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AUTUMN DREAMS

Come, stroll with me o'er autumn-downs
When Summer just a-tiptoe stands
With mantle gathered in her arms,
And yet looks back in dread to go,
And smiles, and warms the ling'ring green:
When Autumn startled in his work
At painting valley, dale, and hill,
His colors snatches, and in flight
Spills them on wood and pasure-land.
Broad crimson splashes 'mid the green
Drip down and cling on veinéd leaf.
The beeches catch a yellow shower,
And russet oak-leaves stiffened hang.
The breeze throws bits of startled flame
Before us, from the maple trees.
With russet fern the hillsides glow.
In roadside ruts the cricket sings
'Neath dusty-headed goldenrod.

Departing Summer turns and smiles,
But squirrels chatter in the trees
That Autumn hid by yonder hill.
His cool breath chills his brilliant dyes.
He waits to rend his painted scenes
And leave for us a memory.

A. D., '08.
ON RISING and glancing through frost-tinted panes that August morning, our eyes met nothing but hills and mountains of snow and ice. An August morning, but owing to the snow-storm of the previous day, here at the Grimsel Hospice, 6,155 feet above sea-level, we might well imagine we were in the midst of winter.

A hasty breakfast of coffee, rolls and honey, the usual Swiss breakfast, and the group of wayfarers, who have met at this friendly inn are standing outside, waiting for the coach in order to continue the journey. A strange August morning. The snow has ceased falling, and only an occasional flurry, coming with a sudden wind-gust down from the snow-covered heights, sweeps over the black waters of the little lake which lies close by the pass. The Todensee—Lake of the Dead, it is called, because here in the year 1799, in the terrible carnage between French and Austrians, these dark waters formed the burying-ground of the dead.

A jingle of bells, sounding very appropriate in view of the snow-covered ground, and the frost-coach rolls up, takes on its noisy burden of laughing and shouting travellers, and with crack of whip goes lumbering down the pass, while the few remaining tourists surround a large Swiss, who now appears at the hospice door; an Alpine guide as the ice-pick and large nailed boots indicate.

“All ready!” he cries. “Vorwärts!”

So on along the narrow road between the two small sheets of blackish water we trudge, with knapsack on shoulder and Alpinestock in hand. Upon reaching the other end of the lake, our leader strikes off from the path, and, somewhat to our dismay, begins to clamber up the steep, snow-covered mountain-side, which rises straight before us with no road or path to mark our course.

The way goes hard. The snow of the previous day has drifted in around the rocks and into all the gullies, and often we sink into these gaps up to the knees. But the guide knows his course and tho’ he often leads us in necessary detours to avoid inaccessible barriers, we make steady
but slow progress. Exercise keeps us warm, and there is no danger of freezing. But, oh! the thirst! Every few steps it seems as if we must catch up handfuls of snow to refresh our parched lips, but we find this only an aggravation.

However, the Frenchman in the party has foreseen this, and now he draws out a flask of coffee, and we each may have a single swallow—for indeed, it is so precious that we must use it sparingly. Thus, in silence for the most part we climb on, sometimes slipping on the rocks, or between them, and receiving slight bruises, but steadily upwards until at last, much to the relief of our wearied limbs, we reach the height, and the guide, sweeping his axe before him, points downwards, exclaiming:

“Der Gletscher!”

We follow his indications, and a new Alpine scene lies before us.

Down many rods below us we see a huge frozen mass of tumbled billows—a vast raging sea, whose waves, stirred by some fierce tempest have suddenly congealed, and in so doing have retained all the fury and passion of these mighty elements. A sea in commotion petrified! A huge monster chained by powerful ice-giants! A few straggling rays of the sun peep timidly forth as if fearing to look upon this shapeless monster, but instead of intensifying its grimness and coldness, it tends to give it a rare and peculiar beauty. The great masses of ice with their stiff and broken columns rising like mountain-peaks amid surrounding ridges assume in the light, glorious tints of blue and palish green.

For a few moments we gaze upon this scene of strange beauty. We stand, as it were, on a snow-mountain, and below and around us we can see great patches of clouds floating along—and everywhere snow—snow and glittering ice. Not a sign of human habitation in sight—nothing to show that human foot has ever touched these heights before us. Suddenly, off across the snow, only a few rods distant, we see a solitary large bird strutting slowly along over the white drifts.
“Look!” I cry to the Frenchman beside me, “What is that?”

“That is what they call a snow-hen,” he answers. “It is a strange bird, usually seen on snowy heights, before or after a storm.”

After observing this solemn and awkward-looking fowl for a few moments, apparently the only other sign of life besides ourselves on this desolate height, we commence a slow and careful descent to the Glacier. Upon arriving at the bank of this frozen stream, we distinguish huge yawning gaps between the ridges and great ice-masses yawning over lower ones which have partly melted and dropped away, giving the whole a grotesque appearance, and causing the so-called crevasses, great, irregular slanting rifts, running far down beneath the ice, and opening up huge subterranean gulfs and chasms, which lurk below, menacing danger to the unwary. The recent snow has blown into these crevasses, covering and concealing many from sight, and the guide, after advancing a few steps, and feeling his way cautiously with his ice-pick, stops, saying in his rough German:

“The snow has blown into these cracks more than I thought. The crossing will be much harder than usual, and it will be necessary to be extremely cautious; beware of slipping and make no step before first testing the ice beneath the snow.”

Now the Frenchman breaks in: “But, if you consider it is so dangerous, let us return and not attempt the crossing. We have not considered the effect of yesterday’s storm. For myself,” he adds in a lower tone, “I don’t care about running risks. I have a family at home.”

But the guide pays no heed to his words, and with the command “Vorwärts!” starts on, selecting his path, and we follow close behind. Many times as he thrusts his ice-pick down to find firm footing beneath the snow, the pick goes through, discovering to us hidden rifts, and we must stop and seek another course. Each time we advance we must strike our stocks firmly into the ice, so that in case we do
slip, we may save ourselves by throwing our whole weight upon the stock.

As we advance further, we come upon some of the more beautiful portions of the glacier, which shows formations of ice, of some of those exquisite colors and shapes which make glacier-crossing so attractive to him who loves Nature in her most beautiful and fantastic forms. At times we come to some great yawning abyss, where we see cavernous hollows running in beneath the ice, which in these places shines resplendent in the light with delicate and varying shades of blue. The snowy tops and shining bluish walls, veined and streaked as if inlaid with delicate pearl, with great rows of hanging icicles, some massive and others slender and delicate as needles, bring to our mind pictures of legend elfin caverns, and there comes the desire to know what lies beneath.

Fancy pictures great shining balls of crystal, lighted by the tips of the icicles which drop from the arched ridges above, where the home of the frost-sprites may be, and where the ice-elves hold their revels. May not that faint and hollow movement of trickling water beneath be fairy music, coming from some great carnival of the spirits of frost and ice, planning perhaps to sweep out over the rocks and mountains in another whirlwind of snow and sleet? And may not that deep and hollow resounding of cracking ice be the heavy groaning of some imprisoned wight which the rhine-giants have chained beneath the masses of the huge ice hills? One does not wonder that the fertile imagination of the Northern Lands has been stimulated by all the grand and beauteous manifestations of the wintry North, until it conceived of a Nature inhabited by elves and spirits, who caused those unaccountable manifestations of Nature which were constantly going on about them.

But our dreams of fairy ice-grottoes and spirits of Northern Myths, pleasing as they may be for the moment, are rudely dispelled by our being called back to the fact that we are in the prosaic twentieth century, threading the narrow ridges of the sometimes treacherous glacier, and we
must steer our way across to where the other side closes up against a huge hill of snow-covered stones and rocks.

So on we go, turning back from the blue grotto to where, near by a narrow ridge, showing darkly through the thin coating of snow, offers us a narrow passage to the next ice-field. Extreme care must be observed for here on both sides the ridge, only a foot wide, slopes rapidly away into broken rifts, the complete immensity and danger of which is treacherously concealed by the snow. First the guide with his pick and nail-protected boots creeps along the way, slowly trying the security of each new place before trusting to find a foothold there. Then we follow with extreme caution, using our stocks at every step and following the narrow path before us, looking neither to the right nor left to where the slopes yawn before us, for, should one become dizzy and lose his foothold the chances are that one single slip to the right or left would end in precipitating him into a crevasse, out of which it is so difficult to extricate the bodies.

As we thus proceed, stopping now and then to refresh ourselves from the Frenchman's flask of coffee, the guide suddenly stops, and pointing to a great broken rift beside our path exclaims.

"Only a short time ago, down in that chasm, they found the body of a man who had been there for two hundred years!"

An exclamation and a look of mingled surprise and doubt from the rest of us is his only answer.

"But," breaks out one, "do you mean his body or skeleton, and how did they know he had lain there two hundred years?"

"You must know," comes the reply, "that the continuous cold in this altitude keeps all animal matter from decay, and the remnants of the man's costume told at what time the body had been lost."

We gaze at the crevasse, and are convinced, without further questioning we start on again. But the Frenchman who goes beside me, and who now and then gives bits of information about his life and home, is not to be outdone
by the guide in tales of glacier accidents; and as an enlivening diversion to while away the time as we creep on our toilsome way, we learn the following:

Years ago a young couple from England went to Switzerland to spend their honeymoon. But alas for their brief dream of happiness! They passed into the Rhone Valley, and from here one day the husband made the ascent to the dangerous Great Aletsch Glacier. He attempted the crossing, and in so doing lost his footing, slipped on the icy ledge and down into one of the great fissures between steep and apparently bottomless frozen cliff walls. The sad news was brought to the young wife. Crushed by the blow, she turned her whole attention to instituting a search for the lost body. Day after day those who would venture down those icy chasms were sent on that dangerous mission of faithfulness. But each day the mission seemed vain, and every time the hunters re-appeared alone. So passed days and weeks and the Alpine summer drew near its close. Still the brave wife persevered in her errand of love, but always her efforts were fruitless. At last all except herself gave up hope of ever recovering the body, and as the cold winds of autumn brought down the snow tempests the search was abandoned.

But the brave young widow would not renounce her task. As the warm winds and sun of the following summer opened up the Alpine passes, she again began her fearful mission. But again the summer passed without result. And so the years went by, and the hair beneath the widow's veil gradually whitened like the snow where her husband lay imprisoned, and the form of the brave young woman drooped and bent like the Alpine rose beneath the wind. Twenty-five summers had marked her faithful search, when one day in their work down under a yawning chasm, imbedded in ice they found the body. And then the wife, old, bent and gray, worn by the ravages of Time, stood and gazed upon the lifeless features of her husband, still as youthful looking as when he had come to the Alps so many years before, preserved by the frosty air, and unharmed by the slow and steady onward movement of the glacier. There on that
lonely Alpine height they buried him, where in summer the Alpine rose and the Edelweiss nod in the breeze, where even the eagle hardly ventures to soar, and where in winter only ice-walls and snow-drifts mark the grave.

This is by no means the most comfortable narrative to be told as we thread our way across the glacier, but it is enough to convince us that caution and coolness are necessary. As we continue on, at times wading through the drifts of heaped-up snow in the hollows, at other moments on ridges, seeing how nearly identical we can make our steps with those of the leader, we come to broken spots in the glacier where great chasms yawn before us. Then it is necessary to diverge to right or left, and another path leading by some narrow ice-bridge to the next ice-field has to be sought. As we proceed, from time to time we stop to rest a moment, and to enjoy the glorious view about us. Those who have ever traversed snow-mountains can readily imagine the magnificence which the Alps in all their wintry splendor and dazzling magnificence spread before us.

The day has been partly clouded, with occasional snow-squalls, but now the clouds about us part, showing great blue patches amidst the broken mists, and allowing the sun in places to send slanting golden beams upon the world which lies about us. A world of whiteness and of Silence! What indescribable and stupendous magnificence then unfolds itself before our eyes! Winter, wrapped in its glories of snow and ice lies all about us. On either side rise the white summits between which the glacier rests, and beyond and before us stretches peak after peak of glittering ice and snow, here and there appearing almost to mingle with the masses of mist-billows which hover over them. Below us at our feet, and stretching unevenly away, lie the huge irregular masses of the glacier upon which we stand, a broken, jagged field of ice and snow, lighted up in patches where the sun shines upon it, and with its towering masses gleaming in varying shades of blue, standing out clearly and beautifully against some great hollow or dark cavern which looms beyond. To describe the effect which this immensity gives is impossible, but as one gazes upon
these splendors, gradually there comes over him a keener and deeper realization of the wonderful and stupendous glories of the Nature which hovers about him.

But there is some distance yet to be travelled, and again we are called back to the necessity of completing our glacier-crossing. On we go as before until suddenly we are brought to a dead halt.

Before us yawns the widest and deepest gulf yet encountered, and neither to the right nor to the left does any byway or ridge offer us footing to the other ledge, which at a distance of about four and one-half feet, stretches its gare icy sides down slantingly towards the chasm. There is but one way to gain the other side.

"We must jump!" declares the guide, after a brief survey of the place; "and now is the time to be careful. Above all things, do not allow your feet to rest where they may slip!"

Now more fully than before, do we realize the dangers which confront the glacier-croosser. Both the side upon which we are standing and the opposite one slope back from the opening, so that, owing to the smooth, icy surface it seems impossible to get a good footing in preparing to make the leap, and if we do not land far enough upon the other side there is imminent danger of slipping back and down into the gulf.

Now we all stand intently around, and watch the guide make the preparations for crossing. To overcome the difficulty he first hollows out a cavity on the outermost part of the ledge, which may serve as a foothold from whence to make the leap. He is to go first, and with this done and everything in readiness, he carefully places his foot in the cleft and jumps.

There is a second of painful suspense, and he has safely landed.

Now for the rest of us.

"Who comes next?" calls out the guide, and places himself in readiness on the opposite icy ledge to steady each one as he lands on the other side, for there are other rifts beyond, and we must not jump too far lest we slip into one of them.
Now we realize that our leader has neglected something. The rope has been forgotten. We have nothing whatever with which to tie ourselves together; each one must be entirely dependent upon himself and a clear head; if one slips there is nothing to check his fall, and if one slides down those glare ice-walls into the crevasse, we have absolutely no means of drawing him up again to the light of day.

But there is no help for this now. The guide is waiting. Who next? At once the young fellow nearest the edge steps forward and prepares to gain the other side.

Carefully placing his left foot in the cleft made for that purpose, and balancing himself for a moment on the edge, with alpenstock in hand, he raises himself into position to leap; while the guide reaches across the ice-pick to help steady him from the other side.

But the leap is not made. Just as he straightens himself into erect position, suddenly there comes a sound of cracking ice—a cry from the lips of the guide—a sound of something slipping, and before our frightened eyes we see our companion falling backwards on the icy ledge. At the same time visions of the body plunging down into the chasm come flashing across our bewildered senses, and in that second, along with the grim realization of that slow death in the glacier depths, we give up our companion for lost.

But no! For as he slips and slides downwards, his well-filled knapsack, catching on the icy ledge, becomes firmly wedged between his shoulders, and for a second holds him there on the brink of the gulf.

Can he stop himself and hold out for only one brief moment until we can spring to his assistance? Action, swift as the working of the mind which prompts it, decides his fate. In that brief second of time, while the knapsack catches on the ledge and holds him there, as he feels for a moment the downward rush checked, quick as thought he stretches himself stiffly out, and barely succeeds in reaching with the point of his foot the other side.

And there he hangs, held by almost nothing, a narrow almost floating bridge between two ice-cliffs, and beneath
yawns the chasm and its indiscernible depths. Not the movement of a muscle as he hangs there, the least stir might break that tension which holds him there, and nothing then can save him—O, why did the guide neglect his rope? Again come visions of the body plunging downwards, and we stand rooted to our tracks, fearing to move, held powerless to aid, and numbed with terror.

But only for a brief moment is it thus. As we remain there grouped in this strange tableau of Alpine grandeur, which at any moment may be transformed into a tragic scene, suddenly the climax comes, but not as we had feared. No sound had broken the silence since the guide had uttered his frightened cry, and now he stands on the opposite ledge, absolutely motionless, gazing at the body before him. Who can tell what thoughts prompted that cry of fear, or what is now in his mind as he realizes into what a danger his neglect of ropes and necessary apparatus has brought one of those for whose lives he is responsible?

At this moment the silence is broken. A voice comes from the form of him who is hanging above the chasm. "Don't be alarmed; I'm not hurt. Just pull me back, will you?"

Instantly we are action personified. The guide springs forward and, being himself powerless to aid, cries out: "Stay perfectly still, don't move, and we'll have you all right in a moment."

At the same time we are pulling him back in safety from the horrors which lurk beneath and in another second he is standing upright and back away from that opening which had proved so nearly fatal, declaring that he is all right, and that he is again ready to make the attempt across.

For the attempt must again be repeated, since we are now too far to retreat, and our only path lies through the opposite ice-fields. How we wish for a rope! But there is none to be obtained, and another trial must be made.

Our guide seems now to understand thoroughly the ill-prepared equipment and the narrowly-escaped danger, and he now does all in his power to bring us safely across.

But as often happens, the one who faces danger thinks
less about it than those who watch him in his peril, so now he advances again to the icy ledge and in the coolest manner imaginable prepares once more to make the leap.

Holding fast to the slender alpenstock which he has not once let escape his grasp, once again he places his foot in the narrow foothold on the ice ledge, and slowly and coolly bends over the edge to make a spring. Again the abyss yawns before him, but he does not look to see it. His eye is directed upon the guide on the opposite ledge, and he waits for the second when he is to make another attempt. On the other side stands the guide, bracing himself as best he may, and slowly leaning forward and stretching the long handle of his ice-pick across the crevasse to help steady him who is about to leap.

A breathless pause and silence. Every eye is directed upon that slender wooden rod as it slowly swings across the chasm—and just as slowly a human hand reaches forth from this side to grasp that staff which means perhaps life or death. In that drawn and tense position every second seems Eternity. The least slip before he reaches the ice-pick handle, and what may not happen! Slowly—slowly, the interval is lessened—until at last there is only one tiny inch—nearer and nearer—they touch—the hand grasps the rod with a grip of steel—the guide shouts encouragement—a bend, a spring, and our companion of danger from the other side is assuring the rest that it is very simple, and nothing to fear. As he himself said afterwards, he did not realize his danger as the rest until he had thought it over, and even when lying on the brink of the ice-precipice thought only of preserving his balance and assuring the others that he had received no harm.

Extreme caution is now manifested by all, and using the greatest self-possession and coolness possible, the whole party safely makes the passage. Nor is all the danger past here; before us still lie many narrow ridges to be threaded; there are other crevasses somewhat less difficult to be crossed; but knowing that only one at a time need be passed, and that it requires a steady head, we think as little as possible about the difficulty, and at last, after four hours of
creeping, of climbing and toiling, we come to where the
snow-mountain glooms over the glacier, and the ice-fields
and all their dangers are left behind. 

E. L. ASHLEY.

WOODLAND ECHOES

As I wander in the woodland
In the haunts of bird and flower,
Where the streamlet gently murmurs,
Winding through a leafy bower;

Long I listen to the echoes,
While the birds sing loud and clear;
Long I strive to catch their import,
As they fall upon my ear.

From the thicket in the distance
Comes the robin's cheery tone;
Echoes, now, that tone repeating
Make its gladness all their own.

Mournful sounds the cuckoo's story,
Through the forest aisles so fair;
Sad are now the Echo's voices
Borne to me upon the air.

Every note of joy or sorrow
Has its echoes in the glen;
Every sound within the forest
Going hence, returns again.

So, I think, in life's grim contest,
While we strive to win the goal,
While we struggle onward, upward,
Tired in mind and sick in soul;

Every word the tongue expresses,
Every thought the mind cons o'er,
Every wish for good or evil,
Echoes on the other shore.

W. H. HARTSHORN, '86.
[Reprinted from the STUDEMT, March, 1885.]
ON STREETS OF GOLD

THE AUGUST moon shone radiant over Lake Winnepesaukee. It shimmere across the broad stretch of dancing water. With the help of the fresh, cool, sweet night-breeze it made the lake a glittering, flashing expanse, broken here and there by an island dark and shadowy. It showed in dusky, uncertain outlines, against the starlit sky, the huge pyramid of the Ossipee Mountains on the one side and the domes of old Belknap and Gunstock on the other.

Out of the shadow of Ragged Island, swiftly and almost silently came the Katrina. The only sound she made was the swish of the water as her sharp prow cut through it like a knife, and the hum of her engine as it propelled her through the waves. For the Katrina was a motor-boat.

To-night she had only two occupants. In the stern with his big, athletic frame reclining lazily on one of the side cushions lay Kenneth McCasco, the picture of indolent ease. With his little boat skimming over the bosom of the lake at a fifteen-mile clip, the occasional sound of her chime whistle bringing back echoes from the shadows of the neighboring hills, it would seem as if he had as much reason as anyone to be happy. But he was not. He was watching intently the girl who stood at the forward end of the cock-pit with her hands on the steering-wheel. He was in misery. His strong face was set in stern lines and his accustomed good-natured smile was missing. And here was the cause of his misery—this tall, graceful girl, clad in one of his own great Yale sweaters to protect her from the night air. She stood with her body bent slightly forward against the wind which was plying havoc with the stray locks of her dark hair, steering deftly, as the Katrina tore through the waters toward the distant lights of Hotel Weirs. The beauties of lake and moonlight were worth going miles to see, but they were all lost on McCasco.

Not so with the girl. She drank them in eagerly and drew long breaths of the fragrant night air, that made her eyes sparkle and her cheeks flame. As they passed the lights of Eagle Island the young man rose from his seat.
and throttled the engine down to half-speed. Then he went forward and sat down by the girl. The boat with her speed greatly diminished, glided smoothly along.

"Why did you throttle the engine?" asked the girl.

"I was afraid we would get there too soon," he replied.

"Then you appreciate the moonlight, too. Isn't it just glorious?" she exclaimed.

"I hadn't noticed," he said with affected indifference.

She regarded him silently for a moment, then a girlish laugh rang out over the water.

"O, Ken, I believe you're going to propose again. Now, honest, Kenny, aren't you?"

Kenneth laughed in spite of his desire to say something very emphatic. Then quickly serious again he exclaimed: "That's always the way, whenever I try to be serious, you treat it all as a huge joke. Four times in these two years I have tried to tell you how much I loved you and each time you have turned me away with a jest."

Again the girlish laugh rang out, "Go on," she said. "You're doing beautifully." Kenneth paid no attention to the interruption but continued:

"Every time I have gone away with a little more experience, a little bigger ache in my heart, but with a determination to try again. I don't need to tell you what is in my mind now, you know as well as I do. But I must have an answer to-night, I shall never ask you again!"

"That's what you said the last time," she replied with a soft laugh.

"O, Phil, you wouldn't laugh if you knew how it hurt me."

"Forgive me, Kenneth," she murmured, "I'm sorry if it hurt you. I am thoughtless, I know; but I didn't think that you were so serious about it. It isn't like you, you know, to be serious. I do like you as a friend better than any fellow I ever met, but I cannot think of getting married at twenty-four. You've been awfully good to me, Kenny, dear, and I hope that we can be friends a good while longer."

"Then your answer is 'No?'" he asked quietly.
“What are you going to do if it is?” she inquired with a smile.

“I’m going to enlist in the navy or commit suicide, or enter a monastery or something,” he replied grimly.

Her buoyant laugh rang out again. “Just imagine a Yale fullback in a monastery,” she said, “I think I’ve a picture of it in my mind.”

Kenneth repressed a smile and set his teeth with a snap. Was he going to let this girl go on in this way. It was the same old game; a jest, a laugh—and—well, she would never get another chance. He knew that he would never be happy without her, but it was very evident that his chance of winning her was hopeless.

Neither spoke again till they reached the wharf at the Weirs. He had an errand up at the hotel and as she preferred to wait for him in the boat, he strode off up the platform alone, in a very unhappy frame of mind.

The boat was drawn up under the shadow of the wharf and the girl made herself as comfortable as possible and indulged in some good, solid thinking. The hour was late and there was no one around the wharves. The music from the hotel orchestra in the distance sounded weird and lonesome. The clouds shut out the moonlight and the lights on the hill seemed far away.

Phyllis began to feel that she had not treated Kenneth just right. Ever since she met him, two years ago, at the Osmond’s house-party, she had regarded him as she would a big, good-natured brother and had imposed upon him as much. She knew that their first acquaintance had been a complete conquest for her. The symptoms were unmistakable. However, he was such an amiable, jolly fellow that she never thought he was as serious about it as some of her other suitors. There was “Tommy” Douglas, for example, who nearly committed suicide because she refused him. He had left his home, taken to drinking and gone—to the bad. But Kenneth would never do anything like that, even though he might think just as much of her as Tommy did. No, he would set his teeth and square his
shoudlers and do something grand and noble. That was like Kenneth.

The other fellows had all shown their preference for some other girl after they found that their love was not returned, but Kenneth had always been the same toward her. There was no egotism about him; he was always kind and good-natured, no matter what happened, or how she treated him. She remembered the many things he had done for her in his quiet, unassuming way. What if the girl's did call him "slow?" She knew that his college mates called him a "corking good fellow," and her brother Rodney called him "a strong man," and she valued her brother's opinion above that of every one else.

Now she remembered that it had always made her happy when he won any honors in college work or on the athletic field. Perhaps she liked him better than she really knew.

As she sat there thinking, she realized as she had not before, that during the last two years there had been something added to her life.

Though she scarcely appreciated the fact, life had been brighter and happier. Now she knew what it was. It was Kenneth; strong, noble Kenneth. Suppose he should never ask her to marry him, again. The thought made her start. She remembered the way he had squared his jaw when she laughed at him and with a contrite little sigh she sank down deeper among the cushions, wishing that he would come back.

Kenneth's errand took him longer than he expected as he met some of his friends and had to stop and talk, but as soon as he could get away he hurried back to the wharf. With an apology for his tardy return he untied the boat and started the engine. The moon came out again in all its glory and the drops of water looked like sparkling gems as the dainty prow of the Katrina tossed the spray aside. Phyllis took the wheel and he sat down in the stern. Neither spoke for a while, and only the muffled throb of the motor and the ripple of the water broke the stillness.

"Kenneth." There was something in the tone that made him leap quickly to her side.
"What is it, Phil?"
The eyes that looked up into his were full of tears. "Kenneth, can you ever forgive me?"
"What? You—you don't mean that you— O, you dear!"
The moon went behind a little cloud just then, and when it came out again they were standing together in the bow; and Kenneth's strong arms were about Phyllis.
The Katrina, left to her own devices, was just completing a half-circle with her nose again pointed toward the Weirs. Kenneth discovered the fact, but he did not bother to turn her around; he simply shut down the engine.
So they drifted.
"Why, what a grand night it is," he said, "I hadn't noticed it before."
The wind had almost ceased and the soft waves lapped gently against the sides of the boat. Low in the western sky, just above the dusky outline of the hills, the moon, shining in unclouded splendor, was reflected on the water in a path of golden light, leading from where they drifted to the distant shore.
Phyllis laughed softly: "Let's imagine that we are in Heaven, and that this is one of the streets of gold," she said.
He looked tenderly down into the uplifted eyes. "I am in Heaven," he replied.

WALTER E. GRAHAM, 1911.

A BIRTHDAY IN '76

As I AWOKE on the morning of April third, seventeen seventy-six, the feeling came over me that the day was to be unlike other days. I was sure nothing in my dreams had told me so. But, O! It was my twentieth birthday. Of course it would be different from other days, for yesterday and all the yesterdays were days of my girlhood, but to-morrow and all the to-morrows would be days of my womanhood. At least, that was the way I felt about
my life that morning. Perhaps the events of the past year had made me feel that my girlhood was past.

Our home was in the town of Wakefield, about ten miles from Boston. During the year the British had held possession of Boston and only a few days ago, when Washington had planted cannon on Dorchester Heights, had they withdrawn from the city. Nearly every household of our neighborhood had sent a father, or a son, or both, to join the Continental Army. But I was not thinking of all those fathers and sons that morning. My waking thoughts were of one only, John Henderson, the son of a neighbor, for a year ago that very day I had promised John that I would be his wife. Shortly after, when news had come of the battles of Concord and Lexington, John had hastened to Cambridge and joined the Minute Men. He had fought in the battle of Bunker Hill and for nearly a year had served as one of Washington's aides. During that year he had made a few short but never-to-be-forgotten visits home.

Upon that third day of April as I arose and pulled aside the curtain, the sunshine seemed to wish me a happy birthday. For two long days the rain had fallen steadily, but the storm had cleared away during the night and the world was indeed beautiful. But I knew not whether to be happy or sad. The clouds of war had not lifted. What was to be the outcome of it all? It was useless for me to puzzle my brain about that, though, for the wisest man in the colonies could not tell. Such thoughts as these passed through my mind as I dressed.

Then a thump on my door broke in upon my meditations. "Come, Sis, breakfast time," shouted Brother Bob. As I opened the door, he caught me and kept me fast until he had given my usual birthday punishment—pulling my ears. When I went into the kitchen Mother met me with a kiss and called me her "little woman." Just then Father came in shouting, "Happy birthday, little girl," and we sat down to breakfast. Mother and I spent the morning in our usual round of household duties.

Soon after noon our nearest neighbor, Mrs. Adams, came hurrying over across the fields. We knew by her face that
she had news to tell. It seemed that her husband had just returned from Boston where he had been to market. While there he had heard that Washington's army was preparing to move. Where they were going he could not learn, but they would be ready to start to-morrow at daybreak.

I turned and gazed out of the window. It seemed to me the joy was all gone from the sunshine. We had been expecting this news but I had hoped for one more visit from John before he went any farther from home. That was not the time, however, to think of my disappointment, for there was work to do. Mr. Adams was going back to Boston that night to carry clothing and provisions to the men of the neighborhood who were in the army, and my package for John must be ready. As I worked my ear was strained to catch the sound of horses' hoofs down the road, for though I hardly dared hope, I knew that if it were possible John would ride home to bid his mother and sister and me good-by. But the afternoon passed, and he did not come.

After supper, when the work was done and the package gone, I sat down for a little while on the porch to be alone and think. There had been so much to do that I had been brave through the day, but now—O, I could not stand it. I went up to my room, though I had no thought of sleeping. Mother soon came in, however, quietly lay down beside me and held my hand in hers until I was fast asleep.

It must have been about two hours later when I awoke with a start. What had I heard? The house was still. The moonlight was shining into my room. I sat up in bed and listened. Then something rattled against the window pane. I sprang up, ran to the window and pulled aside the curtains. In the yard I could see a horse, and as I looked more closely I knew it was Daisy, John's horse. Quickly I threw a shawl about my shoulders, swung the window back, and leaned out.

In the shadow beneath a man was standing, and a well-known voice said, "Mary." "John, have you come?" was all I could say. "Yes, Mary, it is I. Come down quietly without waking the people just yet. I want to talk with you," he said. I dressed hurriedly and stole softly down
staircase. As I opened the door and stepped out John met me and—well, the next few moments in the moonlight surely made up for the disappointment and heartache of the day. Presently John said, "Mary, do you know that the army is to leave Boston in the morning?" Yes, I knew. Then he told me that they were going to New York, for there an attack by the British was expected. He told me, too, that he feared the end of the war was yet far away, and that it might be a long time before he could come home again. He had been to say good-by to his mother and sister, and now—he had come to ask me to fulfil my promise of a year ago. He said that we could go to the home of our minister who lived just across Indian Stream bridge, three miles away, and be married that very night.

"Be—married—to-night—" I said.

"Yes, Mary, to-night." Then he waited for my answer, but I could not give it at once. The wedding in my mother's parlor that I had pictured, flashed to my mind. There, I had thought, upon a beautiful night in June, after John came back from the war, we would be married. John's people, my own father and mother and brother and our dearest friends should be with us. But this—would it be a real wedding if we went to the minister's house in the middle of the night? It was all so different from what I had planned! It wouldn't really seem like being married. Could I do it?

John looked into my troubled face and commenced to speak very softly and slowly—"Mary, I am going away to-morrow. I am going where there will be war and danger. And, Mary—whatever happens I want to think of my brave little wife here at home. Then, if—" I could let him go no farther. I realized only too well that he might never come back to me, but I could not bear to have him mention it. I looked up into his brave, honest face and my decision was made. "Yes, John, I will go," I said. For a moment he held me close and whispered "My dear little girl." Then he let me go and I went in to awaken Father and Mother and tell them of the plan. After the first surprise was over
they were willing. They had thought of John for a long time as of a son.

A few minutes later I was seated behind John on Daisy’s back and we were on our way to Elder Stewart’s. Daisy was a fleet horse and soon we could see Indian Stream in the moonlight. We had rounded a curve in the road near the bank when the horse suddenly stopped. We looked to see what was the matter and—behold—the bridge was gone. The two days’ rain had swollen the stream to a raging torrent and not a timber remained. What should we do? There was no other bridge for five miles. In fact, we did not know but all the bridges had been carried away. I could see no way but to turn and go back home. And John would have to go away and we should not be married, perhaps for a long, long time. But John had been thinking very hard. Then, “Halloo,” rang out his clear, strong voice. Again he shouted. No answer. A third time and a window in the parsonage was opened. John made the minister understand that he was wanted. Soon he appeared on the opposite bank. Above the roar of the torrent, John told him why we had come and asked if there was any way to cross the stream. “Bridges all washed away,” was the answer, “but stay where you are. I can marry you there. John Henderson, do you take this woman to be your wedded wife?” “I do,” answered John. “Mary Ellen Tray, do you take this man to be your wedded husband?” My voice was almost lost in the roar of the stream as I answered, “I do.” “Then,” came the voice of Elder Stewart, “I pronounce you man and wife. Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.”

Thus we were married. Husband and wife we rode home in the moonlight. When we reached home Father and Mother were waiting to give us their blessing and to receive John as a son. A little later we stood alone at the gate where a year ago we as lovers had said “good-night” and now—we said “good-by.”

IOLA A. WALKER, 1909.
The new system of having monitors in chapel to record the attendance is a decided improvement. More go to chapel, the rooms looks better, and last and best it removes the weekly, conscience-trying ordeal of making out chapel attendance slips. It is a step in the right direction, no rule should be made unless it is enforced.

To the undergraduate mind, however, the present system has two glaring defects. First, church attendance is supposed to count as fifty per cent. of the week’s credit and the recording of church attendance remains as under the old system. This makes a lie about his presence in church count as much in a fellow’s credit as an entire week’s attendance at chapel.

The second is that the monitors are chosen from the class of which they have charge. This, which looks like nothing more or less than placing a fellow in the capacity of spy against his classmates, naturally makes trouble. In fact one monitor has already found his position so uncomfortable that he has resigned and no one has yet been found to take his place.

The remedy seems to be simple. Let an instructor have charge of the Seniors in chapel and choose a monitor for
each of the other classes from the class above. And remove
the rule requiring church attendance. It never has been
enforced and probably never will be.

**Society Dues** We have heard several times lately the
complaint that "society dues are too
high." This does not come from those
who shirk just debts but from students who like to feel when
they pay out money that it is "for value received" and not
that they have been (to use a classic phrase) "stung."

For societies conducted as ours here are, the dues are
certainly unnecessarily high. Each of the societies has a
considerable balance to its credit either in cash or uncollected
dues. This surplus the executive committees guard with
mistaken zeal, for fear of being thought extravagant. The
dues under these conditions could easily be reduced one-half.

But there is a better plan. Let the money be expended
carefully to be sure, but quickly, also. That is what dues
are paid for. We see no reason why money paid in to the
societies to-day should be hoarded up for the benefit of our
remote descendants. Let this money be so spent as to ben-
efit those who are earning it and paying it in. That is
what money is for.

**A Correction** We quote from one of the best edited
magazines in the country: "If an edi-
tor makes a mistake he has to apologize
for it, but if a doctor makes a mistake he buries it. If an
editor makes one there is a law suit, swearing and the smell
of sulphur, but if a doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut
flowers and a smell of varnish.

"A doctor can use a word a yard long without knowing
what it means, but if an editor uses it he has to spell it. Any
old medical school can make a doctor. You can't make
an editor; he has to be born."

The important part of this seems to be that editorial mis-
takes should be apologized for. In the Commencement
issue of the Student we announced that the prize for Sophomore themes had been awarded. As a matter of fact at that time they had not been written. How such a mistake could have occurred passes our understanding but it seems to have happened nevertheless. And we are glad at this time to correct the error and shall try in due season to make the announcement correctly.

The following is a list of new books which have been added to the library recently:

Civilization During the Middle Ages
Adams, G. B.

Holy Roman Empire
Bryce

Guides to the Study of American History
Channing and Hart

Europe in the Middle Age
Thatcher and Schevill

History of Greece, 3 vols.
Abbott, Evelyn

Homer, Introduction to the Iliad and the Odyssey
Jebb, R. C.

Select Statutes, illustrating history of United States
Macdonald, W.

Great Astronomers
Ball, R. S.

Mars and Its Canals
Lowell, P.

The New Astronomy
Langley, S. P.

Sidelights on Astronomy
Newcomb, Simon

The World Machine
Snyder, Carl

Life in the Homeric Age
Seymour

Given by Miss Elizabeth G. Houghton

English Verse

Specimens of Prose Description
Baldwin, C. S. ed.

Forms of Discourse
Cairns, W. B.

Primer of English Verse
Corson, H.

Composition and Rhetoric
Karana and Beatty

Laocoon
Lewis, E. H.

Specimens of Forms of Discourse
Meiklejohn, J. M. D.

Forensic Oratory
Robinson, W. C.

Three-minute Readings for College Girls
Davis, H. C. ed.

Open Sesame, 3 vols.
Bellamy & Goodwin, eds.

The Grandissimus
Cable, G. W.

Dr. Sevier
Cable, G. W.

Old Creole Days
Tolon, M. T.

Spanish Reader, 15 copies


Maine Register, 1907-8
Donham, H. M. comp.
The Mandolin Club
Those interested in the formation of a mandolin club assembled recently and organized. Oakes, '09, was elected leader and Wadleigh, '09, manager. Rehearsals will be held at once and during the winter, trips will be taken.

A Senior Party
On October 19 in Hathorn Hall, the Senior boys gave a very successful party in the form of a masquerade in honor of the girls of the class. A genuine 1908 bulldog graced the outside cover of the unique invitations. The costuming was very effective. The girls especially had very cleverly arranged disguises. Progressive games furnished the entertainment of the evening and an orchestra added to the enjoyment. Dr. and Mrs. Britan served as chaperons.

Receptions to the Freshmen
On September 26 the young people of the Main Street Free Baptist Church gave a pleasing reception to the Class of 1911 and all the students who attend that church. Group games and a guessing contest entertained the company. Mr. Schumacher, '08, sang two very fine solos. Miss Sprague, '08, gave a reading. Ice cream and cake were served. A few of the Freshmen boys were allowed to accompany the girls home that night.

The ladies of the Pine Street Congregational Church gave their annual reception to the Freshmen on Thursday evening, October 10. The vestry was handsomely decorated with Bates banners and everything was made inviting to the students. A short program was given, parlor games were played, and each guest was presented with a small card for the autographs of those present. Refreshments were served. There was a noticeable decrease in the number of Freshmen escorts, a decrease which is hard to account for (?). The question arises—had they been warned?
The Class Book  At a recent meeting of the Senior Class action was taken in regard to the class book. A committee consisting of Harris, Smith, Williams, Miss Little and Miss Lewis was appointed to look after the matter.

1910 Basketball  The girls of 1910 have elected captain and manager for the basketball season. Miss Niles was re-elected to the captaincy and Miss Barker was elected manager.

New Chapel System  A new system of taking chapel attendance has been instituted. To begin with each student has a particular place of his own in chapel. Then student monitors, two appointed from each class, take the attendance. In regard to church attendance each student reports individually on blanks provided for the purpose.

Silver Bay Meeting  All of the Y. W. C. A. girls who went to Silver Bay last June, came back full of inspiration and enthusiasm for the work of this year. At the union meeting of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., Oct. 2, we had pictured to us very vividly the pleasures of the social part of Silver Bay life as well as its more serious side. Miss Rand, who led the meeting, told how much the trip in itself was enjoyed, and gave us a general idea of Silver Bay. Miss Sprague told us of the religious speakers, giving very interesting extracts from their speeches, and Miss Blanchard spoke of the missionary aspect. At the Y. W. C. A. meeting, Oct. 7, Miss Coolidge described the every day pleasures of Silver Bay, and Miss Humiston told us many things of general interest.

Judges Appointed  The committee appointed by President Chase to judge the songs and yells entered in competition for the prizes recently offered has been announced. It consists of Richard B. Stanley, chairman; Theodore A. Lothrop and George H. Johnson. The
committee has made the following rules to govern the contest.

Prize of fifteen dollars for best college song.

Original words and music are preferred but words and music may be written by different individuals. If music is adopted, none of passing popular interest will be accepted.

Songs of permanent value are desired with music of good harmony and rhythm and words of dignity and college spirit.

Songs may be of any length.

No prize is offered for cheers, the honor of adoption being considered adequate reward.

A cheer combining dignity and snap is desired.

All songs and cheers must be in the hands of the committee on or before February 1, 1908, and should be mailed to the chairman at 35 Congress Street, Boston.

**Piaeia Entertain**

A very interesting society meeting in which all three societies joined, was held October 25 in Fiske Hall. The programme was unusually interesting: Mrs. Record of Auburn completely captured the audience with her reading. The double quartet and the orchestra added materially to the entertainment.

The programme follows:

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<td>Reading</td>
<td>Mrs. Record</td>
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<td>Vocal Solo</td>
<td>Miss Tasker, '11</td>
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<td>Violin Solo</td>
<td>Mr. Davis</td>
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<td>Reading</td>
<td>Mrs. Record</td>
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<td>Selection</td>
<td>Double Male Quartet</td>
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<td>Reading</td>
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The quartet consisted of Harris, Sweetland, Schumacher, Ralph Goodwin, and Harold Goodwin, '08, Bassett and Cole, '10, and Graham, '11. Following the programme, chocolate and cake were served.
ATHLETIC NOTES

Exeter 5, Bates 0

In a drizzling rain Exeter defeated Bates by a score of 5-0. Bates should have won. The playing although pretty even slightly favored our team. Except for one lucky stab Exeter would not have scored. And our boys were within striking distance of the Exeter goal four times. But luck was against us and Exeter took the game. Capt. Schmachter played his usual brilliant game.

The line-up:

Exeter.
Murray, l.e.................................................................r.e., Cummings
McCaffrey, r.e..............................................................r.t, Schumacher
Selden, lt.................................................................rg., Cole
Kruschwitz, lg..........................................................rg., Carroll
Dowing, c.................................................................e., Cochran
Cooney, rg..............................................................lg., French
Wilson, rg..............................................................lt., McKenney
Percy, rt.................................................................lt., Cole
Poore, rt.................................................................lt., Brown
Baker, r.e.................................................................q.b., Cobb
Loftus, q.b..............................................................q.b., Mahoney
Cregg, q.b.................................................................r.h.b., Bridges
Burns, l.h.b.............................................................r.h.b., Keane
Dunn, l.h.b..............................................................l.h.b., Frazer
Malcolm, r.h.b..........................................................l.h.b., Libby
Roos, r.h.b..............................................................f.b., Lovely
Lewis, f.b.................................................................f.b., Sargent

Bates 10, Kent's Hill 0

Kent's Hill sent down a snappy little team to play Bates October 5. The preparatory school team held the college team to two touchdowns and deserves great credit for the game it put up. Bates played a defensive game for the most part and contented herself with punting almost every time she got the ball. Frazer carried the ball over for the first touchdown after a few minutes of play. Cummings made the second on a forward pass near the end of the second half. Schumacher played a great game. He punted well and his huge form could be seen in every play. Gale
and Colby did especially good work for Kent's Hill. The line-up:

**Bates.**
Cummings, re..................e., Colcord, Young
Schumacher, t.t..........................t., Colby
Carroll, Cole, r.g..........................l.g., Bishop
French, c..........................c., Steward
Cochrane, lg..........................r.g., Neil
McKenna, lt..........................r.f., Hinch
Bishop, l.e..........................r.e., Gale, Young
Cobb, q.b..........................q.b., Chesley
Bridges, Keaney, r.h.b..........................r.h.b., Butterfield
Frazer, Libby, l.h.b..........................l.h.b., Simmons
Sargent, Lovely, f.b..........................f.b., Gale

The Bates second team played a very interesting nothing-to-nothing game with M. C. I. just before the Kent's Hill game. The M. C. I. team played a good fast game and held the second team well.

Captain Mahoney ran his team well. Keaney was the great ground-gainer. As the game drew to a close the second team began to wake up and made very substantial gains. With a little more time they might have scored. The line-up:

**Bates 2d, M. C. I.**
Lucas, r.e..........................r.e., Files
Leavitt, r.t..........................l.t., Smith
Jack, r.g..........................l.g., Homestead
Blake, c..........................c., Whitmore
Ham, lg..........................r.g., Bickford
Bassett, lt..........................r.t., Rand
Kendrick, l.e..........................r.e., Richardson
Mahoney, q.b..........................q.b., Sturdevant
Keaney, r.h.b..........................l.h.b., Clark, Eaton
Elwood, l.h.b..........................r.h.b., Gilley
Libby, f.b..........................f.b., Jones

Referee and umpire—Schumacher and Kendall. Time—12-minute periods.

**Harvard 33, Bates 4** For the third consecutive year Bates scored on Harvard. The boys went up to Cambridge with the determination not only of scoring on Harvard but also of holding her to a low score. Our score was made in the last of the first half in a kick from
The ball was captured on a fumble on Harvard's 23-yard line. From there Capt. Schumacher kicked one of the prettiest field goals ever seen on Soldiers' Field. Another place kick was tried but it failed by a few feet. At another time Cobb got loose in a clear field within twenty yards of Harvard's goal, but fell and before he could regain his feet the Harvard men were upon him. Altogether, the team played well and with a little better luck would have scored more points. The Boston papers credited Schumacher with being the best individual player who has played on Soldiers' Field thus for this season.

The line-up:

**HARVARD.**

M. C. Pierce, l.e................................. r.e., Cummings
Houston, l.e...................................... r.t., Schumacher
Burr, lt.
Robinson, lt.
Parker, l.g................................. r.g., Erskine
Gilmore, l.g...................................... r.g., Cole
Grant, c...................................... c., Cochrane
Nourse, c.
W. Pierce, r.g...................................... l.g., French
Foreheimer, r.g.
Hoard, r.t.
Fish, Inches, r.t............................. lt., McKenna
Bird, r.e................................. l.e., Brown
Newhall, q.b.
Starr, q.b................................. q.b., Cobb
Lockwood, l.h.b................................. l.h.b., Frazer
Cutting, l.h.b...................................... l.h.b., Hull
Rand, r.h.b................................. r.h.b., Keaney
Gilbert, r.h.b................................. r.h.b., Bridges
Brennan, f.b.
Waterbury, f.b..................................... f.b., Sargent

On what will ever be a disputed decision

The First Championship Game

Colby won the first game in the championship series by defeating Bates, 5-0. The first half was played entirely in Colby's territory. The Bates team showed up stronger than their opponents but not quite strong enough to score. In the second half the Colby team came back stronger. Time and again she hit the Bates line for substantial gains. The line was the weak place. Then came the disputed point. Colby by a forward
pass had the ball on Bates’ four-yard line. Colby tried a play through the center. In the general mix-up Brown and Cummings shot out of the crowd, Brown carrying the ball. They ran the length of the field and planted it behind Colby’s goal posts. But the referee maintained that Colby had carried the ball across the line and scored. Brown says the ball was lying loose in the pile and that he picked it up and started out before the referee’s whistle sounded.

Schumacher on account of his illness did not start in the game and the team without him was not up to its usual standard. While we give due credit to Colby for having a good team and for playing a strong game, we firmly believe that the referee was mistaken and that the score should have been 5-0 in favor of Bates.

The line-up:

**BATES.**

Cummings, r.e............................................................i.e., Kimball
Andrews, r.t..............................................................i.t, Sherburne
Schumacher, r.t...........................................................i.g, Carrick
Booker, r.g.
Cochrane, c...............................................................q., c., Tidd
French, l.g.................................................................l.g., Lyons
McKenney, l.t..............................................................r.t., Smith
Bishop, i.e.................................................................r.e., Cotton
Brown, i.e.
Cobb, q.b.................................................................q.b., Dwyer
Bridges, r.h.b............................................................l.h.b., Vail
Keaney, r.h.b.
Frazer, r.h.b.
Hull, l.h.b.................................................................r.h.b., Goode
Lovely, f.b.................................................................f.b., Trask

The Handicap Meet On Saturday morning, October 12, a handicap track meet was held on Gar- celon Field. The meet brought out some close contests and showed that the Freshman Class has some strong material. Captain Mahoney of the Freshman squad showed up specially well. Leavitt ought to make a good man in the weights. The track was somewhat slow owing to the rain of the previous day.

The summary:

100-Yard Dash—Won by Mahoney (3 1-2 yards); Frazer (3 yards), second; Williams (scratch), third.
Mile Run—Won by Stuart (80 yards); Libby (35 yards), second; Martin (35 yards), third. Time—5 minutes 35 seconds.

Half-Mile—Won by Irish (scratch); Damon (35 yards), second; Graybert (12 yards), third. Time—2 minutes 28 seconds.

220-Yard Dash—Won by Williams; Lucas, second; Libby, third. Time—24 1-5 seconds.

440-Yard Dash—Won by Roseland (20 yards); Clifford (20 yards), second; Oakes (15 yards), third. Time—54 seconds.

Shot Put—Won by Leavitt; French, second; Page, third.

Hammer Throw—Won by French (scratch); Leavitt (5 ft.), second; Andrews (5 ft.), third.

Discus Throw—Won by Page (2 ft.); Schumacher (scratch), second; Leavitt (2 ft.), third.

High Jump—Won by Williams (scratch); Leavitt (4 in.), second; Irish (3 in.), third.

Broad Jump—Won by Frazer (scratch); Mahoney (1 ft.) second; Libby (2 ft.), third.

High Hurdles—Won by Frazer (scratch); Mahoney (8 yd.), second; Williams (5 yd.), third.

Low Hurdles—Won by Mahoney (12 yds.); Williams (10 yds.), second; Frazer (scratch), third.

Cross Country Running

There has been much interest in cross country running here this fall. Clifford, '08, has been elected captain of the team. After trying to arrange a dual meet with Bowdoin, that college has at last succeeded in finding a successful excuse and has evaded a meet. We were ready to run under any suitable conditions, but the Brunswick athletes were hard to please.

Our Athletic Girls

There seems to be great enthusiasm along the line of athletics among the girls of the college this year. An unusually large number take advantage of the tennis courts every day, and, while hockey is comparatively new, it is gaining in popularity, a much greater number of girls being out for practice this year than there was last year. Practically nothing has been done in basketball as yet, but the classes are to elect their captains soon, who will be on the lookout for good material. The Athletic Association has recently purchased new tennis rackets and snowshoes.
Bates-Bowdoin Freshman Meet

Having failed to arrange a meet with Bowdoin Freshmen for two consecutive years at Brunswick, the meet is to be held at Lewiston this year. Mahoney, captain of the Bates Freshmen, has worked hard for a good team. He has found good material in Leavitt, Preston and Andrews in the weights; Jenness and Pierce in the pole vault; Whittaker in the quarter; Damon, Stordahl, Graybert in the distance runs; Gordon, Ingersoll and Preston in the dashes. The result of the meet will be found in another column of the Student.

More Red Tape

Have you noticed how many more Bates girls you meet out walking nowadays than you used to a few weeks ago? Have you noticed, too, their blank, abstracted faces and the anxiety with which they consult their watches semi-occasionally, and have you wondered thereof? Don’t be alarmed. They are only solving a deep and difficult problem. They are adding the number of minutes that they are walking to-day on to the number that they walked yesterday, and the day before yesterday, and they are hoping against hope that they will have six hours in all sooner or later. The new exercise record slips are out.

Hare and Hounds

“Back to nature” was the cry, Thursday afternoon, October 3, when one hundred and fifty enthusiastic girls came out for the annual Hare and Hound chase. By the time they had all gathered in front of the New Dormitory preparatory to starting, every book and every lesson had been forgotten—not even one Freshman was heard to murmur regretfully, “My Livy!” There was only anticipation for the glorious good time that was ahead of them, and it is safe to say that nobody was disappointed. There were four trails for the Hounds. Miss Norris led the red trail, Miss Britan the yellow, Mrs. S. J. Case, the blue, and Mrs. Royce Purinton the white. After an hour’s run through fields and woods, along sidewalks and across back yards and vegetable gardens, the
four divisions came together at the top of a hill near the river where they found the Hares waiting for them. Bonfires, which were already blazing, soon became the centers of interest as supper time approached, for in addition to all of the good things that had been brought from the dormitories, each girl had corn and bacon to roast over the coals. After the spread prizes were given out; Miss Culhane, who was the first to reach the Hares, received a little toy “bunny,” while to Miss Clason, who led the second trail at the finish, came a valuable watch, and the advice that she make better time. Miss Ferguson and Miss Wentworth brought up the rear of the fourth division and so were given whips “to whip up a little.” As the fires began to die down and it began to grow dark, the girls sang one or two college songs and then, with some rousing cheers for Miss Norris and Miss Britan, who had done so much to make the afternoon a success, they all started for home. It may be added that a great number of the Hares and Hounds on the way home made a wide detour, quite wide enough to take in Ross’ Inn.

College Tennis Tournament

The doubles of the college tennis tournament have been completed, but the single as yet are unfinished. Campbell and Wadleigh captured the title in doubles, defeating Bolster and Quimby in the final round, 6-2, 6-0, 6-2. Following are the results:

1 Babbitt '11
  Jackson '10
  
2 Holman '10
  Moulton '10

3 Campbell '08
  Wadleigh '09

4 Peasley '10
  Brummett '11

5 Howard '10
  Orr '10

6 Bolster '10
  Quimby '10

Campbell and Wadleigh

6-2, 6-1

Peasley and Brummett

6-2, 6-3

Bolster and Quimby

6-3, 6-3

Campbell and Wadleigh

6-2

6-2

Campbell and Wadleigh

6-0

6-2

Campbell and Wadleigh

6-2

6-0

6-2

Campbell and Wadleigh

6-2

6-0

6-2

Campbell and Wadleigh

6-2

6-0

6-2

Campbell and Wadleigh

6-2

6-0

6-2

Campbell and Wadleigh

6-2

6-0

6-2

Campbell and Wadleigh

6-2

6-0

6-2

Campbell and Wadleigh

6-2

6-0

6-2
The Bates Freshmen vanquished the Bowdoin Freshies in the dual track meet held on Garcelon Field October 26. Capt. Mahoney and Leavitt were the chief point-winners for Bates, Leavitt scoring 18 points and Mahoney 16. The hundred-yard dash and two-twenty were very closely contested only a couple of feet separating the men at the finish in both races. The track was in fairly good condition but the weather was extremely cold and a stiff wind made fast time impossible.

The summary:

100-Yard Dash—Won by: Mahoney, Bates, 1st; Kaulbach, Bowdoin, 2d; L. Davis, Bowdoin, 3d. Time—11 seconds.
120-Yard Hurdles—Won by Pierce, Bowdoin, 1st; Mahoney, Bowdoin, 2d; Pierce, Bowdoin, 3d. Time—28 4-5 seconds.
Bates, 2d; Whittikind, Bates, 3d. Time—18 1-5 seconds.
220-Yard Hurdles—Won by: Mahoney, Bates, 1st; Wiggin, Bowdoin, 2d; Pierce, Bowdoin, 3d. Time—28 4-5 seconds.
One-Half Mile Run—Won by Robinson, Bowdoin, 1st; Peakes, Bates, 2d; Hire, Bowdoin, 3d. Time—2.30 1-5.
One-Mile Run—Won by: Robinson, Bowdoin, 1st; Pelletier, Bates, 2d; Stuart, Bates, 3d. Time—5.19 1-5.
Throwing 16-lb. Hammer—Won by: Leavitt, Bates, 1st; Hastings, Bowdoin, 2d; Loveland, Bates, 3d. Distance—99 ft. 3 in.
Putting 16-lb. Shot—Won by: Leavitt, Bates, 1st; Loveland, Bates, 2d; Gilman, Bates, 3d. Distance—31 ft. 10 in.
Throwing Discus—Won by: Leavitt, Bates, 1st; Preston, Bates, 2d; Gilman, Bates, 3d. Distance—90 ft. 5 in.
Running Broad Jump—Won by L. Davis, Bowdoin, 1st; Mahoney, Bates, 2d; Pierce, Bowdoin, 3d. Distance—9 ft. 1-2 in.
Running High Jump—Won by: F. E. Davis, Bowdoin, 1st; Wright, Bates, 2d; Haggarty, Bowdoin, 3d. Height—5 ft. 10 in.
Pole Vault—Won by: Wiggin, Bowdoin, 1st; F. E. Davis, 2d; Jenness, Bates, 3d. Height—7 ft.

BATES 1911
Bates, 6 firsts, 9 seconds, 7 thirds
Leavitt ........................................ 18
Mahoney ........................................ 16
Whittikind ...................................... 6

BOWDOIN 1911
Bowdoin, 7 firsts, 4 seconds, 6 thirds
Robinson ....................................... 10
Pierce .......................................... 8
L. Davis ........................................ 6
Wiggin .......................................... 8

Mr. Tetley, '99, Mr. Mahoney, '06, Mr. Manter, '00, Dr. Salley, '75, Mr. Webb, '70, Nellie Jordan, '88, Mrs. Gertrude Anthony, '01, Rev. Thomas Stacy, '76, were in attendance at the Free Baptist General Conference recently held in Cleveland, Ohio. In the vestry there was a Bates corner resplendent in the college garnet.

The Cheney Club of New Hampshire held its annual meeting and banquet at the home of Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Cox in Manchester, October 18. Prof. Alfred W. Anthony of Cobb Divinity School was the guest of honor.

1868—President George C. Chase recently spoke to the Bowdoin Young Men's Christian Association at Brunswick.

1876—F. E. Emrich, D.D., has returned to his work as secretary of State Missionary work of the Congregational Church after an extended trip abroad and is at his office in Cong. House, Boston. His health is much benefited by his rest.

1877—Hon. O. B. Clason has two sons in the Freshman Class.

1885—Frank S. Forbes has resigned as pastor of the East Side Church in Los Angeles after a pastorate of nearly five years—the resignation taking effect the first of October. Mr. Forbes is a member of the Senior Class of the law department of the University of Southern California, and after graduating, will devote his time to real estate law, of which he is making a specialty. While he has given up the pastorate as a regular work he will not give up preaching but will continue to preach in any needy field on Sundays.

1887—Ira A. Jenkins has a daughter in the Freshman Class.
1894—Mr. Harris of the entering class is the son of Rev. W. W. Harris, '94.
1895—Mr. W. S. C. Russell, Director of the Department of Science in the Central High School, Springfield, Mass., spent the summer vacation in Labrador, making a study of the Ocean Currents among the Islands. Mr. Russell is preparing an exhaustive article on The Polar Ocean Current. He has made several engagements for delivering a stereopticon lecture called "The Isles of the Labrador."
1896—Oliver Cutts came on from Spokane, Wash., this fall to coach in football at Harvard.

Elmer C. Vining is principal of Islesboro High School.
1897—C. E. Milliken has just completed his new house at Island Falls, Me., which is to replace the one lost by fire in 1906.
1900—Miss Pearl Small is taking graduate work at Radcliffe.
1902—Ernest L. McLean has a sister in the Freshman Class.
1903—Everett C. Iliggins is principal of Alfred High School.

John C. Junkins is taking graduate work at Harvard.
Carl Sawyer returned the last of October to McGill University to complete his course there. He was forced to leave last year on account of ill health.
1904—E. B. Smith is studying in the Hartford Theological School.

Miss Mary Lynne Space is studying in the Teachers' College in New York.
Miss Bessie Lugrin is teaching in the High School at Revere, Mass.

F. B. Crocker, Jr., spent the summer as purser on the Boston-Nahant S. S. line. He intends to enter Tufts Medical School in another year.
Rev. E. W. Holman has resigned his pastorate at Melrose Highlands, Mass., and now has a very pleasant pastorate at the Free Baptist Church, St. Johnsbury, Vt.
Frank F. Dunfield, '04, and Carroll L. McKusick, '04, each have a brother in the Freshman Class.
1905—John E. DeMeyer, '05, was married to Miss Maude A. Reed, '05, on Tuesday, Oct. 1, at Winter Hill, Mass. They are at home after Jan. 1 at Egypt, Mass.

Rev. A. K. Baldwin has moved with his family from South Paris to Brunswick, where he is going to enter the Bowdoin Medical School.

1906—Ashmun C. Salley is very successful in leading the music of one of the New York Sunday Schools.

Miss Lillian M. Osgood is teaching in the Rumford Falls High School.

Rev. Merritt L. Gregg was recently married to Miss White at the Free Baptist Church in Auburn, R. I., where he is pastor.

J. Albion Dunlap is principal of Greenville High School.

Charles S. Holbrook is principal of Pembroke High School.

1907—William Whittum has a fine position with the E. H. Rollins Co., brokers, in Boston.
FROM OTHER COLLEGES

The Yale Weekly asserts that the day for secret practice in football has gone by; altho satisfactory to the football experts, it is not satisfactory to the lover of college sports, who rests his belief in them in fundamental principles of openness in all athletic contests. The Weekly also expresses unqualified praise of the action of President Tucker of Dartmouth in barring the athletes from intercollegiate contests on account of professional baseball during the summer.

At a meeting of the Senior Class of Yale, held October 14, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"We, the Class of 1908, resolve:

"First, that we place ourselves on record as standing for absolute honesty and gentlemanly conduct in classroom and examinations. We believe a simple honor system based on the individual is ideal but impracticable, because of the size of the class and the lack of any provision for dealing with any offence that might arise.

"Second, that we do not wish to undertake the responsibility of detecting, reporting or punishing dishonesty which may occur, because we believe that the student body, with no experience in such matters is unable to perform such a duty to the best interests of the university.

"Third, that we believe that such supervision as is necessary to prevent dishonesty can be more conveniently and thoroughly performed by the faculty than by the student body or a student committee, inasmuch as it is to be supposed that the time of the students in the recitations and examinations is entirely occupied in doing the work thereof."

Princeton University is having a new sun dial erected which will stand directly north of the new McCosh recitation hall. It will be designed after the copy of the famous Turnbull sun dial at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and will be unveiled early in November.

The net registration of the University of Pennsylvania
for the session of 1907-1908 is 4,136 up to Oct. 10, 1907. As several departments will not complete matriculation of students for several weeks, it is very probable that the student census will finally reach 4,300.

The *Boston Evening Transcript* of October 10, says: Harvard scored 33 points against Bates, but the plucky Maine eleven had full measure of satisfaction in scoring against its heavier and more experienced opponents for the third year in succession. Four points were secured on a goal from placement by Captain Schumacher, who with little Cobb, the quarterback for Bates, quite won the honors of the afternoon.

An intercollegiate swimming league will be formed this year by Amherst, Williams and Brown.

The University of Chicago authorities have announced a new gift of $300,000 from John D. Rockefeller and his promise to triple future donations to the William Rainy Harper memorial library fund to the amount of $90,000, making the aggregate of his latest benefaction $600,000. The gift assures the erection of the library in honor of the late university president. The $330,000 represents Mr. Rockefeller's addition to the $110,000 which has already been raised among the university's friends. The offer to triple gifts will not continue after April 1, 1908.

Professor Burt G. Wilder, the eminent anatomist and neurologist, says that he would rather lose ten million dollars, or any sum, than not to abolish intercollegiate athletics. That was his answer to a question asking him what he would advise Cornell to do in case the university was confronted with a situation similar to that of Swarthmore. He declared that intercollegiate athletics never brought a desirable student to any institution of learning, and that they debauched the community. Dr. Wilder said that the Swarthmore people would make the mistake of their lives if they refused to accept the money.

Harvard University is planning a celebration in honor of the three-hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Harvard, which comes in November. The celebration will consist of a torchlight procession of all the students in the uni-
versity from the College Yard to Soldiers’ Feld, with a bonfire and informal speaking in the Stadium. Probably some man of national reputation will be secured for an address either in the Stadium or Sanders Theatre.

Nov. 29 will be the exact anniversary of the baptism of John Harvard, but what the date of his birth was is uncertain. The celebration is planned for Nov. 19.

A Transfiguration.

Four little maids were they,  
Who started out one day  
To climb the hill  
Of learning’s will,  
And there to work and play.

They came back yesterday;  
Full long had been their stay;  
A parchment pressed  
Against each breast,  
Two bachelors were they.

The Sybil. S. J. M.

The Girl and the World

The Girl stepped out from the college portal and ran straight into the World.

“Oh,” she cried starting back, and there was disappointment in her voice, “you’re the very same old World as when I left you four years ago! You haven’t changed a bit!”

“I might say the same of you,” replied the World dryly. Then added wistfully, “Now you’re coming back to live with me once more. Do you think that you will understand me better than before you went away?”

“Why, I think I knew you pretty well even in those days, and now of course I know you better. Yes, truly. I know many things about you that I never dreamed of then,” and in proof thereof the Girl unrolled her diploma, and fondled the tassel which swung against her right temple.
“That is not enough, my child. These things are all good, but have you not gained——”

“Ah, indeed, I have,” interrupted the Girl. “I know what you mean. Yes, even that have I gained,” and she drew her gown apart to show the little golden key which shone on her waist.

But the old World sighed and, shaking his head sadly, turned away.

*The Mount Holyoke.*

M. H. THRALL, 1907.

**The Willow.**

In silver sheen in vivid green
The sunlight in its leaves is seen
On elfin tree for mortal ’een,

The willow!

The spring wind stirs its lissome leaves
And my fond pagan heart it grieves
That no one now but me believes
In dryads.

Think what a sunny, shimmery face,
What slender, swaying, vibrant grace,
In that green life it might embrace,

The willow!

*The Mount Holyoke.*

ESTHER E. SHAW, 1907.

**Ad Parcas.**

Grim sister queens,
Ye, Jove begotten, weave the twisted thread
Which marks the path each mortal man must tread
In life’s sad scenes.

Dark Clotho, spin
A cord of spotless, never fading fame,
And with bright colors weave my lowly name
The threads within.
Dire Lachesis
Select for me no twisted cords of pain;
Straighten each twist, blot out each sorrow stain
Of sinfulness.

Dread Atropos,
Be merciful unto my prayerful tears,
Cut not life's thread till I with ripened years
Death's threshold cross.

Trio of Fate,
Guarding life's morn, its noontide, and its eve,
Be unto me, when ye my thread shall weave,
Compassionate.


[Reprinted from issue of June, 1870.]
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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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