellow could reasonably wish; and when I got intimate with Miss Holland, half the boys in college were envious of me. But I'm in a fix now bad enough to make up for all my successes. You saw that young lady that met me at Lisbon Falls to-day?"

"Yes! and a mighty fine looking little girl, too. Innocent country maiden, I judged though; for she blushed red as a pink when you greeted her. Who is she?"

Sam answered slowly as if lingering

fondly over a long-cherished secret, "She is the original of the picture I keep on the shelf which you have so often asked about."

"Ah!" said Tom, "I think I scent the quarry."

"You remember our Sophomore winter," resumed Sam, "when we were all suspended? I taught the Lisbon Falls School that winter; this girl you saw to-day, attended school and I boarded at her home. No matter what her name is; but I'll call her Grace. It was my first experience in teaching, and I had a disagreeable time. But this girl and her folks stood by me through thick and thin, and made matters very pleasant for me out of school. Grace studied French and recited to me evenings. So after a while the old folks, seeing that we enjoyed it, got in the habit of leaving us pretty much to ourselves.

"You can judge, Tom, how pleasant such evenings were after such disagreeable days. Grace has one of those affectionate, confiding natures so attractive to me, and naturally we became quite strongly attached to each other. I confess, Tom, I knew it was wrong; for Grace, though a fine girl, was hardly such a one in some respects as I should feel satisfied to marry. Yet the intimacy was so pleasant I let affairs drift on, and when the winter was over, though no vows had been plighted, yet I knew that her parents looked upon our union as settled. Don't think Grace thought of it just so; she was too young and too happy in the present to think of the future; but she had centered her affections upon me, without thinking of consequences, and I for the time reciprocated. After getting back here, under the influences of college life I found that I began to forget Grace; yet I kept up a correspondence with her. About a year ago my mother died and left me without a home. Mrs. Holland is one of those real motherly bodies, and, being a friend of

my mother, she told me to consider her home as my own. So I went there very freely. You have always thought that I was 'smashed' over Carrie; but I never was. I always thought more of her mother than of her. Naturally Carrie and I got on intimate terms, but I swear, Tom, I never thought of her as anything more than a friend, and supposed she thought of me in the same way. But one night something occurred that showed me she was regarding me as a suitor, and favorably, too. If I had not been a fool I should have known she must think my attention serious, for I had taken her to all the balls, concerts, etc., and during my frequent visits there she had been left alone to entertain me with music, chat, poems, etc., and I saw, too late in regard to her parents, that 'Barkis was willin'.

"When I found out how matters stood, what the deuce to do I did not know, but concluded to face the music. So one night I went down with my mind made up to settle the matter; but you must know it was an extremely delicate subject to handle; for in order to disdain any intention of paying suit to her, I must first assume that she had already fallen in love with me. Of course I made a bungle of it; for when I began by saying that she and I had been fast friends, and then began to hesitate and stammer, in my loss to know what to say next, she very naturally thought I was proposing, and to help me out she stole her hands into mine, and looking up in my face audibly said, it was all right, and that she had known for some time I wanted to say this.

"You can imagine how completely taken back I was by the turn my explanation had taken. How could I get out of it then? and beside she looked so pretty, somehow, just for the moment, I didn't care much because she had misunderstood me, and so I kissed her and soon went to my room. Thus the matter has stood the

past two months, and I've not had the pluck to set it right. To complicate it, all this time Grace and I have been corresponding, though not very regularly on my part. Had delayed writing to see if she would not suspect I had ceased to care so much for her and so say something which would give me a pretext for breaking with her; but she has always laid my delay to my being so busy with study. I lack the nerve and decision to destroy her happiness and faith in me. Have been down to see her two or three times purposely to end the affair, but she has shown so much affection for me, that, not being restrained by any real love for Carrie, I have forgotten my purpose and have come away deeper than ever in the mire."

Sam stopped to take a turn across the room and then, coming close to his chum, "Curse it, Tom," he said, "I'd rather lose my honors and graduate at the foot of the class than cause pain to either of those girls; yet I am not fully satisfied to marry either of them. Something must be done right away, Tom, and what shall it be; for my usual luck has left me?"

"Well, Sam," said Tom, after whistling a minute, "I never supposed your fates would let you get into so unlucky a fix as this; but still you are all right. Just state to Miss Grace, like a man, that time has changed your feelings. She may cry a little at first, but this broken heart business is all in stories. Ten to one she will soon forget you and settle happily down with some young farmer. And do you just hold fast to Carrie. Why, man, remember that she is wealthy, educated, refined, and in every way worthy of you. In my humble opinion she is the finest girl in town, with, to me, one exception; you know I always held Miss Montague superior to all others, and it took the life all out of me when she refused me, yet she did it so kindly I only loved her the more. Still its no use for me to ever try

there again. Heavens! Sam, talking on such subjects sets me nearly wild. I go to church simply to hear her sing, and when you join in with your rich tenor, I am lifted out of myself and think of nothing else but the music till the service is over. Oh! Sam, if I only had your voice and were thrown into her society so continually as you are at rehearsals, I believe my suit might have succeeded. Excuse me, Sam, I forgot for the moment 'tis your story to-night, not mine; but I can't keep my feelings pent up when I get to thinking of her. But of course you won't break off with Miss Carrie?"

"I fear I shall not be happy with her."

"Fudge, man, in six months after you marry her you will never think of your country damsel."

"But," said Sam very slowly, "there is a bigger obstacle in the way than Grace. I am dead in love with some one else."

"Good heavens, Sam, I'll never call you lucky again. Who is it?"

"Miss Montague," whispered Sam.

Tom leaped from his chair, "*Et tu Brute*. This is too much for a surprise. Can't stand this any longer. Good-night."

"Hold on, Tom," shouted Sam as the door closed behind his chum, "I believe I am lucky after all," and Sam's voice had an exultant ring in it very different from its former tone. "I wasn't down at Holland's last night; but at Miss Montague's. Give me your hand, can't you; won't you, Tom? for I proposed to her like a man and—"

"And she accepted," groaned Tom.

"Yes," murmured Sam; then he felt Tom's hand convulsively grasp his own, and the door softly closed leaving Sam alone to his penitence and his joy.

Cambridge University, England, has opened its doors to women and offers them equal privileges to men.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

THE June number of the STUDENT will not be issued until Commencement Week. As we purpose to make it a specially interesting number, we have decided to make an addition of four pages to the usual size. This will give us ample space for a complete account of Ivy and Field Day exercises, and all the leading features of Commencement Week. Students and alumni desiring extra copies will please forward their orders to the business manager at once.

We are much gratified with the decision of the Senior class in regard to the Commencement Concert. For several years these concerts have been running behind in their receipts; the class of '79 losing about \$600, and the class of '80 barely paying its expenses. We know that it is very pleasant when our cousins and perhaps nearer friends are in town, to take them to an opera or concert, especially during the last week of the term. But it is really throwing money away to bring a first-class concert troupe to this city,—the managers of Music Hall can testify to this fact. If our students came from wealthy families; if they had benevolent uncles to back them up in such an undertaking, perhaps there would not be so much objection to continuing the custom. But, as is well known, the most of us are obliged to work our way through college with but very little outside assistance. Hence, the man who graduates free from debt has hitherto considered himself a fortunate person. When concerts were reliable investments, students were able to pay the greater part of the expenses of Commencement Week with the profits of a single entertainment. Since, however, their popularity has waned, these luxuries have compelled students to run in debt, and thus many a

man has left college with this drag upon his prospects. The action of the Seniors in dropping the concert, we consider a credit to themselves and a favor to succeeding classes.

Students should never enter a college about which they know nothing. It is quite an important matter,—this selection of a school in which to complete a man's academical education. Hence, only after carefully consulting the catalogues and friends of such institutions, should the decision be made. During the past few years we have had abundant opportunities for observation upon this point. Students enter Bates, stay a year or two, and then either leave college or seek the advantages of institutions whose merits they consider superior to our own. If they had made patient investigation before they came here, many would have spared themselves and their friends unpleasant feelings. Some men who come to Bates, seem to think that we ought to furnish them with the advantages of a Harvard, a Yale, or a Princeton. They consider themselves cheated because they are not treated with all the luxuries of an old, well-established college. After a stay of two years they come to the conclusion that the name of Bates appended to their diploma will not have quite as much weight in the outside world, as the name of some other institution. All these things ought to have been considered before entering college. If they had been, the spectacle of a man grumbling because he don't get for \$12 what he could get elsewhere for \$25 or \$50, would be of rare occurrence. Although Bates does not claim to be what is termed "a college of the first grade," yet she has advantages which have been duly appreciated by the 246 graduates during

the fifteen years of its existence. In the first place, the expenses here are lower than at any other college in New England. Young men, who would otherwise be compelled to forego a college course, can now have a chance to enjoy the benefits of an advanced course of study. In the second place, the course of study pursued compares favorably with that of any other college; it is not properly a university course, but is superior to the curriculum of many a so-called "university." In the third place, we enjoy the benefits arising from the location of our college near the second largest city in the State of Maine. We are not obliged to travel five or ten miles to listen to a first-class lecture, opera, or theatrical troupe. Finally, we would call the attention of the students of our State to the high moral standard maintained by our college. We are bound by none of the questionable customs of some of our older institutions. The wine-glass never appears at a class supper or other entertainment. A large percentage of our students are professed Christians, while the remainder conduct themselves as gentlemen, and rarely engage in any disgraceful affair. These are a few of the advantages which Bates offers to the public. The coming years will bring with them new blessings and new efforts. If fortune smiles upon us, the college will be able to offer very superior inducements in the near future.

We feel that something ought to be said concerning our reading-room. Either the students are forgetting the object for which it was established, or are determined to violate the rules by which its affairs are regulated. Hardly a day passes that we do not find some of the papers mutilated or clipped in a disgraceful manner. The patrons of the reading-room are, in this manner, often deprived of some of the best items and articles.

The papers have all been sold, and after a certain length of time belong to the individuals who purchased them. How exasperating it is, then, when the periodicals are placed in the owners' hands, to find them in such a tattered condition. "I don't propose to pay for mutilated papers much longer," is an expression frequently heard. If the destruction of papers is continued at the present rate, it will entirely stop their sale, and as a large part of the revenue of the association is derived in this way, it is easy to see how damaging to the association such conduct is becoming.

Doubtless many of us have begun this term with a determination to do better work in our studies than we have ever done before. A good resolution certainly, for there is chance for improvement in not a few of us, and we would not say anything to prevent any one from doing his work faithfully and well. Study is, of course, of first importance, and everything else should be subordinate to it. But while we are training our mental faculties let us not forget that the strength and vigor of the mind depend in a great degree upon the strength of the body. In order to keep up a good degree of physical strength every one should devote a certain part of each day to some healthful exercise. For college boys there is, perhaps, no kind of amusement that gives better exercise than base-ball. It brings all the muscles into play and at the same time stimulates the mind by a healthful excitement. It is a national game, and the *special* game of all American colleges. At our own college we have made it not only a source of amusement, but a source of pride and profit as well. We hope every student will become a member of the Association and do all he can for its support. Although several of our old players have left the nine, and we have had

to fill their places with men of less experience, yet we are confident that even better work can be done this year than was done last. We all know that in Mr. Parsons the nine will find a good captain, one who knows how to give them plenty of good, systematic drill. We are glad to see the lower classes taking so much interest in base-ball. Let each class feel interested enough to push their best players ahead, and the Bates nine will be as successful in the future as it has been in the past.

Are we aware of the fact that it will soon be time to have our Field Day? It seems to us that we ought to be making some preparation for it. Each class should at once put its best men in training and make an effort to win the *cup*. One class stands as good a chance as another, and if all take an interest and *go in to win* the contests will be close and exciting. Our material is of good quality. All we need is drill, but that we must have. We should not be discouraged if in some of the exercises we do not make as good records as are made in other colleges, but remember that we have had but one year's experience. Judging by our records of last year we can be assured that in a few years we can show records that will lose nothing by comparison with those of other colleges. As it is the general wish that we have our Field Day exercises earlier this year than we did last, it seems to us that we ought immediately to have a meeting of the Athletic Association for the purpose of deciding upon the time, and of talking over several other matters upon which we need to have an understanding.

There is much in the life of England's great statesman, who has lately passed away, well worth the study and emulation of all young men. His life is a grand

illustration of the power of perseverance and determination. Although of an unpopular and almost despised race, by an indomitable will he succeeded in reaching the loftiest place possible to a British subject. His earlier years are marked by many failures, but he proved himself capable of rising above them, and his later life is brilliant with grand successes. He allied himself with a party naturally unpopular with the people of a country like ours, but it will not do to blind our eyes to the noble qualities of the man because he happened to be the leader of such a party. His principles of government may have been wrong, but there were qualities in the character of the man which must make him for years the model of England's youth and statesmen. He stands alone in the list of British premiers, perhaps at times cynical, but always original and powerful. He imitated no one, but guided the policy of the government in his own peculiar way, until the policy of England was simply the policy of Beaconsfield. He will go into history as the most skillful diplomat, excepting perhaps Bismarck, of the nineteenth century.

The publishers of the *American*, a newspaper published at Philadelphia, are offering a series of prizes for contributions to the columns of that paper from college students and college graduates. Their offer includes editorials, special essays, and poems, thereby giving each student an opportunity of contesting for a prize in whatever style of writing he may consider himself best fitted. The prizes are generous, and will undoubtedly be justly awarded. The judges of editorials and essays are accomplished journalists of wide reputation, and the manager promises that the judges of the poems shall be gentlemen competent for that duty. Here is an opportunity for our brilliant writers to show their ability. Let Bates be repre-

sented in the contest, both through her alumni and her undergraduates. The following are the prizes. They are subject to certain conditions which may be learned by addressing W. R. Balch, managing editor of the *American*, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 1 Competition.—Open to any student of any American college.

For the best poem agreeing with the conditions—\$100, first prize; \$75, second; \$50, third; and \$25, fourth.

For the best editorial agreeing with the conditions—\$100, first prize; \$75, second; \$50, third; and \$25, fourth.

For the best special article agreeing with the conditions—\$100, first prize; \$75, second; \$50, third; and \$25, fourth.

No. 2 Competition.—Open to any graduate of any American college.

For the best poem agreeing with the conditions—\$150, first prize; \$75, second; and \$25, third.

For the best editorial agreeing with the conditions—\$150, first prize; \$75, second; and \$25, third.

For the best special article agreeing with the conditions—\$150, first prize; \$75, second; and \$25, third.

Many are the homilies which we have heard and read on the use of spare moments. We often think, however, that we are extremely busy and cannot see how such remarks can apply to us. But they do apply to us many times when we do not realize it. There is hardly a student who would not find, if he carefully watched himself, that many minutes and often hours slip by unemployed during the day. Now we are not of those who believe that the only way to improve spare moments is to spend them on the study or reading of books, far from it. We believe that the faithful college student is inclined to bend over his books altogether too many hours. Some think that the reading-room is the best place in which to spend leisure moments, and no doubt a certain portion of time might be well invested in perusing the dailies and magazines. But it is man-

ifestly unwise to cram our minds with text-book, newspaper, and literary matter. Reading without reflection amounts to little. We should think more, and read less. If we learn our lessons merely to recite them, and read against time, we must expect confused ideas, if, indeed, we have any at all. Unassimilated knowledge is nearly valueless. Thought and practice alone will make it profitable to us. Spare moments may be made of great value by using them in reviewing and extending our knowledge of the sciences. We get a little start in Zoölogy, Botany, and Geology here in college, but neglect will soon make us rusty on them. The resources of science are inexhaustible. The fields for study are all around us. Turn wherever we will and nature, ready and waiting our notice, is ever before us. Let us make nature's acquaintance in our spare moments.

LOCALS.

Did you go to Skill's auction?

How did you like Scott-Siddons?

A number of the students are sick with measles.

Skillings says there are 500 bones in the human skeleton.

'83 has a new member, Miss Evans, who takes a partial course.

The Eurosophians are having their room frescoed and newly papered.

Prof.—“Who was Quintillia?” Mr. T.—“I think he was a female friend.”

The Calculus class are enjoying some lectures on Mathematics from Prof. Rand.

Prof. Stanton has commenced to take trips in the woods, with the members of the Sophomore class, in search of birds.

We would call the attention of the students to the advertisement of the "Little Lunch Room."

Little, of '84, has been on the retired list for some days. He is suffering from a sudden and severe illness.

Prof. Angell, who was called to Rhode Island on account of the illness and death of his mother, has returned.

The hand-organ has returned, and will furnish excellent accompaniments to the operatic efforts of Skill's "hen."

Mr. E. D. Rowell, '81, has accepted the position of principal of the Fairfield High School, and entered upon his duties.

The Freshman nine played a game with the nine at South Paris, Saturday, April 30th, winning the game by one run.

The Sophomore class are taking lectures on elocution this term under Prof. Chase, in place of the customary declamations.

Many of the boys have already engaged places, as clerks or waiters, at the seashore or mountains for the coming season.

Student in Zoölogy class—"Professor, do you think there is any sweeter music than the singing of a hen on a pleasant spring day?"

Nobby teams can be obtained of B. H. Scribner, DeWitt Stable, Franklin Street, at reasonable rates. Notice their advertisement.

Richards & Merrill are better prepared than ever to meet the wants of their patrons. Their motto is "Quick sales and small profits."

Prof., in Botany, holding up a small plant—"Where was the origin of this plant, here, here, or here?" indicating three different places on the stalk with his finger. "Here!" answered several members of the class.

Prof., in German, reading: "Remain not alone, and dig no roots by midnight; mix no drinks, and one at a time if you please!"

Scene: Recitation in Rhetoric. Prof.—"Mr. R., what is meant by 'necessity is necessity'?" Mr. R.—" 'Necessity is necessity.' "

Hathorn Hall has recovered from the effects of the fire, and shines with new paint and varnish. We would hardly know some of the old rooms.

The Sophomores think that the author of the Rhetoric they are using this term was well named. They did not calculate on its being such a bane (Bain) to them.

The following Sophs have been selected to take part in the Champion Debate next June: A. E. Tinkham, C. E. Sargent, H. H. Tucker, C. J. Atwater, and O. L. Gile.

Considerable work has been done on the campus between the college buildings and the Latin School. The appearance of that section has been wonderfully improved.

Prof. Stanton has kindly allowed several of the Sophomores who desire further drill in French to continue that study with Prof. Angell, instead of Latin, the regular study of the term.

The Sophs had a jollification on the last night of last term. No damage done beyond the destruction of Tucker's wood-box and a Junior's hat. Peanuts were the only (?) beverage.

Millet, '83, recently had a go-as-you-please race with a gray squirrel. The first quarter of a mile he gained on the quadruped, but the latter won the race by taking a bee line for the top of a tree.

Great improvement is being made on the campus. As a protection from fire the shade trees have all been dug around.

Long needed grading is being done. Avenues are being built and many new shade trees set out. Let the work go on.

The students are slowly paying their subscriptions. One Junior has hopes of paying his before the year is entirely gone. He has paid all but *ninety-seven cents*. Subscription is one dollar.

The first game of ball with the Colbys was played Saturday, May 7th, on the college grounds, Lewiston. Roberts, '81, umpired. The game resulted in favor of Colby, the score standing 9 to 5.

Prof. (to student)—“How did the baseball game between the Bowdoins and Browns result?” Student—“In a victory for the Browns by a score of 11 to 0.” Prof.—“Well, now, they did 'em up *brown*, didn't they.”

Senior (trying to prove that the adjective “round” should be compared)—“Now, if I have a ring around my finger, that's round isn't it?” “Yes.” “Well, now, then, if I have my arm around my girl, that's rounder, isn't it?”

The Eurosophian Society has made thorough work in its room. The book-case has been newly varnished, the walls papered, and the ceiling frescoed. New and elegant gilt and bronze chandeliers have been substituted for the old iron ones.

A chapter of the “Gamma Epsilon Fraternity” was organized by the Junior class last month. The officers are as follows: President, W. S. Hoyt; Vice Presidents, J. W. Douglass, L. T. McKenney; Secretary and Treasurer, H. S. Bullen; Doorkeeper, W. T. Twaddle.

The Polymnian Society occupied their rooms for the first time since the fire, Friday evening, April 29. The appearance of the apartment has been greatly improved by removing the stairway leading to the belfry, and by extending the book

shelves along that whole side of the room. The walls have been newly papered, the ceiling whitewashed, and a pair of new chandeliers added.

A few days before Mrs. Scott-Siddons played “As You Like It,” in Lewiston, a couple of students met on the campus. One said to the other—“Are you going to hear Scott-Siddons?” Second Student—“I don't know. What is she to play?” First Student—“I believe it is ‘As You Please.’”

We notice that one of the Sophomores has recently been seized with a strong desire to get his own mail from the office, probably for the purpose of holding “protracted conversation” with one of the pretty postal clerks. It is rumored that “protracted conversations” with the lady clerks at the Post-Office are forbidden by Postmaster Little. Students, beware!

The base-ball grounds have been cleared of turf and present a fine appearance. They seem now to invite the nine to renewed exertions. Parsons says he is going to work the boys in earnest, and from present indications he has already begun. Too much attention cannot be given to this matter of practice. It is a well-known fact that a naturally poor player can become one of the best by regular and faithful work. How much more, then, can naturally good players be improved by the same method?

ALUMNI NOTES.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'74.—Rev. A. J. Eastman, who has been laboring in Worcester, Mass., for the past few months, was installed pastor of the First Free Baptist Church of that city,

April 7th. The new church was organized the same day. Rev. G. S. Ricker, '67, was chairman of the council, and gave the charge to the pastor. Rev. C. D. Dudley, Theological School, '77, offered the installing prayer. Mr. Eastman enters upon his work under most favorable auspices.

'76.—C. S. Libby is now city attorney of Buena Vista, Col.

'76.—E. C. Adams is teaching the High School at Beverly, Mass.

'77.—O. B. Clason is studying law in Gardiner.

'78.—J. Q. Adams has accepted a call to the church at South Parsonsfield.

'80.—E. E. Richards is studying law with J. B. Severy in Farmington.

'80.—O. C. Tarbox is still teaching in Princeton, Minn.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Musical Herald* for April opens with an interesting article upon the organ. Mr. Charles Banard contributes a clearly written paper upon the Melograph, an instrument for the recording of music as it is composed upon an organ. The article on "Church Choirs" meets our approval. The writer believes that it isn't fair for the devil to have all the good music. He asserts that no worship is more acceptable to the masses than the worship of song. How much better it would be for some of our churches if the spirited music of the Catholic church could be introduced into the service instead of certain grave tunes which are only fit for funerals. This number contains the following music: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Cradle Song," "A Thought of Home," "Song of the North," "Lorely."

The American Book Exchange publish a weekly paper entitled *Good Literature*. It contains a large amount of literary mat-

ter which will prove of value to the student. The low price of subscription—fifty cents a year—ought to bring it within the reach of all.

The *Washington Courier*, published monthly in the interests of the sailors and soldiers of the United States, is received. Its columns are devoted mainly to stories, sketches, and the discussion of pensions and bounties. C. G. Bennett, editor and publisher, Washington, D. C.

One of the best scientific papers adapted to the wants of the general public, is *Our Home and Science Gossip*, published at Rockford, Illinois. The number before us contains original articles and notes upon Geology, Mineralogy, Paleontology, Numismatics, Astronomy, Enomology and other branches of science.

The *Illustrated Scientific News* for May is before us, looking handsomer, if possible, than any of the preceding issues. Since its change of publishers last January, this magazine has improved with each succeeding number. The present issue of the *Illustrated Scientific News* is overflowing with handsome engravings and interesting and instructive matter. Among the various subjects illustrated in this issue is a superb specimen of cut glass ware; an exhaustive article on asphaltum and its use in streets and pavements. a new and ingenious hand-car, shown in operation; a new steel steamer for use in shallow rivers; the new Jobert telescope, and an interesting paper on physics without apparatus, also fully illustrated. Every number contains thirty-two pages full of engravings of novelties in science and the useful arts. To be had of all news dealers, or by mail of the publishers, Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York, at \$1.50 per annum; single copies 15 cents.

We acknowledge the receipt of catalogues from Andover Theological Seminary, Meadville Theological School, and Illinois Asylum for Children.

EXCHANGES.

An exchange editor needs no copy of Ayer's Almanac to inform him of the progress of spring or the approach of summer. He has only to look over the pages of his contemporaries to find abundant evidences of the disappearance of the Ice King. Poems of love and passion, accounts of athletic meetings, records of games of base-ball and cricket, glowing descriptions of the various boat clubs, and the brightening up of the whole tone of the college world, are abundant proofs of the return of the sun to our northern hemisphere. The pencil of the reporter will be very active during the next six or eight weeks. What with all the sporting and literary interests of his college to attend to, what with croquet parties and picnics, what with the excitement and anxiety attending the summer examinations, the heart of the editor is often sorely pressed.

We are sorry to find the editors of the *Beacon* seriously contemplating the discontinuation of that periodical. We hope that the students and friends of Boston University will not be so forgetful of its interests as to oblige the editors to bury the *Beacon* for want of financial support.

The *Colby Echo* for May is at hand. We have always been pleased with this paper, even though published by the students of a rival college. One of the best features is the literary department. The articles are frequently heavy and at times pedantic, but on the whole instructive. The Latin poem, "*De Resurrectione Domini*," has a Miltonian flavor about it which is quite commendable.

In the last number of the *Concordiensis* Prof. Foster's address before the Union College Alumni Association of the Northwest is given entire. In addition to interesting incidents connected with the life of the late President Nott, Prof. Foster gave some of his own ideas about colleges and their methods. We quote the following:

"Like a nation isolated, a college may become self-conceited, stagnant, and will find benefit from an infusion of new blood, and the introduction of improved methods." After reading the above we felt like saying "Amen," and expressed a hope that this passage might be read by the Faculty of a college nearer home.

The *William Jewell Student* has not a pretty face, but a good reliable character instead. What the *Student* needs most is a first-class printer. Perhaps the editors of the next volume, which, by the way, will be the second, will endeavor to make the necessary changes.

The *Clionian Argus* is the latest exchange from a female college. The young ladies of the present time are not to be outdone in the matter of journalism by the young men. The *Argus* is bright and vivacious, and has every indication of being a success. If the editors would use a smaller size of type more reading matter could be provided for its readers.

The *Polytechnic* and *Dartmouth* are two new visitors to our sanctum. The former is printed on heavy toned paper, and would present a very fine appearance did not the width of the margin nearly equal the width of the columns. The two best articles of the number are "A Sketch of Phocius," and "The Value of Time." The *Dartmouth* contains a clever article upon "College Diversions," in which the writer answers the charges recently made by the *New York Times*, viz.: (1) "That college authorities no longer actually demand perfect recitations and absolute readiness in mental drill"; (2) "That the student's life is one of ease, in which amusements occupy a leading part." The local department is well supported.

The *Berkeleyan*, from the University of California, looks somewhat fatigued after its long journey across the continent. Its editorials are on the old stand-by subjects, but treated in a fair, candid manner.

The first number of the *Bowdoin Orient*, under the new editorial board, is a decided success. The general arrangement of the paper has not been changed, but the departments have had a generous show of enthusiasm infused into them. The exchange editor, after giving us a good word, says he would praise us more did he not know that the *STUDENT* was under the control of the Faculty. Misguided man, how did he know? Has he been a faithful reader of our paper for four months, and arrived at his conclusion from personal observation? We are inclined to believe that he formed his opinion a year or two ago, when there was a little trouble between the editors and Faculty. No, no, Mr. Editor; we are perfectly independent; we do just as we please and manage to please our contemporaries pretty well. Just keep cool when you wield the pen against your exchanges. Criticise the paper of to-day, not that of last year.

COLLEGE WORLD.

Princeton has a salaried choir.

Elocution is neglected at Yale.

A Fencing Club has been recently organized at Ann Harbor.

The Harvard library costs more than \$200,000 per annum.

Less than one-half of the students entering Cornell, graduate.

Oberlin is endeavoring to raise funds for the erection of a Music Hall.

Seven professors of the State University of Minnesota have been expelled for incompetency.

The Lecture Association at Michigan University cleared \$675 by its entertainments the past winter.

Mr. R. S. Lindsay, of Oberlin, won the first prize at the eighth annual oratorical contest for Ohio.

Phillips Brooks has declined the invitation to accept the position of preacher to Harvard College.

Harvard is the Fifth Avenue of American colleges, Yale the Broadway, and Vassar the Maiden Lane.

Wellesley Female College has 375 students. Each student is required to perform house work for one hour daily.

England has four universities, France fifteen, Germany twenty-two, while the State of Ohio boasts of supporting thirty-seven.

The Yale Freshmen are undergoing a course in Latin conversation, conducted by Prof. Peck. The "Roman pronunciation" is used.

Mr. Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, has offered to establish a School of Finance and Economy in connection with the University of Pennsylvania. He promises an endowment of \$150,000 and will increase this amount if necessary.

The Inter-Collegiate Prize Cup, which was won by Harvard last year, and which was manufactured by Tiffany at a cost of \$300, was presented to the Athletic Association, March 26th. Harvard expects to win at the contest at Mott Haven, and so retain the cup.

Tuition fees of various colleges vary as follows: Syracuse, \$60; Cornell, \$75; Bowdoin, \$75; Rochester, \$75; Brown, \$85; Dartmouth, \$80; Williams, \$90; Amherst, \$100; Yale, \$150; Harvard, \$150; Pennsylvania, \$150 to \$170; Ann Arbor, \$20; Columbia, \$150; Bates, \$36.

Thomas Carlyle pretended to care very little for honors, but in 1875 he accepted the degree of LL.D. from Harvard Uni-

versity. Among other prominent foreign literary men who have received honorary degrees, are Whately, Lyell, Henry Holland, Hallam, Guizot, Baron Napier, J. S. Mill, and Martineau.

The only daughter of President Chamberlain, of Bowdoin, was married April 27th, at the Congregational Church, to Mr. H. G. Allen, of Boston. The ceremony was performed by the venerable Professor Packard, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Fisher.

There is now in the library of Princeton College what is known as the Pierson collection of books and pamphlets on the civil war. It was made by an alumnus of Princeton, who has ransacked the country for his material, and is believed to be of its kind unsurpassed. The collection, which is carefully guarded by the librarian, is accessible for reference.

A great educational institution has been projected by Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Judge Hilton, to be located at Garden City, L. I. Male and female colleges will be erected, the cost of which, with their endowments, will reach the sum of \$4,000,000. Expenses to students will be placed at a very low figure. The college buildings, three in number, will be remarkable for the beauty of their architecture and their magnificent appointments.

The following is the summary of the religious belief of the students of Harvard University as ascertained by a canvass made recently: Total, College and Law School, 972 men—Agnostics, 26; Atheists, 7; Baptists, 42; Chinese, 1; Christians, 2; Dutch Reformers, 2; Episcopalians, 175; Hebrews, 10; Lutherans, 1; Methodists, 16; Non-Sectarians, 97; Orthodox Congregational, 173; Presbyterians, 27; Roman Catholics, 33; Swedenborgians, 20; Unitarians, 214; Universalists, 13; seen, 6.

CLIPPINGS.

CUPID'S TACTICS.

Quoth Cousin Kate to Captain Fred,
 "Why must it always be
 That you, the lords of earth, should think
 All things are made for ye?
 Full oft, indeed, I've heard you speak
 Of man-ual of arms,
 As if a woman could not count
 That art among her charms.
 Now, I could learn to drill and march
 As well as any man,—"
 "We'll see," cried Fred, with twinkling eye,
 "We'll see now if you can.
 I'll teach you how to give salutes
 To officers of the day.
 Attention, squad!"—"You should say squaw—"
 "Silence! you must obey.
 It would, of course, be useless quite
 To say 'right dress' to you,
 To 'present arms' is my command—
 That you can surely do."
 She laughing stands with outstretched arms,
 And waits his next commands,—
 "Support arms!" and quick as thought
 His palms upheld her hands.
 Then quickly bent his head,—
 "Salute!"
 It was not done amiss,—
 And 'twasn't many months ere Kate
 Herself was not a miss.—*Echo.*

SIREN.

Maid of the mist,
 Enraptured I list,—
 Singing thy song of the sea.
 Singing so sweet,
 Thou mak'st my heart beat.—
 Singing alone.—
 While thou dost sing, sing to me.

Maid of the mist,
 So winsome I wist
 Wooing the sapphirine sea,
 Wooing with song
 In love thrilling song,
 Wooing and wooed.—
 While thou art wooing, woo me.

Maid of the mist,
 So lissome I wist,
 Kissing the foam of the sea,
 Kissing the foam
 In thy water-tost home,
 Kissing and kissed,
 While thou art kissing, kiss me.
 —*Free Press.*

'Tis not the gold of your hair, sweet maid,
Nor your silver voice that my heart doth win;
'Tis not the flash of your wit of steel,
But 'tis—your dear, sick, old papa's tin.

—*Harvard Advocate*.

SONG.

At morning, when the mists have rolled
From mountain peak in clouds away,
The summit gleams in rose and gold,
Faint token of the dawning day.
But when the morn to older day has grown,
From crest to base the rosy flush is strewn.

When first thy life came near to mine
A faint, a nameless flush it threw
Amid the mists, of light divine;
And, like the crescent morn, it grew,
Till I may hope that ever to the end,
As now, that light with all my life may blend.

—*Harvard Advocate*.

LOVE AND LOVE.

"You ask me if I love you: can I tell?
What are the tokeners of love, I pray;
The glowing eye, the heart, the bosom's swell?
The sleepless night, the long, impatient day?
The look, the gaze, the passion-thrilling glance?
The stammered words, the hours of vacant
thought?
The slightest look which serves but to entrance?
Are these the signs of love, and are we taught
Love's lesson thus, in deep, impassioned show?
And if we are, I have a love for you.—
But, if it be the calm, and steady glow
Which lasts for years in strength unshaken,
true,
In all its life enkindled from above,
I then will say to you: 'I have no love.'"

—*Free Press*.

SHAKESPEARE ON BASE-BALL.

Now let's have a catch.—*Merry Wives*.
And so I shall catch the fly.—*Henry V*.
I will run no base.—*Merry Wives*.
After he scores.—*All's Well*.
Have you scored me?—*Othello*.
The world is pitch and pay.—*Henry V*.
These nine men in buckram.—*Henry IV*.
What works my countrymen?
Where go you with bats and clubs?—*Coriolanus*.
Let us see you in the field.—*Troilus and Cressida*.

I will fear to catch.—*Timon*.

More like to run the country base.—*Cymbeline*.
—*Bowdoin Orient*.

Why do girls kiss each other while boys
do not? Because girls have nothing bet-
ter to kiss, and the boys have.—*Argus*.

"Mary," said Miss L—— to a classmate,
not long since, "what railroad train do
you like best?" "That one," responded
Mary, "which furnishes a *spark catcher*."

Will Hays has written a new song, en-
titled, "Kiss the Baby Once for Me."
After you have finished, Will, spank him
two or three times for the rest of the folks.

Moral Philosophy: President—"Miss
K., do you believe there are any affections
in our nature?" Miss K. (gazing at her
diamond ring, answers with suspicious
emphasis)—"Oh, yes! I *certainly* do."—
Vassar Miss.

"I am translating you from the Ger-
man," said a Senior to the fair one by his
side, as they rolled away from the dance
the other evening. "Not without a horse,"
she murmured, and quietly fainted.—
Trinity Tablet.

The growing tendency of our standard
colleges for young men, towards a co-
educational system, has caused more than
one suggestion to the effect that such
female institutions of learning as Vassar,
Smith, and Wellesley, should open their
doors to the other sex. Why not?—*Ex*.

A graduate of C. C. N. Y. class of '73,
after studying medicine went out West to
practice his profession. An old friend ac-
cidentally met him one day and asked him
how he was succeeding in his business.
"First rate," he replied, "I've had one
case." "Well, what was that?" "It
was a birth," said the doctor. "How did
you succeed with that?" "Well, the old
woman died, and the child died, but by
the grace of God I'll save the old man yet!"

ATHLETIC NOTES.

The increased interest which is yearly being manifested by the college world in athletic sports has induced the editors of the *Crimson* to present a table of the best records as made by American colleges during the past five years. That our own students may see what has been done elsewhere, we publish the accompanying table:

TABLE OF BEST AMERICAN COLLEGE RECORDS.

Event.	Record.			Name.	College.	Where Made.
	H.	M.	S.			
100-yards dash.....	10 $\frac{1}{8}$	E. J. Wendell.	Harvard.	McGill Coll. Games, Montreal, Oct. 30, 1880.
220-yards dash.....	23 $\frac{1}{2}$	H. H. Lee.	Univ. of Pa.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, July 4, 1877.
$\frac{1}{4}$ -mile run.....	53 $\frac{1}{2}$	E. J. Wendell.	Harvard.	Harvard A. A. Games, May 22, 1880.
$\frac{1}{2}$ -mile run.....	2	5		R. R. Colgate.	Columbia.	Columbia Coll. Games, Mott Hav., May 5, '77.
1-mile run.....	4	37 3-5		T. DeW. Cuyler.	Yale.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, May 29, 1880.
3-mile run.....	16	21 $\frac{1}{2}$		E. C. Stimson.	Dartmouth.	Intercoll. Games, Saratoga, July 20, 1876.
120-yards hurdle.....	..	18 1-5		J. E. Cowdin.	Harvard.	Harvard A. A. Games, May 22, 1879.
1-mile walk.....	7	4 4-5		C. Eldredge.	Columbia.	Columbia Coll. Games, Mott Hav., May 5, '77.
2-mile walk.....	15	46 3-5		C. Eldredge.	Columbia.	Columbia Coll. Games, Mott Hav., Oct. 27, '77.
3-mile walk.....	25	16 $\frac{3}{4}$		— Caulmann.	Cornell.	Cornell College, Ithica, May 25, 1880.
7-mile walk.....	1	5 15 $\frac{1}{4}$		W. R. Taylor.	Harvard.	Intercoll. Games, Saratoga, July 15, 1875.
Running high jump.....	*	5	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	J. P. Conover.	Columbia.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, May 9, 1879.
Standing high jump.....	*	5	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	W. Soren.	Harvard.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Hav., May 29, 1880.
Running broad jump.....	..	20	11	R. M. Campbell.	Trinity.	Trinity Coll. Games, Hartford, May 25, 1878.
Standing broad jump.....	*	10	3 $\frac{3}{8}$	F. Larkin.	Princeton.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, May 9, 1879.
Pole leaping.....	..	9	4	R. Tewksbury.	Princeton.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, May 29, 1880.
Throwing the hammer.....	..	87	1	F. Larkin.	Princeton.	Intercoll. Games, Mott Haven, May 9, 1879.
Putting the shot.....	..	37	10	— Cuzner.	McGill.	McGill Coll. Games, Montreal, Oct. 24, 1878.

SUMMARY.—Harvard, 5; Columbia, 4; Princeton, 3; Cornell, 1; Dartmouth, 1; McGill, 1; Trinity, 1; University of Pennsylvania, 1; Yale, 1.

* Best American Amateur Record.

Advertisements.

BATES COLLEGE.

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GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's *Æneid*; six orations of Cicero; the *Catiline* of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. **GREEK:** In three books of Xenophon's *Anabasis*; two books of Homer's *Iliad*, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. **MATHEMATICS:** In Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. **ENGLISH:** In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

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 Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

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