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The solemn sound is not for thee, sweet maid;  
No friend of thine is dead—why grievest thou  
With mutely drooping lips and pensive brow,  
With dim-eyed agony which like a shade  
Of starless evening o'er thy face hath played?  
And has the bell a voice that's sad enow  
To call from thy deep spirit all the woe  
That startles thy young joyousness, afraid?  
Methinks the bitter strain hath rung for thee  
A knell of hope, and love, and dear, dear trust;  
Thou hearest in the sound the sobbing sea  
Of anguish, Fate decrees all mortals must;  
Thou hearest aeons grieve, eternity  
Peal forth th' abiding law, From dust to dust.

MURIEL E. CHASE.

THE NEW JAPAN

EIGHT thousand miles across the sea is a little island,  
resplendent with the riches of the Orient. Though  
worn with war and weakened by bloodshed she is confi-  
dently joyous still, for the war-cloud is lifting from her  
shores, and there the bearded Cossack, the omnipotence of  
whose nation has long been a European superstition, whose  
strength and cunning first baffled the invincible Napoleon,  
grovels in the dust before the plucky little Jap.
An area of land less than that of our single State, California, is threatening the vast Russian Empire with fifty-eight times its square miles, and forty million people are dictating terms of peace to one hundred and thirty millions. Goliath has met his David. Modern history presents no parallel. “Has another Athens, in the splendor of her youth, come forth the jealous guardian of liberty against the vast might of another Persia?” Truly a new nation has made its appearance in the civilized area of the world. It is the new Japan. Whence has it come and what of its rise?

A little more than a half century ago Japan of her own choice was a recluse, her ports closed to commerce, her lands ruled by feudal lords, her ears deafened to the voice of enlightenment and her eyes blinded to all that makes for civilization. She was politically unorganized, weak, uneducated,—at best a feeble agricultural nation, and stagnation prevailed on every hand.

There comes a crisis. Foreign ships sail into her harbor intent upon exchanging their merchandise for the rich products of the island. But the Japanese people at once stamp the foreigner an enemy and fearing a common national peril they feel a common national existence. The West has awakened the East from its ancient dream. Suddenly on every hand a higher standard of civilization is craved. The little Jap sets to work with unprecedented speed and determination to make his home the fairest spot under the rays of the Oriental sun. Said Yukichi, the first Japanese educator to his countrymen: “Let us study every branch of European knowledge and civilization, however trifling it may be, and adopt what is useful, leaving alone what is useless. Thus shall we fortify our national power and well-being. Thus shall we make our country great and independent.”

And so they did. They went to England and learned how to make a navy. They went to France, made a careful study of her military system, came back and organized an army that astonishes the world. They went to Germany and brought back the art of surgery and medicine. They
sent their best blood to American institutions of learning to be taught our educational systems and political organizations. In brief the little Jap has been the diligent, open-minded student of the West. He has examined everything, studied the good, accepted the best and made practical use of it in industry, commerce, art and science.

Japan's ports are no longer closed to the world and to commerce. A beneficent democracy founded on the spirit of untrammelled progress has supplanted blighting feudalism. Enterprise bustles on every hand. Railroads connect industrial centers. Education has become a national craze and for this twenty millions are devoted yearly. To-day, Japan stands in the forefront of the far East, organized, civilized and powerful.

Such a remarkable transition in Japan's position presupposes remarkable qualities in Japanese character. Predominating is the quality of patriotism. In the war with Russia are afforded countless examples of devotion to country that would embellish even the biography of any ancient Spartan. It is a privilege to the little Jap to subordinate personal interests to public interests regardless of the sacrifice and suffering it may cost. He gladly gives up happiness, home and even life when duty calls. Caring not what the world says or thinks, he glories in forgetting his own entity, until he reaches a condition of absolute self-repression, sometimes amounting to self-effacement,—qualities that essentially form the cornerstone of Japan's young and vigorous civilization.

These remarkable and unique traits of character and the new strenuous policy in which they find expression, naturally cannot go unobserved by the world's alarmists, who cry in horror: “Beware the ‘yellow peril!’ Japan will join hands with China, the East will overrun the West, destroy our institutions, and Caucasian civilization must give way to Mongolian decay.”

Is Japan interested in China that she may make of her an accomplice in a plot to destroy the world's civilization? Rather would she join hands with her sister nation to lead her in the path of light. Is it reasonable that Japan would
ever aid in the annihilation of western civilization, the object of her admiration, and that to which she owes her own success? Is it reasonable that she would consent herself to sink back into barbarism destroying what she has striven so hard to create? No. The taste of civilization is too sweet. The world does not go backward.

Away with the "yellow peril." Let us commend the little Jap as he deserves for the civilization he has made and the nation he has built. The gateway to the Orient, the vantage-ground of eastern commerce, the home of an enthusiastic progressive people can and will exert an enlightened influence over all untutored races. Let us rejoice that the "white man's burden" is no longer the white man's alone. God speed the New Japan.

W. LEWIS PARSONS.

THE AFTERGLOW

O Lord, who madest all this loveliness,
What fairer place to praise Thee can I find
Than here, where waves light-tossed by passing wind
Give answer soft to evening's soft caress?
Dear Lord, accept my humble thankfulness.

Above, about, Thy golden tapers come.
And in the west dim shines the infant moon;
Among the distant pines faint zephyrs croon;
The waters, whispering, lisp their long-learned roon.
My carnal self falls prostrate now, and dumb.

As soft descends o'er brooding slopes of blue
And husheth each rebellious wave to sleep
Light-sandalled Night, so o'er my soul there creep
Sweet, sacred memories which the dim past knew
Of love divine, undying, changeless, true.

ELIZABETH ANTHONY, 1908.
A TASTE OF WAR

WHEN the sunset gun was fired, someone remarked that the next time that gun was fired it would be at the enemy. Early in the evening a crowd of us gathered in the sergeant's tent, where I and another corporal were bunking, and sang for an hour or so. It was so chilly that evening that we had to wear our overcoats. Yet by sitting close we kept warm enough. It was a cosy place in the tent, in spite of the cold. The "flap," or door, was tied up, with the exception of the lowest rope, so that one coming in was obliged to crawl on hands and knees. On a long blue chest near the door sat two or three men; the rest were sitting or lying on the ground, all ready to fall in and march at any minute, if called. In the middle of the tent was the iron tripod which supported the tent-pole. Against this were leaned the rifles, on which hung the haversacks and canteens, and the belts, filled with cartridges. A candle, fastened to the tent pole by a nail was the only light we had. This gave light to those on one side of the tent, but threw those on the other side into a deep shadow.

The songs we sang that evening were many and varied. Negro melodies, love-songs, sacred songs, rag-time and two or three camp songs were mingled together without any thought of incongruity. When the last notes of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" had died away, we perhaps would hear in another tent, "I'se a-Goin' ter Live Anyhow Until I Die," accompanied by a harmonica. Away we would go pell-mell, shouting out that catchy little "coon-song" at the top of our voices, keeping time by clapping our hands. When this was finished a deep silence would fall over everything. Now someone would groan as he turned over to give one aching leg a rest, while the other took its place as somebody's pillow. Presently some one would begin to hum the tune of "The Holy City." Another would join in with the words and soon all would be singing that wonderfully inspiring song. As we had several good tenors and basses, the song was by no means impaired in its rendering.

At last Company C had gone to bed—that is, lain down
on the ground with its overcoat and boots on. Every light was out but the one in the sergeants' tent. Here, where an hour before was a crowd of men singing and joking, all was changed. Instead of the crowd, there were only the three officers, four sergeants and four corporals. The same candle, now nearly spent, lighted the tent. We were all on the lighted side of the tent, sitting up now, and paying strict attention. For the captain was reading the details,—where each should go in case of an attack, and whom each should take in his squad. One swore a little because he found himself sent to a seemingly insignificant trench, another because he was pleased with his detail. When each had got his detail correctly, the officers gave a few instructions as to the firing and the handling of the men, telling us to club the first man that refused to obey at once. The meeting broke up, and we went to tell each man where he should fall in and under whose orders he would be, if called out during the night.

It was now half-past eleven. We turned in and soon all was quiet. But I couldn't sleep. I saw a light go by the tent, and heard voices outside. I decided to get up and see what was going on. The first lieutenant and two or three non-commissioned officers were watching the harbor. I joined them, and soon forgot sleep in the sight that met my eyes. The search-lights were all centered on three white hulls far out in the harbor. This was part of the enemy's fleet. The guns at the fort began to fire on the boat, and we could see the flashes as they replied. After a little the ships withdrew, and everything quieted down again. For a while we watched the searchlights, as those broad bands of light swept around on the water, crossing each other at all kinds of angles, now all turned on one vessel, perhaps a schooner, now separating, some sweeping up across the sky and down on the other side in a half-circle, others sweeping along the shore of some island, showing the breakers, and in contrast with the deep black all around making them seem terrible and awe-inspiring. Standing there watching the search-lights, I got chilly; at last I felt so drowsy that I went back to the tent and lay down again.
Almost instantly I was asleep. All thought of war passed from my mind, and I began to dream that I was back at my old home. It was a spring Sunday afternoon—one of those days which seem made by Nature expressly to show her love and reverence for the Divine Creator. We were all out on the piazza, some reading, some talking. An air of peace and contentment pervaded the scene. Suddenly a terrifying noise burst in upon me. I woke up, but couldn't think where I was. What had happened? Where was I? After what seemed a long time, but was in fact only two or three seconds, I recognized the sounds, and realized their meaning.

Seven or eight buglers in different parts of the fort were blowing the “call to arms,” each in a different key and each in different time. The call itself is well calculated to stir one’s blood, but that combination was terrible. Mingled with it was the constant rending roar of the big guns, and the shouts of the officers. Our First Sergeant rushed out of his tent bellowing with all the strength of his great lungs, “C Company fall in! Hurry up there!” I grabbed my gun and rushed out to help rout out the men. When we were all in line, the captain told us that we had done well. He said that in less than a minute from the time the first bugle was blown, we were in line.

An orderly ran up, spoke a few words to the captain and rushed off. We got the command “Right forward, fours right, column left, double time. March!” the line swung into column of fours, and started at double time down over the hill to the road. It was dark, we were tired and sleepy, and our heads were not yet clear. So it is no wonder that frequently someone stumbled and fell. But all were eager to fight, so no one allowed himself to be left behind. We struck the road at the foot of a steep, rocky hill. Up we ran, panting and nearly out of breath. When we reached the top we turned to the left and went down behind the big guns, where there was a broad brick walk. At the end of the walk we took to the road again. Our pace had now become a jog, little faster than a walk. Our movements had become mechanical. At last the lighthouse
loomed up in the darkness. Toward this we went, thankful that we were reaching the end of that awful run.

When we got to the lighthouse, we halted, almost exhausted. I leaned on my gun and swayed back and forth, my head whirled, my knees shook, and I felt as if I had lost my stomach. Gradually strength returned, thanks to the strong wind which blew across the point, and in a short time I felt strong enough to repeat the trip. After we had stood in that wind a while, we began to feel cold, for we were sweating a great deal from the long run. We all huddled up on the rocks and tried to sleep, while two kept watch. Very little sleep we got, however, for one of the twelve-inch guns was directly behind us, and fired continually over our heads, shaking the very rocks. Toward morning the guns ceased firing, and some of the boys got a little sleep. We stayed at the lighthouse until six o'clock in the morning. Why we were sent there, where no boat could possibly live, we didn't know, nor do we to this day.

1906.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN

NATURAL laws exist in the physical, mental and spiritual world. We know that one climate and environment will produce a certain type of men. The mental world has been explored and the unseen mechanism of the human mind revealed and classified. Man has penetrated the mysteries of the Eternal and found natural laws governing the relation of the human and Infinite.

There are definite measurements for these things. We can build a figure in geometry and measure every line and angle according to known corollaries and theorems. We know the movements of the stars of the sky. We can measure time, space, and mass by universally accepted standards, but where can the scientist or historian be found who will give us a definite standard of measurement for a man? And yet we measure and are measured.

That there is a popular conception of the measure of a man I shall not deny. I shall maintain, however, that this
conception is lined with fallacies. This customary measurement of a man in a formula definition would be—man equals his success.

If a man reaches forward toward political preferment and fails, our standard diminishes the man. Perchance a man struggles to perfect an invention, that will elevate the standard of living for a large class of laborers. The attempt is futile, and the struggles and hopes of the would-be benefactor are buried with him. Again a man sees his fellow-men struggling under the intolerant oppression of religious persecution. He endeavors to throw off the yoke of this bondage. But while one Luther lives in the annals of heroism, the soil of every country of Europe has been crimsoned by the blood of a million martyrs, whose lives were devoted to the very cause which gave Luther an immortal name.

Then is success the measure of a man? I answer no! I hear myriad voices from the unwritten pages of history cry out against it. I hear the voices of that mighty army of men and women who have struggled with problems for the betterment of humanity, and who have failed to accomplish their purpose. I hear the voices of the vast hosts who have perished on the field of battle for human liberty and patriotism. I hear the cries of the countless martyrs for religious freedom who have passed unnoticed to the "silent dust." And all these voices gathered from every age of man's history unite in the universal declaration, success is not the measure of a man.

Can we measure a man by his wealth? Men make this a basis, but will manhood be estimated by this standard? Some types of men are, it is true. Jay Gould became a great master of finance, bought stocks of the Erie railroad, caused their depression and bought up the entire road, extorting one of the best pieces of property in New York from its owners, at an insignificant cost. He became president of this road and reaped a golden harvest for his deception. Yet he preferred this kind of measure and when it became possible, cornered all the gold on Wall Street, wrecked the fortunes of a score of men and in a day gained
for himself and partner eleven million dollars. Money was
the standard that measured Jay Gould, but shall we accept
it as universal? I answer, no!

I see the long array of men and women who have given
the world its richest legacies, but not in dollars and cents.
I see the nobility of the American commonwealth, broad in
intellectual endowment, rich in sympathy, who have labored
in the eternal interests of men. Who have comforted in
affliction. Who have opened their hearts and hands to the
outcast. Who have fought the lower natures of mankind
and been an abiding benediction to the small section of the
world where they have lived and worked, but who have
toiled with incomes barely sufficient to furnish existence.
I see the uncouth men and women who have drawn reluctant
dollars from the stubborn soil; who have denied themselves;
who have toiled early and late, where every calloused hand
bears witness to sacrifice and every homely dress speaks
eloquenty of love. But these people have educated a
daughter in art, in music; they have kept the boy in college
by a sacrifice that no human eye will ever see. Is money
the measure of a man? Never! And it never will be as
long as the sacrifice of love and the nobility of self-denial
warm the lonely chambers of a human heart.

What, then, is the standard? Success? No! Wealth?
No! Political distinction? No! And the world will say
"No" from every quarter of the globe and every hearth-
stone.

But man is measured and he creates the standard. This
makes it indefinite. We cannot create with equal powers.
We cannot work with the same accomplishment. We can-
not and we would not, mould ourselves into a common indi-
viduality.

We measure ourselves by many attributes of life, never
by one. But a common measure can be approached. And
I will call this measure the endowment of our unseen herit-
age for the future. Not the visible gifts which play their
part to-day and pass from the scene to-morrow; not the
colossal fortune of the capitalist; not the success of the
reformer or social agitator; not the crown of royalty. Ah,
no, these are not the attributes of our standard. They exist in the unselfishness of the heart, the world-wide nobility of self-denial, the ideals of the soul, the image of the Christ.

And in this measure let the heart of those yearning for humanity rejoice. The unknown man who failed to perfect his invention, the hosts whose names were never written except in the sacrifice of human hearts, the heroes who have carried the divine message of Eternal Love to the untraced haunts of man, the men and women who have given their strength and lives for the advantage of the oncoming generations, to these will we look for the measure of a man. Yes, we will look, and from our lives will spring majestic songs of praise. We see the inspiration of a standard which can develop in every type of man. We see the fountain head of ambition glorified in the radiant light of service. We see the struggles that we have endured, we feel the hopes that have animated us. We see a measure that will expand as our lives expand in service and ambition. We see in every failure, hope. We feel in every erring heart the presence of the Infinite.

And from the consciousness of the possibilities of the standard which we can erect, a song, melodious with the divine vibrations of the human heart, bursts from our lips:

"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
   As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from Heaven with a dome more vast,
   Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea."

ORIN M. HOLMAN, '05.

THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE

"N ow, Milly, my dear," said Frank Osborne to his wife of one month's standing, "we have got that coal range decided on, the dining-table ordered and the dinner sent up, while you are seeing the dressmaker, I think I'll just
run over to the barber's and get my hair cut. It won't take long and which ever one of us gets through first will go to the waiting room and wait. The waiting room is only a few blocks down the street. Finish the dressmaker as soon as you can because you remember I have a business engagement at five."

"All right, I'll remember," and Milly turned away with the vision of a new dress in her eyes. It was surprising, but the dressmaker was ready, the dress fitted, and in an incredibly short time Milly turned toward the waiting room, the place agreed upon. "What a joke to get through so soon," she thought, "Frank won't appear for an hour yet. I wonder where the waiting-room is. Oh, I see! two doors beyond. Why, what a swell dress that lady is wearing!"

and Milly followed it with admiring eyes, then still thinking of that perfect fit, turned and walked into the first door and not the second. However, the room inside looked like the orthodox waiting room, with ticket office at one end and rows of leather seats around the sides. The woman at the desk looked up with a smile as Milly came in. Everyone smiled at Milly, she was so dainty and cute with her fluff of golden brown hair and dimples galore. The woman at the desk was so motherly-looking, Milly smiled back.

"What do you want?" asked the woman.

"I am waiting for a gentleman," said Milly.

"Very well, if you wait here you must pay a dollar," smiled the woman.

Milly wondered if it were a joke, but as all the people waiting took it seriously, she decided that it was the proper thing to do and solemnly handed over a dollar. Really, she decided, if she were to live in such an expensive city, she must be very careful or she would soon land her husband in the poor house. She now took a fleeting glance at the other occupants of the room. They were all ladies. "Poor things," thought Milly, "I wonder if they are all waiting for their husbands, too." They didn't look very nice someway; they all had an expectant air and gave one the impression that they had been waiting a long time. A rather doubtful
THE STUDENT

blonde, who sat next Milly, leaned over and asked in a hoarse whisper:

“What yer doin’ here?”

Well-bred Milly was not used to being addressed by strangers and replied icily, “for a gentleman.”

“Well there ain’t no odds but yer’ll git him,” said the girl glancing enviously from Milly’s pretty suit and furs to her own tawdry finery.

Milly turned her back slightly, she had never cared for slumming. She turned the leaves of her magazine and wished Frank would come. If he didn’t come in two minutes she would begin to think up a scolding to give him. For, not having been married long, she had but little practise in that line. She took out her watch, half-past four, how many more minutes must she wait in that disagreeable place! Suddenly she heard a band playing in the street. The women began to quiver with excitement, one gave a high nervous giggle, and the blonde neighbor gave her arm a vicious pinch. The door burst open, and to the strains of Lohengrin’s Wedding March, in rushed a whole troop of men dressed in their shoddy best. When they saw Milly, one and all made a dive for her, surrounding her completely and tumbling and pushing to get near her. Milly felt the way a football must in the middle of a scrimmage. They all were shouting wildly. An indiscriminate flood of sound of tremendous volume broke loose. A lank creature seized her by the shoulder and shouted, “seven dollars a week and a cow,” another pulled her skirt and bellowed, “I’m a steady fireman,” a little Frenchman danced upon her toes and shrieked, “two pigs and a farm,” a voice like a buzz saw close to her ear rasped sharply, “commercial traveler,” while far in the distance, a voice like a fog horn wailed steadily, “fish market, fresh oysters and lobsters.” It was something awful! Milly became frantic. Had she got into an insane asylum or was she herself crazy! The voices rose in a perfect shriek and then died away into silence to Milly, for she had fainted.

In the meantime, Frank had hurried to the car station. Having read his journal and grumbled at the slowness of
women he solaced himself by reading a poster in the window, which in glowing terms advertised the great matrimonial festival to be held at half-past four that afternoon. All women desiring a chance would have to be in the office by a quarter past four and must pay a dollar. The men, paying a like charge, would march in to the music of a fine band provided free of charge at half-past four exactly and the festival would begin. The invitation closed with a bit of doggerel:

Come on, ye ladies so pretty and sweet,
Come, gents, for a dollar your helpmeets to meet.
A wife guaranteed to a prince or a hobo.

Start double-quick for the Matrimonial Bureau!
This was both interesting and unusual. It amused Frank for some time. Presently an old classmate came in and they grew interested in talking over college times, varied by Frank's discoursing at length on his wife whom the classmate had never seen. He was just winding up with, "I say, old fellow, you must see her, for she's the"—when an awful uproar arising from somewhere near drowned him out completely.

"Bless my boots, what's that!" shouted the classmate.
"Blessed if it isn't the matrimonial festival!" shouted back Frank, "let's run and see the fun."

Upon rushing over they saw a dense swarm of men yelling altogether a kind of overgrown composite declamation and making all sorts of unelocutionary gestures around one particular spot, while whole rows of angry women glared at them.

"That must be the successful candidate!" shouted Frank. "I'm going to get a sight of her." By some skill and great exertion Frank made his way to the front rank, looked down and saw—Milly in a dead faint.

"Get out. That's my wife," roared Frank, striking right and left, with some little effect. Three policemen long summoned, appeared just then and helped in the good work. In a comparatively short time Frank issued forth from the crowd bearing in his arms a little woe-begone heap. His
amazed classmate, who had been discreetly standing within easy reach of the door, exclaimed in great astonishment, “What in thunder have you got there! Are you a candidate, too?” But like a whirlwind Frank and the too successful candidate passed by.

CAROLINE W. CHASE, '07.

THE EFFECTIVENESS OF LABOR ORGANIZATIONS

Among the problems that confront the century is the economic one and of them all, political, social or moral this concerns most nearly the greatest number. At intervals the attention of the world is drawn outward to some great upheaval, as for example the present war in the Orient, but continuously internal economic conditions press forward for consideration and cannot be evaded. In the industrial world the question of labor is paramount. By this is meant the problem of working people in their struggle to secure a higher standard of living. Obviously whatever condition tends to bring about this result aids so much the uplifting of humanity; and whatever factor exists with this aim is eminently praiseworthy. I have in mind now not so much principles and policies as effectiveness of action. Organization is essential to effectiveness in this complex civilization of ours and the workingman has not been slow to recognize the fact. Accordingly he has evolved an organization of labor, which in the ideals of its principles yields to no organization whatsoever, political or social, and which in practice and policy has already attained results approaching the fondest hopes of its earliest supporters.

The principal means at the command of the workingman for bettering his standard of living is the securing of a just share of the products of his labor, which entails an increase in wages. Effective Trade Unionism in the United States hardly reaches back a quarter of a century. Yet during this period hours have been reduced while wages per hour have increased and that, too, considerably more rapidly
than the cost of living. This means that the luxuries of a few years ago are now available to the workingman. Examining into the nature of these luxuries we find that an increase in wages means an increased expenditure for insurance, books, newspapers, legitimate amusements and vacations. In the case of intoxicating liquors and other degrading luxuries, on the other hand, we find no proportionate increase. How then can it be said that the workingman receives his surplus of wages only to mis-spend it? In another way increase in wages contributes toward the moral betterment of the community, in that it tends to preserve the integrity of the home. An increase of the husband’s wages makes an addition to the family income from the labor of the wife and mother less and less necessary, so that she may occupy her proper sphere as mistress of the home. This factor, too often overlooked is most vital and far-reaching in its consequences, for it can hardly be too much to say that the welfare of a nation draws its sustenance from the moral well-being of its families.

To gain the advantages mentioned, stringent measures have been resorted to, strikes and the fear of strikes. Upon the efficiency of these measures rests the efficiency of the organization. The strike as a public evil has been grossly misrepresented. Those incidents which meet our notice are the exaggerated, unusual ones, and we are always too ready to accept the worst phase as a criterion for the whole. Statistics show us that sixty per cent. of all strikes result from two justifiable causes, demands for increase in wages and for reduction of hours; also that three-fourths of all striking employees are ordered out by organizations which fail in only thirty per cent. of all strikes. The average duration of a strike is twenty-three days, the average cost per laborer is forty-two dollars. Labor to-day considering the advisability of striking has before it past experience which indicates that if the cause is just success is practically assured at a cost which becomes insignificant in view of the advantages obtained.

We have seen the effectiveness of organizations in securing a betterment of material and social conditions.
We have already answered the question concerning the strike, Will it pay? We have before us another question quite as pertinent, Is it right? A strike is warfare, pure and simple and as such must be justified. It differs from martial warfare in this, that it is bloodless and infinitely less costly. Warfare of whatever sort always seeks its justification in its purpose. Our own Civil and recent Spanish wars had noble moral objects at issue whence we count them just. Industrial warfare has been shown to be the means at the disposal of organized labor for securing a higher standard of living. What purpose could be more noble? What aim could be higher? What object more humanitarian? Therein is the strike justified.

But the rapid development and growth of organizations, both of capital and labor, are tending to produce conditions in which the strike is not to be a means of adjusting difficulties. Both interests are become so powerful that the strike on a large scale is becoming impracticable and criminal in that other means will be available. Strong organizations, well-disciplined, with conservative leaders, can be trusted to submit to arbitration. Enlightened, educated and skilled organizations recognize that the interests of labor and capital are interdependent and reciprocal. Already the history of labor agreements is extensive, already the stronger organizations are discountenancing industrial strife. The millennium of industrial harmony is being universally embodied as a new ideal by labor organizations.

F. C. Stockwell.
A DESCRIPTION OF A STORM

The light of a summer’s mid-afternoon wanes. The sun can scarce have traversed three-fourths of its path to rest; and why, then, this unusual, this untimely drawing of the draperies of Night? Over all nature there gently spreads a hush in expectance of the supernatural—a feeling of unrest. The tall, coarse grass along the shore sways with a questioning wave, undecided which way to bend; the sand has become an ashen gray; the air is hot; the atmosphere is heavy, and through it is borne the sound of an engine, two miles away.

And now is revealed in full splendor the hidden power of nature; streak after streak of fire pierces the sky; broken chains of lightning glitter and go; shaky flights of stairs totter for an instant on air and vanish. The eye cannot all at once take in the wondrous displays of heaven’s own weapons of warfare. Overhead, as if some giant hand had thrown into the darkened sky an armful of iron rods at white heat, the lightning flashes and is gone. Throughout the storm the thunder roars and claps like the clinking of locks, the clashing of metal, the tumbling of blocks. Now is distinctly heard the heavy beating of rain falling in sheets everywhere. At a terrific peal of thunder unconsciously I shrink down with more awe than fear.

The rain passes on in its course, the strength of the elements is spent; but there on the horizon, backed by the leaden-hued purplish clouds, there gleams steadily for one breathless instant a huge fiery cross—a parting benediction.

ANNA F. WALSH.
THE warm, the lazy days are upon us, when it is natural to lounge listlessly beneath the trees and stroll aimlessly about in the soft, enticing air. But Old Time goes on just the same!

As the potter says:

"Turn, turn my wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf,
What now is leaf will soon decay;
The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
The little blue egg in the robin’s nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast
And flutter and fly away!"

So waste not valuable time in idle dreaming and the apathy of bliss. It is well to spend some time each day in contact with nature in this, her time of beauty and wonder.
Yes, cut out that last sweet morning snooze and go out and meet her in her glory. But in your roaming, take note and strive to understand; be not satisfied with simply feeling!

L. I. B.

It would be a great accommodation to the students, if the Library were open evenings. Often it seems impossible for one to get into the library during the day-time, especially if one has a long program for that day, and in addition has to take part in athletic practice. In the fall the football men have long practice hours, and if they have several recitations, they must neglect to some extent their library work. In the winter there is gymnasium, and in the spring—and fall, as well—track work. Add to this the laboratory hours that many have, in some cases two or three hours every afternoon in the week, and little time is left for the library.

As a mere matter of convenience, access to the library in the evening would be worth much. Many prefer to do their work in the evening when there is no sunshine and outdoor life tugging at their minds and distracting their attention.

It would pay to at least give this idea, which has been expressed by several, a trial.

ATHLETICS

Base-ball, Hooray! Possibly we can make crabbed old Fortuna smile on our little "fitting-school team" by solid work and steady enthusiasm.

The Indoor Meet on the evening of March 23, came off this year in fine style. Indoor base-ball was introduced for variety and was interestingly executed.

The interscholastic relay race, in which E. L. H. S., Bath and L. H. S competed, was won by Lewiston.

The Freshmen carried off the palm with their Indian club drill, as they did also with the relay race and the basket-
ball. Their basket-ball victory over the Juniors in the finals was hard won, one point deciding it, and both the victory and the defeat were praiseworthy.

In the sum of points the classes came in as follows: Freshmen, 34½; Sophomores, 15½; Seniors, 14; Juniors, 13.

A mass-meeting was held after chapel, Wednesday, the twelfth, in the interest of track athletics. The intercollegiate meet this year will be at Orono. Several speakers were called on, and all responded well to the call. The speech of Captain Allan of the track team is especially worthy of note. He spoke plainly and to the point, and his words were appreciated. At the call for all who would come out for practice to rise, a good number responded. The results of the meeting are visible in the good-sized squad out for practice every day, and in the number of men training for each event.

As Captain Allan said, if we fail this year we "can take all the blame to ourselves." We cannot blame him or the other track officers.

As a fitting climax to the winter's sports and attainments in the field of athletics, the young ladies of the college held their third annual indoor exhibition on Saturday afternoon, March 25. The event was the first public function held in the new dormitory (as such it is worthy of mention). The new gymnasi"um is admirably fitted for the use of the young ladies, with its special methods of ventilation, up-to-date gymnastic apparatus, shower baths, and dressing rooms. The events, under the management of Miss Millett, '05, and Miss Elvena Young, '06, were of much the usual character—jumping, races and drills. The championship in basket-ball was won by the Juniors. In standing by points the classes came as follows: First, Sophomores; second, Freshmen; third, Seniors; fourth, Juniors.

Many of the female friends of the college were present within the gymnasium, while the college boys, who for some reason had been overlooked in the general invitation, were forced to stand without in the rain. However, the young women would take this opportunity to express their
sincere appreciation of the kindly exertions put forth in
their behalf by the young men, both in their efforts to attend
the exercises and in the inspiring music rendered.

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."

1907.
The melancholy days are past,
The saddest of the year;
For of debates we've heard the last
And there's now no cause for fear.

The date for the U. of M.-Bates debate is not definitely
settled; May 19 is the probable date.

In History Class, after a minute discussion of remote
causes of Revolution, How tall was George Washington?

Melissa is a pretty name and slips from the lips almost
as easily as "basia" yet there are ears to which the sound
of it is annoying.

"Abandon Hope, All Ye Who Enter Here!" yet how
much lighter is despair, when the stomach is full and the
body softly cushioned!

How about the automatic 'phone for Parker Hall?
There is an immense amount of really private business car-
rried on by 'phone from this place, which under existing cir-
cumstances is done at a risk. Ought this condition be
allowed to continue? Honorable inmates, this proposition
demands your attention not only for the sake of you who
dwell in said building, but also for the sake of those who
dwell in other buildings.

The Sophomore debates gave promise of more good
intercollegiate debaters for "di" Bates institution.

The prize winners were:
First Division—Holmes.
Second division—Miss Manson.
Third Division—Hoyt.
Fourth Division—Davis.
Fifth Division—Pendleton.
Sixth Division—Aldrich.

Those selected for the Champion Debate were:
Aldrich, Hussey, Holmes, Jackson, Hoyt, E. S. Foster, Davis, Pendleton, Miss Latham, Miss Files.

ALUMNI

1863.—The new dormitory for young women at Bates is named Rand Hall in recognition of the faithful services of Professor J. H. Rand, who has superintended the erection of the building.
1868.—President Chase has returned from a six weeks' trip in western New York.
1870.—Professor L. G. Jordan was a guest of the New York Alumni Association at its meeting on April seventh.
1884.—The marriage of Dudley Whitmarsh and Miss Grace Farrar of Lewiston, has been announced.
1885.—The very sad news of the death of Dr. W. B. Small has been received.
1886.—Professor W. H. Hartshorn delivered an address before the State High School Teachers' Convention held at Concord, N. H., April fourteenth. His subject was "The Public School System of Germany."
1887.—George M. Goding is agent of the American Express Company, Wilton, Me.
1888.—George W. Snow is principal of the High School at Millinocket, Maine.
1889.—Professor G. H. Libby of Manchester, N. H., has been spending his vacation in Auburn.
1891.—F. S. Libbey is president of the New Hampshire State Teachers' Association.
1894.—D. B. Field is assistant cashier of the Phillips National Bank, Phillips, Me.
1894.—Mrs. Cora B. Pennell True is now living in Europe.
1895.—Rev. L. W. Pease of Wheelock, Vt., and Miss Bertha P. Cummings of Middlebury, Vt., were married at Waterbury Centre, Vt., March 30th, by Rev. Ozro Roys.
1897.—Nellie B. Michels is teaching in Camden, Me.
1897.—Ivy H. Smith is teaching in Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va.
1898.—Miss Persie Morrison is expected home early in May from abroad, where she has been taking a year's study.
1899.—O. H. Toothaker is editor and proprietor of the Berlin Reporter, Berlin, N. H.
1899.—J. S. McCann is taking a special course at the Bridgewater Normal School.
1899.—Milton Dutton, superintendent of schools at Augusta, recently visited the public schools of Lewiston.
1900.—Rev. George E. Manter is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Hilton, N. Y.
1900.—Principal B. E. Packard of Leavitt Institute has been elected superintendent of town schools in Turner Center, Me.
1900.—Mabel E. Marr is teaching in Gorham, Me.
1901.—Walter B. Pierce is principal of the Goffstown High School, Goffstown, N. H.
1902.—Ivan Lang is news editor of the Berlin Reporter, Berlin, N. H.
1903.—L. H. Trufant of McGill University, recently visited college.
1903.—Jeanne Towle is teaching in a children's home at Hadden, Conn. For six weeks she was quarantined on account of scarlet fever.
1903.—Allison P. Howes has presented Coram Library with a book.
1903.—Miss Frances Miller is teaching in Yarmouth High School.
1903.—W. W. Keyes is teaching in the Physics and Chemistry Department of the High School at Reading, Mass.
1903.—Harry M. Towne of The Oxford School, Chicago, has resigned his position, to take effect at the close of the present school year. Mr. Towne has accepted the appointment of Director of Athletics in Culver Military Academy, Culver, Ind.
1904.—Miss Mae Carrow is preceptress at Yarmouth Academy.
1904.—Miss Eva I. Phillips is substituting, for the remainder of the year, in the Eastport High School.
1905.—Robert G. Catheron, formerly of 1905, has been elected president of the Senior Class at the Harvard Dental School.
The meeting and banquet of the Bates New York Alumni Association were both held in the rooms of the Aldine Club, Fifth Avenue, New York City. Representatives of classes ranging from '70 to '99 were present.

Among those who spoke were Rev. Dr. Kye of New York City, E. J. Goodwin, '72, assistant superintendent of public schools of the state of New York, E. H. Emery, '84, head of the weather bureau in New York City; Pulsifer, managing head of the New York house of the firm D. C. Heath & Co.; Professor L. G. Jordan, '70, of Bates College; Miss M. S. Coan, '99, teacher of English in the New York State Normal School in New York City; Dr. Bartlett, '78, a prominent eye and ear specialist of New York; Dr. Sprague, '85, of Brooklyn, and Mr. L. M. Tarr of New Haven.

The meeting was characterized by a great deal of interest and enthusiasm. There were strong expressions of approval of the work of the college, its development and growth. All manifested much interest in the plans discussed for ways of helping the college and increasing its funds.

FROM OTHER COLLEGES

A bill absolutely prohibiting foot-ball and making it a felony has been introduced in the Nebraska legislature.

The smallest university in the world is the American Classical University of Athens. Each of the six students holds a fellowship from some American University.

An agreement has been made between Harvard and the Department of Education of the Russian Government by which the universities will exchange a professor annually.

La Société Française of Barnard College is to cooperate with the Columbia French Society in presenting “Le Médecin Malgré Lui.”

On the eve of its fiftieth anniversary, Tufts has a round thousand of students and over two hundred professors and instructors.

The University of Pennsylvania will include a course of instruction in public health. It is the first to take up this line of work.

The Woman's Journal relates that a colored woman aged 73 years and an ex-slave has just graduated from the New Haven, Conn., evening school.

After a lapse of two years, during which there has been no student publication issued, Middlebury College has
started a new paper. This will be called *The Middlebury Campus* and will be issued quarterly.

Mohammedan College, Cairo, which was a thousand years old when Oxford was founded, has 11,000 students.

A game of base-ball has been arranged between Stanford University and Yaseda University of Japan.

A fire which is said to have been started by the overturning of an alcohol lamp, over which some girls were making fudge, totally destroyed the ladies' dormitory at the St. Cloud, Minnesota Normal School.

Young, a Rhodes scholarship man from South Dakota, won the high jump, long jump and 120-yard hurdles, in a recent meet at Oxford.

Representatives from all the Maine colleges met at Brunswick, March 4, and discussed plans for the intercollegiate meet this spring. It was voted that the meet be held at Alumni Field, Orono, May 13.

'Says the *Maine Campus*: "No one who attended the enthusiastic college meeting, held recently in the interest of the Debating Club, can fail to realize that we stand face to face with an issue. At last we are to meet one of the older institutions of the State on what is generally conceded to be her favorite field—that of debate."

Dr. Elmer Hewitt Capen, President of Tufts College for nearly thirty years, died of pneumonia on March 22. President Capen was recognized throughout New England as a leader in educational matters.

Bowdoin won from Amherst in the annual debate held March 24. The question was: "Resolved, That President Roosevelt's recommendation that the Interstate Commerce Commission be empowered to fix railroad rates subject to judicial review, should be adopted."

As a result of the midyear examinations at Cornell, 101 men have been dropped.

Columbia holds the intercollegiate basket-ball championship, having recently defeated Yale.

The team from the University of Maine, which will debate with Bates has been elected. The speakers will be Davis, '07 of Bridgton; Rounds, '07 of Bridgton, and Dinsmore, '05, of Whiting, with Standford, '06, of Lovell as alternate.

The graduates of Cambridge University voted against the proposition to abolish compulsory Greek by 1,559 votes to 1,052. A similar step was taken at Oxford sometime ago, with like result.

Hazing has been made a misdemeanor in the state of Pennsylvania, punishable by a fine of five hundred dollars, or six months' imprisonment, or both.
Mr. Andrew Carnegie has recently given $125,000 for a building for the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute at Troy, N. Y., to replace the building burned last summer, and Mr. J. J. Albright of Buffalo has subscribed $50,000 towards a new Chemical Laboratory. The Institute has just purchased a piece of property adjoining the property previously possessed and the Carnegie Building and the Chemical Laboratory will be placed upon it. The latter building will cost at least $100,000. The number of students is the largest in the history of the School.

**Life.**

A few small hours of change betimes
To cheer the heart,
A long, drear waste of dull routine
The larger part.

A sense of incompleteness still
Presents its pall,—
But one clear note of richest Hope
Interprets all.

**William T. Johnson, '06, in the Bowdoin Quill.**

**Her Precautions.**

They say that when I'm grown up
And wear my hair up high,
I'll never care for dolls and toys;
And so I'm going to try
To keep in a big wooden box—
And not forget the place—
My cow, and Jocelyn, my doll
That has the broken face,
And Bruno, my big woolley bear.
For when you grow quite old
A second childhood comes and then
You play again. I'm told.
But I'm afraid I might lose time
Making new friends; and so
When I am just a child again,
I'll have the toys I know.

**E. C. B., 1907, in Vassar Miscellany.**

**Tu Ne Quaesieris.**

Ah Love, seek not the goal of destiny,
Ask not the unknown meaning of our life,
Let it suffice that summer's here and joy,
That roses bloom and happiness is rife.

Try not to cull the flowers of the future
Lest many a thorn lie hidden unawares,
But cherish those which now have come to cheer us
Unmindful of to-morrow's heavy cares.

Strive not to gaze upon eternity,
To scan the regions of the far away;
But come and live in love's dominion, Love,
Where ecstasy shall reign and life is gay.

**Martin Douglas, '08, in Georgetown College Journal.**
THE STUDENT

AN INDIAN DAY.
Flood of blazing sunlight pouring
From a burning sky;
Leagues of sand that scorch and blister
Brown feet plodding by.
On the drooping banyan branches
Monkeys at their play;
Sudden screech and flash of emerald
Mark a parrot's way.
Creak and groan of distant oil-press,
Bullocks' patient toil;
In the rice fields naked coolies,
Brothers of the soil.

Warm wind crooning in the palm trees,
Fronds that stir in sleep;
Changing lights across the rice fields,
Stillness breathing deep.
Hills that melt in tender purples,
Young moon dipping low,
Glory climbing up the heavens
From the after-glow.
Whirr of wings that cut the twilight
Dripping down the sky;
And the night wind in the palm trees
Singing lullaby.

ALICE BOUCHER VAN DOREN, 1903, in the Mount Holyoke.

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