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NATURE'S VOICE

The deathless majesty enthroned upon the hills,
The crowns of starry spheres by night, of mist by day,
The wavering pauses where the pine wood faintly thrills
Athwart a panoramic west of rose and gray—

They speak, and call my soul to dream,
Till light and moving shadow seem
The symbols of a sage's book,
Whereon they almost read, who look,
The mighty truths that bards have ever tried to sing.

Muriel E. Chase.

THE RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

A YEAR from next fall some fortunate Bates man will be awarded the Rhodes Scholarship, entitling him to fifteen hundred dollars a year for three years of advanced study at Oxford University. None of us, probably, has any idea of being the fortunate man—yet the chances are even and the conditions open to all, and why not be thinking about it?

It has been the fashion to try to belittle Cecil Rhodes. Many magazines, newspapers and people have joined in the cry against this good man. The only real thing they could find against him was the fact that he accumulated a vast fortune and used it well. Every man has his weaknesses and faults—"a man of genius is but a man"—but in every man's life there is a definite purpose that gives unity and
strength to his character. Find that purpose, keep it before you, judge it, and then—and then only—you can judge the man. Mr. Rhodes' ambition ran on a higher level than has characterized most men of similar power. It was not ambition for wealth for wealth's sake, or power for power's sake. He wanted money and power, and got them; but for a higher aim: for the furtherance of certain great ideas he had deeply at heart.

When a young man he was obliged to leave his college, Oxford, on account of broken health. He went to South Africa, built up his health and a fortune, and returned to finish his education. He then went back to Africa and began his life work. He saw in that new land golden opportunities, and he seized them. He bought mines, worked them, and made money; he stretched railroads north as far as civilization reached; and he laced the country with telegraph lines. All this time he was studying the country. He saw many petty states, and that many more would eventually be formed in the north, and he conceived the idea of uniting them into a mighty union. To this end he devoted his enormous fortune and influence. He became Premier of Cape Colony and all his efforts were in accordance with this idea, and for the welfare of the land. Mr. Rhodes was an imperialist in the best sense of that abused term; he realized that sooner or later a few great powers must rule the world. And he saw that the people to do that consolidation must be of the great Teutonic stock. Therefore he was ambitious to be the instrument of creating in South Africa a great, free nation, under the flag of England—this ambition certainly was not a selfish one. His last words, spoken as he was about to leave his work for other hands to take up and carry forward, "throw a great white light on his character." "So much to do, so little done."

Mr. Rhodes made one great mistake, and by that is too often judged. "He gave his aid and countenance to the Jameson Raid." It failed, but that was not his fault; it was due to gross mismanagement. Had it succeeded he would have been praised for his participation; for it would have
been called a "glorious revolution" by which an over-taxed, oppressed people secured freedom. That was what Mr. Rhodes hoped for. The failure proves only that he made a grievous mistake, not that his motive was wrong. Not by his blunders, nor wholly by his methods, but by the motives that direct and give force to his acts will the world give a man its final and right judgment.

And now let me direct your thoughts for a moment to Mr. Rhodes' will itself. He "knew that it was not money, but thought, sentiment, sympathy, that rule the world." So he gave a good part of his fortune to build, in the hearts of young men, thought and sentiment and sympathy. His plan was a remarkably wise one, wisely executed. He saw the deep ties of affection and sympathy between the United States, England and Germany, and he knew that they are the powers that hold the ideas the world needs, and that through education something like world-unity may be obtained. So he established scholarships at Oxford—so rich in educational traditions,—for Americans and Germans. The Emperor is to select the five fortunate German students to receive scholarship, and Mr. Rhodes, himself, made the plan for selecting the ninety-six American students, two from each state and territory. His scheme contains the following provisions:

"First—His literary and scholastic attainments.

"Second—His fondness for or success in manly outdoor sports, such as cricket, foot-ball, and the like.

"Third—His qualities of manhood, such as truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness and fellowship.

"Fourth—His exhibition during school days of moral force of character and instincts to lead and take interest in his schoolmates, for these latter attributes will likely in after life guide him to esteem the performance of public duties as his highest aim.

"Marks for these four qualifications should be awarded somewhat in the following proportions: Four-tenths for the first, one-tenth for the second, three-tenths for the third and two-tenths for the fourth."
"Marks for the several qualifications should be awarded independently—that is to say, marks for the first qualification by examination; for the second and third qualifications, respectively, by the ballot of fellow-students of the candidates, and for the fourth qualifications by the headmasters of the schools, and the result of the awards, that is to say the marks obtained by each candidate for each qualification, should be added together and the successful student be the one who received the greatest number of marks, giving him the highest all-round qualification."

Notice the splendid emphasis Mr. Rhodes laid on strong, complete manhood. *Strict morality, a strong mind, a strong body, courage, the ability to lead men, kindliness, unselfishness, devotion to duty*, are the attributes one must have to obtain a scholarship. R. M. B.

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**THE MESSAGE OF THE OCEAN**

Amos Harden walked moodily along the gravelly beach, digging his heels into the sand and now and then kicking aside a piece of wood or sea-weed that lay in his path. It was Sunday afternoon, but Amos wished it were any other day in the week, that he might get to work and smother his disturbed thoughts.

Why were people so everlastingly after him? Why couldn't they let a fellow alone? Since mother really wished it, he was willing to walk to church with her every Sunday morning, sit in their hard, uncushioned pew for an hour or so and then walk back home again. To be sure, he wasn't in the least interested in what the minister said, but still anybody ought to be willing to do that much once a week for the sake of pleasing his mother.

It would have been well enough if they had only let matters stop there, but after the morning service the anxious-faced little parson had drawn him into a corner aside and asked him if he did not wish to join the church. Amos had fidgetted with his hat, uneasily mumbling something about not being good enough, and the kindly and conscientious
minister, being unable to obtain a more satisfactory answer, had finally given up his task in despair.

But now, alone by the sea, no obligatory sense of courtesy restrained the young man and he gave full vent to his feelings. What did he want of religion,—a great, strong fellow like him? Religion was for women, and for children, who would believe anything they were told, and who must be taught something to keep them from scratching each other’s eyes out. What did he care about the heathen? Better poison the whole lot of ’em; that was the quickest way to settle the question. And this Sunday observance! He had noticed that the sun and moon, the rain and the snow, continued operations about the same on Sunday as on any other day and appeared to get along very well, too. Oh, it was all disgusting! He didn’t intend to commit any great crime; he guessed he could live respectably enough not to shock the neighbors. It was all so narrow! “Thou shalt not, thou shalt not!” He longed for action; something he could do, something he could accomplish.

Amos threw back his head impatiently. He would have a good sail and forget the whole thing. He ran quickly along the shore to where a rowboat was lying, and, jumping in, pushed it off and pulled out a short distance to a trim little cat-boat which floated at anchor. Making fast the row-boat, he stepped on board and with a practiced hand unfastened the ropes, raised the sail and pulled up the anchor.

The little boat responded quickly to the firm hand on the tiller and, catching the fresh breeze, glided swiftly out of the cove. Amos drew a long, deep breath. Ah! This was living.

As he got farther out from the land, the breeze grew keener, the waves rougher, and the young man’s spirits rose higher and higher with the exhilaration of it. On and on he sped, the broad ocean always before him. Amos looked out over the bow, and as far ahead as he could see, all was the wide, unresting expanse of water. Look sharply as he might, he could find no slightest indication of land before
him on the horizon, and Amos was glad. Its bigness satisfied him. For the moment he was content.

Taking off his cap, he turned his face to the keen salt wind, and felt its freshness, its freedom and its fierce, unfettered gloriousness. But the wind grew fiercer and fiercer, the billows higher and higher. Now it took all his strength to hold the tiller, but Amos set his teeth and compelled the boat to go where he would have it. He felt in sympathy with the force of the elements about him, and the more madly they raged, the more did he glory in their violence.

It was a crisis of the young man's life. To this day he cannot tell just how it was, but as he stood there in his little boat, gripping the tiller with all his might, the wild ocean surrounding him, there came to him words he had learned far back in his childhood. The words had previously meant nothing, but now, as they were borne in upon him, they commanded and awed into silence the tumult of his thoughts and flooded his heart with the light of a new-born understanding: “The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.”

Outside the ocean still rolled and tossed, but in the man's heart was a knowledge, a lasting peace, which the world can neither give nor take away.

1908.

THE EMPTY YEARS

THE launching of the “Plunger!” Freed, she had shot off the ways like an arrow, sent as only a skilled hand can send it. For two years she had spread her canvas to be darkened by the ugly sea, to be blown and tossed about at the will of the winds, and for these two years perfect and absolute content had filled the heart of her master.

Thus far it was his delight to sight on the horizon a sister ship, put on all sail possible and overhaul her. Then in port it was his keenest pleasure to tell in exaggerated style how, passing the “Cressey,” he watched her slowly disappear from sight.
Two more years were added to the "Plunger's" life and those years did not fulfill confident predictions. Reckless fate had piled misfortune after misfortune against her record. Once, when anchored in Boston harbor, she had tried her best to aid the harbor surveyors, and allowed an unknown rock to punch an ugly hole in her side. Again, she had collided with an ocean tramp, and last of all, through the carelessness of the mate, she had drifted onto Block Island, bringing her owners a third time face to face with enormous expenses.

No wonder that gray hairs crept stealthily among the dead black of Captain Oakes and deep crooked creases played hop-scotch on his brow. He had planted a goodly sum of money in this six "poster" and now would never quite regain it. But that was not so important,—money he did not need, at least as much as some other things. He had won the honor of sailing the largest schooner afloat, but he must pay for it with the attending anxiety. He became daily more despondent and was constantly muttering about the "infernal business."

It was during the "brokers' strike" when business was extremely dull, that his courage failed. The "Plunger" was in a southern port, and all signs of a quick dispatch were lost. Each day he anxiously went ashore, hoping for business, and each day he wandered back again, more discouraged than before. "Taking everything," he declared stormily, "damned sailors' unions and Dutchmen, the business ain't fit fer a decent man to be in. Takes pretty good spirits to put up with it."

The night of the seventeenth of March, he came aboard disgusted, lonesome and with a raging headache. "No charter yet," was the daily verdict. "Mr. Marshall," he called to his mate, "Send Sam aft this evening. May as well pay him off, if we're going to be here all summer." So Sam came and went exultant at the thoughts of "thirty dollars." But the thrill that went over the gray-haired captain as he wrote on that receipt "March Seventeenth" thrilled him still.

"Just twenty-six years ago," he muttered; "yes, just
twenty-six. It was St. Patrick’s day. I was twenty-four and she was twenty-one. I wonder what became of her,” and he turned the pen over tentatively in his big hand. “Both of us was mighty stubborn, but if she’d a answered that note, I reckon she’d been here to-night. The’ ain’t a vessel in port ‘ceptin’ this ark, but a woman’s on board. S’pose I wan’t so promising then—only mate.” Instinctively he pulled out his pocket-book and from its innermost crevice took out a crumpled yellow note.

“Let me know when you can forgive,” he whispered. “Yes, them’s the exact words I sent, but she’s never forgive and I guess she never will.” He threw the pen down and went sternly to bed.

The next morning when “No charter yet,” met his ears, he declared firmly his intent to sell out. “No use talkin’, he said, “when a man’s fifty he’s no business going to sea.” But with the afternoon mail came the news of business, a load of coal for Portland. And in that mail there came, too, another charter, in finer handwriting.

“Although too late, I want you to know I’ve forgiven,” it said.

The Captain of the “Plunger” went ashore hastily. A few moments later he emerged from the telegraph office with a sheaf of yellow papers in his hand.

Before the “Plunger” made another trip, she was thoroughly refitted, new white sails and all, and when this was done she was rechristened, even more joyfully than before. For she, too, carried a woman on board.

LULU WORM ELL, ’06.

THE HERO OF KHARTOUM

“Khartoum is taken, and Gordon is avenged.” This report not many years ago brought to all thoughts another message which had startled and horrified the world—brought the picture of a doomed city and a lonely Englishman upon its battlements, wistfully piercing the horizon, day after day, week after week, watching for
the relief that came too late. Brought the memory of those weeks of suspense when all men waited with hushed breath for some word to break that dread silence at Khartoum—all men, for General Gordon is one of the world's heroes.

We had thought that the days of chivalry were past, but about this figure of the nineteenth century gather all the beauty and strange charm of old romance. Whether we find him in the trenches of horror before Sebastopol, in the heart of the Celestial Empire, or among the friendless waifs of his own land, he is ever the ideal knight, "whose glory is redressing human wrongs."

See those fierce hordes of Taipings fall back in awe before an unarmed youth. Follow that solitary rider in the Soudan as he hurries for thousands of miles through the unbroken stillness of the desert, unattended save by his own high thoughts. See that fearless figure suddenly appear alone and unarmed before an army of robbers, coolly informing them that he has come to disarm them, and receiving their astonished submission in reply. Follow where you will, no old legend of enchantment can surpass in picturesqueness, in strange and thrilling scenes the story of this life. But there is one scene that shines with growing light, and men are ever returning to the story of Khartoum.

History will note it as a coincidence that while England lay mourning for her beloved Livingstone another hero was quietly leaving her shores to meet and break the slave power in the Soudan. Men did not yet appreciate the motives of this man.

"A great deed at this hour of day,  
A great, high deed and not for pay,  
Absurd, beyond belief."

But this unassuming soldier was to show to the world a devotion and selflessness of which it had not dreamed.

Men understood little better the magnitude of his mission. To uproot a system that was imbedded in the very blood and soil of the country called for the highest wisdom and sacrifice; but to be thwarted at every step by the very
power that was sworn to support him, by an army that never dared face a determined foe, by officers in league with the infernal trade itself,—this made the task almost superhuman.

Slavery was the demon of Africa. Everywhere it strewed the desert with the bones of men or broke the still air with their cries. Heart-sick at the anguish about him Gordon came to pray each night, “Oh, God, lay upon me the burden of their sins and crush me instead of these poor sheep.” How that prayer was answered we know too well.

The all but impossible task is at length accomplished, and the soldier returns to his well-earned rest. But a few years and anarchy and murder again run riot in the Sudan. There is but one man by whom all these turbulent elements can be controlled. Gordon again leaves for Africa and the curtain rises upon the long-drawn tragedy of Khartoum—tragedy the most cruel, because the most needless that modern history can show. But against that background of gloom and horror one figure shines clear, and when faith in our poor humanity grows weak, men will be reassured as they turn back to that simple hero of Khartoum. Never did England so cruelly and so basely neglect one of her heroes, but she knows now the grandeur of the man, his justice, his tenderness, his sincerity. She knows now that through all that sickening siege his brave spirit never faltered, that he was cheerful, earnest, busy to the end. She knew then that he could not leave his post until almost the last, she understands now the sublime sense of honor that held him there. Days deepen into weeks, weeks into months, and still the weary siege goes on. “I have done my best to save the national honor,” these words ring out across the desert and the seas, then darkness and silence fall upon Khartoum.

The heart recoils, at the thought of that last week, whose story will never be told on earth. But whatever satisfaction it may bring to others that that tragedy has lately been avenged, we know that the great soul that there crowned a life of sacrifice with heroic death would never rejoice in victory for that cause. But he would rejoice in
the good that is to come to the benighted people whom he so
loved. So the fittest monument to his memory will be the
schools and homes that are to bear his knightly name and
the most fitting motto to place above their entrance are the
words of the laureate:

“Soldier of God, man's friend
Now lying dead somewhere in the waste Soudan,
Thou livest in all hearts, for all men know
This earth hath borne no kinglier, kindlier man.”

“FARES, PLEASE?”

I AM a young man six feet tall, well built, athletic, and,
to speak frankly, handsome. Let this description of
myself suffice. As a general thing one needn't name over
his good points. If they are there every one will see them
and modesty is his only escape from being labelled swelled-
headed. I learned this lesson thoroughly when I was in
the Grammar School and ever since have been careful to
almost blush when the girls gush over me. This always
takes well. Some men have a sort of magnetism which
makes all pet animals take to them. That is just the way
girls seem to take to me. Ever since I was sixteen my room
has been piled high with tenderly embroidered sofa pillows,
banners, and all such trash. In college, after a foot-ball
game, when I was dead tired, the dear things, like so many
mosquitoes, would cluster around me, congratulating me on
my fine plays. Really it was most exasperating.

Last summer I was invited to a house party at Dick
Peter's on Brown Beach. I didn't exactly howl with joy
when I got the invitation but to stay at home was worse
luck, for my sister Anne, but newly engaged, had arrived at
that state of mind common to love and drunkenness. So I
got down my best note paper and wrote Dick that my whole
heart was set on that house party. I went.

Dick met me at the station, jolly and round and full of
fun, just as in college days. If there is anybody I like bet-
ter than myself, it is Dick. He shook hands with me,
slapped me on the back, and generally made me welcome to Brown Beach. Then he drove me to his cottage, “The Brown Beechnut,” and in short order introduced me to the other guests, the usual line-up of good fellows and pretty girls. They had the orthodox house-party supper and dance afterwards, the only drawback being that there was one too few girls. But I didn’t find any dearth of partners and had the ordinary kind of good time.

The next morning I got up early, partly because I liked to see the sun rise, but principally because the rooster laid himself out to keep me awake. Once up, I decided to walk about the country, look at the cows, etc. After walking for about an hour, I thought a little breakfast would be welcome and so started back at a quick pace for “The Brown Beechnut.” As I was nearing the house, I saw Dick with a most puzzled expression, kicking his heels on the fence. A look of relief brightened his face as he spied me. “Jim Roberts, you’re just the man!” he shouted, wildly waving a piece of yellow paper and kicking his heels so violently that he lost his balance and fell off the fence. I picked him up and stuck him on again and asked him what was up. Had the horse run away or must the girls go out rowing? But Dick just smiled and said, “Jimmy, be a good fellow. My sister invited her friend, Miss Louise Holmes, to come to the house party. We expected her last night. Now she has just sent this telegram. See—’Will arrive at 7.10 this morning. Was unavoidably detained—Louise Holmes.’

“Now, Jim, you’ve backed me up in lots of scrapes. You got the faculty to let me down easy when I painted Freshie Smith’s room green. Keep it a-going and back me up now! I positively can’t get time to meet her. I’ve got to tote around that whole crew. There’s the breakfast bell now—you’ll have just time to get to the station!” and Dick was half way up the steps already. “I thank you a thousand times. You shall have a good breakfast with a pretty girl when you come back,” and Dick was gone, completely gone. I never knew Dick to be late to a meal at the College Club.

I looked at my watch—6.45 and no car in sight. Barely time to get to the station. I hurried along hungry and
cross. How on earth should I know that girl when I got there? Dick had said she was pretty. Very definite indeed! Dick’s standard of prettiness, of course. There was a fat, squat, snub-nosed girl in college whom Dick used to rave about. Miss Holmes must take after her style I decided.

Of course the train had come in before I got there. I looked through the station, but no girl in sight. “Thank goodness, she’s got left,” I muttered. I hailed a car and settled back wrapped in the dream of a good breakfast. It was nearly at the jumping-off place when the conductor touched my arm: “Fare, please?” I fumbled in my pocket and handed him twice the fare. He glanced past me and half hesitated.

“Oh, Harry, you remembered your bet, didn’t you? He pays for me,” said a silvery voice by my side. I fairly jumped. The conductor passed on. I turned. And there was the swellest girl I ever set eyes on, her face sparkling with fun, smiling up at me.

Just then the conductor shouted out my street. I got off. So did the girl. She looked at me and said, “I have to ask your pardon, sir, for my great rudeness. I lost my money in the station and I couldn’t think of any other way of getting here. I—I am very sorry and ashamed,” she said, her cheeks burning. “I must still further intrude upon your kindness to ask you where I may find a cottage, The—er—The—er—Brown Beechnut, I think.”

“What, are you Miss Holmes?” I exclaimed.

“That is my name,” she replied rather stiffly. “If you will be so good as to—er—give me your name, I will refund you to-morrow.”

Perhaps it may be of interest to note that I shall pay countless more fares for Miss Louise Holmes without any hope of re-imbursement.

CAROLINE W. CHASE, '07.
IT was in a little country school-house. She was hearing the geography class when he rapped. When she opened the door, her heart fluttered, she gasped, struggled for her self-possession and in a year—so it seemed to her—conquered herself.

"How do you do, Mr. Newman? Will you come in?" she said stiffly.

"Thank you," he said, and quietly took the chair she offered him.

She returned to her geography class, went through the weary round of the lakes in North America, and then dismissed the school apparently oblivious of his presence. When she had helped the last girl put on her cloak and overshoes, and had shut the door on her, she turned to him defiantly.

"Well?" she said as he rose.

"You know why I'm here, Mary. I said if you didn't answer my letter, I would come and ask you once more. What is your answer?"

"I have no answer. Go back to the girl you've deserted. You left me for her. Don't desert her, too. I know what she'll suffer. I loved you, and you killed my love. Don't add another crime to your past. Go."

They stood there in silence. It was a contest of the will. At last she weakened. She sobbed:

"Oh, Jack, why did you go?"
He took a step toward her. She straightened up fiercely.

"Back. Don't touch me. Go back to her. You owe her everything now." She looked at him sadly a moment, then added in a low voice:

"And I owe you nothing."

"You are right, Mary. I've deserved it. It's only just."

Slowly he turned and moved toward the door. As the door closed, she sank into her chair and sobbed again:

"Oh, Jack, why did you go?"

---

**AT TWILIGHT**

As I sat dreaming in the twilight, I thought I was back in my childhood, playing in the fields with Lenore. She was making a wreath of dandelions, and chattering to me always of what she would do when she grew up. As she came to some forget-me-nots, she said:

"When I'm grown up, we'll have lots of flowers like these, won't we, Ernie?"

In the growing twilight, the flowers of the fields changed to the roses on the wall of my little room. I heard the voice of Lenore, crooning to me softly,

"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed."

In my delirium, I was living over again that awful charge up San Juan Hill. I felt again the excitement, the joy, and then the sudden fall. As I reached out wildly, her cool hand closed on mine, and she said,

"Smell the clover from the meadow, Ernie."

Again "a change came o'er the spirit of my dream." I was sitting on the porch in my old rocking-chair, wrapped warmly in blankets, watching anxiously the house across the road. Lenore was very ill,—fever, they said. She had worn herself out nursing me through my delirium and slow
recovery. The old doctor came slowly down the steps, and crossed the road. As he came through the gate, I asked,

“How is she?”

A tear rolled down his cheek, and he told me the truth. He came up to me, and said very gently:

“She asked for you, Ernest, before she died. She seemed to think she was a child again. She said, “Tell Ernie I’m going where there are lots of pretty flowers. When he comes, we’ll pick them together.’”

The twilight had become evening. In my loneliness, I walked to the window and, looking up into the clear night, watched the stars. As I thought of Lenore up there among the flowers waiting for me, the words of the poet came in to me from the night:

“Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.”

And I breathed a prayer to God to keep me until I might join Lenore in those “infinite meadows of Heaven.”

C., '06.
In this, our first number, we have introduced some changes which seem to us to improve the paper. The make-up has been somewhat altered, because we believe "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." The treatment of certain departments has been, or soon will be, varied from the usual ways. We hope that as these changes appear, they will meet with the approval of all. If they do not, we shall be glad to hear any criticisms and suggestions that any one thinks will help improve our college paper.

If we could rake up from the depths of our indifference a little enthusiasm for our college paper we might make it just as good as those of other institutions. There are as capable students among us here at Bates as there are in other colleges; the trouble is not lack of talent but lack of pride and enthusiasm. Now, a good way to arouse enthusiasm upon a subject is to talk it. About the only time the
THE STUDENT

Student is mentioned, however, is when one of us says to some one, "Have the new students come out yet?" It would not be a bad idea to pick flaws in our paper if we afterward set to work remedying them, but anyway, we must talk about it, whether it is to praise or condemn, and before we realize it, we shall be thoroughly interested in spite of ourselves.

It is not the places that are themselves most beautiful, nor the people who are the most remarkable that charm us most. Our hearts go out to the place that is clothed with some personal interest, and to the friends who share the most in common with us.

As a new year brings to us a responsibility in the student we find that simply through this new bond of sympathy, there is born in us an interest in our college paper such as we never dreamed of before; and, together with the sense of surprise at our own awakening, there comes the realization that whatever will bring Bates people in closer touch with the Bates magazine will lend it new life. With respect to the alumni as well as those of us who are now in college this must indeed be true; and occasional contributions from the alumni, aside from broadening the interest of the student and enriching its literary columns, would add greatly to its intrinsic worth. Many times the years after college are rich in experiences vitally interesting to the college student; often they bring thoughts that would be valuable for him to share.

We earnestly hope that the alumni will realize our appreciation of any articles that we may be fortunate enough to receive from them.

Of all the topics for conversation the subject of the weather is the oldest. It is thin and threadbare now, but is still in its prime and will probably live as long as we do. People who are put unexpectedly into positions where they must talk will probably always resort to this subject. It would be interesting to listen to people brought together socially, and notice the number who begin their remarks
with some allusion to the temperature or moisture of the preceding days. Mark Twain says that in New England there is a great deal of weather; so much of it in fact that some of it runs over into New York State. Certainly the subject of weather cannot have been exhaustively discussed in all its forms and aspects, and we can comfort ourselves with the thought that there remains to us at least one conventional subject upon whose neutral ground we can walk with ease and safety.

MIND-POWER, the ability to "look beneath the show of things into the things themselves," depth,—these are the things we want. Nothing that lies upon the surface is worth a whit for mental training, since it is the struggle that educates. Then "down" be the watchword! Though it start the sweat and tax the breath, bend to the task of hammering a way downward, ever downward into the infinite depths of things, remembering that the useful mind is the one that can with surety think, reason, investigate, disdaining the stylish substitute for education, a broad talking information, jangled, undigested, a brainless knowledge. A rock, which the waves of life's sea not only are powerless to crumble but which they strengthen with each shock, is the mind trained to hard, sure, wholesome thought. Is this hard-won rock worth the pains? Or shall we in our youthful strength heap up a mound of sand, because it is easier?

ARE our eyes open? Do we really see what we look at? Let us close our eyes and try to describe the scene before us. Do it again. The trouble is that we do not let our brains act together with our eyes. The importance of careful discernment does not force itself upon us until some crisis when we can only say, "I didn't notice that."

Attention to details carries with it strength of memory. So persistent was Macaulay in his mind cultivation that, after reading a page of a book entirely new to him, he could
repeat it word for word. Mind and eye were taught to act in unison.

We are not like Sherlock Holmes nor in such a degree do we require his power of correct judgment. Do we not, however, stand in need of just his keenness of sight, quickness of thought and sureness of opinion? After a little conscientious practice in reading character, we can train our eyes to see and our minds to judge at a glance. In studying, by the united action of brain and eye, we can grasp the exact meaning; but if we carelessly scan the lesson through, we know scarcely a sentence.

If we choose to put this training to the test, let us begin by making sure that after a glance at the clock we can tell the time of day. We will try, too, to be able to tell another the notices on the bulletin-boards and the hours scheduled for examinations. The plan is all a matter of economy, and economy pays.

---

**LOCALS**

"They are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill repute while you live."

Professor Rand, we are glad to learn, has sufficiently recovered from his illness to resume his class-room work.

The time-honored Day of Prayer for Colleges fell upon January 26. Who can tell in how many hearts the seed of good sown that day took root?

The season of work for our debaters has begun. Let us aid them all we can; if our presence in their rooms is worth nothing, it is worth less than nothing.

Mr. Sweney, assistant in the Physics Laboratory, is a man of ambition and energy. Besides attending to the daily duties of the laboratory, it is reported that he spends at least one night weekly as a tutor of German.

Manager Giles is one of the most enterprising men of our college. When last heard from, he was teaching in Corea, the magnetic pole of interest at present. If anyone
receives a communication from him, it is desired that it be made known, for so far as can be learned he has not been heard from since the fall of Port Arthur.

The Glee Club met Tuesday evening, January 19, for the first rehearsal. There were over twenty present and there is hope of a good chorus under the leadership of Winslow, '05. The Mandolin Club will be called together soon by its leader, Cummings, '06.

The New England Convention of the Young Women's Christian Association will be held in Portland, February 17-20. The Bates Association is allowed six delegates, but a large number of girls are going at their own expense. The six delegates chosen by the Association are Miss Walton, '05, Vice-President; Miss Ramsdell, '05, Miss Shaw, '06, Miss Bray, '07, Miss Ware, '07, and Miss Hutchinson, '08.

The students of Bates have had the glorious good fortune to hear Dr. Josiah Strong three times at comparatively no expense. No earnest listener could but feel the consistency of his views, the height of his purpose, and the power of his message. In the ears of many will ring for good the remarkable sentence with which he closed his chapel talk: "He who does not pay to the present the debt he owes to the past is bankrupt for all future."

The Class of 1906 is united in its welcome to one of its prodigal members, "Joke" Rand. Nine 'rahs for "Joke!"

While the attention of the class is here centered, let them peruse this:

TO 1906.

Tell me not in careless numbers
Polecon is but a dream;
He who cuts, for lengthened slumbers,
Finds things are not as they seem.
No! 'tis real; and in earnest
Thou must struggle toward the goal.
"Eighty-five," for which thou yearnest,
Is not gained without the toll.

ONE OF 'EM.

Dr. Veditz, as many of us have felt and feared for some time, is to leave us. He goes to The Columbian University
for further study. The base-ball and foot-ball boys will miss his never-failing presence on the athletic field, as well as the students his interesting instruction in the class-room. Yet it seems strange that he, as a doctor of the science of "economy," did not leave before, since of late he has received an addition to his personal property, thus increasing, in labor at least, the cost of transportation. Nevertheless, we are glad he has stayed as long as he has and the best wishes not only of the students and faculty of Bates College, but also of the citizens of Lewiston and Auburn will attend him in his new undertaking.

ALUMNI

'05.—Miss Sarah L. Staples is at home for a year at West Auburn, Maine.
'05.—Miss Mabel A. Steward is assistant principal of Michigan Seminary, Kalamazoo, Michigan.
'05.—Miss Nora G. Wright is teaching in the English High School, Providence, R. I.
'96.—Rev. A. B. Howard is now pastor of the Elmwood Avenue Free Baptist Church in Providence, R. I. During the preceding seven years he was pastor of the First Free Baptist Church in Danville, N. H.
'99.—Miss Bertha M. Brown is teaching in North Providence, R. I.
'99.—Miss Helen Agnes Finn is teaching in Everett, Mass.
'99.—Perley E. Graffam is principal of the High School at Mechanic Falls.
'99.—Thomas A. Roberts is now district superintendent at Lebanon, N. H.
'99.—Nathan Pulsifer is teaching in Dean Academy, Franklin, Mass.
'99.—Miss Annie Roberts is studying osteopathy at Kirkville, Kansas.

Out of the Class of '99, two of the number are lawyers, one a physician, seven are ministers, and one a business man; about half of the class are still employed as teachers;
twenty of their number are married, six of them making three couples, and five others have already married Bates associates.

'01.—Miss Edith L. Swain has commenced her fourth year as preceptress at the Williamstown High School, Williamstown, Mass.

'01.—At a banquet recently given to Governor Wright of the Philippines and several other distinguished guests, W. K. Bachelder was the only American chosen to respond to a toast, although many able speakers were present. Mr. Bachelder has been wonderfully successful in gaining the good will of the natives, with whom he has come into closer relations since he has been acting as division superintendent.

'02.—Miss Susie F. Watts and Arthur L. Dexter were married December 28, 1904. At present their home is at 99 Manchester Street, Nashua, N. H.

'03.—The Yale-Princeton debate scored another victory for Yale and consequently, since C. L. Beedy was one of the speakers, another honor for Bates.

'03.—Theodore Lothrop spent the holidays at his home in Lewiston.

'04.—The engagement of J. C. Briggs and Miss Maude Parkin has been recently announced.

'04.—Miss Bertha Stratton is teaching in Bridgton Academy in the place of Miss Frances Libby.

'04.—On Saturday, December 31, 1904, at New Hampton, N. H., occurred the marriage of Mr. Fred William Wallace, of Bethlehem, N. H., to Miss Alice Maud Currier, of New Hampton. The officiating clergyman was the Rev. Welbee Butterfield (1900) of Bristol.

1900 and '99.—Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Butterfield of Bristol, N. H., have a daughter, Kathryn. (Born August 31, 1904.)

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The twenty-first annual meeting and banquet of the Association of Alumni and Alumnae of Bates College, of Boston and vicinity, will be held at Young's Hotel, Boston,
THE STUDENT

on the evening of Friday, February tenth, at six P.M. The speeches this year will be strictly limited as to time, there being a general feeling that more time than formerly should be allowed for sociability. Members of the association are at liberty to bring guests who will be made very welcome.

The association will be especially honored this year by the attendance of Professor Stanton as its guest and it is felt that out of respect to him the attendance should be exceptionally large.

JOHN WESLEY HUTCHINS, President.
RICHARD B. STANLEY, Secretary.


EXCHANGES

THE December magazines express the season’s spirit both in subject matter and in tone. The Kent’s Hill Breeze, exhilarated by the sight of Christmas holly, bursts forth with a cover so ornate and fantastic as to be absurd.

The stories most appropriate to the season are “The Song of Roderick the Harper,” in the Mount Holyoke, “The Legend of the Holly,” in the Sybil, “Jim’s Christmas,” in the Bowdoin Quill, and “Razor’s Doll,” in Vassar Miscellany. “Roderick” is a musician at the court of William the Norman, the holly legend is dated at the time of Christ, “Jim” is a vengeance-seeking gambler, and “Razor” is a ragged newsboy. Surely the diversity of subject could scarcely be greater.

Tales of children are sure to appeal. The softening of a stern heart through a baby’s influence is told in a natural way in “Martha’s Baby,” in the Mount Holyoke. In “His First Love,” in the Bowdoin Quill, there is the opposite style of narration. The tragic tale is of the sundering of strong ties by a pair of most youthful lovers. In an engaging renewal of a well worn theme, Jean Bingham Wilson, in Vassar Miscellany, tells the discouraging wanderings of a runaway; she tells them with such apparent sympathy, however, that young David takes on the aspect of a hero.
For dialect, two stories in the *Vassar Miscellany* are remarkable. The one, mentioned before, is “Razor’s Doll,” and introduces the ragged slang of a ragged boy; the other is “De ’Tater Hole” and gives negro spelling and elisions which are both graphic and, strange to say, readable.

“The Northfield Student Conference of 1904,” in the *Acadia Athaeneum*, will be sure to interest many who attended the meetings. The writer made no attempt at literary elegance and has made the article strong. In memory of Charlotte Mann Paine, an alumna of Mount Holyoke, there is a tribute which surpasses anything of a like nature which the exchanges present. Anne V. Ward, of Vassar, has one of the best serious articles of the month. In “The Psychology of Plots” she convinces us of her firm understanding of the subject and induces us to trust in her conclusions.

There is, of course, much poetry. Without question, the best poem is “The Sphinx’s Riddle” by Roy Elliott Bates in the *Acadia Athaeneum*. The riddle is this:

> “Breath in a house of dust
> Whither, and Whence, and Why?”

Most of the poetry is short and easily quoted. Here are the gems of the month:

**Farewell, Brief Day.**

Farewell, brief day!

The sun sinks solemnly a-down the west—

The shadows thicken mid the night wind’s song;

The loon cries out across the river’s breast—

To-morrow sun may shine—but night is long.

Farewell! Farewell!

—Robert A. Cony, ’07, in Bowdoin Quill.

**Eastern Love Song.**

Afar off in the great Unknown

The winds of Night speak with the Silence deep,

And quiet stars their lonely watches keep

O’er Thee, Mine Own.

O’er Thee, Mine Own, afar from me,

The soft moon showers her tender, loving light,

And all about sound voices of the Night,

Whispering of Thee,
THE STUDENT

Whisp'ring of Thee to ev'ry star
That sees thy face against the casement pressed,
By ev'ry wanton, vagrant beam caressed,
O Love afar!

—W., in Tufonian.

Until justice, integrity, and unselfishness dominate the spirit of him who toils and him who employs, there can be no solution of our labor problem. Until honesty rules the citizens of our great states and the political life of the republic, all the penitentiaries in the world, and all the laws that ten thousand legislatures may enact, will not cure the disease of grafting and political spoils. Until righteousness and fairness and just appreciation take the place of prejudice and bitterness, there can be no solution of the great social problem. Just so long as men are immoral and women shallow and fickle, there will be the problem of divorce, and just so long as the physical nature dominates the spiritual, there will be the saloon.—President Slocum of Colorado College, in the Mount Holyoke.

A PRAYER.

Not for contentment or for ease of soul.
Not even for love, I pray:
Not that my eyes may see the goal
That lies in my destined way.

Grant me, O God, a soul of fire;
Give me a heart to bear
The ache and pain of vain desire;
To struggle and not despair.

—Martin F. Douglass, in Georgetown College Journal.

NOTICES

We call your attention to the college seal used on our cover. If you compare it with the one used previously you will see at a glance that ours is better. In fact ours is correct, the only original and authentic Bates College seal.

We call the attention of all interested in poetry, music and comparative aesthetics to two fine works we have just received, "Rhythm and Harmony in Poetry and Music" and "Poetry as a Representative of Art." Both by George Lansing Raymond of Princeton University. $1.75. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 27 and 29 West 23d Street, New York City.
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