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FAITH

Glorious the sunlight o'er the bright day trailing  
From Heaven's blue walls.
Now the last beam in the Western sky is paling,  
Now the dim clouds o'er night's vast realm are sailing,  
And like a shroud our hopes and pleasures veiling,  
The darkness falls.

Gloomy the night through which we restless waited  
With nameless fears;
Now pales the east the mountain tops revealing,  
Now the soft breeze with whispering voice comes stealing  
And like the voice of hope to anxious hearts appealing,  
The morn appears.

Not all the shade athwart my pathway lying  
Can faith destroy;
Tho' in the gloom I hear the glad song dying,  
Tho' thro' the light the voice of sadness crying,  
They come alike to God's command replying,  
Sorrow and joy.

REDEEMED

Als ob ich die Hände  
Auf's Haupt dir' legen sollt,'  
Betend

THE words came sweetly, plaintively thro' the partly opened, lace-draped window, and accompanying the gentle, sympathetic tones was the melody of a guitar. It was an evening in early summer and out upon the cool evening air again stole the sweet, girlish voice.
Strolling along, slowly, almost aimlessly, yet more or less thoughtfully, came a tall, handsome looking fellow of twenty-one. Forgetful of his surroundings, with hands in his pockets and head slightly bent forward, he walked on; far away from the stone mansions by his side, lit only by a beacon light at each entrance, far away from the empty sounding rattling of the electric cars, far away from the proud street he was pacing so pensively, were the thoughts of the young man.

An automobile shooed swiftly by and in fancy he was once again in his own home, his home from which he had been asked to go. For the first time since it happened he saw again the scene with the eye of an onlooker.

The long, narrow library is dimly lighted at the farther corner, but at the nearer end are seated near the piano two men; the one, gray-haired; the other, in the prime of manhood; the elder, a physician and surgeon on the highest plane of his profession; the younger, a boy of talents, of accomplishments, of genius,—of genius, I say—a heart-breaking disappointment.

"I wish, my son, that you pleased me in other things as much as you do your mother in that," and the gray eyes of the man wandered over the face of the boy as he slowly turned from the Steinway on which he was playing.

"Why, good evening, father. I did not hear you coming in. How is mother?"

"No better, and thank God, no worse. This despondency is wholly discouraging, her mind is upset and worried. It is needless to say," passing his hand wearily over his forehead and eyes, "what the course may be—is."

The young man slowly rose from his chair and sauntered around the room silently, while the older man sat leaning his head heavily upon his hand, buried in painful thought. In the solitude of the room he bowed slowly over the table. His pale features gradually became flushed and gathering together his strength, with an effort he turned toward his son.

"Edward, I can endure it no longer. I wonder you do not appreciate your position. Your mother is daily growing weaker from no apparent cause, but what is gnawing her heart is your conduct. She hoped, and planned, and lived for you. You were her greatest joy. You are the same now to her. But she, with her delicate, sensitive system, is being torn on the rack by the turn your nature is taking. Silently and prayerfully she has been fighting this illness but it is telling on her, her strength is tailing. She
THE STUDENT

is losing steadily. You, our son, you whom I had hoped would help me on, work with me, advise me, and fill my place eventually—that, my cherished hope, I gave up for your pleasure. Law has more attraction for you than medicine. I do not complain. What can't you do if you but lay your hands on it? Heaven knows how often we have gloated over that very thing and now all the more harshly comes retribution. God is punishing us for our almost adoration. But what does it all amount to?—Honors, scholarship are chaff. You to whom I would refuse nothing, who could go, do, as you pleased, have everything a father could give a son, to whom the lists of honors and attainments stand open, to whom all doors are open, for whom the road to glory is paved already with birth, culture, education, social position,—mind your father did not have all that—you choose the other path, and are now a—a professional—gambler.”

The old man while speaking had risen from his chair, and as he forced out the last words, shaking with passion, he sank, aged by ten years it seemed, back into his chair. The young man quietly rose and left the room. For an instant at the door the open, boyish face turned backward and in that second as the contrast between the proud, dignified physician and the crushed and disappointed father smote him, his lips formed the one word, “Father.”

That was some time ago. Night after night had he played since then; winning, ever winning, playing simply for the pleasure, willing and winning. Wild reckless faces, as young as his own, sat opposite him and, with a don’t-care-laugh, left with their pockets empty; haggard-faced men looked pitifully at him from the other side of the table as their money slowly slipped through their fingers and they left, still more in debt than ever; swindlers, joking and self-confident and winning while he chose to let their spirits rise, stared in consternation as with a smile the tables were suddenly turned and he carelessly drew the pile toward himself.

To-night the rooms seemed hot, the sparkling brilliancy of the crystal chandelier dazzled his eyes. He did not want to play. A sort of pity for those who tried so hard to win and risked and lost again seemed to touch him. The heart-breaking despair of a wrinkled old man had aroused in him a feeling of compassion, his nobler instincts stirred within him—but the fascination, the incomprehensible delight of shuffling, cutting, dealing; the flashing, forming, fitting of ideas; the play, and the same thing over again. The money
THE STUDENT

—bah!—to use it would choke him. 'Twas no allurement at all. The mad infatuation to play, play, play consumed him. Never in his life had he to restrain a desire. Now he did not think of it.

"Betend dasz Gott dich erlialte."

The quick ear caught the words. What fleeting fancy. What forgotten incident, did those words awaken? He looked up, riveted to the spot by the workings of his brain. The magnificence of the room into which he stared dazed him. Instead of the charming girlish face with just a fleeting expression of sadness, of sweet, endearing entreaty, enhanced by a crowning glory of fluffy, wavy golden hair which sparkled in the light as she moved, like finely drawn gold,—instead of this life-like vision before him, he saw back through the years gone before. The prayer the girl sang had gone to his heart where in the depth of his memory there was stored away a remembrance which now brought to mind seemed one of the most vivid of his life. He was a wee bit of a shaver standing by his mother's side, his beautiful mother, with her sparkling eyes and her pretty teeth with just a speck of gold to be seen when she laughed—oh, how he loved to look at her—and as he was rubbing his hands over her velvet gown and watching her fingers dancing over the keys, her song suddenly stopped, and he looked up at her; consternation filled his tiny heart, his mother was crying. The incident, long forgotten, now with its full significance dawned upon him, the words then meaningless to him, now stood forth with amazing clearness. Many a time and often had he sung those words himself and with others, but never before had they recalled to him the scene above.

Giving his hat a jerk he strode on. The battle was on. Disgust at himself filled him. His own persistence dismayed him. Horror of his crimes terrified him. The veil was withdrawn from his eyes and he saw himself in his true light. He felt the bitterness and truth of his father's words. Anger made his blood boil; his features were set rigidly; he walked on, on, anywhere to calm himself. He turned the corner sharply. The lights on Charles River Bridge lure him on. The thought that the water would soothe his spirits hastened his steps. Rapidly, determinedly almost to Cambridge he walked. At last, he stopped. He looked down into the deep, gliding water. A father's face stared at him from its depths. The smooth surface of the water seemed like his mother's dress of that evening of long ago;
a golden-haired girl smiled at him from the dancing lights across the river. His mother's pale face looked at him lovingly out of the darkness. His fingers closed tightly about something in his pocket. Unconsciously his thumb and finger ran over the edge of the cards and he heard the chirr-r-r as they fell into place again. The sharp edges which before he handled with such delight now seemed to cut his fingers. A shiver went through him as they brought back to him the thoughts of his blindness. No, he would not throw them away. He would carry them every day, would torture himself with feeling them, would punish himself by their very proximity. Tame punishment! Then suddenly came the thought, could he resist when that consuming desire to play seized him. Once again with the anger with which the holy man of old cast out devils, he gripped the pack to hurl it to a watery grave. But no. He scorned the thoughts of his own weakness. The resolve to tempt himself took possession of him. "I will carry those cards. I will haunt the old places. I will watch others play, and I will not play." Only the river heard the spoken resolve and it carried its secret on to the ocean. A whiff of salt air blew up the river. He threw back his shoulders, and breathed deeply of the cool, salty breeze.

Edward Coville was a new man.

Would you know the rest? Then come to the dimly lighted library once more. Stand there in the shadow of the portière.

The doctor and his wife are sitting at the table—an expression of supreme happiness on each face.

"Well, mother," and the doctor's eyes twinkle as he looks at his wife, who smiles at a paper in her hand. "The younger Mrs. Alice with her sunny hair was not more lovely than was her senior on that morning of a quarter of a century ago."

She smiled and smoothed the edges of the paper that she had read over and over again to make seem more real the ceremony of a week ago when the air was laden with the fragrance of orange blossoms.

"Read it again, mother."

"Just a part, this time," and as she spoke the doctor closed his eyes and looked backwards.

"The event of the week in social circles was the Coville-Carney nuptials, which were solemnized yesterday at high noon under the happiest auspices.

"The bride, Miss Alice Louise Carney, is the daughter
THE STUDENT

of Mr. F. B. Carney, president of the Standard Rubber Company. The bridegroom, Mr. Warren May Coville, is the junior partner in the law firm of Batchelder, Coville & Co. of this city. Mr. Coville, it will be remembered, is the lawyer who achieved such brilliant success and displayed such able power in handling the recent case of the 'State War Indemnity Claims of ——.'

"At the close of the ceremony, which was most impressive, as the bridal party was coming up the aisle, there was sung according to the wishes of the bridegroom, the little German song, Du bist wie eine Blume.'"

Anna F. Walsh.

THE SQUAW'S DREAM

In the tent of old Waumsaga,
He, the chief of redmen's chieftains,
Sat his squaw in meditation,
Mourning for her lot and troubles.
She was old and worn and tired.
Big chief's work she'd long been doing,
Long had tended game and fireside,
Long his skins had sown and mended.
Oft-times tried out fat and fish oil,
Oft-times carried home the reindeer
From the place where he had shot it,
Many miles away, far distant;
Never once complaining to him
That her back was nearly broken,
For her mind was sleeping heavy.
That her arms fell down beside her.
Brightly gleamed the golden embers,
Darkly shone her eyes with sorrow.
And the twilight gathering slowly,
Made the scene seem weird and ghostly.
There she sat in silent waiting,
Wondering what could keep her master,
Till her lids were closed in slumber,
And her weary head fell over.
Sharply blew the wind around her,
Low the hount was madly growling,
But she knew not of their music,
For her mind was sleeping heavy.
She was dreaming of the pale-face,
Of the shy and pretty maiden
That had lost her way at midnight,
And had craved her kind assistance.
And the noble-born young chieftain
Who had waited on her ever,
Who had smoothed her hair so careful
When her brow was hot with fever.
How she longed to be a paleface!
How she longed to be a lady,
To have riches all about her,
To have servants at her bidding,
Scarcely had the wish been thought of
When she saw a spacious parlor,
Saw herself a noble lady,
Saw her lords all kneeling to her.
'Twas a home like that of Whimple
In the settlement of the whiteface.
She was mistress and wore satins
Such as Lady Whimple used to.
Long she thought the time's duration
Many years seemed to pass o'er her;
Nothing bothered, nothing hindered,
And no work was set before her.
Till, at last, she longed for chieftain,
Longed to see him slay the reindeer,
Longed to carry on her shoulders
All his game and booty plundered.
But she ne'er could see the wigwam
Where her childish steps had lingered;
Ne'er could go back to the red men,
Always, now, must be a lady.
Up she sprang from her deep slumber,
Muttering as she stirred the fire
"Better far to wear out toiling,
Than to rust out being idle."

M. B. K., '07.

AUNT JANE

The winter wind coldly blowing around the corners of
the old house and barn, makes the fire seem warmer
and brighter. Another stick is added. How dark it is out-
side! A half-dozen stars peep in at the curtainless win-
dow, as if they, too, would like the company of the flicker-
ing light and the comfort of the heat that comes from the
old fire-place. A stick breaks. The old log rolls down,
snapping and sending up flames with renewed vigor, so that
for a moment the light fills the room. The old cat, comfortably curled up before the fire, stirs. Tenderly, just as though it were a child, Aunt Jane takes her pet into her lap and feels the comfort of the affection from this dumb creature, as she hears the gentle purring.

Across the rooms stands the table, dimly lighted by an occasional gleam from the fire. One plate, one knife, one cup,—there, on the old red cloth, they tell the story of Aunt Jane's lonely life. The old clock in the corner offers what friendliness it can, but no voice, other than that of Aunt Jane, has broken the quiet of that room for many days, and the door, safely locked and well-chinked, hints that there is but little connection between the outside world and this lonely creature.

Quietly she rocks. Now she is musing until with a loving caress along the old cat's back she bursts the spell that makes her old and alone, while she lives again the life of her youth. Again she grows older year by year and half-murmurs, as she thinks,—

"I was only a girl,—young,—very young. We were all so happy in our home, father and mother with all those eight boys and me, their only daughter. Oh, they were splendid days!—till father died."

The memory is real. A dry, hard hand brushes away a tear from the cheek. Even unconsciously she adds a stick to the fire and resumes her musing.

"John, the oldest, took the farm and the boys prospered. Sam went to California. One by one the others left home and left only Robert, the youngest boy. Again we were happy, for Robert and I were everywhere together. But mother was sick and they told me she could not live. I couldn't bear it. I prayed God to just give me her life, and when He did, I struggled for twenty long years for mother. Only the life had been spared. The mind and strength had gone leaving her helpless. But I worked,—Oh, how I worked for my mother! At last she died. John took the farm and allowed me a mere pittance for my years of labor in our home. I left,—Robert and I went together, and when, a month later, he, too, went to the West, he left me alone, friendless. For three years the letters were regular. Then there was a long silence, until one day a brief note told me my brother had gone from earth. I didn't cry. I just felt heart-sick. Pussy, this old heart of mine dried up and broke."

A low sob shows that the heart-strings are touched again. "Now I am alone with nobody to care for me. Boys mock me. People have trod on me."
THE STUDENT

The face grows hard. A thin hand reaches out and a low, tremulous voice reads from the book, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

The winter wind blows its blast outside. The fire, with a last faint flicker, goes out. The rising sun finds Aunt Jane still in the old arm chair, her head comfortable on the back of the chair, an open book in her lap. But her eyes are looking up, and the smile on her countenance suggests that she sees beauties not earthly. The noonday sun finds her the same, with the word "Robert" on her lips.

WHITE'S LUCK

GREGG chewed at his penstock savagely. It was hard luck. Here they had been working like slaves for months to get things well under way, and come to a place where they could feel sure of their ground, and now this was the result.

He brought his chair to the floor with a bang, which startled the sleepy office boy in the corridor, who poked his head in cautiously and asked if he was wanted.

"No, you young brat," replied Gregg fiercely; "get out and go home. I shan't want you again to-day."

The boy obeyed with alacrity, and Gregg continued chewing his penstock. This was a habit he had when he was angry and worried, and which those who knew him took as a sign not to ask any favors of him at that particular time.

"Confounded strange," ruminated he with a look of impatience on his face. "Confounded strange where White is. He went over a good two hours ago to see what he could do about that affair with old Graham. He should have been back long ago."

Here a quick step was heard in the corridor, and the door burst open to admit a man of the most sunny aspect imaginable. He was short and stout and had a round, rubicund face, all smiles, and eyes which were running over with merriment. His whole personality radiated sunshine and good cheer, and betokened a man of the most pronounced optimism.

"Well, you're back, are you?" growled the man at the desk. "I should think it was about time."

"Back? Why, did you ever know me to be anything else than prompt?" inquired the other, in a tone of the greatest good humor.
"What luck?" asked the other impatiently. "I suppose you realize that we have only about thirty-six hours to close the deal, and make or lose a fortune? The firm of Gregg and White is in a corner. Only careful management and quick work can save us from making a gigantic loss, and enable us to keep our standing in the business world. I should think that it was time for you to put off your boy's ways and get down to business."

The junior partner made no reply. During the other's outburst he had seated himself at his desk, and was busy sorting a bunch of papers which he had drawn from his pocket.

"Here," he remarked presently, "is a statement of our assets and liabilities, and on this other paper is a list of securities which we can dispose of at almost a moment's notice, to raise funds to tide us over our present difficulties. Mind, I do not believe that this is the best thing to do, but still it can be done in an emergency. I have been to see old Graham about that option which we got from him, and which expires in three days, to see if we could get it extended a week or so. He is obdurate. Said flat no. Claims he has a chance to dispose of the property at a good figure just as soon as the option has expired. This is our greatest difficulty. The profit on that sale would be enough to settle all our obligations, and leave us a little something besides. I have a purchaser in view, but he is one of those who never can see a good bargain until it is too late. It's a good thing for him, but he can't see it. I have been to see him this morning, but he hasn't made up his mind. But then, what's the use of getting in a blue funk over a thing like that? Lots of worse things might happen."

The other snorted impatiently. "What's the use?" he echoed disdainfully. "You are certainly the worst. Nothing ever worries you. You never take any notice of a difficulty until it is right onto you. I tell you that we are in a hole. We have got to do something heroic to get clear from it."

"Well, old man, get out and hustle," returned the other quietly. "Don't sit complaining all the time. Purchasers don't come around begging for a chance to invest $500,000 in real estate, even in this enlightened city, unless they are pretty sure that it is worth half as much again. I have done some prospecting for a buyer; suppose you try now."

The senior partner made no response, but presently took his hat and left the office angrily.
Scarcely had the door closed behind him when his partner's face broke out into a pleasant smile.

"The same old Gregg," he muttered to himself. "So easily worked up if things don't go just as he wants them to. Just the same in college. Always borrowing trouble. Well, it's fortunate that he has yours truly with him to keep him from exploding altogether; though I do wish he would get over this particular attack about now. I need his help," and he shook his head slowly.

Just here the telephone bell rang, and he stepped to answer it.

"Mr. Gregg? No; he just left the office. I don't know when he will be back. Any message I can give him? Good-bye."

"I half thought that might be some one who wanted to talk real estate," he remarked. "Well, as I said, not many men come around asking for a chance to invest as large a sum as that."

He resumed his place at the desk, and for a time only the scratch of his pen was audible. The ticking of the office clock could be heard at intervals, and occasionally the sound of a heavy dray would break in upon the stillness.

"There," he ejaculated finally, "that is a statement of our pressing needs for a day or two, and we have enough ready money on deposit to meet those promptly. It is what is coming due in about a week that is the difficulty, about $30,000 to be paid next Friday, and no money to pay it with. I don't know as I blame Gregg any."

Buz-z-z-z Buz-z-z-z went the 'phone again. White stepped over to it, placed the receiver to his ear and said, "Hello!"

"Hello!" came back the voice. "Is this the real estate office of Gregg & White?"

"Yes."

"Is Mr. Gregg there?"

"No."

"When will he be in?"

"I couldn't say."

"Who is this speaking?"

"This is Mr. White."

"Well, are you authorized to receive offers for the piece of property on Beacon street, owned by Mr. J. W. Graham, and on which you have an option?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I am at the Lexington Hotel, and should be pleased to have a talk with you in regard to the matter. When can you meet me here?"

"In an hour."
"Very well; I will wait for you."

White hung up the receiver, and his hand trembled visibly.

Could it be possible that some one was really going to make an unsolicited offer for the property? He hardly dared think so.

However, he quickly changed his coat, and endeavored to make himself a little more presentable, and fared forth to meet whoever it might be who wanted to purchase the property which he had to sell.

Arrived in front of the Lexington, he entered the office and asked the clerk to notify Mr. Phillips that he had come to keep his appointment. The clerk dispatched a bell boy to the guest's room, and he brought back word that Mr. Phillips would receive Mr. White in his room.

White followed the boy into the elevator and along the corridor of the third floor to the room which he sought. A knock, and the door was opened by a very pleasant-faced old man, with huge gold-bowed spectacles, and hair which hung to his shoulders.

"Mr. White?" he asked in a pleasant voice.

"Yes," replied White.

"Come in, and we will get about the matter of the piece of property promptly. I suppose you are a very busy man?" ventured the old gentleman. "Most men in your line of business are, especially in a city the size of this."

"Yes," replied Mr. White. "My partner and myself generally find enough to keep us out of idleness."

He seated himself in the large chair which the old gentleman wheeled in front of the fire (for the day was very chilly) and waited for the other to introduce the topic which had brought them together.

The old man began directly.

"I am new to this city, and to this section of the country, and have many questions which I would like to ask. But I will forego that, and talk simply of our business, to save your time.

"First, I will say that I am not very thoroughly posted on the value of real estate here, and I suppose I am unwise to attempt to make any investments until I have made more inquiries. However, I am going to take chances. I am personally acquainted with old Mr. Graham who owns the property which you are endeavoring to sell, and I can't say that I have any overweening regard for him. He is very close in money matters, and is not at all averse to taking an unfair advantage of any one who may come in his way."
"I heard rather by chance that you had an option on this property, and that the option expired in a few days. I knew likewise that Mr. Graham had a purchaser in view, and was only waiting for the option to expire before selling.

"Now you ask why I came directly to you to trade. Without having any idea what price either of you asked, I can simply say that I knew you to be at least as honorable in your business affairs as Mr. Graham, and knowing that you were young men, to whom such a trade does not come often, probably, I decided to talk with you.

"Since speaking with you over the wire, I have called up Mr. Graham, and found out his price. Now it remains to find out yours, and we can soon tell whether a trade between us is impossible."

White was silent for a while. He was busy thinking. All sorts of difficulties were presenting themselves to him. To begin with, he did not know what price old Graham had put upon the property to this new prospective purchaser. Perhaps he had put the price right down to, or even below, the figure at which the partners had an option on it, for he knew that they had no purchaser as yet, and a chance to disappoint them at the last moment was too good to lose. In this case, a sale would, of course, mean only a loss to them, and they would better let the option expire. If, on the contrary, he had been rash enough to keep to his price (which they knew to be far in excess of that which they asked for the property) they were all safe. The sale meant so much to them just then, and the old gentleman seemed so fully decided to buy, that the case was tantalizing. These thoughts flashed through White's head in a few seconds, but he hesitated as long as he dared before he replied. Even then he weighed his words carefully.

"My partner and myself are ready to sell the property in question, and feel that we have put the price down as low as we feel that we ought. You are aware, no doubt, that the proposed new subway, which will be begun shortly, has raised the price of real estate in that vicinity nearly 30 per cent. The property is in excellent repair, and could not be rebuilt to-day for less than $600,000. We are making the price very moderate, because we have so much business on hand (White lied glibly) that we wish to dispose of several parcels which have been on our books longest to enable us to give more time to other matters." White controlled himself with an effort. "Anyone who will pay us $500,000 for the property in cash within three days, gets the property." Well, it was done, be the results what they might.
The old gentleman surveyed him gravely through his glasses, then reached out and took a sip from the glass which stood on the table at his elbow.

“That is a large sum,” he remarked slowly. “But I guess it is well worth it. You see, I have been in town several days, and have been looking over several properties which I thought of buying, this among others, and am very sure it is well worth the price you name.” The old man continued, while White listened eagerly. “Mr. Graham wanted $700,000 for the property, but I could not afford to pay that. He insists that it is worth every cent of it, but I am doubtful.”

White began to breathe easier. He surmised that the bargain was as good as made, and felt in consequence an elation of spirit which was pardonable under the circumstances. After all, the bargain was a good one, and nobody need regret having made it. It was profitable for both buyer and seller. What would Gregg say when he heard about it? Well, it would teach him the folly of sitting around grumbling instead of getting out and hustling. It never dawned upon White that it was only by accident that he had made the bargain. Gregg could have as easily done the same, had he only been there to answer the telephone.

This complacent frame of mind was broken in upon by the old gentleman, who suggested that they go to the lawyer’s and draw up the papers. This was soon accomplished and White set out for his office, after having deposited the certified check which the old gentleman gave him in the bank on which it was drawn.

All the way back up town the sky seemed brighter than at any time since he could remember, for he had not only completed the largest sale of any since he had been in business, but he was assured of ready money to meet all obligations, and a good round sum besides. Truly, it was a fortunate day for Gregg when he, White, decided to enter partnership with him. Probably if he had not, Gregg would have been down and out long before. A lucky day surely.

He burst into the office with more than his usual enthusiasm. His partner greeted him with a grin of huge proportions.

“Hurrah!” he yelled. “Saved! Saved! I’ve found a purchaser for the property, and we will complete the deal to-morrow.”

“I guess,” said White quietly, “you had better ring him up and tell him that you can’t keep your agreement. The property is sold.”
CYNTHIA ENTERTAINS

GRANDFAHER'S old clock in the corner of the hall chimed four as Cynthia sank with a sigh into the sleepy-hollow rocker by the window. Her little soft hands looked like two boiled lobsters, and the tips of her fingers resembled beans that had been soaked over night. What a day it had been! First grandmother had been called away by Aunt Polly's sudden illness. Then Ann, the maid, had been stricken with a sudden attack of toothache, and had retired to her room for the day, leaving Cynthia to minister to the needs of six ravenous hay-makers who poured in upon her at noon. These hearty country men had made alarming inroads upon the store of eatables in the house, and, since her course at college had not embraced domestic science, Cynthia decided that she must subsist upon crackers and milk until her grandmother should return or Ann should recover sufficiently to preside in the pantry.

But Cynthia was not of the disposition to grieve long over the destitute state of the larder, nor over the inconsiderate Ann, who had the toothache at inconvenient seasons. She took out her portfolio and settled down to write an amusing account of to-day's experiences to her best friend and confidante, her brother.

"My troubles are over for the day," she wrote at the end of her letter. "In another hour the haymakers will depart, and I shall be left to sup on crackers and milk in unmolested quiet."

But alas! We are all familiar with what Burns says about "the best-laid plans of mice and men." Destruction was approaching Cynthia's plans in the shape of a little black horse and an open buggy just appearing around the curve in the road. Passers-by were rare in this secluded bit of country, and Cynthia glancing out of doors, screwed her face into all sorts of shapes in an effort to discover who the traveler might be.

"Why! It's the little minister!" she confided to her ancestors glaring down upon her from the wall. "He must be going down to visit poor old Mrs. —"

The sentence was never finished. The descendant of the worthy men on the wall jumped from her chair as if she had been stung. Her fountain pen rolled in one direction, her note paper flew in another. A terrible thought had flashed through her brain. The little minister was coming there to tea!
For grandmother, whose soul was running over with kindness, had cherished a warm spot in her heart for this young divine ever since he came to the parish, and gradually it had grown to be a custom for him to visit Eagle's Nest every other Tuesday evening and partake of Mrs. Harrison's dainties. Cynthia thought with horror of the cracker and milk repast she had planned for her evening meal. She had a wild notion of fleeing to the darkest corner of the cellar and remaining there till the Rev. Everett Philbrick should have satisfied himself that no one was at home. But was this the hospitality of the Harrison's? Should she allow this fellow-mortal, who had traveled six weary miles on a hot July day, to go away without refreshment? Great-grandmother Cynthia on the wall seemed fairly to start from her gilded frame at seeing such a thought in the mind of her namesake.

It was a very self-possessed young lady that greeted the little minister at the door and gracefully did the honors of the family. Somehow, the Rev. Everett did not appear displeased that Miss Cynthia was to be his hostess; in fact, he looked remarkably well satisfied with the arrangement. He knew Mrs. Harrison's granddaughter of old, and had long ago decided that she was quite ideal.

He had ample time to reflect on the virtues of this ideal young woman, when she, having explained Ann's disabled condition, had fled to the kitchen to prepare tea. Once within this safe retreat Cynthia sat down upon an inverted peach crate and took an account of stock. Prudence urged her to explain frankly her inexperience to her guest and regale him on cracker and milk with blueberries, but pride forbade. Fudge and rarebit had previously represented her sole accomplishments in the culinary line; she proposed to add to them this very night. Donning Ann's gingham apron and seizing a formidable looking volume marked "Tried Recipes," she plunged into work. Oh! If Ann would only come down stairs for one minute and give directions! But a sonorous breathing from above told that Ann had forgotten her misery in sleep; and to call her, Cynthia decided, would be "heathenish."

In due season a very flushed Cynthia with a dab of flour on her cheek announced that tea was served. She had her misgivings. Were rolls ordinarily as lead, like as these? And that dark cake looked suspiciously like some gingerbread left over from last week. Could she have possibly mistaken that for grandmother's rich spice cake? She felt that her salvation lay in the maple syrup resurrected in an
inspired moment from the preserve shelves in the cellar. The Rev. Everett was particularly fond of this dainty.

The little minister broke open his first roll. A hard, yellow ball met his gaze, but he hastened to cover up this discovery and heroically set his white teeth into the adamant mass. He eyed the maple syrup expectantly.

"I've always been partial to maple syrup, Miss Cynthia," he remarked, smilingly, taking a generous spoonful of the brown liquid. At the same moment, his hostess tasted hers. To her dying day she will never forget the sensations of that moment. What she tasted was grandmother's patent cough syrup!

Grandfather's clock ticked off a full minute before she ventured a glance at her guest. Not the ghost of a smile showed about the firm mouth opposite, but a world of mischief lay in the depths of those blue eyes, and that twinkle was contagious. A moment more, and poor Ann was roused out of her dreams of a toothless existence by the sounds of unsuppressed merriment below.

Regarding the rest of that supper, Cynthia is inclined to be reticent. It is to be supposed that the Rev. Mr. Philbrick partook of no more rolls that night, since he was able to appear before his congregation Sunday morning. And to this day the combination of crackers and milk appears to hold a charm for the little minister—and for Cynthia.

G. E. H., '09.
ONE hot Sunday afternoon last July I eagerly accepted my brother's invitation to go canoeing. I had never been in a canoe before, so it was with an uncertain feeling in the region of my heart that I climbed over the side of the teetering canoe and crawled fearfully to the further end. When Paul shoved off the canoe, I thought surely we were going to tip over, and tightened my grasp on the sides of the canoe; but when we were fairly started and the canoe was gliding swiftly and silently over the rippling, sunlit water, propelled by the long, even strokes of the paddle, I leaned back comfortably among my cushions and wondered how anyone could ever prefer a rattling, lumbering boat to the graceful canoe. Soon we came to a bend in the river and allowed the "Wahnetah" to drift idly along the winding bank, under the shadow of huge willows. I caught sight of something bright and scarlet on the sandy bank, and I nearly tipped us both into the river in my eagerness to reach over and find out what it was. It was a flower with a stem almost a foot long, and on either side of the stem, an inch apart, were long scarlet tubes, spreading out at the tips, edged with a delicate scarlet fringe; inside the tube, like a sentinel, stood a tall gray pistil. It was the cardinal flower. As we floated along we could see the long, slender, spotted pickerel lazily swing his tail back and forth, always on the alert, ready to dart quickly away at our approach; scores of black water-flies were busily tracing circles round and round on the top of the water, while from an overhanging branch a spider was slowly lowering himself to the water.
Then we drifted out into the sunlight again, and being caught in the rapids, we rushed swiftly along until, "swish," we were whirling round and round on a big rock, which was just under the surface of the water. After much tipping and jerking and poking and shoving we managed to float off down stream again. On the bank, almost hidden in the tangle of meadow grass, I found a fragrant white flower, shaped just like a snake's head; Paul told me it was called "dragon's tooth." Then we started back up stream, for the red, burning sun was just setting behind the hills and in the swamps the peep-frogs were beginning their mournful peeps and croaks. So we returned over the rainbow-colored water. The soft shadows of twilight were just gathering in the woods and seemed to close in behind us, so that by the time we reached the landing we were completely enveloped in a gray mantle of dusk. As I jumped nimbly ashore and climbed up the bank, I made a resolution that whenever I wanted to be soothed and put in a peaceful frame of mind I would paddle away my unrest in the dear little "Wahnetah."

D. G. C., '09.

COUNTRY LIFE IN WINTER

"COUNTRY LIFE in the winter must be very delightful! The scenery is so beautiful and the air is so fresh and invigorating!" Whenever people address me thus, I always glance up quickly to see whether they belong to those whose experience consists of three summer months at the shore or among the hills, or to those who have endured country life in winter and are consoling me for my lot. For I am a Bates student living deep in nature's heart and the sorrows of country life are so thickly mingled with the joys that the joys are frequently lost sight of.

One of my pet grievances is the necessity of rising at six when the world is still in darkness and no human being seems to be astir. Woe to me if I take "forty winks" for then it is hurry, scurry, flurry and a hasty departure with breakfast in my hand! At seven I must set out, book-bag on arm. As I reach the top of the hill I am forcibly reminded that it rained in the night by seeing a yellow river in my path. Never mind. Here is an ice hard spot! Slump! I pull myself out, flounder through, and hasten on. Again, another morning I find that a terrific wind has knocked down the telegraph poles and fifty crossed wires
THE STUDENT

bar my way. A passer-by informs me that they are "dead" and I begin to crawl through. Half-way across I am frozen with horror to hear a voice crying "Gal, them wires is dangerous!" and with clutched-up skirts I hasten back, walk a quarter of a mile to avoid the dangers and rush forward. Sometimes everything is a glare of ice and then I sit down very gently and slide in a lady-like manner at short intervals all the way, to the great amusement of some little boys who came to school early on purpose to watch me. More frequently the world is a great, soft, cold featherbed through which I must wade, wallow and wabble my way while gusts of "fresh, invigorating air" bite pieces out of my face and try to send me back from whence I came. Yet I struggle on hastily, fearful of being told to "get up earlier," if I am late.

Here you see, then, my reasons for disliking the country in winter. They are from my own experience which covers a large number of years, and it has many, many scenes like these. Do you wonder at my often wishing to see these people, who exclaim over the beauties of country-life, in some of the trying and ridiculous situations in which I so frequently find myself?

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WINTER

ONCE more the year, in its course, has brought to us the winter season. Nature has thrown off her garment of green, and put on the robe of white. The beauties of summer have passed to the glories of winter; while the sultry heat of June has been transformed into the chilling cold of the late autumn.

The birds, that came from the South six months ago and built their nests to rear their young, have returned to their original homes in warmer lands; while the winged creatures of the North, living in lands of ice and snow are once more making us their annual visit.

The trees, but a short time since clad in the beautiful foliage of summer, to-day stand stripped and bare for cruel winter is at hand.

Such is the change that a few weeks has brought about; but in spite of its cold and storms we enjoy this season, for its skating, and coasting, its parties and receptions, its indoor games and outdoor sports make it a time well to be remembered and long we shall hail with joy the winter.

JOHN S. PENDLETON, '07.
WITH this number the Board of the Class of 1906 retires from its work on the college paper. We have appreciated much the aid received from those who have contributed during the year. When we took up our duties we hoped and planned for the best paper yet published. Some of our plans have succeeded. Yet we have by no means attained our ideal. Therefore, we must give over to the new Board our ideals and plans, and hope they may add even better ones, and be more successful in attaining their aim. We would suggest that the paper be made more representative of the college than ever before, that it be more truly a Bates paper than ever. We tried, especially in the last numbers, to in some degree bring this about. Being handicapped by existing conditions we could not represent the whole college. Yet we hope that the coming years will bring about a change, resulting in a representative paper rather than a class paper. We wish the new Board all of the joys we have had in our work together on the paper, and fewer of the cares that we have experienced.

ATHLETICS

Bates Opposing score. score.

New Hampshire State ..................... 0 0
Hebron ................................. 6 0
Fort McKinley .......................... 22 0
Harvard ................................ 6 34
Amherst Aggies ......................... 16 0
Colby .................................. 28 0
Maine .................................. 0 0
Bowdoin ................................. 0 6

The football season is over. We have lost the game that we wanted most of all to win, but we have secured that
THE STUDENT

which is much more to be desired than victory, a reputation for clean, manly playing—and withal plucky playing. No one who saw the Bates-Bowdoin game could help admiring the pluck and nerve of Captain Kendall; no one could but honor the team as a whole for that last great stand before its goal. In the face of disaster upon disaster the team was game to the end. But more than all else shone the clean, true sportsmanlike spirit of our boys. No one so much as hinted that they were doing dirty work. Of this we are supremely proud. The words of one of our professors are none too strong: "In the annals of football there is no record of a team composed of such clean, manly, noble men as those who made up the Bates’ team for 1905."

Schumacher, '08, has been elected captain of the football team for the coming year. We know the old boy has the spirit, we hope he’ll have the flesh. We of the Class of 1906 are to leave you and take away seven of your players; but do thou remember that,

“Our hopes, our fears, our joys, our tears
Are all with thee, are all with thee.”

Thursday night, November 23, Mr. Libbey of Lewiston gave the football boys a banquet,—yea, a feast—in the gymnasium. After each by severe labor had transformed an aching void into an aching fullness, the tables were removed—there was nothing left of which to clear them—and the students admitted. After a promenade Captain Kendall introduced as toast-master Professor Hartshorn. He at once took the helm and demonstrated not only his ability at the rudder but also his power to make a breeze. Hon. W. H. Judkins and Mr. J. L. Reade spoke for the alumni. Kendall, Conner, Johnson, Redden, Thurston, Mahoney, Jackson, and Phillips, all of the Class of 1906, and Professor Jordan, made short speeches. These speeches were sandwiched with two selections by the Glee Club and with lively introductions by the toast-master,—remarks aglow with startling gleams of wit and overflowing with floods of humor. Captain Shumacher concluded the program with remarks looking to the future. After this the students went their ways, well satisfied with the evening—especially the football boys and all thankful to Mr. Libbey.

The constitution of the Athletic Association has been amended, so that, with the approval of all the members of the advisory board and with a two-thirds affirming vote of
the association, a man may be given his B who has not in the usual sense of the word earned it. Under this new arrangement Mr. Phillips, '06, was awarded a football B for faithfulness at practice for four years; Mr. Bosworth, '08, was given the track B that he really earned at Orono last spring but which technically could not be given him; Captain Allen, '06, was given a track B for his faithfulness to the work during the four years. In the true sense of the word these men have all earned B's and we are glad they may have them.

Track work has been continued this term by cross-country runs and hare-and-hound runs. The distance men have been taking long runs four times a week and good interest has been shown. Two old-fashioned "Paper Chases" gave the men fine sport and good endurance practice. A particularly good run was held Saturday morning November 18; Whittum, '07, and Bosworth, '08, were the hares and they were successful in eluding the hounds. Among the hounds who ran were Allan, '06, Harris, '08, Corson, '08, Page, '09, Wiggin, '09, Ellsworth, '08, Peterson, '09, and Farrar '06. The cross country work will be continued all winter in connection with the gym. work.

Girls' Glee Club

The Girls' Glee Club was organized November 18, with the following officers:

Miss Ethel Foster, '06, Manager.
Miss Emily Willard, '07, Director.
Miss Maud French, '07, Treasurer.
Miss Mable Foster, '08, Pianist.

The first rehearsal was held the twenty-third of this month.

Deutscher Verein

On the evening of Saturday, November 25, the Verein held at the Thurston Club on Wood Street, its first initiation. Mr. Davis, Mr. Pendleton, and Mr. Holmes, all Juniors, were received as active members. The evening
was most pleasantly and profitably spent. Wit and heavy learning were rivals for the popular favor. Dr. Leonard cracked jokes while he ate, told of a man who had had water on the brain and whose hair had fallen in and drowned. Each one lent his sparks of wit and humor to illuminate the occasion but our municipal gas “Bill” furnished most of the light, and that, too, gratis. The following is a copy of the program as it took place

**DEUTSCHER VEREIN**
Zu Bates.  
Erste Einführung.  
November 25, 1905.  

**MENU.**  
Auster Suppe.  
Sauer Kraut.  
Frankfurterwust mit Seuf.  
Schwartz Brot.  
Gefrorenes Eis.  
Kuchen.  
Trinksprüche.  

Mein erstes Sauerkraut.  
In der guten alten Sommerzeit.  
Mein Schatz.  
Minna Von Barnhelm, Herr Pendleton.  
Wissenschaft und Littaratur.  

**WICHTIGE REDEN.**  
Die Wahlverwandtschaft.  
Der altegriechische Rauhehauch.  
Meine erste Papiercigarre.  
Unsrer Verein.  

George Ross catered to this fastidious assemblage. The speeches by the candidates, by Herr Salley, and by Herr Doctor Leonard were given in German; the others for the sake of the new members were given in English.  

After this feast of food and wit, the members sang a few German songs and sat for flashlights. The affair was a grand success and an occasion that those who were present will always think of with pleasure.

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**MANAGER’S NOTICE**

The management wishes to state to the subscribers instead of sending receipts in acknowledgment of subscriptions paid the check system will be used. That is, the date on the wrapper will show the date to which the subscription is paid.
ALUMNI PERSONALS

1868.
Thomas O. Knowlton died November 10, 1905, at his home in Lakeside, N. H., of Bright's disease.

1870.
L. M. Webb attended the Inter-Church Conference in New York as a member of the Free Baptist Committee that conferred with committees from the Congregationalists and Baptists.

1880.
Dr. O. C. Tarbox has presented to Coram Library two volumes entitled "The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," by Jefferson Davis.

1884.
Eben H. Emery is one of the original members of the Graduates' Club of New York City.
Dr. R. E. Donnell has a large practice in Gardiner, Me.

1885.
Through the efforts of F. A. Morey, Bates succeeded in getting the scholarship given by the late Foster Lee Randall.

1886.
A. H. Dunn is teaching in Fort Collins, Colorado.

1887.
Miss Mary N. Chase recently spent five months in Oregon, in the interests of woman suffrage. She is the President of the New Hampshire Woman Suffrage Association.

1888.
Rev. Frederick W. Oakes has founded an institution in Denver, Colorado, for consumptives. The buildings are situated about seventy-five miles from Pike's Peak and are three miles above the sea. They represent about $400,000, the whole amount having been secured by Mr. Oakes himself who is now only about forty years of age. He calls it "A Church Home" and in the title deeds and on the books of the clerk of Arrapahoe County the entire plant and property of the Home stands to-day in the name of the diocese of Colorado subject to a board of trustees appointed by the bishop, and with Mr. Oakes named in the papers as perpetual superintendent.

1889.
A. E. Hatch is living in Lincoln, Neb.
Nelson G. Howard is treasurer of the Massachusetts State Teachers' Association.

A. H. Libby is a physician at South Gardiner, Me.

L. J. Brackett who is a newspaper publisher and advertising agent in Boston, visited Coram Library November 10th.

E. H. Cunningham, assistant in the Jordan High School, has a young son about four months old.

Horatio P. Parker is in the employ of the Pfaelzer Banking Company on Broad Street, New York City.

Rev. Frederick R. Griffin is pastor of the All Souls Unitarian Church in Braintree, Mass.

George A. Hutchins who has been south, engaged in U. S. census work for about a year, has returned and is now studying law in Portland. He recently visited Mr. W. H. Judkins, Bates, '80, and attended the Bates-Bowdoin game.

Albert T. L'Heureux is the Lewiston city solicitor.

Everett Peacock is principal of the Springfield Normal School, Springfield, Me.

Miss Hattie Skillings is situated at Port Deposit, Md., and teaches in Jacob Tome Institute.

Miss Mabelle A. Ludwig is teaching in Belleville, N. J. Her address is 190 Washington Avenue, Bellville, New Jersey.

Mrs. A. W. Anthony (Gertrude Libbey) was thrown from her carriage November twenty-fourth and seriously injured. Her ankle was broken and she also received some injuries to the head.

Mr. E. R. Bemis, who is teaching at Stonington, Me., visited college for a few days this month.

Miss Bessie Bray, who was recently married to Mr. John David of the same class, is living in St. Paul, Minn. Mr. David is professor of Physics and Chemistry in a private fitting school for Yale.
FROM OTHER COLLEGES

Williams, Brown, and Dartmouth will hold a triangular debate in March, 1906.

Head Coach Reid of Harvard receives $7,000 for three months' work with the football squad.

Mrs. George C. Riggs (Kate Douglas Wiggin) has recently been a guest at Bowdoin College, from which, in 1904, she received the degree of Litt.D. Mrs. Riggs gave a reading from three of her best works.

A new baseball cage and a swimming pool are being added to Williams' gymnasium equipment.

A special school for backward children has just been established in one of the most congested districts of New York City. It has been organized as a barrier to truancy.

It is reported on good authority that Wesleyan, New York University and Yale have severed their athletic relations with Trinity, owing to the unsportsmanlike conduct of that institution.

"Maine night," November 3, was a great success. The college band and glee and mandolin clubs assisted. A dance followed.

As a result of strenuous efforts on the part of the Italian members of the Austrian Parliament, the government has assented to the establishment of an Italian college for the Italian population of the empire.

There are 1070 regular boarders at the Yale dining hall. Compulsory attendance at daily chapel prayers has been abolished at Princeton University.

A Northwestern University professor requires from his history classes a knowledge of the newspapers of the day.

The comparative number of students in the leading universities of the country, according to Mr. F. B. Tracy, who made an investigation for the Boston Transcript, is as follows: Michigan, 4049; Harvard, 3865; Minnesota, 3759; Columbia, 3725; Pennsylvania, 3250; California, 3100; Yale, 3100; Cornell, 2985; Illinois, 2944; Northwestern, 2741.

We wish to express our thanks for the receipt during 1905, of the following exchanges: Brunonian, Blue and Gold, Bowdoin Quill, Acadia Athenaeum, Georgetown College Journal, Mount Holyoke, Nassau Literary Magazine, Tuftonian, Sibyl, Vassar Miscellany, University of Ottawa Review, Ottawa Campus, Maine Campus, Bowdoin Orient, Colby Echo, Tufts Weekly, Williams Record, Boston University Beacon, Hillsdale Collegian, State Collegian,
The Student


Golden Rod.

A gleam of light
In the fleeing night
And the shadows grey;
A bit of sun
Ere the stars are won
From the sky away!

A glorious bloom
In the dusty noon
Of the autumn day;
A golden crown
For the meadows brown
Where the sunbeams play!

A flash of gold
When the day is old
And the wind is high;
A wondrous glow
When the sun is low
In the western sky!

Martha E. Smith, '07, in The Sibyl, Elmira College.

A Winter Night.

Across the white north-country
The pine-clad mountains stand
Black in the cold that crushes down
Upon the silent land.

Only the streaming rapids
Laugh at the frozen moon;
In turbulent, glad chorus
They shout a joyous tune.

Through music-breathing stillness
Their pean booms afar
Where folds of wind-wrought tapestry
Trail from each rocky scar.

Only on old Katahdin
The pines are chanting low
The hymn they learned from God Himself
A million years ago.

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