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All is transient,
Naught abiding,
    Be it sad or gay.
Each one plays his part
And then
    Each one goes his way.

The rose blooms and the violets,
    They blossom but to die.
Whether plain or beautiful
    'Tis all the same—Good-bye.

Do not grieve
That the flowers must leave,
    The earth will others bear.
And with all things
It is like the rose,
    It dies—to bloom more fair.

A. R. Q., '07.

“INSPIRATION”

It was the dreariest place imaginable—one of those tiny Parisian attics, ill-furnished and ill-kept; just the place that would shelter broken hearts and hide blighted hopes from the mock of the world. The big streaming roses on the wall-paper blinked in the candlelight, and the soft June moon, peering in through the half-drawn curtain, drew fantastic shadows on the wall.
"Where am I, and what's the matter with me?"

Henri Durbille opened his eyes and looked unsteadily about the room. His head was yet painfully weak from long illness, and he could not think logically. But gradually, his brain cleared a little, and bit by bit, memory came back.

"Ah, I remember, the fever—the fever! It was her going away that caused it. I remember it now."

A glance around the room—the open piano and the loose sheets of torn music carelessly strewn all around,—brought back the full, painful consciousness of what had happened—her departure from him, the melody that came from her inspiration, and the loss of that melody.

"My God! can there be so much fickleness in human nature, that she, the purest and most perfect of womankind, should leave me forever for a mere fancied difference of belief. Ah, it cannot be; it must be some horrible dream evolved from my delirious brain. And those eyes—the chance meeting of those soul-eyes from which I had caught that wonderful dream melody, that song that was to be the salvation of both my soul and body.

Yes, the composition of that melody, which was to save him from starvation and bring him spiritual well-being had been lost forever. His second most passionate desire would probably remain an illusion as his first had. When his feverish mind had nearly spent its force, his head was weakened, and he saw everything as through a misty veil. He remembered how she looked on that sad, memorable night, and those moments were for him an irredeemable happiness. That slight, slender frame, the very soft dark hair, and those large eyes, the color of purple pansies—those eyes that revealed unknown worlds to him, that lent a seraphic fire to that face already so ethereal in its beauty and elusiveness, the simple pale-blue dress, that set off her delicate features so exquisitely that it made one doubt of her earthliness. Her soul so large, simple and splendid like a star; her heart diffused with Syrian sunshine. So different from the other girls he had known, with their educated smiles and cultivated stares.
And yet she had said the inevitable words on that last fatal night.

"Henri, there is an unbridgeable gulf between us. I have understood it right along and that is why I have always dreaded this declaration that would separate us forever. Can you not understand that your God is not my God, that marriage is not for a day and when the glamour of passion has passed away, the man and woman, with antagonistic pasts and divergent aims in the future must find themselves stranded on opposite sides of an impassable desert. Don't you understand, dear Henri," she murmured in a tender yet convincing tone.

"And will not love, the leveller of rank and creed, bridge those imaginable chasms?" he cried passionately. And as she did not answer, he went on sadly, "Poor human nature, is so much happiness set aside for you that you can refuse this love, which by the purity of its essence, merges with the love of the Divinity and loses its earthly character of creeds and beliefs. Do you know what true love is," he said abruptly, as if a new light flashed through his mind.

"I do," said the young girl thoughtfully, "know that love is given us as a measure of soul that lives on through eternity."

"And yet you would ruthlessly throw it aside for a fancied difference of belief. Is it not sin to put such love out of our lives!" he continued in a pleading voice.

"According to our teachings, this love which I have for you and which must have been some rich and glorious heritage handed down to me through the ages, is sinful. It wounds our religious pride. So I beg you to leave me, Henri, and if He above, who does all things for the best, will unite us at last, there beyond, we will meet again, two rapturous spirits, with but one thought and creed," she cried, filled as if with a prophetic fire.

"Pluck out a man's eyes, and will he forget the sights he has seen! Oh, do you know what my love for you was! Through those pathless forests, on the lone mountain tops at night, I used to dream of you constantly with such exquisite longing, that more than once I saw your bodily presence
before me. Your wonderful eyes inspired me with such ecstatic dream-melodies that they drove me into raptures," he went on eagerly, moaningly.

And by that law of association, which connects the threads of our thinking, Henri Durbille's mind went on from the thoughts of his lost love to that dream-melody which was hovering evadingly in his brain. If he could but yet win the prize offered by the Conservatoire de Paris for the best setting to music of a love-song. There was a whole night's time before him. But where find the elusive melody that his loved one's eyes alone could inspire. With her departure from his life, he had lost seemingly everything,—not only the perfect happiness that comes from satisfied love, but the inspiration to another happiness,—that unutterable something that brings such contentment to the soul of the true artist who has succeeded in expressing himself in highest melodic forms. But seek where he would, he could not find its beginning or end, though he tried every note in the gamut. But he had felt it and had dreamed it in all its glorious beauty.

All at once, his eyes glistened glowingly. He raised himself from his bed, and dragged himself to the piano. He sat down on the piano-stool, and began to play with nervous fingers. Song after song, and tune after tune were evolved from his quivering finger-tips, but he threw them all away with a cry of despair, when finished.

"I must win that prize to save my body from starvation, and I must satisfy my thirsty soul. But where shall I grasp you, you thing without a form, you. . . ." And he put his hands forward as if blindly searching for a lost treasure.

"But hark! What is that?" and springing to his feet, he almost ceased breathing, as notes, quivering, moaning, reached his ear. They were sung through again slowly and tenderly. It was a girl's silvery voice, singing in the hushed stillness of the night.

"Who is it? What kind angel has unveiled the unknown to me," he kept repeating gratefully, while his whole frame throbbed with exquisite emotion.
And as he listened on and on, he saw in his mind that face with the large, soul-eyes, and he then understood. Her vision mysteriously restored to him the dream-melody.

“She has sent it back to me. It is my own now,” he said dreamily. “How I thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night! And in my fever those strange, sweet harmonies ran through my soul, so that waking was almost a pain, for, though it seemed still in my soul, yet in waking, it eluded me like a shadow.”

He sat down and began writing feverishly. He wrote on and on and on! His eyes glowed like coals of fire and his fingers ran nervously across the paper. Night almost passed into day, and it was not quite finished. At last, after almost superhuman effort, it was done and he managed to stagger out and post it himself.

A week passed by, and the letter with the good news came to the dreary little attic that sheltered his hidden hopes. He had won the prize and fame for that wonderful dream-melody that had come from the inspiration of his lost love’s eyes. But that other dream, even sweeter than his music, had not been realized. All at once, the world seemed dreary and desolate, and the dead seemed happy beside his miserable self.

He half dragged his weary body to the chair beside the desk, and looked over his correspondence distractedly. In his nervousness, one of the letters slipped from his hand and fell to the floor. He picked it up, and when he saw the handwriting, he uttered a cry of joy. His quivering fingers could scarcely open it. Finally he held the message and the token in his hand. It read:

“My own Henri: At this present writing, I am in my last hours. I send you this message of peace—I am happy. Perhaps we shall meet again in the Distant Beyond. By the love I have always borne you, by the heart I leave you, strive ever upward for the purification of that soul which shall be happily mated some day, spirit with spirit. Once more do I touch your soft, dear hair; once more do
I look about me where we two have spent so many happy hours together.

I leave you my lock of hair. Keep it till we meet again. Good-bye, my dear Henri.

Forever yours,

ROSE-MARY."

Henri Durbille read the note over and over again, and the more he read it, the more clearly did he understand her message. His soul quickened at the thought of their possible union, so that he prayed and prayed, until in the intensity of his prayer, his misery disappeared before the vision of the future that still might be theirs together.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED HAT-BOX

"WELL, Pen, I'm patiently waiting for you to banish that old hat-box. This is the third time I've put my foot into it," said Nell, giving a vicious kick to the article in question which took up a much-needed corner of the girls' college room.

"Don't you touch that hat-box!" cried Pen, hopping up so suddenly that the fish-net on the wall shed several of its pictures. "Don't you hurt a hair of its head! That hat-box is always going to sit by my fire and eat at my table! It looks exactly as well as that old shin-guard you've got draped over the football team, anyway!"

"Why, Pen Edwards, you know as well as I do that that shin-guard was worn by the immortal Taylor when we won the Bates-Bowdoin game! I worship it."

"Well, I do that hat-box. It's enchanted—was once, anyway. There's a tale attached to it, tho' you don't see it, maybe. Stop making so much noise putting away those shoes and I'll tell it."

It was just after the Christmas vacation and the dormitory was buzzing with merry girls, unpacking, putting up draperies, with now and then a scream as a misdirected
hammer found its victim, exchanging fudge from door to

door and telling vacation experiences.

Pen, having finished the greater half of Nell's very best

cocolate peppermints, lay at ease on the couch while her

room-mate struggled in the horrors of unpacking.

"If you'll be careful not to tread on this tale in your

unpacking stunts I'll unfold it, Nell. You know I didn't

go home this vac. because the car fare is so much both ways

together that I thought it would be better to stay here—

work in a store down town Christmas week and lounge

around and rest afterward. May Durgin stayed for the

same reason I did and, you know, we got a place down town

right off—proprietor was just waiting for us to come along

and improve his business.

"I tell you, Nell, you don't know what life is if you

haven't stood behind a counter smothering fuzzy little toy

dogs in wrapping paper and handing them out to the hungry

cmultitude, and selling "real lace" hanks for ten cents to

tighing swains. May and I were enjoying life immensely

till the enchanted hat-box appeared on the scene.

"It was like this: I was sitting in the station waiting for

a car one evening after work—May thought she would walk

with some of the girls. The station was crammed and I

noticed Harry Butler who lives down below here, goes to

High School—you know him—and right near Harry a

dandy looking young man and a pretty girl. There was a

tremendous bright blue hat-box on the floor between them.

When the conductor opened the door and yelled 'Car for

Davis, Hartford and Vine Streets' everyone made a rush

and I heard the young man say, 'Don't forget your hat-box,

Harry.'

While I was painfully shinning into the car I got a sud-
den glimpse of blue sky, as I thought, till I realized it was

only the hat-box going thro' the car door above me. I got

a seat and looked around. There was the hat-box on the

floor beside me with Harry on guard and in front of me

that young man and the pretty girl.

Harry gets off before I do, you know. No sooner was

he out than I glanced across the aisle and there was the box
looking so sad and lonely I just pitied it. Before I thought I cried right out, "Oh, he's left his hat-box!"

The young man in front looked around at me so funny I felt foolish, but just then the conductor came along and saw the box.

"I know him well, so I said, 'I know the boy who left the box and I live quite near him. Do you think I'd better take it? I could get it to him somehow.' So he said I'd better take it because if the box forgot to get off some place it would probably get lost in the car barn, or something like that. All this time the young man kept looking at us in the most 'wude' manner. I longed to squelch him.

"Honestly, Nell, I thought they would have to remove one side of the car before I got that box off. But I did it after squashing all the corners and next morning I got the furnace boy to cart it over to Mrs. Butler's.

"I'd been working about two hours the next morning when I beheld the young dandy of the night before piking in, in a great hurry. I was looking at him and wondering whether he wanted a pig-bank or some ruching for his neck when he came right up to me, begged my pardon sweetly and informed me that the hat-box was his property, that it contained a very swell hat got by his sister, Annette for his sister Grace, that his sister had asked him to bring it home, that he had met Grace in the station and so turned the box over to Harry and trusted to luck that he could get it out of the car without his sister's knowing it. He didn't know what to do when I appeared on the scene but thought if I took the box back to Harry he could get it again. So he'd rushed to Harry's first thing in the morning only to find that Mrs. Butler had sent it back to my room.

"I turned first red, then white, then blue. Wasn't that the worst mix-up? And the box was back in my room. Mr. Barnard, as he introduced himself, said he would call for it but I wouldn't have it and I told him, haughtily, to come in that afternoon and he could have his hat-box. I was furious at him for putting me in such a position and not thinking of my feelings. When I told May she called him several
satisfying names, but I told her it was *noble, splendid*, for him to think so much of his sister's wishes. 

"I brought down the 'blue mountain' at noon, set it behind my counter and went to take off my things. When I came back it was gone! One of the clerks said she 'chucked it down the slide—wasn't it empty?' The slide was where we threw all the boxes the toys came in. I flew down stairs like a hurricane and commenced pawing over all that stuff expecting to find the corpse of that hat any minute. I found the box rolled way off on one side. It was all right.

Then in came one of the clerks with another 'blue mountain and set it down by mine. Mr. Barnard didn't call before I went out to supper but when I returned the box was gone and the girl next me said she had given it to him while I was gone. I felt quite happy.

"Next morning I heard Susie on my counter sputtering how she had 'got her hat way home and it wasn't hers at all.' My heart took refuge way down in my boots. I felt right off what was the matter. Sure enough, in about an hour in came Monsieur Barnard with a big, blue hat-box. I explained the mistake coldly. Susie said she had taken the hat back to the milliner's so I sent him there and everything had a good lookout for 'fair and warmer.' 'Was that the last of it?' Just wait. Christmas morning I opened my door and there sat that hat-box as big as Billy-be-darned. I began screaming, 'It's come back! It's come back!' at the top of my lungs till May thought I was crazy. Then I saw there was a little card on it and it was for me. I opened the box and inside was a hat—the oddest thing I ever saw in my life—made out of ribbon candy with big candy bows on it and candy grapes, 'with compliments of Mr. Barnard.'

"I meant to keep it forever, but May fell over the hat-box last Thursday and smashed the hat about into powder. So we ate it to celebrate.

"That the reason I'm so fond of that hat-box. Mr. Barnard and I are great friends now. And if you don't want it there in the corner I'll run a string thro' it and tie it to the electric light rope. Does that suit?"
IT was toward the close of a bleak November day, in the city of Barton. The sun has just disappeared behind a bank of clouds, and night was fast approaching. The streets were thronged with people, for it was Saturday, and there was more than the usual amount of business. Every one seemed impatient to get home, or to secure shelter from the cold, northwest wind.

In his comfortable study, sat the rector of St. Andrew's parish. He was a man of about seventy years, of medium height, with calm gray eyes and closely-shaven face. As he leaned back in his large easy chair he seemed to be lost in thought, and although the open fire had nearly burned out, he did not notice it, nor did he seem to know that it was twilight. Finally, waking from his reverie, he arose, went to the window, peered out into the darkness, and then closed the shutter, and lighted the gas jet over his desk. Had one been able to follow his gaze as he looked from the window, one would have seen that the fond old eyes were fixed on a lofty steeple which rose high above the tree-tops on a distant avenue. Only a week from to-morrow, thought the old man, and I shall stand in the pulpit of the new church. He rubbed his hands together jubilantly and chuckled to himself. How often, during the last six months, had he thought of this, and exulted over it. He poked the fire into a blaze and settled himself for a comfortable doze, when the door opened, and the pleasant face of an old lady appeared. "Marcus, your supper is ready," said a kindly voice. He arose immediately, and together they went into the small, but cheery dining-room, and sat down to the neatly-prepared meal. Hannah, the maid, had just brought in the last steaming dish and placed it upon the table.

The blessing was asked, and the two old people began their evening meal. It was a pleasant sight to see. Their good old faces were lighted up with the pleasure of each other's company, and it was evident that they were enjoying life. The wife expressed the wish that their children were present,—a wish that is always the dearest of a fond
Let us look backward for a moment on the life history of these two people. The Rev. Marcus A. Shannon had come to Barton when it was but a small town. He had come, direct from college, and taken charge of the little parish of St. Andrew’s. The church was a small wooden structure, and the rectory was still smaller. Aided by his young wife, he had gone to work in earnest, determined to build up his parish and to help his people. That was forty years ago. Since then, through his efforts, the church has been enlarged, and a new rectory has been built, while his congregation has grown to be large and enthusiastic.

The small town has grown to a flourishing city of twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and his congregation feels the need of a larger church. Accordingly, for the past two or three years he has been accumulating a fund for building a new church. He has secured the necessary amount, and early in the spring, the foundations were laid for the new church. Workmen have been at work all summer and now it is near completion. In fact, it is so nearly done, that it is to be consecrated on the following Sunday. The old minister is rejoicing and eagerly looking forward to the day when he shall stand in the pulpit of the new church.

The Sunday before he preached as usual at the little old church, situated near the rectory. It was crowded and after the service he gave the announcement that the new church would be consecrated on the next Sunday. He also read a notice, saying that there would be a meeting of the vestrymen and trustees of the church on Monday evening. Cruel decrees of fate! Little did the old man know that in reading this short notice, he read his doom.

The meeting was held Monday evening, and it was decided to have a new minister. The cares of the new church, so they argued, would be too much for the old man, and besides some people were complaining that his sermons were dry. But now arose the question as to who should inform him that his resignation was desired. It had to be
done and yet no one wanted to do it. Finally a committee of three was chosen, which was to call on him at once.

Two days later the rector had just finished his evening meal, and having retired to his study was preparing his next sermon, when a knock was heard at the door. The maid answered, and ushered in Deacon Clark and two vestrymen. They were greeted cordially by the minister, and asked to be seated. After casting furtive glances at each other they seated themselves. The weather and various other subjects were talked about, but when the old man mentioned the subject nearest his heart, it was evaded by them.

After a long call, as they arose to go, Deacon Clark spoke nervously, "Brother Shannon, as you know, I have been here with you for a long time. We have worked side by side, in the same interests, for many years, and now,—and now," the deacon cleared his throat, "the trustees have decided that in consideration of your hard life's work, you should have a rest." "Why no," said the rector, not grasping his meaning, "I am strong and well, and you know I had two weeks' vacation this summer." "Well, er—why, we—we had in mind an extended vacation, you know," stammered the deacon, "that is, I mean that either you should retire, so to speak, or else take charge of a smaller parish." The rector started, as if struck, by these last few words. A sudden numbness seemed to overcome him. His legs grew weak and his hands trembled. As he stood there he seemed to grow ten years older. At last, summoning all of his energies, he said, "You desire my resignation?" "Why, yes, that's about it," said one of the vestrymen. "Well, I will think it over," was all that he could force himself to reply. "Very well, then. Good night," said Deacon Clark, glad that his errand was done. They went down the gravel path to the street, and were soon lost in the crowd. The minutes passed, and still the old man stood in the open door. The cold wind whistled by him, blowing his scanty locks about, but he felt it not. His gaze was fastened on a distant steeple, and the kind old eyes were filled with tears of disappointment. Soon a gentle voice came from the hallway,
“Marcus, don’t stand out in the cold too long.” He turned silently and wandered back to his study. Everything seemed like a blur before him. He did not notice that his wife was seated by the fireside till she said gently, “Husband, what troubles you?” He turned and looked steadfastly at her for a moment, and then throwing his head into his hands, burst into sobs. His wife, alarmed, started up and placed her arm on his shoulder. “Tell me,” she said. In a moment he had gained control of himself, and said, “Mary, they have asked me to resign. Asked me to resign, after what I have done for them! Have I lost my power as a speaker, or did I never have any? Tell me fairly, Mary, you have always been my advisor.” “Marcus,” she replied calmly, “to me your sermons are always perfect, but this new class of people, I don’t know what they want.” “I should have thought of it before. I might have expected it,” said he, passionately, “I am not good enough for the church that I have built. Such is the appreciation of human nature.” At this point a gently restraining hand was laid on his arm. “Don’t talk thus, Marcus, it is God’s will and not ours,” said his wife. “You are right, my true wife, as always; I was too quick in my resentment. May I be forgiven. Perhaps I am too old, and maybe I have lost my art, but I thought that the new church would give me inspiration. However, if it is God’s will that I should leave, then so be it.”

On the following Sunday the new church was consecrated and the Rev. Marcus A. Shannon’s resignation was read. A week from that day, he would conduct the services for the last time. The week passed. On that Sunday morning he stood in the pulpit, before the largest congregation that he had ever faced. His sermon was well-prepared, interesting, and well-fitted for a farewell sermon. All of his energy was put into it. He thanked the people for their kindness to him, and for the noble response which they had made to his recent request. As he closed he introduced his successor, a young man fresh from college. Then he pronounced the benediction and stepped down from the pulpit. His heart was free from trouble and he felt no pang
as he left the church. Arm in arm, he and his faithful wife
started homeward. They were to remain at the old rec-
tory while a new one was to be built for the new minister.

As they passed the old church, on their homeward way,
both cast loving glances at it. It was the scene of all their
successes and pleasures. Slowly they walked up the leafy
path and sat down for a moment on the old stone doorstep.
“Mary,” said he, “you were right. It was God’s will and
not ours. My work is done.” He took her hand in his and
together they looked out over the green lawn, over the city
hidden by the trees, over the church with its tall spire, and
their kindly eyes rested at last on the peaceful blue of the
sky.
MAINE College Football Championship for 1906! That sounds pretty well in the ears of Bates men. The whys and wherefores of it all have been pretty thoroughly discussed long ago, but the STUDENT feels that it can with propriety sum up a few of the things that make Bates so proud of its team this fall.

First and foremost—Bates won because she had a coach with a knowledge of the game and with the ability to give the team a knowledge of the game. Coach Purinton knew the new game as few coaches in the East knew it this season. And he made every department of the game and every twist of the new rules perfectly plain to every man on the team. Coach Purinton is thorough, he is original, he is versatile, he is clean and manly, he knows his business, and Coaches Mason and Kendall were invaluable, too.

Bates won, too, because she had workers and fighters. Her men were mostly green and for that reason teachable and willing to put all their life into the game. And there were no quitters. They owed much to the enthusiasm and hard work of Schumacher, too.
And so a team was developed that fought as one man—as a whole—like a machine. The team is a “star team”—not a “team of stars” and that after all is the best kind of a team.

So we have every reason to be proud of the 1906 team and every reason to be proud also of those second team men who made it possible for the first team to get seasoned and experienced.

We have also reason to be glad of the splendid financial showing made this year. A substantial surplus at the close of the season is a new thing! It looks good to us! Careful planning and management have had much to do with this.

ONE thing we can maybe brace up a bit on. Let’s try next year to have such a spirit of interest in the team that every man in college will demand and expect the most careful training from football men. Coaches and captain ought never to do police duty in order to keep up training. We have done very well but we can do better and our teams will reap the benefit. Training should be maintained by the spirit of the student body always and not by mere compulsion of those in charge of the team. If we can have a better spirit, we should try for it.

WHEN we speak of the elements that have made our football season so successful this year we must not forget the fine work of the college band. The band boys practiced faithfully and played well and we appreciate their work.

WE WOULD like to make one suggestion before we turn over the Student to the new board. Why should we not have a college newspaper at Bates as well as a literary magazine? Bowdoin, Maine and Colby have their news periodicals and they are important in college life. Students go to them for bulletins of classes, for notes on coming events in the college world, for personals and for notes on the various social events of the college year. The Har-
vard Crimson has a system second to no small daily newspaper. Princeton is not far behind. Even the majority of small colleges support their weeklies or bi-weeklies.

And college newspapers interest students that never look at a strictly literary paper.

The Student has to combine literary and news. To combine the two is a difficult problem. A literary magazine is most efficient if entirely literary and a newspaper can best handle college news.

It seems to us that before long a strong effort should be made to set a Bates weekly on its feet. Think of it!

The new board of editors for the Student is as follows,—Harold B. Pingree, Neil E. Stevens, Percy C. Campbell, Elizabeth W. Anthony, Marion R. Dexter, Harriet C. Rand.

We of the old board gladly give them the hand of fellowship and wish them all success.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE GAME

The Bates-New Hampshire game on Garcelon Field was a fine exhibition of the possibilities of the new rules. The field was a sea of mud yet forward passes, short kicks, line shifts, and long runs were frequent and successfully pulled off.

Bates playing several subs and suffering from a lack of hard work was rushed off her feet during the first half. The snappy New Hampshire team was her superior in every respect and was prevented from scoring only by several fine defensive rallies.

In the second half, Bates showed some of her real strength, getting together in her offensive work, working out her forward pass repeatedly. She was impregnable in her defense and scored about at will.

Fraser showed his ability by breaking away for long runs. Cobb and Cummings worked their passes well.
New Hampshire presented the fastest and trickiest team yet seen in Lewiston. Cone, a New Hampshire back, was injured by a twist and removed from the game. He recovered rapidly and left with his team in the evening. The game was satisfactory from a Bates standpoint. Many valuable lessons were learned however.

The line-up:

**Bates.**
- Cummings, r.e.
- Harris, r.e.
- Schumacher, r.t.
- Cole, r.t.
- Booker, r.g.
- Cochran, c.
- Ricker, l.g.
- Brown, l.t.
- M. Brown, l.e.
- Cobb, q.b.
- Fraser, r.h.b.
- Hull, l.h.b.
- Libbey, l.h.b.
- Bridges, f.b.

**New Hampshire.**
- .i.e., Batchelder
- .r.e., Leonard
- .l.t., Richardson
- .l.g., McGrail
- .c., Chase
- .r.g., Huse
- .r.t., Ingham
- .r.t., O'Connell
- .r.e., Sanborn
- .q.b., Ryan
- .r.h.b., Wilkins
- .l.h.b, Trow
- .r.h.b, Cone
- .r.h.b., Sanborn
- .f.b., Waite

Score: Bates, 11; New Hampshire, 0.

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**THE MAINE GAME**

The annual Bates-Maine game, while a grand exhibition of football was a disappointment to both colleges. Maine expected to win. She brought down a veteran team, backed by a good season's record, a band, a special train and a group of loyal supporters. Her showing was a surprise and a bitter disappointment to her friends. That Maine had an over-rated team has been proved conclusively by her season's record. While a good defensive team she did not score on Tufts, Holy Cross, Bates or Bowdoin, failing, for some reason, to properly develop the forward pass and short kick which have proved so useful to many teams.
Even Maine's most ardent supporters frankly admitted after the game, that she had been fairly and squarely outplayed.

The field conditions were not ideal. The snow fall of the previous night was removed early by a large number of students.

In old style football Maine was strong. Her backs hit the line hard and often. Her defense was good but in forward passing, short and quarterback kicking, tricks and up-to-date offensive tactics, she was lamentably weak. From the time when Maine won the toss and kicked off to Bates the play was carried and held in Maine territory. Three times Bates placed the ball close to the Maine goal line. Twice attempting goal from placement, the third attempt was lost owing to a mistake regarding the amount of time remaining. Bates should easily have scored in one of these attempts, but under the actual field conditions, Capt. Schumacher and Fraser should not be censured in failing.

Captain Schumacher, Cobb, Cummings, Manning played their best game for Bates. Bates seemed stronger all around, holding Maine's heavy backs safely, gaining ground more consistently, handling kicks surely, punting for greater distances.

Higgins seemed to play Maine's best game. He was always alert, a good ground gainer, sure on defence. Without him Maine would have surely met defeat.

The game was clean, well handled by the officials, with but few injuries. Fraser cracked a rib but did not allow it to interfere with his work.

The line-up:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bates</th>
<th>Maine</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Brown, l.e.</td>
<td>r.e., Metcalf</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Foster, l.t.</td>
<td>r.t., Matheas</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ricker, l.g.</td>
<td>r.g., Ray</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cochrane, c.</td>
<td>c., Rounds</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Booker, r.g.</td>
<td>l.g., Talbot</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schumacher, r.t.</td>
<td>l.t., Smith</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cummings, r.e.</td>
<td>l.e., Burleigh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cobb, q.b.</td>
<td>q.b., Miner</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hull, l.h.b.</td>
<td>r.h.b., Swift</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fraser, l.h.b.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wight, r.h.b.</td>
<td>l.h.b., Higgins</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Manning, f.b.</td>
<td>f.b., Hodgkins</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Score—Bates 0, Maine 0.
INTER-SOCIETY DEBATES

LAST spring a movement was started to increase the debating interest in the college. Different plans were discussed with this idea in view, but the one most favorably received was that of holding inter-society debates. Things were left somewhat undecided at the close of the spring term, but this fall the matter was taken up with zeal by the three societies with the result that arrangements were made for a triangular inter-society debate. The plan was for each society to furnish two teams, one to debate in the home society, the other to visit one of the other societies. It was thought advisable in these debates not to leave the decision to the house as is customary in society debates, but to provide a committee of judges composed of one member of the faculty, one man from outside the college, and a student from the society not participating in the debate. The plan was carried out and the first inter-society debate took place on November 2. The subject under discussion was: Resolved, That the United States should annex Cuba.

Piaeria and Polymnia debated in the Y. M. C. A. room. The teams were: Affirmative: Holmes, '07, Cate, '08, for Piaeria. Negative: Jackson, '07, Hoyt, '07, for Polymnia. The judges were Professor Hartshorn, Lawyer Pulsifer of Auburn, and Farnham, '07. In Eurosophia, the debate was between Piaeria and Eurosophia, Bridges, '08, and Harris, '08, upholding the affirmative for Eurosophia, while Smith, '08, and Noble, '08, represented Piaeria on the negative. The judges were Professor Leonard, Mr. J. T. Small and Merrill, '07. Polymnia and Eurosophia debated in Polymnian room. Polymnia had the affirmative and Eurosophia the negative side of the question. Merrill, '08, and Williams, '08, represented Polymnia. Wheaton, '08, and Holt, '09, represented Eurosophia. The judges of this debate were Dr. Case, Dr. Salley and Stevens, '08.

Piaeria carried off the honors in the debates claiming the decision on both sides of the question, while Eurosophia had one victory to her credit. On the whole the debates were a success, although naturally the scheme being a complete
innovation, everything did not run with perfect smoothness. However, considerable interest was aroused and it is probable that the debates next winter will be far better than those of this term.

BATES YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

Forty men have already enrolled for courses of study on China and the immigration problem in America. Bible Study leaders are profiting by a Normal Course under Dean Howe.

Week of Prayer for Christian Associations was emphasized throughout the churches of Lewiston and was significantly observed by many men in college.

Plans are under way for a Bible Institute, some afternoon and evening the first of next term, in which one or more outside speakers of high standing will participate.

Every Bates man is proud of the reputation of his college in sending out men that make good. Whether Bates students of the future shall thus be proud depends upon us. We must strive for loyalty to our ideals this next term. Let us not fear to be loyal; it is what makes us men.

"The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain.
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.

"A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel,
Who follows in their train?

"They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven
Through peril, toil and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train."

Local Department

Miss Alzie Lane, '09, is teaching at Chelsea.
The girls' gymnasium classes have begun their winter's work.

Miss Adelina Crockett and Miss Florence Hunt, '09, are teaching at South Paris.

Miss Fannie Plumstead, formerly of this city, has been visiting Miss Iola Walker, '09.

Miss Brand of Gardiner, was recently the guest of Miss Bertha Clason, '09, at Rand Hall.

The Bible Study movement at Bates has reached a high-water mark: One hundred and eleven being the present enrollment.

Miss Adria Hutchinson, '09, who has been ill at her home in Berlin, New Hampshire, is now able to resume her studies at college.

The various classes have had charge of the meetings in society the past month and almost without exception have presented excellent programs.

A jolly party, consisting of a number of the younger members of the Faculty, spent a very pleasant Saturday at the camp of Dr. and Mrs. Leonard recently.

On account of the examinations only one day was allowed for the Thanksgiving recess. The usual reception by the Faculty was given to the students on that date.
Country walks, followed by outdoor picnic suppers, have been very popular among the dormitory girls this fall. These expeditions have been planned by Miss Norris and Miss Britan.

No inter-collegiate debates have as yet been arranged. Correspondence with several of the colleges is being carried on, however, and it is hoped that at least one debate will be arranged before long.

All the students were glad to see the '06 boys and girls who were here for the Maine game. Misses Florence Rich, Myrtle Young and Lulu Wormell were among those who visited at the New Dormitory.

The annual class parties were held as usual on Hallowe'en and were enjoyed by everyone. The Seniors went to Frost's Park, the Juniors to Lake Grove, the Sophomores to East Auburn, and the Freshmen to Knights of Pythias Hall in Auburn.

During the coming term Professor Gettell will conduct a one-hour course based on Grose's "Aliens or Americans." This course is open to men of all classes, but should prove especially interesting to Seniors who are planning to take the work in Sociology next spring.

The plays at the Empire Theatre this fall have been of an exceptionally high class and many of the students have attended several times. The Shepherd King, Macbeth, Faust and others have been presented by first-class companies and rare opportunities have thus been afforded for seeing these classic plays well executed.

At the prize declamations Monday, November 12th, several of the Sophomores appeared in green shirts and short neckties. After the close of the exercises they cheered each participant in the contest, gave several class yells, sang college songs and did much to enliven the time spent in waiting for the judges' decision.

Every football player and rooter now is interested in making up an All-Maine team and nearly every paper has something on the subject. Various combinations have been proposed, but in each of them Cummings, Cobb and Schumacher seem to have a secure place; while some authorities give other Bates players a position.

C. M. Pamenzio and A. C. H. Hoyt, both of Kent's Hill, recently spent a few days at Bates. The object of their visit was to become acquainted with the work and methods
of the Bates Y. M. C. A. Conferences were held with the various committees and there is no doubt that both parties were materially benefited.

The following men have won their football B this fall: Foster, '07, Wight, '07, Schumacher, '08, Cobb, '09, Hull, '08, Brown, '08. Cochran, '09, Booker, '09, Cummings, '10, Manning, '10, and Ricker, '10. By a special vote of the Advisory Board, Board of Directors and the Athletic Association Bridges, '08 and Fraser, '08 were also awarded the football B.

Basketball is now once more in order and nearly every day some of the men get together for this game. There has been a great deal of talk about having a varsity team, but as there is very little time to prepare a schedule this year it is thought impracticable. The inter-class games, however, will probably be played as usual.

The Junior and Senior French clubs have held several meetings during the term and are getting along finely. At each of these meetings games of all kinds are played, songs are sung in French and there are various exercises of interest to all. As these clubs are open to any and all of the upper classmen it is hoped that more students will join that the interest may be increased.

In accordance with the custom of most colleges the week of prayer for young men and women was observed at Bates by appropriate exercises in the chapel Sunday, November 18. Professor Case of the Cobb Divinity School delivered an excellent and very helpful address to a large number of students. Moreover nearly all the churches in Lewiston devoted a part of Sunday evening's services to a consideration and discussion of the needs and possibilities of the work among young people.

The Political Science Seminar has held two interesting and profitable meetings during the past month at the home of Professor Gettell. November 5 the discussion was introduced by Pendleton on the question of "National Imperialism." November 19th Davis presented the subject of "America's Relations with the East." At the latter meeting plans were considered for changing the Seminar to a Current Topics Club next term. If this is done probably several other students will join in the work and increase its interest.

The Bates Calendar for 1907 just issued is one of the best ever published of the college. The attractive cover design
consists of a large block "B" in which are represented football and baseball games, and below this the words "Calendar 1907." The cuts of the various buildings are especially clear and the pen-and-ink sketches by Miss Jessie M. Pease, '06, are at once original and unique. Mr. Aldrich has spent much time and effort in preparing the calendar and well deserves the success he has attained.

Early in this term arrangements were made between the Christian Associations of Maine and Bates for an exchange of speakers. Accordingly on November 7 Lowell J. Reed, president of the Association at U. of M., came to Bates and gave a very helpful talk on the subject "Sins of Omission." November 14th Pendleton, '07, went to Orono and that evening spoke to the U. of M. Association on "The Need of Christian Service." Although the colleges have often met in friendly relations in athletics this was the first attempt to bind the Christian Associations together, and it is hoped that the efforts made in this direction will do much to foster a feeling of fellowship in the future.

The Deutscher Verein held its second meeting of the term at Dr. Leonard's home, 87 Wood Street, Wednesday evening, November 21. Mr. Alexander Maerz, Bates, '03, entertained the Verein for fully two hours with the story of his eleven weeks' trip to Germany the past summer. As Mr. Maerz crossed the ocean as a steerage passenger and travelled fourth class abroad, his story was told from an entirely different standpoint from usual and his experiences proved decidedly interesting. At the close of the talk apples and cornballs were served, after which the meeting broke up. On the way back to Parker Hall several of the Verein members visited the girls' dormitories and gave the Verein yell.

Dr. Bowen of Providence, R. I., who for several years was pastor of the Main Street Free Baptist Church of Lewiston, visited Bates for a few days last month. Wednesday afternoon, November 14th, he delivered a most interesting lecture on "Mrs. Browning as Woman and as Poet," before the club women of Lewiston and Auburn. Preceding the lecture an informal reception was held in the Fiske reception-room at Rand Hall. The young ladies of Bates acted as hostesses and served dainty refreshments of tea and fancy crackers. Dr. Chase and several of the ladies of the Faculty were in the receiving line with Dr. Bowen. On Thursday evening November 15th, in the chapel, Dr. Bowen gave a very instructive lecture on the life of John Hay. This
lecture was well attended and fully appreciated by the students and public. Dr. Bowen also spoke in chapel for a few minutes, Friday morning.

Professor Chase has received a fine catalogue of the Mount Ida School for Girls located at Newton, Mass. The school has just had a new building finished and is looking for a few more girl students who may desire the advantages of a Boston suburban school with the best of equipment and influence and splendid social and athletic advantages.

The track meet to have been held this fall between Freshman teams from Bates and Bowdoin was called off at the last moment by Bowdoin on the ground that the track was too wet for running. This was a great disappointment to the Bates men who had trained faithfully and would have given a good account of themselves. It seems that the track, after all, was not too bad but the Bates manager failed to make Bowdoin see it that way.

On the evening of Thursday, November 22, the Faculty, advisory board and resident trustees, gave an informal dinner to the men who made the 'Varsity football team this fall. The menu was good and the food was abundant and the dinner was very enjoyable. Afterward Professor A. N. Leonard acted as toastmaster and short speeches were made by Captain Schumacher, Manager Sullivan, Quarterback Cobb, as well as by all of the Faculty who survived the dinner. Goat stories and goat songs were thick and plenty and the agony quartette by the Faculty vocalists concluded a delightful evening's entertainment.

Saturday night, after Bowdoin had won the victory which made Bates the champion of the State in football, the boys held the best celebration that has been seen here during the last four years. Immediately after supper between one hundred and one hundred and fifty of the boys, clad in white nightshirts and headed by the college band, marched from the college downtown. On arriving at Haymarket Square they had a war dance, then marched down Lisbon street, cheering and singing their college songs. The merchants of the street burned red fire, and the street was a blaze of light, while hundreds of people on the sidewalks watched the boys' antics. After marching up and down the street for some time, they all went to the Empire Theatre, where they witnessed the play and enlivened proceedings between acts by their songs and cheers. After the performance a big bonfire was built on Mount David and the noise kept up till after midnight.
HALLOWE'EN REVELS AT BATES

THE Seniors decided to celebrate Hallowe'en in a place where all the witching influences abroad on such a night could have full play. They found the place in a rustic house set in the midst of pines and known as Frost’s Park. After a long and hilarious ride they came to the spot which they found had been decorated by hobgoblin hands against their arrival. After a supper hot and cold in delicious proportions, and the “feast of reason” presided over by President Davis, the class went into the big hall where Jack Frost held sway everywhere but in front of the great fireplace. But everyone was too busy to mind the cold and the only use the fireplace had was to furnish toasting and popping power. The class was chaperoned by Miss Britan and Professor Kelly, whose duties were very light.

The Juniors had another of their jolly good times Hallowe’en. At five forty-five they left the corner of Skinner and College Streets, on a special car for the Lake Grove House at Lake Auburn. Here they sang the late songs and played games until eight o’clock when a delicious shore dinner was served. In connection with the shore dinner, a chicken dinner was served for those who didn’t care for the fish. After the dinner the tables were removed from the dining-room and there the Juniors played Tucker and other similar games. Moreover, some of the class told us that the moonlight on the lake was unusually beautiful that night. Just before leaving for home and the dormitories, French took a flashlight picture of the whole party.

The Sophomores held a very enjoyable Hallowe’en Party at the East Auburn Grange Hall. The decoration committee had transformed the place into a most appropriate scene for Hallowe’en revels. Other committees provided games, music, and so forth. At half-past nine the ladies of the Grange served a bountiful harvest supper. Afterwards the members of 1909 tried various methods of wresting from the grasp of the Future its mystic secrets. They were rewarded by many weird revelations, the memory of which will doubtless long remain with them.
The chaperons, Miss Norris and Professor and Mrs. Gettell, contributed not a little to the pleasure of the occasion.

On Hallowe’en night, the Freshmen in spite of the threats of the Sophomores to kidnap the class president, to borrow the refreshments, etc., assembled at Hathorne Hall to go in a body to the Knights of Pythias Hall in Auburn, where the Hallowe’en party was to be held. Professor and Mrs. Knapp acted as chaperons and since it was considered that the Freshmen usually need a strong body guard, Mr. and Mrs. Spofford were invited.

The main hall was lighted by Japanese and jack-o’-lanterns while apples were suspended in all parts of the room. During the first of the evening, black witches’ caps with masks were worn by all, so that mysterious partners added to the pleasure of the games. Two of the anterooms, which were called the “Witches’ Retreat” and the “Ghosts’ Parlor,” were reserved and decorated respectively for the fortune teller and the ghost. At intermission refreshments were passed consisting of ice-cream and cake, while one of the girls, in witches’ costume, presided at the table where punch was served. During the first number of the program, small cards were passed on which was the list of the games to be played, such as “Witches’ Revel,” “ Blind Wizard,” “Goblin’s Parade,” etc., while the last was very suggestively named “Skidoo 23!”

We judge that a good time was enjoyed since it was suggested that a committee be appointed to have another Hallowe’en inserted in the calendar for the following week.

BATES ALUMNI NOTES

The Student regrets very much the omission of our alumni notes this month. Illness in the home of the alumni editor made it impossible for her to make up the notes for this month and it was too late to give the department into the hands of a substitute.
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