The Bates Student

Bates College October, 1910.
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"THE CLAIM OF THE IDEAL"

"Thy face is far from this our war,
Our call and counter-cry.
I shall not find Thee quick or kind,
Or know Thee till I die.
Enough for me in dreams to see,
And touch Thy garment's hem.
Thy feet have trod so close to God
I may not follow them."

To the True Romance.

The idealist is never happy. If he is one of the more common sort, that is, if his temperament be but partially idealistic, he sees his air-castles crumble as he compares them with realities, and this crumbling makes him extremely unhappy. If, on the other hand, he is a true idealist, one who is capable of building up the fact to the perfected fancy, he never gets an opportunity. The real on which he bases his ideal is far from his attaining. His sufferings are the more acute, because he can never bring himself to believe that the ideal, or perhaps better, idol, which he has built up out of this unattainable, is unworthy
of the worship offered. This is more often the case than not, especially when the ideal is a woman, for woman is never ideal. Your true idealist does not see this, and suffers accordingly. It is the penalty of his creed.

This little sermon brings us to the case of an idealist of the second type. John Randolph was a dreamer. His world was not this one of beauty-killing commonplaces. His men and women were not those whom we meet, and whose soul-calousness would probably shock us if we were not so used to it. Randolph saw things and people, not as they were, but as they ought to have been. If he had ever realized his mistake, he would never have acknowledged it. His pride would have prevented him, or perhaps rather the sentiment that clings around the memory of the lost the more fondly because it is lost. Even if he had known that he was taking an oblique view of humanity, he would have preferred it so.

When he met Alicia Redvers he made the common idealist mistake of thinking that, because she was dearer to him than anything else in the world, he was therefore entirely unworthy of her. And yet she was simply an average girl, of twenty or so, beautiful, fashionable, and a little spoiled. Well, quite naturally Randolph’s adoration amused her. It could not well do else. The more he worshipped and humbled himself, the more she laughed at him, which was only to be expected. But he was sensitive and had a share of the pride which compensates for a total lack of sense of humor. Then too, he was a man of action as well as a dreamer, and when he came to see the hopelessness of his position, the longing for action came upon him and filled him with the lust for far places. This was when Baker was mustering his Tokar-relief force, and England was aflame with the news from the Soudan. Even then the attempt to save Tokar was considered a forlorn hope. And so one day Randolph’s place at the club was empty, and the few trusted friends who knew where he had gone maintained a discreet silence.
Dawn was breaking over the hills back of Trinkitat. A bloody sun, pushing its way up over the rim of the eastern sea, threw slanting rays over the turquoise blue of the ocean and the flaunting yellow of the desert coast. The growing light showed the rolling sand-hills, sparsely strewn with scrub, and scarred with deep-seoured nullahs. The surface of the country rose gently but unevenly from the coast, and at a distance of ten miles inland rolled up into a naked ridge of red rock.

On this ridge a little knot of chieftains stood around the Dervish leader Osman Digna, looking out toward the sea. Far away lay the huddle of white that marked the town. Beyond it were two black specks that stood for a couple of Egyptian transports lying off the port. But it was not at the distant walls that the old Dervish was looking, nor at the Khedivial vessels. The shrill notes of bugles came up from beneath, and his fierce aquiline face peered savagely out over the scene before him.

A mile or so away was a great zarceeba built of thorny bushes, and even as he watched, the wall nearest him was thrown over from within, and columns of troops began to file out. Outside they halted and took formation by square, the red tarbooshes and white uniforms of the Egyptian soldiers marking out the halted lines, while the rising sun struck flashes from the polished steel of the rifles, and shone redly on the crimson flag of Egypt, with its snow-white crescent and star. The bugles sang again and the square began to move toward the rocks. A clump of horsemen cantered out and then halted. One corner of the square opened, a whirl of smoke drifted away on the light morning breeze, and a twelve-pound shell crashed viciously over the heads of party on the ridge.

The Arab leader scowled and turned to his chiefs. "Abdullah," he cried, "fall upon them with your three thousand when they reach the first ravine. By the ancient stone of Kaabah, give not back a pace before the dogs of Egypt. Let the Jehadieh muster around the standard of the Prophet. The others shall be close behind, and by God
and Mohammed”—the fierce eyes flashed with fanaticism—“let not one of the Kaffirs escape.”

Abdullah rode away toward the place where the black lines of his spearmen were already stringing down into the wady. Osman leaped into his saddle and drew his sword. The drums beat, the green flags fluttered, and coal-black negro Jedadieh and shock-headed Hadendowah Arab, clashing rifle and spear, shouted the war-cry of the faithful.

All this time shell from the Egyptian mountain-guns had been spraying over the ridge and a hoarsely-snarling Gatling was exacting a heavy toll from Abdullah wad Kerim’s spearmen as they streamed down the gully. Along the crest the enlisted black infantry were firing on the square; their downward-plunging bullets visibly affected the Egyptian formation. The square was now within a quarter-mile of the ridge, or less than half that distance from the mouth of the ravine. It was still coming forward, halting every two or three hundred yards to re-arrange its formation. The officer in command looked anxiously at the hills, for the Remington fire was telling heavily. He knew and distrusted the quality of the troops under him, while he had had experience with the Arab charge. To assault that position by frontal attack would, he knew, be madness. He might, however, outflank it. The square began to work away toward the left.

Randolph, sitting his horse among the attached civilians, did not like the situation. The ranks had almost broken at the first demonstration of the enemy. If the troops were as jumpy as that, what would they do when the fighting became hand to hand? He did not set an exalted value on his life, but he had no wish to be haggled by those shovel-headed spears. He glanced at the perturbed faces of the plodding infantry, while he twirled the cylinder of his revolver. Even as he looked, several men pitched sprawling, with a rattle of falling accoutrements. The shrieks were such as it is not well for shaken troops to hear. Randolph had doubted from the start the
wisdom of taking these half-drilled peasants into action against Dervish fanatics.

His fears were soon realized. The flanking movement had brought the square opposite the entrance to the ravine where Abdullah wad Kerim’s three thousand lay close hid, and there was no warning. A few bullets from the Jehadieh thudded into the square, and a few Baggara horsemen led the rush, but the mass were naked footmen armed with broad spears and long swords. A roaring black wave, crested with steel, raced down on the square. The threatened front gave a ragged volley and the artillery spoke once. Then regular firing ceased. The line of bayonets was caved in; the Egyptian artillerymen were speared at their guns. The square no longer existed.

The smoke cleared hazily and disclosed the hell that raged in the interior of the broken brigade. Everywhere the Fellaheen troops were being cut down; the stabbing spears were reaping their bloody harvest. The rifles spoke less and less frequently now, and the shouts of “Allah” rose louder and louder. The Egyptians for the most part did not even try to defend themselves. Hundreds threw down their arms and knelt, offering their throats to the Arab sword.

Randolph, as soon as he saw that all was hopeless, had reined out of the ruck of slaughter and headed toward the coast. His revolver was empty and his coat-sleeve was dripping. His little Syrian horse got nobly down to her work, and well she might, for a bunch of mounted tribesmen was howling at her very heels. But the game little sorrel, frightened by the yells behind, tore forward and might have got clean off, had not the pursuers, seeing themselves distanced, begun to fire. Randolph felt the mare lurch and sag under him, then recover. Still she kept on, always gaining. At last, when the Arabs had fallen far back, he felt a stinging pain and fell forward on the neck of the running pony.

When he revived, he was lying against some acacia-bushes, far from the road. Evidently the mare, crazed
by her wound, had swerved from the track, shaken off her pursuers, and thrown him among the bushes. He tried to rise, but could only move his arms and head. There was a neat hole in the front of his khaki blouse and trial convinced him that there was no sensibility below the waist. He smiled grimly and muttered, "Back broken."

He knew what it meant. He might live several hours, while the numbness crept up toward his brain, and then. He hoped that he might die in peace, that the Dervishes might not come upon him. If they did—he recalled the grim appearance of the draggled sentries cut up by the Arab swordsmen at Suakim. And he had dropped his revolver.

So this was all. He had loved too well? Ah, not that. But he had loved hopelessly and he had come here to forget. Well, he would soon forget. He smiled at the thought of that utter forgetfulness. To forget, to forget. But he could not. Nay, more, he did not wish it. His brain was burningly active in its retrospection. He saw her, he heard her voice. That night when they had dined amid the lights and the music. That other night—the opera—he remembered that it was "Il Trovatore." Her face, her eyes, the cut of her perfect lips—And this was the end.

The pain of his wound was slight but he was growing weaker. Then too the sun beat cruelly on his bare head; his lips were parched and cracked. He reflected that he had shortened his life several hours by strapping the canteen to the saddle.

He wondered if she would care. He hoped that she might feel a passing pang when she heard of his death; that there might be a little emptiness in her life when the news came. Out of the desert of his love he prayed for her happiness. An overmastering wave of self-pity swept upon him, but he fought it back and turned his thoughts on her, on her and the time they had spent together.

The sun was dropping redly westward now. A slight breeze stirred the coarse grass by his head. He had grown
too weak even to mind his thirst. It was almost pleasant to lie there and know that his life trouble was nearly over. She would never know the death he died, nor that he had gone to his death in deathless faith. He saw again her beautiful face with its great dark eyes, and it seemed at last that they were tender. He was glad he had kept the faith. The faith of love....

The crimson died behind the desert hills. A wandering wind from the sea ruffled the brown hair and played gently on the white, up-turned face. And on an acacia branch, a little bush-bird, perched fearlessly above the motionless figure, trilled his clear note across the desert spaces.

Irving Hill Blake, 1911.

———

DOWN AT OUR HOUSE.

There's a pleasure in the summer
When a day's hard work is done,
An' ye're slowly ploddin' home'ard
At the time of settin' sun,

An' ye see the 'skeeters dancin'
In the sun's last slantin' ray;

As ye come up through the pasture
At the closin' of the day

An' the cows are all achewin'
In a bunch around the gate,
'S though they kind o' want to tell ye
That ye're jest a little late.

When ye've finished chores an' milkin',
Fed the horses an' the roan,
An' the cows are munchin' fodder
In a low contented tone,
There's a sort o' satisfaction
An' a sense o' doin' right
Comes acrawlin' through yer makeup
When ye close up for the night.
Then ye pull up to the table,
With a hankerin' for yer food;
It's the work it took to earn it
Makes it taste so mighty good.

Let 'em have their city pleasures,
Automobiles, dress, an' sich.
All them things are had for money;
They can have 'em if they're rich.
I don't want to be no lawyer,
Never had no gift o' gab,
An' no other sich profession
In the world that's to be had.
But I want to tell ye one thing,
An' it's straight as gospel truth;
Down at our house we're contented
Underneath our humble roof.

Horace Franklin Turner, 1911.

THE RESURRECTION OF MALICHI.

Malichi Weed sat on his little rickety front porch, puffing gloomily at the short stub of a clay pipe. Before him sloped down to the shore a rough tangle of coarse grass and daisies interspersed with flaunting thistle heads. Across this symbol of unthrift a hard path wandered around rocks and over knolls until it melted into indefiniteness among the gravel and shell heaps of the beach, beyond which stretched the placid calmness of the smiling summer sea. Two miles away the cottage roofs of Eagle Island peeped from their protecting covert of trees, and
near at hand rose the barren height of Butter Head, separated from the mainland by a narrow channel which at low tide became a dreary waste of mud flats, but which now brimmed with the full flood.

In spite of all the beauty around him, the heart of Malichi was filled with discontent, which was only too plainly reflected in his face. Short, stout, with rough, tobacco-stained whiskers and unkempt, tousled hair, he presented a figure completely out of harmony with the calm of the beautiful August morning. Great knotted hands, stained to a color suggestively like that of the clay, a back rounded by years of stooping over a clam-hoe, clothing of indistinguishable hue, decorated with huge patches of meal-bag, which were sewed on with inch-long stitches, rubber boots coated with successive layers of salt mud—such was Malichi Weed.

All at once his bent arm paused in the act of returning the pipe to his lips. Instead he knocked the ashes from it and placing it tenderly in his pocket, he rose with a half groan at his stiff joints, and began to work ostentatiously on a tangle of fishing line in a tub redolent with long-defunct clam bait. The cause of this sudden industry was quite evident. Within the house a shrill voice shattered the stillness. Malichi's much better half was escorting to the seldom used front door a morning caller who was taking her departure in the gradual fashion so common in the country neighborhoods. The voice went on, "I do wish you could stop a few minutes longer. I git so lonesome sometimes I don't know what to do with myself. Malichi is off somewheres to-day, but if he wa'n't he wouldn't be any more company than that doornpost, not a mite. I declare, I get so impatient with him. He don't seem to have no ambition at all to fix up around or to get a good livin'.''

The other woman expressed due sympathy and lingered on the door-step for a time that seemed interminable to the listener on the back porch, who longed to resume his melancholy meditation. But the Fates were against
him, for as Mrs. Maliehi, after closing the door behind her visitor with a final, "Do come again, won't you," turned to re-enter the front room, she beheld the apologetic figure of her lord and master vainly trying to shrink out of sight behind one of the posts which supported the porch roof. With arms akimbo, she pierced him with a withering glance which caused the culprit Maliehi to wriggle uncomfortably, and then addressed him with a tone in which were mingled surprise, sharpness, and an indignation so habitual that it had long ago crystalized into contempt, "Oh, you here? I s'posed you was off slavin' to support your sufferin' family, as usual!"

In the face of this approaching storm Maliehi, muttering something about his being "just a goin'," seized a decrepit clam basket and started in eager haste down the crooked path.

"Hope you'll have good luck—clamin' at high water," his wife screamed after him and then, after slamming the door with unnecessary vehemence, returned to her work in the other part of the house.

Once safely beyond the reach of feminine irony, Maliehi's gait relaxed into its ordinary slouching slowness. He tossed the clam basket into the bushes, and soon, securely ensconced behind a big rock which hid him from the windows of the house and from the swarm of ragged urchins led by his own oldest hopeful, Elijah, who, equipped with a number of battered fishing dories, were playing pirate in the cove below, he set himself to formulate and perfect the tremendous stroke of Napoleonic genius that should emancipate him forever from the tyranny of woman.

A long time he sat there in deep absorption, for great undertakings, it must be remembered, move slowly. Once, twice, three times, the black pipe was replenished with tobacco hewn from an ebony plug with a stubby knife stained by generations of similar plugs. With each succeeding pipeful his mood grew more cheerful, until at last, warned by the approach of the dinner hour that
he must betake himself homeward or spend a hungry afternoon, he gave vent to an actual chuckle of delight, accompanied by a jovial slap of his broad palm on his knee, before cautiously emerging from his place of concealment and plodding up the path with a carefully assumed air of weariness.

Malichi’s manner for the week that followed was one of more than usual meekness and submission. He assumed a look of patient long-suffering under the taunts of his wife, and even lingered within the reach of her tongue much longer after each meal than was his custom, instead of taking refuge in his weather beaten four by six clam shed on the shore where, on cool evenings, he was wont to sit feeding a rusty stove with fragments of driftwood and revolving in his head wild dreams of what he might have done if he had only had the right kind of a start. Occasionally, when the verbal lashing had been more than usually severe, he would throw out mysterious hints as to the remorse people suffered when it was too late to recall their hasty words.

“You don’t know what minute I’ll be taken from ye,’” he said one day after a lecture of more than ordinary acidity. “Mebby you’ll be sorry for the way you’ve talked to me when I’m gone.”

“You’ll have to be taken all right,’” snapped Mrs. Malichi. “You’ll never leave a chance to git a free livin’ of your own accord.’’

“You don’t want to be too sure,’” retorted her husband, sadly. “We never know what hour we’re likely to be called.” With this gloomy piece of philosophy he went out, closing the door after him gently and sorrowfully. Once outside, however, his grimy features relaxed into a triumphant smile, and a sound emanated from his guarded lips that suspiciously resembled a snicker of delight.

An hour later, if one could have applied his eye to one of the numerous cracks in the rickety clam shed, he would have beheld Malichi bending over an upturned box and laboriously engaged in writing on a piece of dirty paper
with the short stub of a lead pencil. At every word or
two he would apply the pencil to his lips and lean back
for a moment in deep thought, evidently seeking inspira-
tion for his next sentence. Occasionally, as he labored,
a look of intense satisfaction would pass over his weather
beaten features, and he would address a chuckle of self-
congratulation to the smoky lantern which sputtered and
flared as it swung from a rusty nail overhead.

At last the tremendous task was completed. It was
not very artistic, but it represented an hour of the most
thorough and painstaking work that Malichi had ever
done in his life.

"My dear wife I take my pen in hand to let you know
the when you get this i shall be ded i cant stand it any
longer if i had a difrent start i might have did better for
you but it is to late now goodbye from your lovin hus-
band Malichi weed P S Look for my body at the foot of
the cliff on Butter hed M W"

Malichi read this over with a feeling of deep satisfac-
tion. Then he extinguished the lantern and, bearing the
precious missive, stealthily made his way up the path
toward the house. The night was clear and cool. The
moon had not yet risen, but the sky was studded with
stars. Along the shore the waves were sobbing softly on
the gravel with a low, sleepy sound. Malichi cast one
glance across the dark water toward the dim mass of
Butter Head, which loomed, high and shapeless, beyond
the channel. For a moment he felt tempted to give up
the whole thing, but the thought of Hannah's grim visage
decided him and he went on.

Never had the warped boards of the back steps creaked
as they did that night. The sagging door groaned fear-
fully as he opened it, and a chair placed itself exactly in
his path to the kitchen table. At last, however, the letter,
carefully folded, was deposited safely in a conspicuous
place where it could not fail to be seen, and the stealthy
conspirator was outside once more. With a feeling that
the Rubicon had been irrevocably crossed, he hastened to
the landing and dragged his fishing dory across the slowly widening strip of beach to the water. The moon, just past its full, was rising from the black woods behind the row of houses as Malichi pulled out into the channel and turned his boat toward Butter Head. The weird light touched the rugged heights before him and brought them out with a startling distinctness that caused him an involuntary shiver as he glanced over his shoulder to select a favorable spot for making a landing. The tide, at its ebb, was racing out through the narrow passage, making little whirlpools of white foam around the projecting points of jagged rock. Malichi worked the boat around the point and drew her up on a tiny strip of sand in a little natural landing place which ages of tide and wave had gnawed into the crumbling brown ledges.

Once safely ashore he began to wonder why he had been so hasty. He leisurely fastened the painter of his boat and sat down on a rock to run over the details of his plan. Like all really great plans it was surprisingly simple. In an hour or two the tide would be down far enough to leave bare a narrow strip of gravel between the island and the mainland, by means of which it would be an easy matter to cross. Then in the morning the note would be found, the abandoned boat would be discovered—in fact, everything would point to the belief that his veiled threat had actually been carried out. Meanwhile he intended to take refuge in an old camp in the woods where he had already laid up a supply of provisions sufficient to last for three or four days. Then when the time was ripe would come the climax, the denouement, the resurrection, when he would reappear and be welcomed back to the arms of his repentant wife. Suddenly Malichi paused in the midst of an anticipatory gesture of forgiveness. He was struck by an idea so brilliant that it eclipsed all the previous details of the scheme. Why not go to the utmost lengths of reckless deception? In all the tales of heart broken suicides that Malichi could remember, the over-turned boat of the unfortunate one was found the
next day drifting about not far from the scene of the direful deed. He would add ten-fold to his wife's regret by the sight of the boat, abandoned and empty, in which she had so many times beheld his own burly form.

Malichi, for once, felt himself to be a man of action. This new detail was no sooner conceived than carried into execution. He approached the boat and placing his fingers gingerly under the wet bottom, gave a mighty heave in order to over-turn the craft. But just before reaching the balancing point, it slipped from his fingers and came back with a great "whoosh," spattering him with water from head to foot. Somewhat daunted by this repulse, Malichi did not renew the attack, but contented himself with setting adrift the boat, now partly filled. He gave it a strong push out into the current, where it swung lazily around two or three times, and then started slowly in the grip of the eddy which the tide formed at the foot of the cliff. Malichi watched it with a half-regret as it floated helplessly away, the end of its frayed rope trailing despondently after it. An involuntary shiver ran over him; for the chill of approaching autumn was already in the air. He scrambled up the steep hillside and, selecting a warm spot behind a big rock, sat down to wait for low tide.

It was fearfully still. No sound came from the shore where Malichi's unsuspecting family lay asleep. The moonlight flooded the smooth expanse of ocean with silver and revealed the dark houses of the little village with their inky back-ground of woods. Far across the water the great yellow star that marked the lighthouse on Eagle Island shone out bravely. Somewhere a motor boat, bearing a late party of pleasure seekers, was busily chugging its way homeward. The sound of the tide on the rocks at the foot of the cliff came faintly to the ears of the lone listener, who shivered again, not altogether with the cold. An hour—two hours went by. Surely the bar must be nearly bare enough to cross on. Malichi rose stiffly and stretched his rheumatic limbs before clambering down the
rocky slope to the beach. The current was certainly narrower than it had been before, but there was still a swift stream of black water in the middle of the channel, that looked forbiddingly deep, and Malichi turned away with a sigh to resume his solitary vigil. He found a spot beside a big rock from which he could watch the ebbing of the dark water, and keep his eyes glued to the edge of the flood.

The minutes passed slowly. Suddenly Malichi jumped to his feet with an agility which would have astonished his wife. The tiny strip of foam at the edge of the water fascinated him and he stared at it open-mouthed. Then he rushed down to the very margin, only to find that his worst fears were realized. By some strange perversity of fate he had chosen for the execution of his plan one of the shortest tides of the month, when Butter Head bar was not uncovered by quite two feet of water. Already, even, the tide lapped the gravel a yard farther up the shore than when he had come down from the cliff. Malichi stood dumb with amazement for a moment before the full enormity of his situation burst upon him. Then he sank upon a rock in utter despair. His mind refused to work. So long as everything had gone just as he had planned it, he was confident, but the moment something occurred which was not down in the program he was at a standstill. He took off his ragged cap and scratched his head hopelessly, but no flash of inspiration rewarded him. The power to conceive great ideas was slipping from him with this hitch in his plan. He even cast a nervous glance behind him as though fearing that he might behold the avenging figure of his wife appearing from the shadow of the bluff. He thought wildly of plunging into the flood and making his way to shore, but his rheumatic joints rebelled at the very idea and he dismissed the project. Reluctantly he turned away and trugged up the slope once more, defeat in every line of his drooping form. That very imagination which had aided him in the perfection of his plan now served to torture him because of
the impending failure. He seemed to see the note over which he had spent so much time and effort displayed before the eyes of Hannah’s scandalized friends, and he seemed to hear the nightly circle at the grocery store discussing, with loud guffaws of delight, the whole story of “how Mal got marooned on Butter Head.” There was nothing to be done, however, but to grin and bear it as best he might, and so he stretched his clumsy limbs in a little moss-covered hollow and settled himself to smoke away the long, chilly hours till dawn.

As the east was just beginning to blaze with the new day, Henry Scott came briskly down the shore path for his morning trip to his lobster pots. He was a trifle late and consequently in a hurry, but he stopped suddenly at the sound of a strange, agonized voice from over the water. For a brief moment visions of sea-monsters and mermaids shot through his mind, but they were speedily dispelled as the cry came once more, and he turned to recognize with amazement the well-known form of his neighbor on the shore of the little island opposite. He was standing in the very edge of the water and calling piteously, “Hen, I say, Hen, set me ashore, won’t you?”

“Well, I’ll be durned! How’d you git off there without any bot? Sure, you hold on just a minute, and I’ll be right with you.”

From his side of the channel Malichi watched his rescuer launching his boat and coolly sculling across with a single oar over the stern, and frantically searched his imagination for some satisfactory explanation of his presence on Butter Head at four o’clock in the morning without any boat. No inspiration came, however, and when Henry drew near and called with a sarcastic grin, “Well, Mal, you’re the limit. What are y’u tryin’ to do, anyway—play Robinson Crusoe? How did you lose your bot?” the embarrassed Malichi had no refuge but to stammer in confusion that he had been clammin’ the night before and the tide had come up and took her.
"Humph," commented Henry, suspiciously. "Why, man, wa’n’t it high water last night?"

"Y-e-eh, but I stayed to shuck out," lied Malichi a little more fluently.

"Sh’d a thought you’d a hollered when you lost her. Must ha’ been kind of chilly out here long tor’ds mornin’, wa’n’t it? Which way did your bot go? I’ll git her on my way back from lobst’rin’.

Malichi scrambled hastily into the bow, and gave the boat a strong shove which sent it well out into the channel as he did so. His thoughts were fixèd on that fatal note which lay on the kitchen table. He longed to hasten on and get it before it should meet Hannair’s relentless eye. When they reached the opposite shore he jumped out and started nimbly up the path.

Henry started after him. "Mal’s pretty spry yet, ef he’s a mind to be," he thought to himself. "I wonder ef—say Mal, hold on a minute, won’t you? I’ve got something to ask you."

Malichi reluctantly came back and the two men stood for some time in earnest conversation before the prodigal turned once more to his own roof-tree, this time with a more confident air, which, however, subsided in direct ratio to the distance from the door. He crossed the creaking porch cautiously and paused with his hand on the latch, his heart in his mouth with dread lest he should find his wife there before him and be obliged to face the withering volleys of her righteous wrath. Not a sound came from within, and somewhat encouraged, he swung the door open and peered in. His eyes glanced anxiously about the room and then sought the folded paper that he had left on the table. It was not to be seen. He rushed in, throwing caution to the winds, and began to search frantically—on the floor, in the chairs, behind the stove—but in vain. He was on the verge of despair when his oldest son, Elijah, entered the room in his usual state of deshabile, and in his hand was a piece of dirty paper. At the sight of his father he exclaimed, "Why, hullo,
pop, when ’d you git up? Say, what’s this? Do you know anything about it? I can’t seem to make out what it says.”

Malichi made a lunge and secured the condemning letter just as his wife made her appearance.

“Well,” was her pleasant greeting, “gettin’ smart, ain’t ye? What’s that you’ve got?”

“Oh, n-n-nothin’ but a little figurin’,” stammered Malichi with a great relief at his heart. “Can’t you have breakfast pretty soon? I’ve shipped long uv Hen Scott. He’s goin’ to Boston with two or three cargoes uv lumber.”

Hannah stared after him in amazement as he sought the back porch where the rusty family basin, flanked by a bar of hard yellow soap, held the place of honor on a rickety bench. A little later his tousled head appeared in the doorway and a voice muffled in the folds of a towel added, between puffs, “I guess, Hannah, th’—ef I do—pretty well—we’ll git that—new stove you’ve been wantin’”

Clarence Chatto, 1912.
EDITIORIAL

Class of 1914 Members of the Class of 1914, the Student extends to you a hearty welcome. Various interests will claim your attention in the coming days of college life and not the least of these will be the college publication. For the Student truly belongs to the students. It exists for your individual benefit. The board of editors does not publish it for their own glorification nor for the delectation of self honored literati, nor yet for the perusal of some far-away alumni, alone. The Local Department is a record of your triumphs in the field of athletics, the realm of scholarship, or the social whirl of our college. Its Literary Department gives you an opportunity to express your ideas and ideals on the printed page. Contributions from a Freshman will receive just as careful attention and consideration as from Seniors.

If you feel like criticising any feature of the Student
do so to the editors—and then help them to improve it. The college magazine is what the contributors make it. The future of the Student is in your hands.

The New Rule

Of course we do not question the wisdom of those in authority but we do feel like asking respectfully, "What have we done?" So radical a change in time-hallowed Bates customs must have back of it a very monstrous reason. Inasmuch as the freedom and happiness of a larger number of men and women are affected by the new rule, it is obviously fair that they should understand the wisdom of it. One of the ideals of our college is perfect sympathy between faculty and students. Any feeling among the latter in regard to unreasonable demands or restrictions is unfortunate. We believe that the step which has been taken will either be justified to the satisfaction of the students or modified until it seems more reasonable, and we sincerely hope that no irritation may arise from this or any other cause to injure the spirit of good-fellowship and co-operation which exists between those in authority and the student body.

ALMOND LEROY WOODS, A. M.

Almond Leroy Woods, an alumnus of Bates College of the class of 1880, died at his home at Grand Forks, N. D. August 21, 1910, at the age of fifty four years. Mr. Woods was born at West Troy, Maine, June 21, 1856, attended the common schools of his native town, fitted for college at the Maine Central Institute, and entered Bates College in the class of 1880.

After graduation he taught for six years in Massachusetts, and then went to North Dakota, where he became principal of the Grafton, N. D. high school. Four years
later he was elected superintendent of the county schools, serving four years in that office. In 1889 he established the "State Educational Journal" of North Dakota, and was editor and proprietor thereof for ten years. In 1901 he became deputy superintendent of public instruction of the State of North Dakota, holding that position for two years. He was engaged for several years in the publication of the "Walsh County Record," a newspaper published at Grafton, severing his connection with that paper at the time of his appointment as deputy state superintendent of public instruction.

In 1897 Mr. Woods prepared and published "Civil Government for North Dakota," a text book for use in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades of North Dakota public schools. In the plan and development of this successful text book, Mr. Woods showed the quality of his scholarship, and the accuracy of his educational work. At the time of his death he was proprietor and manager of the Woods Teachers Agency at Grand Forks.

Among the masonic fraternity of his adopted State Mr. Woods took a very high rank and was repeatedly honored with election to high offices in the State bodies. About 1895 he became an officer in the grand commandery of the State of North Dakota and was regularly advanced in office in that body, becoming grand commander in 1901. In the grand lodge of his State, A. F. A. M. he held the offices of grand lecturer and grand editor.

On June 24, 1885 Mr. Woods married Miss Clara Small of Cape Cod, Massachusetts, who with four sons survive him.

The writer, a classmate for four full years of college life, remembers him well. He had a vigorous, robust body, a keen, active mind, a warm, sympathetic heart, and the instincts and manners of a gentleman. He was naturally a popular man and held many class offices. He took high rank as a student, excelling, perhaps, in mathematics. He was a charming companion and his keen wit and genial humor were often in evidence. He stood for right things
always, and could be counted on to do his part in all college activities.

Like many Bates graduates Mr. Woods made education practically his life work. Going early into a new State, he found a field peculiarly suited to his tastes and abilities and quickly made his life and character a force in the community in which he lived. Honored by his fellow citizens with many perferments, his early and sudden death called for unusual tributes.

From an editorial in the Evening Times of Grand Forks, I quote: "Mr. Woods was a man who benefited his fellowmen by his living. His character was the personification of integrity and his life was without blemish. His ideals were of the highest, and he attained as near unto perfection as it was possible for man to attain. He was a Christian in whom the simplicity and sincerity of the Great Master was exemplified. He was without ostenta- tion or pride and the kindly nobleness of his character radiated its sunshine upon all who knew him.

-In his home life he exemplified the highest ideal of husband and father, in his public life, integrity and honor; and he left behind him a monument chiseled with the hand of love and respect."

The Daily Herald of the same city thus speaks of him: "In the passing of A. L. Woods from the stage of world activities, Grand Forks has lost one of her best citizens, a man of strong character, of broad intellect, of lofty aims and ideals.

He was a worker, a leader, one of those noble men whose counsel and example meant much to the city and State in which he lived. At home or abroad he was ever ready to do his full part. He lived a useful, noble life. Much that he has done will live after him and those of us who are left behind will find his place extremely hard to fill."

Resolutions adopted by the class of 1908 of Bates College on the death of Miss Linnie W. Bradbury.

Whereas: It has been the act of an all wise and merciful Creator to take from our class Miss Linnie W. Bradbury,

Be it resolved that we, the class of 1908, of Bates College in our first meeting since the death of Miss Bradbury desire to express our grief and to tender to her parents our sincere sympathy.

Miss Bradbury will always be remembered as unusually conscientious and perserving, completing her course even though greatly handicapped by ill health, going about her work in a quiet, earnest but unassuming manner which won for her the love and admiration of all who knew her.

Resolutions on the death of Cyrus W. Dolloff adopted by the class of 1908 of Bates College.

Whereas: It has been the act of Merciful Providence to take from our number our beloved classmate, Cyrus W. Dolloff,

Be it resolved that we, the class of 1908 of Bates College, in our first meeting since the death of Mr. Dolloff, realizing the loss that we, as a class have sustained, desire to make a formal expression of our grief and to tender to his parents our sincere sympathy in our mutual loss.

Endowed with a kindly and sympathetic heart together with a keen intellect and natural ability he went out from our College to take up his duties in the class room, where his efforts were blessed with wonderful success and increasing usefulness.

Be it further resolved that these resolutions be sent to the Lewiston papers, published in the Bates Student and spread upon our records.

W. M. Larrabee
Bertha E. Lewis Committee on Resolutions
Wynona Pushor
Hare and Hound Chase

The annual Hare and Hound Chase took place Thursday afternoon, September 29. The start was made from Rand Hall with the leaders of the trails as follows: White Trail, Miss Kincaid '11; Yellow Trail, Miss Stanhope '11; Blue Trail, Miss Manter '11; Red Trail, Miss McKee '11. The trails were long and over interesting parts of the country, made even more enticing by the personal jokes found hidden from public view along the way. At sunset the girls all met on the river bank where refreshments of baked beans, potatoes roasted in the ashes, bacon, pickles, sandwiches, and cake were served. Then all the girls formed a large circle, sang songs, gave cheers, class yells, etc. The affair was under the direction of the Senior girls of the Athletic Association.

Faculty

The members of the faculty have returned from their vacations and are starting in on the new college year's work. Following is a list of some of the places in which they passed the summer:

Miss Carter has been living on a homestead claim in Idaho, a greater part of the season, and has also had the pleasure of a trip to California.

Prof. J. Y. Stanton has been spending a portion of the summer at Squirrel Island.

Prof. and Mrs. L. G. Jordan have been spending a part of the summer at their cottage at Ocean Park, Portland.

Prof. W. H. Hartshorn returns to Bates after a Sabbatical year. He and Mrs. Hartshorn spent July at Hebron and the latter part of the summer at Heron Island.
Prof. F. E. Pomeroy and Coach R. D. Purinton and families were at their camps on Pleasant Pond, Caratunk.

Prof. G. M. Robinson and mother, Mrs. S. M. Robinson, spent the early part of the summer travelling through Oxford County and visiting in Portland, while they spent the month of August at Sawyer's Island.

Prof. and Mrs. A. N. Leonard have been visiting at the home of Mrs. Leonard at Rockford, Ill.

Prof. F. A. Knapp is much improved in health and has returned from Hebron Sanatorium to resume his duties.

Prof. H. R. Purinton and Dr. H. H. Britan have spent the greater portion of the summer in Lewiston.

Prof. G. M. Chase and family have been at Island Falls during the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Whitehorne have been touring through New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island.

Prof. and Mrs. G. E. Ramsdell have been at East Hebron at Prof. Ramsdell's home. Mrs. Ramsdell will not return to Lewiston for some time.

Dr. and Mrs. F. D. Tubbs and family have been in Lewiston during most of the summer.

Dr. D. W. Brandelle has enjoyed the summer abroad, touring through Great Britain and on the Continent.

H. B. Stanton has spent the vacation at the Moat House, North Conway, N. H.

J. Murray Carroll spent the early part of the summer on Long Island, while the latter part was spent with his family at Razorville.

Mrs. Blanche Roberts, the librarian, has been at Ocean Park and at Bailey's Island.

Wayne C. Jordan, Bates '06, who completed his course as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford last June, was a welcome visitor at chapel Sept. 24. He spoke to the students for
several minutes and gave a very interesting account of some of his life as an Oxford student. It is hoped that soon another Bates man may be elected to the distinction that Mr. Jordan has enjoyed as a Rhodes Scholar.

Repairs  Carpenters have been busy at Bates throughout the summer, and extensive repairs have been made in the hallways at Parker Hall. The walls have been replastered and repainted and put into first class condition so that this hall is one of the most desirable of the men’s dormitories. Minor repairs have been made in the other dormitories and in several of the college buildings, so that the term is opening with all buildings in excellent condition.

New Instructor at Bates  Two new instructors have been added to the faculty staff. Samuel F. Harms will be an assistant in German and will teach the elementary Latin. Mr. Harms is a graduate of the University of Minnesota. He has also the degree of A.M. from Harvard. He has had several years’ experience teaching.

Stanley R. Oldham will be an instructor in English. He was graduated from Lebanon Valley College in Pennsylvania. He has taken a year’s work at Harvard, and has been extensively connected with Y. M. C. A. work in Cambridge, Mass.

Assistants to the Faculty  The following assistants to the faculty have been appointed:—

Biology—Waldo V. Andrews, Nola Houdlette, Mary C. Waldron.

Chemistry—Warren N. Watson, Harold C. Robertson.

Physics—Frederick R. Weymouth, Charles L. Cheet- ham.
Elocution—Bernt O. Stordahl, Winifred G. Tasker.
English—Walter J. Graham and Gulie A. Wyman.

Y. W. C. A.  
Reception to  
1904 Girls

On the side of Mt. David, Wednesday afternoon, September 21, the Y. W. C. A. gave its annual reception to the Freshman girls. In the receiving line were Miss Chase, '11, president of the association; Miss Irvine, '12, vice-president; Mrs. Chase; Miss Carter, and all the Faculty ladies present. Miss Chase, '11, in behalf of the association, welcomed the girls of the entering class; Mrs. Chase gave welcome in behalf of the college; Miss Carter emphasized the importance of joining the Y. W. C. A.; Miss Parsons, '11, told the girls about Silver Bay; Miss Campbell, '12, presented all phases of the social life at Bates; Miss Macomber, '13, described the various sports and the opportunities offered the girls to take part in athletics. Light refreshments were served.

Reception to  
Class of 1914

The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. gave the Class of 1914 a hearty welcome in the Fiske Reception Room at Rand Hall, Friday evening, September 23. After a social hour was spent in meeting the Freshmen, a short programme was given, consisting of:

Vocal Solo, Prof. Stanton
Reading, Miss Tasker, '11
Vocal Solo, Miss Randlett, '11

President Chase then gave an address of welcome to the incoming class. Refreshments concluded the evening’s programme.
Soon after the close of the last college year, the annual student conference convened at Northfield, Mass. and proved to be one of the most successful and inspiring since those assembled organized. Bates sent the largest delegation of any of the Maine Colleges. The Bates delegates were, Turner, '11; Wymouth, '11; Lowry, '12, and W. Lowry, '13. They were at the Conference from June 24 to July 4, and report that they had a delightful trip and attended several excellent and enthusiastic meetings, listening to such men as Johnson Ross, a noted divine from Scotland, Dr. A. P. Fitch, President of Harvard Divinity School, and other noted speakers. It is earnestly hoped that Bates may be represented by a larger number of men at the next Conference, for it is a National Conference and the good that is gained from attending such a gathering of Students from all over the country is certainly worth the effort.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The annual Sophomore-Freshman baseball game was played on Garcelon Field, Saturday, September 24. As in past years there was the usual excitement. Both classes marched onto the field, the Freshmen under the guidance of the Juniors. The Sophomore class was preceded by a baby carriage in which gracefully reposed one of the incoming class.

The game was started late because of the football game between Bates and Maine Central Institute, which took place earlier in the afternoon. The Freshmen had so many pitchers that they planned only to work each one for a few innings. They used but two however, Moore, who pitched the first three innings, and Stinson who finished the game. Holden did the twirling for the Sop-
Neither team could hit the opposing pitchers to any extent and but three hits were made during the game, the Sophomores making two and the Freshmen one. Holden pitched a fine game for the Sophomores, allowing but one hit and striking out twelve men. Moore and Stinson pitched good ball for the Freshmen and showed varsity calibre.

Regan scored the only run for the Freshmen by clever base running. He reached first on an error and stole second and third. He then started to steal home and scored as the batter hit the ball safely.

The Sophomores won the game in the seventh inning when Woodman singled and was advanced to second. From there he scored on a wild throw by the catcher in an attempt to catch him napping at second base. Shepard received a base on balls and scored from first on an error. These two runs were enough to win the game.

The feature of the game outside of the pitching was a wonderful catch by Frezza in centerfield of a hit by Shepard that looked like a home run.

The Freshmen had a very clever fielding team and several of the men looked fast enough for the varsity. There is an abundance of pitching material in the class, with Dyer, Lindquist, Moore and Stinson, all of whom were crack pitchers in their preparatory schools.

The summary:

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Football The first football game of the season was played against Maine Central Institute, Saturday, Sept. 24. The Maine Central boys were heavy and fast and gave Bates a good game.
The game proved much more open than under the old rules and more exciting. Many forward passes were tried by both teams, M. C. I. making its first down several times by means of it. Bates appeared to be fairly accurate in her passing, Captain Lovely again and again making long gains on passes from Dennis and Keaney, '14.

One of the features of the game that at first seemed peculiar was seen when Remert, the quarter back, took the ball on a direct pass from the center and then ran through the middle of the line for a touchdown.

The Bates team looked fast and heavy and appeared to have a good idea of the new rules and plays. Capt. Lovely was the individual star of the game, making a fifty yard run and catching many forward passes.

The lineup:

**BATES**

Thompson, re.,
Eldridge, re.,
Hollis, re.,
San Glacomo, rt.,
Andrews, r. t.,
Jecusco, r. g.,
Moore, r. g.,
Bickford, c.,
Cole, c.,
McKusick, l. g.,
Delano, l. g.,
Bickford, l. g.,
Dyer, l. t.,
Stinson, l. e.,
Donahy, l. e.,
Remmert, q.,
Regan, q.,
Dennis, r. h. b., l. t.,
Keaney, r. h. b.,
Lovely, l. h. b.,
Shepard, f. b.,

**M. C. I.**

re., Kennedy
rt., Ellis
r. g., Bowden
c., Harding
l. g., Ames
l. t., Hills
l. e., Green
l. e., Sweetland
q., Heseltine
r. h. b., Bridges
l. h. b., Card
f. b., Dailey

Harvard 22  Bates 0  In her first intercollegiate game of the season Bates was defeated on Sept. 28, by Harvard. The game was spectacular and open on account of the new rules.

ALUMNI NOTES

1867—Rev. George S. Ricker of Wichitaw, Kansas, spoke in Chapel, Sept. 27th. He is a student of criminology and is devoting his time to the bettering of conditions in prisons and penitentiaries.

1875—Dean J. Raymond Brackett of Colorado University spent the summer in Europe.

1876—Dr. O. W. Colline of South Framingham died in Jefferson, N. H., Sept. 4, 1910. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

1878—F. H. Briggs is confidential secretary to Postmaster General Hitchcock in Washington, D. C.

1880—A. L. Woods died of heart disease in Grand Forks, North Dakota, August 24th.

1881—George L. Record has been nominated by the Republican party to Congress from New Jersey.

1883—Hon. O. L. Frisbee of Portsmouth, N. H., was appointed chairman of the New Hampshire delegation to the waterway convention recently held in Providence, R. I.
1885—Hon. Frank A. Morey has been elected State representative from Lewiston, Me.

1887—U. G. Wheeler is superintendent of schools in Passaic, N. J.

Fairfield Whitney is to take the place left vacant by Mr. Wheeler in Everett, Mass.

Theodore P. Nelson, youngest son of Rev. and Mrs. Roscoe Nelson was drowned in the Farmington River, July 18, 1910.

Herbert E. Cushman, Ph. D., who is a professor in Tufts College, has published "A Beginners' History of Philosophy."

1888—William L. Powers, formerly superintendent of schools at Easton and Fort Fairfield, is principal of the new State Normal School at Machias, Me.

1889—Albert L. Safford has accepted the position of superintendent of schools in Chelsea, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Cox of Manchester, N. H., have a son in the Sophomore class. Mr. Cox graduated from Bates in 1889 and Mrs. Cox, who was formerly Miss Kate Prescott, graduated in the class of '91.

1892—Albert F. Gilmore has been travelling in Southern Europe and Asia Minor. He attended the Passion Play at Oberamergau. In May he published a book, "Birds Through the Year," dedicated to Prof. J. Y. Stanton. The book is intended as supplementary reading in schools. Mr. Gilmore is agent for The American Book Co.

1897—Hon. Carl E. Milliken has been re-elected State Senator from Aroostook County.

1898—Tileston E. Woodside has been elected State representative from Sabattus.

Rev. Thomas S. Bruce has resigned from Shiloh Institute, Warrenton, N. C., to accept a position as principal in Nanssean Literary and Industrial Institute, Virginia.
W. S. Parsons of East Sas Vegas, New Mexico is associated with J. C. L. Pugle in a Steam Plow Co.

1899 — Alton C. Wheeler has been elected State representative from South Paris.

1901 — Herman H. Stewart has resigned his position in Hallowell High School to accept a position as principal of Cony High School, Augusta, Me.

Mittie A. Dow is teaching in Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Me.

Josephine B. Neal, M.D., who graduated from Cornell Medical School last June has received an appointment at Long Island State Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y. Dr. Neal has been engaged as medical examiner for the young women of the entering class of Bates.

1902 — Arthur Dexter is principal of the high school in Milford, N. H.

1903 — Raymond L. Witham has a position as instructor in one of the schools of higher education in Lafayette, Indiana.

Norris S. Lord is principal of Bridge Academy.

Susan Kendrick is first assistant in South Paris, Me., high school.

Miss Jean Towle is second assistant in the high school in South Paris, Me.

John O. Piper, M. D., of Bingham, Me., was married July 26th to Miss Mary E. Clark of Bingham.

1905 — Mary A. Bartlett is an instructor in French and German in a private school in Ardmore, Pa.

John Earnest Barr married Mary Elizabeth Butler on June 29th.

Mabel Holmes is a teacher of French and German in Dexter, Maine.

1906 — Zelma Dwinal has gone with his family to
Washington. Mr. Dwinal will continue his study of law at Georgetown University.

Howard A. Wiggin married in August Miss Rubie E. Hopkins '07. Mr. Wiggin is teaching at Rindge Manual Training School, Cambridge, Mass.

1907—Rev. Ashmun C. Salley was married August 18th to Miss Sarah Grant, 1908. Rev. and Mrs. Salley have gone to Artyeba, Brazil, South America, for several years.

The engagement has been announced of Guy Von Aldrich to Miss Eugenia E. Hoagland of Oxford, N. J. Mr. Aldrich is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Iowa State College.

Harold A. Allan and Miss Izora D. Shorey '08 were married in Bridgton, Me., August 24, 1910. Mr. Allan is Deputy State Superintendent of Schools.

Maude Belle French was married Sept. 24th to Nathaniel Hobbs Knight of North Berwick, Me.

1908—Mabel Grant has resigned her position in the high school in Dexter, Maine, to accept a similar situation in Old Town, Maine.

Alice Dinsmore has accepted a position as teacher of English Literature in the high school in Dexter, Maine.

Phebe Bool is assistant in Monmouth Academy.

Sherman R. Ramsdell resigned from his position in the high school at Bar Harbor, Me., to accept a position in West Virginia.

Mary C. Burke is teaching French in Lewiston High School.

1909—Alta H. Brush and Wallace F. Holman, both of the class of 1909, were married August sixth. Mr. Holman is principal of Freedom Academy.

Arthur E. Morse has been engaged as teacher of science in Wilton Academy, Wilton, Me.
Grace Haines is teaching in South Portland High School.

1910 — Delbert E. Andrews is teaching in the Moses Brown School in Providence, R. I.

Grace Archibald is in Boston Normal School department of hygiene and physical education.

Nellie A. Barker is teaching in the high school in Groveton, N. H.

Orel M. Bean is sub master in the high school in Woburn, Mass.

Agnes Boulia is teaching in Alton, N. H.
Melissa Brown is teaching in the high school in York, Maine.

Alice M. Bryant is teaching in the high school in Milo, Maine.

Alice Burnham has a position in Mechanic Falls.

Roy E. Cole is teaching in the high school in Ashburnham, Mass.

Alice R. Crockett is principal of Grammar School in Bristol, Conn.

Adelina E. Crockett is teaching in Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield.

Ralph B. Cummings was married recently to Miss Ethel Dunton. He is working in the office of Wade and Dunton, Lewiston.

Horatio N. Dorman is teaching in the Moses Brown School in Providence, R. I.

Mabel Eaton is working in Bates College Library.

Jane C. Edwards is teaching Latin, French, English and History in Rangeley, Maine.

Olive L. Farnham is teaching Latin, History and Mathematics in the high school in Hudson, Mass.

Everett L. Farnsworth is preaching in Lisbon Falls, Maine.

Gladys Greenleaf is teaching in East Corinth, Maine.

Alice P. Hall has a position in Kittery, Maine.

Grace Harlow is teaching in Bridge Academy, Dresden, Maine.

Isadore Harmon is teaching in Presque Isle, Maine.

Ray Harriman is teaching in Easton, Maine.

Stanley Howard has secured a position in Pennington, N. J.

George E. Jack is teaching in Springfield Normal School.

Carl Z. Jackson is systematizing the stock room in the Bigelow Carpet Mills, Clinton, Mass.

Frances P. Kidder is teaching in North East Harbor.

Peter I. Lawton is in the directory business in New York.

Sarah Little is teaching in Jay, Maine.

Anna Longfellow is teaching in Marr's Hill.

Leon A. Luce is teaching in Limestone, Maine.

Charles E. Merrill is teaching in South East Harbor.

Jessie H. Nettleton has a situation in Pembroke Academy, Pembroke, N. H.

Lena M. Niles is teaching in Jay, Maine.

Lewis J. Orr has entered Yale School of Forestry.

Ruby M. Parsons is in Ridlonville, Maine.

Harold Peasley has a position as Principal and also as Superintendent of Schools, at North Woodstock.
Florence H. Perry is a teacher in Tabor Academy, Marion, Mass.

Minnie W. Pert is teaching in Mexico, Maine.

Ray E. Pomeroy is teaching in the High school, in Andover, Mass.

Amorette Porter is a student in Foxcroft Academy.

Juanita D. Porter was married to Dana S. Williams of Lewiston, shortly after commencement.

Clarence Quimby is teaching in Hampstead, N. H.

Elton L. Quinn is an instructor in Princeton University.

Eva Mildred Schermerhorn is teaching in Ellicottville, N. Y.

Frank A. Smith was married recently to Miss Ada Bradford, of Auburn. Mr. Smith has a position in the New Normal School at Machias, Maine.

Nellie P. Vinal is teaching at her home, Vinal Haven, Maine.

Mildred H. Vinal is teaching at Camden, Me.

Helen M. Whitehouse is working in the public library in Auburn, Maine.

Carl Stevens has entered Yale Forestry School.

Alonzo H. Garcelon, formerly of 1910, has entered into partnership for the practice of law, with R. D. H. Emerson, under the firm name of Emerson & Garcelon at 24 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard C. Lynch have a little son David Howe. Mrs. Lynch was Miss Nellie Jack, formerly of the class of 1910.

William H. Buker is principal of the high school in Ashland, N. H.

Miss Myrtie Hall is teaching in Colebrook, N. H.
EXCHANGES

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

Translated from the German

Were I a tiny little bird,
Possessed of dainty, fragile wings,
I straight would fly to thee, my dear;
But since that cannot ever be,
I must content me here.

Though I am far from thee, my love,
In dreams I seem yet close to thee
And speak with thee in gentle tone;
Still, if I do awaken me,
I find I am alone.

All through the long night hours, my heart
With ceaseless watching ope's its eyes.
Its thoughts forever on thee bent,
I know a thousand times to me
Thou dost thine heart present.

"The Laurentian."

THE WEAVER.

I planted once a rosy wreath,—
My future crown 'twould be,—
Nor dreamed I that the flowers would die
And leave the thorns for me.
Alas! my wreath of joy became
A crown of misery.

Denis A. O'Brien in "The Holy Cross Purple."
I wandered through the house of life,
And one by one I closed each door;
Then slowly climbed the stair of strife
And oh, my soul was stricken more.
The steps, alas, were memory rays,
To flash me back past golden hours;
The tender thoughts of cherished days
Were dead, like winter-laden flowers.
The little things I loved so well,
'The eager hopes, the trembling fears,
All these upon my vision fell
And sent me back to yester years.
My soul was faint and soon would fail,
When lo! I saw Love's portals wide
And crept within the sacred hall
Where peace and joy fore'er abide.

Bernard F. Dooley, in "The Holy Cross Purple."
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