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Dr. Veditz was born in Philadelphia in 1872; educated in the public schools of that city, entering the University of Pennsylvania in 1889. Graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1891, not yet nineteen years of age, and left immediately for Germany to take up post-graduate work, having previously received from the U. of P. the degree of Ph.B.

In Germany he became a regularly matriculated student at Halle University, then at Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna and again at Halle, graduating from the latter institution in the early part of 1895 as M.A. and Ph.D.—with the honorable mention, very rarely conferred at Halle, of magna cum laude. During this entire period he specialized in economics, history and political science.
Then after several months travel throughout the continent, he began his studies at Paris, specializing more particularly in sociology. During his six years' stay in Paris, interrupted by some months' sojourn in Switzerland and Italy for purposes of special study, Dr. Veditz was a student at one time or another in the following institutions: The Sorbonne, the Collège des Sciences Politiques, the Faculté de Droit, the Ecole d' Anthropologie, the Ecole des Hautes Études, the Collège de France, the College Libre des Sciences Sociales. In 1899 he completed the law school course leading to the degree of licencié en droit, a degree held by certainly not more than half a dozen Americans.

During the greater part of his stay in Paris, Dr. Veditz taught in two private schools and tutored extensively in the families of prominent American residents of Paris. He was also a frequent correspondent for American papers and a contributor to the Revue Internationale de Sociologie.

On his return to America in 1901, he was elected fellow in sociology at the University of Pennsylvania, and soon thereafter appointed Professor of History and Economics at Bates College, which position he held for a little over three years. During his stay at Bates he was closely identified with the Social Settlement at Lewiston; he was founder and first president of the history department of the Maine Association of College and Preparatory School Teachers; he was the founder and for two years General Secretary of the University Extension Society, transforming that organization from a losing experiment into an established self-supporting concern.

Dr. Veditz has contributed to the American Journal of Sociology, the French Revue Internationale de Sociologie, the Annals of Political and Social Science, the Journal of Political Economy; he was one of the experts employed in the preparation of the Report of the U. S. Industrial Commission; he contributed a large number of sociological articles to the New International Encyclopedia. He has written: A History of the Philadelphia Gas Works, The Development of American Pottery, A Dissertation on Thuenen's Theory of Value, an adaptation of Gide's Prin-
ciples of Political Economy; and in conjunction with Prof. B. B. James, a large History of the American Revolution. There will soon be published from his pen, a Student’s Sociology and a text-book in Elementary Economics.

On February 1st, Dr. Veditz resigned from Bates College to accept the Professorship of Economics at George Washington University, in Washington, D. C., where he is a member of the faculties both of the college department and of the School of Diplomacy and Jurisprudence.

R. M. B.

THE PASTURE BARS

When evening comes with gentle tread,
And softly glow the stars,
Deep in the firelight’s changing eyes,
I see the pasture bars.

They are worn with the touch of many a hand,
Polished to softest gray,
The daisies cluster about the posts,
Birds perch on them all the day.

Once more I am a lad in June,
And ankle-deep in dew
I pull the pasture bars aside,
While Bess and Spot pass through.

Beyond the gates tall alders bend
And brush the cows’ warm sides;
Deep in their shade among the grass
The tall red lily bides.

Upon the curving, sun-warmed hills
Strawberries wild begin to blush.
At sight of me a squirrel runs
And chatters to his wee mate “Hush!”

And then I see within my fire
Pale shadows spreading near and far,
The cows come lowing to the gate
And rest moist noses on the bar.
THE STUDENT

Then brown-eyed Molly, laughing, comes
   With gaily-swinging pail,
And stands beside me in the dusk,
   Bare, dimpled elbows on the rail.

The firelight flickers, flares and dies,
   Dull care my dreaming mars.
I would I were a boy again
   Content beside the pasture bars!

ALICE J. DINSMORE, 1908.

A DAY WITH HAMMER AND DRILLS

It is a March trip we take into the country, some four miles from one of Maine's busy little cities, to look into the secrets of the rocks. In about an hour we reach the foot of Mt. Apatite, named from a mineral found there. We doff our snow shoes to mount the steep ascent, for an occasional slump is preferable to their burden. Arrived at the top, we enjoy the view on all sides. On the north lies Lake Auburn, a beautiful sheet of water nine miles in circumference, a favorite summer resort for the dwellers in the twin cities, three miles away, easily accessible in this day of electricity, and not deserted in winter if the season be good for skating; thence the cities get their supply of pure water, and there the fishers come for trout and salmon. To the right and nearer is Taylor Pond, with its pickerel and land-locked salmon, now being caught through the ice, as we can see through our field glasses. In the background is Mt. Gile, with its observatory, a fitting monument to one of Auburn's best citizens. To the east is the city, a suburb being visible; and yonder is the silver ribbon of the little Androscoggin, which begins its course at Norway, and in the 20 miles before it joins the larger river, furnishes power for a pulp-mill, leatherboard mill, saw-mill, grist-mill, two electric stations and a yarn-mill, which employs hundreds of wage-earners. Glasses are not needed to distinguish on the south the Poland Spring House, so well known by its mineral water, and as a resort for invalids.
Streaked Mountain, Rattlesnake Mountain and others dwindle into hills when we turn to the west for a look at the snowy summits of the White Mountains.

Meanwhile the steam drill, obedient to the guiding hand, is busily working its way down through mica schist, glassy quartz and ivory feldspar, perhaps plunging into a pocket of rare crystals, with what disastrous effects, who can tell? But what is the meaning of these gory drops now mingling with the stream which follows each upward stroke of the drill? Is some Enceladus imprisoned in the bowels of this hill, and has the steel pierced his heart? We can hardly wait for the drill to be removed, the hole pumped out, dynamite and cap inserted, wires of battery attached, the warning cry, "Blow!" the quick lifting and depressing of the battery handle, followed by a crash and jar that seem to shake the foundations of the earth. But the hill is left, no one has been hurt, although the air seemed full of stones for a brief space of time; and our scattered forces soon rally about the masses of shattered rock. We find no remains of a bleeding giant to excite our pity, but a mass of a rose-red, chalk-like substance, which the mineralogist of the party tells us is "Montmorillonite," so named from Montmorillon in France, where the mineral was first found. It is good to look at and we put large pieces into our collecting bag, only to have it crumble and fade when exposed to the light, and lose its beauty, like so many other things, when removed from their natural surroundings.

The quartz disclosed by the blast, more or less of which is always found in conjunction with feldspar, is of unusually fine quality, much of it being clear as crystal. Bar and hammer are being wielded with good effect by powerful arms, and now a promising looking pocket is uncovered. The miner's spoon is eagerly seized, while a sieve is at hand to receive lumps of clay that may conceal some gem. As we grow more excited over a possible find, other tools are thrown aside and we dig into the pocket with those nature has given us. We feel the glassy surfaces and sharp angles that tell us crystals of some sort are hidden in the sticky clay that lines the cavity, and at last they are brought to light,—a
magnificent cluster of smoky quartz crystals, many of them with "two determinations," as one of the bystanders who is up in minerals affirms. Some of the points have a marked amethystine shade, adding much to the beauty of the specimens. If we sift the loose clay and gravel removed, we shall find myriads of tiny quartz crystals, clear as water drops, perfect little gems. Occasionally a ferruginous crystal is found among them, which closely resembles a yellow topaz.

Meanwhile, another of the party has discovered a small pocket that looks inviting and on examination discloses several apatite crystals, most of them of a peculiar shade of bluish-green. One of these, about half an inch in length on a matrix of ivory-white feldspar, would make a dainty cabinet specimen for the Liliputians. The most beautiful one of the lot is a small hexagonal prism with beveled edges, and of a delicate violet tint. If as hard as quartz or tourmaline, what a rare gem it would make without the help of any lapidary, for the Master's skill shaped it to perfection in his fiery furnace so long ago. Apatite is composed largely of phosphate of lime, and when found in masses is utilized as a fertilizer; but I prefer to look at it only as a thing of beauty. It may be of interest, in passing, to note the derivation of the name apatite,—from the Greek, apatao, to deceive,—owing to mistakes of early mineralogists in regard to the nature of some of its varieties.

Here is some rough-looking stuff, more like decayed bone than rock, and near it are masses of green beryl. We must use hammer and drill with the greatest care here, for there are indications of herderite, a rare mineral in this country. So ignorant of its value were earlier mineral seekers in this very locality, that hundreds of dollars' worth of crystals are said to have been destroyed by the workmen or thrown into the waste pile. Unless you have one of the latest editions, your mineralogy may not mention it, although Dana's most exhaustive work mentions herderite as being very rare in the tin mines of Saxony. We succeed in finding a small scale of the precious mineral, although one of our number confessed to having pried out of a rock with
his knife and then lost in a deep pool a fragment which resembled in color the amber mouth-piece of his pipe and was probably just what we were looking for.

This beryl is handsomer, in my opinion, than any herder-ite, and here you have it from huge six-sided opaque prisms, a foot and more in diameter, and of a delicate Nile-green hue, to the small, transparent crystals, some of which when cut may, if flawless, produce aquamarines of the first water.

A black, crystallized substance in a block of feldspar attracts our notice, and at first sight we call it tourmaline; but closer inspection shows it to be much harder, as well as of different luster. These characteristics and the form of the crystal, a modified rectangular prism, stamp it as the much rarer columbite. It is so firmly imbedded in the gangue, as the surrounding rock is called, that it is almost impossible to get it out intact, no matter how carefully we work. This is not large, though quite perfect; but I understand there is a part of a columbite crystal in the collections of Wesleyan University, weighing over six pounds.

We find plenty of black tourmalines, and in one locality they vary from their usual form in tapering gradually from one extremity to the other. Some of the crystals, long, slender and shining, are very pretty, but of no special value, and we are not fortunate enough to find any of the rare green and pink tourmalines, such as have been taken from the ledge in times past. When we can spare an hour to call at the home of the former owner of the place, he will show us some beautiful gems cut from crystals which he removed.

Mica is here in abundance, and we secure specimens of the pearly and amber-colored varieties, black mica or biotite, and the lepidolite or lithia mica, a delicate heliotrope in color, I call it, although my mineralogy says "purple."

The diamond and hexagonal shaped crystals are interesting in their perfect symmetry, and there is found in one spot a curved mica, sometimes called spherical, a few specimens of which we add to our collection. The feldspar thrown out by the blast is of a particularly fine variety, and the porcelain ware manufactured from it is of the best. The orthoclase (common feldspar) and albite are easily distin-
guished from each other, both by their color and by their cleavage. The latter, as its name indicates, is whiter and contains a large proportion of soda. Here a cluster of fine albite crystals makes a shining mark as they reflect the rays of the sun from their glassy surfaces.

We secure, also, some excellent pieces of Cleavelandite, a lamellar variety of albite, and "thereby hangs a tale" which is amusing enough to repeat in this connection, and illustrates a phase of extreme partisanship. We can vouch for its truth, as it was told us by an eye and ear witness, who lives in one of the farmhouses you see over yonder. She and her husband are interested in minerals, as are most of the families in this vicinity, and have quite a display in their cabinet. It chanced one day some years ago that a woman called at their door, hoping to take an order for some article for which she was canvassing. She was asked to step in, and before leaving noticed the collection of minerals and signified her desire for a few specimens, such as may be found in this locality. Among those given her was a fine piece of what the donor spoke of first as albite, alluding to it later on in the conversation by its more specific term, Cleavelandite. At this the canvasser showed signs of disapproval and said, "But that is not what you called it at first, is it?" She was told that it was a variety of albite, to which she responded, in evident relief, "That is what I shall always call it. My folks are all Republicans!"

But the inner man begins to clamor for something other than stones, and we will see what sort of specimens our lunch baskets contain before digging further into the rocks, fascinating as the search is. Their contents having been discussed, classified and stowed away, let us take a stroll across lots to investigate Neighbor L's "hole in the ground," picking up several pieces of red, yellow, and variegated jasper on the way. Arrived at our destination, we find that Neighbor L. has done wonders with the assistance of one man, hand drills and the inevitable dynamite. He has been fortunate enough to strike a mineral sheet; and there, in pockets of a bluish clay, are some of the most beautiful smoky quartz crystals imaginable, of all shapes, sizes and
tints, varying from almost an amber shade to dark, rich browns, including the cairngorm stone, so called from Cairngorm, in Scotland, where it is found.

As we stop for a drink of sap from the old maple on our way, a flutter of wings and a flash of azure tell us that the bluebirds are here. How cruel to put an end to that joyous life! and is it possible that any sane, not to say Christian woman, would wish to carry its little body about on her head rather than to watch it darting among the branches of yonder tree in the full enjoyment of its bright existence?

As we reach the summit of the hill the baying of a hound is heard and a fox comes in sight just below us, closely followed by the dog. And now it is our good fortune to watch such a pretty comedy, though the possibility of its turning suddenly into tragedy somewhat mars our enjoyment, if not our interest. To our surprise, instead of continuing on his flight, the fox turns in its tracks, and faces the hound, crouching like a kitten in play; but just as the dog seems about to seize him, the fox jumps sideways and the dog runs past him a rod or two, being unable to stop and turn immediately. The fox repeats this maneuver a number of times, then runs into a clump of low bushes where it is difficult for his pursuer to follow; then out again for more fun, until it seems that he must be conscious of an admiring audience, as he keeps up this by-play for nearly half an hour, not only in our view, but in that of the farmer and his wife across the road and the carpenters building a house near by who stop their work to watch the sport. At last the fox bethinks himself of home, perhaps, and off he darts with the dog still in hot pursuit.

We have but a short time left now to hunt among the rocks, and the crows seem to be mocking our endeavors to find anything more of especial interest. But what is that glistening like glittering gold?—until we can almost imagine ourselves on some rich claim in the Klondike, while the chill in the air and the surrounding snow favor the illusion. However, after we pry out a piece of the glittering rock and try to scratch the yellow grains with a knife, Mr. Crow doesn't need call out in derision, "Fool's gold! Fool's gold!"
for us to realize that "All is not gold that glistens." Here is a fragment which is suggestive of silver ore, but strike it sharply with a hammer or subject it to sufficient heat and the odor of garlic which it emits pronounces it arsenical iron pyrites. The quondam Colorado miner tells us that in his country the presence of these two minerals would indicate the nearness of the precious metals; but so long as we can distil gold bricks from sea water "down in Maine" it will hardly pay to work this quarry as a gold mine.

These pencils of brown tourmaline imbedded in feldspar make pretty specimens. They resemble idocrase, crystals of which are occasionally found here. This blue and bluish black tourmaline is indicolite. That piece of feldspar ornamented with etchings of small trees and ferns is termed dendrite from a Greek word meaning tree. It is said that capillary attraction has caused black manganese to take these interesting shapes on the creamy white surface of the orthoclase.

A smooth face of rock, exposed at the edge of the cavity made by the blast, looks like a tablet inscribed with hieroglyphics; but it is only where the quartz has left its signature in a block of feldspar, though it has a name of its own, graphic granite. A vein of trap-rock two feet wide makes a striking contrast, by its sombre coloring, to the walls of feldspar which it separates. Though by no means beautiful it is useful for macadam and for building purposes on account of its toughness, and we'll chip off a piece to carry with us, by way of variety.

We secure no samples of tin and iron ore, which is said to have been found here; but this rough-looking rock, which some of the party call zinc blende, others spathic iron, settles the question to our satisfaction in favor of the latter name, by one small, but perfect cubical crystal, with slightly concave surfaces. Turning over a mass of the feldspar which seems to be more in evidence than anything else, a huge iron garnet is brought to view. It must weigh 35 pounds, and few of the 18 faces of that part of the crystal exposed have been injured by the explosion. It will make a unique and showy specimen for your cabinet, lying on its cream-
colored bed. But we can't take it with us to-day, so must find a secure hiding-place for it, as this spot has great attractions for mineral hunters, and sharp eyes, indeed, have the experts in that line. This small garnet, of much finer texture and of a ruby color, you can put in your pocket. It may prove to be a gem; and then we must be off, for it is growing late, and the homeward path has not been improved by the thawing properties of a March sun.

We postpone further investigation until spring has taken full possession, and the surplus water has been drained from the quarries. Meanwhile we can label and arrange our specimens, study Dana, and dream of gems of "purest ray serene," that perchance lie concealed in their stone caskets, only waiting for us to break the lock with hammer and drill at a more convenient season.

JENNIE R. NORTH TURNER, '77.

(Printed also in the Springfield Republican.)

THE COMING AND THE PASSING

As afar the fleet express
Seemeth slow to motionless,
    Thus the day came on;
With the flyer's passing leap,
Dizzy swirl, and numbing sweep
    It was gone!

L. I. B., '06.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

After tasting such biting satire as Pope's Essay on Criticism, it is something of a surprise to find a light, graceful poem like "The Rape of the Lock" written by the same author. The poem was occasioned by the trouble which had arisen between two prominent families—the cause of the trouble being the cutting off a lock of hair from a lady's head. The chief characters are taken from life.
THE STUDENT

In form the poem is heroic, and it has many of the characteristics of the epic; it is not until we have read several verses that we discover it to be only a mock heroic work. It begins in true epic style:

“What dire offence from am’rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
I sing”—

reminding us of the opening line of Virgil’s Aeneid: “Of arms and the hero I sing.” As the poem goes on, we see, again and again, the resemblance to the Great Epics; the supernatural element is introduced, for the heroine is watched over and guarded by spirits of the air.

And do not the great heroes build altars to the deity whom they worship? None the less does the noble baron of Pope’s tale raise an altar to his divinity—the God of Love, and it is formed, not of common earth and stones, but of his most valued possessions. What wonder the God is propitious!

Some dire calamity threatens Belinda; in vain her guardian sylphs try to warn her; like many another mortal, she gives no heed. But her fate is not to remain long in obscurity. Slowly, but steadily, the enemy approaches, until suddenly:

“The meeting points the sacred lock dissever,
From the fair head, forever and forever.”

Who can describe the horror of the scene which follows! Some faint idea of Belinda’s woe is given us, for we are told:

“Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last,
Or when rich china vessels fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie.”

The climax is reached; human soul could endure no more. Sorrow and despair reign in the maiden’s heart, until revenge prompts her to action. She is not without a cham-
pion, for Thalestris devotes herself heart and soul to Belinda's cause. She shows the strength of her determination in her words, for she cries out that, rather than that Belinda should not recover the lock:

"Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!"

But nothing avails to soften the heart of the relentless knight. The stolen lock is made the cause for contention and a battle is inevitable. The contest begins. Gallant knights perish at every glance from the eyes of the avenging Thalestris. Beaux and Witlings die. Even Sir Fopling succumbs. Belinda draws a deadly bodkin and brandishes it at the foe. The mighty cry is raised: "Restore the Lock;" and it is re-echoed from all sides.

But where is the Lock? Too long the battle has been waged, and the prize is gone. Like a star it rises and is seen no more on earth. Forever shall it shine in the heavens, and render Belinda's name immortal.

In many respects the poem is characteristic of Pope, and of the times in which he lived. It contains many classical allusions, and is written in the heroic couplet, which was much used by Pope and Dryden, as well as by writers of less prominence. It is characterized by a style which is witty without being deeply satirical. The customs of the age, especially those in dress, are ridiculed in a most amusing way, and Pope's estimate of women is clearly given to us. His faculty for saying the right thing in the right way is nowhere more noticeable than in this poem. The harmony of sound and sense is particularly good, the rhyme is, in most instances, perfect, or very nearly so. Very many of the words are from the Latin. The ridiculous side is brought out, frequently, by anti-climax. The thought is light and superficial, rather than philosophical. As a piece of bright wit and humor, the poem is notable; and few poets have ever succeeded better in making the impression they intended, than has Pope, in "The Rape of the Lock."

MAY E. GOULD, '05.
BIG Injun Ben Messalonskee, never forget good white man. John Omwary, me never forget. Big Injun old now, but me do John Omwary some good some time. Good bye.” With these words in parting, Big Injun Ben Massalonskee, or Big Injun, as we called him, swung his rifle over his shoulder, and, limping painfully, struck off into the forest. The sharp crunching sound of his snowshoes in the crusted snow, and the snapping of the twigs of the trees bending low over the trail pierced the silence of the frosty winter morning. We stood in the doorway and watched the old Indian, once so mighty in strength and authority, disappear among the trees. Father sighed and said, “Poor Big Injun, in my opinion, won’t live to do anyone very much good. That leg is pesky bad still, though it’s eight weeks since we found him in the snow. Lucky find for him, too, I guess.”

“What d’ye think he’ll do, dad?” asked my big brother Jack.

“Dunno, Jack, praps he’ll find his tribe again. Pretty hard for the old chief to be left so.”

A little more than two years later, New Year’s morning,—my fifteenth birthday, too—Jack came to me and, putting his arm lovingly around my shoulder, said, “See here, sis, dad wants you in the kitchen.” Guessing there was some surprise in store for me, I skipped joyfully from him into the kitchen. There on the table lay a small rifle—the finest ever made—I thought. I could hardly realize it was mine. No boy had ever longed more for a rifle his truly own than had I, especially since I knew how proud Jack—my teacher—was of my marksmanship. In his hilarious boyish manner he shouted, “Mother has consented to let you go hunting with me for two days up to the Brann opening, and we start right off. Hurrah for the new rifle, sis, the champion lady hunter, and for mother!!” I was almost too happy to get ready. However, in a few minutes, thanks to mother—we were off for the forest—clad in buckskin from top to toe, and equipped with snowshoes, lunches, and rifles. Such a glorious happy day it was! I even for-
got to shoot when I saw a stray gray timber wolf skulking some distance away among the underbrush. “Never mind,” said Jack, “they’ll not bother us, besides we’re after big game to-day, and a jolly good time, too.” We got both before the day was over. I never shall forget that tramp—the pines glistened in their blankets of snow, a few birds, even, twittered merrily and sly foxes and shy little hares, which had crawled out to enjoy the morning sun, scampered quickly away as we came near and surprised them.

There was plenty of small game but we heeded it not. About noon we stopped to rest and, after eating in true hunters’ fashion, started along the trail.

Suddenly Jack, who was a little ahead, called back, “There’s lots of tracks, a regular herd of moose must have passed here this morning. They were headed for the opening where the brook is widest; hurry! I do hope we’ll be in time. If we can only get a big one!”

As the way became rougher we pulled off our snow-shoes, and ran as fast as we could, in such a hubbly, snowy, unbroken forest trail. In an hour we breathlessly neared the opening, and to our delight, we could see on the opposite side of the opening a large herd of moose quietly browsing on the stubble. The king of the herd, a magnificent creature, stood back to us, facing the brook. After a hasty examination of our rifles, Jack whispered:

“Now’s your time. You can have the first try. Keep cool. Aim right at the big ‘un. I’ll skulk down nearer the old camp for a better try at the others.” Stepping rashly out into the opening, I deliberately fired, terribly but not mortally, wounding the bull. With an awful bellow, he dashed at Jack whom he had first espied. Knowing Jack was equal to him I felt no fear. Just then I heard a little scream from Jack, and saw to my horror that he had fallen over a stone and could not rise. However, without a moment’s hesitation, I again fired, wounding the maddened creature in the back and only increasing his rage. Bellowing more frightfully than before, he turned and dashed up the opening towards me. As Jack had failed, my only hope now was in my skill. I had just time to reload—but hor-
rors! my powder-horn was gone—it had dropped from my belt in my haste—it was lost. It was useless, I knew, to run from that bellowing demon but, in my fear, I tried it. As he was almost upon me I pitched over a large rock and he leaped over me. A sharp report rang out, followed by another terrible roar, a sharp crashing thud, and the magnificent animal was dead within reach of my hand. With a thankful heart I leapt to my feet, and, looking in the direction of the report, saw near the old camp an Indian leaning against a tree—his rifle still smoking in his hand. Then Jack, who had only been stunned, came dragging himself along. I ran to meet him in order to help him to the camp, but, pointing towards the Indian he said, "I'm all right. Help him." The Indian had fallen in the snow. As I bent over his lank, wasted form he muttered, "Big Injun Ben sick, come here to die; me know young white squaw. Me never forget kindness—John Omwary." Then faintly—more faintly—"Big Injun Ben Messalonskee never forget."

GEORGIA A. MANSON.

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DIE LORELEI

My heart is sad and heavy,
But why I do not know:
A fable old doth haunt me,
A fable of long ago.

The air is cool and darkening
And the Rhine unruffled flows;
In the light of the evening sunshine
The top of the mountain glows.

Aloft there sits a maiden
Most wondrous to behold;
Her golden jewels sparkle,—
She's combing her hair of gold.

With a golden comb she combs it
And the while a song sings she,
That swells with the tones of a wondrous,
Enchanting melody.
THE STUDENT

In the heart of the wherry skipper
A longing wild doth rise;
The rocky reefs he sees not,
On the heights are fixed his eyes.

In the end the waves will devour
Both skipper and skiff, I ween;
And that with the charm of her singing
The Lorelei hath done!

THE day had been sultry, and when the sun set, lurid
and threatening, heavy masses of storm clouds dark-
ened the western sky. The shutters shook and rattled with
the force of the rising wind, when Miss Cornelia went to
make them fast against the coming storm.

She busied herself as long as possible in making every-
thing secure, for she felt an indescribable loneliness, a
strange dread of sitting down to spend the evening with
only her dreary, dull thoughts for company.

Finally, when she could find no excuse for further work
she seated herself at the polished oak table and tried to
become interested in an old volume of Peterson's Magazine.

But her efforts were vain. Her vivid fancy peopled once
more the richly furnished room, long vacant but for her
presence. Joyous visions of the past rose before her.
Again she lived over the events of the party, the last one
ever given in the old house, when she had been the gayest of them all.

Now an old woman, friendless, almost forgotten, she dreamed of the dim past, while the rain beat against the windows, and the wind, now rising in fierce gusts, now dying away to a low murmur, seemed to mourn with her the changes wrought by the years.

"PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL"

IT is customary, when one has reached the dignity of seventeen summers and "having completed the required courses of study and given evidence of a good moral character" has been admitted to Bates College, to be somewhat "puffed up" thereat. Such, some six months ago, was my condition; and in that elated state of mind I was walking through the high school park and gazing reminiscently at the steep bank down whose grassy sides "Freshmen" had been rolled, from time immemorial, and where, four years ago, I had received my "initiation." It was the first day of school and I was soon reminded of the fact by a passer-by, who said, "Well, young feller, did they put you over, this morning?"

I had my opinion of a man who couldn't tell a Freshman in college from a "prep-school" man, but an incident occurred a few weeks later which further impressed me with the ignorance of humanity (Freshmen in Bates excepted, of course). It was just after the game with the University of Maine. I was walking down College Street with a classmate, when we overtook a "Maine" man. Anxious to be congratulated on our victory, we suggested that while Bates had the better team, "Maine" had sent down a good delegation to yell. He agreed and after a few minutes talk asked us where we were going to go to college. "Going to go to college! Why! We were Bates men." Even a "Maine" man ought to have known that.

Either of these insults was bad enough, but the worst came less than a week ago. My razor was getting pretty dull. So I took it to a barber to be "honed." I had just explained how I wanted it fixed and was making my exit with becoming dignity, when the barber called after me, "Say, boy, does your father want this razor concaved or not?"
NOW that the "Tech Riot" has passed into history, we can safely comment on it without fear of misjudging. The matter has been thoroughly sifted out in the police court of Boston, and the greater share of the blame placed where it probably belongs,—on the officers of the peace. It will be remembered that last fall, when the Technology students were assembled on the steps of some of their buildings, they were ordered by the police to disperse. Upon their refusal, they were charged by the police, and a free-for-all fight took place, in which citizens and students alike were injured. The police were found guilty of undue brutality, and certain officers were reduced in rank and several patrolmen suspended or discharged.

The fact that we have no such affrays is a matter for self-congratulation. It seems to be due fully as much to the spirit of consideration which exists here at Bates as to the tolerance of the police. A year or so ago, during one
of our celebrations, the Auburn police ordered us to go back to Lewiston. Fortunately for the reputation of Bates, we complied with their demands, although they were unreasonable. A clash could not have failed to hurt our college. Out of respect for the law, which perhaps gave the police their authority, we complied. For we respect the law, and therefore the guardians of the law as such. We agree with the *Tuftonian* that it is difficult to respect the average modern policeman, especially when we know the kind of men that hold the office, and their way of filling it.

Judging from the comments of various papers at the time and since then, it is impossible to believe that the reputation of Tech. has not been somewhat injured, for it is the general comment that some part of the blame belongs to the students. It is very essential that we continue to avoid such difficulties, if we are to keep up the Bates reputation for respectability and fair play.

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**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.”

Lawson and the sea-green sirens, immortal association!

Mr. E. P. Freese has been chosen leader of the Sophomore drill.

The Class of 1907 extends its sympathy to Mr. Davis in the recent loss of his father.

The Class of 1906 feels a loss in Miss Weston, who has been obliged to return home on account of illness.

Miss Julia Clason, '07, started March 10 on a trip to Washington, D. C., intending to return March 17.

N. H. Rich has been chosen manager of the Sophomore Basket-Ball Team; Mr. McIntyre has been re-elected captain.

Miss Florence Bray, '07, has been obliged to give up her college course because of ill health. Since she returned to Whitefield, however, she has been much better.
Do you know of anyone who has been coasting? Strange to say, you can sometimes tell such by just looking at them.

The prize division of Freshman Declamations held forth March 11. The prizes were awarded to Mr. Holman and Miss Dexter.

The annual Athletic Exhibition held in City Hall falls upon March 24. The usual program of drills, track work, relay races, and basket-ball is to be supplemented by a few new features, one of which may be indoor base-ball.

At the Young Women's Christian Association Convention held in Portland, February 17 to 20, Bates had the banner delegation—the banner by one. There were thirty-four girls from Colby and thirty-five from Bates. Bravo for the girls!

The masquerade social given on the night of February 22 by the Y. W. C. A. rescued about $30 from the melee. The funds are to be used for paying the expenses of the delegates to the Silver Bay Conference, which is to be held next June.

A question to be solved: If it takes one hundred and sixteen parts of salt to neutralize ninety-eight parts of sulphuric acid, how much water can you put in a glass of milk for the assistant in the chemical laboratory without his knowing it?

Those who do not believe that music has “power to mitigate and assuage with solemn touches troubled thoughts,” should come and sit on Parker Hall steps at certain times of the day and hear the “dulcet symphonies” that roll from those celestial walls!

The young ladies of the college held a meeting March 6th at which they elected Miss Charlotte Millett, '05, manager, and Miss Elvena Young, '06, assistant manager of the Girls' Athletic Exhibition. There was some discussion as to whether the proceeds should be devoted to the building of tennis courts for the young ladies or to the Silver Bay fund. It was decided that the money be used to aid in sending delegates to Silver Bay.
In the forenoon of February 22, the girls played basketball in the Gymnasium; 1906 and 1905 played first; 1906 won by a score of 8 to 0. Then 1907 and 1908 played; 1908 won by a score of 6 to 4. Finally 1906 and 1908 played; to the glory of the blue and the garnet, 1906 won by a score of 6 to 4.

On February 23, one of our professors gave a lecture at Oldtown in the Teachers' Course. At the close of his lecture a chorus of one hundred high school students sang the Roberts-Graffam Bates song. He says it was a most pleasing experience. Would it not be well for us Bates students to learn the song, if we don't know it, and if we do, to sing it more?

By the kindness of the Class of 1903, we have two interesting pictures in the German room. They are “To Walhalla” and “Wotan’s Farewell,” two of a series of four by Dielitz. The first represents the Valkyrie, Brunhild, bearing a hero to the Hall of Death. She has disobeyed the order of Wotan to take a hero, who is her lover, and is bearing on another. The second, “Wotan’s Farewell,” is a consequence of the first. Wotan of course has found out her disobedience and as a punishment has pricked her with the “sleep-thorn.” He has her asleep in his arms and with his spear is calling forth the flames, which are to surround her until some hero be brave enough to ride through them and awake her.

ALUMNI

Two mistakes occurred in the February number which we would like to rectify. The Mr. Blanchard who is a member of the Governor’s Council is Cyrus N. Blanchard, '92, instead of A. E. Blanchard, '81.

Also, it is Alonzo M. Garcelon, M.D., '72, who is in the legislature instead of W. F. Garcelon, '90.

We should like to say that all alumni items, great or small, will be very acceptable if handed to the alumni editor.

'79.—Mr. Walter E. Ranger, State Superintendent of Schools, Vermont, has sent his report of schools of Vermont for 1903-1904 to the Coram Library. He has also sent another lot of interesting papers upon education.
The sad news of the death of Fletcher Howard has just been received.

Prof. Given of Newark, N. J., is mourning the death of his wife.

Lewis T. McKenney has recently completed the construction of a $10,000 house at Wellesley Hills, Mass., and is soon to move into it. He says that the latchstring will always be found hanging outside for Bates people.

Charles T. Walter of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, is private secretary of Governor Bell of Vermont, and accompanied the Governor and his staff to the inauguration of the President at Washington.

Dr. William B. Small, M.D., is seriously ill. Dr. and Mrs. Small have purchased and are soon to occupy the J. L. H. Cobb house, Lewiston.

Albert S. Woodman, Esq., of Portland, visited Lewiston lately.

William L. Powers visited college recently.

An institute has been opened at Bluefield, West Virginia. Prof. Hamilton Hatter, who has been teaching in Storer College since his graduation from Bates, is at its head. Four of Mr. Hatter's assistants were his pupils at Storer College, and among them is Mr. Saunders, Bates, '99. Mr. Hatter is undoubtedly the most highly respected and trusted colored man in West Virginia.

Norris E. Adams is ill. His place as principal of Lewiston High School is being filled by A. G. Johnson, Bates, 1906.

The pen with which the Governor of Maine signed Bates' appropriation bill has been procured and is in the possession of Dora Jordan, '90.

Scott Wilson, who is city solicitor of Portland, has originated a plan for solving the question of building the Vaughan bridge in Portland.

Fred Wakefield, who has spent a year at the New York Eye and Ear Infirmary, is now connected with the eye and ear clinic at the Central Maine General Hospital. He expects to settle in Southern New England soon.

Ralph Thompson, M.D., formerly of Auburn, a graduate of Bates and of Harvard Medical School, is now instructor of pathology in St. Louis University, and plans to go abroad this spring. His winter vacation was spent with relatives in South Carolina.

C. E. Milliken is the originator of a bill presented to the House, requiring makers of patent medicines to print
The Student

on labels pasted on the bottles, the percentage of alcohol contained in the medicines.

1901.—Rev. G. H. Johnson and his wife, Edith Stone Parker, 1900, are now located, as Mr. Johnson puts it, "in the delightful 'North Shore' town, Swampscott, Mass."

1901.—Lincoln Roys has been promoted from Principal of third floor in High School to Principal of Central Grammar School, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. His wife, Mrs. Alice Cartland Roys, '01, is substituting in the place left vacant by Mr. Roys.

1902.—Clarence E. Park has given up his position at Cushing Academy and is now connected with the Boston & Maine Railroad.

1902.—The little town of Exeter in Kenduskeag Valley is rejoicing in its first High School. The honor of being the first principal fell to Erastus L. Wall, B.A., of Bangor. He has taught with great success in several places and is now giving Exeter's new High School a proper start.

1903.—Hulburt R. Jennings visited college a few hours, this last month.

1903.—Allison P. Howes made an able speech before the House on Resubmission.

1903.—Burton Sanderson of Limerick Academy has been visiting his sister, Josephine Sanderson, Bates, 1907.

1904.—H. L. Bradford of Rangeley High School, Maine, is taking a six weeks' course of post-graduate work in English under Prof. Hartshorn.

1904.—Miss Alice Frost visited college a few days this month.

1904.—The marriage of Judson C. Briggs of Caribou and Miss Maude E. Parkin occurred Monday evening, February 27, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Parkin of Lisbon Falls.

Miss Elsie Reynolds of Livermore Falls, also of the Class of 1904, played the wedding march. Miss Virabelle Morrison, Miss Russell, Miss North and Miss Lugrin, all from the Class of 1904, were among the number of guests. Mr. and Mrs. Briggs are to make their home in Caribou, where Mr. Briggs is engaged in the hardware business of his father, who was obliged to go to California on account of ill health.
FROM OTHER COLLEGES

The Brown "Co-eds" are to have a new $50,000 gymnasium, the gift of Frank A. Sayles.

The architects for Tufts' new Carnegie Library have been chosen and the work will be pushed.

The members of the Chicago University team, who are to debate with Northwestern University, have a training table and regular hours.

The University of Cincinnati is considering the plan of having all students wear caps and gowns on the campus.

A quarterly magazine of 58 pages is to be published by the Filipino students in the United States.

The University of Virginia has received a gift of $50,000 from Andrew Carnegie. The college is to raise an equal amount.

A Union Travel and Study Club has been recently organized at Syracuse for the purpose of making up a party of students to take an extensive trip through Europe this summer.

The largest college in the world is at Tokyo. There are 48,000 students.

A Greek letter fraternity, exclusively for colored students, is under consideration at the University of Michigan. If organized, this will be the only one of its kind in the world.

The Annual Register of the Naval Academy for 1904-5 shows the number of midshipmen in the institution to be 823, the largest number ever in the academy at the close of a scholastic year.

The University of Iowa is to have a statistical laboratory. There are only two others in the country, at Chicago and Columbia.

Pennsylvania has a new feature in its new gymnasium. By a clever arrangement of ropes and pulleys, the floor can be absolutely cleared of all apparatus in two minutes. By the suspension of two nets from the ceiling a basket-ball game, a base-ball practice and gymnasium work can go on at the same time.

The new athletic field at Stanford will comprise forty acres, and will be the finest in America.

Professor Charles F. Neill, who has been appointed to succeed Hon. Carroll D. Wright as Commissioner of Labor, is a '91 alumnus of Georgetown University. President Roosevelt said that there were few men in whom he found such a scientific knowledge of economics combined with a practical familiarity of the ways of men as shown by this man.
Dartmouth and Williams are to debate at Hanover in May. The question is: *Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine, as interpreted by President Roosevelt in his last annual message, should be adopted as a national policy.*

Students of Columbia University interested in wrestling have taken steps toward the formation of an inter-collegiate wrestling association. Negotiations have been opened with Yale, Princeton, Cornell and Pennsylvania with the object of making wrestling a regular branch of intercollegiate athletics.

Yale is to have a new base-ball cage. The structure will have a glass roof, supported by iron girders, and will cost about $25,000.

Bowdoin students gave three successful productions of "King Pepper," February 27, 28, and March 1.

Fernald Hall, University of Maine, caught fire on February 26. Fortunately the fire was put out without serious damage.

Maine has a new song, entitled "Maine Stein Song." The words, by L. R. Colcord, '06, are sung to the music of the march Opie by Fenstad.

F. J. McCoy of Yale Law School, will coach the Maine foot-ball team next fall.

Bowdoin announces her foot-ball coach for the coming season. He is Thomas Barry of Brown, now at Harvard Law School. He comes highly recommended. She has also chosen John Irwin, one of the best authorities in baseball, to coach the 1905 team.

By a majority vote of the students of Williams College, hazing has been abolished from now until the end of the college year.

---

**My Shadows.**

When nursie says good-night to me
And goes, and shuts the door,
Then I can see the shadow-shapes
Across the nursery floor.

I always lie and watch them,
They move around and dance
Like horses, or the gobolinks,
Or a warrior with a lance.

It’s really only chairs, you know,
And things, that there at night
Seem big and queer and truly ‘live
In the nice red fire-light.

I’m not a teeny bit afraid,
I’m eight years old, you know—
And just as brave as brave! I love
That sparkling fire-glow.
THE STUDENT

Except—well once I sat up straight
And there up on the wall—
Myself—had grown as monstrous big
As an ogre-giant tall!

I lay down quick and snuggled
And shut my eyes up tight;
I didn’t like myself to be
An ogre there at night.

My heart just thumped. But bye and bye
I peeked: up on the wall
Were only nice old shadow-things.
No ogre there at all!

L. E. G., 1905, in Vassar Miscellany.

SUB ROSA.

Count all the bonny petals
 Of the roses in the spring,
Number all the leaflets
 The forest breezes swing,
Find how many snowflakes
 In the crown of a hemlock tree,
Number then, beloved,
The thoughts I have of thee!

Gather the winged errants
 A thistle top sets free,
Count all the rays of sunshine
 On sunset clouds that be,
Number the tender tokens
 Which on valentines appear,
Then—thou hast not numbered
The times I love thee, dear!

ESTHER ELIZABETH SHAW, 1907, in the Mt. Holyoke.

FRAGMENT.

And what is left of all?—why these:
The magic of old memories,
To muse on mornings of the May,
To catch the fragrance of a day,
That dawned and faded, redolent
Of ev’ry rose-bloom’s sweetest scent;
To hear by night the echoings
Of laughter. borne on Fancy’s wings;
To watch the star we loved the best
Still shining in the golden west,
Still clear and splendid, still supreme,
The crowning glory of a dream;
To live in echoes of the past,
And living, love, while dreams shall last.

HALL STONER LUSK, ’04, in Georgetown College Journal.
THE STUDENT

MARJORIE.

Deep as the highest heaven's most azure blue,
Thine eyes, my Marjorie—
They laugh and frolic all the long day thro',
They dance with life as thou art wont to do,
And all the night they haunt me,
    Marjorie.

The deep-bronz'd gold thro' which gleam amber rays,
    Thy hair, my Marjorie—
Above thy brow it half-caressing strays,
And with dallying breeze so shyly plays
    That fast its tendrils bind me,
    Marjorie.

Fair as the sunset's kiss which west binds blow,
    Thy cheek, my Marjorie—
The warm blood rushing upward in its flow,
All eager to escape, imparts a glow
    That with fond passion thrills me,
    Marjorie.

Drear as rough peaks long chill'd by wintry air
    My heart, my Marjorie—
For with long pond'ring o'er thy lips and hair,
Thine eyes and cheeks—I see but black despair
    Unless thou say thou lov'st me,
    Marjorie.

C. STUART, in the Brunonian.

FAILURE AND SUCCESS.

When you have failed,
Then let your failure be a spur
To raise your aim to nobler heights
Than mere success; let it confer
Upon you courage that delights
To face an old unconquered foe;
That makes the ground of all its fights
Humility; and you will know
You have prevailed.

When you have won success,
Then do not make of it a crown
Or idle ornament of pride;
But rather tread it firmly down
If you would have it long abide;
By it your faith should higher rise;
And let it be to you beside
A type of full success, the prize
Of final blessedness.

J. H. McFarlane, '07, in the Buff and Blue, Gallaudet College.
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