The
Bates Student

December, 1904

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VOLUME XXXII.

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## LITERARY.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Ballad of the Mountains</td>
<td>182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Chance Acquaintance</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Comparison of Barrie and Maclaren</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Disappointment</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Memory of Auld Lang Sync</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Misplaced Confidence</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Plea for Fair Play</td>
<td>184</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Trip to Saddlehack</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Valentine</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baccalaureate Hymn</td>
<td>152</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browning’s Music Poems</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Browning’s Optimism</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Ode, 1905</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Class Ode, 1904</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debate Against Trinity: Question—Resolved,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That under Present Conditions it Would be</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>to the Advantage of England to Adopt a</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Policy of Protection</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Negative:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First speaker, Guy Linwood Weymouth</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second speaker, Albion Keith Spofford</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third speaker, Frederick Mott Swan, Jr.</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debate Against the University of Vermont:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Question—Resolved, That it Would be to the</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Advantage of Great Britain to Make a</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Substantial Departure from Her Practice of</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Free Trade with Respect to Imports.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Affirmative:</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First speaker, Simon Fillmore Peavey, Jr.</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second speaker, William Lewis Parsons</td>
<td>126</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third speaker, Judson Carrie Briggs</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Debating at Bates</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dream-World People</td>
<td>212</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Earth’s Battlefields</td>
<td>186</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Encore</td>
<td>221</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From the Gray to the Gold</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goethe’s Religion</td>
<td>213</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Van Dyke</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Illustrating a Freshman “Dec.”</td>
<td>189</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ivy Song, 1905</td>
<td>154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life’s Day</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McKinley—the Man</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mental Slavery</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Dream</td>
<td>218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Wish</td>
<td>245</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Nightfall. .......... 100
Our Duty to South America. .......... 98
Pan Germanism. .......... 161
Retribution Cometh. .......... 39
Reverberation. .......... 30
Rome. .......... 277
The American of To-morrow. .......... 37
The Divorce Problem. .......... 164
The Franchise Question. .......... 5
The Future of American Fiction. .......... 241
The Genius of Shakespeare. .......... 2
The Genius of the Greeks. .......... 246
The Lame Child. .......... 2
The Legacy of Our Fathers. .......... 273
The Michigan Game. .......... 35
The Priest's Work. .......... 102
The Prince. .......... 222
The Puritan as Shown in the Literature of the Time. .......... 91
The Responsibilities of Educated Women. .......... 101
The Theory of Independence. .......... 243
The Winter Constellations. .......... 90
Thoughts of the Night. .......... 188
Trust in God. .......... 270
Unexpected Happiness. .......... 275
Via Equorum. .......... 281
Working for the Freshman Prize. .......... 68

CARDONETTES.

A Piece of Apple Pie. .......... 15
Ma Petite. .......... 14

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE.

Alumni Association of Middle West. .......... 46
Alumni Notes. .......... 15, 46, 73, 104, 148, 107, 195, 225, 248, 284
Alumni of Boston and Vicinity. .......... 45
A Note to the Alumni from the Business Manager. .......... 195, 224
In Memoriam. Albert Abner Bean, '80. .......... 43
New York Alumni Association. .......... 103
The Need of a Society House. .......... 44
The Stanton Club. .......... 45

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

Church Consolidation. .......... 109
Editorial Notes. .......... 17, 49, 75, 106, 169, 200, 228, 252, 287
Foot-Ball. .......... 229
Health. .......... 48
Love in Action. .......... 172
The Athletic B. .......... 289
The Value of Exercise. .......... 21
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>LOCAL DEPARTMENT.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Glimpses of College Life.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Debate.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y. M. C. A. Notes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Y. W. C. A. Notes.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ATHLETICS.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Plea.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Schedule of 1904.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athletics.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Base-ball.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bates, 6; New Hampshire State, 0.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bates, 20; Hebron, 0.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bates, 0; Holy Cross, 0.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bates, 0; Exeter, 20.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bates, 0; Harvard, 11.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bates, 23; Colby, 0.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bowdoin, 12; Bates, 6.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boys' Exhibition.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Girls' Exhibition.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Freshman-Sophomore Base-ball Game.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Interclass Field Meet</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EXCHANGES.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BOOKS REVIEWED.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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LITERARY:

Trust in God ........................................... 270
A Memory of Auld Lang Syne ......................... 270
The Legacy of Our Fathers ............................. 273
Unexpected Happiness .................................. 275
Rome ..................................................... 277
Via Equorum ............................................. 281

ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:
Alumni Notes .......................................... 284

AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL NOTES ...................................... 287
The Athletic B ......................................... 289

LOCAL DEPARTMENT:
Glimpses of College Life .............................. 292

ATHLETICS .............................................. 296
EXCHANGES ............................................. 294
BOOKS REVIEWED ...................................... 297

The STUDENT is for sale at Smith's Drug Store, cor. Main and Bates streets, Lewiston.
TRUST IN GOD.

Trust not in systems or in laws,
Or aught of man's device.
Trust thou in God and Love divine;
Thus only art thou wise.

Through all the ages that have passed
Since man was in his prime,
Through these he's ever yearned for Truth.
For Truth with Thee to rhyme.

But Truth, O God, resides in Thee,
In Thee and Thee alone;
And struggle with what zeal we may,
Truth finite only's known.

Trust thou in God, fret not; doubt not
His everlasting Love.
That Love in all, transcending all.
Will lead to Heaven above. C. Edson Junkins, 1905.

A MEMORY OF AULD LANG SYNE.

FROM the fragrant pine-wood behind John Craig's modest home came the faint sound of music. An unusual and unseemly sound, indeed, for the quiet Puritan town—and John Craig's black brows contracted to a deeper frown than was habitual with him. Some impious creature was profaning the Sabbath stillness with that invention of the evil one—a violin.

Hastening through the little grove he suddenly stopped, struck with pious amazement, for there, his pale hair pushed back from his dreamy gray eyes, his posture one of utter absorption in his music, stood his only son.

The crackling of the pine twigs did not rouse the boy, until his father had nearly reached him—then a sudden flush overspread his pale face—the bow dropped, and a shame-faced, yet half-defiant look crept into the gray eyes.

"Paul," began the father solemnly, "it canna be that I see my own son, engaged in a work like this? Have you forgotten what our gude minister said last Sunday?"

No, Paul had not forgotten. Only too well he remembered the clear, cutting phrases, "My brethren, be not deceived by these
latter-day inventions of the evil one. Satan has set many traps for the unwary, and not the least of them is that stringed instrument, called the fiddle—Brethren, beware.” And Paul had inwardly resolved upon greater secrecy than ever, for, to his musical nature, his violin was all in all. Now, the beautiful dream was over. The visions which had come through his playing, making sunshine for him in the midst of his sombre Puritan surroundings—had faded—and as he stood there, the sunbeams, smiling at him through the branches, brought no answering smile to his lips.

A few sharp questions from his father obtained the confession that the instrument had been given him by his Aunt Dorothy, his father’s worldly-minded elder sister, who owned the most pretentious house in Dorchester, and who scrupled not to sing and make merry whenever she chose.

John Craig seized the beloved instrument with a sharp command to the boy to follow him.

“My son,” he said, “I shall put this fiddle where it will be continually before your eyes, to remind you of your sin—and let this, once for all, be a warning to ye to shun worldly pleasures.”

Paul’s mother said not a word, but the boy, looking through his own tears, saw that her eyes were dim,—for she knew well his passion for music.

Craig’s severity had come to him only through years of steeling himself against what he was pleased to consider the snares of the world. In his younger days he had been a gay Scotchman—honest and upright, but caring little for serious things. But Puritan influences were strong in Scotland even at that late day—and he with his wife, Jean, had joined company with a little band of faithful ones who left the old world to seek greater freedom in the new. But that was now years ago, and amid the struggles to gain a foothold in America he had lost, not, to be sure, the memories of his old home, but many of his former customs. Even his Scotch dialect had in great part fallen into disuse with him.

Paul was a slender boy of eleven, a strange contrast to his broad-shouldered father—a dreamy child, who inherited from some forgotten ancestor an intense love of music.

In the shortening October days which followed the loss of his violin the boy often stood with longing gaze fixed upon it. No word of complaint escaped him, but in his dreamy eyes was a look of patient sadness which touched even his father, though he would not have acknowledged it.
The glorious autumn foliage faded, the snows which foretold a long winter already covered the ground. Through snow and sleet, early and late, the hardy Scotchman toiled to maintain his little home. But, though John Craig prided himself on his vigorous frame, the unusual rigor of that winter told on many strong men in that little town, and one day Jean, looking up from her sewing, saw her husband coming home unexpectedly, from the midst of his work.

“It's nothing, Jean—this sickness,” he answered to her questioning look—"It'll be past in a day or two.”

But for once he was mistaken.

The day or two went by—and then a week—and still he did not recover. Overwork and exposure, together with anxiety, had brought on a fever, from which—the Doctor gravely said—he would not soon rally.

Paul went bravely about his tasks, these dreary days—patient, and quiet—yet still the wistful longing did not leave his eyes—and the heart of his mother was sad for him.

But the sick man was growing worse, and one night for the first time in his vigorous life, his mind wandered.

"Jean," he called impatiently, and his wife hastened to him—"what are they singing?" He lapsed unconsciously into the old, familiar Scotch dialect of his boyhood.

"Canna ye hear it, Jeanie?" he cried, "I ken it wee!," and in his weak voice he tried to sing, but the notes died away in broken murmurs. "Play me ane o' the auld songs, Sandy." Dinna ye ken thè ane I aye lo'ed sa weel?"

Jean, tearful, motioned with eager hand to Paul.

"It's the turn o' the fever," she whispered. "Quick, laddie, the violin—your father thinks he hears Sandy playin', and who knows, perhaps the sound will quiet him."

With glowing eyes the boy sprang toward his violin. Trembling he touched the strings and the sweet notes of "Auld Robin Gray" filled the room. The sick man grew quiet. "Aye, Sandy, ye ken it, now gie us 'Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon.'" And Paul played on and on, until his father dozed off into a heavy slumber.

The next morning Jean, watching anxiously, saw with joy that the crisis was past. The man's mind was clear now, but he realized that it had wandered, and Jean, sitting by him in the gray morning light, told him the story of the night before. No word of his betrayed any emotion, but his wife, glancing at him now
and then as she went about the room, noticed that his glance turned often toward the violin, lying where he had placed it so long ago.

But in the twilight, when Paul and his mother were sitting by the open fire, a feeling of silent thankfulness filling their hearts, he called Paul to his side.

"Laddie," he said,—and his voice was very gentle,—"Laddie, will ye no' gie us a tune on yon fiddle?"

\[1905.\]

**THE LEGACY OF OUR FATHERS.**

**CHILDREN** of the twentieth century, how great is the legacy at your command. When the curtain of time fell and the nineteenth century was no more, a legacy was transmitted to you whose magnitude can be measured only as we bound the value of civilization. Time has bestowed its gifts on peoples and nations, new centuries by their splendor have eclipsed preceding cycles. Yet never before have the fathers of one century bequeathed to the children of the next a gift equal to that which is yours.

Within the recollection of our fathers, who are here to-day, the sacred entirety of our home was challenged, and like sons springing to the protection of a mother 2,750,000 heroes rushed to the defense of that country which stands supreme, the envy of the Old World, the glory of the New. During the long, dark night, like Him who gave his life a ransom for many, a million human sacrifices were consecrated to the cause of humanity. But the morning sun, heralded by glad songs of rejoicing from unfettered souls, arose on the majestic grandeur of a new republic—our fathers' gift to you. For that Hand, whose guiding power has been recognized since the dawn of history, still prevailed, when our fathers with one hand forever severed the chains of human bondage, and with the other perpetuated the noblest government in the history of man.

But war has not been the sole avenue of growth in your legacy. The contributions of peace, secured without economic disturbance or the sacrifice of a human life, are bloodless but immortal monuments of the trust committed to you.

We hear the term "freedom of the press;" can we analyze its significance? It means that 18,200 daily and weekly newspapers have educated the American farmer to a standard of intelligence higher than that of the twenty-six English barons who signed Magna Charta. One thousand libraries convey the loftiest senti-
ments of man to every fireside. And these beacons of the night shine forth from a thousand hilltops that you, children of the twentieth century, may walk in the light.

But the significance of the free press, thus far, I have narrowly confined. Well has it been said, “He who uses the power of the press, has a responsibility which sweeps in the lines of his active influence beyond the stars, and upward to the bar of final accountability.” The academies, professional schools, colleges and universities, which are the pride of this generation, all of these have found their ablest ally in the resistless power of the press.

And what have the opportunities thus sustained made possible? The son of a humble Maine fisherman became the first legislator of the American republic, and petty schemers tremble at the name of Reed. A lad trudged back and forth carrying bricks for a mere pittance in a Pennsylvania brickyard. To-day a hundred charitable institutions combine with ten thousand employes to praise the great-heartedness of that prince of American merchants, John R. Wanamaker. Centuries may come and go, but the world will never forget the obscure western pioneer, who commands the love of all ages as the great Emancipator.

Furthermore, we cannot ignore the moral uplift of this mighty power.

We may well be reminded that Congress performed the duty of a Bible Society long before such a body was established. To-day the American Bible Society is sending the Bible not only to every home of our own land, but also to homes in the darkest realms of paganism. And the eager recognition of Calvary’s Redeemer is coming back to us in the eternal advantages of a Christian civilization. Hear the glad song of its triumphal sweep. It rolls back from India, China, Africa, and its melody, sweeter, more majestic, chords with the response of the islands of the sea.

The past decade has also been bounteously fruitful. Within less than one hundred miles from our country a second inquisition of fire and sword and murder had blighted for four centuries one of the fairest islands of the globe. Property was destroyed, homes were desecrated, and four hundred thousand helpless women and children were starved. But the voice of His wounded children ascended to the tribunal of an eternal Judge, and in the fitness of time his voice came to a chosen people. We remember the response of our fathers, ay, and our brothers. The next day,
as it were, Manila, Santiago and San Juan were telling the world that a just God rules the universe, and the dawn of Cuba's redemption was at hand.

Thus suddenly and unforeseen a new responsibility was thrust upon the children of this generation. But yesterday, and the obligations of your inheritance were enclosed in one country. To-day how changed. The wise stewardship of territory extending from Orient to Occident, together with the future history of 10,000,000 human lives, depends on you.

Children of the twentieth century, as you have received the fairest gift of time, so can she justly demand the greatest return. Fields of knowledge are unexplored, worlds of social problems are unconquered, and the heart of a restless world is pleading for human sympathy. Can you not find a place for your action and your talent? Your generation, like other generations, will be active to-day but quiet to-morrow. The Supreme Ruler of time extends to you in the legacy of our fathers these gifts,—liberty, enlightenment, humanity. Can you face the responsibility of your inheritance, and at the evening of life, hear from the Master of the vineyard the welcome hail, "Well done!"

ORIN M. HOLMAN, 1905.

UNEXPECTED HAPPINESS.

A YOUNG mother sat one evening, rocking a tiny babe. A halo of fair hair surrounded her still fairer face. Her brown eyes, though sweet, were grave and thoughtful. As the baby showed no intentions of making immediately the journey to Dreamland, his mother lay him gently on her knee and began to tell him her thoughts:

"Darling, you are not pretty; no, not even good-looking. Don't think that I care. I shall love you just the same and care for you just as much; only, dear, I'm so afraid your papa will be disappointed!

"Ah! you open your eyes wide! What at, I wonder? Is that big word, 'disappointed' too hard for the little one to understand? Never mind. The head even though it is so little now, will know lots some day. Or didn't you know you had a papa? Oh, yes, and no one ever lived, nobler and handsomer—in my eyes—than he. Ah, darling! Would you were like him! But you're not, dear heart. 
"And where is your papa, you ask? Ah, darling! a month before the angels brought you to me, he went far across the seas, yes, way over to Italy. But you don't know where that is, so don't puzzle about it, little one. Don't blame him! I told him to go. His mamma was very sick (aren't you glad yours isn't? Then, perhaps, you would have no one in this whole, wide world to care for you!) and I told him, yes, I even urged him to go to her. He went. How long ago that seems! Fully a year! He reached his mamma, and, the last I heard, her fever had turned for the better.

"How thankful I was in my heart! For your papa loved her. Do I? Ah, child, I have never met her. She has been in the land across the ocean several years for her health. She must be noble to have such a noble son as your papa, but, I have an idea she is a little bit proud and—well, fastidious. (Another long word. Excuse me, dear!) Perhaps she won't love me and perhaps she won't even like you, my little ugly duckling! I care not, so long as your papa loves you and loves me just the same. Ah! will he? Would that I could see him!

"Babies always look beautiful in their mothers' eyes, and so do you in mine, but—you are not. Is it because I keep trying the day long to look at you through your father's eyes? Is it because you are yet so young? I know not. I have never before seen a babe so young as you, but oh! your hands are so tiny! You'll never be a pugilist, love, that's one comfort. And your eyes! They were as blue as the skies when first you opened them, and now they have changed their color, are changing every day. I have heard that kittens' eyes are blue at first, and then change; but oh! how dreadful if yours should change like theirs. Why, really, I fear I am growing even morbid about your looks, but not for my sake, you understand.

"Darling, I love you, and so does God! You have a soul which is just as beautiful as though your face were. God loves it and cherishes it! The very hairs of your head—not many now, to be sure—are numbered! And, my dear one, may you always be as innocent and pure as you are now. And may your life be full of sweetness and a blessing to God. Then it won't—"

A stamp is heard on the front door-steps; the door is opened hurriedly; and into the house enter a fine looking man and a middle-aged lady of fine, portly appearance. The man goes into the room first, and sees his wife leaning tenderly over a cradle. A heavenly sight!
A moment after, the mother advanced into the room, and received her new daughter at once to her warm heart. Then all three softly stepped to the cradle.

“A beautiful baby!” exclaimed its papa.

“The very image of his father!” asserted its grandma.

**ALICE ROSE QUIMBY, 1907.**

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**ROME.**

ROME, Rome! What a thrill the very name sends through us. About the very word clusters all that is good and noble in republican government, all that is illustrious in wealth and power, all that is captivating in human greatness, all that is dishonorable and degrading in cruel persecutions, treachery, and usurpation, whatever is base in duplicity and crime, whatever is pitiable and contemptible in ignorance and poverty, the wretchedness of pagan idolatry and papal superstition, the efforts of pure Christians, the magnificence of military greatness, the curse of imperial despotism, and papish absurdity mingled with the noblest works of art, the enthusiasm of patriotic speeches, in short, there hovers about the name everything which has tended since the death of its founder Romulus, to make these seven hills everlasting in fame, and this city an “Eternal City.”

We arrived in Rome about midnight, after a long but cool ride from the “Flower of Italy” or Florence. We had, of course, been unable, owing to the darkness, to see much of the surrounding country, but when the train at last puffed its way into the station and we landed in Rome,—Modern, Mediaeval, and Ancient Rome,—all our enthusiasm was again aroused. The streets were as brilliant as day, and in the square where we took our carriage we could hear and see an immense fountain playing. This fountain is a relic of the baths of Diocletian, and pours forth daily, gallons of pure, sparkling water. We were driven along the brilliantly lighted streets where now and then might be seen a group of Italian soldiers gesticulating and talking, or an old woman hurrying across the street with a basket of cut and uncut watermelons on her arm, and again, two children disputing or hooting at some thin, stray cat; farther on, a café aglow with lights and jingling with the clash of glasses and music from a queerly dressed orchestra. You may say that I am describing scenes in my own city. ’Tis true, for the same can be found in as old and as new a city as Rome.
Such were some of the scenes at midnight, but these, I found, differ greatly from those seen at mid-day, or rather, during early morning or late afternoon. No Roman, one might safely say, is ever seen outside of his darkened house after twelve o'clock, midday, if he can avoid it. "When one is in Rome, one must do as the Romans do," which means retire at mid-day, sleep for two or three hours, enjoy a late afternoon walk, stay up late at night and rise early the next morning.

The Rome of to-day is not unlike, in many respects, our own cities of the West where many of the foreign population have come to live. It is not, however, our purpose to criticise new Rome, but we cannot fail to notice the new life and conditions in sharp contrast to those about which we have read and heard, so warped are our ideas of these cities across the sea. To be sure, many of them do present strange customs and conditions, yet I cannot say that I think modern Rome, a Rome of that nature. Modern Rome is delightful. When I first suggested visiting Rome, every friend said, "What, visit Rome in the summer! Why, you will surely have the fever! Now take plenty of quinine." I took plenty of quinine, and have plenty left. Modern Rome, to me, is far more agreeable than Paris. Paris was stuffy, hot, crowded, noisy and parched; Rome, cool, fresh and breezy with its cooling winds sweeping down from the Sabine and Alban hills across the Campagne to the seven old hills and their surroundings. Its easy means of travel and the courtesy of the citizens made me feel very much at home when walking about its streets, even in the old portions. To call Rome a dirty city would seem to me to be calling nine-tenths of our American cities filthy, for Rome is far cleaner than many of our Puritanical New England cities whose streets would in my mind shock even a Neapolitan, to say nothing of a Roman citizen. Of course, I wish to eliminate many of the roads outside the Roman city gates, and wish to include, as I wish to include in the others, those streets which are most frequented by the public.

Nearly all the mediæval brick buildings in Rome are being replaced by tufa, granite, or marble buildings of the present day. The beautiful gardens, villas and mansions which adorn the city cannot fail to make a lasting and pleasing impression of the Romans. To be sure, there still exists much of the old Catholicism, and it seems that almost half of the population are either soldiers or monks, but, notwithstanding this, the other half seem very active and a large part working with an idea of making
Rome, as it formerly was, the mistress of the world in art, architecture and general advancement of civilization. I do not wish to paint Rome in too-glowing colors, but wish merely to express my idea that she is not the filthy, unhealthy, depressive, overbearing city that too many good people believe, but, on the contrary, one of the most active, wide-awake cities at the present day.

Let us now, however, turn our attention to Mediaeval and Ancient Rome. Mediaeval Rome is fast disappearing as regards its external architecture, but its painting and internal art still exist, and as such, are unsurpassed by either the Modern or Ancient. The greatest monuments of this magnificence are its churches. The greatest and most illustrious of these is, of course, St. Peter's. What an epitome of art this grand old cathedral is, with its vari-colored marbles, amalekites and stones of every description which make up its whole structure and give it an individuality superior, to my mind, to any similar cathedral in Europe, exclusive of Cologne. The entrance of St. Peter's is unparalleled,—those glistening fountains, the green little court, the columns surmounted by a crown,—and the old dome which, sad to relate, disappears as we near the entrance. It required more than three centuries to complete this structure and more than fifty-five popes gave their attention and millions for its completion. Passing between the marble figures of Peter and Paul we enter the cathedral and pause almost overcome by the vastness. The colossal statues, the vaulted roof, the spacious aisles, the chanting priests, and the wonderful dome, all producing an awful feeling of solemnity. Beneath the dome could be placed our Bunker Hill Monument and several ordinary church steeples without attaining the dizzying height. The hosts of Rome cannot fill the church and do not even at Easter and Christmas tide when every Catholic church is overflowing. There are in the church many grand statues, but of course that which draws our attention most is the famous bronze one of St. Peter. It seems that the minds of some people always run in the same channel, for scarcely ever does an American pass by and notice the well-worn toe, without remarking, "I wonder if St. Peter had corns."

Perhaps one of the best churches of the day is the one known as "St. Paul's Outside of the Walls;" then there is that which bids fair to far eclipse any church in Rome, for beauty—Santa Maria Maggiore,—which is said to contain the gold which Columbus first brought from America and gave to the King and Queen
of Spain, who in turn presented it to the Pope for the gilding of the marvellous ceiling in the church.

We must not, however, leave Rome without mentioning the greatest and finest collection of art in the world, which is contained in the Papal residence,—“The Vatican.” In sculpture, we find here the famous “Apollo Bevidere,” “The Laocoön,” “The Belvidere Torso,” and busts of Pompey, Julius Cæsar, Cicero, and Demosthenes, and “Diana Approaching Endymion.” Among the hundreds of pictures we see the wonderful painting on the walls of the Sistine Chapel known as Michelangelo’s “Last Judgment,” and “The Creation.” Going farther upstairs we come to the work of Raphael. Among the best are “Theology,” “Philosophy,” “Justice and Prudence” and “Poetry,” and the great “Transfiguration.”

But we must leave the grand Vatican and hasten to the Capitoline, cast a glance at the “Marble Faun” made famous by Hawthorne, and laugh as heartily as Dickens did at the statue of Hercules, in the adjoining room. Near by is the “Dying Gaul,” and in a niche not far distant is the famous Capitoline “Venus,” found on the Virninal in the sixteenth century. We next hasten to the Barbarini Palace and look into the pathetic eyes of Guido Reni’s “Beatrice Cenci.” Here also we see the beautiful sweetheart of Raphael and feel glad to know the idea of this master’s heart. We journey along the Quirinal and enter the Palazzo Rospigliose to visit its halls and see the immortal fresco by Reni.

Passing back now to the remnant of ancient Roman glory, we behold that vast pile of decayed and ruined gardens which lies before us in the Roman Forum. Shall I begin with the Coliseum,—the grandest monument of ancient Rome. As I stood in the centre of the arena and looked at the crumbling stalls and boxes, I could seem to see the flitting shadows of the gladiators, of the wonderful boat and chariot races held within its bounds. It seemed like the skeleton of the past, from whose crumbling walls might be gleaned the form, beauty and grandeur, mingled with the horrible scenes and tales of assassination, cruelty and martyrdom. Now we pass beneath that wonderful piece of art, Constantine’s Arch, and feel the very strength and courage of the old Roman thrilling our veins.

On the Palatine is the Palace of the Cæsars, a monstrous mass of ruin, where the lizards run and skip and bats beat their wings. The Golden Home of Nero still lingers to tell the tale of ambition and extravagance and its emptiness. Now we enter the old city
itself, or the Forum. Our attention is quickly arrested by the eight splendid columns, the everlasting monuments of the magnificent Temple of Saturn. Close by it are the three pillars of the Temple of Vespasian, and not far distant are the ruins of the Temple of Concord. A little way from the Temple of Saturn is the "Basilica Julia," or the temple built by Julius Caesar in 54 B.C., and opposite the Temple of Saturn is the arch of Septimus Severus. Between these two are the remains of the Rostra which have recently been restored. What reader of Cicero or of Mark Antony's orations can fail to recall the lines of these mighty orators whose words spoken on this spot, have been heard around the world!

Leaving the Forum by Titus' Arch, we enter, by a turning road, the Appian Way. We pass the tomb of the Scipio and drive beneath the Arch of Drusos, and look back upon the mighty walls of Aurelian, built in 272 and extending now, thirteen miles in circumference, about the city. Returning some distance and then turning into a road at the right we pass through the section of Rome known as the "Ghetto," a miserable quarter and pitiable to the utmost degree. Driving along the Cloaca Maxima, and, turning to the left, we come close to the tombs of the Caesars, and the English Cemetery where are the graves of Keats and Shelley, and we go away bewildered as any mortal could be, after reading the latter's epitaph:

"Nothing of him doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Hastening on we drive to the Janisulum where a splendid view of Ancient, Mediæval and Modern Rome may be had and at whose base stands the "Tasso Oak." On our return we pass over the Quirinal to that fountain into which according to the ancient belief, we cast a penny for the hope of future return to this mighty store of knowledge where dead marble speaks with a living voice and every canvas teaches eloquent lessons.

MARY E. BARTLETT, 1905.

VIA EQUORUM.

THE shade of the electric threw its shadows across the face of the old man, but the younger was sitting beside the table in the full glare of the light. He was listening intently and now and then, unnoticed by the other, scribbled in the handbook
he held. The other was sitting upright in his armchair, his hands clasped before him, his eyes, with their troubled expression, aided and abetted by the little pucker in his forehead.

Trouble? O yes, the president had spoken of it in chapel that very morning. The energy for exercise, always characteristic of the English, had attacked this American college. It might be inherent, so said the president, for we New Englanders are not yet so many years away from our ancestors but what trace of the old tendencies may appear; it might be, but he hoped not, that insane desire to follow the lead, at any cost, of other larger colleges; or it might be just a hobby. This seemed most likely, for the students had taken to riding horses of every description.

How and when it started no one knew, but it had become very evident now even to the visitor of a day. There was no limit, boys and girls alike indulged in the pleasure; it made no difference, even, that some had not the means to procure steeds of their own, they hired or borrowed and rode with the crowd.

The faculty had smiled at first as at other similar whims; but when that morning a committee had waited on the president with a petition that a stable be furnished for the accommodation of the boys in the main dormitory, and when he had been informed that the unused rooms which, until now, had answered that purpose had become overcrowded, and that two Freshmen were even now occupying the corridor because their room had been appropriated, he had decided that something must be done, that this thing would not die out of itself. What he will do remains to be seen.

To-night these two were quietly discussing the question. "It's too bad, too bad!" said the old man, "I know something of this riding business, had a great craze for it myself once. It's all very well for awhile, gives you a great feeling of independence and confidence, but accidents will happen, let the animal be ever so faithful."

"Take the Greek horse now, been in use for years. Steady, reliable, a trifle slow, but easy on the bit and sure-footed. Just because it is so trustworthy the rider gets careless, doesn't keep his hold on the reins, lets them hang loose usually, thinking the beast will take him safe whatever happens, and—a stumble and there he is."

"You object to the Greek breed then because it is so faithful that it inspires carelessness," and the young man scribbled busily for a moment, "I see. But, Professor, what about the German
horse? It’s much slower than the Greek; would it have the same effect?"

"Altogether different. We don’t see many of ‘em and I don’t wonder at it. Anybody could walk twice as fast as that old mule could carry him. Has a scholastic look, like an owl with spectacles on, so a few are attracted by him. He’s unruly like all these old wise-heads, won’t keep in the main road in spite of all coaxing or urging. Takes you on some roundabout way through the forest, flounders over stoneheaps, through mud-puddles and bogs with the idea of showing you the beauties of nature till, if you even do get anywhere, you’re always a little behind the others and not in a condition to make a good showing.”

He paused and gazed absently at the opposite wall. “I suppose,” suggested the writer, “it’s just as bad to be too fast as too slow. Now there’s the French hack, a regular racer!”

“That’s it, that’s it, great speed, takes you there before you know it. That’s the one the young ladies like. They think it’s fine to go galloping past their more sedate classmates who happen to be taking a quiet stroll. They make a great clatter and raise quite a dust, but that’s all. They go so fast they don’t have time to notice anything, not the least bit acquainted with the country they pass through, neither its beauties or its defects impress them. Not one of them could tell you a thing about it the next day. They don’t get any good from a ride like that. Just leaves them tired out, in no mood for work, and there are times when good hard work is necessary, especially test week.”

The younger man laid down his pencil and leaned back in his chair. “I see,” he said casually, “that a great many of the Latin horses have become too decrepit for use. Overwork, I suppose.”

“Partly that, but not wholly. It’s a vicious animal, hard-bitted, given to shying, kicks and bites, too. Nobody except an experienced horseman can use one with any degree of success. Still the young fools will keep at it and the best rider of the lot gets over the ground about as gracefully as a calf would dance the Tarantella. When the beast balks in the midst of the trip, why you don’t get there, that’s all. You get mad and smash the horse around some and when you get home you don’t half take care of it. So it doesn’t last long. There’s been more than one student arrested for cruelty to animals, but it doesn’t do any good.”

“Through test week you might think they would slow up a little, but it’s worse than ever. Horses of all kinds, riders of all
classes; some at full speed, some jogging along as usual. It's too bad! Something has got to be done."

He rose and stood facing the light, his hands locked behind him. "They may ride through college," he said, "even through tests, but the greater part of them can't ride through life. It will come hard for some of 'em to get off and walk."

The clock struck ten. The younger man closed his hand-book and rose to go. His way home lay past the hall where the young men were supposed to be diligently preparing for next day's tests. Just as he reached the building there was a clatter, the noise of resounding blows and cries of "Whoa! whoa!" rang out. He hesitated, shook his head and went on through the quiet streets.

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**Alumni Round-Table.**

**ALUMNI NOTES.**

Some of the alumni of late classes living in Boston and vicinity, met December 3d for a reunion and banquet at the Quincy House. College songs were sung and reminiscences of student days recalled. The following graduates were present: Frank P. Ayer, 1900; Guy E. Healey, 1900; Miss Anna H. Fisher, '01; Earle A. Childs, '02; Mrs. Julia (Babcock) Childs, '02; Miss Annie Merrill, '02; V. D. Harrington, '02; John A. Hunnewell, '02; Ernest L. McLean, '02; Alfred E. McCleary, '02; Howard C. Kelly, '03; Herbert R. Jennings, '03; and W. W. Keyes, '03.

Plans were made for another gathering later this winter, after the regular Boston alumni banquet. Messrs. Ayer, Healey, McLean and Jennings are all attending Boston University Law School, while most of the others are teaching in the vicinity of Boston.

'75.—Coram Library has recently received a copy of "The Tendencies of the Practise of Medicine as a Profession and an Art," by Lewis M. Palmer, M.D., South Framingham, Mass. It was first published in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal and was reprinted from that paper.

'86.—Professor W. H. Hartshorn on December 9 delivered the second of a series of lectures before the Literary Union in Lewiston. The subject of the address was "The Elements of
Fiction and Principles of Criticism." At the next lecture in Lisbon, January 5, he will take up "Recent Schools of Fiction and Their Representatives."

'87.—J. R. Dunton is living in Belfast and not in Augusta as was stated in our last issue. That article should have referred to M. P. Dutton, '99.

'93.—L. E. Pennell, M.D., one of the former managers of the Student and an ex-base-ball star, is located in Kingfield, where he has secured an extensive practice and is winning his way to the top in medicine and surgery.

'98.—W. S. Parsons has spent the entire fall in the Maine woods at Spring Lake and other resorts in the Dead River region. He reports fine hunting and deer in abundance.

'99.—Oscar A. Fuller who for five years has been at the head of the department of Greek and Latin in Bishop College, Marshall, Texas, is making Bates known throughout that state. Through his efforts Texas has recognized Bates as a "first-class college" and will grant to any Bates graduate without examination a permanent certificate to teach in the State. Mr. Fuller reports that the Class of '99 has another honorary member,—Oscar A., Jr., who has just arrived at the Fuller house in Marshall.

'99.—Mr. Stanley C. Lary is principal of the Osgood School in Cohasset. This is a very fine position, and Mr. Lary is successful in the highest degree. Mr. and Mrs. Lary (Blanche Noyes, 1901,) have two fine children, a son and a daughter, the latter being but a few months old.

1900.—F. Harold Stinchfield is a Senior in Harvard Law School.

1900.—Guy E. Healey entered Boston University Law School last fall.

1901.—W. M. Marr is teaching in Holbrook, Mass.

Ex-'01.—To Mr. and Mrs. Irving Foss was born, October 30, a son, Norris Felker.

1902.—Annie E. Merrill is beginning her second year as teacher of Mathematics in the Natick, Mass., High School.
1902.—Mr. and Mrs. Earle Childs (Julia Babcock, '02) are pleasantly situated in Hingham, where Mr. Childs is sub-master of the High School.

1903.—Howard Kelly is teaching Physics and Chemistry in the Natick, Mass., High School.

'03.—William Keyes is teaching in Reading, Mass.

'03.—Guy Cumner is in the employment of the Swift Company in Boston.

'03.—Miss Clara Pingree is attending Miss Wheelock's Training School for Kindergartners, Boston.

'03.—Harold W. Thayer is attending Bowdoin Medical School.

'03.—Miss Grace A. Fisher who, since her graduation, has been teaching sciences and mathematics in Freeport High School, has been granted a leave of absence for one term. Miss Perkins, '05, is substituting in the position.

'03.—C. L. Beedy is for a second time a member of Yale's debating team. Without any preliminary competition for the position Mr. Beedy was urged to accept the appointment as final speaker in the debate with Princeton.

'04.—A. Louise Barker has a desirable position as instructor in the Osgood School, Cohasset, Mass.

'04.—Miss Grace Thompson visited college during her Thanksgiving vacation.

'04.—Miss Edith Thompson visited New York City with friends during the holidays.
Around the Editors' Table.

THE 1905 board of editors have compiled their last Student and it is with regret that they leave their duties to others. To us the Student has been a source of pleasure and we believe practical education, and we count as gain the hours spent during the year in its behalf. With the good of dear old Bates at heart, as has every loyal student, we assumed the responsibility of conducting this magazine, determined to make it of our college and for our college. This has been our aim, and during the few short months the Student has been under our control we have done our best that it should be truly representative of Bates, the college of recognized democratic spirit, earnestness of purpose and high ideals. We do not deny that we may have fallen short of the mark. If so, let others profit by our mistakes and bring the Student to a higher standard of excellence.

Many commendations are due the students for the willingness they have invariably shown in co-operating with us. We are particularly indebted to the class of whom we have acted as representatives and we wish to thank them for their cordial help and support. As time goes on the fact grows more clearly demonstrated that six men and women alone cannot produce a magazine of actual worth as a college publication. This cannot be too strongly emphasized.

As Bates grows the Student should reflect this growth in betterment of quality. As the years go by it should require a better story to win a place in the literary department. Athletic, local and every page should grow more and more valuable. We believe added success is in store for the Student. May the incoming board realize the responsibility they assume. We wish them Godspeed.

It has been a foregone conclusion that foot-ball enthusiasm should flourish in college during the fall term and then should roll up like the caterpillar for its winter sleep, to come out in the warm spring days transformed into base-ball zeal. In like fashion with our society work. Each echoes the same complaint that during the winter there is not the same spirit, the same vein.
which is apparent throughout the fall. While this is in part due to natural causes, namely, that rivalry for members is no longer a motive, and that many of the society members who contribute to the programs are absent from college, it cannot be thus justified. At Bates too much is done by the few, too little by the many. More than once we have had a man at the same time a member of the 'varsity foot-ball, an intercollegiate debater, a society presi-
dent, a Student editor, besides officer in the Christian Associa-
tion, Athletic Association and class. You may say that it is because of the marked ability of these men. Be that as it may, we have developed among us a large class of social parasites.

These people come to college with perhaps as much ability as the others, perhaps less. They receive the same invitations as others do and many join the various organizations. Are they not, then, free from the odious cognomen? No. They pay their money—and we would not scorn this essential of existence, but as for sharing the work of organization and execution, they stand aside and allow the few who will to carry it on; reserving for themselves the single task of criticism.

These social parasites, like the poor, we have always with us, and like the poor they are not entirely responsible for their condition. We cannot annihilate them. How shall we change the state of affairs? The very students who are farthest removed from being parasites are themselves the ones on whom a part of the censure should fall. Leader, as applied to a college man or woman, has come to have a perverted meaning. A leader is not the man who as an individual stars, but the one who through his example, his personality, incites others to similar activities. In college the man who holds several offices, though love of notoriety leads him to accept them when offered, cannot do the work in justice to himself or to his position. He cannot give himself to any one thing. There is a continual conflict between his selves. As chairman of a committee it is easier to do the work than to get the committee to do it. So the committee are idle.

From every standpoint it is then but just that responsibilities be more widely distributed among our student body, to relieve the overtaxed few, to include the would-be active, and finally to obtain more satisfactory results from a union and interrelation of interests.
At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association an amendment to the constitution was adopted which confers upon football managers the right to wear the Bates athletic sweater with the foot-ball B and "Mgr." No doubt it was a just action. The duties of the foot-ball manager are many. His position is one of trust and hard work which heretofore have gone absolutely unrewarded unless scanty praise, mingled with an abundance of fault-finding, be considered reward. In years gone by there was ample excuse for not allowing the foot-ball manager to wear the B, but now foot-ball has attained great comparative importance as a college sport and the responsibilities devolving upon the office of its manager far outweigh those of any other managership in college.

A good thing may be overdone. Awarding the B to the foot-ball manager is a step toward making the college letter more common. A step taken in one direction frequently is the beginning of several along that line. We firmly believe that another step should not be taken, and that the B should be made no more common. It was the idea of the founders of athletics at Bates that college men should have every incentive possible to win a place on one of the athletic teams, realizing that keenness of competition and intensity of rivalry meant strength to the final team. They decided after the custom in some other colleges that the best way to bring this about was to award to those who won a place on the team and to no others the right to wear the college letter. Thus the B has come to stand for something. It stamps the owner as a man who has done something for his college in athletics. It stamps him as a man of some sort of superior physical qualifications and is an ornament of no mean significance. Should, in time to come, the college letter be inconsiderately allotted here and there, its presence would cease to carry the meaning for which it was intended and which it now conveys. Then no great honor would attend its winning in any direction; the incentive to work for it would necessarily decrease and athletics must suffer.

It has been suggested that the B should be conferred upon intercollegiate debaters and that the right to wear it should extend to all the managers of the Association. The folly of such a move must be apparent. With the college letter and sweater because of their very nature, is associated the idea alone of athletics, which is distinctly separate from forensic ability. We by no means would belittle the importance of what has well been
called "The brightest jewel in our crown." No man, whether in athletic contests or other fields of collegiate activity, surpasses the debater in the amount of earnest, faithful work he does for Bates. We do not question but that he as well as the athletes should receive some recognition for his effort, but it should not be an athletic B. A medal from the debating league would be far more appropriate, and would not infringe upon the right that should belong solely to the athlete. Again should the B and the sweater be awarded to the base-ball, track, tennis and exhibition managers, where should we stop? What was once the privilege of the athlete has become everybody's. What once could be won only by the hardest kind of hard work is had by a comparative slight exertion mingled with a bit of good luck. What once meant successful athletics has lost its force, and serious consequences must ensue.

No Bates man can afford without careful deliberation to raise his hand in support of any measure which he knows will operate to the detriment of Bates athletics of which now we are justly proud. We can do no better than leave unchanged the rules laid down in our athletic association constitution and demand their rigid enforcement.

It is not without some regret that the present Student Board end their work with this number. The year has been a pleasant one to us and we have tried hard to maintain the high standard of the magazine.

In all things the editors have not reached their hopes and expectations. The fault lies not altogether with the editors but partly with the student body. Every student in college should take an active interest in the paper. Each one should be willing to write something for it, and write again and again until an article worthy of being printed is produced and accepted. It should be considered the honor that it is to have some of his articles printed in the Student. With such an idea in mind let each one ask himself if it is not worth while to try.

Let no student think that, because he cannot write a story, his work is necessarily debarred from the college monthly. The Student needs essays and biographies. One of each would be an addition to any issue, and every reader knows that there is a dearth of good poetry.

Some of the students have faithfully written and cheerfully
given their work to the editors. Would that their example would inspire others!

Now is the time to make New Year's resolutions. Will you not resolve to help this far-reaching messenger of your college?

Do we want to get the most out of our college course? Then let us be regular in attending recitations. It is a lamentable fact that many of our students are obliged to be absent to work several weeks of the college year; but there are students who think it profitable to stay out to work when they do not actually need the money, and there are students who "cut" recitations almost as regularly as they attend. They "make up" their work and pass their examinations, yet they lose more than they realize. It is class-work more than anything else which counts for real education. It is the sifting of the gold from the sand which our instructors do for us. They emphasize points over which we have passed thoughtlessly. They explain passages which to us alone were unintelligible. We cannot do the work by ourselves which we can do under their guidance. Besides, even their chance remarks, digressions from the subject, perhaps, may be more valuable than anything in the lesson. The instructor may mention a book we should read or a place we should visit, and what we should observe there; he may give us a valuable bit of information from his own experience or explain a subject which has been puzzling us. We "never know what we miss" when absent even from a single recitation. Is it not reasonable to believe that scholarly men who devote their time to our instruction have something each day to which we should listen and feel repaid? Can we get the most out of our college course if we do not get the advantages to be derived from our professors in the class-rooms? Then let us think of this admonition: Do not "go out teaching" unless you are obliged to go, and when you are in college do not for any slight excuse "cut" recitations.

As the close of the year brings the close of editorial duties, it makes me cast a glance over the past months, and gives me a view of pleasure, disappointment, joy and discouragement. It is all gone now. I can join the ranks of those who criticise, applaud, and find fault; and now I can see how others do what I have left undone. I have been glad to see the eagerness with
which each new student has been received, and have thankfully received criticisms and suggestions for betterment of my department. There have been times when it has been impossible to get assistance on things that I could not do, yet the work is one that is supported by Bates students and like the athletics and debates it is bound to succeed. The reason lies in the fact that we, as a student-body, are unwilling that anything should be poorly done.

Local Department.

GLIMPSES OF COLLEGE LIFE.

It has been decided to allow the manager of the foot-ball team the privilege of wearing the B, with the restriction, however, that the letters Mgr. be used also to show how the letter is won.

A fine opportunity for special work is offered in some of the courses for the winter term. Professor Hartshorn in English and Professor Leonard in German, have outlined work that must be beneficial to those who take it.

It would seem that an exceptional large number of students are teaching this fall. As the term draws to an end the number increases fast. A great lack of schools is reported, so that many who wish to go out, are obliged to stay from inability to find a place.

Several items of interest have taken place in the Athletic Association lately. At a regular meeting Giles, 1906, was elected manager of the foot-ball for the season of 1905. Sullivan, 1907, was elected assistant-manager. For manager of the indoor athletic meet, Mahoney, 1906, was elected.

The board of editors for the coming year has been announced as follows: Harold Neff Cummings, Auburn; Ross Mortimer Bradley, Roxbury, Mass.; Luther Isaac Bonney, Turner Center; Alice Pray Rand, Lewiston; Grace Whitman Pratt, Lewiston; and Clara Mae Davis, Hancock, Mass.

The college catalogue came out the last week of the fall term. These differ very little from last year. The same scheme of bulletins is used as was inaugurated last year. In the schedule the most noticeable change is that of chemistry from the Junior to the Sophomore year. Botany is changed from required work in the
Sophomore year to elective in the Junior. Spanish and Italian alternate for Seniors and Juniors.

Thanksgiving evening was colonial evening in the Bates Gymnasium. It was the occasion of the annual reception by the Faculty and was a very enjoyable affair. Old costumes, games with historical subjects, and old-fashioned refreshments of apples, candy, and hulled corn kept the people merry. As an entertaining evening, it can certainly be called a success and the committee may well be congratulated for its ingenious novelty.

Interest in debate has again taken a lead at Bates, this year, in an enthusiastic mass-meeting. New officers were elected: Cooper, '05, President; Connor, '06, Vice-President; Jordan, '06, Secretary. A committee, DeMeyer, '05, Paine, '06, and Pendleton, '07, was selected to choose a list of debaters to submit to the Faculty. From this list have been chosen as intercollegiate debaters, Parsons, Holman, '05; Jordan, Merrill, Austin, Redden, '06. The team to meet the University of Vermont at Burlington consists of Parsons, Holman and Merrill.

The students will be glad to learn that Mr. T. A. Roberts, Lebanon, N. H., and P. E. Graffam, both '99, have made arrangements to have published the Bates song composed by them last June. The song will be remembered as beginning:

"Dear Bates! Our Bates! Our dear old Bates." The words are appropriate and lively and the music full of typical college rhyme. It is understood that the college students very soon will be given an opportunity to secure copies of the song.

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Athletics.

GYMNASIUM work for the winter is on in earnest and the three squads from the Junior, Sophomore, and Freshman classes are hard at work with their drills which they hope to make surpass all previous attempts. This year the number of men in the gymnasium is the largest it has ever been and if the large representation is kept up throughout the term unusually good work is assured.

The importance of gymnasium training cannot be overestimated and the man who goes through the term without a "cut" against him pursues a wise course. The advantage of regular
THE BATES STUDENT.

attendance may be almost insensible at the time, yet it always exists, for no man for long can neglect the physical for the sake of the mental without suffering evil effects. Keep in mind this fact and remember that if you wait to learn it by costly experience it will be too late.

Some of the strongest men who ever entered Bates are to be found in this year's entering class. The following list of twenty speaks for itself:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Plus Condition</th>
<th>Total Strength</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Charles W. Messenger</td>
<td>594</td>
<td>1136</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. P. Holman</td>
<td>461</td>
<td>1002</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. W. French</td>
<td>371</td>
<td>924</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. D. Lord</td>
<td>367</td>
<td>861</td>
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<tr>
<td>Judson Douglas</td>
<td>270</td>
<td>770</td>
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<tr>
<td>J. L. McCullach</td>
<td>269</td>
<td>772</td>
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<tr>
<td>Scott F. Cooley</td>
<td>263</td>
<td>783</td>
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<tr>
<td>G. W. Schumacher</td>
<td>262</td>
<td>820</td>
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<tr>
<td>R. A. Wilder</td>
<td>257</td>
<td>790</td>
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<tr>
<td>Harold Pingree</td>
<td>255</td>
<td>772</td>
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<td>A. E. Pinkham</td>
<td>247</td>
<td>753</td>
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<td>W. K. Hepburn</td>
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<td>763</td>
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<td>R. F. Stevens</td>
<td>222</td>
<td>750</td>
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<td>C. W. Dolloff</td>
<td>219</td>
<td>725</td>
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<td>C. H. Pratt</td>
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<td>L. A. Marson</td>
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<td>F. N. Burnell</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ira Hull</td>
<td>201</td>
<td>726</td>
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<tr>
<td>H. M. Goodwin</td>
<td>180</td>
<td>689</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A. N. Peasley</td>
<td>178</td>
<td>699</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Exchanges.

WITH this number the exchange editor of 1905 must bid farewell to her “column” and the friends she has made by its means during the past year. It has been a pleasant task to read the college magazines and she will always retain the interest in them and for them which she has gained this year, urging other students who are not members of the editorial staff, to go into the reading-room at least once a month, to become acquainted with the various colleges through their journals. The editor wishes to thank all who have so kindly “exchanged,” not forgetting the preparatory schools whose work has, in many instances, been
worthy of mention in this department, and to wish to each and all a "Happy New Year" in amateur journalism.

"The Bride of the Nile" in *The Mount Holyoke* is a touching little tragedy. It is original and well written. The story is the sacrifice of a maiden to the angry god of the waters. The scene is described in a few sentences, but their suggestiveness and the excellent choice of words add vividness and force. "The Originality of Priscilla" in the same paper impresses us as rather too modern to be called a "story of 1850." Those girls are girls of to-day. Their language and tricks would have been considered exceedingly unbecoming, by a girl of 1850.

**ERE THE NIGHT.**

Mother-of-pearl and amber,
Splendor of color untold,
Light as from gates of jasper,
Gleams as from streets of gold—
Lie on the nearer hilltops;
While the mountain-rim,
Wrapped in purple shadows,
Looms in the distance dim.

On far-off sunlit spaces,
On beautiful hills between,
Rests a glory like unto faces
Seen but once, in a dream;
Bright with a wondrous beauty
Which softly fades away,
And, wrapped in purple shadows,
Dies in the twilight gray.

—*Madeleine A. White in The Mount Holyoke.*

"The Thoughtful Murderer" in *The Bowdoin Quill* is a mysterious though not wholly improbable tale. "Grandfather's Story" is amusing and well told. "Grandfather" on hearing, as he thinks, a burglar, gets up in the dark and uses a club on his own reflection in the mirror. The following is one of the best poems in the November *Quill*:

**THE COMING OF THE STORM.**

Dark clouds are brooding o'er the deep,
While sea-gulls fly above the land;
The glassy sea is stirred from sleep,
To dash against the rock-walled strand.

The air assumes a murky haze,
The breaking waves are foamy white,
The sun withdraws his brilliant rays,
And day is changing into night.
The vessels haste across the bar,
And anchor safely from the gale,
But still is heard adown the spar,
The moaning wind through shroud and sail.

Old ocean robbed of half her fleet,
More angry grows and louder roars,
Essays to sink, beneath her sheet
The little isles and level shores.

The trees rock madly to and fro,
The wind and waves their powers form,
And all this wild, tumultuous show
Foretells the coming of the storm.

—C. W. Snow in The Bowdoin Quill.

The Georgetown College Journal contains an appreciative essay on “The Poems of Heine,” closing with a poetical translation of “The Lorelei.” We always look for fine German translations in this magazine. “Count Avogadro, Phisicist,” is a strong, well-written piece of work, yet in reading it we feel an oppressive sense of being instructed.

The Tuftonian for November is one of the best numbers we have received. The short sketches are particularly good. They are simple and right to the point.

SONNET.

“My life sounds but a single feeble tone
In the grand symphony of Life and Death;
I will not sound it; ‘tis a waste of breath;
No ear will ever hear it save my own.”
Weakling, what words are these? To you alone
That single note was given which you must play.
No other soul in Time’s great orchestra
Can sound it rightly. On Life’s trumpet blown,
Better one feeble note blown at your best
Than silence. God will answer for the rest,
So you shall play your part from day to day;
Else the world-music given men to play
Shall lose,—that tone with other tones unblent.—
Something of the deep fullness God hath meant.

—Charles Henry Stone, in The Tuftonian.

The Maine Campus presents a much more attractive appearance in its new covers and from the enthusiasm now evinced by its editors, gives promise of raising its standard.

Williams College has suffered a loss from fire of twenty thousand dollars. The interior of Morgan Hall, the largest dormitory,
was nearly destroyed on the afternoon of November twenty-fourth. The students congratulated themselves, however, that the insurance would make needed repairs.

The following poem from the *Vassar Miscellany* reminds us of Stevenson:

**DAWN.**

Sometimes, at night, I wake up  
When it’s dark.  
Down in the yard my pup  
Begins to bark.  
I hear the chickens crow;  
One time I heard  
A big train-whistle blow,  
And once a bird  
Way off in the trees  
There are some nests—  
Began to tease  
For dawn to come.  
And through a crack  
The clear, new light  
Came in and petted back  
My wall to sight.  

—Emily Van Duzer Ford, in *The Vassar Miscellany.*

**BEFORE THE BUDDHA.**

It was only a bit of minor in the song, an odd haunting turn that brought it back—the solemn Japanese service in the Kioto temple.

The priests were chanting before the great bronze Buddha high up in the shadows, that gleamed dully through the mist of incense smoke, and the weary minor of their voices echoed hauntingly through the dim temple. The light from bronze lanterns filtered through the dusk, lighting the gilt in the heavy tapestries, and the idols dreaming on the lacquered dais. Now and then the velvet tones of a gong chimed and fell, and lingered, and waves of incense rolled up from the altar. Then the chant beginning again rose to a wail that filled the dimness with echos; but the great Buddha stared down and beyond with calm, unseeing eyes.

—*The Vassar Miscellany.*

**Books Reviewed.**

“Old wood to burn! Old wine to drink!  
Old friends to trust! Old books to read!  

*ALONZO OF ARAGON.*

**TEXT-BOOK OF GENERAL PHYSICS.** By Joseph S. Ames, Ph.D., Professor of Physics and Director of the Physical Laboratory in the Johns Hopkins University.

This work provides a one year’s course in physics which is well adapted for use in American colleges. The book states the theory of the subject clearly and logically. It gives a concise statement of the experimental
facts on which the science of physics is based, and presents with these statements the accepted theories which correlate or explain them. Every experiment and observation which has an important bearing on our knowledge or theories of Physics is mentioned and explained; and the few great Principles of Nature are given the prominence that they deserve. The book is illustrated. It ranks as a standard treatise on physics.


PRACTICAL MEASUREMENTS IN MAGNETISM AND ELECTRICITY. By G. A. Hoadley, A.M., C.E., Professor of Physics, Swarthmore College.

This book supplies a satisfactory introduction to a course in electrical engineering, and makes the student familiar with the fundamental measurements in electricity as applied to the requirements of modern life. Because of the intimate relation between magnetism and electricity, it contains also a preliminary study of the phenomena of magnetism. The method of the book is to make use of a series of nearly one hundred experiments arranged in logical sequence and each accompanied by suggestive directions and by a simple discussion of the principles involved. The volume includes also many practical problems.


EASY LESSONS; OR THE STEPPING STONE TO ARCHITECTURE. By Thomas Mitchell.

The object of this little book is to create a taste in the mind of the young for the noblest of the Arts. It is now conceded that architecture is not only a profession and an art, but an important branch of any liberal education. The work is probably the best educational text-book for the beginner ever published. It tells about the different styles, their peculiar features, their origin and the principles which underlie their construction in simple and easy questions and answer. Many illustrations and diagrams aid to an intelligent understanding.


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The book is well named. The selections were chosen from “Songs of All Colleges,” “Songs of Eastern Colleges,” and “Songs of Western Colleges.” Besides many others, the book contains such old favorites as “The Bull Dog,” “Co-ca-che-junk,” “The Dutch Company,” “Hark! I Hear a Voice,” “Peanut Song,” “Clementine,” “Quilting Party” and “Solomon Levi.”

Skill, ease and zeal have been well exercised in the collection of the bright college songs,—a valuable addition to any store of spirit-raising music.

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REV. A. T. SALLEY, D.D.,
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GROSVENOR M. ROBINSON,
Instructor in Elocution.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Roger Williams Hall, a new and beautiful building, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian Church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

THE BIBLICAL TRAINING SCHOOL.

This school was established by vote of the Trustees, June 27, 1894, to provide for the needs of students not qualified to enter the Divinity School. Its students have equal privileges in the building, libraries, lectures, and advantages already described. Its classes, however, are totally distinct from those of the Divinity School, the students uniting only in common chapel exercises and common prayer-meetings.

This department was opened September 10, 1895. The course of study is designed to be of practical value to Sunday-school superintendents, Bible class teachers, evangelists, and intelligent Christians generally, as well as to persons who contemplate the ministry.

Certificates of attainment will be granted to those who complete the course.

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JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

LYMAN G. JORDAN, PH.D.,
Professor of Chemistry.

WILLIAM H. HARTSHORN, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

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ARTHUR C. CLARK, B.S.,
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Knighton Professor of History and Economies.

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CAROLINE E. LIBBY, A.M.,
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FRED E. POMEROY, A.M.,
Instructor in Biology.

W. E. MCNEILL, A.B.,
Instructor in English.

HAROLD H. THAYER, A.B.,
Assistant in Chemical Laboratory.

GEORGE E. STEBBINS, A.B.,
Assistant in Physical Laboratory.

CARROLL L. MCKUSIC,
Assistant in Greek.

CAROLINE A. WOODMAN, A.M.,
Librarian.

WM. W. BOLSTER, JR., A.B.,
Director in Gymnasium.

MURIEL E. CHASE,
Registrar.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:

LATIN: In six books of Virgil's "Aeneid"; four books of Cæsar; seven orations of Cicero; thirty exercises in Jones's Latin Composition; Latin Grammar (Harkness or Allen & Greenough).

GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's "Anabasis"; four books of Homer's "Iliad"; twenty exercises in Jones's Greek Composition; Goodwin's or Hadley's Greek Grammar.


ENGLISH: In Ancient Geography, Ancient History, English Composition, and in English Literature the works set for examination for entrance to the New England Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Wednesday preceding Commencement, and on Monday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

Candidates may present instead of Greek an equivalent in Science and Modern Languages as described in the Catalogue.

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