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### CALENDAR

**THURSDAY, MAY 28**
- 7:15 P.M. Spofford Club.

**FRIDAY, MAY 29**
- 4:30 P.M. Press Club.
- 7:30 P.M. Men's Literary Societies.

**SATURDAY, MAY 30**
- P.M. Bates vs. Bowdoin at Lewiston.

**MONDAY, JUNE 1**
- 1:00 P.M. Junior Current Events Club.
- 4:40 P.M. Student Volunteer Band.
- 6:45 P.M. Senior and Freshman Current Events Clubs.

**TUESDAY, JUNE 2**
- Bates Interscholastic Tennis Tournament at Lewiston.
- 6:45 P.M. Cheney and Milliken Current Events Club.

**WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3**
- Interscholastic Tennis Tournament, Finals.
- 6:45 P.M. Y. M. C. A. Open Discussion Meeting.
- 6:45 P.M. Y. W. C. A.

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### Y. W. C. A.

This week, the Y. W. C. A. held a Silver Bay "Meeting" under the leadership of several girls who have been to Silver Bay Conventions. Letters from Misses Purington and Rideout, Bates 1912, were read and mandolin music was enjoyed.

### JUNIOR EXHIBITION SPEAKERS

The speakers for the Junior Exhibition have been chosen as follows: Messrs. Carey, Greenan, Jordan, J. L. Moulton, Saxton, Stephanis and the Misses Chapman, Jewell, Nevens, Perry, Walsh, and Wood. Junior Exhibition will be held this year June 10, instead of commencement week as in the past.

### SPOFFORD CLUB

Spofford Club met at 7:15 Thursday evening, in Libbey Forum. Mr. Kennedy, '16, read an interesting short story, and Mr. Hill, '14, presented a poem.

### SQUEAKER PREFERRED

Room VI. of the Hampden Terrace Grammar School was in a state of poorly suppressed excitement. Miss Atwood, wholly ignorant of its cause and of what the evening was to bring forth, tried in vain to check the seething undercurrent of feeling; while thirty-eight boys and girls, proud in their possession of the great secret, tried equally hard to quell excited heads and hearts. For was not that evening to witness the hanging of the wonderful basket with its array of bright pink roses, its long, fluttering streamers, and its beautifully varied contents? Was it not at that moment reposing at Squeaker Spaulding's house? And was not every member of the class to be present and personally to assist in the process of hanging it at Miss Atwood's door?

The afternoon class in reading had been a complete failure. Spud Wilson had lost his place twice and then had terri-
fied the entire class by sputtering “b-ba-bas-
ket” after the auxiliary “may.” The language
class gave promise of no more satisfactory re-
sults. Very slowly one by one the incom-
pleted sentences were rendered complete and
the hateful blanks filled in with nouns, com-
mon and proper. With eyes that saw nothing
of the page before him, Squeaker Spauld-
ing sat gazing at the Beautiful One in the
third seat of the fifth row as she studied the
red language book attentively. From far
away came Miss Atwood’s musical voice,
“‘Insert common nouns in the following.’
Henry, you may read the first.”

Squeaker almost jumped from his seat.
With one frantic glance he found the place,
and then furiously searched his sluggish mem-
ory. “John gave some—— to his sister.”
Proper nouns, descriptive adjectives, and
verbs of motion—all chased themselves along
in Squeaker’s brain; but no common noun
came. “John gave some—— to his sister.”
In vain he scourged his wandering mind as
he gazed despairingly at Miss Atwood.

“John, you may read us the first sentence
Beany Miller, the only boy of “the gang”
for whom Squeaker had ever borne antipathy
for more than three consecutive moments,
arose. He glanced triumphantly toward the
vanquished Squeaker. “John gave some
violets to his sister,” he proudly read.

With a burning face, Squeaker took his
seat and gazed disconsolately toward the
third seat of the fifth row. And then his
face burned even hotter for he fancied that
he saw there a smile of commendation for
Beany—Beany who had said “violets.”
Squeaker clutched the battered language book
fiercely. Why hadn’t he thought of the old
violets anyhow? Then suddenly his face
beamed. He sat very erect and glanced even
happily at the averted face of the Beautiful
One. His newly-found joy expressed itself in
the skillful throwing of three well-moist-
ened spitballs, straight at Beany’s left ear.
One so ably accomplished the mission of its
sender that Squeaker wisely resolved to give
his undivided attention to the map of Aus-
tralia before him. But even as he endeavor-
ed to appreciate the undeveloped resources of
that land, and to remember that it exported
minerals and imported canned goods, he found
himself writing on the margin of his book

The last gong had sounded and the long,
eager, wriggling lines had left the building.
With a whoop, Squeaker sought the girls’ exit
—and the Beautiful One. Just as he came
hurrying toward her he saw Beany leave her
side. Squeaker straightened perceptibly as he
fell in beside her. “Goin’ to-night?” he asked
by way of introduction.

“Every lady is,” averred the Beautiful
One.

Squeaker kicked his square toe hard
against the edge of the board walk. “Any-
body as’t yer?” The tone was his best off-
hand production, but his face was burning red.

“Beany did.” The Beautiful One carefully
examined her upper coat button.

Squeaker turned square around. “Yer
ain’t a goin’ ter let that guy of a Beany go
with yer, are yer?” His voice trembled with
indignation and excitement; but the Beautiful
One was silent. A fearful thumping just be-
nath his red sweater seized Squeaker. He
leaned closer. “Say, that Beany is a kind of
a mutt, ain’t he?”

In an agony of appeal he waited. Then,
“Maybe, Squeaker,” came the low voice.
The reaction was too great. Squeaker
jumped up and twice hit his heels together in
sheer relief. Then he shot away from her.

“I got an errand to do,” he shouted back.

“We’re all a-goin’ to meet down to the corner
by your house at eight.” And he was gone.

With happily buzzing heart, Squeaker ran
down Angel Avenue, across the open field,
down Barton Hill to the river where safely
anchored and hidden in the marsh grass lay
the Gang’s man-of-war, the patched and
leaky scow, “Pirate Belle.” And as he
loosed her from her moorings, as he slowly
paddled the clumsy craft around the bend out
into the stream and at last into the peaceful
port of Pirate’s Cove at Dead Man’s Island,
and then as he looked at all the island’s old
familiar haunts,—his heart kept pace with his
whistling lips. For the fates were kind, the omens propitious—Beany was not preferred.

Squeaker straightened up from his task and rubbed his wet and dirty hands together. The mill whistles across the river were blowing. That meant that it was nearly suppertime. The soft, spring earth was springy beneath his feet, and reluctantly he started toward the Pirate Belle. Then a sudden idea came to him. He would climb Look-out tree and then he would go back,

From his post in an out-hanging branch of the old, scraggly apple tree, Squeaker looked down upon the island and river beneath him. Gold River, Skipper's Reef, Black Man's Cove—all lay beneath him as attractive as they had seemed to him on that first day when he had been initiated to their glory and had won his title—Squeaker. He picked up a lonely and soft apple and with careful aim struck the Pirate Belle straight amidship. He picked up another and leaned far out on the limb as he hurled it at one of the most distant boulders of Skipper's Reef.

Then he started to crawl back the limb and climb down—he could not move. He started backwards again—he seemed held by some strange power. He struggled harder, but he simply could not move. He seemed fastened to the limb above. With great difficulty he managed to turn his head sufficiently to learn the cause. As he had leaned far out to hurl the apple—his sweater had in some way become caught on the branch directly above. His efforts to free himself had only fastened the sweater more securely to its sharp and sturdy peg. Squeaker turned, twisted and wriggled, but the sweater was strong and firm and the rough, scraggly branch held him fast—a captive. At last the full solemnity of it all dawned upon him. Far out of range of sight and sound, he might be forced to remain there for hours. He tugged fiercely at his miserable sweater as his glance rested on the Pirate Belle riding gently at anchor. He struggled more and more furiously as the unwelcome truth sank deeper into his conscious-

ness. He was a prisoner! Who would take the Beautiful One to the Maybasket hanging? Who would carry the wonderful basket itself? Who would be the one to ring the bell—the last to run away? Would it be Beany? Squeaker beat his fists against the gnarled old tree in impotent rage. It was rapidly growing dusk. Soon the crowd would be getting together! "I'll bust his face if he does take her," muttered Squeaker to Dead Man's Island.

Then suddenly he gave a shriek of wild delight, followed by a more systematic series of loud shouts. For straight across the cove he saw the boat of the night-watchman as he was rowing across to the mills. Freedom lay just ahead.

With eager step Squeaker rushed from the life boat up the river bank, along Angel Avenue, and up to Willow Lane where the crowd had already gathered. As he drew nearer he took care to walk noiselessly and then, quickly hiding behind a tree just back of the group, he proceeded to take notes. They were all there—Spud, Skinny, Spider and all the rest. Beany held the wonderful basket and was speaking to the Beautiful One who stood a little at one side.

"He ain't a comin', I tell yer. He's—"

With a single leap Squeaker stood by the side of the Beautiful One. In another instant he had passed her a large, wilted bunch of violets, and had seized the basket from Beany's limp fingers. The procession started to move. Straight to the head of the lines with the Beautiful One by his side and the gorgeous basket in his hands, Squeaker marched. Teacher's surprise, the long evening of pleasure, the walk home—all lay ahead. He leaned a little closer toward the Beautiful One. "Did yer think I wasn't a comin'?"

The Beautiful One looked straight into Squeaker's anxious eyes. "Oh! no! I told Beany you'd just gone an errand."

A wild ecstasy broke loose beneath the red sweater; but Squeaker only marched a little stiffer and held the gorgeous basket a little higher, lest the floating streamers touch the ground, as he smiled into the May dusk. For the Fates were still kind and Beany was not preferred.

—1916.
The Y. M. C. A. during the past year has carried out a very successful program in the various departments of its work. At the present time nearly every man in college is connected with some phase of the work. For the benefit of a few men who have not availed themselves of the many valuable opportunities offered by the Association, the campus service committee has decided to give over June 1st as membership day. On that date each man of the college who is not a member, at that time will have the opportunity to become affiliated in this important branch of our college life.

What the Association plans to do another year is to increase the efficiency of every department, and in order to do this it must have the combined efforts of all the men in the institution. If you are not a member of the Y. M. C. A., think the proposition over and resolve to become a member next Monday.

Christian Association Work With the Young Men of Peking

A Peking merchant recently requested the Association here to open a day school, and with the request sent a gift for maintenance. On the opening day all that could be accommodated reported to take the entrance examination, and the school is now in full progress. I wish that you might see this and the night school in actual operation. The high standard of the night school has attracted a large number of municipal and government employees who must have English in their work.

Many students of high school and college grades have been led to help themselves by helping other people here in the city. The Social Service Club has now become a large and representative student organization. With one of the Association Secretaries as their adviser they have made some reliable surveys of social conditions, are now running schools for small boys in neglected districts, and providing volunteers to take charge of playgrounds. These leaders of athletics meet regularly with the Association Physical Director for training. Some of us foreigners enjoyed officiating at an indoor track-meet held in January by this class. While the Chinese fellows were learning more about the different events we were picking up the Chinese words for “one more trial,” “up another inch,” “foul,” and so on. The Association is responsible for another movement which has united all the athletic interests of the Capital under the name of the “Peking Athletic Association.” This organization, in addition to a gift of a thousand dollars from President Yuan, has been granted the use of a large section of the enclosure of the Temple of Heaven as an athletic field. So, at the same time that reactionaries have been emphasizing a return to the old rites at that place, the leading men of the Capital are carrying through, with liberal hand, a plan for the use of that ground by the young men of the city and province.

While the government has been performing the feat of providing for state religious rights without instituting a state religion, two
events have occurred here significant of the real religious point of view. One was the annual “devil dance” at a Buddhist temple. It was quite a spectacle, but it had no deeper grip on the crowd than a circus performance in America would have. The other event was the Confucian worship conducted by the “Confucian Society.” This was an interesting ceremony but attracted very few people as spectators. An incidental mention of this ceremony before a student audience the following week brought a laugh which showed how slender a hold Confucianism has on the modern student mind.

The best weapon that the Association has in meeting this obvious religious need is the informal Bible-study groups. The practical efficiency of that department here is shown by an incident in connection with the day school. Before the day school had been running a fortnight almost every member of it had enrolled in a voluntary Bible-study class. Out of the Union Medical School there are only five men who are not teaching or studying in Bible classes.

I have had an interesting time in conducting a “Religious Discussion Club.” It has been conducted in English, and able speakers have been very willing to help. There are forty-two members, and the twenty-two who were present at the last meeting asked to have the program extended two months beyond the original plan. These students are from the Customs College and the Government University. They are bright men, and we shall get practical results.

Most of the time now we are engaged in language study. There is a Union Language School here in which people under different missions are studying for work in different sections of North China. Living in a Chinese house built around a series of courts, with windows of paper, tile roofs and stone floors; with Chinese servants going in and out; with the cries of the Oriental street vendors constantly in our ears; with a growing circle of Chinese friends; constrained by the ever-present incentive to be able to speak enough Chinese to be of real service, we are enjoying our life in the truest sense of the word.

There was an interesting conference here recently for all North China secretaries, foreign and Chinese. Not only were there foreign secretaries in training for the language, but twelve Chinese college graduates in training in methods of work. Think what a multiplication of efficiency the finding and training of such men is.

The student work is especially important now because the thoughtful men in the colleges here are beginning to realize that true progress of the nation can be accelerated only by the growth of personal capacity among themselves. This leads them to a sense of responsibility and of need along many lines. The other day a bright, young Manchu, a non-Christian from an aristocratic family, who has been coming to the house as a teacher, surprised me by telling of his study of the New Testament and Christianity, and consulting me about joining the church. This is still the period of serious ambition for Young China. Next year a Dane, a French Swiss and I are assigned to the development of a new work in the West City with the idea of helping many such young men solve their problems.

But all of this deals with merely one phase of work. There are many other interesting lines, e.g., the medical work, the mission colleges, and so on. It is an inspiring fellowship to be in,—many types of men under different organizations, some of truly wonderful capacity, all with a common thread running thru the warp and woof of their busy lives for the uplift of China.

WAYNE CLARK JORDAN, ’06.

MANHOOD

Who wills shall have his will in all fulfilled.
Oh, to be strong to will one’s self a god;
Self inled, a leader, asking but of men
The worship such a self deserves from earth.
Oh, to forget if but for just a day,
Only for time to will in—to forget
How bound by self and circumstance we are;
Bow only to the cataract’s roar and might,
Nor heed the granite’s will which turns its course
Unconscious; and will, and work and win;
Give to blind law and senseless flesh the lie!
MAINE COLLEGE STANDING

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BATES 9, COLBY 4

By defeating Colby last Wednesday, May 20, Bates increased her lead in the race for the baseball championship. The Bates team entered the game with a vengeance. A fusillade of hits during the first four innings drove Capt. James from the box in dismay. Stinson pitched a steady game, keeping the hits well scattered. Every man on the Bates team took pains to swell his batting average, and many hits went for extra bases. At the decisive moments Butler, Fuller, McDonald and Moore pounded the ball hard. Nutting’s home run was the longest drive seen here this year. Campbell and Cawley of Colby excelled in fielding honors.

Tufts 2, Bates 0

Friday, May 22, Tufts defeated Bates in the best game seen here this year. The two southpaw twirlers, Krepps of the visitors and Lindquist of Bates, fought a pitchers’ battle with honors about even. Only four hits were made off each pitcher. But errors behind “Link” lost him the game. The fielding exhibition of the visitors was sensational.

The summary:

Tufts .......................... 2 4 1
Bates .......................... 0 4 6

Batteries: Krepps and Bennett for Tufts; Lindquist and Talbot for Bates.

Bates 1, N. H. State 0

Bates won a closely fought contest with N. H. State last Saturday. Stinson and Bissell were once more in a pitchers’ battle, and the former came out a victor. Butler tripled in the second, and scored a moment later for the only run of the game. Butler is proving a great source of strength with the willow. “Sandy” Fuller fielded a perfect game, accepting nine chances without an error.

The summary:

Tufts .......................... 2 4 1
Bates .......................... 0 4 6

Batteries: Winslow and Lindge; Kane, Snow and McDaniels.

Bates Second Wins

The second team defeated Norway High, Saturday, 9 to 5. The Bates boys batted hard, and at opportune times, but their fielding was very ragged.

The score:

Norway High ........................ 9 14 9
Bates Second ........................ 5 7 4

Batteries: Winslow and Eldridge; Kane, Snow and McDaniels.

LIBRARY ADDITIONS

Bates Fund

C. A. Beard: Contemporary American History.
Raymond Poincaré: *How France is Governed.*

W. E. Byerly: *Elements of the Integral Calculus.*


E. L. Hancock: *Applied Mechanics for Engineers.*

L. W. Reid: *The Elements of the Theory of Algebraic Numbers.*

Julius Weisbach & Gustav Herrmann: *The Mechanics of Hoisting Machinery.*

C. R. Van Hise: *Concentration and Control.*

A. G. Webster: *Theory of Electricity and Magnetism.*

E. B. Wilson: *Vector Analysis.*

Tenney Frank: *Roman Imperialism.*

A. G. Carpenter: *South America.*

F. G. Carpenter: *Mineraology.*


W. P. Trent, ed. *Southern Writers.*

By Prof. F. D. Tubbs:

W. P. Trent, ed. *Southern Writers.*


**ALUMNI NOTES**

1888—Dr. William F. Tibbetts is head of one of the departments in Curtis High School, New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.

1897—June 7th, Hon. Carl E. Milliken will give an address at Westbrook, Me. The occasion is the 100th anniversary of that city.

1899—Alton C. Wheeler of South Paris, Maine, is Progressive nominee for congressman in the second district.

1904—John A. David has for six years been head of the Science Department in a large school in Pittsburg, Pa. During this last year he has been head of the upper school. No boy or girl whom he has certified for admission to college has failed in Freshman work at any institution. Mr. David has recently had an article on Teaching Reproduction accepted by the Home Progress Magazine, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

1905—Amy D. Tissell is teaching in the high school at Wellesley, Mass.

1906—Rev. Merritt L. Gregg, pastor of the North Baptist Church, Halifax, N. S., expects to attend the Bates commencement. On his trip he will also attend the Northern Baptist Convention in Boston.

1908—Daniel R. Hodgdon, Head of the Science Department of the State Normal School at Newark, N. J., is to give an annual prize of ten dollars for excellence in Freshman Reading at Bates.

1908—H. Leslie Sawyer has returned to his home in Madison, Maine, having recently completed his thesis for the Ph.D. degree at Princeton.

1909—Carl Holman is Superintendent of schools at Falmouth, Mass.

1912—Wilhelmina Noyes is teaching Latin and French in Lee Academy, Lee, Me.

1913—Frank Sleepr is attending the Medical School of Maine at Bowdoin.

1913—Frank Sleepr is attending the Medical School of Maine at Bowdoin.

Harry Woodman is working for Deering Milliken Company, a wholesale dry goods firm in New York City.

Raymond Carter teaches in the high school at Rockport, Me.

Gordon L. Cave is assistant to Ernest H. Brunquist (1912), who is the professor of biology and chemistry at Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan.

Clinton D. Wilson works in the office of the "Plymouth Record," in Plymouth, N.H.

Amy Weeks teaches in the Windham High School, Willimantic, Conn.
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