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Aldus no more delights thy heart,
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Shines in thy modern story.

Yet queen we own thee, still to thee
Our hearts are fondly turning;
And in thy name, in all art fanes
Bright altar fires are burning.

THE GRAY MAN.

It was late afternoon of a warm day in the early part of May and the lowland country between Chesapeake Bay and the ocean was radiantly beautiful in its fresh new robe of green, a robe such as only early summer brings to the earth.
On a slight rise of ground fronting the bay stood an old mansion, now somewhat fallen into decay, only a part of which was occupied by a family by the name of Hartwell, distant relatives of the former owner.

The "ole mara" had long since been carried up the willow lane, to the family graveyard. A rough piece of slate had been erected to mark his last resting place, and he had been by most people forgotten; but the stories of his cruelty to his slaves, his neglect of his children, and his greed for money were still told among the negroes.

The plantation was very large but Mr. Hartwell, who only rented the place, was a man of moderate means, and, since he owned but few slaves, cultivated only a part of it, leaving that portion beyond the graveyard to grow up into a tangle of briers and weeds. The cemetery itself had been so long neglected that many of the graves had sunk in; the headstones had fallen and some of them were nearly covered by a thick growth of vines and weeds.

All the long afternoon Duncan, the six year old son of the Hartwells, had been playing in the garden, sailing egg shells in the old fountain. At last he wearied of his play and started off toward the willow lane after a beautiful butterfly. On and on he went until the butterfly disappeared and he found himself nearly at the end of the lane, in full sight of the graveyard.

Never had he been inside the enclosure; though he had often gazed longingly at it, he had not dared to venture in alone for fear of the dreadful things that Black Sam said lived in the bushes. Once he had begged his mother to go with him but she had put him off and told him there was nothing there to see, so he had to be content with a view of the place from the lane.

It looked very pretty there today and he did wish there was someone to go in with him. He stood for a long time gazing intently over the wall when suddenly he noticed a man sitting on one of the fallen stones,—a man dressed all in gray whose clothes were not at all like any he had ever seen his father wear and whose gray hair came down to his shoulders. Where did he come from? He was not there a
moment ago, of that Duncan was sure. How could he have come in unseen? There was no other gate except a very high iron one, too high to climb, on the other side of the yard and he knew that it was securely locked.

While he stood staring at the distant figure he saw the man wave his hand beckoningly and heard his own name called in a thin querulous voice. He advanced a step or two and again the man called him. He was at the gate now and could see the stranger plainly. How thin he was, and his face was white, so white!

"Duncan, Duncan Hartwell," came the call a third time and now the child pushed open the gate and advanced slowly toward the man, picking his way carefully among the fallen stones and briers. A few feet from the grave he stopped and looking the man searchingly in the face, said gravely:

"What did you want, sir, and where did you come from? My papa doesn't like tramps."

The man laughed a queer hollow laugh with no mirth in it. "I'm not a tramp my boy," he said, "and this particular spot of ground on which I am setting belongs to no one but myself. I know your father, child, and my visit will bring nothing but good to him if all goes well."

"But how did you get here, sir?" persisted the child. "I've been in the garden all the afternoon and I didn't see you come. The big gate is locked so you couldn't get in that way. What did you want of me and how did you know my name? I'm sure I never saw you before."

"No, boy, no. I never saw you before but I knew your name, no matter how, and I came from a place far away from here. Now, lad, my business is not with you but with your mother. Go to her and tell her that a man who knows her well has a message for her and awaits her here."

"My mamma has company, sir, and I can't tell her now. Please come to the house and tell her yourself."

"I cannot, boy. Go tell her and bid her come quickly."

At this command the child turned and ran as swiftly as he could to the house where he burst in upon his mother who was entertaining a visitor in the parlor. Paying no attention to the other lady, the boy ran straight to his mother and
laying his hand on her arm to attract her attention, said excitedly:

"Mamma, mamma, there's a gray man out in the graveyard who wants to see you. He says he has something to tell you but he won't come to the house."

"Duncan, don't you see I have company now? Don't bother me. Run back to your play. No man could get into the graveyard."

"But there is one there, mamma, and——"

"That will do, Duncan. Go back to the garden."

Slowly the boy left the room and returned to the garden, but the man was nowhere to be seen. Back the child went to the fountain and sat down to think over the matter. What could that old man want of his mother. Over and over he pondered the question, but to no purpose. He was just about to go back to his play when he heard his name called again; and a second time, on going to the place he saw the same man in the graveyard and a second time he was commanded to tell his mother to come there.

Mrs. Hartwell and her guest were still visiting over their afternoon tea when the door opened and Duncan again entered.

"Mamma, that gray man is there again and he——"

"Duncan, I thought I told you to stay in the garden. Now do not interrupt me again."

Again the child disappeared and for a time the ladies were undisturbed. At last, however, a voice, tearful now, broke in upon the conversation.

"Mamma, please come out there with me and see him so he'll go away and not keep calling me and 'sturbing me."

The pleading in the voice was not to be resisted. The visitor tactfully rose saying it was time for her to go. Mrs. Hartwell tried to detain her but she insisted that the sun was down and it would soon be dark and in a few moments mother and child were left alone.

The boy seized his mother's hand eagerly and almost dragged her toward the door. "Come," he urged, "come." They crossed the garden swiftly and entered the lane. The sun had gone and the shadows under the willows on either
side were already beginning to creep stealthily toward the center of the lane.

"There is no one there, Duncan"

"Yes, there is, there on that flat stone by the wall under the willow. Don't you see him, mamma?"

The lady looked in bewilderment at her son. What ailed him? There was no one there that she could see.

"I am not going in there, Duncan, it is too rough and besides the sun has set and the dew will soon be falling. The man, if you saw one, has gone now."

"No, mamma," the child insisted, "he is there now. He is very old and has long white hair and queer gray clothes and sits right where the branches of the willow hang down so low. Please come."

To satisfy him the lady yielded and, lifting her skirts carefully, followed him across the yard to the grave which he had pointed out to her. But still she saw no one. Then to her amazement Duncan turned and said, speaking as if to the stone covering the grave, "Here's my mamma, but she says she can't see you, Mr. Gray Man."

The lady heard no voice reply but in a moment Duncan turned to her saying, "The Gray Man said to tell you he was 'Ole Marsa' the man who used to live here."

'Ole Marsa?' The words sounded familiar; where had she heard them before? While she was searching for an explanation the child was again talking with the invisible person.

"Mamma, mamma, the Gray Man says that he was very rich but cross and bad to his children and when they died he wouldn't buy them any pretty stones like there are in the big graveyard at Birmingham but he just stuck up a piece of wood at their graves and when he got very old he hid his money and never, not even when he was dying, told where it was. He says that if you and daddy will take some of the money and buy some pretty stones and fix up this place you can have what is left.

"Duncan, are you crazy? There is no one talking to you."

"Why, mamma, yes there is. I can see him right here"
'side me. I think it's funny you can't. And," the child continued, "he says if you want to find the money you must go down to the end of the hedge by the wharf and roll back that big rock. You know where it is, don't you mamma?"

"Yes—yes—Duncan, go on."

"And under it you'll see an iron rod just sticking up out of the ground. Then two feet from there in a straight line with Black Sam's cabin, if you dig down fifteen feet you will find a big stone with the letter H cut in one side of it. Three feet north from there the money is hidden in the ground. It's tied up in an old black bag and there's one, two, three—Oh! I can't remember how much of it. Mr. Gray Man," he added turning again toward the grave, "Mr. Gray Man? Why, mamma, he's gone. I didn't see him go. How could he go without my seeing him, mamma? He was too old to climb the gate. Tell me, mamma, how could he?"

A puzzled, troubled look was on the mother's face as she bent and kissed the boy lightly on the forehead. "Don't bother your little head about the man any more, dearie. Hush! I think I hear daddy coming. What will he think if he doesn't find you to open the gate for him? Run quickly and let's see who'll get there first. But don't bother him about the man now," she added.

Mrs. Hartwell had always said she did not believe in spirits, but now the stories she had heard the negroes tell came to her mind and—well, Duncan could not have imagined it all; and he had never heard the stories. But he must not be allowed to think about or to know what it was that he had seen, lest it make him nervous. She succeeded in keeping his mind off the subject through the supper hour, but just as she was putting him to bed he began to question her again.

"Now, Duncan, you must say nothing more about the man tonight; in the morning we'll try to find out where he came from," she said. "I must go down now. I can hear daddy calling. Good-night, dear."

Mrs. Hartwell found her husband on the piazza and to him she poured out the strange story, telling everything that had happened from the time Duncan had first come to her.
"Do you suppose there is anything in it or was it merely the child's imagination?" she concluded when every detail had been given.

"There must be something to it, Dorothy; the child could not have imagined it all. I'll go and talk it over with Mr. Janes and Mr. Bruce and if they agree we will dig for it together."

It was finally arranged that the three men with a few slaves should meet at the hedge the next day at sunset. When the time came Mr. Hartwell directed the work and his face was very grave as he measured off the ground. The marked stone was found as the "Gray Man" had said but that was all. The gold was not there. In vain did they dig deeper and deeper. Yet when the blacks and their disgusted masters had gathered up their tools and departed, Mr. Hartwell looked satisfied.

A few months afterward the Hartwells very suddenly moved away and for two years nothing was heard from them. But one day carpenters appeared at the old house and a number of negroes were seen at work in the graveyard. The neighbors began to make inquiries and soon learned that the Hartwells were coming back to live and were going to fix up the old place with some money left them by a relative who had recently died. Many accepted this last statement without question but some there were who told again the story of the coming of the "Gray Man" and his message, and secretly, if not openly, wondered.

B. F. C., 1910.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

In connection with the rapid development of modern institutions and activities there is suggested a line of thought that the average student is unconsciously overlooking. It is a line of thought that should command serious consideration, but in order that it may not prove too difficult of conception it will be presented in a light and superficial manner, thus
enabling the reader to take at will a mere glance of passing interest or a minute study of thoughtful inquiry.

Our presence in a centre of educational activity would suggest that we consider that very important question of Education. A glance into educational history shows us that the advance of education has been such that the high school boy of today possesses a store of knowledge equal to an advanced teacher of colonial times. We are also impressed with the fact that the student of today must specialize in his work in order to gain a position of great importance. Then the question which confronts the ordinary rustic as he begins his ascent of the tree of knowledge is, How can I reach anywhere near to the top of the tree, if I do not choose some particular branch upon which to climb? This question is easily answered, if the questioner is one to whom the material things of life alone appeal. But consider for a moment the magnitude of the mole hill that confronts a true disciple of wisdom, one in whose breast the only motive for intellectual advancement is the love of knowledge of itself and for itself. Can such a one with justice to his natural impulses and to the multiple demands of the goal in question select one particular branch upon which to climb leaving aside for a mere passing glance all of the other branches? This problem, if considered at a single period and from one point of view does not appear so very complicated or so difficult of solution. But we must remember that, while the tree of knowledge at a period one hundred years ago was of such growth that the harvester could stand upon the main branch and gather all the others into his arms, today it has grown to such size that only the longest arms can bend the more limber branches into reach. Though we may understand how even at the present time a lengthy brain could become acquainted with nearly all the branches of knowledge, yet what hope can the future hold for a similar achievement when we remind ourselves that the tree now the size of a young pine must as it approaches its maturity rival the immensity of a mammoth Sequoia.

We may imagine that intellectual activity will begin earlier in the child of the future. But it is easily seen that
this must cease at the point where the athletic interests of our
high schools protest against the admittance of pupils who
of necessity have to be carried in the arms and who require
the assistance of nursing apparatus. So that at most the
brain of the future can get but a few years earlier start than
at present and the students of the future must watch the tree
of knowledge grow gradually out of their reach. This would
suggest to us an interesting condition of affairs about the
year 2050. Can we not even now see the country theoreti-
cally divided into different spheres and worlds each of which
would represent an advanced growth of some specialized
activity. Can we not appreciate how each sphere, because of
the absorbing attention required for its individual work
would be entirely unknown and unappreciated by every
other sphere.

The incompatibility of the different spheres may be
represented by the following incident.

There was a girl, a Bates girl, a representative of a higher
specialized sphere who got caught out on a rock by the in-
coming tide. The tide rose higher and higher and the girl
shrieked and screamed madly for help. Help came at last in
the shape of a grizzled old shellback, a representative of a
lower specialized sphere, in a flat bottomed boat. The girl
as soon as she saw the shellback recovered her poise and said
in her most affected manner, "Ah, I knew some succor
would come, if I but continued calling indefatigably."

The shellback scowled. "Well, miss," he said, "If that's
how ye express yer gratitood, the sucker'll be durned if he
don't row back without ye."

An extended treatment of a topic of this nature, however,
must eventually lead us into a labyrinth of thought which only
the strongest minds can pursue with profit. Therefore no
student can be condemned who leaves its solution to that final
and inexorable judge of all ages "Time."

J. B. W. '09.
Miss Patricia Harrison was indulging in an attack of the blues, a very unusual proceeding for her, and one which wrought consternation in the heart of her gentle little mother, so that it was rather timidly that she ventured,

"Is anything wrong, dear?"

"Oh, everything in general and nothing in particular. That's just the trouble! If only there were something that deserved the vengeance I'm aching to wreak upon it!" was the vehement reply.

Mrs. Harrison smiled relievedly. She knew her daughter well enough not to be alarmed by this tirade, and she felt sure the sky was cleared when Patricia turned from the window, sighing, "Oh, for an adventure!" and went to answer the bell. She was back in a trice, waving aloft in triumph a small, white envelope.

"It's come," she announced excitedly.

"What has come, dear?"

"Why, the adventure! See, Mrs. Gray's footman brought it!"

"Patty, dear, you are mixing things dreadfully. Please be quiet, and let me see the note."

Patty tossed the note to her, and executed a remarkable and hitherto unknown fancy dance about the little room.

"Now, mother, I'll never say again that nothing nice ever happens. Of course I may go. Oh, wasn't it dear of Mrs. Gray to ask me? Those Christmas Eve parties of hers are always the most delightful affairs of the whole year, for she asks just the right people and that is the only house in town where we can dance. Won't the girls just envy——" But suddenly she stopped.

"There, what's the use! Of course I can't go, after all. I haven't a rag that's fit to wear. Oh dear!" The outburst of excitement died in a wail of disappointment as she hid her face in her mother's lap.

"Why, little girl, hush. I am sure we can arrange it. Just let me think a few minutes. Isn't it nearly tea-time, and you were to try some muffins—have you forgotten?"
Patty rose rather forlornly, and soon from the direction in which she disappeared came the rattle of dishes.

Mrs. Harrison answered the spiritless summons to supper with beaming face but met with no response in the countenance before here.

"It's all right, dear. Do you remember that gray silk gown that I had a few years ago? I wore it only once or twice and it will do nicely for you, I am sure."

Just here she was interrupted by a strangling embrace, and a smothered voice, saying, "Oh, mother dearest, you are a witch! No, no, you're a real fairy-godmother, and when the time comes for Cinderilla to start for the ball, she will expect to see you produce a wonderful coach, or maybe an automobile would be more modern, with a chauffeur instead of a coachman."

So it was settled, and for many days, keen excitement prevailed in the little home. With the aid of Miss Parsons, a prim maiden lady, who plied her needle with a swiftness rivaled only by her tongue, much cutting and fitting and sewing produced a gown which evoked from Miss Parsons the flattering remark,

"There! I just wish Susan could see that dress. You know she works in Washington for—— there, I can't pronounce her name, and I always tell Susan I should think she'd be ashamed to use such outlandish language. Well, anyway, the woman has been making part of Alice Roosevelt's wedding outfit, and Sarah has been bragging like anything. But I guess Patty'll look as pretty as that Alice Roosevelt, and when you get married you shall have a "troosou" a sight handsomer than her's, Patty. I reckon you will keep your eyes open for a Duke or a Prince, eh?"

Patty blushed and looked sweeter than ever. It must be confessed that part of the excitement attendant upon the receipt of the invitation was due to the fact that Mrs. Gray had a fascinating nephew, who had previously evinced a very decided preference for Miss Patricia's society, and that young gentleman was sure to be a guest at the party in question.

All went well, and when the day before Christmas dawned, bright and clear, Patty felt that the fates were indeed kind.
But all at once came a disconcerting thought. "Oh, mother, mother," she exclaimed, "My gloves! I haven't a thing except those old black ones that Aunt Ellen sent last Christmas, and I can't afford any new ones, now. Of course, she will send me some more this year—you know she always sends gloves—but they're sure to be a day or two late. Well, I must wear the old ones, but the finger tips are so shabby. Perhaps I can touch them up with shoe blacking, though, and no one will be the wiser."

"No, dear, I think I wouldn't do that, for if your hands get too warm, the black might come off, and perhaps soil your gown."

Nevertheless, Patty did it.

Evening came at last and Patty was whirled away, not in a fairy coach nor in an automobile, but in a very modest "hack." Once at Mrs. Gray's she was lost in a dream of delight. She adored dancing: the music was exquisite, and Mr. Roger Winthrop, the fascinating nephew, was as charming as any "Prince" of fairy lore.

He had pleaded so hard for another dance that Patty had laughingly consented and as they floated past to the witching strains of a waltz, certain young women, who agreed that Mr. Winthrop "danced divinely," looked on enviously, even as the cruel step-sisters of old.

Suddenly Patty became aware that people were staring at her very disconcertingly. What could it mean? She was no glass-slippered mystery, come in disguise to the ball. The spiteful step-sisters were giggling and her hostess, glancing in her direction, hid a smile behind her fan. Then her partner, stooping to catch a remark, bit his lip and looked sharply away. This was too much. As they passed the open door, Patty stammered breathlessly, "Oh, will you excuse me? I must—get my handkerchief," and fled precipitately to the dressing room.

One glance at the lace in the mirror, and she sank, a miserable little heap, upon the floor.

"Oh, why did I do it!" she moaned. "I might have known the black would come off, just as mother said. Now I've disgraced him and he'll never speak to me again!"
Hastily throwing her long cloak over her shoulders, she sped swiftly down the stairs and out into the night, never heeding that she dropped a long black glove in her flight. She was hurrying blindly on, when suddenly a step sounded close behind her, and a deep voice said, "Patty!"

The Prince had followed his Cinderella.

Elizabeth F. Ingersoll, 1911.

"SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE."

"So it's a college story you girls want, is it," said Jack Manter, turning from his most fetching attitude on the hearth-rug, to survey with the cool superiority of a "college man" home for the Christmas holidays the group of admiring girls who had unanimously dropped in to "see his sister" the moment Jack came home.

"A college story, I'm—wonder what one I can warm over for you this time. Of course there's dozens of stories I might tell you about the fellows—but it's like this, you see. You girls might run into some of those chaps at the frat dances and not one of you could keep your tongue from giving them a dig about the "time you did this" or "when you got caught doing that," and it would be all up with me. You love to hand a fellow a piece of his "past" with so much trimming on it that he has to dig out the fact with glasses and a knitting-needle. But I'll risk it this time—so here goes on the "Diabolical Dissensions of Dickie Dillingham."

"Dick is my room mate, and a better fellow never flunked math. Say, he's so tender-hearted he can't bear to see eggs beaten or cream whipped! And the way he takes care of the Freshies—he's a born nurse! He could write a book on "Care of the Young," everything from diddling them on your knee right down to slapping them on the back. He knows just what's good for 'em and exercise is his strong point. Dick says that it fosters suppleness and agility to chase a collar button on the floor with your nose, and that it cultivates regularity of habits to crow every time the night-hours strike. And he educates the Freshies right up to his
rule. Studied methods all vacation so when he came back last fall as a Soph he was an authority on "What to Do."

The day after the fall term began Dickie and I were in our boudoir and I was helping Dick catalogue the infants, get the number of their room, and so forth, when we heard an extra big thump in the corridor and I put out my head to see a couple of the greenest looking trunks going in next door. So I told Dick he had an addition to his family, and we dropped in a while later to find a husky-looking chap kicking his heels on the edge of a trunk and gazing with the doggiest, most love-sick look that ever happened at six photos of the feminine gender stuck up over the mantel. Well, we could understand that all right, but the queer part was that these six photos were of the same girl, and every one of 'em exactly alike. Looked as tho' he'd swiped the whole set to keep another fellow from getting his hand in.

Dickie stuck himself on the trunk and began staring where the other fellow left off.

"Fine looking girl you've got there."

"M'm."

"Wonder how she gets that Marcel wave—rags, rubbers, wood, tin, celluloid or kids?"

"Guess you've had experience."

"Oh, I can stand a shower-bath. What's your name?"

"Franklin Delano."

I could see right then that Dickie was billing Del for our star-performer, but he didn't say anything. In fact Del was left to dream of his Dinah in peace for two weeks, and after Dick had blindfolded a few dozen of the Freshies, made them feed each other with molasses and then emptied the feather pillows on 'em—and Del wasn't in it—I began to think there was nothing doing.

One noon we fellows were standing on the steps of the hall digesting our dinners, when a little runt of a Jew came round the corner, tore the paper off a big package he had and held up over his head one of those whopping big enlarged photos of the giddiest parrot-girl I ever saw—yellow pompadour as big as a hay-stack, and a bright green peek-a-boo waist with
about 'steen strings of sky-blue-pink beads looped on the front."

"Shentlemen," says he, "I haf here the finest specimen of art-photography ever produced! The magnificent offer we make cannot be duplicated by any firm without their absolute ruin! We make this wonderful offer not for profit but for advertisement! We want our wares introduced, certain then that you will never go elsewhere to be cheated! Observe the wonderful coloring. Every hair on the head is shown in that picture! The expression and tinting are marvelous, the gown a wonderful reproduction of a Paris creation. It is cheap at half the price. The frame alone is worth the money! We guarantee satisfaction. Give me your mother's photograph, your sister's, your sweetheart's and have it enlarged after this picture. No gift will please them better. Don't let this wonderful opportunity escape you! One dollar down and a dollar a week until paid for."

"We fellows stood around pinching the frame to see if it was "all wool" and telling the agent how we wished our allowances had come. Then I saw Dickie give a start as though he'd been called on in Latin. 'Hi there, wait!' he hollered at the agent and made for the door with me a close second. Upstairs he went and began hopping on tip-toe till he got to Del's door. The door was shaking a little and a lot of scared flies were sailing over the transom. That tells when Del is taking his afternoon nap, for he always shakes the dorm with his snores and blows everything movable over the transom. Dick banged open the door, went to the mantel, got a firm clutch on one of those photos and carried it off safely to the agent. I knew that there would be only a "little more slumber, a little more sleep, a little more folding of hands for Del."

"Two weeks later a life-size picture of the mantel-piece charmer done up in sunset colors and locked up in a gilt frame a foot wide, visited our room. She was a Lulu-Tulu! So we gave Del a surprise party. We rigged the pic. on wires in front of Del's door one evening, and when he opened it, we all hollered "many happy returns" and set the graphophone playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." We heard
him give kind of of a gasp and choke and then he grabbed the whole thing, wires and all, into his room and slammed the door. We thought that if we got too close to him we might place our eyes against his fist—so nothing more happened then. But there were “many happy returns” all right. That picture tagged him like a yaller dog. It was waiting for him in his chair at recitations, occupied his place at the eating club, in the morning it would be hanging at the foot of his bed while the graphaphone squeaked “Someone Thinks of Someone,” and in the evening “Sing me to Sleep.” But he swallowed the pill without a word and we were all good friends.”

We fellows were talking over the first frat. dance one evening in Del’s room and Dick said,

“Who’s coming for you, Del?”

“My sister and a friend.”

“You got a sister? Is she pretty? Where’s her picture?”

“Guess she is. Everybody says so.”

“Put me down for some dances, will you?” said Dick.

Now Dick told me the rest of this after the dance was over, so you see I have the inside track.

Just before the dancing began Dick saw Del coming towards him with two stunning girls and one of them was the pipe-dream over the mantel-piece, just as Dickie had thought it would be, and for the first time he felt like crawling into a little hole when he thought of that picture. But he hardly had time to get up a pang before he found himself bowing to Miss Davis and Miss Delano.

“You have the first dance with me don’t you, Mr. Dillingham?” he heard the picture-girl saying.

“Pardon me, but I think I have the first dance with Miss Delano.”

“I am Miss Delano.”

“Miss Delano! Then the picture-girl was Del’s sister!”

“Well,” said Dickie, to me, “If I didn’t feel like a peanut! All I could do was look at my patent leathers and I could see my face in ’em looking like a red-hot stove-lid. I danced with her somehow and all the time I kept thinking what a skunk I was and what a rotten thing that picture
affair was. The next thing in line for me was an apology, so I began.

"Rather warm."

"Yes."

"Awfully warm."

"Yes."

"Beastly warm."

“She didn’t say anything so I had to start again.”

“Miss Delano. I–you–he–we–you–they–”

“Is this a lesson in grammar,” said she.

And then Dickie managed somehow to tell her what a fool he thought himself and how he had no idea that a fellow would ever have six pictures of his sister in his room. Then she told him that she had made a bet with her brother that he would never have the spunk to keep six pictures of her in his room over the mantel, and stand all the guying he would get, without telling who it was.

“But six photos of his sister,” said Dickie, “That’s too much!”

“But why does it seem so much worse to you to humiliate your chum’s sister than to humiliate his girl, as you thought you were doing?” said Miss Delano.

“Well, I hadn’t seen you then,” Dick admitted, lamely, “And you’ll dance with me again, won’t you?”

A little later Dick and Miss Delano ran into Del and his friend, Del was grinning like a Cheshire cat on the fence.

“How are you enjoying it, sis,” he asked, giving Dick the eye.

“Oh, splendidly!” said Miss Delano, “and, Franklin, since you’ve been so dandy about keeping that wager of ours I’ve decided to lessen that line of photos by one—in favor of Mr. Dillingham.”

A. D. ’08.
The New Year with its good resolutions and renewed aspirations has come bringing in its train a general shifting of responsibilities in various avenues of life. Among the many changes good and indifferent comes a change in the editorial board of the STUDENT. So regularly has each succeeding board of editors announced their high aims for the management of the STUDENT that the average reader could predict, at least with the accuracy of the Weather Bureau, what the editors for 1908 have to promise in the line of new methods and increased literary merit. To avoid innovations the editors this year will in a measure follow the paths of their predecessors. Subscribers doubtless noted with pleasure the increase in the number of pages in the STUDENT last year and the consequent growth of the local and literary departments. That the present editorial board desires to maintain the same standard of size and value needs no formal utterance. The problem that concerns us, however, is one that respects quality rather than quantity. We hope to enlist the active co-operation of the students in making the college magazine of a high literary standard. We shall also attempt to secure for the STUDENT several contributions from the alumni. No parts of the magazine last year were read with greater interest than those written by Bates graduates. In what better way can the alumni exert a helpful influence in the college than
through the columns of the Student? If plans now developing are successfully completed the Student must soon stand on its merits as a purely literary magazine. How important the growth in variety and value of the literary department during the present year becomes in view of this fact can not be too well realized by those interested in the Student and its continued usefulness to Bates College.

The New Paper The students, alumni, and friends of Bates have in the past manifested an active interest in the discussions relative to the advisability of publishing a weekly paper. This growing interest has culminated in the presentation of carefully constructed plans. In general these plans provide for the new periodical to start with the beginning of the next college year. The Student, also, would commence new issues at that time. The editorial boards would be independent of each other and would consist of representatives from the three upper classes, appointed early in the summer term. The business management of both periodicals would be under the direction of one man.

The new paper would confine itself to the publication of current events and discussions which would be of special interest to all friends of the college. This would necessitate a change in the Student which would then devote its pages to work of a purely literary character.

The faculty after most careful consideration have heartily endorsed this plan. Only a manifestation on the part of the students and alumni of their willingness to support such an undertaking is needed to put this plan into successful operation. Some expression from those interested is earnestly requested by the editors of the Student.

The Vacation The thinned ranks of the student body so noticeable at the opening of the present term have again brought us face to face with the question, Is a long vacation between the fall and spring terms for the best interests of the college? The long vacation has without
doubt accomplished the purpose of affording students an opportunity of bettering their financial conditions by teaching. Not only is the experience thus obtained invaluable to those who intend to choose teaching as a profession, but some are probably led to choose this as a profession because of these long vacations. The majority of the student body do not care to engage in teaching, however, and depend upon the summer months to earn the necessary money to help them through the coming school year. To these the extra weeks, which would be added to their working period, if the winter vacation was of ordinary length, are as valuable as they are in winter to the teaching portion. Of more importance still is the undeniable loss which the college itself sustains through the continuance of long winter vacations. While a careful consideration of this question would not necessarily bring about any changes it would at least do no harm.

**Need of Prizes**

While the students have ever generously contributed works of high literary merit to the columns of the Student, owing to the lack of proper incentive there has always been a dearth of material of the right character. The prizes offered last year by two of our generous alumni for poems and stories was of great assistance in remedying this condition. To maintain the high standard of our magazine and assure its increased literary value the editors find such a substantial aid almost imperative. Contributions which would provide suitable prizes for the present year or much better still a permanent endowment fund would be of inestimable value to the Student's interests.

**Book Reviews**

What have you read during vacation? What are some of the valuable new books published in the last few weeks or months? Give us the benefit of your experience. We in college who have a very limited time for reading, outside of that required, want to
read the best there is. If an especially helpful new book appears we want to know about it. For this reason the editors of the STUDENT desire to give a little space each month to short book reviews. We hope that contributions from faculty and students will be forthcoming for the next issue.
The time for ringing the rising bell has been changed from 7.00 to 6.45 A. M.

Linwood Jordan, '10, has left college to go into business with his brother in Portland.

After an absence of nearly a year on account of illness, Miss Jessie H. Nettleton, formerly of the class of 1909, has returned to take up work with the class of 1910.

A committee has recently been appointed from the faculty to procure a new official bulletin board. This board will be placed on the back side of the large glass panels in the door in the front entrance to Hathorn Hall and will be a receptacle for all faculty notices.

The fire extinguishers have been replenished in all college buildings. Fire escapes are to be put up on Parker Hall immediately.

The course in Mechanical Drawing for Freshmen has been opened as an elective for Sophomores.

It has been found impossible to flood the ice rink thus far. The only possible way now seems to be connection with the city hydrant.

The new corners on the running track are a great benefit. The sprinters find little trouble now in hitting up a fast clip.

The New Carnegie Science Building

Andrew Carnegie, the noted philanthropist, has recently offered to construct for Bates, her much needed new Science Laboratory. He has offered to give $50,000 for the construction of such a building. He requires that Bates shall raise a similar amount for the support of the Science Department. President Chase has already started to raise the proposed amount.
Ivy Day Speakers

Junior speakers for Ivy Day are as follows: Orator, Rodney Page; toastmaster, Joseph Wadleigh; poet, Miss Grace Holbrook; odists, Misses Iola Walker and Mary Hardie. The following toasts have been assigned: Cochrane, "Our Debaters;" Sawyer, "Our Athletics;" Lancaster, "Our Girls;" Miss Brown, "The Faculty;" Miss A. Grant, "Our Boys;" Miss Clason, "Our Class."

Freshmen

Rehearsals have begun for freshmen declamations. The newly appointed assistants, Cate, '08, and Miss Sprague, '08, are having charge of the preliminary rehearsals.

Students Out

The following students are out of college teaching for the first few weeks of this term:

From the Senior Class:
Katherine Little, Naples, Me.; Mary C. Burke, W. Gardiner; Lillian Annis, Wayne; Elisabeth Anthony, substituting as English Instructor at Foxcroft Academy, Foxcroft; Margurite Clifford, Strong; Eva Wentworth, Prospect Harbor; Julia Murphy, Leeds Junction; Floyd Burnell, Exeter; Harry Goodwin, Lincoln.

From the Junior Class:
H. Claude Miller, Gardiner; George Jack Rangeley; Ralph G. Reed, Cornish; Rodney G. Page, Waldoboro; Louis B. Woodward, Franklin; Charles L. Harris, N. Searsmont; Dana Jordan, Brownfield; W. P. Ames, Marshfield, Mass.; Clinton D. Park, St. Albans; Florence Hunt, Clinton; Grace E. Haines, Hebron; Agnes Fogg, E. Raymond; Agnes Grant, St. Albans.

From the Sophomore Class:
W. H. Buer, Litchfield; Winnefred Bowman, Prospect; Reginald Harmon, Wentworth Location; Carl Holman, Wilton; Cyrus Kendrick, Litchfield; Charles E. Merrill, Jefferson; John H. Powers, Anson; Fay E. Lucas, Belgrade; A. S. Morse, Alfred; Ida B. Kemp, West Pownal; Anna B. Longfellow, China; Marion L. Hamilton, Belgrade; Alice Burnham, Poland; Florence Pinkham, Whitefield; Nellie Nutting, Harrison; Nellie Jack, Minot; Florence Roberts Wales; Elsie Crockett, Belgrade.
From the Freshman Class:

Frederick Weymouth, Troy; Austin R. Ham, Benton; Richard Norriss, Livermore; Fred C. McKenney, Boothbay; F. R. Steward, Boothbay; S. Elsie Hayes, Barrington; Alberta Marr, Pemequid Point, Francena Quimby, Hebron.

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**Freshman Class Officers**
The freshman class has made the following permanent election of class officers: President, Turner; vice-president, Strout; secretary, Miss Lowe; treasurer, Robertson; executive committee, chairman, F. Clason, Pierce, Brown, Miss Dwyer, Miss Leard.

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**Debates**
Arrangements for three intercollegiate debates are now under way. The annual debate with Clark College will probably be held in Worcester, Mass., sometime during the last week of April. If final arrangements are completed Clark will submit the question, giving Bates the choice of sides.

An invitation to debate was received from University of Vermont last term. After some deliberation the Debating Council accepted the invitation. Final arrangements have not yet been completed, Bates is now awaiting suggestions from U. of V.

A third debate is being arranged with Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario. Arrangements for this debate are somewhat complicated at present. Queen's has proposed that the teams in this debate shall each consist of two men instead of three. A team of two men will be a new departure here at Bates, but probably a satisfactory agreement can be reached. Queen's also proposes to debate in Lewiston in May and that Bates shall return the debate in Kingston next November.

The men who will represent Bates in these debates have not been fully decided upon, owing to absence on the part of some and because of the unsettled condition of arrangements they will not be announced for a few weeks, a full list of
teams with alternates will be given in the next issue of the Student.

The annual Sophomore debate with University of Maine has not been fully settled. The agreement was made that these debates should continue until one of the colleges wished to withdraw. No word had been received from U. of M. as yet. In case of a debate it will be held in Orono and U. of M. will submit the question.

The Mandolin Club Trip

After several years of non-existence the Mandolin Club was successfully revived last fall. Accompanied by the College quartette and reader they made their initial trip during the first week of vacation. Great credit should be given Managers Oakes and Wadleigh for the success of the tour. The trip included Haskell's Corner, Mechanic Falls and Rumford Falls. Although handicapped by the absence of Brunnett, '11, the remaining members of the club presented a most satisfactory program. The following men were in the club: First mandolins, leader, Oakes, '09, Wadleigh, '09, Loring, '10, Babbitt, '11; second mandolins, French, '08, Tuttle, '08, Moulton, '10. The quartette was one of the best ever furnished by Bates talent. The solo work of Capt. Schumacher, '08, and Tuttle, '08, added much to the program. The men in the quartette were: First tenor, Graham, '11; second tenor, Bassett, '10; baritone, Schumacher, '08; basso, Tuttle, '08. Quimby, '10, went as reader and his work was good. Adams of E. L. H. S., was accompanist.

The following program was presented:

**PART ONE**

1. Love Me and the World is Mine  
   (a) Katie  
   (b) Gaiety Polka  
2. Heidelberg  
3. Selection from "Three Men in a Boat"  
   (a) Director's Choice  
   (b) In the Moonlight  
4. Banderlero  
5. Mandolin Club  
6. Mandolin Club  
   Mr. Quimby  
   Mr. Schumacher
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BATES STUDENT

PART TWO

1. College Medley Quartette and Mandolins
2. When the Bell in the Lighthouse Rings Mr. Tuttle
3. Sombri Mr. Quimby
4. Carry Me Back to Old Virginy Quartette
5. (a) Imperial Two Step Mandolin Club
   (b) The Japanese Love Song
6. Hurrah for Bates Quartette and Mandolins

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Stanton Club The annual banquet of the Stanton Club will be held in New Odd Fellows' Hall, Auburn, Me., early in February. The club is composed of alumni residing in the State of Maine. President John S. Reade will preside over the banquet and post-prandial exercises. The regular business meeting and election of officers will be held after the banquet.

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Among the Faculty It is with much pleasure that we announce the return of Prof. Hartshorn to the head of the English department. Prof. Hartshorn was absent last term on account of ill health. He spent the time recuperating at So. Parsonfield, Me. Mr. A. B. Kershaw who was in Prof. Hartshorn's place during his absence, has returned to his home in W. Newton, Mass. He is teaching in the Allen School for Boys at that place and expects to remain there during the rest of this year.

Dr. Whitehorne and wife spent part of the winter vacation visiting in Boston, Mass.

Prof. and Mrs. Pomeroy spent a week with Mrs. Pomeroy's sister in Allston, Mass.

Prof. Robinson and his mother spent ten days in Brookline, Mass.

Dean Norriss visited her mother in St. Louis, Mo.

Prof. George Chase visited school in Portland, Me., during the vacation.

Prof. and Mrs. Jordan, after spending several days in Boston, Mass., spent Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Bassett, near Dover, N. H.
Dr. and Mrs. Shirley Case will spend this winter in Chicago. Dr. Case has a leave of absence for this time during which he will give a course of lectures before the students in Chicago University on "Comparative Religion."

Dean Howe spent Christmas with his sister and children on Beacon st., Boston, Mass.

Dr. H. H. Britan went to Wellsley College, Tuesday, January 14, to give a lecture before the Physiological and Music Department of that institution. The subject of his lecture was "Music and the Emotions."

Mr. Brandelle spent his vacation in New Haven, Conn. Mr. Ashley was in Medfield, Mass., during his vacation.

The Hunting Trip

Prof. Pomeroy, Dr. Anthony, Mr. Ramsdell and Coach Purinton went on a hunting trip up into Somerset Co. during the winter vacation. That the trip was successful is shown by the eight handsome deer that they brought home. The route of their trip lay to Bingham, from there to Caratunk and from there to Pierce Pond by tote road. They were at the last named place six days. The lack of snow prevented snowshoeing and made careful hunting very difficult. Dr. Anthony has saved one deer and will give a venison supper to the faculty very soon.

Day of Prayer for Colleges

The "Day of Prayer for Colleges" which Bates annually observes will come on the last Thursday in January. The object of this custom is in part to recognize the religious influence which was so active in founding the institution and in part to promote practical religious life among the students.

On this day all college exercises are omitted except chapel and prayer meetings are held in the morning and evening. In the afternoon the students and faculty assemble to hear a sermon, appropriate to the day, by some able minister. At Bates the service is unsectarian and many denominations are represented on the Day of Prayer.
The speaker this year will be Rev. Percival F. Marston of the local Congregationalist church. On account of his resignation, which goes into effect very soon, this will be the last chance for the students to hear this man who has become so dearly beloved by us all, in a talk presented directly to the student body. Dr. Marston has always kept in close touch with the college and he is sure to bring some noble and inspiring thoughts in his address on this Day of Prayer.

Library Notes

Since the December issue of the Student a number of new books have been added to the library.

The following from the Alumni Association:

Founders of Geology, Geikie; Economic Geology, Tarr; Standard Selections for Elocution, Fulton and Trueblood; Southern Speaker, Ross; Author's Readings, Young; Colonial Prose and Poetry, 3 vols., (2 sets) ed. by Trent and Wells.

Also from the Bates Book Fund:

Surveying Tables, Wentworth; Elementary Treatise on Differential Calculus, Williamson; Elementary Treatise on Integral Calculus, Williamson; Elementary Treatise on Pure Geometry, Russell; A Course in Mathematical Analysis, Goursat; Treatise on Conic Sections, Salmon; Elements of Projective Geometry, Cremona; History of Mathematics, Cajori; Elementary Treatise on Differential Calculus, Edwards.

Elements of Practical Astronomy, Campbell; Modern Cosmogonies, Clerke; History of Astronomy, Berry; In Starry Realms, Ball; Tides and Kindred Phenomena, Darwin.

Pioneers in Education, 5 vols., Conpayre; Ancient Ideals, 2 vols., Taylor; Life in Ancient Egypt, Erman; Youth—its education, regimen and hygiene, Hall; Growth and Education, Tyler.

History of Modern Europe, 6 vols., Dyer and Hassell; Selected Documents of English Constitutional History, Adams and Stephens; Modern Europe, Schwill; Growth of French Nation, Adams; The French Revolution, Matthews; The Eve of the French Revolution, Lowell; History of the French Revolution, 2 vols., Stephens; Napoleon the First, Fournier; Life of Napoleon, 2 vols., Rose; Political History of Europe since 1814, Seignobos.

American Nation Series (Library Edit.):

Jacksonian Democracy, MacDonald; Slavery and Abolition,
Hart; Westward Extension, Garrison; Parties and Slavery, Smith; Causes of the Civil War, Chadwick; The Appeal to Arms, Hosmer; Outcome of the Civil War, Hosmer; Reconstruction, Political and Economic, Dunning; Naional Development, Sparks; National Problems, Ford.


The following magazines have been added to the list in the reading room:

A TH L E T I C N O T E S

Freshman Physical Examinations

The physical examinations for Freshmen have been completed. Elwood Stephen Jenness of Dover, N. H., leads the class in total strength and general condition.

The examinations included strength tests of the hands, arms, legs, back and lungs; tests in lung capacity, endurance of bicep and tricep muscles; tests of vision and hearing; and measurements of the entire body to establish relative development.

Each student is given a chart showing his physical condition and development as compared with the average young man. He also receives an exercise book, plotted to show what special work is recommended for him.

The following is the result of the examination taken by the ten best developed men:

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<th>Name</th>
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<th>Condition</th>
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<td>Lovely</td>
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<td>Turner</td>
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Basket Ball

Regular practice under the supervision of Coach O'Donnell and Capt. Schumacher is now being carried on. About twenty candidates are out. The most promising are from the old 1908 team which has held the college championship among class teams for three years. There are several likely candidates among the '09
and '10 men, of the Freshmen, Mahoney, Bishop, Quincy, Keaney and Pierce are experienced in the game and are showing up well. The first scheduled games come Jan. 17 and 18 with Rockland and Rockport. No definite 'Varsity lineup will be given until the Maine college games.

Paul C. Thurston has been elected manager of the 1910 basket ball team. He is arranging a schedule of games and the men are working hard to send out a good team.

Gymnasium

Coach O'Donnell is to have full charge of all gymnasium classes this winter. Coach Purinton is taking medical work in Bowdoin Medical College. Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen are required to take three hours a week of gymnasium exercise.
An informal meeting of the women of the Alumnae Club of Lewiston and Auburn was held Jan. 11, 1908, at the home of Mrs. A. W. Anthony. This includes the ladies of Lewiston, Auburn and the neighboring towns, who are graduates of Bates. It was found that there are 85 woman-graduates within a few miles radius of Lewiston and Auburn, nearly 50 of whom live in the two cities. It is expected that several meetings of this kind will be held during the winter.

1867—Rev. H. F. Wood resides at Woodfords, Me. He is pastor of the Baptist church at Jefferson, Me.

1868—G. C. Emery expects to attend the fortieth anniversary of his graduation next June. Mr. Emery is principal of the Harvard School, Los Angeles, Cal.

O. C. Wendell, who is Assistant Professor of Astronomy at Harvard University, expects to attend a reunion of his class next Commencement. Drs. Emery and Wendell, together with President Chase, are the survivors of a class of five.

1870—Prof. L. G. Jordan recently attended a meeting of the Northeastern Section of the American Chemical Society, which was held at Boston, Dec. 20 and 21. The meeting was held in the new Harvard Medical School and was the first meeting of the kind to be held there. The most important meeting of the session occurred Friday night, when Prof. Boos of the Medical School gave a lecture on "Ptomaines and Toxines." A part of one session was spent in viewing the buildings and laboratories. The new School has one of the best organic laboratories in the country.

1872—Rev. Fritz W. Baldwin, D. D., and his wife have gone to Melbourne, Brevard Co., Florida, to spend the winter.

1874—Rev. C. S. Frost is pastor of the Free Baptist church at Manchester, N. H.

The book on "Introductory Latin" by F. P. Moulton, Bates 1874, mention of which was made in the June "Student," is being largely adopted into the leading schools of Maine. Mr. Moulton is the instructor of classics in Hartford High School, Hartford, Conn.
Augustine Simmons was counsel for County Attorney Young of Skowhegan at the recent hearing given before Judge Cornish.

1875—Hervey S. Cowell, Principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass., was Prohibition candidate for governor of Massachusetts, at the last election of that State.

1876—Enoch C. Adams, Principal of the High School in Newton, Mass., and his wife are in Europe for some months.

J. W. Daniels, Esq., of Boise City, Idaho and his wife are spending the winter in Germany.

Rev. G. L. White and family have moved from Medalia, Minn., to Winnebago, Minn., where Rev. Mr. White is financial agent of Parker College, a Free Baptist College situated in Winnebago.

1880—E. H. Farrar was called to Lewiston, recently to attend the funeral service of his father, Hon. David Farrar. Mr. Farrar is an architect in Kansas City, Mo.

1884—Charles S. Flanders, Bates '84, and Miss Emily Z. Kendall were married Dec. 26, 1907, by the Rev. Dr. W. R. Cochrance of Antrim. Mr. and Mrs. Flanders will reside in Hillsborough Bridge, N. H., where Mr. Flanders is one of the editors and proprietors of the "Hillsborough Messenger."

1885—Mr. R. E. Attwood of Lewiston was recently elected Illustrious Potentate of Kora Temple, Order of Mystic Shrine.

C. A. Washburn is a teacher in the High School at Framingham, Mass.

1887—Prof. E. C. Hayes has just published a memorial volume in memory of his father, the late Professor B. F. Hayes. The book is on sale at the College Book Store, the price is one dollar.

1888—Whitefield Thomson, M. D., made a short trip to Maine recently. Dr. Thomson received his A. B. degree last commencement, thus making him a member of 1888.

1895—F. T. Wingate, has a son, born last August. Mrs. Wingate was Miss Bryant, formerly of the class of '96.

Rufus F. Springer was married Jan. 6, to Miss Lilla Robinson of Lisbon.

1898—Rev. Thomas Bruce, visited the college sometime in December. While in Lewiston he raised one
hundred dollars to aid him in his work at Shiloh Institute, Warrentown, North Carolina.

E. M. Tucker is Deputy Collector and Inspector of Customs at Bath, Maine.

1899—Mrs. Edith (Irving) Leonard is now residing in Jersey City. Her husband, M. C. Leonard, is teaching Physiography in the Jersey City High School.

O. C. Merrill, '99, and Elizabeth Watson Merrill, '02, of Berkely, Cal., have a small daughter, Margaret Hopkins, born Sept. 22nd.

1900—Harold Stinchfield is in the office of Byrne and Cutcheon, 24 Broad St., New York City.

Urban G. Willis is private tutor to the children of Congressman Frank O. Lowden of Illinois.

1901—William K. Holmes is teaching Chemistry and Physics at New Britain, Conn.

Mrs. Caroline (Libby) McNeill is teaching in the Waltham, Mass., High School.

1902—Clara F. Allen has taught for two years in the High School at Collinwood, Ohio.

Arthur C. Brown is principal of the High School at Passadumkeag, Maine.

E. F. Clason married on Dec. 3, Miss Marietta Tibbetts of Lisbon, Maine. Mr. Clason is the principal of the South Paris High School.

Arthur E. Darling, '02, is located at Lynn, Mass., as a practising physician.

1903—Linwood Beedy, '03, recently made a speech before the annual session of the Maine Commercial Travellers, held at Riverton. He also spoke recently before a political meeting held in City Hall, Portland, there being among the speakers several noted campaigners. Another recent address of Mr. Beedy's was on the life of James G. Blaine, before the Maine Association of New Hampshire. Mr. Beedy is assisting Miss Nutt, leader of the Social Settlement work in Portland. He has charge of the night classes held in the Fraternity House on Center street.

B. W. Sanderson is principal of the High School at Mendon, Mass.

H. M. Towne is Physical Director in Knox College, Galesburg, Ill.

C. Allen is teaching in the Grammar School at Gardiner, Me.

1904—E. A. Case, who has been teaching in Kentucky, has been elected to teach in the Hartford High School, Hartford, Conn.
Harry E. Fortier and his wife have a son, born last fall. Mr. Fortier is principal of Dixfield High School, Dixfield, Me.

E. G. Smith, is teaching in the Hartford Theological School, Hartford, Conn.

Miss Virabel Morison is assistant in the Mechanic Falls High School.

Rev. and Mrs. E. M. Holman have a small daughter, born in November. Rev. Mr. Holman is pastor of the Free Baptist church at St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Fred Swan, who has been canvassing Maine in the interest of E. H. Rollins and Sons, brokers, has been transferred to New Hampshire and W. H. Whittum, '07, has been given the Maine Territory.

G. H. Harmon married on Dec. 26, Miss Harriet Sewall. Mr. Harmon is principal of the High School at Penacook, N. H.

**1905**—Harry Doe and Miss Franke Gibbs of Augusta were married Dec. 24, 1907. They are to reside in Hingham, Mass., where Mr. Doe is teaching.

**1906**—Zelma Dwinal, '06, married recently the daughter of Hon. C. D. Newell of Richmond, Me.

Charles P. Stewart is principal of the High School at Deer Isle, Me.

Fred Thurston is teaching Commercial Law in the Manual Training School at Cambridge, Mass.

Jessie M. Pease is second assistant at Traip Academy, Kittery, Me.

Luther I. Bonney called on Lewiston friends on New Year's Day.

Harold Stevens is teaching at Mt. Hermon, near Northfield, Mass.

Wayne C. Jordan, Rhodes Scholar from Maine, writes that he spent the time from Dec. 16 to Dec. 30 in London, going from there to Liverpool, where he attended the English National Y. M. C. A. Convention.

**1907**—G. W. Palmer is principal of the Grammar School at Richmond, Me.

Frank Jackson visited friends in Lewiston during vacation.

Gertrude Irish is teaching in Lincoln Academy, Newcastle, Me.

Lee S. Merrill is an assistant at Leavitt Institute, Turner. Bryant W. Griffin, who was principal of the High School at Princeton, Me., has recently been elected principal of the Bluehill-George Stevens Academy.

S. R. Ramsdell is teaching at Bradford, Me.
EXCHANGES

The "Colby Echo," in an editorial thanking those who had assisted with special music for the chapel exercises, closes with these words, "The chapel service, we fear, does not always mean so much as it should to all the students and were special music heard more frequently there would doubtless be more interest taken in our daily worship."

A short character study in "Bowdoin Quill" entitled "Elizabeth" contains a thought of deep meaning.

"Bryce Raymond's Touchdown" in the same number presents a strong character and is a story of considerable interest.

"In Dijou," from "Mount Holyoke," is a story—strange and wierd—of remarkable interest and originality. "In Short," from the same magazine, is the general heading of a series of sketches somewhat varied in character. Several of these are gems in beauty of thought and expression. One we quote:—

"ONCE A SOUL CAME TO COLLEGE."

"Once a soul came to college; a poor little, gentle, unsophisticated soul. Outwardly it was just a girl like anybody else, and never knew that it was a soul. But it was puzzled when it came to college and found things so different from what it had imagined. For you see it believed in Truth and Beauty and thought all things noble and good. So when it trusted or loved and the foolish People laughed and nudged each other, saying "Gullible!" or "Crush!", the soul felt very much out of place and began to wonder if things were great and good after all. Sometimes it would be reassured by reading its old friends, the poets, and would feel that—

'Beauty is truth; truth, beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'
But again it would feel that those thoughts were only dreams, and it was very foolish to think that they were true.

So the soul tried to forget Beauty and Truth, and soon it grew hard and cynical. Then the People said, "What an improvement in that girl this year!" But the soul would sometimes stop and question sadly, and wonder whether it was right to give up the dream things for the joyless, practical things that the People liked. Try as it might it could not utterly forget the beautiful things it once had loved. Sometimes it would almost surreptitiously look in the works of the poets, half unconsciously searching still for its old belief, groping amid all the material things for one bit of faerie light, pleading for the dream things with longing. And always it found the poets the same. Occasionally it thought it caught a glimmering of beauty, and, almost sobbing with joy, the soul would clutch at it, and believe, that, in spite of the People, it could still love the beautiful things.

And then suddenly a light came to the poor, tired soul, and it began to see. It saw first the new sweet green of the trees and bushes and grass, and heard the new glad notes of the birds, and all the shy, sweet joy of spring; and it began to understand. Soon it began to find the shy, sweet things in people, and then it was glad. It asked no more "Whether?" but with glad assurance turned to the dear, true friends of old and sang,—

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