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THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

O, the Kingdom of Dreams is a silver shore
   By the side of the sounding sea,
Where the spray leaps high with the breakers' roar,
   And the gulls on the winds go free.
There a dream castle stands on a headland steep
   With its minarets towering high,
And the wild, wide leagues of the ocean sweep
   Rolling out to the blue, blue sky.

In this castle, the dream king, waits day by day,
   When the dying sun smiles in peace,
For his dream ships that long ago sailed away
   On a quest for the Golden Fleece,
When they greeted the winds in the sunset glow
   With their gonfalon's flying free,
And the sailors all singing "heigho, heigho,"
   As they steered for the open sea.
"Seek ye not," said the king, "what the ancients sought
   And the poets of old have sung.
Golden ram's wool, like Jason, the Argonaut.
   In the days when the world was young.
Find me happiness, hid o'er the brim of the world
   In the beautiful Isles of the Blest,
Where the banners of crimson and gold are furled
   In the amethyst-tinted west."

Long he waits, till the moon bathes the castle walls
   In a splendor of silver light,
And the moonbeams throng through the somber halls,
   Through the corridors dark with night.
But the ships, far away, o'er the harbor bar,
   In their search, on the moonlit streams.
Still are sailing, and sailing, and sailing far
   From the wonderful realm of dreams.

Never yet has a galleon found the prize
   For the king on the headland steep.
And he fruitlessly questions the Fates, whose eyes
   Guard the pools of the moon-streaked deep;
For the Parcae, unanswering, only brood
   O'er the distaff of destiny.
While the wind softly moans through the solitude
   Of the stars and the silent sea.

L., '10.

IMAGINATION IN ART.

Modern Art, it is claimed, has suffered a great decline
from that of former times, and most of us will, I think, admit that this is true. What is the reason? For there must be a reason. We know that the age in which we are living is essentially a scientific age. The key-note
of science is reason. What, then, is the key-note of art? Evidently it must be that faculty of the mind which develops the inner life, which penetrates the very heart of things,—and this faculty is the imagination. To be sure, in order to attain to perfection, this imagination must be somewhat checked by reason, for otherwise it tends to weakness and ruin. On the other hand, reason, unsoftened by imagination, would deprive life of its pleasure,—and what is life without pleasure? We must consider this faculty of the imagination in two aspects; first as the creative power, and second as the sympathetic power.

It is as the creative power that the imagination exercises its most important function. It endows matter with spirit, and, for this reason, is the noblest of the intellectual gifts bestowed upon us by the Divinity. Every artistic conception depends for its highest elevation of character upon the imagination. By it we test the true artist, be he painter, poet, musician, sculptor or architect, for without it, he cannot make us feel, he cannot pierce our inmost soul. The greatest and strongest imagination is that which reposes entirely on nature. It is universally true that as civilization advances, the tendency is to draw away from nature, and to substitute for it hard, calculating reason. Hence we find that the greatest artists,—Homer, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dante, Raphael, Titian, and Michael Angelo,—all lived near the beginning of their arts, perfecting, and all but creating them.

Reason, indispensable to science, is limited in power, impeded in action, but imagination, indispensable to Art, may soar to Heaven, or descend to Hell; may expand itself into eternity or contract into a moment; finds no height to which it may not venture, no depth unworthy of its descent. It penetrates the inmost recesses of the artist’s heart, impelling him to create, spurring him to accomplish, causing him to be impatient of detail, to hasten to reveal his soul. Imagination is a mood of view-
ing things, which, by its freshness, reveals, interprets, or idealizes them. A painter, for example, sees the light that never was on land or sea until he saw it; but once he has seen it and shown it to us, we can all see that it is there.

Imagination is the unifying power of Art, collecting whatever is needful for the artist’s purpose, and rejecting all that is unessential. It is also the vivifying power, imparting life and spirit to mere material things. Since, then, the greatest works of art of all times have depended upon the imagination, can we hesitate in asserting that this faculty is the divinest of all powers which men are able to put forth?

Let us now consider the second aspect of the imagination,—namely, the imagination as the sympathetic power. Not only is this faculty necessary for interpretation or action, but thoughts and acts arising from it can be comprehended only by a corresponding power. Hence it is that the characters of deeply-imaginative artists present an enigma to common minds. These latter see in the carelessness of detail which is to be perceived in true works of genius, evidence of ignorance only, and not the haste of a great mind to reveal its thoughts. By them the artist is unappreciated in that in which he feels himself really great. Therefore, rightly to enjoy high Art, we must understand the operations of the imagination in ourselves as well as in the artist, for if we do not understand ourselves, how can we comprehend another? True art is not mere imitation, for this leaves nothing upon which the imagination may work. Whistles or bells in music; commonplace phrases or actions in poetry; too many particularities in the work of pencil, brush, or chisel,—can we find anything in these that will appeal to our imagination or sympathy? On the other hand, who has not heard upon the stage tones expressive of joy, admiration, wonder or surprise, which, having all the qualities of a noise, yet arouse our deepest emotions by
reason of their direct appeal to our imagination? The same thing is true of the rigid and irregular lines expressive of passion, and the dingy, mixed colors connected with certain scenes or figures. Thus it is that imagination as the sympathetic power is essential if we would enter into the very heart and soul of those master-pieces which stand for all that is true and noble in Art.

We should, then, since imagination is the indispensable faculty, both for creating and for sympathizing with the lofty and inspiring ideals which underlie Art, strive to cultivate this God-given power that, even if we are not endowed with power to create, we may at least sympathize with and understand the aims and ideals of true Art, and thus derive from life the truest pleasure that it has to offer.

ANGIE E. KEENE, '09.

---

LA PUCELLE.

Farewell ye mountains, ye beloved fields,
And peaceful quiet valleys, fare-thee-well!
Joanna will no more your pathways tread,
Joanna bids to thee a last farewell—
And goes afar to battle for her king.

ALTON R. HODGKINS, '11.

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RECLAIMED.

(A Sequel to "To The Grim God.")

As Laurence Steele turned down the street his heart was lighter than it had been for many a day. He even whistled a gay tune and twirled his cane about merrily. "Ha, Steele, Congratulations," called out Bob Saunders, a member of his own "frat," who knew Lawrence Steele well.
"Ah, thank you," replied Steele, stopping for a minute to talk with Saunders.

"And how soon may we look for an invitation to the wedding?" asked his chum.

"Wedding?" replied Steele, his handsome mouth set. "What wedding? If you mean anything with regard to that little affair of mine, it is all off. I tell you a man of my stamp can't afford to be clung to and hampered by one of these tender, clinging vines. No, the world of business for me and the success I deserve."

"Well, I don't know," said Saunders, "time will tell." And with that they parted.

Early September found Laurence Steele comfortably situated in an elegantly appointed office of the New York bank, whose offer he had accepted. A fine looking man, courteous, conscientious, quick to apprehend, personally magnetic, he soon won the confidence and friendship of his superiors, and was rapidly advanced to positions of greater trust and responsibility.

But ever and anon a little ache would creep in away down in the bottom of his heart and his dark eyes would grow wistful, for there would flit across his memory the eager plans which he with the gentle friend of college days had made for this very winter,—a little home.

But it would not last long. With eyebrows raised and resolute chin thrust forward, he would turn to the many books and papers before him. These, ah, these would help him to occupy that position in the world which a man of his ability and promise ought to hold. Yes, and sometime there would be an establishment. Of course, to rise as high as possible in the business world, one must make social connections also, and a woman of the right calibre is immensely useful to a man in these social affairs. So he, too, bye and bye, would see some woman of wealth, beauty, tact and brilliancy whom he should think it well to make his wife.

Thus the days passed, one differing not much from
the other, each bringing added responsibilities and rendering him of more importance to the bank with which he was connected.

'Twas Christmas Eve. Everywhere joy and gayety rang through the air. The great clock in the office told the hour, five. Steele, with a sigh, rose and closed his desk. Of what were his thoughts this Christmas Eve? Who shall say?

He, Laurence Steele, trusted official of a great New York bank, he, the most popular of all the college fellows of his time, was alone in the world. Who cared whether or not he were happy, whether he were well or ill? Was life worth the living? A year ago to-night he was the loved and honored guest in a simple New England home. A mother and her daughter hung upon every word of his, and he lived only to give them pleasure.

What had he done? It burst upon him with greater force than ever before. What is worth while? Is it prosperity, position, honor, wealth? They are his. Home, love, peace, joy? Could they be for such as he? He had chosen. Would that to-night he might be permitted to choose again. If it were possible for him again to be in the same circumstances as those of the last Christmas Eve, he would gladly resign wealth, honor, position, all, for even a humble home with her whom he loved. His love for Anne he could not deny, and to her, whatever experiences were in store for him, his inmost heart told him he should ever be faithful.

With such thoughts as there surging through his breast, Lawrence Steele stepped out from his office into the street.

By the door through which he passed a demure Salvation Army lass stood holding a box for the reception of offerings for the city's poor. Steele tossed in a silver coin, but noticed her no further. Had he looked more closely he would have seen a flushed little face with yearning eyes gazing after him; but he did not see.
A cry in the street, "Stop them! stop them!" People and teams crowding away from the roadway.

In an instant Laurence Steele has grasped the situation, and thrown off his heavy coat. He forces himself to the front of the crowd, and just before the spirited, maddened horses reach him, he leaps with unerring calculation and seizes the nearer horse by the nose and neck. The powerful beast rears high, but Steele has gripped him firmly.

The pair is quieted. The people crowd about to shake the hand of the young man who has so bravely risked his life to spare harm to many others. But he has fallen, and then they see he has been injured, a deep cut from the heavy bit upon the broad white forehead,—and the blood! how it is covering his strong, brave features!

The crowd made way for a slight Salvation Army lassie who, with a stifled moan, scarcely audible to those about her, knelt by the young man's side and raising his head pressed between his white lips a tiny phial which she held in her hand. Then the ambulance came and he was hurried to an emergency hospital.

A bright warm sun shines into a cheery hospital room, where Laurence Steele lies. A wide bandage covers his forehead and eyes. He has asked his nurse to send for the Salvation Army lass, whom he was told had rendered him assistance at the time of his hurt on Christmas Eve.

With hesitation the lassie enters the sick room and receives in timid silence the words of gratitude from the young man's lips. She turns to leave the room, but a motion from the invalid bids her stay.

"I have somewhat to say to you, if you are willing," said he. "I feel that I can trust you, and my heart is burdened. I must talk with some one, then perhaps I may be at peace. Will you bear with me?""

The maiden bowed her head in assent.

"I have forfeited the love of the purest, sweetest woman whom God ever let live upon earth, that I might
gain wealth and honor for myself. Wealth and honor are mine; but my heart aches. There is that which should be there, but I have it not. I love her, and I need her! I know that I must fight it out alone; but oh, if I could only tell her, just once, how I love her, how I am willing now to give up all I have gained, if only we two might share in common whatever fate life has in store for us. Life? There can be no life without her. O God! I have sinned against Thee. It is Thine to chastise me as Thou wilt. I bow to Thy divine will.’’

His face was radiant. It was the resignation of the human to the divine will; and there was perfect understanding between Him above and the submissive one below.

The maiden’s head was bowed; her hands were clasped upon her bosom, and she knelt there in that bright hospital room, her eyes filling with tears.
At length, ‘‘Laurence’’! she said.
Could it be possible—nay it cannot—
‘‘Laurence.’’
‘‘Anne!’’

G. L. A., 19—.

AN APRIL DAY.

It rains. The drops tap gently on the glass
As if they wish to enter; everywhere
The clouds are gray. Then lo! the sun is out,
The grass is green, and every tree, tho’ bare,
Seems telling all the world that
Spring is here.

RITA M. COX, ’11.
It was a rainy morning in the month of June, just at the beginning of the summer rush of business in our office. The clerks had come in and were arranging their desks for the day's work, when a stranger made his appearance. He was a tall man, dressed in a long rubber coat, which hung loosely about his gaunt figure. His face was thin and seemed almost ghastly in its paleness. His eyes appeared abnormally large, as those of a man who has recently recovered from a long illness, and there was in them an expression so pathetic and yet so patient that it thrilled us with an almost unconscious feeling of sympathy. The man's whole appearance was so striking that we involuntarily paused from our work to watch him until the glass door of the inner office shut behind him.

The next morning Jim, as we soon learned to call him, began work, and he proved himself to be so faithful and conscientious that he was retained month after month until his lank form became almost as much a fixture of the place as the office clock. Yet, even after he had been with us for six months, we felt that we knew him little better than at first. He did not mingle with the other clerks, and on many days would scarcely speak, except for a brief "Good-morning." After a while most of the men in the office gave up the attempt to get acquainted with him, and he would have had a lonely time of it had not a few of us, attracted by his evident need of friendship, made a real effort to bring a little sunshine into his life. He eagerly welcomed our endeavors to help, but only rarely did he give us the faintest glimpse into his life outside of the office.

One day as we were all gathered in the outer hall, just after the dinner hour, something happened that set me to thinking. One of the older men was telling a little incident about his wife and little boy. I stood beside
Jim and, as I chanced to glance at him during the story, I was struck by the expression of the man's face. It was absolutely radiant—the sad gray eyes were eager and full of intense yearning, and his whole countenance seemed transformed. All at once he became conscious of my gaze, and the old look of impenetrable melancholy shut him in again. He colored slightly, and turned away to his desk without a word.

That night, after hours, we had a council in regard to Jim's affairs. I told of what I had seen that noon, and asked the others what they thought of it. There was silence for a time, and then Marston, the man who had told the story that had affected Jim so much, said slowly: 'I believe the poor fellow has a wife and kids of his own in some miserable tenement, and is eating his heart out about them. You fellows know what it means for a child to live in one of those fearful ovens through such a summer as this has been.' Marston spoke tenderly, for he was thinking of a pretty little cottage outside of the city where three or four sturdy youngsters of his own would come rushing down the walk to meet him an hour or so later.

I rather favored Marston's theory, and after we had discussed the matter for a while and finally separated for the night, without coming at any definite plan for helping Jim, I walked slowly down the street thinking of the problems of living that come to every man, and of the great difference in men's lives—Marston, happy as any man has a right to be, and poor Jim, crushed by the weight of some grief of bitterness which none of his friends was able to fathom. All at once, as I chanced to glance through a store window which I was passing, I saw Jim himself. He was making some purchase, and as I stepped nearer to the window I saw that he had before him a number of delicate crocheted shawls of some soft white material. He finally selected one of the finest and most beautiful, and after spreading it out and
smoothing its folds lovingly with those long, slender, white fingers of his, passed it back to the clerk to be wrapped up.

Here, then, was a clue to the mystery. I walked carelessly into the store, as if by accident, and accosted him with: "Why, hello, Jim. Buying a little present for your wife?"

He looked up with a start, and flushed painfully at seeing me. He stammered hesitatingly: "No—I wouldn't call it just that. It's—it's her birthday, you see, and I wanted to remember her."

"'Good idea, Jim. No doubt she'll be delighted. By the way, why haven't you told us you were married, old man?"

Jim made some incoherent reply, and departed hastily with evident embarrassment, leaving me more at sea than ever as to the cause of his strange reserve.

From that, Jim's wife was accepted as a fact among us, though he himself never voluntarily mentioned her. Now and then some one would question him in a half bantering way, which he always took in good part, and he would reply good-naturedly, yet with that same manner of painful embarrassment that he had shown when I surprised him in the store. But in spite of his reticence in mentioning his wife, there was something in his voice when he did speak of her that made us feel that he worshipped her. Every word was like a caress.

Thus things went on for some time. One cold afternoon in December, Jim was absent from the office on an errand, and we were expecting him back at any moment, when a commotion arose in the street—a woman's scream—some one shouting—the sound of hurrying feet. We rushed out, and there on the pavement in the midst of a rapidly gathering crowd, lay poor old Jim, one arm doubled awkwardly under him and his brown hair wet with blood from an ugly cut on his head. Beside him, striving to staunch the blood with one hand, while with
her other arm she encircled a little tot of three or four years, knelt a woman.

One of the bystanders told the story, as Marston and I tenderly lifted the limp form and bore it into a large room behind the office. It seemed that the little child had toddled from its mother’s side out into the street, where automobiles and heavy wagons were continually passing. Jim had seen the little one’s danger before any one else, and in a moment had her safe in his arms.

Then in some way, no one seemed to know just how, as he was stepping from the pavement to the curbing, he slipped and fell. As he went down he had twisted his body so that the child was unharmed, but he himself had fallen heavily upon the stones with his whole weight.

The doctor came, and as he was bandaging the cut and setting the broken arm, we stood outside in the hall, talking the thing over in hushed voices. All at once Marston said in a quiet tone: “Boys, somebody’s got to tell his wife.”

We stared at each other with blank faces. She had been so completely an unknown quantity with us that in the excitement of the moment we had actually forgotten her existence. There was silence for a time, and then Marston said: “Jack, old man, you’ll have to be the one, I guess. You can do it better than any of the rest of us, and besides, you have understood Jim’s ways, and I think you are nearer to him than we are. Will you tell her?”

I hesitated, but the thought of poor Jim’s love for his wife and the memory of the little birthday gift, which had ever since appealed to me as something pathetic, decided me. We found in a pocket of the long, brown overcoat than Jim wore, a letter or two which bore his address, and I set out.

I found the house in a row of tiny cottages in the outskirts of the city. The shades were drawn, and as I walked slowly up the steps, I was impressed by an inde-
finable air of desertion and loneliness about the place. I condemned the feeling, however, as a foolish fancy, and boldly rang the bell. There was no answer, even to a second and third ring. As I stood on the top step, in doubt as to what it was best to do, an acquaintance of mine came out of the next house and started down the street. I called to him and asked him if Mrs. Sanborn was at home. He stared at me in amazement.

"Mrs. Sanborn!" he repeated. "Why, Sanborn isn't married!"

"Not married!" I cried, incredulously. "Why, you must be mistaken."

"Oh, no, he certainly isn't married. He lives alone here, and gets my wife to do part of his cooking. I've known him nearly a year now. Queer fellow, isn't he? Should think he'd rent a room down town instead of this cottage," and he hurried away down the street.

I walked slowly homeward in bewilderment. The whole thing was a puzzle to me. If Jim was not married, why had he spoken to us of his wife? Why had he bought a birthday present for a wife that did not exist? There seemed no possible explanation except, perhaps, that there was some trouble between them which had separated them for a time, and that Jim was trying to bring about a reconciliation. Though that solution would account for some things, there were many objections to it and I reached the office without coming to any satisfactory conclusion.

I found Jim in a very bad way. The doctor did not give us much hope of his recovery, since the blow on his head had been so severe as to fracture the skull. We moved him to some large, comfortable rooms not far from the office, and we all devoted ourselves to him, for in spite of the mystery that surrounded his life, we felt only pity for him. Every night found some one of his fellow clerks at his bed-side. Then, too, we began to remember small deeds of kindness that Jim had done for one or
another needy one—all in a quiet and unobtrusive way. One of the youngest clerks confessed that Jim had let him have twenty-five dollars, to help him out of a scrape; and Marston, with tears in his eyes, told us how Jim had sent flowers when his little boy had the scarlet fever and they thought he was going to die. So, one after another, his good deeds were remembered, and many a resolve was made that when the sick one should be restored to health again, his life should not be so lonely as it had been before.

But as the days wore on we saw that Jim would never take his place with us again. For a long time he lay in a sort of stupor, unconscious of all that went on around him. After a time delirium set in, and he wandered, in his mind, back into the green fields and woods of his boyhood, and now and again he would live over some awful hour of darkness and despair. From this time he sank rapidly, and we knew that the end was near. The last night, I watched by his bedside. At first he lay quietly as if asleep, but later on the sad voice, weaker now, began to murmur incoherently. His long, thin fingers wandered restlessly over the coverlet, plucking with feverish nervousness at the little tufts of woolen, while his parched lips moved incessantly. At times the voice became audible and I caught the word "Mary" over and over again. Then it whispered of broad country meadows with their wealth of daisies, daisies everywhere. Then, poor, weary heart, he seemed to be in the little church, and the sweet music of the old hymns was ringing in his soul; then he was bidding farewell to some one very dear to him, a farewell that seemed to speak of a grief too bitter for human spirit to endure. And after that he fell to babbling again of daisies and of Mary till the pitiful voice at last sank into quietness from very weakness. That night, just as the east was brightening with the new day, Jim died.

We reverently followed him to the grave, and scarcely
one of us did not gain, from that last look upon the sad, white, patient face some touch of inspiration for better, more helpful living in the days to come, and I know that on that day earnest prayers went up to God from hearts unused to praying.

After the funeral, Marston and I had one more sad duty to perform. We went up to the tiny cottage that had been Jim's. We had found a key in the pocket of the old brown overcoat, and with this we unlocked the door. After looking about the tiny hall, we entered the sitting room. It was a homelike place, though cold and cheerless in the waning light of the late December afternoon, and the dust of days lay upon everything. The details of that room impressed themselves so vividly upon my mind that I can recall them, every one, even yet. A small center table, on the opposite sides of which were two easy chairs, was piled with books and papers. On them were thrown carelessly a woman's glove and a beautiful ivory fan. In the bay window were a few humble flower-pots, the plants within them now long since withered and dead for want of care. On the couch were scattered a number of sofa pillows daintily embroidered, and over the head of the couch was spread the very soft, white shawl that had been Jim's birthday remembrance for his wife. The whole room was eloquent of a woman's presence, and yet there was an indefinable sense of artificiality about it. It lacked completeness as the artificial flower, however beautiful, lacks the subtle delicacy of the perfect rose.

On the opposite side of the room a small desk attracted our attention. It was open and strewn with papers. On the writing pad lay a carefully folded sheet of note paper, as if left there by the writer when he sat at the desk for the last time. I opened it and read, Marston looking over my shoulder as I did so.

"Dearest, I have heard you calling me to-day all day long, above all the rush of the city and the sound of
human voices. It is so noisy here in the city, the clamor drowns my dreams sometimes. To-night I can see the country hillsides and the wide fields where the violets and daisies used to grow—the daisies with which you used to heap your lap and twine garlands for your hair. And to think that this year they are growing and nodding in the sunlight above your head—dearest, I cannot bear it. And yet I believe you are with me. Your presence seems to surround me everywhere—to hover over me as an angel’s wings. Only last night I dreamed that you came and sat across from me and that we enjoyed the same sweet fellowship as of old. I seemed to feel the touch of your hand—your breath upon my cheek. Ah, surely, you in Heaven are not far from us here.

"The fellows in the office are very kind to me, and try to help me always. I have not told them about you, because they would not understand. They would think me foolish, I suppose, one who lives in a land of dreams. But, dear, you are not a dream to me, you are a reality and all things else but shadows. You are as real to me as these things of yours that I have here—your glove, your fan, and in the closet in the other room, the bridal veil you never wore.

"I would that I might believe that you are looking over my shoulder as I write, and reading these lines that I am penning to drive away the restlessness and impatience that beset me sometimes. It is so weary waiting—and so long. I yearn for the time when I can be with you again beyond all death and tears and parting. Be near me, dearest, all the way through. I hope it will come soon. Good-bye."

The writing stopped abruptly. I looked up at Mars- ton. His eyes were wet, and my own were filled with tears. At last we understood.

CLARENCE I. CHATTO, ’12.
"Summer’s surely coming,"
Robin Redbreast trills,
"Violets are going
With the daffodils."

R. M. C., '11.

As a winged angel
Through the silent air,
Smiling fragrant Springtime,
Comes to make earth fair.

H. S. F., '11.

A MAYFLOWER.

She came to us on the first day of May—a dainty, delicate Mayflower—bringing with her a spring blessing for us all—a blessing which abides with us still.

Always her nature seemed more flowerlike than human. Her best days were those of spring. When others were filled with the spring languor, our "Mayflower's" delicate little face that had been so pale all through the winter months, would take on the faintest tinge of pink; and her strength would return so that she could search the woods nearby for her "flower sisters."

She had her flower sisters and her other sisters, she said in her quaint way.

The other sisters were the little girl playmates, strong, healthy, rosy-cheeked; yet never too busy with their games to neglect the visits to our little girl in the winter days, when she was confined to the house; and when the warmer days came, with a tender thoughtfulness, they
modified their games and frolics to suit the strength of their frailer playmate.

It was during the last of the cold March weather that one of these playmates was taken ill; soon several of the children of the neighborhood were smitten, and at length a little girl, the especial playmate of our Flower, sickened and died.

We feared to tell her: she had been more than usually fragile that winter and the spring color was slow in finding its way back to the pale cheeks.

But somehow our child learned the sad news. For some days she had been able to take a short walk through the woods, so we did not miss her. When she came in that day the delicate flush that we had welcomed so gladly was entirely gone. An expression that we had never before seen there was on the child's face, but not until night when she told us where she had been did we guess the cause.

She had been to see the other sister who had gone away, she said. The door was open; no one was near just then; so she had stolen in and laid one of her best-loved wild-flowers in the hand of the dead playmate.

We could not reprove the child—she was so innocent in her desire to see her "other sister" once more; but our hearts were filled with a dreadful fear.

So we watched the tint of the Mayflower slowly but surely fade away—fade and deepen again, deepen until it seemed that the lifeblood must burst through the tender skin.

Then one day the crimson flush went away, leaving, strangely enough, only the tint of the Mayflower. And so, on the first day of May, when her "flower sisters" were in all their delicate loveliness, we laid her amid their beauty and their fragrance.

In the sunny courtyard the children were playing. Hither and thither they ran, the patter of their feet, the ring of their merry voices making melody with the soft plash of the fountain. The sunlight kissed their curls with gold-giving lips. Rainbows jeweled for them the fountain-spray. The cardinal flowers nodded gaily at their reflection in the sky-blue depths of the pool. The pansies smiled, dancing in the warm breeze. The very grasses seemed swaying—swaying—to catch whispered messages of other sunny courts and other joyous children.


The old farmhouse on the hill had entirely forgotten what is meant by respectability, if, indeed, it ever knew. Tired of battling against the rains and snows of passing seasons, its coat of paint had gradually dropped off, leaving the clapboards black and bare. The doors, weary of swinging to admit stranger and neighbor, had bidden a last farewell to the creaking hinges and now lounged against the crumbling walls. Many of the windows had lost panes and odd pieces of old garments mournfully stared out of the apertures. About half of the junk from the village a mile away had chosen the yard for a meeting place, and now, in disgust with the heartless world, was shedding rusty tears. Old sleighs, too, and quaint buggies had a fancy for the place and seemed to take delight in vying with the junk-heap in point of fantastic attitudes. The very trees in the orchard, as if in harmony with their surroundings, grew gnarled and knotted and bore small, sour fruit. The grass, as if laughing them to scorn, grew tall and rank and brushed the low-hanging branches of the trees in teasing mockery.

R. T. H., '12.
True

Sportsmanship

For the third time, since her entrance into arena of intercollegiate debate, Bates has been defeated, and Clark College has joined Colby and the University of Vermont in the "Hall of Fame."

It is good sometimes to be defeated, even if we lose through an unforeseen and most unfortunate accident, because an occasional defeat is often a stimulus for future victory, and because, too, in our case, with so many forensic victories to our credit, we have reached a point where we are prone to stake too much on victory itself.

The responsibility of the man who represents our col-
lege in debate is greater than that of a member of any of our athletic teams. The loss of a debate is so unusual, and the preservation of our record means so much to us, that it places upon those who represent Bates in an intercollegiate contest, a greater burden than would otherwise be the case. It may be true, that the dread of being on a losing team, incites the men to greater effort, but it is very doubtful if a team would work less faithfully, if it did not realize that defeat is so hard to bear. This is said with no intention of deprecating the satisfaction and glory of victory, or of discouraging that conscientious, earnest endeavor, without which it is so difficult to achieve success, but with the idea, rather, of calling attention to what the true ideals of sportsmanship should be. What is true sportsmanship? Obviously, it is to play the game for the game's sake, to strive earnestly, play fair, and, finally, to bear oneself in defeat as bravely as in victory.

We now have one victory and one defeat charged against us this year in intercollegiate debate. The men who meet the team from the University of Maine, later in the month, will do their level best to win the third and final contest of the year. That level best is all we ask. Whether they win or lose is immaterial, so far as permanent benefit to themselves or to the college is concerned, the benefit lies in the "game" itself, in the preparation made for it, and in the manner in which it is "played."

Our ideal, as college men, should be to represent Bates well, that, through the gentlemanly bearing and earnest, able effort of her sons, she may always be placed before her sister colleges and the public in a worthy way. Therein lies the benefit to the college. It does not lie simply in the constant winning of victories, success-worship truly, is something to be frowned upon and decried. When the true ideals of real sportsmanship are thoroughly inculcated on a student body, then, but certainly not until then, it merits its own approval, and that of the "outer Philistines who furnish applause."
**LOCAL**

**Sophomore Champion Debate**

The annual Sophomore champion debate was held in Hathorn Hall, Saturday evening, April 17th. The question for discussion was, Resolved, waiving the Constitutionality, that the Federal Government should require industrial corporations employing labor to assume, by means of a system of industrial insurance, risks against accident, sickness and death. The speakers were: Affirmative, Bernt O. Stordahl, Le Roi Harris and Wallace F. Preston; Negative, Frederick W. Hillman, Walter E. Matthews and Robert M. Pierce.

The judges were: Prof. Alfred W. Anthony, Hon. Forest E. Ludden and Arthur J. Collins. They made three awards. The prize of ten dollars to the champion debater was awarded to Pierce. The team prize of fifteen dollars was awarded to the affirmative. The team chosen to debate against the U. of M. Sophomores was Pierce Stordahl and Harris. Harris has resigned and Preston has been selected to take his place on the team. The debate against U. of M. will be held about the middle of May.

**Y. M. C. A. Conference**

One of the most important events in the history of the Student Y. M. C. A. movement in Maine was the Intercollegiate Conference, held at Brunswick, March 12-14. This was the first time the four Maine colleges ever joined in a movement of this kind and shows that the interest in Y. M. C. A. work is increasing. Bowdoin was the host and the delegates were most cordially received and hospitably entertained during their stay. A splendid spirit of good
fellowship existed throughout the conference and college rivalry seemed entirely forgotten. Several prominent speakers and Y. M. C. A. workers were present, whose practical suggestions and stirring addresses constituted a very helpful part of the conference. Among these were W. H. Tinker of Boston, a man very much interested in this line of work, David R. Porter, International Secretary for Preparatory and High Schools, C. C. Robinson, State Student Secretary, F. M. Harris, International Student Secretary for the East, and others.

Bible Study, Social Settlement Work and other branches of Y. M. C. A. interests were thoroughly discussed. It was the aim and ambition of the conference to stimulate an increased interest in Christian work, to place the Association upon a firmer basis than it has had before, and to make it a greater power for good in our colleges.

A conference of this kind will be held annually.

**Saturday Recitations**

It is now certain that beginning with the next fall term, recitations will be held Saturday forenoon, and one afternoon during the week will be given to the students. Although not yet definitely decided, it is expected that the classes in Sciences will be held at the Saturday session.

**Musical Clubs**

The combined musical clubs of the college have made two appearances this term. On Tuesday, April 13, they went to Sabattus, and on Wednesday, April 21, they assisted at the "pop" concert, given by the Social Settlement in New Odd Fellows Hall, Auburn. The club recently sat for pictures and held election of officers for the year '09-'10. Roy Emerson Cole, '10, of South Paris, was elected leader of
the Glee Club. George Edward Brunner, '12, of Plainville, Mass., was elected leader of the Mandolin Club. Leon Alex Luce, '10, of Dryden, was elected manager, and Charles Nason Stanhope, '12, of Foxcroft, assistant manager of the combined clubs. The clubs have finished a very successful season, having given seven complete concerts.

Y. M. C. A. Officers

At a meeting of the Y. M. C. A., Tuesday, April 20, the following officers were elected:

President, Farnsworth, '10; Vice President, Pierce, '11; Recording Secretary, Morrison, '12; Corresponding Secretary, Turner, '11.

The following were elected chairmen of the various committees:

Religious, Howard, '10; Bible Study, Robertson, '11; Missionary, Weymouth, '11; Membership, Pierce, '11; Trains and Intelligence, Ham, '11; Handbook, Quimby, '10; Northfield, Wadleigh, '09; Reception, Peasley, '10.

Lecture Course

The first lecture in the George Colby Chase course for 1909 was given at the Main St. Free Baptist Church, Thursday evening, April 15. The college was fortunate in securing the services of Dr. R. W. Wood, Prof. of Physics in Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md. Prof. Wood's subject was, "Photographing the Invisible." He illustrated his talk with lantern slides, the pictures being thrown on the screen by means of the college stereoptican lantern. The pictures, which were fully explained by Prof. Wood, included photographs of rifle bullets in flight, passing
through glass and other transparent objects with the waves and "splashes" which accompany them. Sound waves in air, splashes of falling liquids, and bursting soap bubbles were also shown.

Dr. Wood is a very pleasing and natural speaker, and appealed especially to the college students present.

The college has provided an additional lecture course, which will be known as the "Vocational Lecture Course." These lectures will be held in Hathorn Hall, on Thursday afternoons.

The first lecture of the course was held April 22. W. E. Ranger, L.L.D., Bates, '79, Commissioner of Education of Rhode Island, addressed the students on "Teaching As a Profession." The lecture was a very interesting one and the students received much helpful information, culled largely from the personal experiences of the speaker. Perhaps the most salient thought which was suggested as one of the elements of the teaching profession, was the point of service.

The second lecture was held April 29. Rev. Roscoe Nelson, A.M., pastor of the Congregationalist Church of Windsor, Conn., addressed the students and a number of interested citizens, on "Transcendentalism of Emerson and Others."

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**Patriots' Day**

Patriots' Day was appropriately celebrated, April 19, by the faculty and students. All recitations were suspended. At 8.45 a.m., patriotic exercises were held in the chapel. These were conducted by President Chase, who spoke on the Christian's Attitude Toward Government. After offering prayer, he introduced ex-Mayor Judkins to the students. Mr. Judkins' subject was, "Patriots' Day." He gave a brief history of the day and of the events which it commemorates. He also pointed out the development of the
nation from the date of these events to the present time.

President Chase then called upon Mayor Morey. In a stirring talk the Mayor gave a justification of the Revolution and traced the events leading up to the happenings of April 19, 1775. During the service the students sang America, and at the close of the meeting let loose their spirit with cheers for the speakers and with the Bates yell.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Tennis

The State Tennis Tournament for Maine Colleges will be held on Bates' courts this spring. Manager Moulton has arranged for the tournament to be held the second week in June, beginning Monday, June 7. Captain Boothby, '09, for three years a member of the 'varsity baseball team, has given up baseball work for this spring and will devote all of his time to tennis.

Baseball

To many who have followed the course of college baseball, the prospects for a championship team this year would not seem exceptionally bright. But, since the title of champion is not always the appendage which characterizes a successful season, we believe, judging from the material that is out and the way which it has worked in the first games, that Bates will have a fast, hardworking and consistent team this spring.

Work began on April 7 on the Roger Williams field
and Coach Purinton kept the men there until Garcelon Field was sufficiently well dried up. The men have been put through the usual routine of batting, bunting, base running and fielding.

There have been about thirty candidates out, so that the task of selecting a 'varsity team is still a big proposition for the coach and Captain Stone. Of last year's team there remain: Captain Stone, catcher; Harriman, pitcher; Keaney, short stop; Cobb, outfield. The Freshman class has brought in much excellent material.

The team had a practice game on Patriots' Day, defeating the local Pilgrim nine by a score of 6 to 3. Harriman, and DeLano, the Freshman pitcher, did the box work for Bates. The line-up for Bates in this game was: Stone, catcher; DeLano, Harriman, pitchers; Carroll, Dorman, first base; Stevens, second base; Lamorey, third base; Keaney, short stop; Conklin, Clason, Cobb, outfield.

The second team played a game against Lewiston High School on April 21, being defeated by the score of 11 to 9. The line-up for Bates Second was: Damon, catcher; Bickford, Hayward, pitchers; Hooper, first base; Ford, second base; Bolster, Smith, third base; Lombard, Buck, short stop; Linehan, C. Clason, Cole and Quincy, outfield.

BATES 3—EXETER 2.

Bates opened her schedule for 1909 by defeating the fast Phillips-Exeter team at Exeter, by a score of 3 to 2. Those who saw the game say that it was a very fast and hard-fought contest. Bates played an errorless game. The result was in doubt until the ninth, when Capt. Stone scored Clason with a timely hit. Bates scored in the first on a double by Clason and an error by Lewis. In the second, singles by Conklin and DeLano netted another run. Exeter scored one in the second and tied in the
third. After that there was no scoring until the ninth. DeLano, who started the game for Bates, showed excellent form, but he was replaced by Harriman, who allowed only two hits. Dorman played a fast game at first for Bates.

The score:

**BATES**

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**EXETER**

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Track

Track work at Bates has received an impetus such as never before stimulated that particular branch of athletics here. At the beginning of the term, Williams, '10, found it necessary to resign from the position of track captain. Arthur Irish, '09, was chosen captain and immediately, working with Coach O'Conner, outlined the spring campaign. On Thursday, April 15, a mass meeting, in the interest of track work, was held in the chapel. Roseland, '09, Wadleigh, '09, President Chas., Dr. Anthony, Prof. Pomeroy, Dr. Britan, Pierce, '11, Williams, '10, and Captain Irish, '09, were the speakers.

The respond to the call was a most gratifying one. Sixty-six men appeared out on Garcelon Field ready for work. This is the largest track squad that Bates has ever produced.


From the Freshman class there is some fine material: Pike, Blanchard, Bartlett, Beard, Currier, Ford, Beek, Bickford, Bly, Brunquist, Buck, Cave, Dexter, Ham, Jesseco, Lovell, Nevers, Stanhope, Stevens and C. Turner.
After a long series of futile attempts, the track management of Bates and Colby have arranged for a dual meet, to be held in Lewiston, May 1. This is a fine opportunity for men to win points and get a chance to wear the much-sought-after track “B.” First place in this meet entitles the winner to wear the “B” and wins for him a fine bronze medal. The State Meet is now only two weeks off. It will be held in Orono, May 15. Everybody who can should come out. All who do not should plan to accompany the team to Orono. Spirit in track work is on the ascendency. Encourage it. Make the men feel as if they were doing something which deserves your earnest praise! A good brotherly slap on the back and a word of encouragement means a good deal to a man who is putting his time and energy into work for his and your college. It may be just the stimulus he needs to win the coveted point for old Bates.

Freshman Strength Tests
The physical examinations for the class of 1912 have been completed and it was found that George F. Conklin, Jr., of Roxbury, Mass., attained the highest score for strength tests and general physical condition. The tests of the ten best developed men in the class were as follows:

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</tbody>
</table>
1868 — Grenville C. Emery, Head-master of the Harvard School for Boys, located in Los Angeles, California, has built up one of the most successful and best equipped schools for boys on the Pacific coast.

1874 — Frank P. Moulton was recently elected President of the New England Classical Association, at Boston. Mr. Moulton is engaged as teacher in the Hartford Public High School.

1876 — Rev. F. E. Emrich, D.D., on May 6th, will address the students on the subject of the "Christian Ministry."

1879 — W. E. Ranger, L.L.D., delivered an address on "Teaching As a Profession," in the college chapel, April 22.

1880 — On Patriots' Day, Hon. Wilbur H. Judkins delivered a stirring address, before the Bates students, on the "Meaning of Patriots' Day."

1885 — On April 19th, Hon. Frank A. Morey delivered a patriotic address at the chapel exercises.

1885 — W. D. Fuller, of the United States Weather Bureau, has recently been transferred from the Los Angeles, California, station to Portland, Oregon.

1885 — Frank S. Forbes, who last year graduated from the Law School of the University of Southern California, has recently been elected Secretary and Attorney for the Sunset Land Company, a corporation of Los Angeles, California, capitalists, who are buying large tracts of country land for the purpose of cultivating orchards, vineyards, and the eucalyptus hardwood timber. Besides practising law during the week, Mr. Forbes preaches in one of the Los Angeles churches every Sunday.
1885 —Dr. W. V. Whitmore, of Tucson, has recently been re-appointed by the Governor of Arizona, a member of the Board of Medical Examiners, for a term of five years. For the past year he has been President of that body. Dr. Whitmore has also been re-appointed, for two years, Superintendent of Health of Prina County. He is now serving his second three-year term as a member of the Board of Education in Tucson, and has just been elected President of the board.

1887 —A. S. Woodman, of Portland, has been seriously ill.

Rev. Roscoe Nelson addressed the students, on April 29th, presenting the subject, "Transcendentalism of Emerson and Others."

1890 —Herbert V. Neal will be one of the instructors in charge of the summer school of Tufts College, at South Harpswell, this season. Mr. Neal is Professor of Biology at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois.

1892 —Rev. Ernest L. Baker is preaching in Enfield, New Hampshire.

1895 —Mr. W. S. C. Russell and his wife will sail for Iceland from Boston on the Numidian, June 25th, via Scotland. Mr. Russell intends to explore the geyser region and make the ascent of Mt. Hecla. The journey is for scientific exploration.

1896 —Rev. J. B. Coy attended the chapel exercises of the College, April 23.

1897 —Fred W. Burrill has been elected Superintendent of Schools for the Island Falls and Sherman class of towns.

1900 —B. E. Packard has been elected Superintendent of Schools for the Camden and Thomaston class of towns.
1901 — Mrs. Gertrude Libbey Anthony was one of the party who made the trip to Bermuda from Portland.

1902 — Mabel Drake was married, on April 7th, to Eben S. Miller, of Norridgewock. Mr. and Mrs. Miller will be at home after June 15, in Norridgewock.

Georgiana Lunt is substituting in the college library for a few weeks.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Bertha Frances Woodbury, of Auburn, to Willard N. Drake, '02, of Flagstaff, Arizona.

Ernest F. Clason, Principal of South Paris High School, has been elected Superintendent of Schools in South Paris.

1903 — C. L. Beedy was one of the party who recently sailed to Bermuda from Portland.

1904 — Mr. and Mrs. Carroll L. McKusick have a little daughter, Grace Mildred, born Dec. 24th. Mr. McKusick is Principal of the High School at Chester, Vermont.

Egbert Case visited the college recently. Mr. Case is teaching in Hartford High School.

Guy L. Weymouth organized and had charge of the party who recently made the trip to Bermuda, sailing from Portland, Maine.

1905 — The library has just received a very attractive pamphlet, describing a new summer camp for boys, "Sylvaniasawassee." The camp is situated on Lake Abram, Eastbrook, Maine, and is under the direction of John E. DeMeyer, '05. Mr. DeMeyer is Superintendent of Schools at Scituate, Marshfield, and Duxbury, Mass. H. F. Doe, '05, Sub-master of Hingham High School, Mass., is to be the assistant in athletics, and C. P. Durrell, '05, Principal of the Grammar School of Hingham, is to be the assistant in camping.
John S. Reed, who is teaching in Reno, Nevada, is planning to take a summer course in the University of California.

Charles E. Jenkins is teaching in Thetford Academy, Vermont.

On April 18th, a daughter, Eleanor Violet, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Harold S. Libbey. Mrs. Libbey was formerly Miss Helen Channel, '06.

1906 — Ashmun C. Salley, who is to graduate from the Union Theological Seminary in May, will be employed next year in settlement work, under the direction of the University of Pennsylvania.

Alice Rand has been home on a vacation.

Goldie I. Kabatchnick is teaching in Norridgewock.

Frank Thurston visited the college recently.

1907 — L. E. Corson is assistant business manager for the department store of Chandler and Co., Boston.

W. S. C. Russell, '05, and Howard C. Kelly, '03, both of the Central High School, Springfield, Mass., have written a book upon "First Year Science," which is being published by Henry Holt and Co. The Springfield course in First Year Science has attracted the attention of science teachers throughout the country. Mr. Russell is director of the Science Department, and Mr. Kelly teaches the First Year Science.

An association of the Providence alumni of Bates was formed on the evening of April 2nd. Twenty-six Bates graduates were present. Walter E. Ranger, Commissioner of Education for Rhode Island, served as toastmaster. Toasts were responded to as follows:

"Bates Today," President George C. Chase
"Reminiscences of Bates," Dr. William H. Bowen
"Bates Men in the Ministry," Rev. A. B. Howard
"Bates Men in Medicine," Dr. William B. Cutts
"Bates Men and Women in Teaching," Prof. Herbert E. Walter

A constitution was adopted and the following officers were elected: President, Walter E. Ranger; Vice President, Prof. Herbert E. Walter; Second Vice President, Bertha E. Brown; Secretary, Dr. Dennett L. Richardson; Treasurer, Leroy G. Staples.

The following graduates were present: Leroy G. Staples, '00; Fred M. Baker, '89; Miss Ruby E. Hopkins, '07; Dennett L. Richardson, '00; Miss Nora J. Wright, '95; Miss Annie Roberts, '99; Miss Bertha Brown, '99; Herbert J. Piper, '90; Rev. Merritt L. Gregg, '06; C. C. Spratt, '93; Edgar Hanscom, '96; Rev. A. B. Howard, '96; Rev. Arthur Given, '67; Walter E. Ranger, '79; William B. Cutts, '91; H. E. Walter, '92; Robert L. Dustin, '86; Frank Twitchell, '81; Carl D. Sawyer, '03; Maurice Russell, '05; J. C. Sweeney, '04; Walter E. Sullivan, '07.

FROM OTHER COLLEGES

An exchange of professors may be arranged between the Imperial University of Japan and Oberlin College. President King of Oberlin has offered to deliver a series of lectures before the Japanese students in return for a series at Oberlin by a professor of the University.

Registration figures at Oberlin show an enrollment of 1916 students. Besides those from the United States, including 890 from Ohio itself, 16 foreign countries are represented by 59 students. This number includes 14 from Japan; 9 from China; 7 from Turkey; and 6 from India.
Professor Bliss Perry, Professor of English Literature at Harvard University, has been appointed Harvard lecturer at the University of Paris for the year 1909-10. Professor Perry will be the first man not a Harvard graduate to occupy this lectureship.

Dr. Lyman Abbott conducted the morning service at Williams College on April 5. At the Y. M. C. A. meeting in the evening, Dr. Abbott held a question bureau and answered questions submitted by the faculty and students of the college. Among the main topics discussed were immortality; the definition of religion; the historical truth of the Old Testament; and the divinity of Christ. He defined religion as "the life of God in the soul of man," explaining that a man's religion exists in him whether or not he is conscious of it or able to give expression to it.

The University of Washington has inaugurated a special course to prepare students for Rhodes scholarships.

A movement is on foot in some of the colleges to start clubs interested in Aeronautics. Aero clubs are about to be organized in Harvard, Columbia and Toronto Universities.

A recent addition to the equipment of the Mechanical Engineering Laboratory of Technology Institute is a scleroscope to measure the hardness of metals, machine parts and tools.

Professor Rudolf Tombo of Columbia University will give his lecture on "Die Versunkene Glorke," at Williams College, April 23, in German.

The glee and mandolin clubs of the University of California are to take a trip to Chicago at the expense of the Santa Fe Railroad. The clubs will perform for the benefit of the various railroad Y. M. C. A. branches and improvement clubs along the way, and in turn will receive free transportation from San Francisco to Chicago and return,
also meals and the use of a special Pullman car. The trip will take about three weeks and will cover about 5000 miles.

A new course in Naval Engineering will be established at the Institute of Technology next fall. The proposition of establishing this course was made to the Institute by the Navy Department. It will be open only to graduates of Annapolis, ranking lieutenant ensign and lieutenant commander, and application must be made to the Navy Department.

Brown University has entered the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of America.

Moving pictures were taken of the Tech. rush, April 17, by operators representing Keith, of vaudeville fame.

The University of Colorado offers $200 for a college song.

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EXCHANGES

WELTSCHMERZ.

O ye who walk among the darker ways,
   The slaves of Life whose fettered hands must give,
In coin of youth's red blood and toiling days,
   Your payment for the bitter right to live;
Whose darkened brows are stained with unsought sin,
Whose eyes are windows of a night within,—
   To thee the strong love of my heart responds,
Thou suffering God in bonds!

O ye who break your strength of heart and brain
   Against the bondage of the Things that Be,
Who spend a life to loose a single chain
   That weighed and dragged upon Humanity,
Who dare to see, and know, and stand alone,
   And face unfearing toward a black unknown,
Take Thou the worship I pour out to Thee
Thou God who would be free!

ELIZABETH B. DAW, in "Vassar Miscellany."
RELEASE.

Moonlight, pushing the massed darkness back,
Nightwind and tossing pine-boughs, and a plunge
Through zig-zag drifting snow, swirling in clouds
Against your face. No more the deadening weight
Of trust and mistrust measured in men's eyes,
The endless pain of knowledge, and the call
Relentless, still to answer, think, and prove—
One moment, gladness in the wind and night,
And thousand-pointed twinkling of the snow.

H. B. Poole, '09, in "Vassar Miscellany."

AN EASTER LILY.

At Easter tide a pallid-petaled flower
Centred with fleckings of rich, living gold,
Sobered and sweetened by Spring's too gladsome bower,
E'en as the bells their joyful story told.

A waxen, fragile being—so pure methought
The moist, sweet breath with which some saintly nun
Whispered an Easter prayer, deft Nature caught
And fashioned into flower to form this one.

James A. Crotty, in "Holy Cross Purple."

"The Automobile—a Blow to Literature," in Holy Cross Purple for April, is cleverly written. The ode which it contains "In Automobile," a la Horace, is especially touching.

Vassar Miscellany for March has three exceptionally strong stories. Aside from mere mechanical excellence, the themes are refreshingly new.

"College Questionings," in Yale Lit, is a thoughtful discussion of a pertinent topic and well, worth reading. "Alms for Oblivion," in the same issue, deals with an ethical question in a vital manner.
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