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November, 1908
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HE WILL USE YOU RIGHT
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THE SHIP.

In revery here by the restless sea,
While the sun's soft rays are paling,
I am watching the sea gulls flying free,
And the ships go sailing, sailing
Far, far away from the headland steep,
Out where the wild, wide waters sweep,
Away out there on the blue, blue deep,
While the sun's soft rays are paling.
With every sail unfurled they go,
Glistening gold in the sunset glow,
Far out where the salt, sweet breezes blow;
Over the rim of the world they go,
The ships go sailing, sailing.

W. J. G., 1911.
Mrs. Putnam put the biscuits which she had been making for supper into the oven and sat down in the old rocking chair by the kitchen window. The drowsy hum of the bees around the hollyhocks came pleasantly thru the open casing and the draughts of fresh afternoon air, sweetly fragrant of new-mown grass, cooled her wrinkled face. The old man in the chair opposite her held out the newspaper which they had handled so much that day—"Ain't you proud of him, mother?" he asked.

She took the paper from his hand and looked again at the picture of her son which adorned the first page, then sighed out of sheer pride and happiness. The black headlines of the Journal stated that Hiram Putnam was to deliver the Fourth-of-July Address in Ashland, the neighboring city, on the morrow. He was the foremost young lawyer in the state, it said, and one of the best orators in the country. Mrs. Putnam read the columns for the twentieth time and then looked toward her invalid husband. "It's just fourteen years, t'morrow, Father, since you got hurt. Didn't look much then as if he'd ever finish college or be makin' Fourth-of-July speeches, did it?"

"Pra'ps he wouldn't if it hadn't been for Abner," the old man ventured meditatively.

"No, I s'pose not," she assented. "'T'was kind 'er hard on Abner to have to stay an' run the farm when he wanted to go so bad. I wish he could 'a had a chance, too."

They heard Shep barking out in the barnyard as he helped his master drive the cows into the tie-up and soon Abner came in for his supper. His broad shoulders were bent by years of hard work, his strong face was tanned and unshaven and his heavy shoes and soiled overalls were worn and ragged. Silently, he washed from his hands the stains of labor, while his mother arranged the table for the simple meal.
"What time you goin' to the city, tomorrow?" she asked.

"Dunno; guess I c'n take the noon-train," he answered wearily. "'Cows broke down th' fence 'tween us an' Kelly. 'Spose I'll have to fix that the first thing in th' mornin'. Then I've got to finish mowin' that piece 'cross the road."

"Wish Ma an' I c'd go," said the invalid querulously. "'Tain't everyone has a son like Hiram."

Abner was unusually quiet that evening and very early he took his lamp and climbed the back stairs to his room. His body ached, for he had worked hard; and there was an ache in his heart.

The orator finished his wonderful address and resumed his seat. There were a few seconds of hushed suspense and then the great audience, which had been held breathless for an hour by the masterly eloquence, burst out in a mighty roar of applause. Higher and higher it swelled, till the noise was almost deafening. Hats and handkerchiefs were in the air; men and boys were waving their canes, yelling and cheering.

Back in a corner by the door a plainly dressed man with a sunburned face roused himself from the spell under which the speaker had placed him as one who awakes from a dream. It was Abner.

"The greatest orator in the country!" he heard a man near him exclaim. With his heart swelling with pride that his brother should rise to such fame, he mechanically followed the crowd out of the hall, not knowing where he was going. They surged down the street, following the carriage which contained the hero of the day. Some women from Moody's Corners, his home, were in front of Abner. Wholly unconscious of his presence near them they were talking. "Isn't he just wonderful!" exclaimed one. "And to think that a man as smart as he should come from Moody's Corners!"

"Yes," the other added, "To look at him you wouldn't
think that he had a brother poking away on an old farm, would you?"

Abner stopped short. All the joy and brotherly pride which the events of the last few hours had given him were gone.

"'Pokin' away on the old farm.' Yes, that was it, exactly; he thot bitterly. There was a time when he had dreamed of being great; when Hiram and he were boys together in the district school. How they had planned and talked about their future! What dreams they had then of the things they would do when they were both educated and out in the great world! But now,—Hiram was a great man, and he was "'pokin' away on the old farm.'"

He pulled his slouch hat down over his eyes and strode off in the direction of the station. Those words kept running thru his mind, "'Pokin' away.'" Why? Because when the father had been crippled for life he had shoulder ed the responsibility of the home. Because when they found it impossible for both to go to college, he had generously allowed the younger brother the chance. Because when his brother was in need of funds to pay for his education, he had placed a mortgage on the home and worked like a slave for ten years to pay it off. And Hiram had not even paid what he owed him. In his ambition to get on in the world, he had seemingly forgotten the brother on the farm who had made his education possible. Hiram would be a great man. Already he was the most talked-about man in Ashland. He came out to the old home occasionally to see his parents, but the visits were few and far apart and Abner could plainly see that his brother's attitude toward him had changed perceptibly in the last few years. Why shouldn't it? Hiram was a brilliant, educated man of-the-world—he was just a plain country-man, away on a rocky, hillside farm. The world would never know that he had sacrificed his education for Hiram's. He would live on those barren, stony acres and die, unknown and unapplauded while Hiram rose to fame. Yes; even his father and mother in their pride over the younger son's
success seemed to forget the one who had toiled and sacrificed to keep a home for them in their old age. The injustice of it all swept over him as he rode homeward on the train that night and bitter thots were in his heart.

Mother and father met him at the door in their eagerness to hear about the event of the afternoon. He told them as best he could the story of Hiram's great address and then sat down to his supper. They plied him with innumerable questions till he was glad to change into his working clothes and escape to the barn. There he sat down in the great open door and lighted his pipe while Shep came and lay down beside him.

He looked out past the house, across the road, over the fields, to the distant shadowy hills, behind which the sun was sinking. Stretching up over the nearer slope, like a snake, wound the rail fence which he had just completed. On one side of it was bushy pasture and thick woodland where every winter he toiled with ax and sled. On the other side were acres of mown grass, now dried by the sun, ready to rake up and haul to the barn—his work for the morrow. A few years ago this field had been a rocky pasture. The huge piles of rocks in different parts were vivid reminders of the back-aches and blistered hands that attended its clearing. Down below the orchard whose hundred trees he had pruned and grafted into a fruitful condition, lay acres of growing corn and potatoes; the recollection of the days spent in hoeing them was anything but pleasant. Last of all was the modest little home, on which for ten years, had been a mortgage. Now it was all paid, but it had taken every spare dollar that hard, grinding toil could produce to pay it.

Abner smoked in silence for some time. In and out of the barn door the swallows were winging and twittering; the sun had slowly disappeared behind the hills whose dark outlines were emphasized by the crimson sky; and twilight shades were veiling the woods and fields. Out behind the barn the sound of old Brindle's bell told him that the cows were waiting at the bars.
"'Pokin' away on the old farm,'—that's what she said," he muttered. "Maybe if I'd taken the chance 'stead o' givin' it to Hiram, things might 'a bin different.'"

His gaze shifted to the dog at his side. During the last few years of dull, unremitting toil, the faithful companionship of Shep had been a great comfort to him. When they were alone he would often talk to the collie and Shep in his dog-fashion seemed to appreciate it. Now the great brown eyes looked up into his face sympathetically.

"Someone had to stay at home an' take care of the folks, didn't they, Old Boy?" Shep wagged his tail in assent.

Abner gazed out into the deepening shadows a few moments longer; then rose stiffly with a sigh that had something of resignation in it and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Come Shep," he said, "It's time we was doin' the chores."

W. J. GRAHAM, 1911.

A PICTURE.

A little spit of sand thrust out,—
Behind, green banks and grassy lea.
Far, far away from the headland steep,
Stretch long leagues of tossing sea—
Long, gray leagues with ne'er a sail;
Naught but breakers flashing white,
Slow winged gulls that dip and wail.

C. I. C., 1912.
In winds and snows and cold grey skies the long winter drearily wore away. Then spring, warm and gracious, came. Brown fields took on the softest green; trees blossomed into beauty, and all day long the birds sang songs of love.

'Twas then the boy wanted a garden; he wanted to see "some green things come up from the old black ground, and some posies—pitty ones, white and wed and blue and—oh, all colors!" We made it together. Boy and I. We delved into the brown earth turning up scores of fat angle-worms which wriggled away to escape Boy's inquisitive fingers. A little fence was made "so the posies won't run away, Daddy—same's I do sometimes." We delighted in the gay packages of seeds and chose with care; white like the spotless child soul; blue like his eyes; yellow to match his hair; and last there was heart's ease, what he had been to me. I made the trenches and Boy dropped in the seeds, one by one. We took one last look, covered them tenderly, and left them to the sunshine and rain. Day by day Boy peered into the garden and seeing no "green things," patted me reassuringly, and said, "Pitty soon, Daddy." Once I came home in the soft spring rain, to find him bending over the little garden, still waiting. With heavy heart I carried him in. That night he went to find his mother and left me with empty arms and empty heart.

And the garden? I couldn't bear to stay there and see it, so I left everything and went away. I have never gone back. Perhaps it grew and blossomed and other chubby hands plucked the flowers and other little lips kissed them. I don't know. But somehow even now, when the long years have dulled the ache, I never can see a flower without sadness and a though of the garden the boy never saw.

NELLIE M. JACK, 1910.
It was a perfect early Summer's day in "Ole Vir-ginny." Hosts of merry birds carolled joyously in as blue and smiling a sky as ever canoped the Sunny South. Songs of the darkies laboring in the tobacco fields, mingled with the busy hum of the bees, were borne through the sunshine to the heedless ears of Virginia Wayne, as she sat in the cool arbor of the rose garden. Her hands were folded idly in her lap, her embroidery was thrown aside, while her eyes wandered unseeingly over the beauty around her—the great mansion house, the gardens gay with brilliant flowers, the broad lawns, the winding paths, the terraces and the cool, shady woods; the busy slaves and their quarters, and away in the distance the wonderful Blue Ridge mountains.

The girl's dark eyes, usually dancing with mirth and mischief, were sad now. Some people had said that Jinny's eyes either made them want to laugh or shake her, so full of fun and mischief were they. Her full red lips had a pathetie droop which the occasional dimpled smiles that now and then lighted up her face did not entirely efface. This bright, beautiful morning Jinny's gay, laughing face wore a doleful expression far more appropriate to ninety than to nineteen.

"Ah doan know whut's got Missy Jinny," black Ned confided to Nellie, the kitchen girl. "She jes sit dar an' sit dar, an' doan notice anything. She hasn't lafed onceet dis mawnin', lac she always does. She smile kinder sad an' sorrowful-like, an' neber say a word. You doan s'pose—

O, yo,' Ned, can't yo' see nuffin'? Doan yo' know nuffin' t'all, yo' good fo' nuffin' nigger? Las' night she 'tended de Jackson's ball an' Marse Bob Harris was dere, he's jes' home from Wes' Point. He—heyar' yo' wuth-less critter, yo' ain't gwine hab dem currant cakes. Yo' git out o' heyar wif yo' greedy mouf! Well, yo' circum-re'lect I reckon dat Marse Bob went away two years
befo’ the quarrel atween Marse Wayne an’ Marse Harris, an’ he an’ Missy Jinny thot consid’rable of each oder. Missus an’ Missy neber had no symp’thy in dat affair no ways, but yo’ knows dat dey thot Ole Massa was wrong. I guess both famblies would be glad to be frien’s again but neither will gib in. Ah spee Missy Jinny won’t speak to him on account of her pa. She was all up sot when she got home las’ night, ’Liza says, an’ didn’t have nuffin’ to say, an’ looked like her heart was done busted.’

‘P’raps de chilluns will fix up de feelin’ atween dere daddys,’ said Ned.

Meanwhile Jinny sat thinking of the ball and of her former playmate. How tall and broad-shouldered and handsome he was and how merrily his eyes danced, just as they used to. How pleased he had been to see her! Then a cloud of pain shadowed her eyes as she thought of how, out of family pride, and loyalty to her father, she had cut him, and of the troubled, surprised look on his face. Then the sudden meeting with him on the terrace whither she had fled for a few moments to regain her self-control. He had come upon her suddenly and caught her off her guard.

“It is not out fault, Jinny, we can be friends just the same,’ he had said. ‘It’s a silly old feud anyway. It’s time it was stopped. Remember the hunts for birds’ eggs, the picnics, the rides and’—?

‘Stop, Bob, O please stop! You musn’t talk so to me now. That is all over,’ she had replied.

“It isn’t over, it shan’t be! Anyway we will begin again. I am not to blame, neither are you for the wrong our parents have done. Dear Jinny, my Virginia.

“Stop; you must stop! I musn’t listen to you,’ Jinny had half sobbed, struggling to tear herself away from the love she so much craved. She had missed him sorely, this merry comrade, and had looked forward for months to this time when she should see him again. Now he was with her, but she felt that it would be disloyal to her father if she had anything to do with the son of the man who was
his most bitter enemy. Her fine sense of honor, of faith to the man she loved, and duty to her father were struggling within her soul. Love won, for she yielded to the strong arms that clasped her.

"I dare not tell Daddy," she said to herself next morning. He would be so angry with Bob—and it was my fault. I shouldn't have stayed a minute. I wonder if he will come to see me! Daddy always liked him, and said he was like a son to him, but he is so stubborn! No knowing what he would do if he got angry. O, me, I wonder how it will all come out! I'm sure something will happen. Heigh, I completely forgot Sambo's twins. I must go to see them."

She jumped up briskly and went to one of the slave cabins. In answer to her knock a voice called, "come in," in expectant tones, which changed to delight as she entered.

"Dere a girl an' a boy—Virginny Wayne Penelope Johnson an' Robert Harris George Washington Johnson. I named 'em fo' yo' an' Marse Bob, Missy Jinny. Yo' two children used to hab de bes' times runnin' roun' dis yere cabin an' eatin' yo' porridge an' milk, an' den yo'd go to sleep when yo'd get tired, han' in han' and yo' lettle curly haids on de same pillow. I hear dat Marse Bob is got back frum de school whar he done larn be a sojer."

"Yes, Cynthia, he is at home. I saw him at the ball last night. I—' A piercing shriek from outside interrupted her.

"O, Lawrey, I spec' it's one of dem youngwins, broke his neck or some fin. Dere all'ers up to mischief. Yesterday Joel Rufus James Anderson, got kotchted upside, down to de well-sweep an' as de pail of water was heavier dan him I doan know but he'd be up dere now ef yo' pa hadn't happened to come along an' fetch him down," said the anxious mother.

Meantime, in the yard, louder and louder cries rent the air. Dogs barked, hens and geese cackled, confusion reigned. Jinny rushed out in time to see an agitated group-
of black imps frantically trying to extract something of a hogshead almost full of molasses. One urchin had clambered up on a box and was leaning over, tugging with might and main at what proved to be a pinksoled foot, whose mate was convulsively waving in air. Alas! for the would-be hero! The attraction was too great and he succumbed to the inevitable and the molasses, and plunged in. A circle of scared little black faces gazed blankly at the empty box and the activity in the hogshead. Before Virginia had time to get to them, a stalwart figure in riding costume rushed past her and, grasping a squirming black atom in each hand, pulled the two grasping unfortunates out of their prison.

"'Fo' de Lawd's sake, Marse Bob, is dey daid?" gasped a terrified younger brother of the two.

"By no means, Ikey. On the contrary they are or will be pretty lively when we get enough of the molasses off them so that they can holler and run. Jinny, you pump while I hold 'em and we'll see what a bath will do for them."

"I was jes' slidin' off frum de roof," explained the first occupant of the barrel, as soon as he could speak, "An' I didn't s'pose dat I was gwine to go so far."

"An' mammy done tole us not to git anyfin' in de molasses so I was jes' tryin' to git Rufus Kay Parker Pitman outen it, an' I done fellin' in too," wailed the other.

Jinny had been trying to be angry with Bob for coming when she had last evening refused him that privilege, but the sight of the woebegone faces, sticky and blacker than ever, and of the forlorn bedraggled costumes, was too much for her gravity. She joined Bob in a peal of merry, ringing laughter.

"How did you happen to be here and where were you when I was talking to Cynthia?" asked Jinny after the troup of little black scamps had scurried away in search of fresh fields of mischief.

"Why, you see I couldn't help thinking of the happy days when we played round the cabin and ate corn-pone
cakes Cynthia made for us, and I wanted to see the place again. I hoped you would come while I was here, and so when I saw you coming I hid behind the door, Jinny,—let's settle the feud ourselves. My father is ashamed of it and would take anything for an excuse to be friends; let's be married and then they'll have to make up. Come, dear, it's only what you promised me before I went away to school. Don't be afraid, Jinny dear, it will come out all right.''

"O, Bob, I can't," it wouldn't be right. It would break my mother's heart to have me married without her knowing it. Why, it would be an awful disgrace!"

"No, indeed it wouldn't, no one need know about it except our families. Anyway, your grandmother and aunt and I don't know how many more of your family eloped. I will take you to the rectory and then we'll go home and tell them. I'm sure my father would be glad and I know that your father and mine always intended that we should marry."

"It seems to be the only way as you say, but, O, dear! It seems dreadful, too. When I stop to think—"

There, now, don't stop to think at all. We will go this afternoon and then come home and break the news as gently as possible, at dinner."

"This afternoon?! Why, I could not get ready, my gowns and—"

"Never mind your gowns, you have enough now to dazzle my eyes, and if you really must have more, why there'll be time enough later. Now be ready to go at five o'clock, I'll wait for you at the swing in the grove, down by the road."

"Can't I tell mother? I know she would be with me. She would be glad to have the hatchet buried as well as I. I need her advice and sympathy. I've just got to tell her. I never had any secrets from her in my life."

"No, dear, it would not do to tell her. She would be in duty bound to tell your father and he out of pride and
sheer obstinacy would stop the whole affair. So be ready for me, little girl."

He rode away and Jinny walked slowly to the house.

At six o'clock that night Bob led Virginia, half-laughing, half-crying, up to the rose-shaded veranda where her father and mother were seated. Explanations were quickly made, and while the irate father was choking with surprise and rage, the mother clasped her daughter in her arms and softly blessed her.

"Virginia Dorothy Wayne, go to your room this moment," said the angry man, struggling to be calm, "And as for you, young man, I'll settle with you later."

In vain did Mrs. Wayne try to calm his wrath. "The idiot! son of Raymond Harris, the very man whom I so hate," he would mutter occasionally.

The following morning, Mrs. Wayne received a note from her son-in-law begging her to go for a drive with him that afternoon. Accordingly, at the appointed time, she went to the trysting place of the previous day and found Bob and the carriage awaiting. As they rode along he told her that his father was ready to forget the past and that he (Bob) and Jinny thought their little plan might bring about a reconciliation. Then as the horses stopped in front of the Harris Mansion he told her that he was going to hold her as a "hostage." If her husband would come to terms and release Virginia, he would release her, and that in the meantime she was to command the servants and himself.

When Mrs. Wayne did not come home as night began to draw near, her husband set out in search of her. He found that she had gone to ride with Bob. A little later he received a message from her telling him where she was and under what conditions she would be allowed to return home.

"Raymond is ready to make up and be friends, is he?" he said dryly. "Well, so am I, but I can't have this saucy young jackanape's outwitting me like this. But how did that foolish quarrel begin anyhow? Blest if I know!"
Bob is a splendid chap. Guess I'll go home and get Jinny and we'll celebrate tonight.'

He turned quickly and went home. Soon he was explaining the situation to Virginia and bidding her to 'hurry and go back to celebrate.'

While he waited for his daughter to make preparations he re-read his wife's note. Here was a post-script that he had not noticed before, evidently written by Bob—'Will you swap and be friends?'

"The young rascal!" he commented with a mischievous twinkle.

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**LIFE.**

A little prayer at morning
That skies may not be gray;
A little prayer at noontide
For strength to last the day;
A little prayer at dusk to take
The fear o' night away.

C. T. C., 1912.

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**THE SECOND CALL?**

The Medford surface car, crowded to the door, lurched heavily to one side as it turned a sharp corner. Every young lady who, after a long day of shopping, has wearily pushed her way on board her car only to find all seats taken will readily sympathize with the feelings of Bertha Johnson, who found herself in this situation one afternoon in November. The welcome sight of her brother, immersed in his newspaper at the other end of the car, urged her to wend her way through the crowd of parcel-laden women to him. Soon brother and sister were grasping wildly at a strap, as the car stopped abruptly at Hill avenue.
In the momentary wait that followed, Carl Johnson eyed his sister thoughtfully. "I wish that I could get even with 'Bert' for turning on that light last night," he said to himself. " 'Twas a mean trick. I know what I'll do, I'll pick her pocket." Having satisfied himself that this was the one proper thing to do, he proceeded to change his position to one of more advantage, considering his object. Carefully sliding his hand into a small pocket—her pocket—he adroitly drew out the desired article and instantly hid it in his raincoat. He chuckled silently as he thought of her when she should discover her loss. Then, trying to appear unconcerned, he turned to his paper again.

"Oh, I'll pay for you—yes, let me!" said the criminal to Bertha, with a touch of authority in his voice. He did not want his joke discovered quite yet.

Upon arriving home, Johnson examined the purse in the privacy of his own room. Parts of the contents seemed to amuse him for his countenance took on a broad smile. Last of all he drew out of the purse a small card on which was engraved:

\[\text{MISS GERTRUDE M. BECKWITH} \]

54 Thurston St. Winter Hill

"That's queer—must be one of Bert's friends; but I've never heard of her before," he mused. Then, thinking that the joke had been carried far enough, he decided to sound his sister on the card, and to return the purse to her. But he received a distinct shock on learning that Bertha was totally ignorant of the name; and, worse than that, she had not lost her purse! Then young Johnson took her into his confidence and told the tale of his practical joke. Of course, they both agreed, it was some one else's purse—but what to do with it? Surely a ridiculous position for Johnson, but considerably embarrassing, just the same.

"You might mail it to Miss Beckwith, without any
exploration. That would simplify matters some.’” Such was his sister’s suggestion.

‘‘No,’” replied the perplexed young man, ‘‘I think that the only honest thing to do would be to call on her, explain it all as best I could, and leave—quick!’’

‘‘There was a Christine Beckwith of Winter Hill who used to lecture on Emerson and Ingersoll. She had a sister, too. Perhaps this is she,” said Bertha.

Then she tried to persuade her brother that it was quite unnecessary for him actually to see the lady of the purse; but to no avail. He persisted in his opinion. He felt a bit of curiosity about Gertrude Beckwith. Accordingly, on the following afternoon, he set out for the designated address.

The maid who admitted him was evidently struggling with the King’s English for presently she returned to say that Miss Beckwith would ‘‘be down any minute.” Soon he heard a rustle, as of skirts, and he braced himself for the meeting. What would she be like? Young? Pretty? Horrors! If she should be a literary old maid! However, a further train of thought was not permitted to him, for at that moment the lady in question entered the room. At first he did not dare look up. Whatever possessed him, anyway, to play that inane joke and get himself into such a scrape!

When he did dare look up he found before him a slender young lady of about twenty. An involuntary sigh of relief escaped him and he began to speak, rapidly, falling over his words.

‘‘Miss Beckwith? I’m sorry to disturb you, but I—the fact is my sister—oh hang it! I’ve got your pocketbook.” Then partially recovering himself, ‘‘Miss Beckwith, I’ve picked your pocket by mistake!’’

She looked rather dazed, but he hurried on. ‘‘You see, my sister and I were coming out from town in the car, and it was crowded, so I was going to play this joke on her, but somehow I got your purse instead of Bert’s. Will you pardon me? It’s just my luck, always
getting into scrapes with people I don't know.'" Then he stopped, for he had glanced at her face for the first time since he had begun to speak, and he was puzzled by the expression which he found there. It was one of suppressed amusement—her eyes were twinkling and the corners of her mouth were drawn down.

"I think that my father is the best one to settle that. He is professor of psychology at Tufts College. Perhaps you had better ask him what I ought to do," was the answer.

Then it was all clear to him. Of course her father was Professor Beckwith—old Beck with of psychology 10, to whom his father had introduced him on entering college,—for his father and the professor had been boys together. Did he know him? Yes, a quizz every Thursday reminded him that he was quite well acquainted with the professor in question. But at this point in his reflections he was suddenly brought back to earth by Miss Beckwith's voice, saying, "What are you thinking about, Mr. Johnson? Won't you come in and meet father?"

Then she led him across the hall to the library, where at the farther end was seated an elderly man, half buried in books.

"Papa, here is some one to see you," called the young lady. The professor came forward.

"Why, Johnson," he said, cordially, recognizing the excited young man at once, "I'm very glad to see you, Won't you—"

Then followed laughing explanations from Gertrude, and a cordial invitation to dinner from the professor, which Johnson, now quite at ease, joyfully, accepted.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, as he walked homeward late that evening. "By Jove, I didn't give her the pocket book! That means—well—"after a pause—"Not so bad a scrape after all."

Our social problem of which some idea was given in an editorial of the October issue seems as far as ever from solution. Some misunderstanding and considerable difference of opinion between faculty and students have brought about a most undesirable state of affairs.

The faculty in one of their first meetings of the term decided that classes should hereafter have but one class ride and should confine their Hallowe’en parties to private dwellings within the city limits or halls on the college campus. This decision was not made known to the students at once but methods were adopted to attempt a mutual rearrangement of our social functions.

These methods failed to accomplish their ends. The proposals of the faculty met with no greater favor among the students than did the proposals of the students with the faculty, but after considerable inquiry it was learned that the matter had already been decided by a definite vote of the faculty. This discovery, to say the least, did
not further a peaceful settlement of the controversy.

Moreover, the reasons stated by President Chase for
the radical change in Hallowe’en parties were not re-
garded as a fair representation of present conditions. The most serious facts presented were, as the students be-
lieved, of too remote origin to be charged against present
Hallowe’en observances. The other objections made
against the present conditions were considered insuffi-
cient to warrant the action taken.

The proposals of change made by the faculty were
for more formal functions, such as afternoon teas and
formal receptions. While such affairs were regarded as
good in themselves and as desirable additions, they were
not welcomed as substitutes, since they would not furnish
the healthful recreation and pleasure afforded by the
present gatherings. On the other hand those functions
which were considered by the students as suitable sub-
stitutes, such as Senior Promenades and Junior Hops,
were rejected without consideration by the faculty.

The students do not question the sincerity or good
motives of their superiors, but they believe that as vitally
interested parties they should have a voice in shaping
the social life of their college.

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**Student**

Is there any reasonable way to avoid

**Government**

repetition of disagreements between the

faculty and students that are so apt to

occur with a change in the policy of the college adminis-

tration or with a new demand of the student body, espe-

cially if that change effects in some way the usual pri-

vileges of the students or the established customs of the

college? No fair minded person will question the motives

of the faculty or doubt their interest in the welfare of the

students, however much he may disagree with their par-

icular policy. On the other hand it would be unfair to

say that the students, tho inclined, perhaps, to act pre-
precipitately at times, are actuated wholly by selfish motives or are entirely impervious to reason. While the faculty are rightly supreme in all matters of administration, yet without doubt they would rather defer to the desires of the students when such a course sacrificed no important principle. The students, we believe, too, would continue in no course harmful to the college.

What, then, is essential to an agreement on matters of policy in which the students may be involved? But first we might ask, What is the real cause of disagreement? The recent trouble that arose over the proposal to radically modify Hallowe’en parties, already discussed above, if it serves no other purpose, sheds some light on the question just raised. The whole controversy was the product of misunderstanding—misunderstanding of real intentions and purposes. Isn’t this the cause of most controversies? Secure a thorough understanding of the real issue, of the real motives of each party and usually no ground for disagreement exists. If this be true, what is needed at Bates is some method by which faculty and students will be brought into closer relationship, by which they or their direct representatives can come together, thrash out the points at issue and reach a mutual understanding. At one college that need is met by a system of student government. The students elect men from their number to represent them, the faculty choose certain members to meet with the representatives of the students. The council or senate thus formed has direct supervision over all matters in which the students are involved, discusses plans and puts them into operation. The faculty, of course, is the final authority on all questions. But the interesting point is that the faculty has seldom, if at all, exercised that authority over matters which the council have in charge. By this system the students have a direct means of making their desires known and the faculty find it equally serviceable in securing the peaceful adoption of necessary changes in customs, etc. We received letters from representative men in both the faculty and
student body. All not only agreed that the system had proven satisfactory, but were enthusiastic in supporting it.

The idea embodied in the above plan is not new at Bates. We have virtually the same principle applied in the management of athletics. Thru the athletic council students and faculty meet on common ground, the result, so far as I can determine, has proved the wisdom of the system. Why can’t the idea contained in the system of athletic administration be extended to the whole college?

The faculty are of course held responsible for the welfare of the college, but is there any logical reason why they can not as well secure the best interests of the college by enlisting the co-operation of the students? Does not the proposed system by which the students are given a share in the responsibility offer an effective means of securing this co-operation?

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**LOCALS**

**New Piano** Recently the students were surprised by a most acceptable gift of a piano from H. W. Berry of Boston. The old piano which has been used for a long time in the chapel was also a gift from Mr. Berry. The instrument that he has presented this time is one of the finest built upright pianos that can be bought. It is the eleventh piano that Mr. Berry has given to the college.

**Intercollegiate** At a meeting of the Athletic Association, held Oct. 9, Hon. Scott Wilson of Portland, Bates graduate of some fifteen years standing, was chosen to represent Bates on the intercollegiate committee for its choice of officials for all games among the
State colleges, excepting Bowdoin. Mr. Wilson takes the place of Ralph Kendall, '06, who was first elected to the position, but resigned on going to Massachusetts. The object of the committee is to relieve the managers of a duty, rather than to deprive them of a privilege. It is believed that if the choice is made by this committee, at a distance from the colleges, none of those influences which are prone to bias managers will be potent, and hence the disputes over officials which have occurred during the past three or four years will be prevented.

New Bleachers Two new bleachers have been built at either end of the grandstand, and if possible, two more should be placed on the opposite side of the field. Each bleacher accommodates about sixty people. The lumber is now on hand for repairing the old edgeboards of the running track. A plan is proposed to flood a portion of Garcelon Field, so that it can be used for ice hockey this winter. The skating rink which was planned a year ago was found impracticable on account of the character of the soil, but there is no doubt that water will stand on Garcelon Field.

Political Clubs Among those things that are adding zest to college life at this time are the political clubs. Two large and flourishing clubs have been formed by the Democrats and Republicans and it is needless to say that they are intense rivals. The officers of the Democratic Club are: President, Lancaster, '09; Vice President, Lawton, '10; Secretary, Peakes, '11; Chairman of the Executive Committee, Roseland, '09.

The Republicans have elected the followings officers: President, Wadsworth, '09; Vice President, Bean, '10; Secretary, Peekham, '09; Treasurer, Phillips, '09; Chairman of the Executive Committee, Smith, '09.
On Oct. 15, Hon. F. A. Morey gave a short address to the members of the Democratic Club, and also Hon. W. H. Newell on Oct. 20. Both meetings were well attended. The Republicans, however, were not to be outdone. An address was given by Judge Benedict F. Thayer of Augusta, on Wednesday, October 21, to a large and enthusiastic gathering in the Y. M. C. A. Room. The College Band contributed to the success of the occasion.

A grand Republican rally will take place Wednesday evening, October 28, in the college chapel. Hon. Bert M. Fernald, governor-elect of the State, and John Kendrick Bangs will be the spellbinders.

The Democrats have challenged the Republicans to a debate on the political issues of the present campaign, and the debate is slated for Nov. 2. Howard, Quimby, and Peekham will support the Republicans, and Carroll, Lawton, and Woodward the Democrats. Come and find out how to vote the next day.

**New Society**

The work on the new Society Building is progressing steadily. The rooms are partitioned off and lathed, and the work of plastering will begin the last week in October. It is thought that the building will be ready for use at the opening of the Winter terms. This will make a welcome addition to our college buildings, and there is no doubt that the interest in the Literary Societies will be greatly increased.

**Junior Class Ride**

The Junior class held their annual class ride to Turner on Saturday, Oct. 3. There were about fifty members of the class present. A special car took the party to Turner Village where launches awaited them for a trip up the Nezin scoot River to Camp Ronomore. Arriving at the camp the crowd was divided into four baseball teams, representing each college in the State, and a tournament was
played off before dinner. The Bates team fortunately came out victorious.

The picnic dinner was spread under the pines and it was surely a feast. The young ladies furnished the food and the young men provided the fruit. After dinner the launch came up and the party was divided into three groups, each group enjoyed a six mile ride up the river to Buckfield. The day ended with a pleasant ride home on the special car.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Tennis Tournament

The interclass tennis tournament was held Oct. 15-25. The tournament was one of the best ever held here. There were twenty entries in singles and eleven entries in doubles. Wadleigh, '09, won out in the singles, defeating F. Clason, '11, in straight sets. The doubles was a much closer contest. F. Clason, '11, and C. Clason, '11, won out after defeating Peasley, '10, and Peterson, '09—three out of four sets in the final round.

The results were as follows:

First Round.

Peterson, '09, defeated R. Cole, '10—3-6, 6-2, 7-5.
Wadleigh, '09, defeated Thurlow, '12—6-0, 6-1.
Quinby, '10, defeated Powers, '10—6-4, 6-0.
Peasley, '10, defeated Luce, '10—6-0, 6-2.
Moulton, '10, defeated Cash, '12—6-1, 6-2.
Jackson, '10, defeated Howard, '10—6-0, 6-1.
Monk, '12, defeated Holman, '10—6-4, 7-5.
F. Clason, '11, defeated Bassett, '10—6-3, 6-2.
Bolster, '10, defeated Hawks, '09—4-6, 6-3, 7-5.
Brunquist, '12, defeated Sawyer, '09—6-2, 6-3.

Second Round.

Wadleigh, '09, defeated Jackson, '10—6-4, 6-1.
Moulton, '10, defeated Quimby, '10—4-6, 7-5, 9-7.
Brunquist, '12, defeated Monk, '12—6-4, 7-5.
F. Clason, '11, defeated Bolster, '11—6-3, 12-10.
Wadleigh, '09, defeated Peterson, '09—6-4, 6-1.
F. Clason, '11, defeated Peasley, '10—1-6, 6-4, 7-5.

Semi-finals.
Wadleigh, '09, defeated Moulton, '10—7-9, 6-2, 6-2.
F. Clason, '11, defeated Brunquist, '12—6-1, 6-4.

Finals.
Wadleigh, '09, defeated F. Clason—6-4, 6-4, 6-1.
In the doubles:

First Round.
F. Clason, '11, and C. Clason, '11, defeated Thurlow, '12, and Remmert, '12—6-0, 6-3.
Bolster, '10, and Quimby, '10, defeated Monk, '12, and Conklin, '12—6-1, 7-5.
Bly, '12, and Brunquist, '12, defeated Powers, '10, and Beane, '10—6-3, 6-2.
Peasley, '10, and Peterson, '09, defeated Jackson, '10, and Bassett, '10—7-5, 4-6, 8-6.
Luce, '10, and Moulton, '10, defeated Holman, '10, and Howard, '10—6-2, 6-4.

Second Round.
Peasley, '10, and Peterson, '09, defeated Luce, '10, and Moulton, '10—6-0, 6-3.
Bolster, '10, and Quimby, '10, defeated Cole, '10, and Jewell, '09—6-1, 4-6, 6-3.
F. Clason, '11, and C. Clason, '11, defeated Bly, '12 and Brunquist, '12—6-0, 6-2.

Semi-finals.
Peasley, '10, and Peterson, '09, defeated Bolster, '10, and Quimby, '10—7-5, 6-3.

Final Round.
F. Clason, '11, and C. Clason, '11, defeated Peasley, '10, and Peterson, '10—6-4, 3-6, 6-2, 6-4.
Bates vs. N. H. State

In the cleanest game of the season, thus far, Bates defeated N. H. State on Garcelon Field, Saturday, Oct. 24, by a score of 11-0. Bates was clearly superior and not once was their goal in danger. N. H. State seemed unable to follow the snappy shift plays that Bates used. The work of Cummings at right-half, who repeatedly made his distance deserves praise. This is the first time the stalky little end had been used in that position.

Other features of the game were a forward pass by Sanborne of N. H. State, which gave them thirty yards, the the man was downed in his tracks; and a long run by Cobb of Bates, who made 47 yards on a forward pass. Bates clinched the game by a touchdown in the first five minutes of play. In the course of the game Bates carried the ball 385 yards, and N. H. State 103 yards. Bates punted once for 15 yards, and their opponents five times for a total of 127 yards.

Following is the line-up:

Bates

W. Andrews, lt. rt., Richardson
McKenney, lg. rg., Davison
Cochrone, c. e., Lougee
Booker, rg. lg., Sanborn
Erskine, rg. lt., Hammond
A. Andrews, rt. le., Pettingill
Leavitt, re. le., Morrill
Cobb, qb. qb., Kennedy
Elwood, qb. lb., Loud
Dorman, lhb. rhb., D. Sanborn
Sargent, rhb. fb., Proud
Cummings, rhb.
Libby, lhb.
Lovely, fb.
Conklin, rhb.

Track Meet

The annual interclass track meet was held on Garcelon Field, Saturday, Oct. 24, at 10 A. M. A new college record was made in the hundred yard dash, Elwood doing the trick in 10 1-5 seconds. In the Freshman class, Pike showed up with winning both the half and quarter mile. Bartlett, '12, won the pole vault.

A summary follows:

Shot Put—Leavitt, '11, 1st; Jackson, '10, 2nd; Blanchard, '12, 3d. Distance, 34 ft. 4 in.

Hammer Throw—Leavitt, '11, 1st; Blanchard, '12, 2nd; Preston, '11, 3d. Distance, 102 ft. 11 in.

Discuss Throw—Preston, '11, 1st; Leavitt, '11, 2nd; Jackson, '10, 3d. Distance, 88 ft. 10 in.

Hundred Yard Dash—Trials.

First Heat—Wadleigh, '09, 1st; Lusac, '10, 2nd. Time, 11 sec.
Second Heat—Williams, '10, 1st; Irish, '09, 2nd. Time, 10 2-5 sec.
Third Heat—Elwood, '10, 1st; Mathews, '11, 2nd. Time, 10 3-5 sec.

Mile Run—Ames, '09, 1st; Peltier, '11, 2nd; Dunn, '11, 3d. Time, 5 min. 17 sec.

High Hurdle—Williams, '10, 1st; Blanchard, '12, 2nd; Dunfield, '11, 3d. Time, 18 sec.
Quarter Mile—Pike, '12, 1st; Preston, '11, 2nd; Breen, '12, 3d. Time, 56 4-5 sec.

Hundred Yard Dash—Elwood, '10, 1st; Williams, '10, 2nd; Irish, '09, 3d. Time, 10 1-5 sec.

220 Yard Hurdle—Blanchard, '12, 1st; Dunfield, '11, 2nd; Elwood, '10, 3d. Time, 28 2-5 sec.
Half Mile—Pike, '12, 1st; Peakse, '11, 2nd; Merrill, '10, 3d. Time, 2min. 37 2-5 sec.

220 Yard Dash—Irish, '09, 1st; Elwood, '10, 2nd; Mathews, '11, 3d. Time, 24 2-5 sec.

High Jump—Williams, '10, 1st; Wadleigh, '09, Blanchard, '12, tied for 2nd. Height, 4 ft. 11 in.

Broad Jump—Leavitt, '11, 1st; Quinby, '10, 2nd; Wadleigh, '09, 3d. Distance, 20 ft. 1 in.

Pole Vault—Bartlett, '12, 1st; Jenness, '11, 2nd; Dunfield, '11, 3d.
1867 — On Sept. 21, at his home in Portland, occurred the death of Rev. Harrison F. Wood. During his various pastorates, Mr. Wood made a specialty of temperance work among the children, and was very successful in this work. As a pastor he was faithful, sympathetic, and helpful; as a preacher, clear, forcible, and winning. He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Arthur L. Griffiths of Portland.

1868 — President George C. Chase gave an address at the recent gathering and banquet of the Cheney Club, held in Manchester, N. H., Oct. 16.

1870 — Prof. L. G. Jordan represented Bates at the seventy-fifth anniversary celebration of Haverford College. Of the more than sixty colleges represented, Bates was the only one from Maine.

1877 — G. A. Stuart was in town recently relative to business pertaining to the Stuart Teachers’ Agency.

1881 — Mrs. J. H. Rand spoke on Lines of Evangelistic Effort for Children and Youth, at the session of the Bowdoin Conference at Lisbon.
1883—Frederick E. Foss received the degree of Doctor of Science at the last Commencement. On June 10, Mr. Foss married Miss Louise Rust of Cleveland, Ohio. He teaches in the Carnegie Technical Schools at Pittsburg, Penn.

Oliver L. Frisbee has written an interesting article on "Lord Gerrish of Gerrish Island."

1884—Mrs. Florence Dudley McKenzie was at the recent gathering and banquet of the Cheney Club, held in Manchester, N. H. Mrs. McKenzie resides in Epping, N. H.

1885—Mayor F. A. Morey addressed the Bates College Democratic Club on Thursday, Oct. 15.

1886—Sherman G. Bonney received a compliment as a scientific physician such as seldom comes to even the most distinguished members of the medical profession. At the International Conference upon Tuberculosis recently held in Philadelphia and Washington, Dr. Bonney was made one of a Commission of Seven to investigate the relation of Bovine Tuberculosis as communicated by milk to Tuberculosis in human beings. Only one other American was placed upon the Commission. Dr. Bonney felt obliged to decline the honor on account of his urgent duties as a practitioner.

He has just published an octavo volume of about eight hundred pages upon Pulmonary Tuberculosis and its complications. This work is issued by leading medical houses of Philadelphia and London; and the first edition, issued but a few weeks ago, is already exhausted. The book is probably the most comprehensive and scientific treatment of the whole subject that has ever been printed. Dr. Bonney has kindly contributed a volume for the Bates Library. He has consented to lecture to our students upon Tuberculosis when he comes from Denver to Maine again, probably next April.

W. L. Bartlett is practising law in Haverhill.
1887 — Other Bates men who were elected recently to the Maine Legislature are Hon. William A. Walker of Castine, Bates, '87, who is senator-elect from Hancock County; and Dr. Linwood H. Dorr, formerly of '90, who was elected member of the House from Dresden.

1888 — On July 9 occurred the marriage of Charles W. Cutts and Miss Nellie M. Curtis of Franklin, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. Cutts are living in Merrimac, Mass.

1889 — Principal G. H. Libby of the Manchester High School delivered a paper on the "Idylls of Theocrites." at a meeting of the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association.

1893 — The marriage of J. F. Fanning, Bates, '93, and Miss Elizabeth M. Russell of Portland, took place in September.

1895 — Miss Alice W. Collins is the head teacher of Latin in the Concord, N. H., High School.

H. N. Knox is Superintendent of Schools of Province-town, Truro and Wellfleet, Mass.


1896 — Frank H. Purinton is practising law in Bangor.

1898 — On Oct. 5, at the home of the bride in Stafford, Conn., occurred the marriage of Olive H. Toothaker, Bates, '98, and Miss Grace Elizabeth Mead. Mr. and Mrs. Toothaker will reside in Berlin, N. H.

1899 — Everett Peacock is principal of the Waldoboro High School.

1900 — Nelson A. Jackson is principal of Friends' Academy, Lowell.

1901 — Miss M. S. Bennett is principal of the High School at Lubec, Me.

Ralph Channel is Principal of the High School at Northboro, Mass.
Carlon E. Wheeler is teaching in the State College for Women in Pittsburg, Pa.

1902 — Earl A. Childs is the acting principal of New-hampton Literary Institute.

1903 — W. W. Keyes has given up teaching and has gone West.

John Piper finishes his work in McGill this fall.

C. E. Hicks has recovered his health, and is teaching in Belgrade.

1904 — E. B. Smith returns to Hartford Theological Seminary for his final year. He has spent the summer as pastor of the Cong. church at Monterly, Mass., in the heart of the Berkshires.

Rev. E. M. Holman is situated at Derby Center, Vt., as pastor of the local church and in charge of a large adjacent field.

Judson C. Briggs and Maude Parkin Briggs have a son, born last March.

Alice I. Frost and Wm. K. Holmes, 1901, were married in So. Framingham, Mass., June 30th. They now reside in New Britain, Conn., where Mr. Holmes has a position in the High School.

Bradford Robbins was graduated last June from the Y. M. C. A. Training School at Springfield, Mass. The following comment from the 1908 Annual of the Training School may be of interest to those who knew him:

"Bobbie has a very busy air about him that might lead those unacquainted with him to mistake him for a person of importance. To see him with his important stride and proprietary expression walking through the 'Dorm,' one might suppose he held a mortgage on the whole institution. Well, he has done a few things. * * * * We agree that the best things are in small bundles. "I'm quite as big for me," said he, "as you are big for you." In short, we feel sure that Bobbie will go a long way."
1905 — On Oct. 14, at the Free Baptist church in Pittsfield, Me., occurred the marriage of W. Lewis Parsons and Lucile Rae Bryant, both graduates of Bates in the class of 1905. Mr. and Mrs. Parsons will reside in West Medford, Mass. Mr. Parsons is employed in the legal department of the Boston and Albany.

Thomas Spooner is studying at Boston School of Technology.

Geo. D. Millbury received his B. D. degree from Yale Divinity School last June and returned to his home in New Brunswick for the summer.

1906 — John A. Robinson is teaching at Goffstown, N. H. On Aug. 11, he married Miss Elizabeth May Read of Fall River, Mass.

D. J. Mahoney is taking a course in dentistry at the University of Pennsylvania.

Everett Rand is principal of the High School at Huntington, Mass.

Leo W. Farrar married, on June 30, Florence M. Roberts of Anson, Me., formerly Bates, 1910. Mr. and Mrs. Farrar will reside in Dallas, Texas, where Mr. Farrar is teaching.

1907 — Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bending Farnham are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, on Sept. 22. The baby has been named Laurance Bending.

Harold I. Frost entered the Middle Class in Hartford Theological Seminary this fall.

Wm. Battomley remains this year as Principal of the High School at Mill River, Mass., among the Berkshire Hills.

1908 — Winslow G. Smith, who during his college course successfully managed the New England agency for the "Pictorial Review," recently with his brother, H. E. Smith, incorporated The Magazine Circulation Company. His brother is president and he is vice president and
The company is capitalized for three hundred thousand dollars. Its purpose is to give wholesale and retail rates on all magazines. The head office of the company is located at 263-269 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Frances McLain, who worked while in college for the New England agency of the "Pictorial Review," has, on account of her efficient services, been elected clerk of the Magazine Circulation Company.

Ira B. Hull is taking a course in Tufts Medical College.

Miss J. Louise Murphy is teaching in the High School at Wayne, Me.

Gladys Ferguson is teaching in the Berwick, Me., High School.

Miss Sarah A. Hillman, '07, is Principal of the High School in Conway, Mass.

Harry M. Towne and Grace Bartlett Towne, both of 1903, are at Knox College, Galesbury, Ill. He is Athletic Instructor and has charge of several academic courses.

Ashmun Salley, '06, is a Senior at Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

Miss Effie Hamilton is sick and in Cuba.

Miss Bessie Cooper travelled through Europe this summer.

Miss Edith Thompson sailed for Manila and is married to a naval officer.

Miss Edna North Knapp of Turner, Me., recently took a trip to Washington, D. C.

Miss Gertrude Hartley is seriously ill in Portland.
EXCHANGES

DREAMS.

As when men die but part of them is there,
   Passive and still in some flower-scented room,
While the freed soul, into far lands and fair,
   Goes roving out beyond the grief and gloom.
So in our sleep—that counterfeit of Death—
   While quietly our bodies lie and still,
Our spirits may with every slow drawn breath,
   Be speeding to whatever lands they will;

There each brief hour with ecstasy is filled;
   Old friends we long to see come home again;
By strange adventures are our pulses thrilled;
   Together quite are all our griefs and pain.
But with the morning light these pale dreams flee.
   Only the death-freed soul is really free.''

MARION BALLOU, 1910, in "The Mount Holyoke."

DANTE.

"A banished hero crushed by cruel fate,
   An outcast doomed to exile's hateful shame,
A roamer, homeless, e'er bereft of name,
The world now worships thee, her lauriate.
Thy mighty genius, throned in royal state,
   Now glows in beacons of immortal fame,
A Homer, whom great cities would claim.
Now thou hast passed through Death's Eternal gate.
A lesson take, all ye who heedless read,
   When trouble stirs the quiet calm of life,
The greatest merit, crowned with fullest meed,
   Is theirs who worship God in fiercest strife.
When friends and foes are wont to scoff and scorn,
Remember Dante, homeless and forlorn.

FRED H. TRACY, 1910, in "Holy Cross Purple."
FOREST VISIONS.

Spirit of the field and forest,
Phantom of a poet's dream,
No mortal touch thy beauty marrest
In the starlight's misty gleam.

Spirit of fancy, in my musing
Oft I hear thy wandering song,
With its fawny hilt confusing,
And its notes subdued and long.

Through the woods, across the heather,
Up the dancing forest stream
Thou flittest, light as fawny feather
From the plumage of a dream.
Thou art but the light creation
Of a dreamer's raptured thought,
Product of imagination
Into visual being wrought."
MARY DAY WINN, 1911, in "Vassar Miscellany."

FROM OTHER COLLEGES

The first International Student Bible Conference was held in Columbus, Ohio, October 22-25. There were representatives from schools and colleges of the United States and Canada. The delegation was limited to 1200.

Under the auspices of the Oberlin Y. M. C. A., Booker T. Washington gave an address at Oberlin, October 26.

Hazing as a college custom has been discontinued at Amherst. The action was taken after President Harris had discussed with prominent undergraduates the present status of college hazing.

Harry Augustus Garfield has recently been inaugurated with the president of Williams College. His inaugural address appears in Williams Record for Oct. 8.
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Professor of Christian Literature and Ethics

WM. H. HARTSHORN, A.M. LITT.D.,
Professor of English Literature

HERBERT R. PURINTON, A.M. D.D.,
Professor of Hebrew Literature and History

GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON, A.M.,
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ARTHUR N. LEONARD, A.M. PH.D.,
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FRED A. KNAPP, A.M.,
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FRED E. POMEROY, A.M.,
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*Instructor in Chemistry

ROY F. STEVENS, A.B.,
Instructor in Chemistry

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- Text Books
- Dictionaries
- Note Books
- Stationery
- College Paper
- College Jewelry

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