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PASSING DAYS.

As in the woods upon an autumn day
One sees the leaves float downward thro’ the air,
Altho’ the wind is hushed; the trees, half bare,
Against the leaden sky their branches may
Be seen to move as if some woodland fay
Were trying with its tiny strength to tear
The forest giants from the places where
Their toughened roots beneath the mosses lay:—
So in our lives the days pass, one by one;
In part they float so gently and so slow,
We wonder when we look upon the path
To see so many scattered in the sun;
But some are whirled about by winds that blow
From here and there, as by some god in wrath.

RITA MAY COX, 1911.
Twilight was settling over San Juan Harbor. Already the riding and cabin lights glittered on the vessels at anchor. The red and green of an incoming coaster appeared at the entrance and the "Weigh! Heigh! Ho!" of a bark's crew as they hove in the yawl tackles, sounded musically over the water. The heat of the day was tempered by the cool trade wind drawing in from the sea.

A southern port in the winter; running down the meridian in the southeast trades; a quick passage home from a foreign port; such scenes as these make the sailor think his vocation after all is the best. On the stern bitts of the barkentine "Seneca" sat the mate, John Boyd, musing for the last night over the peaceful scene, and thinking of the winter passage up the coast, for tomorrow they were homeward bound. He watched the approaching yawl with the captain in the stern sheets, and wondered when he would be in the stern sheets and command a vessel.

The ship's yawl rounded up alongside, and the captain appeared over the rail, and, taking a look fore and aft, said to the mate, "Is she all ready for sea?" "All's ready, Sir," replied the mate.

"The tug will be around at sunrise," said the Captain.

"By the way, Mr. Boyd, "there's a cablegram for you." And handing him the envelope, he disappeared into the cabin.

As Boyd took the envelope, a strange tumult arose in his mind. Who could it be from? What message could it bear? Was it sad news from home? He hesitated before opening it, turning it over in his hand.

Finally he tore off the end, drew out the telegram, and read as follows:

John Boyd, San Juan,
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"Proceed at once to Turk's Island and take command of Schr. "Seguin."

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But what could have become of Hansen? The captain came up the companionway with an open cablegram in his hand. A broad smile was on his face, and he held out his hand, saying, "John, I want to congratulate you. You are a young man to be placed in command of a vessel of that size, but I think they made no mistake."

"But where's Captain Hansen?" inquired Boyd.

"This explains all," said the Captain, reading his message. "Hansen hit by spanker boom and died while entering port. Have cabled Boyd to take command of Seguin."

"Who's mate of her?" inquired Boyd.

"Jorgen's mate of her. He's nearly forty. I had him one voyage with me, and only one. I hope he will give you no trouble. Remember this—you're the Captain. I suppose you leave tonight, Mr. Boyd?" "Yes," he replied, "I can get a steamer in the morning."

Boyd was soon packed up, and as he climbed over the rail into the yawl, the Captain laid his hand on his shoulder, and said:

"Good luck, Captain Boyd, 'remember the three L's, and keep your offing."

Two days later, Boyd landed in Turk's Island. He had little difficulty in locating the vessel, for Turk's Island is a small place. Approaching the "Seguin," his heart swelled with pride as he surveyed the noble outlines of the vessel, his first command. Being in no hurry to go aboard, he remained on the dock for a few moments, looking over the vessel while her cargo was being taken aboard.

Mate Jorgen, otherwise known as "Big Jim," was in charge, and was in no good humor that morning as the daily expected message placing him in command had thus far failed to arrive.

Stepping aboard, Boyd asked Jorgen, "Are you mate of this vessel?"
Jorgen looked him over, and without replying, resumed his work. Again, Boyd asked him, "Are you mate of this vessel?"

Jorgen turned, replying, "I am; and who are you?"

Boyd replied, "I am the Captain." The effect of his reply was very manifest, for the mate's facial barometer dropped to 28.40. He left Jorgen and went forward. Looking over her side, he discovered that she was already loaded within three planks of her scuppers, and was down by the head.

Turning to the mate, he said, "Mr. Jorgen, you may close the fore and main hatches, and stow well aft all taken aboard this morning."

"Why, Captain, she's good for two thousand bushels more."

"That may be," replied the Captain, "but we are going north in the winter. A plank or two in the winter makes a big difference, with a hundred tons of ice forward."

"Might's well load down—that's what we're here for," said the mate.

"We're here to take what we can, and get back safely," replied Boyd.

That evening Jorgen and the second mate smoked together on the quarter-deck. "Ben," said Jorgen, "What do you think of the young down-easter they sent to take charge?"

"I'd like to see what he'd do in a hard chance. Maybe you and me will take her back after all."

"Aye," said the second mate. "We may have a chance to see before we get to Portland."

The next afternoon the "Seguin" was rolling along in the wake of a puffing tug, outside the harbor. Soon the tug cast off her tow-line and whistled a parting salute and farewell, "Good Luck and a Fair Wind." Topsails were sheeted out to the homeward bound song as they set sail. Catching the force of the southerly wind, she surged ahead with a white wave under her bow.
The "Seguin" entered the Gulf Stream, and four days later made "Winter Quarters Shoal" Light Ship north of Hatteras. There a howling north-wester took the vessel in its grip and carried her far to the south.

Against head winds she beat her way up the coast to Cape Cod, only to be driven nearly a hundred miles off shore, where she lay, becalmed, rolling in the trough of the sea.

The bleak December afternoon already commenced to grow dark at seven bells, the leaden sky turning from a dark gray to a darker and more gloomy hue, while the glassy sea assumed an aspect of dreariness, and a chill penetrated through and through.

The undefined horizon bore a desolate, monotonous aspect, unrelieved by sail or line of smoke; the ship and the world within the circle of the skyline seemed to be held by a depressing spell of unshakable monotony.

The big mate, who was restlessly pacing the quarter-deck, puffing his long pipe, cast an angry glance at sky and sea, and turning to the second mate, said, "If this ain't the bloodiest voyage I ever made—solid gales and blows—hardly set out topsails since we left Turk's Island, and if hell ain't brewin', my name ain't Jorgen, and we're thirty-two days out, now."

"Yes, Mr. Jorgen," said the second mate, "it's been a hard old trip. We'll see wind and snow tonight, and all we want of it,—sky looks ugly in the s'theast."

"An' how's she headin'?" asked the second mate.

"No, no'th east half east, Sir," said the man at the wheel.

"Yes, we get it from the s'utheast," said the mate, and —"I'm, but y're may see land tomorrow."

Eight bells rang, and the Captain came on deck. After taking a look at sky and compass, he said, "Mr. Jorgen, make all snug, three reefs fore, main and mizzen,—bottom's dropped out of the glass."

Both watches soon had the topsails clewed up and jibs hauled down and then put three reefs in the lowers. In
the meantime, the sky had become darker and more threatening, black ragged clouds, banked up in the eastward, hanging heavy and low on the horizon.

At four bells, the starboard watch was called; bundled with warm clothes and oilskins, they came on deck. The approach of night had cast an impenetrable gloom of darkness over all, the sky was even blacker in the southeast, and snow began to fall. The storm swooped down upon them with the suddenness of a white squall. The whizzing hail and sleet, hurled by the wind with blinding force, stung and cut their faces like sand. It sheathed the rigging and spars with a mantle of ice; sails and decks were transformed to a marble whiteness that made the schooner stand out in the darkness like a phantom ship.

Captain Boyd ordered her hove to on the starboard tack and the wheel was lashed. The deep-laden schooner lay well into the wind, but rose slowly to the enormous seas; three and four feet of solid water breaking over the bulwarks, rushed aft, threatening to carry away the unlucky man who chanced to be in their path.

The bitter wind grew colder and colder, turning the hail to snow and chilling the crew to the bone. All hands stood by the lee mizzen rigging. Jolly Jack, as he was called, said, "Mates, we're in for it, no taking in sails now; if them sails'll hold, we'll ride her out, but I'm thinkin' 'twill be a short run to coast if they blow out."

"Aye," said Pete, "a short run and 'twon't take long to wreck this old salt tub."

The mate, who had gone below to sound the well, came on deck, reporting two feet of water in the hold.

"Man the pumps," ordered Jorgen, coming forward, "you'll be frozen stiff doin' nothin'."

Accordingly all hands manned the pumps. The wind had reached such a velocity and the vessel so pitched and plunged into the mountainous seas which rose up threatening to send her to the bottom, that it was almost impossible to stand. Every sea that broke over her left a fresh layer of ice on bulwarks and decks.
The mate ordered the port watch forward with axes to chop the tons of ice that had accumulated on the weather bow and forecastle deck, while the starboard watch stood by the pumps. They made good headway at first, but between the slippery heaving decks and the cold, cold wind, that slowly commenced to paralyze their feet and hands, they found that she iced up as fast as they could cut.

Night shut down,—such obscurity that they could hardly see the deck beneath their feet; cold and darkness, the two greatest enemies of the sailor, were at their worst. The crew manned the pumps, knowing that it was a fight for life against the inpouring floods of water. Hour after hour they toiled with never a gain over the water in the hold; up and down, up and down, the most tedious and monotonous work that falls to the lot of a sailor, with no chance for a shift or change of position. Captain Boyd wondered why a new vessel should leak; but the mate did not, for he remembered that he had not double-caulked the starboard bow port.

The watches alternated between pumping and chopping. Forward, the seas knocked them down again and again, sweeping them against the bulwarks or fo’c’stle. They picked themselves up, bruised and soaked, their oilskins frozen like a suit of armor, only to return and attack the ever gaining whiteness, chilled and frozen by the howling wind of the North Atlantic.

The King of Storms was doing his work, for the weary pumpers made one stroke, where they had made three. Their hands were frozen to the shape of pump brakes and no longer could the men chop ice forward, because of the enormous seas that broke over her.

Suddenly, without warning, the foresail left with a bang even above the howling elements; with no sail forward to keep her head off, she luffed, the wind catching the loose sails, thick with ice, slatted them with such violence that they split from leach to luff and in two minutes not a thread was left of the main and mizzen.

The only sail left was the forestaysail, under which she
at once fell off before the wind. When the sea was abeam, a wave broke over completely submerging the vessel. She then slowly rose, and fell off to the only course she could take,—straight to the coast.

The Captain was the first to recover from the sea. He cried, "One man at the wheel; keep her dead before it; man the pumps, the rest of you."

Their sufferings during these early morning hours were almost unendurable; they struggled against fate; scalding black coffee within and the cold seas without, somehow kept up the spark of life.

Old Jolly Jack kept up their spirits by an endless string of conversation, "Keep the old hooker afloat, mates, keep her up till mornin' long and strong, me hearties. Do you remember scrappen' topmasts down in Havana, 112 in the shade, and how we wished we's a whalin' in the Arctic? I recollect the second mate on the "Acme," why! he could swear till we smelt burnt copper."

"Devil of a time to be talkin' o' burnt copper," said Al, with chattering teeth, "you ought to be hove over the rail."

"Man! but it's c——o——l——d!"

"How you hangin' out, Pete and Tom, Sam and Ike and Ole?" said Jack.

"No——t m——u——c——h l——o——n——g——e——r," was the reply.

"'Dog on'! but she's runnin'; she'll strike the coast before mornin' at this rate."

"Keep her up, me lads," said the Captain "stick to her; accordin' to my reckonin', Portland's dead to lee-ward; keep her afloat; it's our only chance."

"But the Cod Ledges," spoke up Jorgen, "we can't go over them, nor around them, with nary a sail."

"It's Portland or Hell," said the Captain; "pump, men, pump."

The heavy, long morning hours wore on. They somehow stood by, more dead than alive, with never a stop or a rest, and worked to the devil's own music, the roar of the
storm and the screeching of the wind through the rigging. The settling schooner dived and pitched to the terrible seas that were running. Great waves broke over the stern and rushed forward, burying them to the waist in the icy foam.

At last the first thin rays of dawn began to show over the gray ocean; the sombre sky was full of ragged, black nimbus and flying scud. They looked where the sailor looks for all that comes into his world—to the horizon; its obscurity bore the same look of majestic monotony. The ocean, wild and furious, crested with the breaking waves, showed the rage of the storm.

Forward and aft the ice had formed and grown to the size of small bergs; the dead-weight sank her far below her scuppers, leaving a foot of water on the main deck. She plunged her bowsprit and jib-boom clean under at the foot of every wave, yet fled before the storm as if pursued by demons who chased her to her doom.

"We've got a fair wind," says Jack. "We're logging ten knots."

"Fair wind! Fair wind to where?" retorted Ike, and no more was said.

"Port watch, forward after that ice," ordered the Captain, and the watch, with axes, again attacked the ice.

The ever present thought of land kept them straining and looking for that something that was yet to come. They dreaded yet welcomed the end of their sufferings as they rushed on toward the lee shore.

The mate first gave the cry, "Land ahead!" The long gray coast line was soon visible, and grew larger and more distinct as they neared it.

"Breakers ahead!" yelled Jack. A white line of breakers gleamed dead ahead between the vessel and the shore, parallel to the coast line. Just then he spied a lighthouse and cried, "Portland Head Light! Those are the Cod Ledges."

"The old man wan't far from right," said the second-mate to Jorgen. They dropped their axes; the watch left
the pumps and looked ahead, fascinated and spell-bound
by the impending disaster, watching the coast and fast
nearing breakers as they grew larger and larger. A pitiful
sight the men were—hands and feet frozen, cheeks crim-
son and purple, sunken eyes flaring in their pits, and with
hardly strength enough to stand.

On and on fled the schooner toward the line of breakers.
Each wave could be seen as it curled over and over, and
shot forth in a seething chaos of foam.

The mate said, "Captain, when'11 I drop the mud-
hooks?"

"Never," said the Captain, "she can't ride to anchor
in this sea, and she won't float two hours longer."

"Captain, you're not goin' to let her go into them
breakers and drown us all, you're—"

"I'm Captain of this ship," said Boyd, "all hands aft.
Sam, aloft in the mizzen rigging! look for a break in the
surf; you know the Jerry Haddock ground."

Sam fought his way up a ladder of ice some fifteen
ratlines. The wind threatened to tear him from the rig-
gging while the schooner dove as if she would roll her masts
out. When she rose on the top of a wave, he could see the
 shoal and there, two points off the starboard bow, was
unbroken water.

He came down on deck and gave the course; her wheel
was put over, but with so little sail she came up only a
point.

The vessel kept on toward the nearing shoal. The waves
could be counted—eight, six, five—and could be heard as
they curled over and broke with a thundering roar. The
schooner was edging over toward the gap that might save
them. Four waves, three—it was almost ahead. They
stood horrified yet could but admire the grandeur of that
stupendous mass of seething foam.

Suddenly the onrushing wave took the "Seguin," shot
her up on the crest of the second wave, down into the
trough, and then lifted her up to the top of the very breaker
itself.
"Into the rigging," yelled the Captain, and they all scrambled for booms and shrouds.

For an instant she poised on the crest; then took a plunging dive, straight down the face of the breaker, burying her bows to the foremast. Above, the abrupt wave rose like a green wall of stone ready to topple over and send them to the bottom. Then the wave sank down and rolled under them, nearly turning the schooner end for end.

"We're over the shoal!" yelled Ike from the main boom, "and she never broke."

"Watch out!" yelled the Captain from the mizzen rigging.

The next wave rose up fully thirty feet, curled over and broke just astern and, rushing ahead, buried the schooner under a dozen feet of swirling foam. It pinned the mate against the mast, and sweeping over the vessel, roared on ahead.

"Who's missin'?" yelled the Captain as she rose in clear water.

They looked—the second mate, Ike, and Sam were gone.

"There's the second mate forward, hanging on the bulwarks," yelled Jack. The men started forward; his bent arms slipped over the icy rail, then he held by his hands; the blood burst from his finger tips, and, ere the crew could seize him, they straightened out and he dropped into the smother of the angry sea.

"Man, but that's tough," said Jolly; "and every one of them some mother's son."

"Watch out," yelled someone, just as another comber swept over her. It picked up the men on the main deck and shot them forward under the fo'c'stle deck like so many rope yarns.

They crawled out and went aft. The Captain was at the wheel.

"After them pumps!" ordered the Captain, "half an hour more and we'll be in the harbor, or ashore."

The schooner sailed on toward the rocky coast that was white with the roaring surf. The snow-covered islands and
Cape never looked so desolate and bare. As the crew labored at the pumps, the numbness slowly crept from their limbs into their bodies. They no longer felt the bitterness of the wind and sea.

For once the storm took a kindly turn, for it bore the “Seguin” with it, by Portland Head, through the narrow entrance safely into the harbor.

“Let go your starboard anchor,” ordered the Captain, when off the Bug Light. The anchor was cleared, and twenty fathoms of chain rattled through the hawse pipe.

“That’ll do ye, m’lords.” said the mate.

The men piled into the fo’c’sle to thaw themselves out and sleep the clock twice round. Aft the Captain and mates went below. As Jorgen tore off his frozen oil coat, he said, “Captain Boyd, you was right, two thousand bushels more, and we would have made the Port of Missing Ships.”

WARREN NEAL WATSON, 1911.

A SONG OF THE SEA.

It stirs one’s blood—upon a steep
And solitary rock-bound shore.
To stand and watch the sea-gulls sweep
Across the sky, out o’er the deep,
Then wheel and circle as they soar
To race the long waves all a-leap,
In where the breakers roar.

The wild winds join the gulls and fly
Swift o’er the sea-tides’ flow,
And as the gulls go skirling by,
And as the winds go whirling by,
The racing waves rush in and throw
Their crested, foam-seamed surges high
Upon the rocks below.

PETER IGNATIUS LAWTON, 1910.
Professor Higginson had a grievance. In fact, he usually did have, for he had the great misfortune to be born a genius in an unappreciative world. He had known he was a genius ever since those days, some twenty or more years ago, when his mother had warned him against the young Smiths across the avenue. "Their grandfather used to keep a slaughter house," she would whisper to him in horrified tones. And thereafter he kept at a safe distance, in spite of the very alluring qualities of his young neighbors. A descendant of the Higginsons could never have dreamed of doing otherwise.

But, as I was saying, Professor Higginson had a grievance. The older professors had refused to give place to him in the matter of hours for recitation. He was quite certain that no Higginson should ever be required to appear upon the campus before ten o'clock in the morning, and now they had actually put his senior class in psychology at the impossible hour of eight.

He had written his mother about it—he always told her everything in his daily letters—and she had been most indignant. But she added, "It is ever the way with the world, my son. They will discover when it is too late that there was a genius among them." But her son wished they might have the common-sense to discover the fact at once. It would be so much more convenient.

Today, as he stood before the mirror carefully drawing on his immaculate kid gloves, he marveled more than usual at the world's stupidity. That figure before him was the one thing in creation which perfectly satisfied him. How could anyone fail to recognize the marks of genius in his wavy yellow hair, his receding chin with its little round dimple, and his slender, erect figure?

"Ah, well, they will discover in time—in time," he sighed, adjusting his eye glasses for the fourteenth time.

His walk down town was most circumspect, as he stepped around each imaginary muddy spot and raised his
hat in dignified silence to some casual acquaintance. He always walked slowly. Perhaps this time his dislike for shopping and department stores checked his measured pace.

It was Cleveland and Moulton's toward which he directed his steps today. Quite unconscious of his waiting fate, he entered the store. He had been thinking of his colleagues all the way down street and his bearing was even more severe than usual. But of a sudden he forgot his grievance and even his Higginson ancestry. He stopped, and stood staring in the direction of the handkerchief department. What a creature was there, and she a salesgirl! He had surely never seen her before. He caught his breath, then he drew himself up to his full height—he almost wished himself six feet instead of five feet four—and walked past the counter without one glance at her soft golden prettiness. When he was safely by he turned very casually to observe the effect of his little manoeuvre. He was somewhat taken aback to find the girl not even looking at him. Her back was half turned, as she busily sorted her stock.

"But then, of course she couldn't appear to notice me the very first time. I am sure she is very well bred," he murmured softly. Thereupon he smiled and sighed, and left the store without once thinking of his purchases. It is to be feared he was rather more neglectful of his acquaintances and the condition of the sidewalk than when he came down.

That very night he went over his store of handkerchiefs and decided that, notwithstanding his mother's careful provision, he needed some new ones. It was surprising to find how easily he slipped into the shopping habit after that and the number of handkerchiefs he lost in a week was still more marvelous. Cleveland and Moulton's was such a good place to buy them!

"Something in handkerchiefs this morning?" It was some weeks after his first glimpse of her and their acquaintance had progressed to the extent that she had learned the initial he always required upon his dainty squares of linen.
"No—er—that is—yes—I—"

"Something like this, perhaps. These just came in this morning. The linen is extra fine quality."

How soft her voice was. What a marvel she was to be so calm. Prof. Higginson watched her hands moving here and there over the stock of linen, and thought there were never hands like those. To be sure, they were not over clean, but it did not seem to matter. Alas for the descendant of the Higginsons!

But just then a voice from a distance broke in upon his thoughts, "Juliet, telephone."

The girl raised her eyes to his. "Excuse me for a moment," she said, and was gone.

Juliet! Then that was her name. He had wondered about it and occasionally he had tried to fit one to her. But this was just the thing. Well might Romeo take his life in despair for such a Juliet. And the professor of psychology fell to making poetry.

"Did you decide upon these?" Her voice roused him from his brown study, but he did not know one handkerchief from another just then. Nevertheless, he accepted the box in question. After receiving his change, he went over to the stationery department to get some pencils. But his eyes wandered back to the place of his first purchase. He was already becoming very observing as to ribbons and bows, a thing quite unusual for a professor of psychology. How artistically she chewed her gum with slightly parted lips, and how prettily she tossed her head at the sally of the young shipping clerk, who came by just then.

As the professor walked back toward the door he caught a bit of her conversation. "It was simply swell. The most gorgeous play you ever saw. I wouldn't have missed it for a cent."

Of course she liked a play, whereupon it occurred to him, quite disconnectedly, it would, seem, that he must not allow himself to grow old. The next evening he went to the theater.

Days succeeded days, and psychology classes followed
one another before the youthful professor's bewildered eyes until the last day came. At least that is what he called it afterward, although one could hardly see where the last came in, the day being Wednesday and nowhere near the end of the term.

Everything went wrong that morning. In the very first place, he lost a cuff-link, and when a prolonged search failed to reveal it, he unexpectedly gave vent to a forceful "Damn," under his breath. This rather scared him, because his mother had always told him that as a Higginson he should never say such things. When he came into breakfast ten minutes late he tried to hide his perturbation in a hasty swallow of coffee. But this morning proved an exception to the general rule. The coffee was scalding hot, and Professor Higginson had another score against fate.

There had been an important basketball game the night before and "don't know" was the general answer to whatever question in psychology might be put to his classes. Of course, no Higginson ever loses his temper, but after three such recitations we might, with all due charity, say of this particular member of the family that his naturally sweet disposition had been slightly upset. Neither did the fact that he considered athletics one of the deadly sins add to his good humor.

There was one mitigating circumstance, however. He had lost his handkerchief! Of course he must replace it at once, and after his classes he started toward the business center of the town with an expression on his face surprisingly like a smile. What his thoughts might have been, it is impossible to tell, but probably he had found the solution to a troublesome problem in psychology. It did not seem to all like the last day then.

He stopped a moment in hesitation before entering Cleveland and Moulton's. "What could make my heart beat so rapidly?" he said to himself. "I have tried to walk slowly and I have certainly taken no undue exercise. I must consult a physician immediately."

Once inside the store he noticed some of the clerks
"bunched" at a counter not far from the one toward which he was making his way. They seemed to be very much interested in something, if one could judge from their conversation. But of course a Higginson could not be expected to care for the interests of salesgirls—at least not of ordinary ones. Just as he came opposite, a new girl joined the group.

"Oh, Mary," several voices exclaimed, "have you seen Juliet’s diamond? It’s Joe Dunn, the shipping clerk. Isn't she the lucky thing! She's—" But just then the floorwalker appeared and the girls scattered to their several counters.

The professor looked across at the handkerchiefs and Juliet. Her air of studied unconsciousness was entirely convincing and he caught the gleam of the diamond on her finger. For a moment he was surprised and dazed, but his presence of mind was not long in returning.

"Of course, I am not really interested in her myself," he murmured, "for I am a Higginson and a Ph.D." And handkerchief-less—forlorn, he turned toward the door.

HELEN MARGARET WHITEHOUSE, 1910.

FROM THE ARABIC.

Hast watched the camel on his desert march,
'Mid three consuming fires—the sun, the sand,
The thirst within that dries the blood and life—
While on his weary back the cruel hand
Of man unties the mouth of water skin,
And puts it to the lip and deeply quaffs?
He dies of thirst while on his back the source
Of life found—so near, yet out of reach.
Likewise the bitt’rest drop in love’s bright cup
Is mine; for me reserved the yearning wild!
She’s nigh—the hand can reach her door, the eye
Can feast on charms of Houri type and mold—
Yet who can show a way to reach the heart?

SALIM Y. ALKAZIM.
EDITORIAL

College Stories Why don't you write a story for the "Student"?

The editors have on hand plenty of material of a certain kind,—classroom themes, often excellent in workmanship but usually hackneyed in plot. The situations and characters in these are almost always unfamiliar to both writer and readers. Most of the students have no real interest in such stories and seldom read them unless they discover the author to be one of their particular friends.

We want more stories that deal with the problems and situations that abound in student-life. No young man or woman spends four years in college without again and again deciding grave questions, without making momentous choices, without displaying or finding opportunities to display true heroism. Stories upon such
themes, stories delineating the characters and giving us a glimpse into the souls of those with whom we associate from day to day; these are far more entertaining than tales of things foreign to us and outside the range of our experience.

It is the pet ambition of the editors to publish during the next ten months many stories of this type. Begin to write yours now. Spice it with adventure if you can; flavor it into romance if you wish,—good wholesome romance is always popular around a co-educational college. Let your story be an interpretation of life—college life.

An Error Through a misunderstanding, the name of the author of "Sunbeam," in the January number, was omitted. It gives us pleasure to correct this error and to state that Miss Isabell Montgomery Kineaid, 1911, is the writer of the story.

LOCAL

The tenth annual dinner of the Stanton Club will be held at Riverton Park Casino, Portland, Friday evening, Feb. 4th, 1910. There will be a business meeting at 6.30 P.M. before the dinner, which is served at 7.00.

At the annual meeting of the Cumberland County Teachers' Association at Portland, on Feb. 4th, Prof. A. W. Anthony will deliver an address on, "Practical Educational Ideals."

The Bates Alumni Association of Boston will hold its twenty-sixth annual banquet at Young's Hotel, Boston, on Friday, February 11th. A business meeting will be held at 6 P.M. before the banquet.
Prof. A. W. Anthony will deliver the opening address at the Bowdoin Conference of Free Baptist Churches, which is to be held at Augusta, Feb. 9th and 10th.

At the gentlemen's night of the Bates Needle Club, celebrated in the new home of Professor and Mrs. Pomeroy, the Faculty presented the Pomeroy's with a beautiful electric lamp. Mrs. George M. Chase, the president of the club, made an eloquent presentation speech, to which Professor Pomeroy responded appropriately.

Dr. E. V. Call, Bates '00, addressed the young men after chapel on January 7. Dr. Call is, and always has been, exceedingly interested in our college welfare. He gave the men an interesting and helpful talk upon sanitary conditions around college dormitories.

The wives of the members of the Faculty, Dean Carter, and other lady-friends of the college are arranging a series of at-homes for the four college classes.

Dr. Leonard gave a talk upon "Rambles about the Lake of Lucerne," before the Lewiston Teachers' Association, on Friday, January 28. He is to give a lecture before the Lewiston and Auburn Literary Union upon German Influence in English Literature.

President Chase reports an unusually large number of applications both by men and by women for admission to the next Freshman class. The number of applicants from other States than Maine seems to be rapidly increasing.

Rev. Charles F. Aked, D.D., pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of New York City, will lecture in the George Colby Chase Course in the early part of June. Dr. Aked is a warm friend of Bates. His wonderful lecture of last year will be remembered as possibly the
most eloquent that our students have been permitted to hear. The subject of his next lecture will be, ‘‘Gladstone and Lincoln.’’ Dr. Aked is an intense admirer of both men and better, and perhaps more than any other living speaker, he is able to point out the resemblances and the contrasts in the lives of these two great statesmen, the one in England, the other in America.

Mr. Hamilton Holt, who was to lecture in the George Colby Chase Course on the 26th of January, has been critically ill and it has been necessary to defer the filling of his engagement. He will probably be in Lewiston to lecture upon, ‘‘A World Federation,’’ sometime in May. Mr. Holt is one of the greatest living exponents of the principles and aims of arbitration among nations. He has attended and been actively engaged in the great peace conferences at The Hague.

The architects for the new Science Hall, Whitfield and Park, of 160 Fifth Avenue, New York City, have, with the co-operation of Professors Pomeroy and Whitehorne, prepared plans that seem full of promise for convenience and usefulness.

President Chase is doing his utmost to complete the raising of the $50,000 required by Mr. Carnegie. This sum, under the terms of Mr. Carnegie’s subscription, is to be held as a permanent science fund. It is hoped that the full $50,000 will be at command in early spring. To secure this result, it is desired that every graduate and friend of Bates, who is able to give, may send in his subscription to President Chase at once.

President Chase attended, by special invitation, the inauguration of Professor E. C. Sanford, as President of Clark College. The exercises occurred on February 1st. President Chase was entertained by President and Mrs. Sanford.
Girls' Mandolin Club

The Girls' Mandolin Club has been organized and is represented by members from the four classes. Miss Irene Chandler, '11, has been elected leader and Miss Lura Howard, '11, manager.

Current Events Club

The girls of Rand Hall have organized a Current Events Club, which, it is hoped, will prove very beneficial, as well as enjoyable, to its members. Every two weeks the club is to hold a meeting, at which the current topics of the day are to be discussed. A topic of special interest will probably be given an entire evening, with an address upon the same by some member of the Faculty. Each girl has subscribed to the weekly "Current Events Magazine," in which the facts will be found concerning the topics assigned to her, to present for discussion.

The executive committee was chosen as follows: Annie Marston, '11, chairman; Grace Harlow, '10; Ada Rounds, '12. To these falls the task of assigning topics. There will be open discussions at each meeting and an opportunity for any questions to be asked.

Lectures

In the series of lectures for this term, Bates has been especially fortunate in getting some very able speakers. On Feb. 10th, at 7.30 P.M., Hon. Payson Smith of Augusta, Superintendent of Schools of the State, will speak on "Ideals of the Teaching Profession." On Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday, at 3 P.M., Prof. James Wm. Black, Professor of History at Colby College, will deliver an address. On March 10th, at 7.30 P.M., Prof. Kenneth C. M. Sills, Professor of Latin at Bowdoin College, will give a lecture on "Vergil and Tennyson." None of the students can afford to miss these lectures.
President Chase was one of the three delegates appointed by Governor Fernald to attend, at Washington, January 17-19, a Conference upon Uniform Legislation by the States. The Conference was called by the Civic Federation of the United States, of which Seth Low, former President of Columbia University and Mayor of New York City, is the President. The exercises following President Low's address consisted of speeches, including the introductory one by President Taft, by distinguished men from all parts of the country. Some of the subjects under discussion were, "Uniformity in the Laws Regulating Divorce," "Child Labor," "Years of Required Attendance at the Public Schools," "The Working Hours in Factories and Shops for Women," "The Conservation of our Forests and of Water," "The Same Laws for Insurance in the Different States," "Employers' Liabilities for Accidents to Their Employees," "Methods of Securing Prompt Operation of the Law in the Trial of Criminal and of Civil Cases," "Good Roads," and other topics of national concern. The Conference numbered some 460 delegates, representing 42 of the States and also numerous legal, charitable, civic, and industrial organizations. President Chase's associates from Maine were Hon. C. F. Libby, of Portland, and Hon. Frank Higgins, of Limerick. The object of the Conference was to awaken and make operative a deep interest among the people of the country in the problems that are giving anxiety to patriotic citizens. One of the most powerful and effective speeches was given by Ex-Secretary, now Senator, Root. The Conference itself was presided over by Judge Alton B. Parker, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States in 1904. While in Washington, President Chase was the guest for an evening of Congressman S. W. McCall, from Massachusetts, and Mrs. McCall, both of whom were for two years under the instruction of President Chase forty years ago. The other guests for the evening were Hon. S. J. Elder, of Boston, and his two daughters. Mr. Elder is one of the
three attorneys who are to represent, April next, at the Hague, the United States in her controversy with Great Britain over the questions and difficulties that have arisen in connection with fisheries upon the coast of Newfoundland. Mr. Elder was one of the three judges upon the debate between our College and Trinity College, which was held six years ago in City Hall. He remembers the occasion with warm interest.

Day of Prayer at Bates

The national Day of Prayer for colleges was observed at Bates, Thursday, Jan. 27, beginning at the usual chapel hour of the day. President Chase presided over the meeting and with him on the platform were Rev. Leavitt H. Hallock, Rev. Charles H. Temple, Rev. Herbert P. Woodin, Rev. F. L. Hayward, and Rev. Arba J. Marsh.

The invocation was given by Dr. Marsh; scripture was read by Dr. Temple, and prayer was offered by Dr. Woodin.

President Chase spoke briefly on the impulse of prayer and the origin of the Day of Prayer, and then introduced the speaker for the day, Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., of Portland.

Dr. Calkins opened his address by quoting percentages from many different colleges in our country, showing that the proportion of college students who are professing Christians has been constantly increasing. He stated that fifty-three per cent of all college students are members of Christian Churches, and seventy-four per cent of the Senior classes.

The speaker's main thought was that a great life is a revelation of need and of capacity, an inspiration and a reproach, and that in Jesus Christ we have a perfect mirror. He said that the only hope of a man's ever knowing himself is that of seeing himself reflected in the life of another. We need the perfect mirror of Jesus
Christ to reveal to ourselves, the unworthy, the lonesome, to which we are liable to be too accustomed. The speaker dwelt to some extent upon the sins men commit through unconscious habits, which, he said, are just as frequent as those committed through conscious wrongdoing. We need to surrender our lives to Jesus Christ. Then will be revealed the things we need, the individual possibilities within us, too, and our lives will count for something.

At seven o'clock in the evening a meeting was held, of which Dr. A. W. Anthony had charge.

Dr. Tubbs is giving a series of one-hour lectures, one every Tuesday evening, in the Geology Room, on the subject of Military Science in the Civil War. In these talks Dr. Tubbs takes up several battles of the Civil War and discusses them from the standpoint of the military tactics employed, and the relation of such tactics to the outcome of the battles. The course is proving of great value and interest to the students who attend.

The Mandolin and Glee Clubs have begun their season’s work. The prospects are very favorable as many from last year’s clubs are left and several promising Freshmen have been found to take the place of the members who graduated.

Manager Luce, '10, has been engaged in making out his schedule. A trip to Gray and to New Gloucester is practically assured for February 10th and 11th, while another is planned to include Livermore Falls, Wilton, and Farmington, occurring the last of February. Arrangements are being made for concerts in Norway,
Berlin, N. II., Gorham, Groveton, and North Strafford. One will also be given in Lewiston the latter part of March.

Two concerts have already been given; one at Stevens Mills, and the other at Lisbon Falls, Jan. 27. The trips were very successful. The program at Lisbon Falls was as follows:

**PART I.**

1. Piano Solo—Selected
   Mr. Tebbetts, '11

2. "Winter Song"
   Glee Club

3. Reading—Gunga Din
   Mr. Quimby, '10

4. March—"Militaire"
   Mandolin Club

5. Violin Solo—Selected
   Mr. Davis, '12

6. "Cotton Dolly"
   Male Quartet

7. "Pansies for Thought"
   Gibson String Quartet

**PART II.**

1. "When the Corn Is Waving, Annie Dear"
   Glee Club

2. Mandolin Solo—Selected
   Mr. Brunner, '12

3. "The Jolliest Boys Alive"
   Male Quartet

4. "Red Jacket"
   Mandolin Club

5. Solo—"The Sea Is the Home for Me"
   Mr. Morrison, '11
6. Reading—"Tow-head’s Story of the Feud"
   Lloyd Mr. Quimby, ’10
7. "Now Farewell, Thou Village Byway"
   Silcher Glee Club

Smith, ’12, has been elected assistant manager in place of Stanhope, ’12, who has resigned. Graham, ’11, has been obliged to leave the club on account of other interests.

The Gibson String Quartet, consisting of ten men, has given several very successful concerts. This club is composed of: A string quartet—Brunner, ’12 (leader), Allen, ’12, Ramsdell, ’10, and H. P. Davis, ’12; the College Male Quartet—Cole, ’10 (leader), Kierstead, ’12, H. P. Davis, ’12, and Manter, ’13; Quimby, ’10, reader; and Tebbetts, ’11, accompanist.

Trips have been made to Mechanic Falls and Norridgewock.

The debate between Bates and the College of the City of New York is now a certainty. All the arrangements are completed for holding it in Lewiston either March 11th or March 18th. This should be one of the best debates that Bates has ever engaged in and a victory would be of great credit to the college, as the College of the City of New York is a large one of almost four thousand students. The College of the City of New York took the affirmative of the question which Bates submitted, that "There should be a physical valuation of the railroads in the United States engaged in Interstate Commerce."

Alton R. Hodgkins, ’11, has been chosen as one of the alternates on this debate.

The debate with Amherst Agricultural College will be held May 20th, at Amherst.
ATHLETIC NOTES

Track  Indoor-track work is now at its height in preparation for the great indoor-meet at Boston, February 12th, held under the auspices of the B. A. A. Bates’ relay team has been matched to run against Colby in place of the triangular race against University of Maine and against University of Vermont. In the opinion of Coach E. J. O’Connor, who was a star indoor-runner at Holy Cross College, the relay team, which Bates sends to Boston, will be one of the fastest that ever represented a Maine college. The men have settled down to hard work and the remainder of the time will be devoted to the finishing touches. At present, every man is in strict training and in the best of condition. The first trials, which were delayed by a storm, will be run off Wednesday afternoon, February 2nd. The squad has been cut and now includes the following men: Capt. “Jack” Williams, ’10; Peakes, ’11; R. S. McCollister, ’13; W. L. McCollister, ’13; Holden, ’13; Dennis, ’13; Thompson, ’13; Blanchard, ’12; and Woodman, ’13. Blanchard and Woodman are not out for the relay team but will run in the 45 yard high hurdles.

Basketball  The practice of the Sophomore and Freshman basketball teams, in preparation for the game, February 22nd, is becoming more strenuous as the time draws near. The teams are working hard and the members of both squads are showing much improvement.

The Sophomore team has already played two games, which have given it a good start in the development of team-work. The first game was played at Bethel, against Gould Academy; and the other at Hebron, against Hebron
Academy. While both the games were lost, the experience which the team secured should help it materially. The squad has been cut and the men who now remain will probably be retained until the end of the season. They are the following: Capt. Lovell, Remmert, Brunner, Conklin, Smith, Bickford, Lamorey, and Buck.

The Freshman team has been organized. Guy Harold Gove of Dexter, Maine, has been elected captain, and Harold West Bartlett of Auburn, manager. Captain Gove has had the squad in the gymnasium several times and some of the men are showing up strongly. The definite line-up of the team has not been decided upon as yet, but those from whom the team will probably picked are: Capt. Gove, Dennis, Woodman, Dacey, Holden, Dickson, Johnston, and Niles.

From the manner in which the two teams are working, the game should be one of the best inter-class games ever played at Bates.

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**Baseball**

Baseball practice at Bates has commenced with the calling out of the Freshman squad. This will be reduced until, when the upper-classmen report at the cage, only the most promising men are left. At present the work in the cage consists of bunting, hitting, sliding bases, and some fielding on ground balls and bunts. Coach Purington and Capt. Harriman have charge of the work and are getting the men into shape.

The cage is in especially good condition. The dirt floor has been sprinkled and raked until it is as hard as the out-door diamond, so that the balls bounce true and hard. There is no trouble now about sliding bases, for fear of stones. New bases have also been added.

The team by graduation and other causes has lost: Stone, catcher; Stevens, second baseman; Cobb, center fielder and second baseman; and Delano, the substitute pitcher. It will be hard to find men to fill the positions left vacant.
From last year's team are left: Capt. Harriman, pitcher; Dorman, first base; Keaney, shortstop; Lamorey, third base; Cole, Bickford, Damon, and Clason, outfielders.

There is some excellent material in the Freshman class. For catchers, there are Gove of Dexter, Griffin of South Portland, “Dick” McCollister of Lewiston, and Goodwin of Leavitt Institute. These men can play other positions besides that of catcher, as was shown in the Freshman-Sophomore game of last fall when Gove played first base and McCollister shortstop. For pitchers, the class has Dennis of South High School, Worcester; Bosworth of Winchendon, Mass.; and Fish of Camden. Among the other candidates for the team are: Dacey of Edward Little High School, Auburn; Brady of Holbrook, Mass.; Shepard of Gardiner; Woodman of Portland; Dickson of Lewiston; McNish of Ansonia, Conn.; Kelley of Manchester, N. H.; Lambert of Lisbon; and Irish of Parsonsfield.

Candidates for tennis have started indoor practice in the gymnasium, in preparation for their spring work. This gives the men a good opportunity,—especially the Seniors, who have no gymnasium work—to keep in condition for tennis. The work is open to anyone who wishes to try out, and should prove of great value. Capt. Jackson has charge of the practice, which occurs three hours a week, and is ready to help all of the men.

A net is put up across the floor of the gymnasium, making a substitute for a tennis court. Although the balls do not bounce quite as they do on an out-door court, yet they do nearly enough so that considerable practice can be had. This is an especially good chance to develop team-work and some of the fine points of the game.

The following men have been out for practice: Capt. Jackson, '10; Moulton, '10; Bolster, '10; Peasley, '10; Quimby, '10; and Howard, '10.
Fencing  In place of the usual gymnasium work, Physical Director R. D. Purington has this year introduced fencing into the Junior class. This sport is being taught in the majority of the colleges of the United States and is very beneficial, as all the muscles of the body are brought into play. It gives variation to the usual routine of the gymnasium and should be of great assistance in preparation for the broad-sword drill, which the Juniors will present at the Annual In-door Meet.

If sufficient interest is shown in it, the college will, before long, be represented by a fencing team. Already, Bowdoin College and Springfield Training School have expressed a desire to arrange matches with us. This is a sport well worth developing.

Girls’ Basketball  The Seniors, Juniors, and Sophomores have elected their respective captains for basketball: Nellie Barker, ’10, Lura Howard, ’11, and Hazel Howard, ’12. A great many Freshmen are out for practice and show much interest in the work; but have not yet chosen a captain and organized a team.

ALUMNI NOTES

The “Hartford Division” of the Conn. Valley Bates Alumni Ass’n met in the Social Room of the Hartford Theological Seminary on Friday evening, Jan. 28. The serious illness of the daughter of Dr. W. A. Thompson, ’88, prevented the gathering from being held at his home, as intended.

Although only about twenty were present, a very pleasant evening was enjoyed by all. Formality was eliminated. After “getting acquainted,” a large part of the evening was spent in telling stories of college days. The law of “associated ideas” worked excellently and
story after story came to surface. "As we all had our diplomas," full confessions were made and the mystery back of many a dark problem was uncovered. Light refreshments were served, and after the discussion of business relative to the coming gathering of the Conn. Valley Ass'n in April, when Prof. Stanton will again be the guest of the Ass'n, the evening closed with old Bates songs around the piano.

Those present were: Prof. F. P. Moulton, '74; Dr. W. N. Thompson, '88; Rev. Roscoe Nelson, '87, and wife; Earle A. Childs, '02; Julia Babcock Childs, '02; (Master Childs, 1931); Nellie B. Avery, '03; Egbert A. Case, '04; Eugene B. Smith, '04; Scott Austin, '06; Alice W. Churchill, '07; Jerome Holmes, '07; Harold J. Frost, '07; Arthur Linscott, '09; Grace E. Holbrook, '09. Prof. and Mrs. Raymond G. Getchell, now of Trinity College, were also present.

The Springfield and New Haven groups both met in these two cities on the same evening.

1868 —January 28, President Chase delivered a lecture before the High School, Jackson, Maine.

A short biography of President Chase appeared in the Lewiston Journal in December.

1872 —John A. Jones of Lewiston has been appointed Railroad Commissioner of Maine.

1875 —Dr. L. M. Palmer delivered the dedicatory address upon the occasion of the dedication of a gigantic new shoe factory in Framingham, Mass.

Frank H. Hall, Bates '75, is manager in Washington of one of the widely known Burt shoe stores.

1876 —Edward Whitney holds an important clerkship in the Bureau of Statistics in Washington. Mr. Whitney has a son in Pennsylvania State College.

The Lewiston Teachers' Association recently gave a reception to D. J. Callahan, Esq., Bates 1876, who is
Superintendent of Schools in Lewiston. In response to
the address of welcome, Superintendent Callahan made
an interesting speech.

1878 —B. S. Hurd is Principal of Beverly, Mass., High
School.

Frank H. Briggs, ’78, holds a position in the Post
Office Department in Washington. Its duties are of a
responsible and of a somewhat confidential character.
Mr. and Mrs. Briggs are at the Hamilton House, which
is also the Washington home of the father of Mrs. Briggs,
Senator Frye.

1881 —Hon. Fremont Wood of the Supreme Court of
Idaho was one of the delegates to the Conference on
Uniform Legislation, recently held in Washington. He
and President Chase met for the first time in thirty years.
It may be remembered that Judge Wood presided over
the famous Orchard case. Judge Wood commented upon
the fact that at this trial Judge Hilton, Bates ’71, of
Denver, Colo., was the leading attorney upon one side
and Mr. C. H. Libby, Bates ’82, was court stenographer.
Judge Wood has three children—a son and a daughter
in Beloit College, Wisconsin, and a son in a preparatory
school at Morgan Park, a suburb of Chicago. Judge
Wood came to Bates through the influence of Frank
Smith and Albert Spear, both of the class of 1875. It
will be noted that Frank Smith is upon the Superior
Bench of California, and Albert Spear is upon the Su-
preme Bench of Maine.

1883 —John L. Reade has been made deacon of the
Pine Street Congregational Church, Lewiston.

O. L. Frisbee, 1883, is Vice President for New Hamp-
shire of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association. At
the convention recently held in Jacksonville, Florida,
Mr. Frisbee read a paper on “New Hampshire and the
Atlantic Coast Canal.”

1885 —Wm. V. Whitmore is President of the Board of
Education in Tucson, Arizona.
1889 — Adelbert L. Safford and Mrs. Susan A. (Norton) Safford are living in Beverly, Mass. Mr. Safford is Superintendent of Schools there.

C. J. Nichols, Esq., of Portland, is editor of "Business and Law for the State of Maine." This is a popular book for which Mr. Nichols has made necessary revisions to secure accord with the Maine laws.

1892 — J. R. Little has recently removed to Denver, Colorado. Dr. S. G. Bonney, Bates '86, and his wife, Mrs. Nancy Little Bonney, Bates '87; and Ernest Washburn Emery, of the class of 1892, and his wife, Charlotte Little Emery, Bates '93, are also located in Denver.

1893 — Ralph S. Sturgis is spending the winter at Thomasville, Georgia, with his family. Mr. Sturgis has law offices at 68 William Street, New York City.

Professor George M. Chase, Bates 1893, spoke before the Men's Good Citizenship Class of Elm St. Universalist Church, Sunday, January 30, on "A Day in Ancient Athens." Wednesday evening, December 22, 1909, Professor Chase spoke before the Women's Missionary Auxiliary of the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, on "The Rise of Christianity in Italy."

1895 — S. M. Farnum, Jr., has been elected Warden of North Star Lodge, Lewiston.

1896 — Frank H. Purinton is practising law in Portland, Maine.

George W. Thomas, Esq., Bates 1896, has bought a house in Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Thomas has recovered from a serious illness. Mr. Thomas has law offices at 100 Broadway.

1898 — Fred U. Landman has recovered from his recent illness and is back at his work in Pittsfield.

O. H. Toothaker of Berlin, N. H., has a little son, Curtis C., born in November. Mr. Toothaker is editor and proprietor of the Berlin Reporter, a weekly paper.

1899 — Mrs. Blanche Cox Butterfield is teacher of English in the Biddeford, Maine, High School.
A. T. L'Heureux, '99, has built a cottage house at 557 Main St., Lewiston.


1900 — Urban G. Willis has been engaged at a high salary as special tutor for the children of Congressman Lowden from the second district of Illinois. His address is Oregon, Ill.

1901 — Ralph Channell is Instructor in Chemistry in the South Boston High School.

Maleen Hicks, 1901, is teaching Latin in Beverly High School.

Leo Demach is teaching music in Beverly, Mass. He plays the organ at the Episcopal Church.

1902 — Ellie L. Tucker is teaching in the Girls' Industrial School, Lancaster, Mass.

E. R. Bemis, 1902, is Principal of the High School in Lunenburg, Mass.

Lewis J. Deane and his wife, Mrs. Lena McCollister Deane, are living in Vancouver, British Columbia. Mr. Deane is a civil engineer. Both Mr. and Mrs. Deane are graduates of Bates in the class of 1902.

Florence S. Ames is teaching English in Fairhaven High School. They have a million dollar building, given by the late H. H. Rogers of the Standard Oil Co.

Miss Helen Knowlton, 1902, is teaching physics and chemistry in Beverly, Mass., High School.

Earle A. Childs and Mrs. Julia E. Babcock Childs, both of '02, are living in Weatherfield, Conn. Mr. Childs is Principal of the High School and Mrs. Childs has been substituting in the school.

Alfred McCleary is a lawyer in Boston, Mass.
James A. Lodge is editor of a paper called "The North Shore Breeze," at Manchester, Mass.

1903 — R. A. Brown is managing a pure food store for the Mohican Company in Pittsfield, Mass.

Miss A. Elinor Sharp is teaching in Clifton, N. J.

Rev. E. A. Roys is pastor of the Congregational Church at Boxford, Mass.

1904 — Miss Eva I. Phillips of Lewiston this spring will conduct the seniors of Thomaston and Oakland High Schools on a trip to Washington, D. C.

Miss Bessie Lugrin is teaching in Revere, Mass., High School. Miss Lugrin was in Lewiston for the wedding of Miss Florence Hodgdon.

Rev. Lewis P. Clinton, '04, who has been in Africa, his native land, for eleven years, will make a visit to this country in the coming summer. His address is Fortsville, Grand Vassa, Liberia, West Africa.

Edna North Knapp is now residing in Rockland, Maine, where her husband, L. P. Knapp, is principal of the High School.

1906 — H. G. Blount is Principal of the High School at South Hamilton, Mass.

Miss Bessie Sheehan, 1906, is teaching in South Manchester, Conn.

1907 — Miss L. H. Burns is teaching in South Manchester, Conn.

Miss Sarah Hillman is teaching in Farmington, Conn.

1908 — Julia L. Murphy resigned her position at the High School at Lisbon Falls to accept a better position elsewhere. An increase of salary was promptly offered by the Lisbon Falls School Board and Miss Murphy withdrew her resignation.

Gertrude Jones is to teach the winter term of school in the Hacker district, Durham.

Marion Dexter is teaching Mathematics in Beverly High School in place of Florence Hodgdon.
Miss Eleanor P. Sands has resigned her position in the Lewiston Public Library. She is to spend two months with her sister, Alice L. Sands, in Belleville, N. J., and is to study music.

Arthur N. Peasley is Principal of the High School at Jackson, Maine.

1909 — H. E. Stone has signed a contract with the Lowell baseball team of the New England League for the season of 1910.

Miss Clara A. Sharp is teaching in Farmington High School.

Arthur Irish was a guest at society meeting at the college, January 14, 1910.

Carl Holman is Principal of the High School in Presque Isle. He recently read an excellent paper on Evolution, before the Pierian Club of Presque Isle.

William G. Crommett is Principal of the High and Grammar School, Westminster, Mass. There are about one hundred and fifty pupils in the school and four teachers.

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EXCHANGES

DE LIGHT.
'Twas down in old Virginia in a little country school, Where a teacher did her best to teach the "picks" the golden rule, A class was up in grammar, standing straight along the wall; "Make a sentence 'round the word 'delight'," the teacher told them all. George Washington produced a smile and showed his pearly teeth; The grease oozed from his forehead on the blinking eyes beneath;
He raised his hand and then he said, with rattling of his knees,

"I got de nices' sen'ence, O Miss Teacheh, heah me, please!"

"Well, Georgie, let us hear your sentence, don't be bashful now."

So Georgie swallowed hard and then he made a funny bow.

"Miss Teacheh, dis heah sen'ence I got is 'bote de night—Hit go lak dis, 'Hit's be'y dahk heah, please bring in de light'."

Denis A. O'Brien, '12, in "The Holy Cross Purple."

The "Emerson College Magazine" has a free and easy, out-of-doors story called "The Catch of the Season," which is excellent.

"The University of Texas Magazine" for January is better than usual. "Queen Wealtheow's Attitude Towards Beowulf" is bright and amusing. Z. S. Armstrong has a good story of a rough cowboy and his second trial at life—"The Death of Sandy Andy." Then for the admirer of Sherlock Holmes there is the "Adventure of the Fractured Finger-Nail (a la A. Canon D'Oily)," which is very good.

"The Billikin's Answer," in "The McGill Martlet" (Montreal, Canada), has a somewhat unusual plot-handling, and a decidedly novel climax. Perhaps, on the whole, it would be more satisfactory if worked out in some longer form than that of the short story.

From "The Phillips-Exeter Monthly" comes "An Escapade of '56," by J. F. Frisbee, '58. The editors vouch for its veracity; it certainly illustrates a truth which none attempt to deny—boys are the same the world over.

"The Tripod" (Thornton Academy, Saco), has a very amusing short sketch called "A Mid-Winter Night's Dream"; the author certainly has a vivid imagination.
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