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SCHILLER.
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All of us are hero-worshipers to some extent. Everyone loves to do homage to that one who has achieved something of greatness or of true worth in any department of life.

Convention has made it almost a custom that the anniversary of the birth or death of a great and noble character be fittingly commemorated. Six years ago the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Goethe's birth was celebrated, widely in this country and in every village and hamlet in Germany.

During this month of May all loyal Germans and all lovers of German literature are paying homage to the memory of the only man in the realms of German literature worthy of being ranked with the genius, Goethe. May ninth was the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Friedrich Schiller. In every complimentary manner the Germany people are celebrating this anniversary of this truly noble man; of this writer whose works are filled with the spirit of beauty, of patriotism, of idealism. Elaborate celebrations are being held in our largest American universities and in cities containing a large German population.

It is only fitting that we devote some space in this issue of the Student to the memory of Germany's noble poet, Schiller.

A. N. L.
SCHILLER IN GERMAN LITERATURE

Of the names that shine most brightly in the German literary history of the eighteenth century, those of Goethe and Schiller are the most conspicuous. Although one of these names readily suggests the other and although the men that bore them were joined in one of the most notable friendships in history, the works, life, and character of the one differed vastly from those of the other. Goethe may be distinguished by his wide experience and knowledge, by his description and portrayal of things and characters as they are, and by the ease and spontaneity of his expression. Schiller is remarkable for his idealism, for his portrayal of characters as he thought they ought to be, rather than as they are, and for his mastery of the technical structure of the drama. Goethe is universal, Schiller is strictly German, and his high nobility of character is reflected throughout his works.

To-day Schiller is best known to us as a dramatist, yet there are other branches of literature in which at times he was also active—history, philosophy, and lyric poetry. His historical works are often thought to be of little value because of their inaccuracy due to lack of investigation, but as clear and readable compositions, they easily surpass any work of their kind that up to the time of their publication had appeared in Germany.

Had Schiller never written a drama, Germany would owe him much for the ballads and short poems which he contributed to her literature. Among the best are "Das Lied von der Glocke" and "Die Götter Griechenlands." In the former the poet inserts between descriptions of the different processes of the manufacture of a bell the various experiences of the human life—its joys and sorrows from the cradle to the grave. It is a masterpiece,—regarded by many as his best poem—indeed it is called "The favorite poem of the German people." Die Götter Griechenlands,—a product of the classical period of Schiller's life,—is an eulogy of the Past, an expression of sorrow for the age of gods and heroes that forever has passed away. The mel-
ody of this work is most charming,—few passages in Ger-
man verse are more beautiful than that in which Schiller
laments the disappearance of the ancient beauty-land.

"Schöne Welt,—wo bist du?—Kehre wieder
Holdes Blüthenalter der Natur!
Ach, nur in dem Feenland der Lieder
Lebt noch deine goldne Spur."

"Most poets," writes Bayard Taylor, "have dropped
'melodious tears' upon the crowning civilization of Greece,
but none with such mingled fire and sweetness as Schiller."
Besides these two poems Schiller has written many others,
equally worthy of mention. Even in his dramatic works
we frequently find the lyric element introduced: the Ranz
des Vaches in Wilhelm Tell, and the first scene of the third
act of Maria Stuart furnish beautiful examples of this.

As a dramatist Schiller will always hold a high place in
German Literature. He did not, like Goethe, enjoy the
benefits of society in his early years and was, therefore,
prevented from becoming acquainted with a great variety
of individuals. His characters are subjective rather than
objective and in his early plays are at times not true to life.
The years passed under the strict discipline of the military
training school taught him to hate tyranny, and this hatred
of tyranny pervades every play that he has written. From
the wildness and extravagance of "Die Räuber" (his first
dramatic production) his skill constantly developed until at
last he produced some of the most perfect and polished
plays in existence. As a master of the technical arrange-
ment of the drama he has never been equalled in Germany.

H. D. Harradon, 1906.

SCHILLER

It seems appropriate at this anniversary of the death of
Germany's most popular poet to make a brief review
of his life. Johann Christoph Friedrich Schiller was born
at Marbach in the duchy of Württemberg November 10,
1759. There is nothing particularly noteworthy about his
childhood days. He was not a remarkable child, and yet he had his boyish ideals and ambitions. His first schooling was under Rev. Philip Moser, a man whom the boy Schiller revered and whom he aspired to be like. Through the influence and teaching of this man, Schiller conceived the ambition of educating himself for the ministry. Toward this ideal he worked and toward this ideal his parents encouraged him. There was, however, an insurmountable obstacle to this plan. The Duke of Würtemberg established a military school in the duchy at which he wished all of the best pupils in the classical schools to be educated. Schiller was chosen as one of those thus favored, and as the invitation came as a command he was obliged to go.

The next eight years were years of hard discipline. The rules of the school were very strict, there was no freedom for the youths, they were not allowed to go home, and letters to and from the school were opened and read to see if they contained due praise for the Duke. Such restrictions could but foster a spirit of rebellion in the boys. Such it did in Schiller, as we see from his writings during the earlier years of his literary work. But he was thirsting for books, and in every spare moment he studied his favorite authors, Plutarch, Rousseau and Shakespeare. Goethe's "Götz von Berlichingen" also made a deep impression on his boyish mind, stirring up still more the rebellious spirit already born into his soul. He was not satisfied with study merely, he wrote much himself. In 1779 he began his first drama "Die Räuber," which was a most stinging protest against the then social and political conditions of Germany. The idealistic Schiller is brought before us thus early in his literary career. The play is far from perfect, it is full of bombast and extravagance, and yet for a youth of twenty-one it is a rare piece of literature.

After graduation Schiller was obliged to serve under the Duke as a military surgeon. This position was most hateful to him, so impatient was he to give himself up to writing. In 1782 "Die Räuber" was published at his expense. It was received with great applause by all except the Duke who forbade Schiller's writing anything more.
But he could not and would not be restrained. After trying to compromise with the Duke, and failing, he left the duchy. About this time, "Fiesco," a Venetian drama, was published. Although this was the first of the historical dramas which were to make the name of Schiller immortal, it was far from successful. In May of 1787, the year that Schiller moved to Weimar, "Don Carlos" appeared. This play was the beginning of Schiller's literary triumph. It was received with enthusiasm not alone in Germany, but also outside.

The next few years until 1796 Schiller's life was given over to the lyric, ballad, history, and the study of metaphysics, philosophy and Greek classics. "Die Künstler," and "Die Götter Griechenlands" are two of the best lyrics of this period. "Die Künstler," although one of his noted lyrics, loses its poetic charm through the philosophical influence which pervades it. It is through his lyrics and ballads that Schiller has become so dear to the Germans. He appeals to the common people and the children to whom Goethe does not appeal.

In 1788 Schiller and Goethe first met. This meeting was the beginning of one of the most beautiful friendships in history. Their ideals, their work and their characteristics were so diverse that neither was at first attracted to the other. After this first meeting Schiller wrote to Körner, "His whole being is, from its origin, constructed differently from mine; his world is not my world; our modes of conceiving things are essentially different, and with such a combination there can be no substantial intimacy between us." Schiller failed to foresee the mighty influence each was to have over the other. Their friendship became closer and closer until in 1794 the correspondence was begun which extended to one thousand letters.

In 1788 Schiller by Goethe's help obtained the chair of History at the University of Jena. It was not an exceedingly lucrative position, but it was a position of great honor. While Professor here, he wrote "The History of the Thirty Years' War." Other histories he intended to write, but ill-health prevented the carrying out of his plans.
In 1796 Schiller decided to give the rest of his life to the drama with which he had done nothing for ten years. He did write, however, the next year his greatest and most popular lyric, “The Song of the Bell.” In his study of history he had become interested in the life of the Swedish Wallenstein, and in 1798 he began his great trilogy of “Wallenstein.” It is difficult to tell which is the greatest of Schiller’s dramas. Each seems greatest in its own way, but as a stage-play “Wallenstein” is without equal in German.

The tragic death of Mary, Queen of Scots, seemed to Schiller a powerful plot for a drama and “Maria Stuart” was finished in 1800. Schiller himself considered this the best that he had written up to that time, but public opinion was divided. Although it is a wonderfully told story, a very artistic play, and although it is superior to “Wallenstein” in some ways, it is on the whole inferior.

“Die Jungfrau von Orleans,” was played in Leipsic September 18, 1801. From now on, Schiller was crowned almost as good. Schiller now began to feed his mind upon the classics with the intention of writing a strictly classic play. This he did and “Die Brant von Messina” was the result. This is the most classic of the German tragedies.

Schiller’s last great work was “Wilhelm Tell,” completed in February, 1804. In this play Schiller was influenced neither by the classic nor the ideal. “The visionary, idealistic reformer has become a practical realist, taking things as he finds them. When this play was written, the Germans were under the sway of Napoleon, their condition was very like the condition of the Four Forest Cantons, and this play of freedom and liberty struck a chord which resounded far and wide. No German drama has ever made the impression that did “Wilhelm Tell.”

Schiller did but little after completing “Wilhelm Tell.” He suffered for several months from a fever which caused his death May 9, 1805. Goethe’s “Epilogue to the Song of the Bell” has ever been and will ever be a lasting memorial of the greatness of the poet Schiller.

M. E. F.
[A short time ago, a part of a Nichols Echo, bearing the legend "Vol. 1, No. 1, Lewiston, June, 1877," was found in a dusty corner of Science Hall, formerly the old Nichols Latin School. On the first page was this poem. If any one knows the author we shall be glad to give him credit. The poem evidently refers to the river in the vicinity of West Pitch, at the falls.—Ed.]

All day thy voice floats up and down
The long and dusty street;
All day thy cooling murmur comes,
Like rest to weary feet.

Unheeded by the multitude,
Thou singest thy wild song;
No heart responds to thy river heart,
In all the busy throng.

Like men of old, for some great sign,
Gazing afar they wait,
Unknowing thee, thou prophet sweet,
That passest by the gate.

But oft we love thee, oft and oft
We stand by thy dark pool,
And dream of rock and shadow, whence
Thou flowest down so cool.

We hear thee when the mountain brooks
With spring-time rains are high,
And through the empty streets at night,
Thy voice sounds like a cry.

We hear the wind roar in the pines
That stand by thy rough stream—
And voice of waters, trees, and wind,
One mighty voice they seem.

Beside thee are a thousand wheels
That toil in night and day,
Above thee speed the lighted trains
Upon their iron way.
No sound of wheels or city's din
   To thy deep ear can reach;
Thou hearest but a far-off sound,
   Like waves upon a beach.

O mountain singer, noon by noon
   We listen to thy roar,
Year after year, till all things fade,
   And we can hear no more.

And, at the last, O mighty tide,
   We would go down like thee,
As fearless and as full of joy
   To mingle with the sea.

---

"THE CLIMAX"

"DON'T make such an infernal racket," said the young man irritably.

"I ain't," contradicted the Child. His voice had a plaintive note. Also he reflected that young men are weird beings. The Child had no definite mental impression for "weird," but his sister, Helena, used it instead of "awfully," and "horrid," and he liked it himself for a change. He regarded his cousin closely and wondered,—not that he was curious—but he found a philosophical enjoyment in studying the irrational movements of grown-up people and conjecturing what they would do next. They were approachable on such strange topics and moved by such peculiar considerations.

Now the Child was by nature a very social person, so he beamed upon his morose cousin James, and cast about in his mind for an opening sentence, but his mind was singularly barren. The Child was not, however, afraid to use the same words twice. Therefore he clicked his heels together suggestively, and repeated his previous remark.

"I ain't."

It answered very nicely—that is, the young man lifted his head, and replied, "So you said before." His manner
was not cordial, but the Child disregarded this technicality. He was used to disregarding things when he wanted to talk. For conversation was the Child's distinctive feature, not so much by way of actual achievement as mad ambition. His father was an After-Dinner Speaker—not that the Child knew what that was—he had a vague idea it was when you talked so much you got faint, and had to have your dinner before you could finish. He often felt that way himself, especially during an argument with his nurse. But whatever an after-dinner speaker might be,—and the vagaries of grown-up denomination are indeed infinite—the Child felt sure it was an attainment to be sought, for his father's speeches were always interrupted and followed by bursts of laughter and applause, and the soul of the Child panted after appreciation.

The Child's speeches were, to be sure, largely experimental. His chief dangers lay in being too interesting, or not interesting enough; his remarks were either so unattractive that his audience chattered blindly about their own interests, and left him talking forlornly to himself, or so exciting that he was sent to bed. Neither course was desirable, so he went on experimenting with dogged persistence.

Very early in his career he had learned the conversational value of personalities; he had learned, too, that it was the unlicensed introduction of this element into his tales which usually resulted in the bed proposition. He had as yet been unable to discover a golden mean; neither had he abandoned the quest. That is why, as I have said, he went on experimenting with dogged persistence. That, too, was the reason why he regarded his cousin, and with the patience of a true artist, began again.

"You have a very ugly temper, James." It was the softly-persuasive tone of James' own pastor; also the Child considered it sufficiently personal.

James merely grunted, so the Child veered off.

"You have a very ugly temper, James." (The Child never liked to lose the connection, he was very particular about that.) "Miss Elsie, now"—he paused reflectively.

James sat up.
"What about Miss Elsie?" he demanded.
"—hasn't," finished the Child, serenely.

James grunted again. It was not an encouraging sound.

Now the Child seldom obtained so excellent an opportunity for an audience with his cousin James, who was just home from Princeton on a vacation, and who spent most of his spare time in the garden across the hedge.

This morning, however, James showed no signs of departing, and the soul of the Child rejoiced. So he reflected a moment and sought inspiration. A long, slender pink rose lay on the grass beside him. His Aunt Marian made stories about apple-trees or birds,—anything she happened to see. An idea seized him in its relentless clutch; he was transported. Why not?

"Oh, Cousin James," began the Child, "flowers"—he sighed sentimentally. Then with unerring instinct he seized upon the accompaniment likeliest to give his narrative color in the eyes of his audience.

"Miss Elsie says flowers are—are—God's own jewels. She loves 'em."

As a matter of fact, the sentiment was Nora's, the Child's nurse; even to James, most miserable and unsuspecting of youths, it had an un-Elsie-ish tang. Still, girls do say such strange, rather mawkish things, even the best of them—bless her dear heart.

James' train of thought became suddenly concrete. This angered him, so that he answered the Child somewhat unguardedly.

"She likes 'em, does she?" he demanded, "Well, why the dev—dickens, didn't she keep a few of the ones I've sent her this week? The whole row wasn't my fault, was it?"

The Child was frankly delighted; better friction than apathy. But his own responsibility had increased, for having once roused, even so slightly, his cousin's interest, he must keep it up. It was at this crucial moment that the concept of a Climax came to him, and made his head swim. The Child did not know definitely what a Climax might be,
THE STUDENT

except in a general sense, that it was something very startling, and not necessarily true. At the same moment with the thought of the Climax, the Child's eye fell on the long-stemmed rose. The snare became two-fold, and the Moral-ist and the Raconteur swayed in combat. A second—then he swung the rose recklessly!

"Miss Elsie sent this one to you," cried the Raconteur.

The effect was instantaneous. The Child's heart weltered in joy, ambition satisfied,—then James was standing over him—a very white James. At last, the Child had found the meaning of a Climax—it was—a Rose. He looked at the blossom lovingly, and his heart swelled. Too, he was a little frightened. For his Cousin James was very white, and a—lie is a—lie!

"Say that again," James told him, and the Child said it, complacently. He was not quite easy on the moral question, but sudden success had blinded him. So he said it again. After this he would have liked to tell his cousin another tale, but the young man had disappeared without a word, through the thick hedge.

The Child leaned back dejectedly against a tree and wondered. There was certainly food for thought,—at least, there would have been had not the Child gone philosophically to sleep. He was not the first who has been deserted in the midst of success. And there are many ways of drowning sorrow.

"He woke very suddenly. His cousin James was shaking him by the coat, which has a tendency to make one wake suddenly. His cousin James stood over him and Miss Elsie was clinging very tightly to his cousin's hand. The Child's first impression was one of disgust, not only at being aroused so abruptly, but because he felt that Miss Elsie was exasperatingly timid; it was broad daylight and she was perfectly safe without hanging on to poor James. However?—he blinked inquiringly.

"You little liar!" roared James happily.

"Oh, no," protested Miss Elsie, and at the sound of her voice, low, with a little catch in it, James promptly suspended operations several moments, so that the Child began
to grow restless. After having been forcibly aroused from a peaceful slumber, he argued, not without reason, that he should at least occupy the center of the stage. So he blinked again, also inquiringly. Then Miss Elsie spoke.

"Oh, Child, why did you tell—Cousin James"—she blushed, and for a moment the conversation showed signs of again coming to a stop—but the Child prodded her with his elbow and she went on—

"Oh, Child, how could you tell—Cousin James (she got over it more easily this time)—that I sent him the rose?" she tried to be stern.

The Child opened his eyes. Now they were getting down to business.

"It was a Climax," he announced importantly.

"It was," agreed Cousin James, fervently.

This time Miss Elsie laughed, a little, soft reminiscent ripple, and again Cousin James looked at her. The Child waited for him to go on about the Climax, but James kept on looking at Miss Elsie, so the Child closed his eyes. At last—

"Oh, what if he hadn't told you that awful, awful story?" he heard Miss Elsie say softly. Then there was a long pause. The Child wondered if Cousin James was ever going to answer her; not that her remark called for any comment, but still she was a girl. The Child had infinite patience with girls. So he had with little white mice. He pitied them both. So he opened his eyes to see if James was going to answer her. Then, he shut them again very quickly; he was not wishful to behold a friend's humiliation. To be kissed by a girl, and to have to kiss her back, because she was company! The Child thanked Heaven she was not his guest.

And then—horror of horrors, there suddenly fell on his own drowsy head, a tiny kiss, soft as a petal of the long-stemmed rose.

The Child wiggled in dire agony. Good gracious, did she want to kiss everyone? He shot a glance of martyred understanding at his cousin.
"Thank you for the story, Child," said Miss Elsie, with a little tremor in her voice, "I didn't feel very—well, Child, and it helped me—get better."

"Er—that was a pretty good story of yours, old chap," added his cousin. "Er—if you'd like to take the pony to-day, I'll see that it's all right."

They disappeared through the hedge before the Child could speak. A moment later Cousin James came back and picked up the long-stemmed rose. Then with a nod he disappeared again through the hedge.

Left to himself, the Child pondered on many things, chiefly three. If Cousin James so liked his story, why didn't he wait to hear the rest of it? Moreover, he, the Child, had told a lie about Miss Elsie, his own Sunday-school teacher, and she had not minded at all; in fact, she seemed actually pleased.

And last, and most inexplicable of all, when his Cousin James came back through the hedge, and Miss Elsie couldn't see him, why didn't he skip her while he had a chance?

The sun was very hot, and presently the Child grew tired of thinking, so he went down to the stable and inspected the pony. That, at least, was clear gain.

1906.

LITERATURE AND LIFE

BEHOLD yonder palace, its pinnacles glittering in the sunlight! See its lofty domes and arches, its pillars and mighty walls. It is the domain of that world-wide sovereign—literature. Genius is its architect, its building-stones, human experience. The key that unlocks its portal is the oracle of ancient Greece, "Know thyself." Deep are laid its foundations, as are the depths of human despair. High ascend its gilded spires, as high as human aspiration. Broad are its bounds to encompass every phase of human life, joys and sorrows, success and failures. Far into the distance rises tower after tower, now somber and half hidden by the clouds of the dark ages, now radiant with the
golden light of the Augustan Age, back through the days of Homer, past the Hebrew poets of the Psalms, back into the mysterious hazy unknown, when, as to-day, literature was the confidant of a people's soul.

Histories record facts, science makes conjectures, but literature, alone, reveals the true spirit of the nations of the past. The positive chronology of ancient India is worthless, but in her sacred poems is revealed the character of her people. Homer tells us more than chroniclers about primitive Greece. It is from Dante that we learn the spirit of mediævalism. Shakespeare's Elizabethan England is more valuable than Hume's. True literature interprets the life of a people. It fills the bare outlines of history by explaining the motives underlying men's actions, by revealing prejudices, passions and aspirations. "In books," says Carlyle, "lies the soul of the whole past time, the articulate, audible voice of the past, when the body and material substance of it have altogether vanished like a dream."

The passage of time, however, is of little account in true literature. "There is no time or place in human nature." In the words of Longfellow:

"I believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human."

The book which portrays only the trappings of wealth, the fashions and formalities of society, the external and transitory of life, is destined to a brief existence. That only is true literature which expresses the deep feelings and emotions common to all humanity. That only is true literature which passes within the wall which men build around their lives, and enters the tabernacle of their souls. Worship, love, fear, hatred, hope, despair—these make human nature. It is these elements underlying a work of art, which make it immortal. Literature is literature only so far as it reveals the soul of man; and it fails, only so far as there are no equivalents in language for heart-throbs. There are experiences in life which we cannot share with others, retreats in our natures deeper than thoughts or
tears. When the artist has caught glimpses of such experiences as these and reflected them in literature, we feel that Heaven has confided to him her secrets. We read our own souls.

In origin, literature was the voice of the joys and sorrows of humanity. The most primitive peoples had their religious hymns, their battle-chants, their wedding chorals, their funeral dirges. The very earliest literature was the simple notes of adoration from worshiping hearts. A thousand years before the Greeks sang their praises to Dionysus, in the valley of the Indus were chanted the hymns of the Veda. Hear the longing cry:

"Where there is happiness and delight, where joy and pleasure reside, where the desires of our desire are attained, there make me immortal."

"Life is so short" has been the cry of all ages and the source of the deepest, most pathetic melancholy.

"Life's a short summer, man a flower;
He dies—alas! how soon he dies."

Death! King and subject bow in silent awe. And amid the disappointments of life, the loneliness of bereavement, the anguish of human suffering, men have longed for God, have hoped for Heaven. Job, in his affliction, uttered that immortal confession of faith:

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

And back through the ages sounds a response of faith from Tennyson:

"I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."

Browning, also, is a poet of faith and hope; but trusting calmly for the future, he exults in the mere joyousness of living.

"God's in His Heaven;
All's right with the world,"

is his philosophy, and:

"How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!"
Joyful, too, but sacred, are the calm home scenes of Robert Burns. Throbbing with life and love are the songs of Wordsworth and Shelley. It is the sacred mission of the poet to touch human hearts with the woes and joys of other hearts.

Depths have life, as well as heights; and literature, if it be true to life, must summon us to view, with Dante, the agonies of humanity under the penalties for sin. Faust's selling his soul to Mephistopheles is not an imaginary transaction; it is the meaning of a life deliberately choosing the lower and the evil. The burning letter in Arthur Dimmesdale's bosom is the poetic symbol of a reality. The blind jealousy of Othello, the insane ambition of Macbeth still live. From epic and drama rolls forth the thunder of intense and violent emotions, of tragic struggles of contending passions; and all are revelations of human life.

Life—love, fear, sorrow, faith! How inexpressibly rich! Immortal soul of man! Unutterable thy depths. Literature—vitalized, humanized transcriptions of experience, mirror of the souls of the ages, who shall deny that thou, too, hast a soul! Who shall deny that thou, too, art immortal! 

Marion Ethel Mitchell, 1905.
CAN it be that nature is ever so delightful, as in May,—when the opening leaves spread their dainty network of red and yellow against the soft tints of the sky or the dark green of the firs and pines,—when the wild cherry is spangled with white blossoms, and here and there under the trees are clumps of rich violets or adder tongues? Or is it in ourselves—that we are more responsive then? Perhaps after the earth has been bare so long the beauty of new life surprises us and quickens our appreciation.

At such a time, when nature is fairly thrusting a realization of her outward beauty on our carelessness, the science courses seem especially attractive. Even the lover of literature may be persuaded to turn aside for a term and elect a course in biology. And no one becomes a student of science in its broader significance without a better interpretation of the beauty in life. Every plant and animal reveals it. The principles of chemistry and physics are founded on harmony. Indeed it is a perception of this same law of harmony in ideal human society that is the inspiration of our great social prophets.

This element of beauty is not a superficial thing—a mere adornment. It is all-pervading, for beauty and harmony are to nature law itself.

A. R.
ATHLETICS

BASE-BALL

Line-up:
Doc. p., r.f.
Johnson, p.
Bowman, c.
Kendall, t.b.
Wight, s.b.
Austin, ss.
Lord, t.b.
Rogers, l.f.
Wilder, c.f.
French, r.f.
Currier, p.
Hepburn, c.

GAMES PLAYED.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bates score</th>
<th>Opposite score</th>
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<td>Phillips Andover</td>
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<td>Harvard</td>
<td>1</td>
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<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowdoin at Lewiston</td>
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<td>U. of M. at Orono</td>
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On the morning of April 26, the base-ball team started on its annual Massachusetts trip in the mildest of weather. The boys played at Andover in the afternoon, and with "Old Immortality" in the box succeeded in protracting the match to a ten-inning affair. At Harvard, Tufts, and Brown, good ball was played, and though Bates won not a single game, she proved herself a worthy adversary. Currier did good work in the box at Tufts and Captain Doe was in his glory at Brown. The trip seemed to augur well for the best team in the state—and we believe in augury.

How about the Bowdoin game? We feel something as the boy did, who said, when his folks were jollying him about the little fellow that took him down and sat on him, "Let's don't talk about it."

But the Maine game at Orono! Now we can talk. Wasn't that a glorious game! And how "Old Immortality" did burn 'em over! Fourteen strike-outs and but two clean hits! That's the way the man from Bates what toes in can serve 'em up. But Eke did not do it all; there was a man behind the bat and a man on each base and a man at short and a man in each field. So here's to "Old Immortality" and the nervy men who stood behind him at Orono!
The Bates boys, as has been remarked in a previous number of the Student, have made this spring the greatest effort in the line of track work since the founding of the college. Captain Allan had a squad out running in the winter, and since the track has been in shape, there has been a squad of about 40 students out for faithful training. Manager Paine through the student body and the help of friends of the college, secured money enough to hire Coach Rowe, a graduate of Bowdoin and a successful track man there. The boys, captain, manager, coach, and Mr. Bolster, all worked hard and faithfully, and all went to Orono with a hope that honest labor would be rewarded in some degree.

But alas! four points and last place was the hard decree of fate. Johnson, the old "war horse," pulled second place in the discus and even made Captain Denning look to his laurels for first place; Wiggin, "the faithful," got third in the pole vault. The latter had the pleasant experience, seldom enjoyed by a college student, of having three Maine colleges cheering for him. At a certain stage in the meet it was thought that Wiggin held in his hands the one point that might decide the first place. So Bates, Bowdoin, and Maine, all cheered for him,—Bates for herself; Bowdoin, that he might beat a Maine man; and Maine, that he might beat a Bowdoin man. His success was the result of perseverance and he may as well be proud of his achievement, as the one who broke the state record for vaulting. Bosworth, "the enduring," ran a plucky race in the two-mile; he came in third and hard upon the second man. He was nominally deprived of a place in the meet, because one of the boys unwittingly ran out and grabbed him before he crossed the line. Nevertheless, he won his point and in the three years to come we hope and expect much from him. Captain Allan, who has been the inspiration and backbone of our track team, had hard luck. On the first lap of the half-mile he tripped and fell. Though his wind was completely knocked out, he got up and pluckily finished, but he could not make up for lost time and lost strength.
Surely the four points for Bates do not show up very huge on paper, but we feel confident they do not rightly measure the amount of labor our track team has done, and since honest labor must tell sometime, we look to the coming year with confidence that some of the fruits of this year's labor will be gathered then. So here are three hopeful, cheery cheers for our track team and its plucky captain, Harold Allan!

**ECHOES OF THE MEET**

On Saturday, May 13, twenty-four Bates athletes represented our college at the inter-collegiate meet at Orono. They returned with four points out of the total of one hundred and twenty-six, to their credit. This is the poorest showing Bates has made for a number of years when the number of points is considered, but the actual work of the men was better than for many years. Unfortunately for us the number of points and not the appearance counts. To be sure, no one was wild enough to expect first place, or even second, but we did hope that we would have company somewhere in the list. On paper before the meet we had third place, after the meet we were not on the paper. We held last place without a competitor.

The question in the heart of every Bates supporter is, Why? We apparently had good material, certainly a good coach and a hard-working captain. Then why were we so unsuccessful? The men worked hard, and in the majority of cases trained hard and conscientiously. Why then this overwhelming defeat? In the minds of many men, who are competent to judge, the team was better than those of several years past. Where is the trouble then?

It seems to the writer that there are two reasons for our poor record. They are first, lack of appreciation on the part of the whole student body of what track athletics mean, and second, lack of systematic and continued training by the athletes themselves. Track athletics calls for more self-sacrifice with less show and applause than any other
department of college athletics, consequently it does not attract the men in the same way that foot-ball, base-ball, tennis, etc., do. For this reason it is harder to get men out for work, and much harder to keep them out. Particularly when the student body does not understand or appreciate what these men are doing, the way of the hard-working track man is not an easy one. There are many men in college to-day, who, if they would get out and train, would make fair track men and might eventually become first winners. But they do not get out.

We need more enthusiasm and a different spirit among the students of Bates College, so that any man, however poor his chances may be, will receive encouragement and support from every Bates man, if he will train faithfully.

Out of 65 men who promised to come out and train, only 35 kept their promises. Lack of support, sand, spirit or something else kept the other 30 off the track.

Now as to the men who do go out. If we analyze the meet of May 13 we notice that in a number of events we almost made good. But that almost is what we stumbled over. We were good, but the men from the other colleges were better. In the past few years we have had two or three star men who won our points. This year we had a number of good men, but not quite good enough. The men of Bowdoin and U. of M. train almost constantly from the end of one meet to the next one. Our men train a little in the fall, then again for a few weeks in the spring just before the meet. A few weeks' training now and then will not make an athlete. Our men must do as track athletes do in other colleges, train incessantly and faithfully or we can never be successful. The work of Johnson and particularly of Wiggin in the last meet substantiate the foregoing remarks.

To be sure our gym. facilities are not what the athletes of other colleges enjoy, but more than facilities, money, etc., are men with the right spirit. If every man in Bates had the spirit of Captain Allan we could win first place.

Now next year, as experts figure, Bates has a fighting chance for first place. But it is only a fighting chance, and
first, second or even third place will not come to us unless there is a concerted effort which must begin now. Every man who has any ability at all should begin immediately to lay his plans for that meet next year. He should train up to the end of this year. During the summer his thought should be of that meet next May, which as everybody knows, is to be on our own field. When he returns in the fall, that meet with his own events should be large on his horizon. During the winter his gym. work should be shaped to that end, and then when the spring out-of-door work begins he will not be beginning his work, but rather finishing up a long course of training. Such a course as this calls for sand but it is necessary.

If a man goes down to defeat after such a system of training, the fault will not lie with the man. If the twenty-four men who entered the meet at Orono, with as many more as possible would enter upon such a course our chances next year would be better than good. In order to win that meet we must think track, talk track and dream track for the next twelve months. If we do this the outcome will be at least debatable. We shall not be snowed under. We have the material, do we lack the spirit? Do we?

ALPHA.

ALUMNI

WILLIAM BRYANT SMALL, A.M., M.D.

D R. W. B. SMALL, the older son of Addison and Florence Sabrina (Wilder) Small, was born at Manchester, Maine, September 21, 1863. He fitted for college at the Lewiston High School and in 1885 graduated from Bates, the Alma Mater also of his father, his only brother, and his wife. He then studied at the Maine Medical School and Bellevue Hospital Medical College, and from 1888-90 was in Randall's Island Hospital, N. Y. In 1890 he opened practice in Lewiston as physician and surgeon and continued in this practice until his death last April.
The only remaining members of his family are his mother, wife, and little son and daughter. His father and brother died a few years ago and he like them, was called to leave this world, while it still held great possibilities of growth and service.

Half a dozen lines may sum up the outward events of a man's life. But the work of such a man as Dr. Small cannot be measured. Successful in every sense of the word, the place that he held in the hearts of the people of Lewiston was evidenced by their presence at his funeral and their tributes of love and sorrow. Some of the words of Professor Anthony, given at his funeral, may indicate the breadth and depth of his life:

"The stalwart form, now silent before us, has in a quiet, way been in and out ministering to a large portion of our community. To him sometimes the secrets of sin, showing dire effects in the body, have been revealed; sometimes hereditary taints, come through generations past, through father and son, have been made known. Trusted, and worthy of trust, he has taken these confidences and carried them, often, I doubt not, as a burden upon his own heart, borne for those to whom he ministered.

"And when the physician, possessed himself of a Christian faith and a larger look than to the mere physical and material body, speaks words of hope and cheer, words relating to the life beyond, his ministry partakes of the character of those to whom in sacred oracles God has from the first entrusted holy orders and services. Dr. Small has been ministering in these ways.

"As I was speaking yesterday with a student in our divinity school, a little revelation of generosity and ambition came freshly to me, which may be duplicated I know not in how many cases. For years past our physician, silent here now, has been called, as need arose, to treat the students of the divinity school, until, because of his generosity, they almost hesitated to call him again. As the young men have asked for his bill or have proffered money, he has refused compensation, and said, "When you are serving others in preaching the Gospel, count it sometimes
that you are doing a little for me." And so his ambition even outran his own personal opportunities to do good and minister to men.

He has been a promoter of our hospital, a member of its medical and surgical staff, devoted to its welfare and giving freely of his time and pains for its efficiency. He has been a member of the O. A. Horr Medical Association and for a time its president, in its meetings contributing by papers and discussion to the ends for which it exists, the improvement of the profession. He has been active in the meetings of the Androscoggin Medical Association, there also ready to give of himself unto the deliberations, the discussions, the presentation of papers for the good of the formal Association. In the Maine Medical Association to scarcely a less degree has he without stint devoted his talent of reading, of study and elucidation of new methods, new discoveries and all the ways and means by which every professional man, in order to keep alive in his art, must keep ever actively growing. To the Maine Academy of Medicine and Science Dr. Small gave largely and generously of his time and thought. Few members of that academy living at a distance from the place of meeting were so regular in attendance as he. For two years he served as its president, with special responsibilities for its welfare then upon him. And here, as elsewhere, whether in office or out, he was one of the readiest and most fertile members for papers and discussions, contributing largely to the general good.

In his professional studies Dr. Small was a vital, growing man. A copious stream of literature came to his desk, and, despite the exactions of a large practice, he made time to master the contents of books and periodicals pertaining to his art. From this reading and study he made his gifts to his brethren of the profession. I venture to say that rarely has a man more frequently used voice and pen for the general good of his fellow-practitioners during the years of his active service. He has ministered largely.

"He is dead; and yet, he is not dead. There are some who themselves are living because he lived and served them. Does he not live, in a way, in such? His patience,
his skill, his art have been wrought into others. He has given himself, as does every true servant of men, unto others, has made vicarious sacrifices; and for others and in others, though dead, yet still lives. While then his body goes now from us, he in his influence and his skill may still remain with us."

The nominees for the Board of Overseers of the college for 1906 are F. E. Emrich, '76; Scott Wilson, '92; S. H. Woodrow, '88; John C. Perkins, '82, and C. J. Emerson, '89.

'68.—President Chase gave an interesting account of his trip to California in 1904, at the last meeting of the Round Table.

'68.—G. C. Emery, principal of the Harvard School for boys at Los Angeles, Cal., is erecting a large, new school building, costing $60,000. This is the fifth year of the school which is the largest private secondary school in California.


'70.—At the graduating exercises of Monmouth Academy, Professor Jordan addressed the graduates and presented them with diplomas.

'72.—After May 8, 1905, the address of George H. Stockbridge will be 111 Broadway, New York.

'72.—J. A. Jones is a member of the Board of Directors of the Lewiston Board of Trade.

'74.—F. P. Moulton is at the head of the Latin Department of the Hartford High School, Hartford, Connecticut.

'75.—Dr. A. T. Salley has had published by request, the sermon delivered before the High Street Congregational Church.

'75.—Hon. A. M. Spear, who has been presiding over the session of Supreme Court in Auburn, is a maker of violins and he also possesses one of the most valuable violin collections in New England.

'76.—D. J. Callahan is first vice-president of the Lewiston Board of Trade.

'77.—Hon. H. W. Oakes gave a paper at the meeting of the Bates Round Table, held April 21st, the subject of
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which was "The Proceedings of the Maine Legislature for 1904 and 1905."

'79.—Hon. W. E. Ranger has resigned his position as State Superintendent of Education in Vermont and accepted the place of Commissioner of Public Schools in Rhode Island, with a salary of $3,000. Mr. Ranger is a member of the American Historical Association, the American Academy of Political and Social Science. He is a director of the National Educational Association and an officer of the American Institute of Instruction. He is deacon of the Bethany Congregational church, Montpelier, Vt., and also Superintendent of the Sunday School. Mr. Ranger has presented another set of books to Coram Library.

'80.—Hon. W. H. Judkins gave a very interesting account of his trip to the World's Fair, before a recent meeting of the Bates Round Table.

'82.—Rev. O. H. Tracy has moved to Colorado for his health.

'83.—J. L. Reed is treasurer of the Lewiston Board of Trade.

'86.—Prof. W. H. Hartshorn delivered two lectures recently, one before the Literary Guild, the subject of which was "Literary Boston," another before the Maine State Literary Association at Damariscotta.

'86.—Prof. J. W. Goff, who has been for sixteen years at the head of the English Department of the State Normal School, South Dakota, is at the head of the thirty-second degree of Masons in the Consistory at Yankton, South Dakota.

'86.—Dr. H. S. Sleeper is a member of the Board of Health in Lewiston.

'87.—Dr. E. K. Sprague is surgeon of the U. S. hospital ship at New York City.

'88.—W. L. Powers is to give a lecture on Ornithology, before the teachers of Rumford Falls.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow has been preaching in a series of revival meetings in Providence under the direction of Dr. Dawson.

'91.—Mrs. I. N. Cox, formerly of Auburn, now of Manchester, N. H., is president of the Woman's College Club of Manchester.

'93.—Miss Mary Josephine Hodgdon was married to Lieutenant Harry R. King at Nashua, N. H., April 4, 1905. Lieutenant and Mrs. King gave an "at home," April 20,
and they left Nashua early in May for a journey across the continent, sailing for Manila about June 1.

'96.—Horace S. Peacock has been very sick at his home, in Gardiner, Maine.

'98.—W. S. Parsons is starting a recreation camp for boys in the Dead River region, Maine.

'99.—Miss Edith H. Hayes, '99 and Alton C. Wheeler, Esq., '99, were married in Auburn, April 18, 1905. Mr. Wheeler is practicing law in So. Paris with the firm of Wright & Wheeler.

'00.—D. L. Richardson has received the appointment of resident physician in the Rhode Island General Hospital at Providence.

'00.—Pearl M. Small, who has been teaching for three years at the High School in Hollister, California, will visit Maine this summer and be present at the Bates commencement.

'00.—The marriage of Dr. Hermann Kotzschmar Tibbits of Limerick and Miss Floe L. Getchell occurred March 29, 1905, at the Williston Street Church, Portland.

'00.—A. G. Catheron has just been admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. He will graduate in June from the Harvard Law School, and will enter the law firm of Boyden & Saltonstall in Boston.

'01.—Leo C. Demack is organist at St. Peter's Church, Beverly, Massachusetts.

'01.—Miss Hicks is teaching in the Beverly High School.

'02.—L. W. Blanchard is practising law at Rumford Falls.

'02.—Ivan E. Lang has been appointed Deputy Commissioner of Insurance, with headquarters at State House, Augusta, Maine, with a salary of $1,200.

'03.—James E. Pray has been in the employ of the Somerset R. R. as engineer for the past year, and is under contract for two years more, at a good salary. He is at work upon the contemplated extension of road from Bingham to the Canadian Pacific.

'04.—Miss Lynne Space is teaching in Keuka College, Keuka, New York.

'04.—Miss Louise Barker, who has been teaching in Beverly High School is very ill with typhoid fever.

'04.—Miss Florence Hodgdon is substituting in Miss Barker's place and is succeeding very well.
FROM OTHER COLLEGES

A branch college has recently been established by Yale in the Province of Hunon in China.

At the University of Pennsylvania every student is required to learn to swim.

Cornell has recently received $250,000 to improve its agricultural department.

"Bothsides" gives this account of the triangular scheme of debates which is being tried this year by Columbia, Cornell and Pennsylvania. Each university debates with each of the others, all three debates being held upon the same night and upon the same question, each university putting into the field an affirmative and a negative team. The home team in each case maintains the affirmative. As each college must support both sides, the subject chosen will probably be an excellent choice and the wording will also be fair and clear.

The University of Cincinnati is planning to make all students wear caps and gowns on the campus.

A new world's record for 50-yard hurdles has been established by Marc Catlin of the University of Chicago. The time was six and four-fifths seconds.

Norman Dole, '05, of Leland Stanford University, has been notified that his pole vault of 12 feet, 1.32 inches has been recognized as the world's record.

The residence of the late Mrs. Jane Stanford has been bequeathed to the university. The house with its grounds and contents is valued at $2,300,000.

Andrew Carnegie has announced a gift of $10,000,000 for the benefit of aged teachers. The benefits derived are to aid retired teachers of universities, colleges and technical schools, in our country, Canada and Newfoundland. The board of directors will be composed chiefly of college presidents who will have complete charge of the distribution of this money. Strictly sectarian and state institutions only are excluded. Says Mr. Carnegie, "I hope this fund may do much for the cause of higher education and remove a source of deep and constant anxiety to the poorest paid and yet one of the highest of all professions." This fund makes a total of $116,099,613 that Mr. Carnegie has given away in this country and in Europe.

Dartmouth now offers a course in the Japanese language.

The University Library at Ithaca, N. Y., received a valuable collection of letters and correspondence of the late Bayard Taylor, as a donation from Mrs. Taylor, with a promise of his Faust collection later.
The faculty of Illinois are planning to give the editor of the college paper four hours and his assistants three hours' credit of university work.

Pictures of the Maine team which will debate Bates, are in the Maine Campus for April 15.

Doctor F. W. Hamilton is temporary president of Tufts. C. E. Patch, the strongest pitcher on the Tufts team, has left college on account of low grade scholarship.

Chapel at Colby has been changed from nine to twelve o'clock.

Doctor Warren, professor of mathematics at Colby College from 1875 to 1903, died recently at his home in Littleton, Mass. He has the esteem and affection of all Colby, and was known as the "Freshman's Friend."

THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

Long did I bear the pilgrim staff,
Long did I seek the whole world o'er;
Wand'ring alone till heart was sore,—
My search was vain.—I found not Love.

Homeward I turned with weary feet,
My mother met me at the door;
She smiled upon me, and no more,—
And then I knew,—I had found Love.

M. M. M. in the Tuftonian.

THE LORELEI.

[From the German.]

A sadness lingers with me,
Just why, I do not know,
And through my mind there wanders
A tale of long ago.

The Rhine is calm and listless
In the dim, cool twilight haze.
And yonder mountain summits
Gleam with the sun's last rays.

And seated on the highest
Is a maiden wondrous fair,
Who, glittering with jewels,
Combs out her golden hair.

A golden comb she uses,
And meanwhile a strange, sweet song
Rings out o'er the silent water
By the echoes borne along.

When the sailors in their vessels,
Hear this maid with golden locks,
They forget, in eager listening,—
To avoid the threatening rocks.
THE STUDENT

Thus the ship and sailors vanish,
'Neath the waves, and still along
In the same alluring rhythm,
Flows the Lorelei's strange song.
L. E. L., '05, in Phi-Rhonian, Bath, Me.

HOPE.

The buds of hope on each live tree,
And in each stream a hopeful song,
Which told that earth would soon be free
From bondage of a winter long;
The early flower, a cheery note,
Foretold the wondrous triumph, Spring;
As if the great Creator wrote
That bright word, hope, in everything.

Before the springtime of Success
There comes a time of deepest gloom;
But in the midst of your distress
Let brightest hope within you bloom
Like some sweet flower that speaks of Spring,
Of heav'nly peace and rarest joys,
Or like a bird that dares to sing
With hope no chilling wind destroys.
J. H. McFarlane, ’07, in Buff and Blue, Gallaudet College.

BOOK NOTICES


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