TWILIGHT PHANTOMS

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLY, '12

When balm-bestowing Twilight weaves her thrall,
And slowly stealing shadows, one by one
Sway back and forward on my study wall
In silent combat with the dying sun—
Then sitting just without the back-log's rays
I hearken how the hand of Memory plays
Upon the sacred harp of far-fled days—
And Sadness winds my spirit with her pall.

Dear, long-loved phantoms throng the mystic air,
In silent benediction, softly, slow
Their unseen fingers smooth the whit'ning hair
About my throbbing temples; and I know
That they are poring o'er the page I read.
My heart makes distant pilgrimage; indeed
Now is the hour I sense my greatest need—
To feel thy presence and thy gentle care.

I sit and listen to those phantom lays,
So sweetly sounding in my study here;
I see those far-off vistas, veiled in haze
Of reminiscent tears;—Ah, Love, draw near—
Ah, nearer yet;—thy love is best of all—
And lay in mine thy hand so soft and small—
For balm-bestowing Twilight weaves her thrall,
And Memory sorroweth o'er far-fled days.
It was a magnificent winter night. The ground was covered with snow, and the pines were loaded with its white feathers. The half-full moon was rising on the other side of the lake, putting to sleep with its silvery lights all but the most wakeful of the stars. Alice Martin walked briskly through the crisp air, her cheeks tingling beneath its sting. She was a slim, trim, little girl of some nineteen years, with soft, brown eyes and dark, wavy hair. She ran quickly up the steps of the station and threw open the door. Damon, the second-trick man, looked up with a swift smile.

"Good evening, Miss Martin," he said. "I'm glad you're a bit ahead of time; my wife isn't feeling very well to-night."

"Better early than late," said Alice, taking off her coat and hat, and pulling a magazine from her muff.

Damon hurried away, whistling cheerily, and Alice settled herself in the operator's chair, preparing to read, although no story, however interesting, could prevent her from hearing the "call of the key." Number Three Fifty-Four pulled in—and waited for Sixty-Three, the fast express, to pass. Then both hurried off into the night. It was now 12.15.

Alice heard a slight noise at the window, and glanced up. She saw a man's face peering in at her. Her intuition sprang to the conclusion that he was a tramp, and she quickly locked the door, which she had neglected before. The man tried to open the window, but it was fastened. With a club he broke the glass. Instinctively Alice seized the first weapon which she could find; she pulled open a little drawer in the desk, and caught up a small monkey-wrench which the station-agent had been using the day before. She pointed it at the man, crying:

"Don't you dare come in here"

The fellow seemed nonplussed for a moment; his hand fell back limply.

"All right," he said, "but I'll soon get you rattled."
Holding the monkey wrench still pointed at him, the girl fumbled for the key, and sent a cry for help flashing over the wire. It was answered quickly; she knew that if she could hold out for half an hour at the longest, she would be safe. The face had gone from the window; evidently the man was reconnoitering; she could hear his steps on the platform; by the sound he must be just outside the window of the office where she was standing; then the noise passed on. She prayed that he had gone away down the track.

Ten minutes later he re-appeared at the broken window, tho' she had not heard him approach.

"Well," he said, "ready to let me in?"

Alice made no reply. The man scowled.

"Well," he said, aloud, "I guess I'll risk it. Girls can't shoot straight anyway, and I'll bet the thing ain't loaded. Hand over the cash, and I don't care if I don't come in. Do you hear?"

Still Alice stood looking at the man, a growing terror in her eyes, her hand holding the wrench pointed stiffly at him.

"Hustle up now!" he commanded, threateningly.

Oh, if she could only gain time! She must say something to him.

"There isn't any money here," she gasped, her voice clearer than she had thought it possibly could be. "The station agent took it all home with him."

The man laughed sneeringly.

"Huh! I know better! It's in the drawer under the ticket window."

And Alice, frightened, and knowing that the money was there, could only draw a long, quivering, sobbing breath.

"No more fooling! Hand it over, or I'll take the chance of your shooting. I've got to be in Canada to-morrow, or at least out of reach."

The utter absurdity of her shooting him with a monkey wrench would have made Alice laugh, if the situation had not been so desperate. As it was, she almost smiled, in spite of her fear. The man caught the expression, and, with an oath reached through the broken pane, in order to unfasten the lock of the window. The girl saw the movement and sprang forward. With
the wrench she struck his fingers a sharp blow. The pain made him draw back his hand quickly, but her action had given him the opportunity he had been waiting for. He saw that she had no revolver. Laughing brutally, he reached in again. She tried to drive him away as before, but he was quicker than she, and, catching hold of the wrench, he tore it from her grasp. She staggered back as he laughed exultantly,

“All right, I'll be with you in a minute.”

He turned the lock, thrust up the window, and sprang into the room. Alice rushed for the office, but before she could close the door, he had seized the knob. Before she realized what had happened, he had torn away her grasp, and was shaking her roughly by the shoulders.

“Is the drawer locked?” he demanded.

She nodded.

“Give me the key!”

“I won’t.”

The man shook her an instant longer, then she felt both wrists grasped in one hand, while the other closed, slowly, grimly, about her throat. She struggled desperately in his grasp trying in vain to cry out, although she knew it would do no good. Then an intense blackness came before her eyes, she felt too weak to struggle longer, she did not care what happened. A merciful oblivion seized her.

At Bradbury, thirty miles away, Six-Ninety-One was just taking on water. MacConnell, the operator, rushed out of the station, shouting:

“There’s a tramp trying to get into the station at Caxton, and the kid’s there alone.”

Engineer Stuart gasped. Then he turned to his fireman with a queer look in his eyes.

“Uncouple her!” he said.

The fireman obeyed instantly, and Six Ninety-One started toward Caxton, leaving the water streaming from the pipe. Malcolm Stuart sat tense at the right side of the cab, one hand on the reverse, the other on the throttle, urging the engine, moment by moment, to greater speed, his eyes fixed on the rails ahead, gleaming silver under the brilliant electric headlight. The fireman vi-
brated between the tender and the firebox, feeding old Six Ninety-One with "black diamonds," steadily, swiftly, pausing only to test the water or to glance at the steam gauge. Faster and faster rushed the mogul through the white moonlight, and yet, to the anxious enginer, she seemed barely to crawl. Gently, as if she were a child, he urged her on. After hours, as it seemed to him tho' in reality it was barely twenty minutes, the switch lights at Caxton flew by. He closed the throttle and poured the sand beneath the throbbing wheels. Staggering, panting, the great engine stopped. Stuart and the fireman sprang to the station door. It resisted their efforts. Going to the corner of the building, the engineer perceived the open window, and, placing his hands on the sill, the frantic Scotchman sprang inside just in time to see Alice Martin fall limply backward with the tramp's hands still grasping her throat. With a wild cry he sprang upon the man. He would have killed him on the spot, but the thought that Alice was dying, perhaps dead, made him stop only long enough to secure the fellow, with the fireman's help.

Then he turned to the girl, lying face downward upon the floor. Tenderly he lifted the motionless form and carried it to a bench beneath the open window. Kneeling by her side he chafed her icy hands, while the fireman ran for water. Malcolm dashed it in the pale, girlish face. She moaned and stirred uneasily. Malcolm laid his head against her breast; he could hear the heart faintly beating. Anxiously he bent over the girl; he pressed her hand; he covered her cold face with kisses.

"Alice," he murmured, "Alice, darling! Oh, my God! Is she dead? Alice!"

Again she moved, and opened her eyes. Faintly she smiled into the blue eyes so near her own, then wearily closed them again. With the sudden reversal of feeling, tears filled the engineer's eyes. Gently he pressed her to his bosom, imprinting passionate kisses on her pallid lips, murmuring endearing words. She smiled and clung closer to him.

"Malcolm," he whispered, "Malcolm, I'm so glad you've come; I was frightend before."

Her slim hand reached up and nestled in his strong one.

"Sweetheart," he murmured, "sweetheart."
LONGINGS

JUNE ATKINSON, '12

When the dusk creeps o'er the meadow,
And the stars gleam in the sky,
When the zephyrs rustle the sedges,
Oh, then for thee I sigh!

When the day dawns, faintly flushing,
And the dew-pearls deck the lea,
When the lark begins his carol,
I wake with thoughts of thee!

THE JUDGMENT DAY

ALETHA ROLLINS, '13

Hardscrabble village was simply Hardscrabble village, no more and no less than the name implied. Whether the lack of thrift among the people had invested the village with such a name, or whether the name of the village had influenced the people, was a question. One thing, however, was apparent—that the name of the village was justified to an astonishing degree by the general appearance of the town and the characteristics of the inhabitants.

Hardscrabble was situated in a wilderness of barren hills and gray, uninviting crags. So rocky was the land that had an enthusiastic, enterprising person attempted to wrest a living from the soil, the results would have been meagre, but when a person of Hardscrabble temperament attempted such a feat in his characteristic lazy way, the crops that resulted would have sickened the heart of even an ordinary farmer. The houses of Hardscrabble were in a general state of dilapidation. One street sloped down rather a steep hill and all the houses slanted in the same direction and threatened, with each storm, to collapse like a row of dominoes. This street was, nevertheless, the principal one in the
village. Down below the hill it turned abruptly and ran out beyond, to the world of noise and life. The Hardscrabble inhabitants knew little of what lay beyond that curve except through a weekly newspaper which found its way into this seedy community. Moreover, this paper was read by only a few people who had managed to burden their brains with a knowledge of reading. What these good people read they believed, word for word. There was no reason why they should not, for their simple minds could bring no arguments to contradict any statements set forth in the paper.

Just now, before Christmas in 1885, however, a moderate excitement was stirring this sluggish hamlet, for an electric road was to be put through the village and the tracks were to run along the main street where the toppling homes stood.

Month after month the gang worked on the road. After about two years it was completed and the day arrived when the first huge cars took the trip on the new road. Everybody gathered in the front yards, in windows, and at every vantage point, to see the new cars go by. The cars went hourly during the day, but it was the general opinion that they could not be run at night.

In one of the poorer cottages, just over the brow of the hill, lived Pa and Ma Staples, two old and respected inhabitants. Pa possessed the wonderful ability of knowing how to read, but with this exception his education did not extend far beyond that of his shiftless neighbors. These old people were religious and believed the Bible as well as their newspapers, word for word, from the very bottoms of their kind old hearts. More vivid than any other conception they had formed from the good book, was their idea of the Judgment Day. Rather heated discussions had occurred at frequent intervals in their otherwise tranquil married life, as to just what would happen at that eventful time. Ma expected that lightning would flash, Gabriel’s trumpet would sound afar off and the dead would rise. Pa always insisted that wings would grow on all the good people so that they could “get to Heaven easy.” Ma, however, maintained that “everybody would be caught up to Heaven in a great, white cloud, all jumbled together, and then they’d be picked over after they go there.”

On the evening when the cars began to run on the new line,
Pa and Ma were sitting in their shabby little kitchen. Pa was comfortably reclining in a rickety wooden rocker with his feet resting on the back of the stove. He was reading The Evening Star of the preceding week.

The Evening Star was a daily paper, to be sure, but Pa always said that he didn’t see what folks wanted a daily paper for. It was all he could do to get a paper read through in a week, that is, when he read the advertisements, and he usually did read them, for, as he said, “they wouldn’t be put in if they warn’t intended to be read.”

Ma sat on the other side of the stove by the window. She was busily knitting a gray woolen stock and softly humming a doubtful tune, probably “Nearer, My God, to Thee.”

“Well,” ejaculated Pa, “here it says, Ma, right here in this paper that there’s some folks as believe the Judgement Day is comin’ to-night. There’s a whole parcel o’ people a-waitin’ down in Georgy. They say the Lord appeared to one o’ their elders an’ told him to make ready. Now, ’pears to me, that looks reasonable. When such a parcel o’ people as there is down there believes the Judgement Day is comin’, why shouldn’t it come?”

“Land alive!” gasped Ma, “it does look reasonable now, don’t it? Think of it, Pa, after we’ve waited all these years, to have the Judgement Day come now so that we can see ev’rything that happens. But land! I wouldn’t want Gabriel to see me in this old dress. Now I’m goin’ right up-stairs an’ put on my best black dress, an’ Pa, you come right along, too, an’ get on your Sunday-go-ter-meetin’ suit.”

“Now, Ma, the Lord’ll love me jest as well in these old clo’s as in my best ones,” protested Pa.

“Thet’s all right, Pa, probably He will, but we don’t want to take no chances, an’ we might’s well look as well’s we can.”

So Ma dragged him off to the upper region, where, with feverish haste, she decked herself in her Sunday best. Pa, not quite so much excited, dressed at a snail’s pace as it seemed to Ma, and so with many a vigorous twist and pull, she helped him fix his tie and adjust his cuffs, and after a few seconds, he stood transformed and ready for the Judgment Day.

They went downstairs immediately and Ma sat primly in her
chair with her hands folded, thinking this too holy a time to knit woolen socks, but Pa insisted upon reading the paper, saying that he wasn't a-going' to git himself all nerved up a'thinkin' about it."

For half an hour they sat silent. Then, suddenly, across the heavens flashed a lurid glare. Ma leaped from her chair.

"There now, Pa, I told you so. It's come. That lightnin' is the herald of the Judgement Day."

But Pa was not visibly excited.

"Land! Ma, that's only heat lightnin'."

"Heat lightning'!" ejaculated Ma, "heat lightnin' in the middle of December with the thermometer below zero. I tell you, Pa, it's the Judgement Day a-comin'!"

At this moment a shrill whistle sounded and the light flashed across the heavens a second time.

Ma could endure it no longer. "Come, Pa," she commanded, "I'm goin' out. That was the angel Gabriel's trumpet an' there won't be but one more flash o' lightnin' as a warnin' afore the Judgement Day is here. I call three flashes enough warnin' for any man."

So Ma dragged her reluctant husband out into the snowy yard to await the third flash.

"Pa," confided Ma, as they stood shivering in the cold winter night, "I want to tell ye, I'm sorry for the way I treated ye sometimes. I s'pose I aint been jest patient all the time, but you'll forgive me now, won't ye, Pa? I'm sorry I didn't give ye jelly-cake more for supper, an' made ye put on your coat when the parson come to tea."

"Now, now, that's all right, Ma," said Pa. "I know I been kind er grumpish but we'll call it all square now."

A moment of silence intervened, and then Ma gave Pa a sudden nudge. "We ought to go to the buryin' ground an' be there when our relations rise up. They'll mebbe be expectin' us. There's poor old Uncle Jacob an' sister Lize an' brother Samuel, besides poor little Timmy that died when he was only four years old. Come quick, Pa, we must go afore that third flash comes!"

"But," protested Pa, "it's so cold. We better put on some wraps."

"O, no, no, we can't wait," urged Me, "we've got to hurry, an'
then mebbe we'll be hot enough soon anyway, provided we ain't among them that can stay up there in Heaven after they git taken up."

So down along the cold, wintry street to the little cemetery half way down the hill, where the Hardscrabble inhabitants had buried their dead for many a year, the two old people hurried, hand in hand. They did not stop until they reached little Timmy's grave, and there by the small white tombstone they stood and waited. Strange noises came to their ears, the trees creaked with the cold, the frost made queer noises beneath their feet, and overhead there was a strange singing, whistling sound. Suddenly there came another long-drawn whistle through the clear, sharp air, and again a light flashed across the sky. Far off, a noise like distant thunder sounded.

"O, Pa," quavered Ma, grasping her husband's hand more firmly, "we ought to tell the other folks what's a-comin'! Mebbe their houses will fall in on top o' them an' they won't have the pleasure o' seein' the angel Gabriel an' the hosts o' the Lord."

She started back through the graveyard toward one of the tumbling, shaky houses, but Pa restrained her.

"No, Ma, the Lord'll give 'em all a fair chance."

"But"—began Ma, as the rumbling grew louder. She had no time to finish her sentence, however, for suddenly, around the curve in the road thundered the big electric car with its shining searchlight streaming far up the track.

Ma stood for a moment dazzled by its brightness, only partly realizing that the Judgment Day had not yet dawned. A cynical expression overspread Pa's face.

"Humph," he grumbled, "Guess that's your Gabriel and Judgement Day, ain't it? Reckon we better go home seein' it's sort er chilly out here, don't you, Ma?"

"Land alive," answered Ma, as she turned toward the street with a shiver, "I guess we better, but things did look kind er suspicious."
"LEBE WOHL"

(Being a translation from the German of Heinrich Heine.)

CLAIR VINCENT CHESLEY, '12

Beauteous cradle of my woe,
Darling tombstone of my ease,
Noble city, I must go;—
Fare thee well, I go in peace.

Fare thee well, thou sacred sill
That her gentle footsteps cleared;
Fare thee well, thou holy hill
Where to me she first appeared.

Had I not beheld thy face,
Charming sovereign of my heart,
Grief would not have come apace,
Nor my tears, unbidden, start.

I have never sought thy heart;—
Ne'er aspired to the prize,—
I would only dwell apart
When thy presence softly sighs.

Yet thy bidding drives me hence;
Bitter words thy red lips frame;
Madness havocks with my sense,
And my heart is sore and lame.

So with foot-steps, weary, slow,
Forth upon my way I'll plod,
'Till my heavy head lies low
'Neath its coverlet of sod.
As the new college year opens, we welcome new faces, but miss those that we no longer see about the campus. Time and change go hand in hand. Soon our own college experiences will be those of retrospection and memory rather than those of realization. The campus, too, has changed. The recently completed Carnegie Hall and the rapidly rising walls of the new chapel mark new epochs in the history of Bates College. New and greater privileges will come to those who shall in the future select Bates as their Alma Mater.
The work on the new chapel is progressing rapidly, and it is hoped that it will be completed by the first of May. The building will afford seats for nine hundred persons, eight hundred upon the floor, and one hundred in the gallery. The latter will be at the front end of the building and above the main entrance. On exceptional occasions, such as at commencement, the seating capacity can be increased to more than one thousand by utilizing the spacious chancel. There will be two large rooms connecting directly with the chancel—one on each side. One of these rooms will be for the choir, the other for those officiating in the religious services. The organ will be placed directly over the choir room. The building, which is to be of granite, will be of Gothic design, after the order of the English collegiate chapel. There will be four towers, two at each end, in conformity to the general style of the architecture, and the edifice will lend beauty and dignity to the entire campus.

Carnegie Science Hall

The opening of the college year found the new Science Hall complete, and ready for use. In its general appearance the building sufficiently resembles Coram Library to satisfy the demands of architectural harmony. Over the main entrance the seal of the college, bearing the charter date 1864, is cut in stone, with appropriate symbolic device of oak leaves. The building, with its thirty-six rooms affording facilities for laboratory work, lectures, recitations, demonstrations, and experiments in various branches of Biology and Physics, is thoroughly modern in its equipment and appliances. The advantages afforded will greatly increase the value of science courses at Bates.
The annual Northfield Student Conference was held at East Northfield, Mass., June 21 to 30, 1912. It was attended by over six hundred delegates from colleges and preparatory schools.

This year Bates was represented by a delegation of eight men. The Bates men, as was their custom, lived in tents and boarded themselves. Owing to the skilful management of J. F. Greenan, and the good cooking of "Doc" Cushman and "Doc" Grindle, the men survived the ten days of the Conference without serious suffering from hunger.

The Conference sessions in the forenoon consisted of conferences on association methods, Mission Study, Bible Study, and an auditorium meeting. The afternoon was given over entirely to recreation. Baseball games, tennis, and walks were enjoyed by many of the delegates. In the evening there was a Round Top meeting and an auditorium meeting.

At the Auditorium and Round Top meeting, addresses were given by John R. Mott, Robert E. Speer, Raymond Robbins, E. T. Colton, and many other prominent men.

Oliver F. Cutts, a Bates graduate, who now has charge of the alumni work of the Y. M. C. A., was one of the leaders at the conference.

The first Y. M. C. A. prayer-meeting of the college year was led by John McDaniel, '13, on Wednesday evening, September eighteenth. A large number of the seventy men present took part in the meeting.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, September 18, the Y. W. C. A. of the College gave a reception to the young ladies of the entering class. The uncertain weather prevented the use of the grove on Mt. David, and the affair was held in Fiske Reception Hall. Miss Florence I. Day, as President of the Association, gave the welcoming address.

Mrs. George C. Chase also gave a welcoming talk to the new girls and announced the gift of Mt. David to the College. This was received with great pleasure, for Mt. David has long been dear to the students. Following this there were talks by Clara Neal, '14, on "College Customs;" by Edna Pierce, '14, on "Silver Bay;" by Mabel Googins, '15, on "Athletics;" by Esther Wardsworth, '15, on "Bird Walks." Dean Woodhull then explained to the girls some of the ideas and ideals of the Y. W. C. A.

At the end of the afternoon Miss Lora Hall, '13, assisted by Edith Macomber, Bessie Atto, and Mary Smith, all of '13, served dainty refreshments.
After the first few days of getting settled were past, athletic work in all departments was taken up with enthusiasm. Of course football occupies first place. The men have been getting hardened up for the past two weeks and on Saturday, Sept. 21, had an opportunity to try out the new rules against a team from the Maine Central Institute. While not so heavy in the line as in years past, the team has some unusually consistent line plungers and it is hoped to work out a speedy offence for the Maine series. Owing to the changed rules, the forward pass will be of greater importance than ever this year, and Coaches Purinton and Moody will drill the men thoroughly in this play.

Coach Lathrop was expected to be on hand Monday, Sept. 23, and get the track squad out to work. Track prospects seem the best this year in the history of Bates and there seems to be good reasons for looking forward to a repetition of our victory in the Maine Intercollegiates. Cross-country running will be encouraged this fall. Although nothing definite has as yet been decided upon, the Bates cross-country team will undoubtedly compete in at least one and possibly two runs with other colleges.

Tennis will be of even greater interest than before, for all four men on the tennis team last spring have returned to college, and next spring the Maine Intercollegiate Tennis Tournament will be held on the Bates courts. Unless upsets occur, the Bates team should again make good in both singles and doubles. Woodman, '13, has been re-elected captain for this year. Preparations for the annual fall tournament are now being made and it is expected that the college championship will be fought for with great eagerness this year.

In the first game of the season, Bates swamped the boys from M. C. I., easily running up a large score. Coach Purinton used
his full squad and gave the substitutes a good tryout. The features of the game were the line plunging of Capt. Dennis and Dyer, and the successful use of the forward pass by the M. C. I. boys.

The summary:

BATES. M. C. I.

Danahy, l.e. .......... r.e., Walsh
McNish
Lovely
Walsh
Shepard, l.t. .......... r.t., Stanhope
Haggerty
Morgridge, l.g. ...... r.g., Manual
Harding, c. .......... c., McCausland
Fossett
Gove, r.g. .......... l.g., Robinson
Clifford
Jecusco
De Lano
Stillman, rt. .......... l.t., Milo
Johnson
Small
Thompson, r.e. ......... l.e., Hurd
Hill
Cobb
Nevers
Talbot, q.b. .......... q.b., Thurston
Griffin
Sawyer
Dennis, l.h.b. .......... r.h.b., Bridges
Bates
Joyce
Eldridge, r.h.b. ........ l.h.b., Ranger
Kennedy
Woodman
Dyer, f.b. .......... f.b., Green
Kennedy
Dennis
THE BATES STUDENT


Sophomore-Freshman Baseball The annual Freshman-Sophomore baseball game took place Saturday P.M. on Roger Williams field. The game speedily developed into a pitchers' battle, between Anderson, '15, and Miller, '16. Anderson proved steadier and was given better support. At the end of the seventh inning, rioting occurred, and the game was called by Umpire Griffin, '13.

The summary:

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The Bates Student

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*—One out when game was called.

1915 .......... 0 0 0 0 2 0 0—2
1916 .......... 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—1

1868—President George C. Chase delivered an address at the Litchfield Academy reunion, in August.

Dr. Grenville Cyrus Emery, founder of the Harvard Military School for Boys at Los Angeles, California, since its beginning in 1900 one of the important schools on the Pacific Coast, has recently placed the school under the care of the Episcopal Church.

1869—Rev. William Henry Bolster, D.D., for many years a prominent Congregational minister, died suddenly at South Paris, Maine, on August 12. Dr. Bolster was to have given the historical address at the centennial of the South Paris Congregational Church, October 27.

1870—Professor L. G. Jordan was a delegate at the International Conference upon Chemistry, held in Washington and New York early in September. Professor Jordan is to represent Bates upon the New England College Entrance Certificate Board.

1873—Almon C. Libby is a civil engineer, located at North Yakima, Washington.

1876—Rev. James O. Emerson is pastor of the Congregational Church at Roxbury, Conn. He has a daughter in the Freshman Class at Bates.

1883—E. A. Tinkham, Esq., of Duluth, Minn., has recently died.

1884—Principal D. L. Whitmarsh of the Whitman, Mass., High School, has a daughter in the Sophomore Class at Bates, entering this year from Middlebury College.

1886—John Henry Williamson, Esq., of Madison, South Dakota, has recently died.

1888—Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Townsend, both of Bates, ’88, have recently moved from Albion, Neb., to Cumberland Center, Me., where Mr. Townsend is pastor of the Congregational Church. Their son, Clarence, enters the Junior Class at Bates, from Doane College, and their son Erland is a Freshman at Bates this year.
1889—Rev. F. M. Buker, of Contocook, N. H., has a son in the Bates entering class.

1893—Rev. George L. Mason, of Green Harbor, Mass., received the degree of A.B., at the last Bates Commencement, and is enrolled with the Class of 1893.

C. C. Spratt, Principal of the High School at Putnam, Conn., has recently been elected to a similar position at Woonsocket, R. I.

1894—Miss Elizabeth W. Gerrish, of the Roxbury, Mass., High School, spent the summer in an interesting trip to Alaska.

1896—Professor Fred A. Knapp has resumed his full duties as Professor of Latin at Bates, after a year of absence.

1897—Mr. and Mrs. Frank I. Farrell (Mrs. Farrell was Miss Mary Buzzell, Bates 1897) have a little daughter, Frances.

1899—Dr. Annie Maria Roberts, Bates 1899, was married on Tuesday, July 2d, to Dr. Irving William Slack, at East Providence, R. I.

Alton C. Wheeler, Esq., of South Paris, Me., republican representative to the next Maine Legislature, is a prominent candidate for Speaker of the House.

Bennet Homer Quinn is located at St. Helens, Oregon. He is engaged in lumbering. Mr. Quinn is married, and has two children.

1900—Frank P. Ayer, Esq., Bates 1900, was married on July 6th to Miss Jennie Burnham, at Bridgton, Maine. They will be at home after October 1st, at 32 Miller Ave., Providence, R. I.

1901—Rev. and Mrs. Joseph E. Wilson are located at Fredericton, N. B.

1902—Samuel E. Longwell, for several years principal of the High School at Woodbury, Conn., is to take graduate work at Brown University this year.

Georgiana Lunt is assistant cataloguer for the Maine State Library at Augusta.

Frank B. Moody is to coach the Bates football team this fall.

Walter E. Sullivan is superintendent of schools and principal of the High School at New Gloucester, Me.

Arthur L. Dexter, recently principal of the High School at Milford, N. H., has been elected principal at Orange, Mass.
Irving C. Foss has moved from New Hampshire to Ashland, O., where he is employed in the book business.

Ernest Fairlee Clason has moved from Gardiner to Lisbon Falls. He is in the employ of D. C. Heath & Co.

1903—On July 27th occurred the marriage of Miss Clara Bearce Pingree, Bates 1903, to Mr. Urban Pinkham Hutchings, of Providence, R. I.

1904—Harry L. Bradford is principal of Lincoln Academy, at Newcastle, Maine.

1905—Della D. Donnell is a teacher in Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.

1906—The engagement has been announced of Miss Myrtle Blackwood, Bates, '06, and Mr. Henry Phillips Boody. Both are teachers at Maine Wesleyan Seminary, Kent's Hill.

Rev. and Mrs. A. C. Salley, of Florianopolis, Santa Catherina, Brazil, have a little son, Ashmun Grant.

1907—True C. Morrill, Bates 1907, superintendent of schools at Norway, Maine, was married, in the summer, to Miss Doris M. Tobey, of Gardiner.

Lawrence N. Wight, who for several years has taught at Williston Seminary, is now teaching in Albany, N. Y.

Emily R. Williard is a teacher in the High School at Morris-town, N. J.

1908—Elisabeth W. Anthony is employed in work for the Associated Charities, in Providence, R. I.

Ervette E. Blackstone, Bates 1908, was married on August 27th to Edgar W. Bailey.

Wallace A. Clifford has just been elected principal of the Paris High School, South Paris, Maine.

D. Herman Corson is superintendent of schools for the Jonesboro, Maine, district.

Roy B. Fraser is engaged in efficiency engineering with the New England Butt Co., Providence, R. I.

Harriet C. Rand is a teacher in the Packer Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

1909—Rev. and Mrs. William P. Ames are located in Springdale, Wash.

John Murray Carroll is taking graduate work at Harvard University. Mr. Carroll is to return to Bates as instructor in Economics.
Miss Grace E. Holbrook was married on June 24th to Mr. Oliver M. Blood, of Dorchester, Mass.

Wallace F. Holman has left his position as principal of Freedom Academy to take a similar position at Guilford, Maine.

John P. Jewell, Instructor in Latin during the last year at Bates, is to spend the year 1912-13 in graduate work at Harvard.

Dana S. Jordan is principal of Greely Institute at Cumberland Center, Maine. He was married September fourth to Miss Ethel Mathes, of Lancaster, N. H.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Helen M. Merrill, Bates 1909, to Mr. Carl R. Bryant, of Waterville, Maine.

Raymond S. Oakes, Esq., has just been admitted to the Maine Bar.

Carl R. Purinton is principal of the high school at Winthrop, Maine.

John B. Sawyer is submaster and teacher of sciences for the high school at Wakefield, Mass.

Joseph B. Wadleigh is to take up graduate work in the department of English at Harvard.

1910—Grace Harlow begins her work this year as teacher of English in the Dexter, Maine, High School.

Minnie W. Pert is a teacher in Monmouth Academy, Monmouth, Maine.

Clarence P. Quimby, who has been for two years principal of the Hampstead, N. H., High School, has entered Harvard University for a graduate course in Economics.

1911—Sidney H. Cox has entered upon graduate work at the University of Illinois.

Helen J. Davis is teaching in Hadley, Mass.

Miss Gertrude M. French, Bates 1911, was married, on August 14th, to Mr. Frederick L. Packard, a teacher in Montclair, N. J.

Roy M. Strout and Lillian C. Jose, both Bates 1911, were married in Portland, on June 26th. They will live in Dexter, where Mr. Strout is principal of the High School.

Frank W. Keaney has made an excellent record in his work as a teacher in the Putnam, Conn., High School.

William Y. Morrison, Bates 1911, was married, June 26th, to
Miss Elizabeth Ellen Edwards, of Biddeford. Mr. Morrison is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Dexter, Maine.

Charles E. Taylor is principal of the High School at Oakland, Me.

1912—Charles H. Abbott is superintendent of schools for Turner and Canton.

June Atkinson is a teacher in Richmondville, N. Y.

May E. Audley is teaching in the High School at Rumford.

George M. Bartlett is teacher of Sciences at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H.

Leo W. Blaisdell is principal of the High School at Canton, Maine.

Clarence H. Brown is principal of the Scarboro High School.

Ernest H. Brunquist is Assistant in the Department of Biology at Bates.

Elizabeth M. Campbell is teaching in the High School at Port-Jervis, N. Y.

Ross P. Chamberlain is instructor in Mathematics at Orange, Mass.

Clarence I. Chatto is principal of the High School, Island Falls. Mr. Chatto was married in August to Miss Lillian Norton Stone, of Brunswick.

Ray A. Clement is a teacher in Pennington Seminary, Pennington, N. J.

Helen I. Deering is a teacher in the Presque Isle High School.

Minerva F. Dunlap is teaching in the Caribou High School.

Hazel E. Howard is a teacher in the Bath High School.

A. E. Jennings, Jr., is taking graduate work and has a position as assistant in Science at Princeton University.

Charles Clarke Knights is assistant in Chemistry at Bates.

Harry H. Lowry is teaching in Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass.

Florence A. Rideout is a teacher in Bridge Academy, Dresden.

Christiana A. Ring is teaching in the Buckfield High School.

Harold T. Roseland has a position with the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, O.

Harry W. Rowe is employed in the Maine Y. M. C. A. work, with offices at Waterville.
Josephine B. Stearns is a teacher in Leavitt Institute, Turner. Margaret T. Tubbs is a teacher in the High School at McIndos Falls, Vt.
Walter H. Walsh is teaching at Hope Valley, R. I.
Donna L. Yeaton is a teacher in the Port Jervis, N. Y., High School.
A. R. C. Cole is teaching in the Cony High School, Augusta.

A SONG OF THE OPEN

Rather a bird on the wing
Flitting along
Than thou, O powerful king
Prince of a throng.
Into the mellow eve
All care and sorrow leave,
Come, do not sigh or grieve
List to my song.

Rather a drumming bee
Sipping the flower,
Rather a wave on the sea
Just for an hour;
Than to be delving deep,
Into the dungeon keep,
Where thoughts of sages sleep;
Plucked of their power.

Let the dull plodders go
Trailing away;
Let their dim visions grow
Dimmer each day.
Under the open sky
Free as the butterfly
There let me live and die,
List to my lay.

—BERNARD F. DOOLEY, in The Holy Cross Purple.
Princeton has found its preceptorial system, inaugurated by Governor Wilson, a success, and is extending it to Freshmen. The entering class is to be divided into small groups, each of which will come into close contact with some professor. The aim is to develop more intimacy between the faculty and students. This movement is rapidly spreading among the colleges and its influence for good is being felt and appreciated wherever it is tried.

A report from Columbia University shows how an undergraduate made a tour to Europe with an expense of only eighty-three dollars. He worked his way across the Atlantic, and he travelled much on foot. If college students could read of his experiences, more of them would feel encouraged to visit Europe during their undergraduate days, when their means are still slender.

At Wells College an unusually large number of graduate students have registered this fall.

There is on hand a movement for more flexibility in the college entrance requirements. The United States Bureau of Education has been making investigations and it reports that of the one hundred sixty colleges already examined only forty still refuse to allow admittance on but one foreign language and that several require no foreign language at all. Bryn Mawr and Roanoke, however, still require three.
### CLASS OF 1916 DIRECTORY

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Gregory, Alma Frances
Harding, Agnes Ellen
Harriman, Irving Russell
Hayden, Amy G.
Hill, Charles H.
Hodnett, Mona Pearl
Hollis, Truman Wilson
Hood, Bernice Elva
Hubbard, John Warren
Hutchins, Marian Elizabeth
Hutchinson, Edward Blake
Jewers, Sybil Isabelle
Johnson, Harriet Moses
Johnson, Henry Peter
Joyce, Williams Ignatius
Kane, Harlene Martha
Kelly, Sarah Hazel
Keneston, Shelton
Kennedy, Frank E.
King, Alice Gertrude
Knowles, Eleanor G.
Lawrence, Elmer Walcott
Littlefield, Perley C.
Lord, George Edward
Lovely, Harry Richard
Marston, Bonnie O.
Marston, Elizabeth Farwell
McCormack, Michael J.
Miller, Clayton O.

Dresden
Portland 142 Wood St.
Poughkeepsie, N. Y. 195 Oak St.
Pittsfield
New Portland 22 Science Hall
Patten
Rochester, N. H. 5 Science Hall
Vinal Haven 256 Main St.
Vinal Haven 256 Main St.
Franklin, Mass. 32 Ware St.
Auburn 11 Manley St., Au.
Wilson’s Mills 68 Wood St.
Norway Rand Hall
So. Scituate, R. I. 92 Wood St.
Danforth Whittier House
Auburn 69 Western Ave., Au.
Auburn 11 Manley St., Au.
Cambridge, Mass. 340 College St.
Portland 12 Science Hall
Buckfield Cheney House
Eastport
Bath Rand Hall
Machiasport 94 Nichols St.
Danvers, Mass.
Spencer, Mass. Rand Hall
Richmond Rand Hall
Norwich, Conn. 103 Wood St.
Walpole, Mass. Science Hall
Tilton, N. H. Whittier House
Bangor 26 Mountain Ave.
Falmouth, Mass.
Rochester N. H. 5 Science Hall
Patten Science Hall
Gardiner 4 Science Hall
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<td>Boston, Mass.</td>
<td>22 Science Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stevens, Marjorie E.</td>
<td>Lewiston</td>
<td>167 Holland St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stillman, Raymond Durgin</td>
<td>Saco</td>
<td>94 Nichols St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swett, Francis Huntington</td>
<td>Norway</td>
<td>142 Wood St.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swicker, Victor Calvin</td>
<td>Townsend, Mass.</td>
<td>3 Science Hall</td>
</tr>
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</table>
Syrène, Harry N.  
Taylor, Maurice Holway  
Thompson, Louise Adele  
Townsend, Erland  
Tucker, Elmer Woodbury  
Wade, Richard Allston  
Wakefield, Roland Adell  
Warman, Grace Marion  
Warren, Flora May  
Waterhouse, Fred  
Watson, Harry H.  
Wentworth, Clarence  
White, E. Florence  
Wight, Ronell  
Wilson, Edward Kenneth  
Wing, Grace Lelia  
Woodman, Orlando Charles  
Worth, Orrie Elmina  
Exeter, N. H.  
South Portland  
Cumberland Center  
Litchfield  
Portland  
Auburn  
Danforth  
Worchester House  
476 College St.  
32 Rand Hall  
23 Science Hall  
147 Wood St.  
107 Nichols St.  
470 Court St., Au.  
Whittier House  
Whittier House  
14 Science Hall  
103 Wood St.  
13 Oak St.  
15 Science Hall  
Whittier House  
15 Science Hall  
Whittier House