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GOOD NIGHT.

Behind the hills down drops the sun,
And floods the west with golden light,
For good or ill the day is done—
Good night, sweetheart, good night.

Now weary hands and hearts grow still,
When on man’s toil falls God’s respite;
May all your soul His peace o’erfill—
Good night, sweetheart, good night.

As dreamy dusk creeps o’er the sea,
Lulling to rest the breakers white;
So lulls my heart to thoughts of thee—
Good night, sweetheart, good night.

CLARENCE I. CHATTO, ’12.
THE NIGHT OF POWER IN CONSTANTINOPLE

We were seated at the tea table Thursday afternoon, not sure whether or not we could make arrangements to go to Stamboul. When the mail came, there was a letter from Mr. Carson, Clerk at the Bible House, and also one from Mr. Fowle of the Embassy, saying it would be safe to go. Mr. Carson was to take us with his party, and we had to go in fifteen minutes. We met at the gate and, taking Sava as our Croat-Crevasse, we started for the Bosphorus. The way is long and the stones make it hard to travel; so we got two carriages at the "Tree" (one large tree about five minutes' walk from the College, where carriages are cheaper because it isn't so hilly) and rode in state to the scola. We chartered two caiques and were rowed across to Stamboul. But it so happened that the bridge was damaged that day by a man-of-war running into the middle of it. It is a kind of drawbridge in the centre; and the man-of-war, not being used to the bad currents in the Golden Horn, ran against it, instead of clearing it. This necessitated our landing away from the bridge in a coal yard. There was no wharf, of course, only two old boards hanging limply down in the water. The other caique with the croat landed first. When Sava put his foot on the board, it sunk right down and got his beautiful white stockings wet. He looked quite rueful, but helped us off manfully. The big gate at the entrance of the yard was closed and we had to climb through a hole in a fence and get out to the street that way. We then started for the Bible House, where we were to meet our party. We were late; so we met the party half way and we all went to a Turkish restaurant together. The menus were written in Turkish and in French, and we were politely given the French ones. I had turkey, which was exceedingly tough and two pieces of melon, for six and a half piastres, which was very cheap. The thing through which they called the orders was the dolefullest that I ever expect to hear. It wailed and it shrieked all the time we were there, not good wholesome shrieks but a buzzy and wheezy kind that was most unusual.
After leaving the restaurant, we started for the Mosque. I wonder if you can imagine it. I will try to describe the way as well as I can. The streets were dimly lighted and narrow and uneven, with people jostling one another as they hurried along, with long strings of horses or mules tied together with heavy paniers on their backs, with beggars—some apparently without arms—begging persistently, with people selling things and calling out their wares, many dogs, some howling dismally and others curled up in a little heap as if they didn't have enough life to bark, a strange kind of odor pervading everything, not exactly disagreeable but Constantinople-y. Now and then you would hear a harsh clang as some shopkeeper pulled down the heavy shutters over door and windows. The narrow dark road was up hill and it seemed miles long. Finally we got to the entrance of the Mosque. We had to be counted as we went in, I don't know why. Then we went up a narrow, uneven passage, with sharp turns (cut in the wall, I should think), very dimly lighted, now and then a solitary candle flickering from a niche in the wall, turning and turning until one got quite dizzy—until finally the passage led to the gallery. The passage seemed so weird that you could imagine all sorts of strange and horrible things taking place in it. They say that Marion Crawford's book "Paul Pattoff" begins with this passageway. The horses used to be ridden up it in the olden times.

From the gallery we looked down on the immense floor of the Mosque far below us. We were at the back and so could command practically the whole view. The Mosque is lighted throughout with little olive oil lights—tumblers with water, and perhaps three or four inches of oil, and a wick floating on the top. Away up at the very base of the dome there was a circle of these little lights, another beneath the galleries, and then, some feet over the people on the floor, lights arranged in figures, looking from our height like a garden of golden flowers. There must have been many thousands of the lights; they give but a subdued glow and at first it was hard to distinguish much of any-
thing. But, as one's eyes got more accustomed to it, one could see the rows and rows of worshippers seated on the floor, all turned toward Mecca. Over our heads was a little bit of mosaic. When the Moslems took possession of the Mosque the walls were all mosaic; but they painted them over. This bit is about the only mosaic remaining. The hall was absolutely black with worshippers. We were early. First, the Faithful were given a few minutes for individual prayer, and then from a distance, apparently, the Mufty began to chant. The effect was very beautiful. The people knelt and stood in unison. This went on for some time, the readers chanting and the people responding by movement alone. Then, evidently, longer portions of the Koran were read; and after each sentence the people said "Amin."

So many people worshipping together, the beggar and pasha in the same row, with no distinction of color or station, all saying with all their hearts "Amin" and praying together, was wonderfully impressive. It was the kind of scene one cannot forget.

After this service, which lasts about an hour I think, the people are separated and different preachers preach to the groups all night through, one preacher succeeding another.

We had to leave about half-past eight to get our boat. We went back through the long, winding passage out into the open aid, down the rough, dim road to the bridge. The fruit sellers were already getting their fruit ready for the early morning sales. Many of them sleep by their stands. We saw a little group of street urchins gathered in a sheltered nook round a tiny fire. There are so many of them without a place to lay their heads and with nobody to care for them, so many who wander through the streets by day and sleep in the streets at night, as little cared for as the dogs!

Owing to the breaking of the bridge, we started from the Hissar landing and not the Scutari landing. It was a wonderful sight as we looked back to Stamboul from the
steamer. The minarets were brilliantly lighted with circles of flame near their tops and between each two were suspended lights arranged in such a way as to form words in Turkish. One was "Allah." You can imagine how beautiful these lights looked as they seemed to hang away up in the sky, swaying in the breeze.

THE MOON MEN—A FANTASY.

Down from their home in the silvery moon,
Glorious, glistening, silvery moon,
In dark, deep cloud-seas sailing;
Hurrying, scurrying down through the night,
Swifter than wings of the wind in their flight,
Or the shades their sheen is paling,
A myriad, beam-clad moon-men throng
Into our garden; then stealing along,
Climb over our portico railing,
Crooning a soft little moon-beam song,
Lulling it low as they hurry along,
The mystic, mysterious, curious throng
Is scaling our portico railing.

Up to my window they stealthily creep,
Cautiously, quietly, stealthily creep,
And they utter no whisper of warning.
Shimmering, glimmering there in the gloom,
The sly little moon-men peer into my room,
Like the sunbeams when daylight is dawning;
Then noiselessly slipping in over the sill,
They frolic and flit in the shadows until
They flee from the heat of the morning.
Crooning their murmurous moonbeam song,
Humming it softly they hurry along,
A mystic, mysterious, curious throng,
Home to the moon in the morning.

Mind is the great lever of all things; human thought is the process by which human ends are ultimately answered.—Daniel Webster.
The first freshness was not gone from the morning when Myrtilla went out to the arbor. Vera's journal in her hand. She seated herself with stately grace and for a moment let her gaze wander over the dewy garden. She drew in leisurely, deep breaths of the cool morning air. Finally, with a mingled look of curiosity and gentle distaste, she began to read.

My Book of the Days:

Sunday.—Life is grown so strange to me these latter days, so filled with vagueness that I hardly know whether I am I. So I am going to set down, clearly and definitely if I can, in this little book, the things that come as the sunshine and shadow pass, and then looking back, every few days perhaps, I may be helped to determine what all this strangeness is.

The trouble is just the misty dreaminess through which everything comes to me. All the world—the hills, and the brook, the trees, the blue bay, glinting in the sun—everything is shut from me by a veil of dreams. And yet all these things, hiding as they are, seem whispering to me, seeking to call me. Many times I have almost heard—it seemed that the message must say itself in my thought—but always the mists have closed in about me, and I have failed. Until to-night. It is in my garden, my sunlit, flowery garden, that the whisper seems always nearest, and to-night, as I stood at the door of the arbor watching the sunset, the mist of dreams seemed to waver away. Then it was as if the whole garden was risen and swaying about me, and soft as the summer wind, one word was breathed toward me—"come." It was not the summer-wind, for I could hear that, too, and heard it still after that sigh was gone. And my garden was again without motion, twilight fell, and again I saw all things dimly.

It is not that I am sad because of all this, I only wonder much, and am more thoughtful, than I used to be.
Perhaps that is well. Myrtilla has always told me that I am a very careless creature.

Monday,—I wish I knew what the dear world means when through so many different voices it says to me, "Come." All the forenoon I seemed to hear it—deep and tender, yet with an irresistible loving command it seemed to come. Myrtilla's voice when she called to Ann had not the same sound, nor Ann's when she called to Hagar. It was in order to hear the word spoken by more people that I asked John, this noon, to take me to the Settlement. In the city, I knew, many were calling to many. Myrtilla did not wish me to go, but when John had promised to look after me, she consented. Myrtilla is especially charming when she grants a favor. Some people yield grudgingly, but this sister of mine, with the prettiest grace in the world.

But the Settlement! Oh, the poor little children! John took me with him as he went about from one crowded block to another, and there were children everywhere, such children, with a need so great. I made him promise that I might help him in the work; Myrtilla must let me.

We went to one room where the children in the court had told us there was a little girl sick. A very, very, beautiful child she was, and, I could see, terribly sick. Her face was flushed with fever, and she moved her little head, with its crumpled golden crown, restlessly on the hard bed, and moaned now and again. When I kissed her she did not seem to know.

There was no one with her. The poor sick baby there alone! I stayed by her while John went for the help he needed. At the dripping faucet in the corner I wet and re-wet my handkerchief and bathed her dear flushed face and little hot hands many times. Once, as I worked, a voice breathed in my ear, grave, entreating, "Come." And I was glad that the meaning was still a mystery to me, for how could I have left that poor baby?

John was very quiet all the way home, but let me talk a great deal about the children, the work, the sick baby.
Myrtilla said I looked hot, and tired to death, and had me go to bed directly after tea, though I hadn’t done anything to be tired for, I am sure. She might have noticed that John was pale as could be.

Tuesday.—John was well again to-day. This afternoon he went with Myrtilla and me to Grand Cliff. All the morning, in my garden, I had heard the voices, gentle, alluring, “Come,” but now as we walked along through the warm afternoon they drew away for a space. Then suddenly at the top of the cliff the word came loud and commanding, “Come.” There was in it the undertone that I always hear now—or imagine I hear. I went nearer to the edge to listen, and I could hear plainly. Up from the foot of the cliff came the deep cry of the waves, “Come.” I wondered what it could mean. Over sky and sea and cliff there seemed to fall a cloud-like mystery, and shut me off from everything, save itself and the voice.

Suddenly I felt myself lifted and borne far, far; out of the cloud, into the sunlight, and John, pale and trembling, (I know he was, but why?) set me down beside Myrtilla.

“Never go so near the edge again, Vera child,” he said. “Myrtilla, keep her away from the cliffs.” and his voice was hoarsely commanding.

I wonder if Myrtilla could help me straighten out the tangle. Could she unveil the mystery of this world’s dreams and explain the voices that call?

Poor Myrtilla! She would probably have been married long ago if she hadn’t had me to look after. What a burden I must have been to her. Why are little sisters left, I wonder, when the mother and father are gone. I’m glad I am old enough now for her to be free.

I should be so happy to see her married to John—why, I shall see her; the wedding is only four months away. How happy they will be.

Wednesday.—I must have written too long last night, for I was tired, tired, this morning.

The whisper came in my ear as I dropped asleep, and
when I awoke, I felt as one returned—from where? Yet all through my dreams I heard the voices, too, calling always on, on, "Come."

I sat in my garden almost all day (Myrtilla is in the city) with the sunshine, and the flowers and the trees, the birds and bees and butterflies. All of them seemed to join in a low-murmured "Come," dreamy and far away, all save one little stranger bird that perched in the tallest pear tree. This new-comer trilled out his pure note for hours, saying "Come, Come!" with the most inviting sweetness, and then thrilling in a very passion of triumph, as if it were the most glorious thing in the world. "I have come!" Then again, "Come, come." I am so weary.

Myrtilla came, and found me writing. She scolded me for being up so late, and then tried to tease me for keeping a journal, said that I must be recording love secrets, that she would have to read it. Oh, I want her to read it, because it may be that she can explain, but I am afraid—I hardly dare let her see it.

Thursday.—I hope she will read it soon. This has been a beautiful day for John and Myrtilla at the Spring. I suppose it has been beautiful for me, too, for I was with them. But the changing mantle of dreams shut me off from them, and I heard the Voices all day long. Such sweet, inviting voices, with that mysterious power within, "Come." If I only knew what they mean, I should be happy with them.

Once I thought John was going to save me. That was when they started homeward. I remained sitting by the pool, and far down the slope saw John turn to call me. But Myrtilla was quicker. My heart sank as she lifted her hands and sent our old call ringing up the hill, "Vera, here-a, my dear-a!" I went to them, but the shadows seemed to shut me away.

Friday.—The voices have been very near to-day, and very sweet, I cannot tell how sweet. They almost cause my heart to break with the yearning to follow them. But I could hardly follow far to-night.
I felt so tired all day that when Myrtilla did not want me with her, I lay in the garden-arbor and rested. I was there to-night, weary, shut in by my dreams. I hoped John would call me—he was at the piano with Myrtilla. But Myrtilla came out after me, with a wrap and a gentle reproof for staying out in the chill evening air. Dear Myrtilla, I hope she and John will be blest with perfect happiness. She said my head was hot, and sent me to bed. She did not read last night, for she teased me again to-day about keeping a book of heart-secrets. I have pinned a note to her pillow, asking her to read the "heart-secrets." She will find it when she comes up-stairs, and will read while I am asleep.

"I hope she can explain. I wish John had called me. "Come"—sweet, compelling. I am so tired.

Myrtilla had read rapidly with some wonderment, knitting her fine brows now and then, and with no little gentle scorn. She pondered slightly over the latest entry.

"What can the child be thinking of?" she exclaimed at last. " 'Come,' 'so sweet, compelling'—'voices'? What does she mean?" She stared in perplexity at the little blue-bound note-book.

Then she heard John at the gate and went to meet him.

"Good morning, dear—"

He interrupted her, hoarsely. "Vera, Myrtilla! Is she well? I have been so worried all night. She was out there in the arbor—"

"Why, of course she is well, dear. She was a little feverish last night, but a night's rest will make her herself again."

He turned whiter, ever than before, but said nothing. Myrtilla went on.

"Last night she left me a note asking that I read her journal. I have just read it, and John,—I never saw such a fabric of crazy fancies. What do you suppose is the matter? Read some of it, dear, and help me."

He took the book, gently, and began to read. Myrtilla,
her burden transferred to stronger shoulders, gazed in languid contentment at the distant bay, fathomless blue set thickly with diamonds in the morning sun.

A stifled moan from the man recalled her.

"Myrtilla, Myrtilla! Oh, I might have known. The poor child, all alone—and I did not call. Vera, come! Come." His voice rang out hopefully, but in his face was despair. Myrtilla laid an inquiring hand on his arm.

He turned on her fiercely. "Go, go quickly, Myrtilla. Go to her, it may not be too late."

"Too late? Why, John, are you crazy, too? What do you mean?"

A hurried step at the gate caused them both to start.

"Telegram for you, Mr. Farrar," said the little girl from the farm, breathlessly.

He took it with trembling fingers. His face went ghastly.


"Come, Myrtilla, come. You are going to her at once! Do you hear?"

"To whom, dear?"

"To Vera, Vera. Quickly."

He caught her by the arm, and half forced her into the house, to the broad stairway.

"Go, quickly. Oh, Myrtilla." His voice was agonized in its pleading.

She gazed at him uncomprehendingly a moment, then with a tiny shrug of her shoulders, yielded.

"Of course I will go, dear. Don't be so greatly excited. On such a beautiful morning we should be calm and happy." And with a graciously reproving smile sent back to him, she went lightly up the stairs.

But the man sank into the great mahogany chair and covered his face with his hands.

Jessie H. Nettleton, '10.
FRIENDSHIP.

The friend that feasting brings,
Is for a day;
His friendship, on fleet Pleasure’s wings,
Flies soon away.

The friend that grief endears,
Is true alway;
For hearts, united by the bond of tears,
Are joined for aye.

CLARENCE I. CHATTO, ’12.

THE VALLEY ROAD

Far up the mountain side a woman toiled wearily on. Up—up over the rocky ledges—now stumbling, now falling, but always on—on. At last the summit. All about the undulating, inter-folding hills, a-flame with autumn’s royal crimson; far below the valley crossed by a silver thread of river and a dusty road like a white ribbon. Only one house in sight—her home—for a year. A year? An eternity! she thought passionately, since she had come there—a bride. Her lip curled scornfully as she remembered. It had been just such a day as this—the sky sapphire blue, the air like new wine. How beautiful the valley had seemed to her then in its crimson and russet and gold as they journeyed home in the warm glow of sunset. And later when the pale moon rose from behind the hills to look down upon their joy. That was at first.

The man whose boyhood had been spent in the valley among the hills was content. But she—she had felt herself walled in—barred out from the world by an impassable barrier, from the world with its noise and cheerful bustle and chatter. The unaccustomed stillness frightened her—the great stone face which she could see from her threshold seemed to watch her with a frown. She tried to make her husband understand—he called her timid
and notional, and laughed the matter off with masculine superiority.

Today she had felt stifled—she could bear it not a second longer. So with infinite pains she had climbed the steep mountain side to the crest. At last she was free; on the other side lay the village, there the train to take her away—anywhere away from the awful stillness and the frowning face.

Down there on the white valley road a black speck was moving slowly onward. The woman watched it idly. With a start she recognized the old horse and carriage and the solitary figure—her husband—coming home. She had forgotten him in her mad haste for the mountain top. Coming home—to an empty house. She felt with a thrill of pity how utterly empty it would seem to him—the awful hush. She saw him waiting—listening for her step. Could she go away without a word? Could she go back to the old life of stagnation and loneliness?

Below, the valley was in shadow. The cool of evening crept over the earth—a crow flew across the road with a hoarse cry. The man shivered a little and started the horse to a quicker pace. He was in a hurry to get home to the young wife—to a long evening of dreams before the open fire. How clear and dark the hills against the fading blue. He saw the solitary figure at the top. "Some poor beggar is lonely up there," he thought. "Come, Major, let's hurry home to the little woman that's waiting for us."

The red sun dipped behind the hills and was gone. The woman on the summit stood for a moment—then began the descent.

NELLIE M. D. JACK, '10.

Think not that thy word and thine alone must be right.—Sophocles.
There comes to each of us at times an earnest determination to make his life more purposeful and more worthy, and with this determination comes, too, a realization of responsibility which rests upon us as college men and women to make the most of the opportunities which we possess. That the importance and the seriousness of this responsibility is not adequately appreciated by many college students, goes without question. Many of us forget that our college course is, more than all else, a period of preparation for more serious years to follow, that this preparation will measure the amount of our success and our value in later years.

It is a fundamental principle of life, and it is equally true of college life, that in the end, men and women will reap what they have sown. It is very healthful and quite worth while, therefore, for each of us to examine into himself, and to ascertain what honest effort he is
making for intellectual and spiritual betterment. There are students who must delve mighty deep into their inner consciousness for arguments to justify themselves in the methods they pursue. Habitual absences from class, repeated failures in recitations, hours wasted in idleness, these things made evident by a long list of D's and "incompletes" in one's term-end report indicate that something is radically wrong. We all know this, and if we are puzzled sometimes to account for this inertia and heedlessness, this lack of stability among some college students, we can understand it only by taking into consideration the fact that a college is made up of all kinds of men, and women, that in all the ages there have been certain ones who preferred to bury their talent rather than to attempt to increase it. Why, we know not, unless it be true that they have justified themselves by assuming that too much self-initiative and effort are involved to make the latter worthy of their endeavor. But no undergraduate, particularly if others are making sacrifices to give him an opportunity of enjoying a college education, has a right to neglect his duties, to permit his natural ability to lie dormant or to deteriorate, no one can justly be satisfied with the manifestation on his part of anything, except the best which he has to give. Even if a student be unable to win respect and admiration for exceptional scholarly attainments, for ability in athletics or in any worthy expression of our college life, he is not excused from doing his level best in all his work. He is not deterred from living a strong, clean, helpful life. Fortunately, there are but few students among us who need to be reminded of this. On the other hand, if there be any who are doing their level best, they have, indeed, just cause for honest complacency.

Inertia and failure go hand in hand. If any of us feel that we are idling away our opportunities we should "get right" with ourselves.
On September 17, 1908, one of the best and most capable men who ever graduated from Bates College, passed from the labors of time to the rewards of eternity.

John W. Douglass graduated from the college in 1882, an honor man in his class, and one of its most popular and respected members. Soon after leaving college he became Assistant Superintendent and Instructor in the Industrial Home School of Washington, D. C. At that time and for several years after, Mr. Winfield Scott Stockbridge, an earlier graduate of Bates, was Superintendent of the School.

Mr. Douglass remained in this institution until 1897, when because of his peculiar fitness, he was made agent and executive head of The Board of Children's Guardians for the District of Columbia. In this position, as in all other work which he attempted, he made good.

I cannot better express the esteem in which he was held, than by quoting the words of the President of the Board of District Commissioners, Mr. H. B. F. Macfarland, who knew him intimately, and who said in speaking of his death, "I am very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. John Wesley Douglass, agent and executive officer of the Board of Children's Guardians, which means a loss to the District of Columbia. Mr. Douglass was such a modest public servant, that the community generally may not appreciate the importance and success of his work, especially as all the Board's operations have been so quietly conducted. I have had exceptional opportunities to observe the Board's work during all these years, and can testify that it has been of the greatest value. Several thousand children were in the care of the Board during the period of his service, and were provided with home care, and opportunities wherever it was possible, and in every case given the treatment that was best for them as wards of the Board, and for the community which had to
look out for them. Mr. Douglass did his share of this work intelligently, patiently and sympathetically, and deserves the gratitude of the District."

As a man, Mr. Douglass possessed traits which endeared him to those with whom he was thrown, whether officially or socially. He was easy to approach, kind to everyone, tactful in dealing with people because of his large sympathy, and ever the perfect gentleman. The writer has known him intimately for nearly thirty years, roomed with him in college, summered and wintered with him as the years went by, shared with him the confidence of brothers, and gladly offers to him this tribute of love.

Mr. Douglass was always loyal to Bates and to his native state. Anything working for their interests gave him genuine pleasure. He loved his family, and while he never shirked official or social responsibilities, he found his greatest happiness in his home. He was an ideal husband and father, and a true and loyal friend, a nobleman when tried by the severest tests. The years that he lived here are comparatively few, but the influence of his life as seen in the lives of others, those whom he helped to higher and better things, will go down the centuries.

Mr. Douglass left a widow, who was Miss Jennie Campbell, of Brunswick, N. J., and one boy, Malecomb Campbell Douglass, five years of age. They intend to remain in Washington.

B. W. Murch, '82.

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LOCALS

CALENDAR.

Monday 1—Fourth division Freshmen preliminary declamations.

Wednesday 3—Fifth division Freshmen preliminary declamations. Musical Clubs go to Portland.
Friday 5—Musical Night at Piaeria. Debate and Orchestra at Eurosophia. Literary Meeting at Polymnia. Sixth division of Freshmen preliminary declamations.

Saturday 6—2:00 p.m., Freshmen prize declamations, Hathorn Hall.

Monday 8—Musical Clubs go to Livermore Falls.

Tuesday 9—Musical Clubs go to Wilton.

Wednesday 10—Sophomore preliminary debates begin.

Thursday 11—Musical Clubs go to Lisbon.


Saturday 13—9:00 a.m., preliminaries in broad jump, high jump, pole vault and shot put in gymnasium.

Monday 15—Sophomore preliminary debates begin.

Wednesday 17—Annual Indoor Athletic Exhibition at City Hall.


Saturday 20—Meeting of State Intercollegiate Tennis Association at Waterville.

Monday 22—Final examinations begin.

Friday 26—Spring Term closes.

The Musical Clubs are being well received in all parts of the State which they have entered.

Sophomore debates next. This is one of the strongest links in the chain which pulls debating victories into Bates College.

The new society building, Libbey Forum, will be dedicated this month. All plans for the dedicatory exercises
have not been completed. Mrs. A. W. Anthony probably will pass the key of the building over to the trustees. Judge Spear of Gardiner and George Smith, Esq., of Boston, Mass., will make the speeches of acceptance in behalf of Polymnia and Eurosophia, respectively.

The ascent that Bates' debating star took at Kingston last month seems pretty lofty when we consider that Queen's University has a registration of more than fourteen hundred students, and that it holds, as a result of victories earlier in the year, the debating championship over a large section of Canada. Bates' string of seventeen scalps taken from colleges in the United States gives her a position well up among the American champion debating institutions.

Bates-Clark Debate

The most important arrangements relating to the Bates-Clark debate have been made, and definite work has been commenced by the team. The question to be debated reads: Resolved, that it should be the policy of the United States to affect a substantial decrease in immigration. The question was submitted by Bates, and Clark chose the negative. The debate is planned for April 23d and will be held in Lewiston. This is our third debate with Clark. In both of the previous debates, Bates was victorious.

The team which will represent Bates consists of Rodney G. Page, '09, John B. Sawyer, '09, and Stanley E. Howard, '10. Three alternates have been chosen to assist in the work of preparation. These are Fay E. Lucas, '10, John H. Powers, '10, and Frederic M. Peckham, '09.

Lincoln Centennial

With true spirit of loyalty and reverence, Bates closed her recitation rooms February twelfth, to observe the centennial anniversary
of the birth of Lincoln. A committee, consisting of President Holman of the Senior class, Andrews of the Juniors, Robertson of the Sophomores, and Monk of the Freshmen, was chosen to make the necessary arrangements. An enthusiastic meeting of the students was held in Hathorn Hall at eleven o'clock. The college band was on hand with national airs to add spirit to the occasion. Dr. Anthony presided over the meeting.

We were fortunate in obtaining for the address, the Rev. Dr. Henry Blanchard of Portland, who spoke to the students at chapel last term. He dwelt to considerable length upon the critical condition of the country at the time when Lincoln was called to the Presidency, and then with characteristic effectiveness extolled Lincoln's many virtues. At the close of the meeting the Bates yell and three rousing cheers for the stars and stripes were heartily given.

Committee on Education

Members of the committee on education from the State Legislature, with their wives, visited the college Friday, February nineteen. A delegation of students met them at the car and escorted them about the buildings. At chapel, Hon. E. C. Milliken, Bates, '97, and Mr. Stanley, Supt. of Schools in Porter, Me., expressed appreciative sentiments regarding the college and her recent appeal to the Legislature. In the evening the faculty and students tendered the committee a reception at Fiske Hall.

Musical Clubs

For the first time in several years Bates has risen to the occasion along musical lines and produced a Glee Club. Last year a Mandolin Club was formed and their faithful work and modest, yet commendable accomplishments, formed a nucleus for a more complete club this year. Manager Wadleigh,
'09, has secured several trips for the clubs and one is now being arranged, which will probably take place in the Easter vacation.

There are twelve men in the Glee Club, but the material from which these twelve is to be drawn so far exceeds the number that it is impossible to give twelve names which stand out as 'varsity. The following men have gone on the trips: Leader, W. J. Graham, '11; first tenors, H. P. Davis, '12, A. C. Morrison, '12, G. H. Beard, '12; second tenors, R. C. Bassett, '10, L. A. Luce, '10, C. Holman, '09, P. M. Yeaton, '12; baritones, R. E. Cole, '10, W. F. Remmert, '12, C. H. Peasley, '10; bassos, W. F. Morrison, '11, L. S. Smith, '12, H. W. Dunn, '11, C. N. Stanhope, '12.


C. P. Quimby, '10, has accompanied the club as reader. H. P. Davis, '12, has done violin solo work on all of the trips.

The following program has been presented at all places which the clubs have visited:

**PART I**

1 Nostra Alma Mater Batesina,  
   **MANDOLIN AND GLEE CLUBS**  
   Palmer, '11  
   ** Mandalin Club **

2 (a) Tuyo Siempre,  
   (b) The Frost King, (march)  
   ** Tocaben **  
   ** Kenneth **

3 In Silent Mead,  
   ** GLEE CLUB **  
   Emmerson

4 Reading, (selected)  
   ** Mr. Quimby **

5 He was a Prince, (solo)  
   ** Mr. Bassett **  
   ** Lynes **
The Wanderer, (overture)  
*Mandolin Quartette*  

College Medley,  
*Mandolin and Glee Clubs*  

**PART II**

1. The Woods are Bright,  
*Glee Club*  

2. (a) Joy and Pleasure Waltzes,  
(b) Danse di Cupid,  
*Mandolin Club*  

3. There Let Me Rest, *solo*  
*Mr. Graham*  

4. Tow-head's Story of the Feud,  
*Mr. Quimby*  

5. Annie Laurie,  
*Quartette*  

6. Violin Solo, *selected*  
*Mr. Davis*  

7. (a) Merrie Musician, (overture)  
(b) The Toastmaster, (march)  
*Mandolin Club*  

8. Hurrah Bates,  
*Mandolin and Glee Clubs*  

The clubs opened the season with a trip to Mechanic Falls on February 4th. The Portland trip, that to Fort McKinley, was postponed on account of the weather, but the club went to Gray on the following evening, February 25th. The trips this month include Fort McKinley, Wilton, Livermore Falls and Lisbon.

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**The College Quartette**  
At the request of the Boston Alumni Association, the college quartette attended the alumni banquet held on Friday evening, February 19th, at Young's Hotel in Boston. The men who compose this quartette are: Walter J. Graham, '11, first tenor; Roscoe C. Bassett, '10, second tenor; Roy E. Cole, '10, baritone; William Morrison, '11, basso. The quartette also does considerable outside work.
Meeting
Union Society

The literary societies held their union meeting this term on Friday evening, Feb. 26, in the Fiske Reception Room of Rand Hall. Eurosophia society was hostess and provided a very fine program. This consisted of several selections by the College Mandolin Club, vocal solos by Dr. Brandelle and by Morrison, '11, and readings by Pierce, '11, Miss Nettleton, '10, and Miss Hackett, '11. Refreshments were served and a social hour was enjoyed at the close of the program.

Y. W. C. A.
Convention

The Young Women’s Christian Association of the schools and colleges of Maine met in annual conference at Lewiston, on February 12, 13 and 14. The Bates Y. W. C. A. was hostess and a most helpful and inspiring program of meetings was planned and carried out. The conference opened in the Main Street Free Baptist Church on Friday evening, February 12. Mrs. A. W. Anthony presided. Preliminary remarks were made by Pres. Chase and by Mrs. John F. Thompson of Portland. Rev. Raymond Calkins, D.D., of Portland, gave the opening address.

On Saturday morning meetings were held in Roger Williams Hall. These meetings included: Bible study, on the Epistle of James, led by Miss Jane B. Morse of Portland; Faculty and Students’ discussion, led by Miss Edith M. Wells, Student Secretary for New England; and an association discussion of teachers and members of advisory committees, led by Miss Bertha Condi, National Student Secretary.

At noon the conference adjourned to the Main Street Free Baptist Church, where a luncheon was tendered the delegates by the Bates Y. W. C. A. At the post-prandial exercises, Miss Walker, President of the Bates Association, acted as toastmistress. The following responded to toasts: “The Women’s College,” Miss Wells of Smith;
"Co-ordinate Education," Miss Hare of Colby; "Co-education," Miss Culhane of Bates; Song, Miss Grant of Bates; "The School Mother," Miss Putnam of Farmington Normal School; "The Prep School Girl," Miss Weman of Higgins; "Silver Bay," Miss Chase of U. of M.

In the afternoon, meetings were held in the church until 3 o'clock. From that hour until 6 o'clock the delegates were entertained by the Bates Association in Rand Hall. In the evening, excellent addresses were given in the Main Street church by Rev. Robert Codman and Miss Condi.

All meetings on Sunday were held at the Main Street Church. In the afternoon, Miss Condi conducted a special service for women. The closing service was held Sunday evening.

**Bates won the second debate in the series with Queen's University of Kingston, Ontario.** As this is probably the first and only series of international debates, the result necessarily arouses considerable interest. Last year the Queen's team discussed at Lewiston a question of British policy, and it is an interesting fact that this year our representatives debated at Kingston a question relating solely to a policy of the United States. But last year the Canadians defended the existing British tariff policy, while this time the Bates men attacked the policy of the United States, long known as the Monroe Doctrine, and the Canadians were placed in the unique position of defending the policy that only so late as 1895 caused no little friction with Great Britain.

The speakers were: For Bates, J. Murray Carroll, '09, and Peter I. Lawton, '10; for Queen's, S. S. Carmack, '10, and R. M. MacTavish, '09. Colonel Taylor, of the Royal Military Academy, Warden Platt, of the Penitentiary at Portsmouth, and Dean Bidwell, Rector of Saint...
George’s Cathedral, all from Kingston, served as judges. The question was stated as follows: Resolved, that the Monroe Doctrine should no longer form a part of the foreign policy of the United States. The Bates men defended the affirmative.

The Daily British Whig of Kingston summarises the debate practically as follows:

"J. M. Carroll, for Bates College, was the first speaker, and he argued that the Monroe Doctrine was no longer needed for the furthering of the interests of the United States. The country, he claimed, had passed the experimental stage, and now held a position of great strength. In commercial or trade interests there was nothing to be gained by holding to the doctrine, it was not needed to safeguard the peace and welfare of the United States; in fact, in abandoning it certain dangers would be done away with. It was no longer needed in the interests of peace. International Law, and the recognized rights of all nations rendered the maintenance of a special policy unnecessary, and when it had lost its usefulness it was time that it was dropped.

S. S. Cormack, for Queen’s, quoted authority after authority to show that the doctrine was for the best interests of the country, and that it should be continued. The doctrine stood out to prevent foreign encroachment, and it was of untold interest to the country. By it there were certain rights which could not be obtained otherwise. And in the face of all this should the policy be abandoned?

P. I. Lawton, speaking for Bates, spent several minutes in preliminary rebuttal, and then developed the argument that the Monroe Doctrine was prejudicial to the safety and welfare of the country. It afforded grounds to warrant dangerous application by the executive; it was forcing the United States into a position of grave responsibility and peril; it involved the probability of war; and seriously weakened the strategic position of the nation. For these reasons the best interests of the
United States demanded that the policy be abandoned.

R. M. MacTavish, in upholding the negative side, pointed out that the withdrawal of the policy would mean that some of the Latin-American states would lose their independence. And would it be well to lose this independence? It was not right to throw aside a policy which guarded the interests of the country so well. History went to show that the policy was a good one for America."

The rebuttal was given in reverse order, Cormack for Queen's, Lawton for Bates, MacTavish for Queen's, Carroll for Bates.

In rendering the decision of the judges, which was unanimous, Dean Bidwell stated that the opposing arguments were quite evenly balanced, but that the Bates arguments were arrayed in a clearer and more forceful form and were presented in a superior manner. It is gratifying to know that the form and presentation were given first place, especially so because it has become a too common belief that our debaters often win from weight of argument in spite of transgressions against the rules of rhetoric and oratory.

The value of the experience, of interchange of ideas, the marked hospitality and kindness of the students at Queen's should be noted, but to go into detail about these might be trespassing on a field doubtless preserved for a multitude of future editorials.

It was a great pleasure to meet a body of men, so gentlemanly, sportsmanlike and fair, and those who represented Bates are very glad that they were so fortunate as to be the guests of Queen's at Kingston.

J. M. C., '09.

When the fight begins within himself, a man's worth something.—Robert Browning.
ATHLETIC NOTES

Indoor Meet  The annual indoor meet, famous for its characteristic inter-class competition, will be held this year in City Hall on Wednesday evening, March 17th. There will be nine competitive events which will count for points. These events will be as follows: 25 yd. dash, high hurdles, mile run (2 men from each class), high jumps, pole vault, running broad-jumps, shot put, class relay races and potato race.

The trials for the high jump, pole vault and shot put will take place in the gymnasium on Saturday, March 13th. The captains of the class teams are, Wadleigh, '09, Cummings, '10, Whittekind, '11, and Pike, '12. Leaders of the drill squads are, Bolster, '10, of the broad sword drill; Lombard, '11, of the dumbbell drill; Monk, '12, of the Indian club drill. A shield will be given to the winning drill squad.


Capt. Stone and Coach Purinton work with the men daily.
Basketball  The Freshman-Sophomore basketball game was played, as usual, on Washington's birthday and the Sophomores won out by the score of 33 to 27. Bishop was the star of the Sophs, getting seven baskets, while Lovell starred for the Freshmen, with 5 baskets and 7 goals from fouls. The game at all times was very close. At then end of the first half, 1911 led, 15 to 10, and they continued to hold the lead until the end of the game. The gymnasium was crowded. The cheering was constant on both sides. The teams lined up as follows:

1911 1912
Bishop (Richardson), l.f. r.f., Pike
Lombard (Keaney), r.f. l.f., Remmert (Ford) (Brunner)
Quincy, c. e., Lamorey (Delano)
Lovely (McKusiek), l.b. r.b. Lovell
Keaney (Sargent), r.b. Lombard, Lovely, Ford (Remmert)


Girls' Basketball  The championship games in the girls' basketball series will be played during the first two weeks of this month. There have been interclass practice games daily, and the contest for championship honors promises to be very close. The Juniors have lost fewest games in practice, but the other class teams are constantly improving. In our last issue we stated that the Juniors defeated the Sophomores by a score of 20 to 2. This was not the score. The Juniors did win the game, however, the margin being considerably less than that given last month in these columns.

Quae veri simillima, magna quaestio est.—Cicero.
1868 —President Chase recently delivered a lecture on Lincoln before the Lewiston Board of Trade.

1870 —Professor and Mrs. Jordan are to sail on March 4th from New York on the Cunard Liner Carmania for Genoa.

1873 —Almon C. Libby, civil engineer at North Yachama, Washington, is very pleasantly located and meeting with great success at his profession.

1875 —The February number of the New England Magazine contains, among pictures of other prominent buildings of Framingham, Mass., one of the residence of Dr. L. M. Palmer.

1879 —Dr. George W. Way, of Portland, died February 12th from an acute attack of meningitis.

Dr. Walter E. Ranger, Commissioner of Education for Rhode Island, has recently published an interesting pamphlet for the use of the schools in celebrating Lincoln's Birthday. He has sent a copy of this pamphlet to Coram Library.

1881 —Hon. Reuel Robinson, of Camden, has presented to Coram Library a book, entitled, "History of Camden and Rockport," which he has recently written.

1885 —Principal J. M. Nichols, of the Deering High School, has resigned his position to become teacher of Latin in the Roxbury Latin School.

1889 —Miss Henrietta A. Given, '89, was married to Mr. Edward Vickery of Auburn, Feb. 4, 1909.

1890 —Dora Jordan, of Alfred, visited the college and attended the services on the Day of Prayer.

1892 —E. W. Emery has been appointed Assistant
Professor of Medicine in Gross School of Medicine, Denver.

1895.—Miss Emily B. Cornish has resigned her position as teacher of reading and physical culture in the Beverly High School, to accept a position as teacher in the State Normal School of Rhode Island, at Providence.

Miss Staples, of Auburn, visited Bates on February 3.

1896—The engagement of Oliver F. Cutts and Miss Eugenia Ayer, of Dorchester, Mass., a graduate of Smith College, has been announced. Mr. Cutts, who is a graduate of the Harvard Law School, was the famous tackle of the Harvard football eleven in 1901. He now resides in Seattle.

1897—Carl E. Milliken, Senator from Aroostook, is a close student of political economy. He has just submitted a bill, providing for a Maine forestry district, and imposing a tax on the owners of wild land for the protection of the forests against fire under the leadership of the State.

Miss Nellie B. Michels is teaching in Danvers, Mass.

1898—Henry S. Goodspeed is a member of the New York Assembly.

Dr. Ralph W. Tukey is now in his fifth consecutive year as a student at Yale University. He is also teaching in the Hopkins Grammar School.

Martha, the younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. Sprague, both of Bates, '98, died recently of pneumonia.

F. U. Landman, Principal of Maine Central Institute, Pittsfield, Maine, gave an address in Augusta, February 24th, before an organized Bible class.

1899—Herbert C. Small, pastor of the Swedenborgian church at Bridgewater, Mass., is reported as having one of the largest churches in his denomination.

William C. Saunders is teaching Natural Sciences and Arithmetic at Harpers Ferry.
Louise Rounds has recently accepted a position as teacher of English in Storer College, West Virginia.

Rev. Mr. Tetley, of Topsham, lead the chapel exercises at Bates on February 11th. Mr. Tetley also had an important paper at the Bowdoin Conference, held in Lewiston in February.

1901 — Vernie E. Rand is Principal of the Millinocket High School.

Frank Perley Wagg is taking a post-graduate course in Education and Psychology at Columbia University.

1902 — Mabel A. Richmond is teaching English in the Warwick, R. I., High School.

Laura Summerbell is taking a post-graduate course in English and Education at Columbia University.

1904 — Guy Weymouth is organizing a party to sail for the Bermudas sometime in April. The party will make a two-weeks’ trip.

1905 — Mamie Ramsdell attended the Y. W. C. A. Conference held at Bates in February.

George G. Sampson has accepted a position as teacher of Physics in the South High School, Worcester, Mass. For three years Mr. Sampson has been Principal of the school at Upton, Mass.

1907 — Mr. and Mrs. William Bottomley have a little daughter, born January 31st. Mr. Bottomley is Principal of the High School at Mill River.

William Whittum, with E. H. Rollins and Son, Bankers and Brokers, of Boston, Mass., recently received promotion, and is now their State Agent for Maine.

1908 — Stella Thomas is teaching in Limestone, Me. Ellen Packard attended the Y. W. C. A. Conference which was held at Bates in February.

Guy Williams visited the college February 18th.

The twenty-fifth annual banquet of the Boston Bates Alumni Association was held February 19th at Young’s
Hotel, Boston. Eighty Alumni and Alumnae from all parts of New England were present. Professor A. W. Anthony, '85, was the guest of the evening and represented Bates. Among others present were Rev. Charles G. Ames of Boston, and Dr. A. W. Knight of Boston. President Chase, who has attended each of the twenty-four preceding banquets of this association, was detained at home by other duties, but a letter written by him was read. F. H. Nickerson, '86, Superintendent of Schools of Melrose, and President of the Boston Alumni Association, presided as toastmaster. W. E. C. Rich, '70, of Boston, gave an appreciative tribute to Professor Rand. The other toasts were responded to as follows:

The College Man as a Unifier and Pacifier,
   Professor A. W. Anthony, '85.
Bates Graduates and Teachers,
   W. E. Ranger, '79.
Bates Graduates in Law and Politics,
   Hon. Scott Wilson, '92.
Bates from a Woman’s Point of View,
   Edith S. Blake, '99.
Bates Athletics,
   Ralph S. Kendall, '06.
A Humorous Sketch of Life at Bates in the Eighties,
   Dudley A. Whitmarsh, '84.

The Bates Male Quartette, consisting of Cole, '10, Bassett, '10, Graham, '11, and Morrison, '12, were present and rendered several selections which added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

At the business meeting, L. J. Brackett, '94, of Boston, was elected President of the Association. Richard B. Stanley, '97, was elected Secretary.

Professor Stanton has consented to be the guest of the Connecticut Valley Bates Alumni Association at their first banquet in April, at Hartford.

The annual dinner of the New York Bates Alumni Association is to be held in the Hotel Savoy, March 13th.
The ninth annual banquet was held at the Augusta House. The attendance was larger than at any preceding gathering of the Club. Professor Stanton was present and greatly delighted his former students by speaking to them in the old, kindly, unconventional way, so characteristic of him. About sixty of the alumni were in attendance. The menu cards were very tasteful and on the outer cover bore a very natural and life-like picture of Professor Stanton. Supt. William L. Powers, President of the Club, acted as toastmaster; and the speakers were, in addition to Professor Stanton, Arthur S. Littlefield, Esq., of Rockland, President Chase, and Hon. Payson Smith, State Superintendent of Schools. The menu was remarkably choice and satisfactory. The atmosphere of the occasion was homelike, and all seemed to be nearly as happy as if in one of the old halls of Bates. The officers chosen for the coming year are as follows: President, Albert S. Woodman, Esq., '87, Portland; Vice President, Ralph I. Morse, Esq., '00, Belfast; Secretary and Treasurer, Lauren M. Sanborn, Esq., '92, So. Portland; Executive Committee, Hon. Carl E. Milliken, '97, Island Falls; Mrs. Ethel I. Pierce, '94, Lewiston; Dr. George P. Emmonns, '82, Lewiston; L. B. Costello, '98, Lewiston; Mabel Winn, '97, Portland; Dr. R. Edwin Donnell, '84, Gardiner; Augustus P. Norton, '96, Augusta.

President George C. Chase, '68, Hon. W. H. Judkins, '80, and Mrs. J. H. Rand, '81, all spoke at the hearing before the Committee on Education of the Maine Legislature, for the bill in favor of an appropriation of $45,000 for a central heating plant at Bates College.

The Bates Round Table observed its annual guest night on the evening of February 12th. About two hundred of the Round Table and friends gathered in Fiske Reception Room, Rand Hall, and enjoyed an exceedingly interesting Lincoln program. The first speaker of the evening was
Professor A. W. Anthony, ’85. His subject was “The Career of Abraham Lincoln.” Among other speakers were President Chase, ’68, who spoke on “Lincoln’s Diplomacy and Statesmanship”; and Professor G. M. Chase, ’93, who discussed “Lincoln’s Literary Form.”

On the evening of February 1st, the Bates Y. W. C. A. held an Alumnae meeting. Mrs. A. W. Anthony, ’01, presided and several Alumnae were present. Interesting letters and helpful messages were read from the following Alumnae who, while in Bates, were especially active in the Y. W. C. A.—Lillian Latham, ’07, Lillian Osgood, ’06, Florence Lamb, ’07, Ethel Hutchinson, ’08, Elsie Blanchard, ’08, Mabel Grant, ’08, Ervette Blackstone, ’08, Jessie Pease, ’06, Mamie Ramsdell, ’05, Florence Rich, ’06, Ruby Hopkins, ’07, Marian Files Jackson, ’07, Wynona Pushor, ’08, Bertha Lewis, ’08, Mary Bliss, ’08.

Thirty-five of the Bates Alumnae from Lewiston, Auburn and vicinity met Saturday afternoon, February 27, at the home of Mrs. George C. Chase, Mrs. J. H. Rand presiding. Mrs. Emma Millett Chase, ’67, Mrs. Jennie North Turner, ’77, Mrs. Eliza Sawyer Leland, ’80, Mrs. Ethelinde Chipman Johnson, ’89, and Mrs. Ethel Cummings Pierce, ’94, told of their college days; Miss Eleanor Sands, ’08, sang; and President Chase gave a short address upon ways in which the alumnae can be helpful to the college. Dainty refreshments were served. The following alumnae were present upon this unusually pleasant occasion:

Emma (Millett) Chase, ’67; Jennie (North) Turner, ’77; Eliza (Sawyer) Leland, ’80; Emma (Clark) Rand, ’81; Henrietta (Given) Vickery, ’89; Ethelinde (Chipman) Johnson, ’89; Maude (Ingalls) Small, ’91; Bessie W. Gerrish, ’94; Ethel (Cummings) Pierce, ’94; Ethel (Williams) Jordan, ’95; Winifred S. Sleeper, ’97; Emma (Chase) Milliken, ’97; Charlotte (Hanson) Files, ’97; Mary Buzzell, ’97; Affie D. Weymouth, ’98; Abbie (Hall) Coburn, ’98; Bertha F. Files, ’98; Blanche (Whittum) Roberts, ’99; Rena (Dresser) Purinton, ’00; Ella (Miller) Chase, ’00; Florence W. Lowell, ’00; Gertrude (Libbey)
Anthony, '01; Georgiana Lunt, '02; Elizabeth D. Chase, '02; Frances A. Miller, '03; Theresa E. Jordan, '03; Edna Cornforth, '03; A. Louise Barker, '04; Bessie (Bray) Stevens, '04; Alice L. Sands, '04; Elizabeth C. Spooner, '06; Alla A. Libbey, '06; Mabel M. Porter, '07; Stella E. Page, '08; Eleanor P. Sands, '08.

EXCHANGES

REINCARNATION.

A master-soul had left its house of clay;
A soul grown great through years of patient pain
And loving service wherein less was gain,
At last before the glorious Dawn of Day
Saw Earth's long night of sorrow flee away.

But list! what words his rapturous haste restrain,
"Oh Soul! wilt tread for me earth's paths again,
And show men yet awhile the Living Way,
Or wilt thou enter now my promised rest?

Choose thou." Then Heaven was still—and to the test
Answered the white soul, "Master I will go;
How rest I here when I might work below?"

So came a kingly teacher to our race,
Who ever walked with God's light on his face.

S., in "Acadia Athenaeum."

"Rank Rebels of the Mind," in Yale Lit, a more or less learned discussion as to the "deceptive" and "slippery" nature of our "seeming right worthy" thoughts, should find many sympathetic readers.

Lolo, a Siamese tale, in Amherst Literary Monthly, is the strongest college-born story that has come to our
notice. From its opening words, "The hunted man crouched low in the tangle of reeds and coarse grass that grew along the little water course," to the end, we are held by the grasp of a master-hand. The author is DeLysle F. Cass.

RUINS.

Ruins moldered to decay,
Lofty columns fallen low;
Dirty urchins run and play
Where the moss and brambles grow.
Feet of children patter on
O'er the grave of priest and king.
What to them the splendor gone?
Sunset comes and curfews ring.

Night casts shadows on the graves,
Sad and lonely seem they then,
While the trembling moonlight waves
Flicker weird to living men.
Night alone mourns all the dead,
Ever holding vigil sad,
When the carefree day has fled
Weaving fancies strange and mad.

C. B. H., '11, in "Bowdoin Quill."

Mark Burlingame's "'The Thunderbolt of Jove,'" and "'Earth—and All,'" in Bowdoin Quill, are remarkably good impressionistic sketches, showing unusual power of imagination and language. We quote a few sentences, taken at random: "'The yellow leer of the African moon began to peer up over the edge of limitless forests, and the evening croon of slave mothers stole into the tangle of the jungle'; 'The voiceless rhythm of the sea-swell heaved to slow cadence in the glinted rays of the silent moon and the shadowed spars of a black ship swung
sinister against the half light of the night sky.” “A horrible black cloud like the shape of a monster mother’s hand clutched down toward the ship.” “The glittering moons went by and the silver sparkle of the nights.” “The spicy air of full-blown autumn stirred in the rustling flames of the leaves.”

Along with several excellent stories, essays and short poems, Vassar Miscellany contains three to-the-point editorials. The subjects are worth noting: “The Mean of Seriousness,” “Misdirected Curiosity,” and “Criticism, For, and With Effect.”

G’ON HOME, GROUN’-HAWG!

G’on home groun’-hawg, shet yo’ do’!
Let dis pizen wintah go:
I don’ wan’ no cold no mo’:
Groun’-hawg, git ’long home!

Don’ yo’ see d’ crocus haid
Risin’ ret up ote d’ baid?
’N d’ red-bress, he dun said,
Groun’-hawg, git ’long home!

Time f’ wahm days, enyhow—
I could stan’ a heap jis now.
You gwine raise a awful row:
Groun’-hawg, git ’long home!

I don’ wan’ no six weeks mo’
Lak d’ ones da’s gon’ befo’:
G’on home groun’-hawg, shet yo’ do’!
Groun’-hawg, git ’long home!

DENIS A. O’BRIEN, ’12, in “Holy Cross Purple.”
THE MAGICIAN.

A while ago I buried deep
Within my soul's recess,
A dream-child doomed to death-like sleep
For want of love's caress.

But Art has touched with magic wand
My dream-child of a day,
And flushed with life, there's no Beyond
Can steal my child away.

JOHN H. HEARLEY, '11, in "Holy Cross Purple."

AWARDS FOR PRIZE ESSAYS.

Awards interesting to students of Bates have been made by a committee of economists for the best essays submitted by college graduates and students. Four prizes in all, aggregating nearly $2000, have been given.

The first prize was taken by Oscar Douglas Skelton, formerly of the University of Chicago, and now professor at Queen's University, Kingston, Canada.

A woman, Mrs. Edward Sherwood Meade, of Philadelphia, won the second prize by making a study of the agricultural resources of the United States. She is the first woman to win one of the essays, but has previously distinguished herself by her scholarship, holding fellowships at Bryn Mawr and the University of Pennsylvania. Essays were submitted from all over the United States.

The committee which awarded the prizes consisted of Professor J. Laurence Laughlin of the University of Chicago, J. B. Clark of Columbia University, Henry C. Adams of the University of Michigan, Horace White of New York City, and President Carroll D. Wright of Clark College. The donors of the prizes are Messrs. Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago.
The announcement of the awards is as follows:

**Class A—Graduates.**

1. The first prize of one thousand dollars to Oscar Douglas Skelton, A.B., Queen’s University, Kingston, Canada, 1900; graduate student in the University of Chicago; Ph.D., The University of Chicago, 1908; Professor of Political Economy in Queen’s University; for a paper entitled, "The Case against Socialism."

2. The second prize of five hundred dollars to Emily Fogg Meade (Mrs. Edward Sherwood Meade), A.B., The University of Chicago, 1897; Fellow at Bryn Mawr, 1897-1899; Fellow at University of Pennsylvania, 1899-1900; for a paper entitled, "Agricultural Resources of the United States."

**Class B—Undergraduates.**

1. The first prize of three hundred dollars to A. E. Pinanski, Harvard University, 1908, for a paper entitled, "The Street Railway System of Metropolitan Boston."

2. The second prize of one hundred and fifty dollars to William Shea, Cornell University, 1909, for a paper entitled, "The Case against Socialism."

Notice was also given by the committee that writers and students who wish to compete for the prizes offered for 1909 will be allowed until June 1st, to make their studies and finish their essays.
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