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It was a dismal, dreary day in the latter part of October. The sky was overcast and gray, low-hanging clouds threatened an autumn storm. The leafless trees along the shabby village street stretched their gaunt arms against the dull sky and mournfully swayed as the wind howled thru them with a melancholy, long-drawn wail. Along Skinner Street the dust and dead leaves whirled in eddying clouds. The whirling dust did not conceal from the curious villagers, who passed by, a fluttering lavender ribbon and a green wreath, hung on the door of Esau Hawkins' little one-story cottage.

For sixty year this little cottage and its occupant had been objects of curiosity in the village, and the crepe hanging on the door did not lessen their interest. There was no question as to who was dead, for only one person had lived in this cottage in the memory of the inhabitants. That person was Old Esau Hawkins. Of course the "Old" wasn't really a part of his name, but no one could remember when Esau had not been old in appearance as well as in name. So, "Old Esau" he was to everyone, but the "Old" implied more than age to most of the villagers. The ill-mannered children thought it a good taunting prefix and they called out after him,

"Old Esau Hawkins
Don't wear no stockins'."

Indeed, Old Esau didn't wear any stockings, and only a part of a pair of shoes. Winter and summer, year after year, he slouched about in sandals that looked worn enough to have been the cast-off property of some ancient Egyptian.
The mature people of the village regarded Old Esau with various sentiments. Some of the more superstitious regarded the shaggy-bearded old man as a veritable wizard, and told strange tales about his prowling about the woods at night, collecting magic herbs. Old Esau seldom went out during the day, and this fact, of course, contributed to the mystery.

Many and many a time he had been seen walking slowly and stealthily round his house in the dead of night, uttering a queer, half-audible chant which was generally considered to be a nocturnal conversation with the spirits. Other strange, uncanny stories had been narrated about the black cats that came from all parts of the village at certain new moons and held midnight concerts on the old man's roof, and about strange lights that twinkled about the yard like fairy lanterns. Some declared that they had heard the old man talking and singing inside his house when they could see him walking outside. If you had asked these good people for any proofs of these strange happenings, they would doubtless have been at a loss to give them to you, but, nevertheless, they firmly believed them. At all events, the taunting children dared not taunt at night, nor did they dare to pass the house, except on the opposite side of the street. Less superstitious people declared that Old Esau was merely an eccentric old miser, although where he could get money to hoard, since he had never been known to work in sixty years, was an open question.

One thing, however, was known to be true—that he liked to sing and that he did sing almost continuously. He amused himself in this innocent way since he had no company, except an old woman, who occasionally came from another village to see him, who, by the way, was more or less an object of curiosity herself. Day after day Esau's cracked old voice could be heard singing various old songs and hymns, but most frequently it was

"Love of Jesus all divine
Fill this longing heart of mine."

There was at times in the old voice sincerity and feeling that was pathetic, but usually the voice sounded forth monotonously with a careless, lifeless, metallic ring to it.
Now Old Esau was dead and the mystery of his life unsolved. Although his house had been free from company during his life, it certainly was not deserted on the afternoon of his funeral. The village people gathered, sad to say, mostly from pure curiosity. Each one entered with an awed feeling that grew upon him as he looked at the corpse of the friendless old man lying in its coffin. For the first time the people experienced a feeling other than curiosity toward Old Esau. They pitied him now because of his former loneliness, but what fascinated them all was the mystery of his life. Solemnly the minister spoke:

“We know little of the life of this man who has just passed to a land we know not of, but we feel certain that according to his own belief he has lived worthily and well. Often have I heard him singing the sweet old hymns of the church, and especially did he like to sing the hymn beginning, ‘Love of Jesus—’ The familiar cracked old voice of the man lying in the coffin took up the words, “Love of Jesus all divine,” and finished the hymn.

The minister's hands which were holding the Bible dropped to his sides, and his face became as white as that of the corpse before him. A deathly silence took possession of the people, while a startled “Heaven keep us” broke from the lips of an old deacon. All eyes were turned upon the dead man's face, but he lay motionless with unspeaking lips. Still the quavering voice went on. The assembly drew back in horror. Could it be Old Esau's spirit singing at his funeral? Wide-eyed the people gazed and yet another shiver of horror ran over them when a curtain behind the coffin trembled and drew slightly back. An involuntary groan came from them as they gazed in fascinated stupor at the waving curtain. Three times it drew partly back and fell again with an uncanny motion that struck terror to their hearts. The minister dropped on his knees and began to pray. After an almost interminable time, as it seemed to the waiting assembly, the curtain drew aside and disclosed in a corner a graphophone and beside it—the mysterious woman from the neighboring village. In a few words she explained the episode as a whim of the half-crazy old man who had made her promise to carry it out for him. One by one the people departed, satisfied that the mystery of Old Esau Hawkins was solved.
When slow the lingering daylight fades away,
And rosy tints grow softly pale and dim,
When twilight sheds o'er all its pearly gray,
And night steals up o'er distant mountain rim,
The spell of other days, the soft gloom flings
Around me close—and memory low sings.

A still, cool, winding lane o'erhung with trees;
An orchard fragrant with the flow'rs of June;
A sunny meadow green; a warm, sweet breeze
That through the tree-tops croons a drowsy tune,
And 'mid my dreaming gently seems to wing
The tender chords for memory to sing;

A laughing brook that, sparkling, tinkles clear,
And feath'ry sprays of maiden-hair so frail,
At sunset chains of fairy gems appear,
All set in gold and hid in fairy dale,—
Thus, dreaming, all the dainty woodland things,
I see again—while Memory low sings.

But now the soft, gray robe of summer night
Hides all my sunny dreams with darkness faint—
Yet bathes anew with quiv'ring, silver light
The long, dim barn and farmhouse, old and quaint,
And from the wood the whip-poor-will clear rings
His sad refrain—as Memory low sings.

That happy, loving group I see once more,
And one that now we long in vain to see.
Ah! teach me, Jesus, from the days of yore,
Like him we loved, more pure, more strong to be,
Till those each one to time shall gently bring—
And Memory will no more need to sing.
It was as yet early in the day; the sky overhead was a deep turquoise blue, flecked by little fleecy cloudlets. Along a broad, well-kept highway, which wound in and out among cool groves of towering coniferous trees, and at times passed by fresh-looking country villas, surrounded by well-clipped hedges, a young man was striding vigorously. As he tramped along, now singing snatches of song, now whistling in joyful mimicry of the songbirds, singing their matins in the overhanging boughs, he glanced round about and above him, and the spirit of the new-born day stole into his heart and made him glad.

By and by he came unto a spot where a broad byway, emerging from a deep forest, joined the highway along which he was journeying. He sat down upon a mossy bank to rest him for a little space, and to watch a pair of squirrels, which were frisking about in the overhanging branches, and chattering gaily to each other concerning the coming nut-crop.

So absorbed was he in observing their antics, that he was not aware of the approach of another man, also of youthful years, who emerged from the byway and came toward the spot where he was sitting. This man, even as the first, came on with rapid, vigorous strides; but he kept his gaze fixed upon the ground, and glanced furtively along the road, as if he were searching for something. When now he had come to the spot where the first was tarrying, he caught sight of him, and paused, with a little involuntary gesture of surprise. He perceived the other's abstraction and made as if to pass him by; but after having taken several steps, he paused, and, turning suddenly about, accosted him who sat by the wayside.

"Good morrow, sir; whither art thou bound?" said he. The other, startled thus abruptly from his revery, roused himself and spake as follows: "Friend, I am set out in quest of a city, wherein all are brothers; are equal; a city wherein one may live, love, and toil for his fellow-men, and they for him; but, in sooth, I know not by what name it may be called. Hast thou, in thy comings and goings, heard aught of it?"
"Nay," answered the second, the new-comer, "I have not heard rumor it; but I, too, am journeying in quest of a certain city. I have heard it called the 'City of Far-Off Dreams.' I have been told that it is a place wherein lie riches and high estate, to be gained by him who striveth for them; also is power and fame, granted to the toiler. Perchance it is the same city of which thou hast but now spoken."

"I know not," replied the first, "I have never heard it so mentioned; but let us together go in quest of it. As thou sayest, it may be the city for which we are both seeking."

And they both set out again in quest of the far-famed "City of Far-off Dreams." As they trudged along, they commented upon the surrounding country. Said the first:

"Those pine forests are beautiful and green, and inviting to the weary traveler. How straight stand the trees, like sentinels at their posts."

Said the second: "Much gold would the owner have, if he were only wise enough to sell his woodland for lumber."

And again, as they were passing a large pasture wherein were many head of cattle, they spoke. Said the first:

"How picturesque the cattle look, as they wander here and there, cropping the tender grass, or stand knee-deep in the cool, swift-running rivulet."

"It is a valuable herd—much money will the cattle bring, when they have fallen before the ax of the butcher," quoth the second.

And thus they fared onward, now chatting, and now absorbed, each one in his own thoughts. Anon the way became narrow and steep; rough rocks and loose pebbles strewn it, and here and there it was crossed by deep ditches where the early spring freshet had washed away the loose-lying sands. The country about them became dreary, desert-like, boulder-strewn. Overhead, the sun, now approaching the zenith, enveloped in a coppery haze, shot its fierce rays down upon them, as they toiled onward, now stumbling over a loose stone, now over-stepping a deep washout in the road-bed. The second comer became querulous; he complained of the heat, and of the discomforts which he was experiencing, and cursed the roughness of the way. But
the first laughed, whistled, and sang, and said that after all it was good to be alive.

At length they came out upon an eminence from which they beheld, afar off, a city lying in the lap of a fertile valley. The atmosphere above it was clear and untainted by any murky smoke-fumes from towering factory and mill stacks. The little cottages nestled down, outlined in clear white against the green grass of the rich bottom land. They descended the long slope, and hastened onward, toward it; for each said in his heart: "Perchance it is my 'City of Far-Off Dreams' of which I am in quest."

As they were thus hastening along, they chanced upon an old man, who was slowly making his way, leaning for support upon an oaken staff.

The first accosted him as follows:

"Good morrow, my friend. Canst thou tell to me the name of yonder city?"

But the second, abruptly interrupting the first, eagerly made question of the venerable man:

"Sir, is there aught of wealth or power to be gained therein?"

The old man paused, and, leaning heavily upon his oaken staff, slowly replied:

"God's greeting to ye, fair sirs! Our city hath no name, but yet we who dwell therein are happy with our lot, and are glad, among us to call its name, 'Content.' For there the loaf and wine are shared equally with the wayfarer, whoever he may be, or whatever be his condition." And turning to the second questioner: "There be no riches to be gained therein, but only the riches of hope, of peace, and of love."

So they thanked the old man, and went their way, each thinking deeply in his heart; and thus they came nigh to the outskirts of the city. When now, at length, they were nigh unto the place, the first turned unto the second and spoke in the following wise:

"Carest thou to enter the city, friend?"

But the second, raising not his glance from the ground, made answer: "In sooth, sir, this cannot be the city in quest of which I am journeying; there be neither riches nor power to be gained therein."
And so they parted. The first entered within, loved, laughed, and was happy in the service of his fellows; but the second passed around outside the city, and fared further in his quest for the city wherein lay wealth and power—the "City of His Far-Off Dreams." And I often wonder which of these two found the city. I am sometimes perplexed; but I think in my heart that it was he who loved, laughed, sang, and served his fellows!

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BURR’S ILLUMINATION

(Continued from the February number)

CHARLES N. STANHOPE, '12

A snake slowly uncoiled itself, raised its head a few inches into the burning air, and then, with an eye half-blinded by the glare of the sun, began its way to a hole near by, in the depths of which was coolness that no person found. Now and then a "Thousand Legs" came out of his hole, half way, and then, finding it hotter out-of-doors, quickly disappeared into the hot sand again. A "Sand Flea," toiling laboriously, at last gave up his determination and burrowed his bigness out of sight into the ground.

As the last foot of snake disappeared into the sand, a short, piercing shriek, repeated twice, broke the stillness. The effect was electrical. Six feet, nine inches, of human being unwound itself from the shade of the little station, and, hitching up its belt, came out to the edge of the platform to send a deluge of tobacco juice at the oncoming train.

A stopping train might easily arouse excitement. San Martine in the Guadaloupe foothills was scarcely more than a watering station and, even then, engines seemed to prefer the water at Gomez, twelve miles farther east, so that few people, generally speaking, knew that San Martine was on the map.

Miles away the engine was fairly flying over the sand-strewn rails, drawing its train of cars after it with little regard for their
safety. The man on the platform saw the distance lessen until the engine grew larger and larger, finally stopped, towering above the station, and panted with impatience to be off again. Two or three "bangs," another scream from the engine, a slam from a vestibule door, and two trunks and three people had been deposited on the platform.

A rapid survey of the little station, the miles of hot sand from which mirage floated upward, and the mountains rising in the distance, was not reassuring to the newcomers. Dorris Martin turned to find herself quite as interestingly surveyed by the tall, awkward Westerner. Her first impression made her wish the fast disappearing train could be made to come back after her, and then she began to wonder why she had let herself be dragged into such a country even if her dearest chum, Evelyn Southy, had made elaborate plans for a month's stay on her brother's oil farm.

The reception committee came forward, one hand full of hat, the other extended in true Western cordiality. Six Feet Nine Inches began negotiations with Professor Martin.

"I take it you're the three that's goin' up to Southy's?"

Upon being assured that he had the right conception of the situation, he started toward the rear of the station from whence he presently emerged with a pair of mules and a rattling buckboard.

"Southy couldn't come down himself and this here's the only kind of a hossless carriage I can steer," he apologized.

"If Cecil thinks we're going to ride up in that rig, he's much mistaken," stormed Evelyn. "That's a pretty way to receive us. You go up and tell him to come down with a civilized wagon. We'll stay here in the station until he comes."

"Of course, Miss, it's just as you say, but it's a good eight miles, and he's pretty busy these days," and then as she turned away, added meekly, "I'll take the trunks."

As the buckboard rattled away in the hot dust, Evelyn led her guests into the station where the heat was even greater than in the full sun. Gradually, she began to realize that her brother had not shown any particular enthusiasm about her coming out in the first place, and anger, for a moment, made her forgetful of Dorris and her father.
She turned toward them to offer some sort of apology in his behalf, but a welcome sound of a stuttering motor from without saved her the speech, and the three hurried eagerly out upon the platform. A disappointment sat in the auto for, instead of Southy, a stranger, in serviced plainsman's clothes, was applying the brakes. To Dorris, the machine seemed to have a familiar outline, but then—of course, there were many of the same type.

Before any mention could be made of hiring the services of the providential stranger, he offered them respectfully, and soon the little station was alone again. The artificial breeze dispersed the sun's heat, and the people in the car soon forgot that they had been sweltering but a few minutes before.

The road suddenly began to rise and wind away into the hills, following along a ridge, on each side of which was nothing but bare ledge and scrub foliage. It was a barren waste of rock and sand piled together in great disorder.

Dorris startled herself and the others with an involuntary exclamation, "What a lonely place for a man to spend his life in."

"Yes, of course, it is strangely lonesome for us," Evelyn replied, "but then, you know Cecil does not intend to spend the rest of his life in this place. The country is prettier up beyond."

A few minutes more brought to their view a tableland and in the distance they could make out the towers and tanks of oil works. As they drew nearer, the confusion of it all began to take on some form, and they could make out the streets and little houses at the foot of the towers. Everything seemed to be greased, as they passed by tank after tank, near by which were the never-ceasing pumps. No man seemed to have any spare time, and few could be found who were not busily engaged in some sort of work.

Behind a bend in the road they saw a different sort of country. In the immediate foreground was a large, peaceful house surrounded by well-kept, shady grounds. Dorris noticed with pleasure the deep verandah which ran completely around the house, and, beyond that, the garden and flower beds lost in the shade farther back. In a few minutes the party had stopped by the gate and Evelyn turned to inquire of the stranger,

"To whom are we indebted for this service?"
"Boni Frostworth," the man replied, "I'm exercising the thing for him," and began to turn around.

As they went up the walk, Cecil's sister exclaimed to herself, "The impudence!" Dorris wondered if "Boni" was Texan for "Burr," or merely a misuse of Latin with good intent. The Professor was wise and satisfied.

Dinner that night was a farce, so far as Cecil Southy was concerned, and he hurried off as soon as he could, leaving his sister to make amends for his actions on the grounds of pressing business.

Later in the evening, as the three newcomers sat in the big piazza enjoying the night air, the magnitude of the West seized Dorris. Away across the valley a single house was lighted. Down below, directly in front of the house, she saw the dim outlines of the towers projected against the mountains rising beyond. Miles upon miles was the radius of the circle of vision, and the thought that this vast territory was but a very small part of it all, made her see something of the greatness of the country. More than this, she knew that out there somewhere Burr Frostworth was enjoying the evening, a part of the big country not given over to trivial matters but concerned mainly with things that only men could execute. She fell to wondering how she could speak to him, if by any chance they should meet during her month in dangerous country. Would it be better not to let him know she had seen him two months ago, or to try to make some reparation for the things he had heard them say of him? Well, she remembered the contempt she had seen in the glare of the lamp, and in some way she felt small and inconsequential beside a man who could scorn his accusers. It might be very probable that he would not give her more than a nod of recognition, if they should meet. Perhaps he was as willing to let her hate as to do anything else. As she thought more and more of all these possibilities and probabilities, a feeling came over her that she was indeed in an alien country. Burr was too much occupied with his greater life for any thought of her and Cecil ("Bah! What a name") unscrupulous enough to take any means for the ends, one of which she felt herself to be. Somehow she grew to feel that Evelyn had planned her western visit for a definite purpose, and when she
followed her father into the house that night, Dorris was a most unhappy little girl.

Some time later in the night she was awakened from her drowsy sleep by voices down under her window by the front gate. The first she understood clearly was:

"You do the square thing to-morrow, Southy, or you may find yourself in a deep hole."

There was no mistaking that voice. It was the quiet, forceful voice of a man who knows his ground and that he speaks the truth. Though the greatest issue might be at stake, Burr Frostworth never let his voice rise above the tone of ordinary conversation, but he could be forceful.

Dorris went quickly to the heavily curtained window and strove to catch the rest of the conversation. The excited, irrational voice of Cecil Southy came up to her.

"What's the use, Frostworth, of all this fuss? You know I've got you, and, with the invention that'll be declared to-morrow, I can draw your oil through the side of an iron pipe. Your property that you've worked so hard to get away from me won't be worth anything."

"Hastn't it occurred to you, Southy, that you are committing a crime?" questioned the steady voice. "That belongs to me and you know it."

"Oh, well," Southy answered, "You've taken every means you could to buy up the oil country here, and now I'll pay you back for it. You can't prove anything, and, even if you could, you haven't enough money to put it through. You might as well throw down your hand."

"Look here, Southy," Burr exclaimed, I haven't taken any unfair means to secure property here. If you preferred the charm of a woman's eye in the East to your finances here, it was no fault of mine. A man has to work once in a while, you know. Whether I've money enough to develop this thing or not has no bearing on this question."

"You're hanging to the last straw, Frostworth, and let me tell you it's a blamed thin one," Cecil replied with finality as he started up the steps. "I guess you can't endure seeing the girl slip through your fingers, but I've got her," he flung back from the top of the steps.
There are some men who are not ruled by women, Southy," Burr fairly snarled. Then to himself as he cranked the machine, "I'll make a plank of the straw and bust it over your infernal head to-morrow."

There was a familiarity about that chugging off there in the darkness, and, even after she had ceased to hear it, Dorris sat looking in the direction it had gone toward the house across the valley. Just why she sat and watched she could not have told. Burr's heated reply burned in her mind and she felt as though a blow had fallen on her head. She might have known, she thought, that the man placed his work above everything else, and that in the coming fight there would be no woman. Resentment at her own feelings swelled up within her. Why should she feel such a surprise at Burr's exclamation? Why should it make any difference whether women were concerned with him or not? Why—a good many things as she sat there alone in the dark?

Across the valley a light appeared in one of the upper windows, burned a few minutes, and then went out. Dorris rose silently and returned to bed wishing that her mother might have heard the conversation on the steps.

The next morning when she came down stairs, Frostworth's car stood by the gate, alone. Evelyn soon joined Dorris with, "Cecil says we are to take the horses into the hills to-day, Dorrie, it's so lovely."

Dorris scarcely realized that it was some seconds before she replied, but her mind was busy in the meantime. "And so," she thought, "Cecil doesn't want us around here to-day. He may have to have us just the same, though."

It did not occur to her that she and Evelyn really did not have any part in the day's proceedings, and she could not tell why she revolted Cecil's plans for a pleasant day in the hills. She reviewed, feverishly, symptoms of a plausible, sudden malady—headaches were too hackneyed—but when the two girls had reached the table she had not found any, and could not but accede to horseback.

As they sat down, Professor Martin and Burr came out of the house and down to the car together. Dorris felt a new hope. At least, her father was going to have some part in the affair, and she tipped the sizzling teakettle on her bare arm with desired results, in increasing degree.

(To be concluded)
In the November issue of The Student, editorial comment was made upon the treatment which the Bates men suffered at the hands of the students of one of our sister colleges, the University of Maine. The situation was such as to call forth no inconsiderable amount of righteous indignation on the part of the Bates men. The better spirit of the aggressive college prevailed, however, and apologies were received by several Bates representatives. There has been good evidence to show that the spirit of the football enthusiasts is not the spirit of the college as a whole. Maine has, indeed, given better testimony than any written apologies can convey, to the fact that no deliberate malice lay behind her offense. The Bates men, who had the pleasure of being entertained at Orono during the recent Y. M. C. A. Conference, bear unanimous testimony concerning the attitude of courtesy and good-feeling, which the Maine men bore toward them, during their brief stay in their halls.
A Y. M. C. A. Conference is essentially the place where the spirit of good-fellowship should prevail, where the men of rival colleges meet on common ground and equal terms, united by a bond which defies all rivalry and dissension, yet it is pleasant to feel that the courtesy shown our men at Maine was not prompted solely by the pervading atmosphere of the convention, that it is something permanent.

We hope so at least, for Bates stands ready to meet her sister colleges half way on the ground of intercollegiate good-fellowship. She knows when she is insulted, but she knows when to overlook an injury, and she is able to appreciate advances made by the others in the common cause.

A census taken recently at Dartmouth, showed that 52 per. cent. of the Sophomores, 60 per cent. of the Juniors, and 84 per cent. of the Seniors, smoke. This shows the tendency of college life in the case of the average man.

Berlin University has 9,700 students, while Columbia, our largest, has only 7,600.

Bible study at the University of Pennsylvania is becoming more popular every year. Statistics which have just been completed show that a total of 866 men are enrolled in the various Bible classes conducted by the Christian Association of the University. There are sixty-two groups of classes; twenty-five of these meet in various dormitory houses and have a total enrollment of 280; nineteen, in class-rooms, with a total enrollment of 227; twelve, in fraternity houses, with a total of 235; three, in churches, with a total of fifty students. Besides these, Dr. Arthur Holmes, of the Department of Psychology, has a class of fifty; several personal workers have an enrollment of seventeen; then there is a Chinese group of seven.
Lenora Webber, '12, who has passed the winter in Florida, has returned to college.

Margaret A. Ballard has been called home for an indefinite period, because of the illness of her father.

Shirley J. Rawson, '14, is teaching for a few weeks in the South Paris grammar school.

The Polymnia Literary Society is to hold its banquet, which comes every fourth year, March 22. Here is an inducement to the laggards to pay up back dues.

The Jordan Scientific Society has recently adopted a pin emblematic of the sciences.

Tungsten lights have been put recently in to the place of the ordinary electric light bulbs in the reading and reception rooms of Parker Hall. The change is very acceptable.

Harold T. Roseland, '12, has been confined with an attack of mumps.

Fredrika Hodgdon, '12, has returned to college from Maine Central Institute, where she has been teaching for several weeks.

G. G. Nilsson, '15, and E. L. Saxton, '15, have had attacks of appendicitis recently. Nilsson has been operated upon successfully.

Ellen Libby, '14, has returned after some weeks of school-teaching.

The class of 1912 elected Fritz Jecusco, '12, to take the place of Fred H. Kierstead, in his part, “Prophecy for Boys.”

A meeting of the Bates Round Table was held Feb. 9, at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Halbert H. Britan, College Street, with a large number of the members present.

The chief speaker of the evening was Dean Woodhull, her subject being, “The Dual Spirit of the Renaissance.” By various
illustrations she showed the sharp conflict between the two ideals, that of love for the external beauty and that of lofty spiritual ideals. Miss Woodhull spoke of the characteristics of many artists, showing how they depict this conflict. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides.

Mrs. George M. Chase was the presiding officer. A violin solo was given by Miss Miriam Birdseye. Refreshments were served and a social hour enjoyed at the close of the evening.

The annual guest night of the Bates Round Table, in the Fiske reception room, Rand Hall, Friday evening, Feb. 24, was a delightful affair.

In the receiving line were Prof. L. G. Jordan, Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Hartshorn, Prof. and Mrs. G. E. Ramsdell, Miss Woodhull, and Miss Birdseye. Prof. Ramsdell presided over the program. Two piano solos were given by Miss Angie Starbird. Dr. A. W. Anthony gave a very strong and interesting address on "The Universal Ties of Friendship." A violin solo by Hubert Davis, Bates, '12, closed the program.

Light refreshments were served from tables attractively decorated in the Bates garnet.

Alumni and alumnae of Bates College turned out in goodly numbers, Feb. 9, for the 28th annual banquet of their New England Association. Senator C. E. Milliken, '97, of the Maine Senate, presided, and addresses were made by President George C. Chase, Prof. James A. Howe, formerly dean of the divinity school, and others. President Chase spoke on Bates College and its work in relation to service, saying that "the present age is disclosing to men and women of the colleges new ways of service of which earlier graduates never dreamed. We are here to rejoice that Bates has grown from the handful of students that greeted Professor Stanton, when he stepped upon our barren campus 47 years ago, to a student body of nearly 500, and from two unfinished buildings to a group of 14, soon to be increased by a beautiful chapel."

Officers were elected as follows: President, Dudley L. Whitmarsh, '85; Vice-President, W. Lewis Parsons; Secretary, Richard B. Stanley, '97.
President Chase returned, Saturday, Feb. 10, from New York, where he has been in the interests of the college and more especially concerning the gift of $50,000 which has been recently donated for a new chapel. In speaking of this gift, President Chase said that besides the $50,000 for the erection of the chapel the same person gave enough money for an organ. The name of the donor is to be withheld until the building is completed and then made public.

President Chase has set for himself the task of raising a fund of $500,000 for the following purposes: $50,000 for a chapel already subscribed and in the hands of the treasurer; $100,000 for a new gymnasium; and $350,000 for additional endowment. He finds no little prejudice against a gymnasium among people who are able to give, because these same people confuse health conditions and a gymnasium as the means of the same, with the excitement of large athletic sports.

President Chase left immediately for New York to attend a luncheon given by Bates graduates in that vicinity.

He finds it necessary to be away from Lewiston the greater part of the time in the interests of the college.

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Post Examination Jubilee

Saturday evening, February 10, about fifty of the men of the college gathered in the chapel of Roger Williams Hall for a post-examination jubilee, which took the form of an indoor track meet. All the men present were assigned to colleges, and the contests were intended to be ludicrous. The peanut and apple vender supplied the refreshments free of cost. A pleasant evening was passed, and everyone went away feeling that the Y. M. C. A. social committee had given him a good time.

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Jordan Scientific Society

Prof. C. C. Hutchins of Bowdoin lectured before the members of the Jordan Scientific Society, on the evening of Monday, February 12. His subject was "Light Effects in the Atmosphere." Prof. Hutchins took up and explained many of the common light phenomena. His lecture was not only exceedingly interesting,
but also highly instructive. After the lecture, there was a general discussion of light, Prof. Hutchins kindly answering questions.

Tuesday evening, February 29, the Jordan Scientific Society met. John R. Tucker, '12, delivered a paper upon, "The Uncovering of the Maine." Mr. Tucker gave an outline of the government's methods in exposing the wreck, and showed how the cause of the disaster was evident. Charles C. Knights read a paper upon, "Petroleum and its Products." Mr. Knights explained the methods of distillation and purification of our oils.

The third of a series of merry social affairs was given on Wednesday evening, February 21, to the Seniors, in the home of Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Anthony, of College street who were assisted in entertaining with Prof. and Mrs. R. R. N. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. Royce Purinton, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Leonard, Miss Mabel Marr, and Mr. J. P. Jewell. Throughout the evening, games and music were enjoyed. The dining table decorations were suggestive of Washington's birthday; a dainty picnic lunch was served.

A merry snowshoe party was enjoyed Thursday evening, February 29, by those members of the senior class who have been taking Zoology. The night was excellent, and the snowshoeing good; the only thing that marred the pleasure of the affair was the fact that Prof. Fred E. Pomeroy, who was to have been the guest of honor, was unable to accompany the party. Miss Nola Houdlette, Bates, '11, graduate assistant in Biology, was a guest. The party started at seven p.m. from Cheney House and snowshoed to Montello Farm. Here, through the kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, the trampers enjoyed an oyster stew, apple pie with whipped cream, coffee, apples, and pop-corn. After some singing, the party snowshoed back to the campus. There were present, Leo Blaisdell, Ernest Brunquist, Albert Buck, Frank Nevers, Clair Turner, Miss Nola Houdlette, Belle Twombly, Ruth Humiston, Helen Deering and Mary Morse.
Tuesday evening, March 5, several members of the Freshman Class enjoyed a snowshoe tramp. They started from the campus at about half-past seven, and returned several hours later to Ross's Inn, where a delicious oyster stew was served. Those in the party were Misses Googins, Wadsworth, Durgan, Bartlett, Smith, Hooper, Rideout, and Irish; and Messrs. Horne, Mansfield, G. B. Moulton, Talbot, Harvey, Witham, Davis and Carey. Mrs. Roberts and Mr. Oldham chaperoned the party.

On the afternoon of March 2, the girls of the college, under the direction of Miss Ruth Davis, instructor in physical training, gave an exhibition of aesthetic work, in Fiske Hall, to the ladies of the faculty and friends. Miss Davis interestingly explained the history of physical training and pointed out the value and beauty of it. Then, to introduce the dancing, she told what the folk dances mean to the different nations. Each class of girls wore the costumes peculiar to their dance. The Freshmen were dressed in eighteenth century costumes; the Sophomores in black and white German peasant costumes; the juniors in Scotch kilts and caps; and the seniors, in dainty colored Grecian robes. The dances were given with a precision and grace that delighted everyone.

Saturday evening, March 2, a pleasant reception, which took the form of an entertainment, was given at Rand Hall in honor of Miss Hazel Woodhull, Dean Woodhull's niece. A delightful program was presented, consisting of vocal solos by Bessie Hart, '12; Ada Rounds, '12; Claramay Purington, '12; Verna Corey, '13; and Helen George, '14; violin solos by Miss Miriam Birdseye, and Hubert P. Davis, '12; a reading, "Young Lochinvar," by Dean Woodhull; singing, by a chorus, of Kaphoosalen; and pantomime by a group of students. Refreshments of ice cream, cake, and candies, were served, after which a social hour was enjoyed.
At about 12:30 A.M., Monday, February 26, a fire was discovered in Parker Hall. Two alarms were rung in at the corner of Wood and Skinner Streets, but the second alarm was not necessary. The auto-chemical made good time in getting to the Hall and with the volunteer brigade soon had the flames out. The fire started in room 4, in the suite occupied by Elliott Bosworth, '13, Francis Reagan, '14, and George M. McCloud, '15. According to official figures, the damage done by the fire amounted to $198.76. The Hall is valued at about $25,000.

Intercollegiate Debates

The debate between Bates and Colgate will be held in Lewiston, May 6, and the debate with Clark, on the same evening, in Worcester. The teams have not yet been chosen, but the six debaters are as follows: Wayne Davis, '12; H. H. Lowry, '12; H. W. Rowe, '12; C. E. Turner, '12; Wade Grindle, '13, and G. L. Cave, '13. The question will be the same in each debate: "Resolved: The Aldrich Plan of Banking and Currency Reform Should Be Adopted." The debate with Colgate will be the first meeting of the two institutions in a contest of any kind.

Sophomore Champion Debate

The teams for the annual Sophomore champion debate have been arranged. The debate will take place after the Easter recess, and will be upon some phase of the labor union question. The affirmative will be supported by George C. Marsden, Flora M. Lougee, and Arthur E. Tarbell; the negative by Donald B. Partridge, J. Roy Packard, and Helen J. Downs. The alternates will be Nicholas Andronis and William Tackaberry.

New Periodicals at Coram Library

Through the efforts of Professor R. R. N. Gould, and by the kindness of the publishers, there has been obtained for the college a publishers' exhibit of text-books commonly used in preparatory schools. It is thought that those students, who intend to take up teaching as a vocation, may gain a fairly good knowledge of good reference and class text-books by a study of those books that have been secured. The present exhibit, now occupying more than six shelves of the stack room, is only temporary, but a permanent exhibit is expected.


Roscoe C. Bassett, '12, has been elected leader of the Glee Club to take the place of Fred H. Kierstead, '12, who is away for the remainder of the year.

The Bates Musical Clubs expect to start on their Easter trip, March 29. They will hold concerts in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut.

Friday night, March 8, occurred the joint concert with the Bowdoin musical clubs. The concert was in every way a success. The large audience which packed City Hall received an unusually excellent musical program. Every number was encored vigorously. Especially good were the tenor solo of Mr. G. A. Tibbetts, leader of the Bowdoin Glee Club; the mandolin solo of Mr. Brunner, leader of the Bates Mandolin Club; the corner solo of Mr. Newell, of Bowdoin; and the violin solo of Mr. Herbert Davis,
of Bates. The violin solo of Mr. Davis was encored twice; for the second encore Mr. Davis played the "Slumber Song," which he executed with great success.

PROGRAM

1. "Song of Prince Rupert's Men"
   Bowdoin Glee
   Thayer

2. "March Militaire"
   Bates Banjo
   Boehm

3. Vocal Solo—"For You Alone"
   Mr. Tibbetts (Bowdoin)
   Gheel

4. "Soldiers Chorus"
   From "Faust" Act. IV.
   Bates Glee
   Gounod

5. Mandolin Solo—"Caprice de Concert"
   Mr. Brunner (Bates)
   Siegel

6. "Dutch Kiddies"
   Bowdoin Mandolin
   Trinkaus

7. "Nottingham Hunt"
   Bates Glee
   Bullard

8. Cornet Solo
   Mr. Newell (Bowdoin)
   Selected

9. Waltzes from "The Pink Lady"
   Bates Mandolin
   Ivan Caryll

10. Reading
    Mr. Davis (Bates)
    Selected

11. Violin Solo
    Mr. Davis (Bates)
    Selected

12. "Popular Medley"
    Bowdoin Mandolin
    Trinkaus

13. Finale—"Stein Song"
    (Bates-Bowdoin)
    Hovey

OFFICERS

Managers—L. S. Smith, Bates; Harold Ashey, Bowdoin.


On Saturday afternoon, March 9, the annual Freshman Prize declamations of the Freshman Class were held in the chapel. The college orchestra rendered music for the occasion. The declamations were of high order. Mabel C. Durgan and Ernest L. Saxton were the two successful speakers. The program was as follows:

**Music**

**Prayer**

**Response**

1. Retributive Justice
   **Howard Marshall Wight**

2. The Wooing of Hiawatha
   **Ruth Marion Wheeler**

3. The Sumner Assault
   **Clarence Orman Perkins**

4. The Trial Scene from Ivanhoe
   **Gladys Amelia Merrill**

5. How Much and How Little
   **Ernest Leroy Saxton**

6. Peter Patrick
   **Geneva Adelle Page**

7. Lincoln—A Man Called of God
   **Frank Samuel Hoy**

8. The Boy that was Scaret o’ Dyin’
   **Mabel Cushing Durgan**

9. The Mexican War
   **Costas Stephanis**

10. The One Hundred and Oneth
    **Edith May Rideout**

11. Joan of Arc
    **George Washington Crook**

12. Talking Flags
    **Ida Florine Kimball**

13. Commemoration Address
    **Leslie Roy Carey**

**Music**

**Report of Judges**

Corwin

Longfellow

Brooks

Scott

Abbott

Green

Thurston

Sclossen

Corwin

Wiggin

De Quincy

Long
Honorable Mention
GEORGE GORDON NILSSON

The Judges were: Dana S. Williams, L.L.D., Rev. H. P. Woodin, and Mrs. J. H. Rand. The Committee of Arrangements was: Leslie R. Carey, Florence M. Hooper, Charles H. T. Bayer.

Ivy Day Parts
Saturday afternoon, March 9, the Junior Ivy Day Parts Class held their election of the speakers to deliver the Ivy parts, Ivy Day, June 13. The following were elected: Oration, Harold C. Alley; "Co-Eds," Paul S. Nickerson; "Faculty," Wade L. Grindle; "Our Victories," Henry W. L. Kidder; Toast-Master, Carlton A. Dennis; Chaplain, John F. McDaniel; Class Ode, George H. Emmons; Ivy Day Poem, Grace J. Conner; Social Life, Bessie M. Atto; Boys, Edith A. George; Prophecy, Vera C. Cameron; Ivy Ode, Aletha Rollins.

Pageant
At Rand Hall on the evening of March 9, the young ladies, assisted by members of the faculty, gave a pageant in an effort to secure money toward the $500,000 fund, which President Chase is endeavoring to raise. The work of the young ladies showed careful preparation; their costumes had clearly called for both time and labor. The seasons of the year, the months, the days of the week, night, holidays, days of importance in the history of our country, and days of importance in our college course were represented. Dean Marianna Woodhull was in charge. Of the faculty those who took part were: Prof. and Mrs. W. H. Harts horn, Mr. Samuel F. Harms, Mr. Stanley R. Oldham, Mr. John P. Jewell, Miss Ruth W. Davis, Miss Miriam Birdseye, Miss Nola Houdlette, and, last in the long procession, Father Time, Mr. Arthur E. Morse.
State Y. M. C. A. Convention

Thirty-two Bates men went to Orono to attend the annual Students' Conference of Maine, which was held February 16-18. About three hundred and thirty men attended the banquet in Oldtown City Hall. From this time on for two days each delegate found his time well occupied by addresses, and group conferences. The fraternity houses and private homes gave the visitors cordial hospitality. The speakers of the conference were: Harrison S. Elliott, David R. Poller, James L. McConaughy, Thornton B. Penfield, all of New York City, and A. G. Cushman of Bates. Not only was inspiration gained by each man, but he received many practical ideas for doing more effective work in his association.

Harrison S. Elliott, one of the secretaries of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., recently visited Bates, coming directly from the State Conference at Orono. He spoke at morning chapel service, giving reasons for the study of the Bible by the college men of to-day. During the day, each of the committees of the Y. M. C. A. had a conference with Mr. Elliott. In the evening Mr. Elliott gave a very instructive and interesting illustrated lecture on "China, the New Republic." The pictures were arranged so as to bring out the old, and the new, China.
Wednesday evening, February 28, at the business meeting of the Association, a constitutional amendment was adopted, which provides for an advisory board to consist of two faculty members; two students; two men outside the immediate college, one of these to be a Bates Alumnus; and the president and secretary of the Y. M. C. A. as *ex officio* member.

Wednesday, March 6, at the Y. W. C. A. annual election of officers for the following year, the following officers were chosen:

Vice-President, Bessie Atto, '13.
Treasurer, Rena Fowler, '14.
Secretary, Mildred Bassett, '15.

After the election a social hour was spent, followed by a chafing dish luncheon.

On the same evening the Y. M. C. A. elected their officers for the ensuing year: President, John F. McDaniel, '13; Vice-President, J. R. Packard, '14; Secretary, Kenneth Witham, '15; faculty members of the advisory board, Dr. H. R. Purinton and Mr. J. M. Carroll; city members, Mr. John L. Reade and Rev. C. H. Temple; student members, Wade Grindle, '13, and Karl Lee, '14; Treasurer, Dr. H. R. Purinton. The society then voted to extend Mr. A. G. Cushman a hearty vote of thanks for his services.

Rev. Jerome C. Holmes, '07, conducted the chapel service March 2. Mr. Holmes, of Hartford Theological Seminary, and Mr. W. W. Patton, of Andover Theological Seminary, met the men of the college, who are interested in active Christian work, for a short conference in Roger Williams Chapel, at 1.30. Mr. Patton made an appeal for strong men to consider the Christian ministry.
for a life work. Mr. Holmes extended an invitation to attend the conference of theological students to be held at Hartford, Conn., March 22-24.

Vespers

The Sunday afternoon meeting, February 11, in Libbey Forum, was addressed by the Rev. A. W. Jefferson, D.D., of Portland, who talked on the theme, "Modern Religion." Mr. Jefferson showed that the religion of to-day is learned about on Sundays, but lived the other six days of the week.

At the Vesper service, Sunday, February 25, Rev. H. E. Dunnack, D.D., of Augusta, spoke upon the subject, "The Story of an Old College Picture," a picture showing a strong man helping a weaker man. This picture he applied to college conditions, making plain that the strong man in college should reach down to his weak brother and help him to firmer ground.

THE POSTERN GATE

There came a soul unto Heaven's gate,
And he shivered and sighed in his long, long wait;
For the path to Heaven is a narrow way;
And he had wandered far astray,—
Because he loved, forsooth.

True, he had wandered far astray,
For the path to Heaven is a narrow way,
And he shivered and sighed in his long, long wait;
Yet he entered at last (by the postern gate)
Because he loved, forsooth!

—OLIVER WOLCOTT TOLL,
Williams Literary Monthly, Feb., 1912.
George Brunner, '12, manager of the baseball team for Bates, has completed his schedule for the coming season. The schedule has been approved by the advisory board, as it now stands. It calls for 16 games, with one game pending. This year three new teams appear on the list, viz: Brown, Rhode Island State, and Fort McKinley. All of the games in Maine with the exception of the first game with U. of M., are championship games. The schedule:

April 20—University of Maine at Lewiston.
April 23—Harvard at Cambridge.
April 24—Brown at Providence.
April 25—Rhode Island State at Kingston.
April 27—Maine Centrals at Lewiston.
May 1—Fort McKinley at Fort McKinley.
May 4—New Hampshire State at Lewiston.
May 8—University of Maine at Orono.
May 11—(Maine Intercollegiate Track Meet).
May 15—New Hampshire State at Durham.
May 18—University of Maine at Lewiston.
May 24—Tufts at Lewiston.
May 25—Pending.
May 30—Bowdoin at Lewiston.
June 1—Colby at Lewiston.
June 7—Bowdoin at Brunswick.
June 8—Colby at Waterville.

Constitution Revised

Changes in customs and conditions have necessitated a revision of the constitution of the Athletic Association of Bates College. In the revision, provision will be made for awarding "Track B's" for cross-country running.
The following men have been chosen to revise the constitution:

R. C. Bassett, '12, Chairman.
V. S. Blanchard, '12.
C. I. Anderson, '15.
A. W. Buck, President of the Association, will act as an ex officio member of the committee.

The managers of the track departments of the Cross Country Run four Maine colleges have unofficially endorsed a Maine Intercollegiate Cross-Country Run to take place next fall. It is expected that in April definite action will be taken in regard to such a run.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association, Assistant Manager Tuesday evening, February 27, John P. Cheever, '13, of Plainville, Mass., was elected assistant manager of baseball to take the place of Walter P. Deering, who has resigned.

This year the annual Freshman-Sophomore basketball game, which customarily has taken place on Washington's birthday, was dropped. It is the opinion of the faculty that basketball is too rough for an interclass contest, and stirs up bitter class feeling. There is much truth in this, but one cannot help regretting the omission of one of the interesting events of the year.

Bates men of the future hope to have a better New Gymnasium gymnasium here. They may not appreciate it, however, as much as might some of us here now. Within the last three years there have been three cases of blood-poisoning, due indirectly to the unprotected steam pipes. In the work in the gymnasium a man comes up against a steam pipe and is burned. From improper care infection takes place, and blood-poisoning is the result. There should be some method of guarding the steam pipes.

The Sophomore class recently elected William A. Baker, of Richmond, captain of their class track team.

The Freshmen elected Ernest L. Small, of Lewiston, captain of their track team.
1868.—President George C. Chase gave an address before the Twentieth Century Club of Bangor, March 5, on "The Place of the Educated Man in the Community."

1872.—John A. Jones, of Lewiston, a member of the Maine Board of Railway Commissioners, recently enjoyed a trip to the West Indies and South America.

1873.—President James H. Baker, of the University of Colorado, began his services as head of that institution, January 1, 1892. He found there 66 students of university grade and 103 preparatory students. The annual income was about $45,000. Now there are about 1300 students of university grade, and the income for running expenses is about $250,000. In recognition of President Baker's services, the faculty, alumni, students and friends of the university, have held various gatherings to express their appreciation.

1877.—Hon. Henry W. Oakes, of Auburn, recently visited his son, Raymond S. Oakes, Bates, '09, who is now a student at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

1879.—Dr. R. F. Johonnot, pastor of the First Universalist Church, Auburn, recently delivered a sermon of great power from the text, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

1883.—Hon. John L. Reade contributed to the first February issue of the Lewiston Trade Journal an article on "Lewiston's Progress," which outlined the city's history from the date of its settlement until the present time.

1885.—Hon. F. A. Morey has just been elected, for the sixth consecutive term, to the office of Mayor of Lewiston.

1889.—G. H. Libby, principal of the Manchester, N. H., high school for 12 years, and previous to that at the head of the Lewiston High School, has been elected president of the New Hampshire section of the New England Classical Association.

1892.—Hon. William B. Skelton of Lewiston, has been elected Alderman from his ward.
Scott Wilson, of Portland, is a candidate for attorney-general of Maine.

1893.—Prof. George M. Chase gave a talk on "The Greek People," before the Young Men's Hebrew Association, in New Auburn, February 25.

1894.—Dr. E. F. Pierce, of Lewiston, recently gave an interesting and practical talk concerning first aid to the injured, before the Junior Citizens' Club.

1895.—Waterman S. C. Russell, and Howard C. Kelley, Bates, '03, are meeting with singular success in Springfield, Mass., in a system of practical research science work. They are proving, by original methods, that science can be successfully taught to first year high school students. Mr. Russell has visited in Iceland, and it is hoped that he will in the near future give at Bates a talk on Iceland.

1896.—Augustus P. Norton of Augusta, formerly of Lewiston, has secured a civil service position in the navy department, as stenographer in the office of the superintending naval constructor at the Bath Iron Works.

1897.—The following is an extract from a letter recently received by The Student: "We found ourselves in Brockton, Mass., to stay over Sunday, and folks are so cordial in our "Southern Sunny Land" that we dreaded a New England Sabbath greeting. As there were special services at the South Congregational Church we decided to go there. Two gentlemen met us at the door, chatted a while, inquired our names, accompanied us to the auditorium and introduced us to the chief usher, who talked with us a moment. We were then led in friendly way to seats in one of the finest sections of the church. I wish you could have felt the sense of worship inspired by the service. If ever you are in Brockton, Mass., over Sunday, be sure to go to the South Congregational Church, South End." Rev. J. Stanley Durkee, Ph.D., is pastor of this church.

Hon. and Mrs. Carl E. Milliken enjoyed a delightful trip to Bermuda, in February.

1899.—Alton C. Wheeler, of South Paris, is a candidate for the speakership of the next House of Representatives of the Maine Legislature.
1900.—Physical Director Royce D. Purinton recently presented to the Boys’ Leaders Club of the college, a paper on “Adapting Athletics to Age.” This club is composed of men of the college who are leaders of boys’ classes.

Dr. Ernest V. Call, of Lewiston, has been elected president of the Androscoggin County Medical Association.

1901.—Willard K. Bachelder, who has been passing the past year at his home in East Winthrop, started Friday on his return to the Philippines.

1903.—Roger W. Nichols is Financial Secretary of the Flower Hospital, New York Homeopathic Medical College

1904.—A son was born recently to Dr. and Mrs. Irving E. Pendleton, of Lewiston. Mrs. Pendleton was formerly Miss Florence Ethel Hodgson.

1907.—Jerome C. Holmes, a recent graduate from the Hartford Theological Seminary, visited the college the first of March. He addressed the student body in a most inspiring way. Mr. Holmes will soon go to Japan to engage in missionary work.

1908.—Evelyn G. Melcher has completed a course in Physical Training in the University of California, at Berkeley, and now has a position in the Butte, Montana, High School. Last summer she enjoyed a trip to Alaska.


1909.—Warren E. Libby, of Lewiston, who is a student in George Washington Law School, Washington, D. C., will be one of three to represent that school in debate. The question is on the income tax.

Carl F. Holman has resigned his position as principal of the Presque Isle High School, to accept an important position in Lincoln, R. I.

1911.—Howard W. Dunn, Jr., entered upon his duties as principal of the high school at Wrentham, Mass., March 1.

Lura M. Howard is Superintendent of School, and instructor in Mathematics and Science in the Ashby, Mass., high school.

The engagement of Miss Grace I. Parsons to Mr. Raymond Hamilton, of New York, has been announced.
Lillian A. Randlette is teaching in Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass. She takes the place of Florence Perry, '10.

James H. Carroll was one of the speakers at the Bates Banquet, in Boston, February 9. Others present were Freeman P. Clason, of Harvard Medical School; Charles L. Cheetham, who is teaching in Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.; Eugene V. Lovely, who is teaching in Punchard High School, Andover; Fred R. Stuart, principal of the Townsend, Mass., high school; H. C. Robertson, who is travelling for Ginn & Co., Boston; Agnes C. Dwyer, of the Stoughton, Mass., high school; Lura Howard; Lillian Randlette; Annie S. Marston, who is teaching in Scituate Centre, Mass.; and Gulie A. Wyman, of the Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

Recent visitors to the college were: Walter Matthews, Eugene Lovely, F. B. Quincy, and Miss Grace Parsons.

A very excellent article on "Causes of the Present Unrest," by John B. Pelletier, recently appeared in the Lewiston Journal. Mr. Pelletier is a member of the Boston University Law School.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of the Connecticut Valley Association will be held at Hotel Worthy, in Springfield, Mass., on March 15. Dr. Leonard will be a guest from the college. Eugene B. Smith, Bates, '04, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Lebanon, Conn., is secretary of the Association.

It may be of interest to the alumni to learn that on March 3, a son was born to Prof. and Mrs. Gettel, of Hartford, Conn. Prof. Gettel had charge of the Department of History and Economics in the college, previous to the fall of 1907.

At a meeting of the men of St. Lawrence University, several of the national questions of the day were voted on. In expressing their preference as to who should be the next President of the United States, Roosevelt sentiment was in the majority, while Taft, Wilson, and Hughes followed in that order.

At Dartmouth there is one instructor for every fourteen under-graduates.

There has recently been added to the curriculum of the St. Lawrence University a course in "Current Topics."
The January number of *The Laurentian* contains an excellent geological article, treating of the story of an old rock. This is told in such a pleasing manner that it is of interest even to those who are not students of geology.

The short sketch of the child life of Henry M. Stanley, in the *Orange and White*, presents many interesting facts in regard to the early years of this great explorer.

**THE ISLANDS**

Oh, the wind is keen on the road to-night!
But never a home for me
Save the lands that glow, when the sun dips low
At the rim of a flaming sea.

You say that my country is only a trick,
    That the mischievous elf-folk play
In a fire-sea, red for the souls' of the dead,
    Whom madness led away.

Oh, the hermit fire is warm to-night!
    And long must the wandering be
To the lands that glow, when the sun dips low
At the rim of a dark'ning sea.

But my song is glad till the latest light
    Of the burning shore is gone,
Till the night winds sweeps through the forest deep
    Toward the stars that are beckoning on.

—Elizabeth Toof, 1913,
*Vassar Miscellany*, March, 1912.
Here and There

Odd Things
All goldfish are weighed in their scales;
An elephant packs its own trunk;
But rats never tell their own tales,
And no one gets chink in a chunk.

Sick ducks never go to the quack;
A horse cannot plow its own mane;
A ship is not hurt by a tack,
And windows ne'er suffer from pane.

A cat cannot parse its own claws,
No porcupine nibs its own quill;
Though orphan bears still have their paws,
A bird will not pay its own bill.

—Clipping.

"Are you the 'Board?' the Freshman asked
And then with an air like a lord
He presented "An Ode to the Flowers of Spring,"
Said the editor, "Yes, I'm the bored."

Though the Faculty mills grind slowly
Yet they grind amazing small.
They minimize our number of cuts
Till we have no leisure at all.

"What makes the boys leave college so?"
The thoughtless ones inquire;
The adage will the reason show—
"Where there's smoke there's fire."
"Unburied Dead"

CLAIR V. CHESLEY, '12

Yes, here be the dress me babbie wore;—
Here be the rent that his wee hand tore
As he crawled and played upon the floor,
'Ere the hearse came down by the mill.

And here be me darlin's little things—
His rockin' horse and his teethin' rings—
Ah, the heart o' me bosom never sings
Since the hearse went over the hill.

Ah, but his eyes, they were soft and bright
'Ere life was nipped by death's bitter blight;
And the light o' me life went out in night—
Went out in woman's tears.

Tho man in his struggle for daily bread
Leaves love unmourned, and tears unshed,
The woman never can bury her dead—
Thruout the mists of the years.