Bates Student ...
## CONTENTS.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Baccalaureate Hymn</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Class Ode—1901</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Nineteenth Century</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>156</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Hooliganism in Literature</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Class Poem—1901</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Scale of Pleasure</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>John Brown of Osawatomie</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>164</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Ivy's Message</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Class Ode—1902</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ivy Ode—1902</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>CARBONETTES:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A City Thanksgiving</td>
<td></td>
<td>170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A New England Village in Summer</td>
<td></td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>ALUMNI ROUND-TABLE:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Personal</td>
<td></td>
<td>173</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### AROUND THE EDITORS' TABLE.

**EDITORIALS**

**LOCAL DEPARTMENT:**

Commencement Week  
Sophomore Champion Debate  
Junior Exhibition  
Class Day  
Commencement Day—Order of Exercises  
Class of 1901  
Ivy Day  
Y. M. C. A. Notes  
Class Ride of 1902  
Class Ride of 1901  
The Freshman Bird Ride  
Senior Meeting  
Base-Ball  
Field Day  
M. I. C. A. A. Meet  
Glimpses of College Life  

**COLLEGE EXCHANGES**

**OUR BOOK-SHELF**

**176**
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Saviour, grant Thy special blessing
As our parting hymn we raise,
And with hearts in Thee united
Sing Thy wondrous love and praise.
Thoughts of God among us rising
Kindled by this sacred hour,
Strengthen yet the tie that binds us,
Thrill us with Thy holy power.

Through the years we've spent together
Thou hast been a faithful guide,
Both in sunshine and in shadow
We have known Thee at our side;
And though now our class is broken,
Those we loved we meet no more,
Faith and Hope e'er bringing comfort
Whisper, "Only gone before."

Thus forever go Thou with us,
May our souls Thy temple be,
Love divine each purpose shaping
Keep our trust firm fixed in Thee.
And where'er our paths may wander,
Precious Jesus be our light,
By Thy mercy all enfolding
Nineteen-one again unite.

CLASS ODE—1901.

While summer is gaily adorning
All nature in garments of light,
Oh! fair is the smile of the sunshine
And fair are the flowers so bright.
We list to the strains of sweet anthems
THE BATES STUDENT.

As birds sing their merriest lays,
And join in the clear ringing chorus
Our voices of gladness and praise.

Yet tinged must our hearts be with sadness,
We join in our last parting song,
So soon must the tie now be broken,
The tie that has bound us so long;
In fancy e'en now we hear faintly
Soft tones of our dear chapel bell.
To work it will ne'er again call us,
'Tis chiming a last fond farewell.

But Hope beckons on to the future,
The future with mysteries new,
So forward we'll go in our striving
For what'er is noble and true.
And oft will come memories tender
Of fair college days that are past,
Which always in joy or in sorrow
We'll cherish in thought to the last.
—Bertha Brett.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

The nineteenth century has passed. That mighty epoch, most remarkable of all history, the marvel of mankind, glided off into the realm of ages and was gone. Naturally but reverently we turn and, looking back over those years, stand transfixed in wonder, in admiration. As by a magic wand, life simple, individual, with customs and ideas that prevailed for centuries before, has been transformed like a dream to the complex, liberal life of to-day. Previous ages had been devoted to preparing the earth for man's work, the nineteenth century witnessed the beginning of his own individual development.

The century opened with war in Europe. Napoleon was at his height. France was rising from the chaos of revolution; England from the bonds of mediaevalism; while the American states were struggling with their infant republic. The world was small. Lands still lay in darkness, isolated, unknown. No railways bound their parts together, no steamers joined them in mutual interests, no telegraphs made them one. Each was a world in itself.

The century closed with Europe a federation of powerful nations at peace with each other, the American republic the leading nation of the globe. The whole world has become known, heathen nations civilized and all united, bound together with common bonds. Time and space have been overcome. Isolation is no more.

And what a change in man! Awakened to a larger consciousness of himself and his social sphere, life has assumed a new meaning. Too long had the old idea prevailed and he arose to demand his rights. Liberty was for him and the state but his servant. With a mighty bound the chains of mediaevalism burst and a vast nothingness between old and new met the dawn of the
nineteenth century. No tyrant could prevent, no power could check this vast democratic spirit, and for one hundred years, finding root in every land and clime, it has developed and become to-day the dominating factor of civilization. It loosed the bonds of slavery throughout the civilized world, forced despotism to bow to freedom and democracy, made the names of Lincoln and Gladstone immortal.

With the humanitarian came the religious movement. Puritanism is no more. With new light upon religious truth form and belief have died away, supplanted by that nobler, truer conception that life in its being, living, acting, is the true basis of religion. From the egoistic, selfish life has come the broadened altruism of to-day. The increased contact of man with man has developed a greater feeling of brotherhood, a greater sympathy, philanthropy, love. Human life has become a sacred thing. There was a time when Christianity seemed to waver before the marvellous advance of science and doubt reigned supreme. But the two must harmonize or one must go. A deeper study, a clearer insight and Truth was declared. What man discovered was but what God revealed.

The spirit of investigation just awakening at the dawn of the century dealt the death-blow to authority and with marvellous rapidity stimulated human thought to scientific research. In geology, astronomy, biology, chemistry, physics, ideas established for ages were found untrue. The theory of evolution and nebular hypothesis startled the world. Lyell viewed the earth, La Place the heavens, and beheld wonders never dreamed of before. To them, to Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, we point with reverence as the champions of investigation; men who drew the veil of ignorance and let the light of knowledge to shine upon the world.

And with the purely scientific came its application to human needs. Stevenson, Morse, Edison are immortal names in the realm of invention, which has become a science in itself. Numberless are the agencies by which life is broadened, lifted, where formerly there were none. Steam and electricity have revolutionized industry to the betterment of all mankind. Medical science has achieved incredible results. So with every phase of material growth, moulding man's every thought and act, making possible his true development.

Thus the nineteenth century will shine forth from the pages of history eclipsing all others; not in its wealth of literature and art; the age of Greece's triumph excelled in that; not in mighty revolutions, the part of the eighteenth century; not in great religious movements; the crusades and inquisition are still unequalled. But it will shine forth in the vast development of all things pertaining to human welfare, social and individual; in the vast strides of science and its application to human needs; and in the change of religious thought. Not by revolution, as the movements of previous ages, but by evolution, the gradual, harmonious, natural change.
We look upon these mighty movements through which the world has been so changed and ask: "Whither do they tend?" The answer ever comes from the movements themselves: "You have witnessed an age of preparation." These movements are but beginnings. Not yet has man reached his proper sphere to judge from the evil, the social unrest of to-day; nor has science reached its limit; but in its infancy it presents on every hand innumerable problems yet unsolved; the influence, the scope of religious thought is but beginning to be understood. Truly, humanity has but begun to work out its destiny in the proper development of its material, social, spiritual self. Its limit is eternity.

—Harry L. Moore, '01.

Hooliganism in Literature.

God-Emplanted in man's nature, rooted in the inmost fibers of his being, is a perfecting principle, manifest in all he does, all he thinks, all he is; without which progress were not; by the aid of which he may, with the increase of the ages, attain to the uttermost heights of heaven. Deep-founded is man's belief that in each succeeding century he lifts himself to higher levels, breathes a purer atmosphere, sees farther into the heart of God which is Truth. Yet, as the nautilus, in-borne on the billow-bosom, oft is tossed seaward by a brother-billow; so does man's momentum towards higher and more spiritual things seem at times suspended, and he appears to be swept, as by a great back-wave, from civilization away to barbarism, from the ideal to the real, from the spiritual to the material.

On such a back-wave humanity, during the last decade or two, has seemed to be drifting; and the force of the undertow is felt in religion, in politics, in art, but especially in literature, which portrays all of life, which fluctuates like a delicately-hung pendulum, now this way, now that, with every changing phase of human experience. With a glance at the ideals of yesterday comes conviction that this is true: the same generation which did erstwhile glory in Scott, now revels in Doyle; which cherished Dickens now gloats over Haggard; which worshiped at the shrine of Tennyson, now all but deifies Kipling. From Tennyson to Kipling! Can we have drifted so far? Have we bartered our star-crowned ideals for idols of clay?

"The life of every good man is an indubitable gospel and so preaches that devils even must believe and tremble thereat," says Carlyle. Plato thought fair sights, beautiful sounds—and he might have added noble literature, for that is the highest form of art—would serve more than anything else to teach moral lessons, not merely to the individual but to the whole social organism. But suppose art presents ideals that are morally defective? Suppose it portrays evil, with never a glimpse at the "soul of goodness" hid therein? Suppose it pictures commonest facts of ordi-
nary experience and shows no "ideal significance shining through?" Realism fashions a hero in clay and, lest he lose of his essence by abrasion, makes him wallow in sloughs of mire till he sinks in the quicksands. Someone has said: "It is characteristic of our age that the accurate and skilful representation of things and facts which are not beautiful is called art." And, indeed, from the knighthood and chivalry of Scott, from the philanthropy and humanitarianism of Dickens, from Thackeray's enthusiasm and love for the best in man, from Tennyson's sympathy, sincerity, spirituality, with all the portrayals of patriotism, liberty, home-love, noble womanhood, sublimest faith in God's great plan for man, with which these writers have endowed the world for all time,—from all this, the back-wave has borne us away to the torture and bloodshed of Haggard; the materialism and militarism of Doyle; the piracy, the athleticism of Stevenson; the fatalism, the brute force, the hooliganism of Kipling, with all the ignoble details of military and civilian life, mess-room gossip and boudoir scandal, cockneyism and vulgarities of language, brawling soldiers and tippling seamen, frisky wives and widows, barbarous escapades, bestial amusements and social intrigues which these writers have imposed upon their brother man.

But how is it that the same generation which followed with unwavering feet to the sun-steeped heights Tennyson loved, now turns its face to the lowlands, listening enraptured to the voice of the hooligan? This is an effect: the cause is not far to seek. England, the fountain-head of the world's literature, has latterly been stirred to her lowest depths, as great waves have passed over her,—waves of trade-extension and activity, of colonization and territorial acquisition, of applied science, of dread of Russian rivalry, of unrest in Ireland and South Africa, of Indian warfare, of treasure-seeking in Orient and Occident. The spirit of the times, whose name is Action, has borne no peace-wand in his hand to still these tossing waves; rather has he piled them higher, as he swept on with shield and sword, filling every English heart with military enthusiasm, with glorification of strength and muscle and physical might. "Not reflexion, but action," has been England's watchword for a quarter of a century. Her historians have chronicled wars; her scientists have sought to apply the old rather than search out the new; her story-writers have presented tales of war, adventure, and discovery; her poets have written "Songs of Action."

From such materialism to hooliganism is but a step. Kipling found the stage prepared, the foot-lamps lighted, the fair in full swing; and round upon round of applause greeted him, as he set out his panorama of moving pictures which, he affirmed, were genuine reproductions, true to life. Unquestioningly were his affirmations received; eagerly was the new and strange drunk in.

But is thirst at last quenched? Has the cup been drained to its dregs? Is England, satiated, ready to return, dizzied and staggering, to her springs of living water? Yes, we may hope the
play is played out: it is surely safe to turn out the lights and pack the pictures away in the lumber-room.

What is the function of true art? Does not its worth lie in the aid it renders man in his struggle to realize the highest self? "He derives a noble satisfaction from the contemplation of a good deed or an excellent character," says one. "True art points to higher ideals than those attainable in the actual world." It chooses the happy moment, the significant combination, the helpful environment. It does not crowd all the sordidness and crime and bestiality into one brief hour; it shows some beauty behind the ugliness. It leads to sun-lit heights and sweet waters. It sheds over all "the light that never was on sea or land," but beameth forth from the bright realms of heaven.

—Caroline E. Libby, 1901.

CLASS POEM—1901.

A summer day lay brooding o'er the hamlet of Carree,
A little fishing town of France upon a sheltered bay,
Looking towards the broad Atlantic dreaming in the noontide high,
Crooning, as it plashed the shore, a drowsy lullaby.
E'en the children felt the magic of the spell and left their play,
Wandered idly to the water and the shore of old Carree,
Watched the white gulls slowly circling far above the moss-grown pier,
While the fishermen's quaint stories fell like dream words on their ear.

Part way up the grassy hillside, out of reach of spray and foam,
Nestled many a fisher's cottage, small and thatched, but each a home.
And from out the sunny doorways, mingling with the aspen's stir
And the bird-songs, came the music of the flax-wheel's busy whirr.
Further up the grassy hillside where the winding path grew steep
Stood the little Gothic chapel like a shepherd o'er his sheep.
One priest dwelt alone within it, bent and grey but tried and true,
Soul as deep as skies by starlight and as pure as Heaven's own blue.
To Pere Andre those simple people brought each sorrow, pain or loss,
And the father's willing shoulders stooped still lower for each cross.

In the quiet of contentment thus the day was growing old
And the sunset touched the ciosses on the church with burnished gold.
Fathers' welcome, children's laughter, songs of mothers filled the air,
While the people, listening, waited for the vesper's call to prayer.

Hark! Not the bell, but up from the bay
Rises a shout so hoarse and wild
Each mother's face grows white with fear,
Each to her bosom clasps her child.
Like serpent into a nest of doves,
Around a cliff and into the bay
Shoots the long, dark form of a Viking's ship,
Its thirsty oars churn the waves to spray.
The gilded dragon upon the prow
Wears a fiendish leer in the sunset glare,
And as cruelly gleam the Viking band
With glittering swords and streaming hair.
But ere they anchor and reach the shore,
The little chapel has done its part,
Has gathered its fleeing, trembling flock
Up to its loving, eager heart.
And whatever treasure each peasant has,
A silver candle or beads of pearl,
Or crucifix, the altar hides
Where they think no heathen a spear would hurl.

Ah! guileless peasants! How little ye know
The cruel lust for gold and gain,
Your foeman's scorn of holy things
Of tears of sorrow or cries of pain!
But ye were to learn from a cruel proof,
Your chapel pillaged, your loved ones slain.
Yet ere the darkness had settled down
The Vikings were gone for some richer gain.

But ah! the work wrought by their cruel hands!
’Twas meet that it should be concealed by night.
Yet overhead the stars still calmly blinked,
The morrow’s sun shone on it warm and bright;
On something else the morning sun shone, too,
On something golden by the water's edge,
Something that danced like firefly o'er a marsh
Now on the rocks, now on the slippery sedge.
Two peasants saw this from far up the beach
And startled, hastened to the waterside;
But as they reached the shore a bright-haired boy
Sprang up and fled straight towards the rising tide.

Nor weed nor moss sent his sure feet astray;
But finally upon the farthest rock
Faced by the dashing surge, he turned at bay.
His scarlet kirtle fluttering 'round his limbs,
His feet firm-planted in the sea-weed's maze,
His head thrown back, he stood to meet his foes,
Beautiful even to their angry gaze.
They saw his wind-tossed hair, his blue eyes' fire,
His tight-drawn lips' despair but never fears,
A Viking boy, scarce ten short summers old,
A Viking warrior in all points but years.
And warrior, too, he proved himself to be
Ere they could seize and carry him away.
But finally they took him to the shore
And set him down before Pere Andre.
Embittered by their recent injuries
They would have killed him, but the loving priest
Silenced their angry murmurs with a word,
And took the wild-eyed boy upon his knees.

“Lost or abandoned by the Viking ship,
Poor frightened child!” he mused. His pitying eyes
Dwelt on the blue eyes of the Viking boy,
His looks of hopelessness became surprise;
His lips relaxed and quivered as with pain,
The bright eyes swam in tears. No longer proud
And fearless Viking but a lonely boy,
He clasped Pere Andre's neck and wept aloud.

Gently time had touched Carree
Soothed its pain until to-day,
Fifteen years from when the Vikings sacked the town,
To the old that pillage seemed
Like a strange and lurid dream,
To the young 'twas like a legend handed down.
But to prove the legend's truth,
In the church a bright-haired youth
Stayed the weak and faltering steps of Pere Andre,
Read to him the Holy Word,
All the wondrous story heard
Of the Child Divine that in the manger lay.

He had learned Pere Andre's speech
With a quickness love can teach,
But his Viking tongue he never could forget;
"If my people come again
Shall I go away with them?"
Was his troubled question to Pere Andre yet.

So the years of childhood ran
And the youth became a man,
But love for him had strengthened year by year;
He must live in old Carree,
Take the place of Pere Andre.
Not a Viking ship seen yet! Why should they fear?

In treacherous security the summer's peaceful days
Had glided over old Carree; the autumn's golden haze
Had welded sky and ocean on the far horizon's rim,
And cast a purple shadow on the hilltops vague and dim,
When that wild and frightful war-cry, half forgotten thro' the years,
Rising from the little harbor pierced the startled peasants' ears.
All the horror of that evening in the past was with them still,
And with one accord they hastened to the chapel on the hill;
And they wondered at Pere Andre, for they found him in his seat
With Adolph, the Viking foundling, kneeling at the father's feet.
One short moment and the Vikings hurled themselves against the door,
And Aldoph rose, with a bearing they had never seen before.
All at once the church grew silent as the people whispered, "See!
He is like Our Master walking on the waves of Galilee."
And with one hand on the crucifix he threw the church door wide,
And Pere Andre watched them talking tho' he knew no word at all,
But the features of his loved one spoke to him like trumpet call.
He watched his bent face flushing as the elder Viking spoke,
He saw the light of eagerness that o'er his features broke,
He knew that they were speaking of their wild and care-free life,
He realized all the elements within that heart at strife.
He could not drive the tears back as he thought of years gone by,
But he schooled himself to whisper just a blessing with good-bye.

Then a change—could he believe it?—for he saw young Adolph's hand
Touch again the crucifix; he saw his brave boy stand
Head erect and calmly smiling, and he knew it was to show
Who had won the victory. Then he saw the Vikings go,
And the father's eyes were clouded with such tears of peace and joy
That he could not see the longing on the pale face of the boy,
As with arm on Adolph's shoulder, thro' his tears he tried to say,
"Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall not go astray."

THE SCALE OF PLEASURE.

"TELL me what you like," says Ruskin, "and I will tell you what you are." In spite of all affectation and pretension, what we really are is what we enjoy. A scale of pleasure, correctly divided, measures from the savage, whose chief pleasures
are eating and hunting, to the ascetic, whose chief pleasures are a sense of duty well performed and a heart pure and undefiled before God. You may take a street Arab into your home, teach him what is right and what is wrong. He may do right while your eye is upon him, but until he enjoys doing right you cannot trust him, you have in no way reformed him. The sociologist recognizes that when the (working) lower classes enjoy higher things they will live nobler lives, and so he endeavors to inspire a love of cleanly and artistic surroundings, of beautiful pictures and fine music.

A man may attend church from habit or from respect for the opinions of others. For obvious reasons he may even take an active part in the worship and contribute freely to the finances. But if his heart is not in the work, his so-called religion will not make him a more reliable business man, nor does the Bible promise him great reward. "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. . . . And if I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

It is not enough that we should behave in a way that is good, and brave, and pure when we are seen of men,—we must enjoy and love goodness and courage and purity. And to what extent we truly love these virtues, so far can we be trusted, for in crucial moments the mantle of affection is torn away and we appear as we are and act as we feel. To quote from Ruskin: "The entire object of true education is to make people not merely do the right things, but enjoy the right things—not merely industrious, but to love industry—not merely learned, but to love knowledge—not merely pure, but to love purity—not merely just, but to hunger and thirst after justice."

It is evident that the man who enjoys his work will be successful and happy, for then work will be spontaneous, not forced; a means of self-expression, not merely a means of subsistence. Mabie says truly: "The slave toils, the freeman labors, the artist plays."

But when it is asserted that generally men are where they are and what they are from following pleasure, a storm of objections arises. Are there not many who fight successfully against temptations? Are there not multitudes even in our own free land toiling almost hopelessly at irksome labor? Are there not more than a few who voluntarily enter upon duties involving the utmost hardship and danger? Now pleasures are of three classes: physical, which mean much since the physical is obviously indicative of the mental and moral; intellectual, as the pleasure a mathematician takes in solving problems or a novelist in developing his plot; spiritual, a clear conscience, a pure heart, that beatific state of strength and peace, to which only the good attain. To every one each class of pleasures appeals more or less strongly, but one class rules. From lack of symmetry, it often happens
that a man of high intellectual and moral qualities, has also appetites entirely inharmonious. So while intellectual or spiritual pleasures may rule, there are rebellious subjects who would usurp the power. If the higher pleasures really rule, all is well; if not, we see a Byron or a Poe. This clash of the pleasures is a moral conflict,—and for many, these conflicts are frequent and sharp before the whole nature is trained to the enjoyment of only right pleasures.

As to the multitudes engaged in uncongenial labor, we shall doubtless agree that in the lives of most men there are places where a choice is made between using leisure time and money for trivial pleasures and devoting time and resources untiringly to such studies and pursuits as will enable them to rise higher. We must say, then, that many of these men are where they are from following pleasure, since they preferred a little time and money for petty pleasures to the unceasing work and rigid self-denial necessary for advancement.

And as to those who voluntarily enter upon duties of hardship and danger,—the intellectual or spiritual pleasures rule their lives. To the explorer love of knowledge, of fame, or even of adventure, outweighs the physical dangers and discomforts. Monks and missionaries undergo great privations and dangers because their lives are propelled by higher forces than love of self and of physical comforts. We pity them as we pity all good people who do not apparently prosper, and we wish them great reward in a future world. How superficial is our conception of pleasure! Would we presume to reward the good by physical luxuries? These are, in a degree, desirable, but they have what they enjoy far more. The highest pleasures are theirs, for their lives are in harmony with divine laws. The storms of adversity may beat without, but within all is peace and light.

"A mind in its own place and in itself,
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

—JOSEPHINE B. NEAL, 1901.

JOHN BROWN OF OSAWATOMIE.

MORE beautiful than masterpiece of art, more delicate than image carven by hand of great master, more grand than the handiwork of Nature herself, is the purity of a great and noble character; some character which, living in the world, yet is not of the world; a character which, passing on, never dies.

Such a character was John Brown of Osawatomie, martyr to the sacred cause of Freedom. The influence of that God-inspired life shall never die; and, as men study his character more fully, its beauties will become far more distinct.

John Brown;—at mention of the name there passes before our eyes a panorama quickly shifting. It shows a fair country, strong and mighty; a nation Heaven-prospered, possessed of all that
which makes a nation great. Look again. The country is black with a terrible curse,—Slavery.

Had this country, our country, so soon forgotten the sweetness of freedom? What meant that prayer:

Our fathers’ God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom’s holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

This the national hymn of a country upholding Slavery?

The black man was crying out for freedom, freedom from a bondage worse than any our country had ever known. Was there none to care? None to rescue the helpless? They were so weak,—the oppressors so strong. Out in struggling Kansas God was raising up one who should stand forth to proclaim freedom for the Slave; one who should strike such a blow that its echoes would resound round the world. Though the attempt seemed failure, Harper’s Ferry was the beginning of that great strife which ended in the emancipation of the Slave. John Brown made Abraham Lincoln possible. To John Brown, self-forgetful, self-sacrificing, the black race of the South owes its freedom.

Observe more closely the panorama before us. Here, in his warehouse, a merchant; upon his knee, not a ledger but a Bible; on the open page before him these words: “Withhold not good from them to whom it is due when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.” Upon the face of the reader a wrapt expression,—in his eye the gleam of a fixed purpose. The scene changes. A little company crossing the wild prairie toward Kansas; in their wagon arms and ammunition; among them one erect, firm of countenance. Again: A host of Missourian ruffians contending with a few Abolitionists under the leadership of John Brown. Another and another battle. What is the meaning? A few brave men possessed of conscience and a knowledge of the Golden Rule determine, if possible, to keep out from newly settled Kansas the terrible curse of Slavery. Missourians determine that Slavery shall prevail in Kansas even at the cost of life. What did the Government do? Nothing. In a nation whose watchword was “Freedom,” those in authority favored Slavery. No need to fear punishment by the Government. The Missourians kept on murdering. These were the battles of Pottawatomie, Black Jack, Osawatomie, Lawrence; stepping-stones to Harper’s Ferry. Like the distant rumbling of approaching thunder were those days of early Kansas; like the storm-burst in all its fury was Harper’s Ferry.

What was Harper’s Ferry? The outcome of a plan long considered. In every life, at some time, will be made manifest the result of inward thinking. Every thought, every act, forms an inner man, and the inner man must gradually transform and
transfuse the outer. Twenty years John Brown had thought and
planned and worked with but one end in view,—the Freedom of
the Slave. Now the time was come. Every effort had failed.
The South would not be persuaded that freedom belonged to the
Slave. If the Slave was to be made free he must have freedom
through force. John Brown planned for a general uprising of
the slaves on a certain day. Had the original plans been carried
out we must believe that they would have been successful, and
John Brown would have been honored with the honor due the
Liberator of the Slaves. It is a fact that Earth's noblest heroes
have been least honored, least respected, even most despised of
their own generation. Was it not true of Christ? Is it not true
of John Brown? See him as he lies upon his cot within the pris-
oners' bar,—his head gashed with wounds, himself suffering
intensely. The death of a criminal hovers over him. He
denounces still the curse of Slavery. And, when he feels the
people understand his purpose in instigating the uprising, he is
willing to die, believing that his life sacrificed may rouse others
to more earnest endeavors against Slavery.

A beautiful day in early December. The sun rising bright
and clear scatters the last trace of a thin haze which has veiled
the landscape. Not a cloud in the sky—all beautiful, serene. Out-
side the city of Charleston, on a gently rolling hillock, shine in
the bright sunlight the ugly outlines of a newly-erected scaffold;—
naught else to mar the beauty of the scene.

The hours pass. A distant bell tolls the hour—eleven.
Forms of men appear in the doorway of the jail,—and one more
erect, more calm than the others; his countenance fearless, a for-
giving smile upon his lips. They move forward. A black
woman holding a little babe stands near his way. He stoops for
an instant, and the blessing of John Brown of Osawatomie,
martyr to the sacred cause of human Freedom, has been ushered
into Eternity. Could we have heard the Voice of Welcome there,
it might have been; "Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto the least
of these, thou hast done it unto me."

—GERTRUDE B. LIBBEY, 1901.

THE IVY'S MESSAGE.

In our many views of nature,
   We find what there we seek.
Of joy, of sorrow, and sadness
   Each in its turn will speak.

The willow weeps with the mourners;
   But when the sun shines bright
And the breezes stir its branches,
   Sending out gleams of light,
Then it puts off its deep mourning,
   Laughs at the gloomy pine,
And tells of a distant country
   Where sunbeams ever shine.
But the pine heeds not the challenge,  
Heeds not the smiling sun.  
It mourns with the same old accents,  
"Woe to the weary one."

The rose, the lily, and harebell  
Smile for the gay young maid,  
Who lightly laughs at the trouble  
Beside her pathway laid.

But even the flowers seem sadder  
And slowly bend their heads,  
While the clouds drop tears of pity  
When the last farewell is said

To some hope long kept and cherished,  
To some dream of future joy  
Which a sudden blow has shattered  
Like a frail and useless toy.

As I wandered one day in autumn  
Where my idle fancy led,  
I saw through the leafly branches  
Of trees all scarlet and red,

An old man, wearily climbing  
Up the rugged hill of life,  
Now at every turn disclosing  
Marks of pain, of toil, and strife.

The sun in the west fast sinking,  
Casts a bright and ruddy glow  
O'er the steep ascending pathway  
To the top now white with snow.

It had lost the warmth of noonday,  
It was far less clear and bright  
Than the first glad ray of morning  
Which had filled his path with light.

On his white hair gently falling,  
Lighting up his faded face  
It revealed the hope and courage  
Which were soon to win the race.

Alone he followed the pathway,  
Which but now was thronged with friends;  
Alone he will meet the dangers  
Which approaching winter lends.

The leaves lay along the road-side  
Where, torn from their native trees,  
And ruthlessly heaped 'neath the branches,  
They toss with each passing breeze.

The winds came sharp from the eastward,  
Chilled with a coming rain,  
Speaking wherever it tarried  
Only of sorrow and pain.
The birds flying swiftly homeward,
The leaden, dull, gray sky,
All told of a dying summer,
Told of a winter nigh.

But now a turn in the pathway
Brings suddenly to his view
An old and vine-clad chapel
All bright with the sunset hue.

Years before in this old chapel
Dwelt a wise and sainted man,
Praying ever night and morning,
"May I do what good I can."

In the world stretched out before him,
He had viewed the busy strife,
And had sought to aid the conflict
With a true and noble life.

As he knelt to pray one evening
Close beside the chapel door
Faint, but clear he heard the message,
"You shall live forever more."

When he rose he saw an ivy
Forth from the earth had sprung
And raised its dark green branches
Where the deepest shadows hung.

In this vine he saw the promise
He had heard there whispered low,
That his acts and deeds of mercy
In eternity should show.

Day by day, he toiled and waited,
Cheering grief and lightening pain,
Strewing always joy and gladness,
Asking nothing back again.

At each deed the vine grew taller,
Thus it is the legend runs,
Spread its arms out wide and wider
As he helped the needy ones.

The traveler paused at the chapel,
Weary and worn, with his guest.
He saw in those dark green branches
Something that whispered of rest.

As he studied the sacred ivy,
The worn look fled from his face.
In its place came peace and gladness
Which had brightened all the place.

As he went on his way rejoicing
In the promise the ivy brings
Of the life of a light eternal
Where forever gladness sings.

—Flora E. Long, 1902.
CLASS ODE—1902.

Words by JULIA E. BABCOCK. Music by FLORENCE S. AMES.

We hush awhile our cares, our pleasant strife,
Shut out the eager cries of youth and life,
To come apart, close-bound by friendship's ties,
And muse on what behind, before us, lies.

We see behind three happy years of youth,
The richest, fullest of our lives in sooth,
And yet we cannot tell where they have flown.
The only key—the friendships that have grown.

And still another year for us beyond
In which the months will tighten every bond
Which binds each heart so closely now to all,
Each heart to every landscape, hill and hall.

Ah! We are glad of this one year to be
While we can yet each others' faces see,
Make good the wrongs inflicted and can try
To nobler live and think as days slip by.

And after that? In word alone we'll part—
One dart of sorrow will pierce every heart,
One throb of joy to every spirit call,
One beam of hope give sunshine to us all!

IVY ODE—1902.

Words by JULIA E. BABCOCK. Music by FLORENCE S. AMES.

Thou ivy so tiny, so young,
With the whole of thy life on before,
Our hopes are all centered on thee
And we wish for thee, o'er and o'er,
That thou'lt climb from that lowness of thine
To the fullness of beauty.

Frail ivy, though small, thou'lt be true
In fulfilling the task which we place,
To cover each mar on this wall
With thy vines, thy freshness and grace.
Thou wilt grow in spring days or snow
To the heights still beyond.

Brave ivy, can'rt thou tell to us
Will our class be as faithful as thou
To the duties which He sets before,
To the hopes, the ideals we have now?
But we'll share, thou and we, in His care,
And that is enough.

And now, ivy dear, a long life
Is the hope of our class, all, for thee.
A health from our hearts will we sing
To thy growth and prosperity.
May thy life be with sunshine all rife
And thy days—numberless!
A CITY THANKSGIVING.

It was my first year away from home and I was, oh, so lonely. Every morning it seemed as if night would never come, and every night I hated the darkness and wanted the sun to shine again. Day after day the same round of work, night after night the same dull, homesick feeling in the dreary atmosphere of a boarding-house. Sundays were worst of all, for the people in the big city church were not cordial, and I longed for the pleasant smiles and cheery greetings of the country people at home.

It grew on to be about Thanksgiving time, and in our boarding-house we had poorer food than usual, either to get up our appetites for turkey or else to even up expenses, I have never known which.

The air grew colder every day; there was ice in my water-pitcher in the morning; my hands grew red and chapped; everybody came down late to breakfast and then scolded because the hash was cold or the muffins had grown poor with waiting. The wind roared so loudly and the leaves scurried so dismally along the frost-hardened road.

When I got to the office my employer was gruffer even than usual. He seemed to dictate faster than ever, and my typewriter made the worst mistakes, misspelling outrageously and mixing small letters up with capitals. It truly was a dismal November. And I was a disgrace to my Puritan ancestors, for I did not look forward to Thanksgiving with a thankful spirit.

But there was one thing that cheered me up a little. I know now that people do help or hinder us a great deal just by the way they look. If it had not been for this one little straw, I am sure I should have been wretched enough.

It was this. Almost every day on my way to the office, when I got near the corner of Washington and Summer streets I met the nicest-looking old gentleman, who looked real grandfatherly, as if he carried candy in his pockets, and pennies for beggars, and checks to help churches and colleges and hospitals with. His gold-headed cane, even, had a cheery sound as it tapped the side-
walk, and his pleasant blue eyes and benevolent smile helped me every time I saw him.

I wondered what he did on Thanksgiving, whether he gave dinners to poor people, filled his table with merry grandchildren, and delighted in carving turkey.

As that day, so dear to every true New England heart, came nearer, I thought he looked even nicer and more benevolent. I couldn't imagine how any one could look kinder, and comforted myself with thinking that even if I had to have a lonely Thanksgiving, this fine old grandfather would make some other people have a good time.

I never was much given to rejoicing in other people's good times when I wasn't in them. But this time I fairly couldn't help being glad for the people who would be made happy by this delightful old man.

As I began to eat my Thanksgiving dinner, I thought to myself what beaming faces were around his table, in contrast to the gloomy countenances at the boarding house; what games and stories they would have after dinner, in contrast to the yawns and gossip that I had grown so tired of; and as to the dinner itself, what a lordly turkey they had, in contrast to our lean and tough one, weakly supported by two meagre chickens. But then, I think our boarding mistress did the best she could. She usually did when she wasn't cross or tired or angry with the grocer or the milkman.

So when the dry goods clerk grumbled about the turkey's not being done and the law student told about his mother's wonderful mince pies, I kept from being disagreeable too by thinking how many poor families had dinners through the generosity of that nice old gentleman.

The next night after dinner the dry goods clerk told me how Colonel Jones (that was the name of this old gentleman) had celebrated Thanksgiving. He had made a big celebration, truly, by buying up a railroad, in this way ruining hundreds of people, by turning out some of his tenants on Mulligan's Alley because their rent wasn't paid, and by disinheriting his only daughter because she would not marry to suit him.

And yet, as I met him day after day, he did not look any the worse for it. His kind blue eyes looked all the more friendly; his smiling lips seemed ready to speak the noblest words; his cane thumped just as happily as he walked along.

Since then I have never been able to judge by appearances. I feel with Shakespeare that "a man may smile and smile and be a villain," and I have cruel suspicions of the most honest appearing people.

—BESSIE D. CHASE, 1902.

A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE IN SUMMER.

A typical New England village nestles among the hills and valleys of northern Maine.

It has nothing to distinguish it from many other country towns, except its native simplicity and virgin Puritanism.
A long, wide street,—white in summer with dust, and piled high in winter with heaps of crystal snow,—stretches between the houses, set each in its own little plot of ground. In summer the flowers along the way are many-hued, like Joseph's coat of old; and the little bees nestle among them with a busy hum, as if chiding the dreamy villagers for their sleepiness.

The calm of the mountains is here; and, unbroken by the cries of a locomotive, or by the rumble of traffic, the air is filled alone by the songs of birds and the music of running water.

A dreamy, hazy air is about the place, saturated with the odor of new-mown hay from the clover fields.

The stream, once in spring a roaring torrent clattering along its course, has been drunk by the thirsty sun until its thin thread of silver might be guided by the hand of a child.

Intoxicating fumes, like that from lotus, fill one's nostrils, and one half expects quietly to drift away from the rugged scene of a Puritan village, to the dreamland of the Orient, and to awaken 'neath stately palms amid flowers of a tropical clime.

'Tis the dreamy month of June! how sweet!
Sang the poet from his cool retreat,
While the swaying branches gently fanned
The manuscript beneath his hand.

A college student chanced to pass
A Junior girl, a weary lass.
She heard the words and saw the pen,
She frowned, then sighed and frowned again.

The dreamy month of June! Ah me!
The chance to dream I never see.
You lounge about the livelong day.
But college folks can't do that way.

Perhaps you think 'tis fun to go
To college when June breezes blow,
And daisy-buds begin to ope
Upon the orchard's grassy slope.

To study when you long for rest,
Recite when sleepy is no jest.
And think of test-week now most here,
The awfullest week of all the year!

Some "shindig" every other night,
Society part or essay to write,
A song to rehearse or a solo to play.
We begin to hurry at the dawn of day.

The dreamy month of June, ah me!
The chance to dream I never see.
For be June's skies however clear,
'Tis the weariest month of all the year.

—T., '03.

'S. Bertha Field, 1902.
PERSONAL.

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood, pastor of the Free Baptist Church at China, Me., delivered the Memorial Day oration in that town.

'68.—President G. C. Chase delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class of the New Hampton Seminary, New Hampton, N. H.

'70.—Rev. A. J. Chick has accepted a second pastorate with the Baptist Church in Wallingford, Vt.

'72.—Civil Engineer J. A. Jones was employed in Lewiston by the Co-operative Association of America to survey the lot where their new public café will be erected.

'73.—James H. Baker, president of the University of Colorado, has recently issued a book, published by the Longmans Co., which is entitled Education and Life. It consists of a series of very interesting papers and addresses on the importance of the scholar in the advancement of civilization, tracing his influence from Plato down to the present time.

'74.—F. P. Moulton, teacher of Latin in the High School, Hartford, Conn., is the author of a very successful text-book in Latin composition, which is published by Ginn & Co.

'75.—Rev. A. T. Salley, pastor of the Main Street Free Baptist Church, Lewiston, Me., preached the anniversary sermon before the Maine Central Institute at Pittsfield on Sunday, June 9th.

'76.—Rev. T. H. Stacy, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Saco, Me., has recently published a very interesting and helpful little book on the Conditions of Spiritual Life.

'80.—I. F. Frisbee, principal of the High School, Milford, Mass, has recently presented to the Bates Library twenty-two valuable standard works which are especially helpful to the Greek department.

'81.—C. S. Cook, who is a member of the Governor's Council, delivered one of the principal addresses at the reunion of the Maine Legislature, which was held at Poland Spring, Saturday, June 8th.

'81.—Rev. B. S. Rideout, of Norway, delivered the Memorial Day oration at Bethel, Me.

'82.—J. W. Douglass, member of the Department of Education, Washington, D. C., is secretary of the local committee for the international convention of associated charities which will soon be held in Washington.

'82.—Rev. Charles E. Mason of Colorado was recently bereaved by the loss of his wife.

'82.—Rev. J. C. Perkins, pastor of the First Parish Unitarian Church, Portland, Me., delivered an eloquent and interesting anniversary sermon at the recent celebration of the seventy-fifth birthday of the stone church.
'83.—H. H. Tucker has been elected superintendent of schools in Plympton, Halifax, Pembroke, and Kingston, Mass. He will reside in the latter place.

'85.—Rev. G. R. Downey, pastor of the Free Baptist Church, Lyndonville, Vt., has a daughter who intends to enter Bates next fall.

'88.—C. L. Wallace is superintendent of schools and principal of the High School at Lisbon, N. H.

'88.—Rev. S. H. Woodrow, pastor of the Hope Congregationalist Church, Springfield, Mass., delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class at Lisbon, N. H., this month.

'89.—Rev. H. W. Small is superintendent of schools in Weld, Me.

'89.—Rev. Blanche A. Wright of Livermore Falls, Me., delivered the Memorial sermon in the Universalist Church, Livermore, on Sunday, May 26th. Miss Wright also delivered an address on "How to Make the Most of Life" at the Maine Universalists' Convention held in Bangor June 3d-6th.

'90.—Ellen F. Snow, who is teaching in the North Yarmouth Academy, will attend the coming commencement exercises together with several of her students who intend to enter Bates next fall.

'90.—Rev. H. J. Piper, pastor of the Free Baptist Church in Dexter, Me., preached the anniversary sermon before the members of the graduating class of the High School, Sunday morning, May 19th.

'92.—Hon. Cyrus N. Blanchard of Wilton delivered the Memorial Day address in East Dixfield, Me.

'92.—We are glad to see that W. B. Skelton, attorney for Androscoggin County, will not consent to make any compromise with the rumsellers.

'93.—G. M. Chase has been elected professor of Greek and Latin in the French-American College, Springfield, Mass.

'93.—Miss G. P. Conant has been advanced to the position of assistant professor of English in the Woman's College, Baltimore, Md.

'93.—D. B. Lothrop, having now completed his theological studies at Yale, has been married and has accepted the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at Carolina Mills, R. I.

'93.—L. E. Moulton of Rockland delivered a paper on "Side Talks on Insects" at the Knox County Teachers' Convention held in Vinalhaven during the latter part of May.

'93.—The Class of Ninety-Three pay most loving tribute to Helen Brickett Sturgis, whose loyal devotion and gracious hospitality has been constant and unwavering since it was our great pleasure to welcome her as an honorary member of our class five years ago. Such was the beauty and loveliness of her life and personality that she won an enviable position in our affections. To know her was to love her, while each passing year increased our appreciation of her character and bound the ties of friendship...
closer and firmer. With loving gratefulness for the example of her life we can but strive to make our own the better, in which noble endeavor may our kind Father help each one.

—Mary Josephine Hodgdon.

'95.—W. S. C. Russell, principal of the High School, Bennington, Vt., has been engaged for institute work by the state.

'95.—Miss Emily Cornish gave an interpretative lecture at the home of Mrs. Lyman Prescott, Auburn, on “Browning’s Estimate of the Worth of Life.”

'96.—As the result of a competitive examination Dr. R. L. Thompson has received the Pathological appointment at the Boston City Hospital and will enter upon his duties July 1st.

'96.—Principal H. R. Eaton of Paris spoke on “History in the Common Schools” at the recent Oxford County Teachers’ Convention.

'96.—Mr. F. H. Purinton has succeeded H. J. Noble as Auburn editor of the Lewiston Journal.

'96.—A. L. Kavanaugh, Esq., of Auburn, has been appointed clerk for the Jamaica Printing Company with its office in Boston.

'96.—J. E. Roberts, who has been re-elected principal of the Presque Isle High School, is now working earnestly for the equipment of a physical and chemical laboratory. He has been very successful in upbuilding the school and has arranged the course of study so that this is now a fitting school for Bates College.

'97.—Everett Skillings has resigned the vice-presidency of Vermont Conference Academy, Montpelier, Vt.

'98.—R. H. Tukey will receive the degree of A.M. from Harvard University this spring for graduate work.

'99.—E. L. Palmer, principal of Bowdoinham High School, has several young men who intend to enter Bates next fall.

'99.—Annie M. Roberts has been advanced to the position of Lady Principal of Colby Academy, New London, N. H.

'99.—W. S. Bassett, who is now studying for the ministry at the Newton Theological School, preached recently in Vassalboro, Me.

1900.—Welbee Butterfield delivered the Memorial Day oration at Jay, Me.

1900.—The engagement of A. W. Wing and Miss Nina Herlihy of Lewiston has been announced. Mr. Wing is at present stenographer for Bisbee & Parker.

1900.—Emerson Whitman has secured an admirable position as electrical workman in Lynn, Mass.
Around the Editors' Table.

W e say the days of hero-worship are past; but will not a few moments of deep, quiet meditation and introspection reveal that in every heart there is at least one person, if not more, who is our ideal in some sphere of work or in some trait of character; in short, who is our hero.

The term heroism has felt the influence of modern thought. Its meaning of physical valor, which it had in the days of knighthood and chivalry, has changed to that of moral courage. Heroism, formerly applicable to the strength of the arm, is now applied to strength of character. In modern thought, heroism has become synonymous with idealism.

The college man, in the estimation of the world, has had enviable advantages. In most places in life, the college man is looked upon as leader. The younger generations especially regard the college graduate worthy of being their pattern. It is human nature to be imitative, and the college man, whether he is conscious of it or not, becomes the model for some life which is still plastic.

Though space forbids anything but a mere suggestion on this theme, is not this thought of peculiar interest to those about to enter upon a new epoch in life and also to us who still remain in college halls? Let us ask and answer proudly the question, Are our lives such as we would have them if we realized that others were copying us? Will not the thought that we are somebody's hero be an incentive to more careful character building?

At this time we all very truly realize the evil effects of carelessness in our work and habits. If we have not been careful to learn every lesson as it was assigned, we now see how difficult it is to find the time in which to master these tasks before the examinations. Thoroughness in each day's work would save much time and worry at the end of the term, and secure much more satisfactory results for the individual student. But not only this, the same carelessness, if long indulged, will so affect our habits that this tendency will soon be very noticeable in our personal appearance, conversation, and writing. It will be the striking characteristic of all our words and actions. Indeed we cannot tell how seriously it may affect the whole future plan of our lives, for often it has destroyed that which would otherwise have been a most brilliant outlook. Let us, therefore, strive to do each day's task at the proper time, and never more leave undone that which it is our duty to perform.

As we lay aside our books for the longed-for summer vacation we breathe a sigh of satisfaction. Many of us will spend the weeks before us in work, others in rest and pleasure. To those who belong to the latter class, golden opportunities of broadening our lives will be given. In the long summer days our minds
may reach out and embrace new thoughts. We may become closer friends of the great writers. We may grow to be companions of our birds and lovers of the flowers and ferns. Days which may be richer even than those of the college year are before us. What shall we do with them?

We seem to find it a great temptation always to be doing something with our hands—twisting strings around our fingers, drumming on our chairs, and worst of all, writing our names and initials wherever we go. Perhaps we want to impress our own personality on everything else, doubtless a worthy ambition in many ways; but it may be there is some truth in the expression,

"Only fools and commonplaces write their names in public places."

Isn't it better to keep one's self a little choice, not letting every one know by the marks he leaves behind just where he has been? If we could keep our hands quiet, or under proper control, the seats in the various recitation rooms would not be so disfigured with scralls and cuts. We cannot erase all such traces left by other students. We still, however, have plenty of neat and nice surroundings and also plenty of opportunities to keep them so.

As the term comes to an end we are all making up our accounts for the college year, and considering what we shall do for the year to come.

While we consider the financial, let us not forget the other things equally as important. Let us look carefully at the social, moral, and intellectual columns and see how they foot up. In the free days of our summer vacation we shall have ample time to consider the past and profit by our mistakes. Time is going fast. Another class is about to leave us, and the parting should make us stop for a moment and think seriously. To the Freshman, four years seems a long time to look ahead; but they soon slip by, and all too quickly we stand at the close of our college course, looking backward. And it depends on what we do now whether that backward glance shall be one of pleasure or of regret. Our college course is a time of jollity and pleasure; but under all there is an influence growing out of four years of college that is deeper and more lasting. All through the future we shall live over again in our memories the years spent here at Bates. Shall those memories be sad and full of regret, or shall they be bright and helpful?

Probably most of us, after what we have gone through during the last few weeks, have become more firmly set in our conviction that examinations are a nuisance. Truly they are a nuisance, and not only a nuisance, but useless, too. We have
loaded and unloaded, and can expect in a few weeks to get our A, B, C, and Ds. This is about all it amounts to, we know nothing more than when we commenced to prepare for the examinations. Probably there is not a student in college but can pass them by a week’s solid “cramming,” even if he had done very little work during the term. Examinations are no test of what we know, they only show how much we can learn for one day.

It may be impossible to do away with examinations entirely, but it is surely a waste of time and energy for (at least) those students who have maintained a satisfactory rank during the term to take them. It seems as if it would be a much better plan to require only those who have fallen below a certain rank to take them. It would have at least one merit—it would not encourage us to do little studying during the term through knowledge of the fact that we can pass the “exams” by one week of “cramming.”

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**Local Department.**

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**Commencement Week.**

Sunday, June 23d, at 10.30 A.M., President Chase delivered the baccalaureate sermon before the graduating class. Dr. Freeman of Portland gave the sermon before the Christian Associations on the evening of Baccalaureate Sunday.

**Sophomore Champion Debate.**

The Sophomore Champion Debate was held Monday, June 24th, at 2.30 P.M. The question was: *Resolved,* That American political life is improving.

AFF.  
Lothrop.  
Elkins.  
Wardwell.

NEG.  
Miss Donham.  
Miss Norton.  
Lord.

**Junior Exhibition.**

The Junior Exhibition was held Monday evening, June 24th, with the following speakers:

**Music.**

The Mission of Work.  
The Mogul Empire.  
Children’s Literature.  
The College Ideal.  
The True Greatness of Wordsworth.  
Party Spirit.

Lucy Florence Kimball.  
Augustine Deo Ohol.  
Julia Emma Babcock.  
John Frederick Hamlin.  
Edna Mae Gosline.  
Arthur Edwin Darling.

**Prayer.**

Music.

**Music.**
The Ruins of Time.
The Condition of the Laborer.  

The Value of the Study of Greek.
The Function of the Imagination.
Heroism Among Scientists.
When Peace Shall Reign.

Flora Estelle Long.
Alfred Elwood McCleary.

Ruth Eugenia Pettengill.
Arthur Lewis Dexter.
Bessie Vera Watson.
Earle Alfred Childs.

CLASS DAY.

Tuesday, June 25th, was Class Day. The following is the programme:

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Music</th>
<th>PRAYER</th>
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<th>Music</th>
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Oration.  

History.  

Address to Undergraduates.  

Poem.  

Address to Halls and Campus.  

Prophecy.  

Parting Address.  

Music.  

PRAYER.  

MUSIC.  

Vernie Elmer Rand.  

William Henry Swift Ellingwood.  

Harry Leroy Moore.  

Annie Eugenia Bailey.  

William Ross Ham.  

Lena Belle Towle.  

Gertrude Brown Libbey.  

ODE.  

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Music.  

Prayer.  

Music.  


(Psychology—Second Honor.)  

2. The Free Public Library of To-Day.  

*Mame Seeley Bennet, Lubec.  

(German—Second Honor.)  


*Delia May Blanchard, Abbot Village.  

(Rhetoric and English Literature—Second Honor.)  


(History and Economics—First Honor.)  

5. The Beauties of Nature.  

*Charlotte Gertrude Towne, Auburn.  

(Latin—Second Honor.)  


*William King Holmes, South Paris.  

(Chemistry—Second Honor.)  

7. Destiny.  

*Nina Theresa Estes, Lewiston.  

(General Scholarship.)  


(Mathematics—Second Honor.)  

Music.  


(General Scholarship.)  


*Harold Elmer Ellsworth Stevens, Lewiston.  

(History and Economics—Second Honor.)
11. Art in Education. *(Anna Hortense Fisher, Lewiston. (French—Second Honor.)*
12. The College and the Graduate. *(Willard Kezer Bachelder, East Winthrop. (Psychology—First Honor.)*
13. A National Literature in America. *(Ethel May Vickery, Pittsfield. (General Scholarship.)*
15. John Brown. *(Gertrude Brown Libbey, Lewiston. (Greek—First Honor.)*
16. Hero Worship. *(Bertha Mabelle Brett, Auburn. (Latin—First Honor.)*
17. American Leadership. *(Frank Perley Wagg, Lewiston. (General Scholarship.)*

18. America, the Land of Romance. *(Lucy Jane Small, Lisbon Falls. (German—First Honor.)*
19. Edmund Rostand. *(Harold Albert Mariner Trickey, Charleston. (Greek—Second Honor.)*
20. Professional Training of Teachers. *(Maleen Peabody Hicks, Westbrook. (General Scholarship.)*
22. The Spirit of the Age. *(Harry Leroy Moore, Northborough, Mass. (Mathematics—First Honor.)*
23. Mysticism in Hawthorne’s Romances. *(Lena Belle Towle, Lewiston. (Rhetoric and English Literature—First Honor.)*
24. Ideal Citizenship. *(Herbert Samuel Guptill, Berwick. (General Scholarship.)*
25. True Idealism. *(Josephine Bicknell Neal, Lewiston. (Physics—First Honor.)*
26. Hooliganism in Literature. *(Caroline Emily Libby, Pittsfield. (Chemistry—First Honor.)*

**Music.**

CLASS OF 1901.

Bachelder, Willard Kezer; born at East Winthrop, Me., 1876; present residence, East Winthrop, Me.; fitted in Winthrop High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—prize in his division of the Sophomore Debate (2); Champion Debate (2); prize, Junior Team Debate (3); Junior Exhibition (3); Senior Exhibition (4).

Bailey, Annie Eugenia; born at Gray, Me., 1880; present residence, Gray, Me.; fitted at Pennell Institute; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—prize for winter sketch (1); Odist. Ivy Day (3); Poet. Class Day (4); Poem at the laying of the corner-stone of the Coram Library (4).
Bennett, Mae Seeley; born at Lubec, Me.; present residence, Lubec, Me.; fitted at Colby Academy; intended occupation, librarian. Honors—prize, Bird List (1); Sophomore Declamations (2); part at the laying of the corner-stone of the Coram Library (4); Class Executive Committee (4).

Besse, Bertha Amanda; born at Lewiston, Me., 1879; present residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Bennett, Delia Mae; born at Lewiston, Me., 1877; present residence, Abbot, Me.; fitted at Guifford High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Champion Debate (2).

Bragg, Jessie Sumner; born at St. Albans, Me., 1877; present residence, St. Albans, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Toast, Ivy Day (3); Class Chaplain (4).

Brett, Bertha Mabelle; born at Auburn, Me., 1878; present residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Junior Exhibition (3); Poet, Ivy Day (3); Ode at the laying of the corner-stone of the Coram Library (4); Odist, Class Day (4).

Cartland, Alice Minnie; born at Cape Elizabeth, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Channell, Ralph Walter; born at Orrington, Me., 1878; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Class Treasurer (4); Chairman Class Devotional Committee (4).

Chick, Arthur Jesse; born at Madrid, Me., 1874; present residence, Madrid, Me.; fitted at Farmington State Normal School and Westbrook Seminary; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Director of Athletic Association (3).

Clark, Arthur Charles; born at Berwick, Me.; 1878; present residence, Berwick, Me.; fitted at Sullivan High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Senior Exhibition (4); Part at the laying of the corner-stone of the Coram Library (4).

Davis, Eben Frank; born at Auburn, Me., 1874; present residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School and Nichols Latin School; intended occupation, teaching.

Demack, Leo Charles; born at Lowell, Mass., 1878; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, law. Honors—Prize, Sophomore Declamation (2); Prize, Champion Debate (2); Prize, Junior Exhibition (3); Business Manager of TBEATCOLBY DEBATE (3 and 4).

Demison, Martha Ella; born at Freeport, Me., 1878; present residence, West Bethel, Me.; fitted at South Paris High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Dow, Mittie Anna; born at Plymouth, Me., 1878; present residence, East Newport, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Junior Exhibition (3); Hymns (4); Senior Exhibition (4).

Ellingwood, William Henry Swift; born at West Milan, N. H., 1871; present residence, Poland, Me.; fitted at Kents Hill and Farmington State Normal School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Senior Exhibition (4); Historian, Class Day (4); Class Executive Committee (4); Class Devotional Committee (4).

Estes, Mina Theresa; born at Lewiston, Me., 1880; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Fisher, Anna Hortense; born at Bowdoinham, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Bowdoinham High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Prize, Bird List (1).

Goddard, Annette May; born at Deering, Me., 1877; present residence, Portland, Me.; fitted at Deerfield High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Sophomore Declamations (2); Prize, English Composition (3); Toast, Ivy Day (3).
Goss, Ralph Warren; born at Lewiston, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Nichols Latin School; intended occupation, medicine. Honor—Musician (4).

Guptill, Herbert Samuel; born at Berwick, Me., 1879; present residence, Berwick, Me.; fitted at Sullivan High School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Class Treasurer (1 and 2); Champion Debate (2); Alumni Editor of STUDENT (3); Prize, General Scholarship (3).

Ham, William Ross; born at Lewiston, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Manager Track Team (3); Address to Hall and Campus, Class Day (4).

Hicks, Maleen Peabody; born at Gilead, Me., 1875; present residence, Westbrook; fitted at South Paris High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Holmes, William King; born at South Paris, Me., 1879; present residence, South Paris, Me.; fitted at South Paris High School; intended occupation, law. Honor—Director of Athletic Association (4).

Irving, Bertha Lorea; born at Lewiston, Me., 1877; present residence, Oakland, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Prize, Sophomore Declamations (2); Prize, Junior Exhibition (3).

Jordan, Elwyn Knowlton; born at Lewiston, Me., 1880; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Nichols Latin School; intended occupation undecided. Honors—Sophomore Declamations (2); Supervisor Base-ball Manager (3); Junior Team Debate (3); Toast-Master Ivy Day (3); Junior Exhibition (3); President Athletic Association (4); Class President (4); Varsity Foot-ball Team (4).

Landman, Nina Floretta; born at South Londonderry, Vt., 1876; present residence, Townshend, Vt.; fitted at Leland and Gray Seminary; intended occupation, undecided. Honor—Class Devotional Committee (1).

Libby, Caroline Emily; born at Pittsfield, Me., 1878; present residence, Pittsfield, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Junior Exhibition (3); Senior Exhibition (4).

Libbey, Gertrude Brown; born at Lewiston, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, undecided. Honors—Prize, Freshman Declamations (1); Chairman Devotional Committee (2); Champion Debate (2); Sophomore Declamations (2); Book Review Editor STUDENT (3); Toast, Ivy Day (3); Senior Exhibition (4); Part at the laying of the corner-stone of Coram Library (4); Address to Undergraduates, Class Day (4).

Marr, William Middleton; born at Westerly, R. I., 1876; present residence, Westerly, R. I.; fitted at Mt. Herman; intended occupation, law. Honors—Sophomore Declamations (2); Class Councillor (3); Vice-President Debating League (3); Director Athletic Association (3).

Mills, Harriet Bagnall; born at Lewiston, Me., 1874; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Moore, Harry Leroy; born at Wa-Keeney, Kan., 1880; present residence, Northborough, Mass.; fitted at Northborough High School; intended occupation, law. Honors—Class Vice-President (2); Prize in his division of Sophomore Debates (2); Champion Debate (2); Scholarship Prize (2); Treasurer Debating League (3); Class President (3); Prize, Junior Team Debate (3); Junior Exhibition (3) Editor-in-Chief of STUDENT (3); President Debating League (4); Senior Exhibition (4); Part at the laying of the corner-stone of Coram Library (4); Address to Undergraduates, Class Day (4).

Moulton, Percy Daniel; born at Lewiston, Me., 1881; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Nichols Latin School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Intercollegiate Track Team (2); Assistant Manager, STUDENT (3); Leader in Junior Drill (4); Class Marshal (3) and (4).

Neal, Josephine Bicknell; born at Belmont, Me., 1880; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation,
teaching. Honors—Scholarship prize (1), (2) and (3); Prize in her division of Sophomore Debates (2); Champion Debate (2); Junior Exhibition (3); Senior Exhibition (4).

Noyes, Blanche Belle; born at Auburn, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Lynn High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Senior Exhibition (4).

Osborne, Florence Eldora; born at Lewiston, Me., 1879; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, teaching.

Parker, Ezra Steeves; born at Moncton, N. B., 1867; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, ministry.

Parker, Louise Lester; born at Auburn, Me., 1880; present residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Edward Little High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Prize Essay (2).

Pierce, Walter Blake; born at Kingston, N. H., 1878; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Stoneham High School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Freshman Declamations (1); Junior Exhibition (3); Presentation, Ivy Day (3).

Rand, Vernie Elmer; born at St. Albans, Me., 1880; present residence, Dexter, Me.; fitted at Dexter High School; intended occupation, law. Honors—Scholarship Prize (1); Prize in his division of Sophomore Debates (2); Prize, Champion Debate (2); Sophomore Declamations (2); Executive Committee, Debating League (3); Foot-ball Manager (4); Senior Exhibition (4); Orator, Class Day (4).

Roberts, Richard Sewall Woodbury; born at Newmarket, N. H., 1877; present residence, Dover, N. H.; fitted at Nichols Latin School; intended occupation, ministry. Honors—Foot-ball Manager (4); Chairman Class Executive Committee (4).

Roys, Lincoln; born at Livermore Falls, Me., 1877; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Norwood High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Musician (3).

Small, Flora Belle; born at Bowdoin, Me., 1880; present residence, Castine, Me.; fitted at Lisbon Falls High School; intended occupation, undecided.

Small, Lucy Jane; born at Lisbon Falls, Me., 1878; present residence, Lisbon Falls, Me.; fitted at Lisbon Falls High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Junior Exhibition (3).

Smith, Harry Ira; born at Palmyra, Me., 1877; present residence, Palmyra, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, law. Honors—Captain Class Base-ball Team (1), and (2); Varsity Base-ball Team (1), (2), (3) and (4).

Stevens, Harold Elmer Ellsworth; born at Lewiston, Me., 1878; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Intercollegiate Track Team (2); Class Track Team (3); Class Councillor (3).

Stuart, Herman Harry; born at South Paris, Me., 1880; present residence, South Paris, Me.; fitted at South Paris High School; intended occupation, medicine. Honors—Prize, Bird List (1); Treasurer Athletic Association (3); Toast, Ivy Day (3); Tennis Manager (4).

Swain, Edith Lillian; born at Meredith, N. H., 1862; present residence, Lakeport, N. H.; fitted at New Hampton Literary Institute; intended occupation, teaching.

Towle, Lena Belle; born at Lewiston, Me., 1878; present residence, Lewiston, Me.; fitted at Jordan High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Class Vice-President (1); Champion Debate (2); Class Secretary (3); Exchange Editor of Student (3); Senior Exhibition (4); Prophet, Class Day (4).

Towne, Charlotte Gertrude; born at Mansfield, Mass., 1877; present residence, Auburn, Me.; fitted at Portland (Conn.) High; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Class Devotional Committee (3) Class Secretary (4); Part at the laying of the corner-stone of the Coram Library (4).

Trickey, Harold Albert Mariner; born at Dexter, Me., 1881; present
residence, Charleston, Me.; fitted at Higgins Classical Institute; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Track Team (2), (3) and (4).

Varney, Bertha May; born at Bowdoinham, Me., 1879; present residence, Bowdoinham, Me.; fitted at Bowdoinham High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Prize, Bird List (1).

Vickery, Ethel Belle; born at Pittsfield, Me., 1880; present residence, Pittsfield, Me.; fitted at M. C. I.; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Freshman Declamations (1); Class Secretary (1) and (2); Sophomore Declamations (2); Junior Exhibition (3); Local Editor of STUDENT (3); Toast, Ivy Day (3).

Varney, Bertha May; born at Bowdoinham, Me., 1879; present residence, Bowdoinham, Me.; fitted at Bowdoinham High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honor—Prize, Bird List (1).

Williams, Leroy Everett; born at Bowdoinham, Me., 1878; present residence, Bowdoinham, Me.; fitted at Bowdoinham High School; intended occupation, teaching. Honors—Class Treasurer (3); Class Vice-President (4).

Wilson, Joseph Edwards; born at Barrington, N. S.; present residence, Yarmouth, N. S.; fitted at Nichols Latin School; intended occupation, ministry. Honors—Class President (1) and (2); Prize in his division of the Sophomore Debates (2); Champion Debate (2); Sophomore Declamations (2); Junior Team Debate (3); Executive Committee, Debating League (3); Junior Exhibition (3); Local Editor of STUDENT (3); Class Chaplain (3); Senior Exhibition (4); Base-ball Manager (4).

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IVY DAY.

Tuesday, June 18th, was observed by the Juniors as Ivy Day. After the exercises in the chapel the ivy was planted on the eastern side of Hathorn Hall. Following is the program:

MUSIC.

Oration. John Frederick Hamlin.


Presentation. Harry Alfred Blake.


The Primary Obligations of the Student.

Views from Mt. David.

Class Emblem.

Advantages of Bates.

CLASS ODE.

PLANTING THE IVY.

---

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Faithfulness in what we undertake to do is a duty becoming to us all. Whatever our calling in life may be or whatever we are preparing ourselves for, during our school years, let us
remember that they who put forth the most faithful efforts are those who will be crowned with the greatest success. Those who meet any difficulties that may arise with a determination to overcome are they who wear the palm of conquerors.

But in preparing ourselves for life and its duties we must not forget that we are not to live for time alone, but for eternity also.

"Dust thou art to dust returneth
Was not spoken of the soul."

It is, therefore, the duty of everyone to be faithful to himself concerning his soul’s welfare.

If life is worth living at all it is worth living well, and if it is worth our efforts to prepare ourselves for success and honor which is to be gained in this life, it is of greater importance that we prepare for the life which is to come, that we may gain the honor and reward of success here.

But in our college life, with so many duties pressing upon us, we are apt to forget the full importance of the great work of saving our fellow-students, which is left for us, as Christians, to do. We do not always fully appreciate what it is. We do not realize that we shall soon all be gone and that these great opportunities will never return. The trouble is, we get a little too far away to hear the voice of Him who said, “Go and work to-day in my vineyard,” or we are too busy to notice how fast the sun of our day is sinking. We forget that night comes so soon.

Let us, then, arouse ourselves to the great opportunities for Christian work, and with lives fully consecrated in the service of Christ ever hold His banner high by our testimonies and our lives.

CLASS RIDE OF 1902.

With many cares and themes left behind, a perfect morning and a good-natured, congenial company promised a delightful time, as the Juniors started early on a June morning for Squirrel Island. The ride to Bath on the steam cars was spiced with close attention, on the part of many, to their English note-book, in consideration of what which was promised us in the future, “Prov-idence willing.” At Bath the Eastern Steamboat Company furnished passage to Squirrel Island, and a delightful trip of two hours down the river, through two natural gates, showed to many a panorama of beautiful scenery in what is usually “cold old Maine.”

A search for lobsters began as soon as the island was reached; but although the island is large, and there was a diligent search, only three lobys were found to satisfy the hungry crowd. However, the picnic dinner was ample and some kind soul had built an unusually large veranda on his cottage expressly for us.

After noon the various parties wandered over the island enjoying the ocean and taking pictures of the most beautiful places, until
the steamer left in the middle of the afternoon. Again at Bath, some availed themselves of the privilege kindly granted by the chaperon to return by electrics and stop at Merrymeeting Park. Cars leave the park at various hours; but finally everyone was back in Lewiston, satisfied with another happy class ride, with many pictures to hang on memory's wall for future pleasure, and with a deep conviction that the next time we want an ideal chaperon we will go at once for Dr. Geer.

—L. F. K., '02.

Of all her successful class rides 1901 speaks with greatest enthusiasm and joy of the last one. Ocean Park, with its joint attractions of woods and ocean, and its inhabitants so much in sympathy with overflowing Bates and 1901 spirit, was an ideal spot for a gala day. No one can do justice to the happiness of the day, but an outsider would tell, perhaps, of the gatherings on the beautiful beach when joy found expression in singing college songs mingled with the gleeful voices of the bathers; or of the merry circle in Guild Park doing justice to such a good shore dinner and later making the woods echo as dignified Seniors forgot their dignity and renewed their youthful joys, exulting in childish games.

Not till eventide, as we strolled slowly along the beach at Old Orchard to take the train for Lewiston, did a realization that this was our last class ride overwhelm us. It was a saddened company that gathered in the station until one happily suggested a grand reunion at Ocean Park in 1902 and fifty-two voices made the motion a unanimous vote. Long, long, will the spirit of friendliness and good-will, of pride in 1901, and loyalty to Bates, which made the day one of perfect enjoyment and harmony, be remembered; often, oh, so often, will the happy faces and voices be recalled.

THE FRESHMAN BIRD RIDE.

Will wonders never cease? The sun really shone on the morning of June fifth, it being the fourth or fifth day appointed for the annual bird-ride of the Freshman Class with Professor Stanton.

The special car reached the corner of College and Skinner streets at eight o'clock and within a few moments was filled with the members of 1904, armed with lunch-boxes, peanuts, and beaming countenances. Said peanuts prevented very much noise on the way down, but did not disturb the happiness by any means.

We were soon at the corner where we left the car and were speedily en route for "No-Name Pond." A few halts were made for rest, and during these periods the class was entertained in various ways. Refreshments of bananas and good cold water were served at the first halt. During rest number two the class was highly entertained by an exhibition given by two of the boys
with a grain roller borrowed (?) from a farmer for the occasion. The other modes of entertainment were just as interesting, and we hardly realized that we could have come so far when about half-past ten we arrived at the head of the pond. The most enthusiastic bird-isles departed with Professor Stanton for the woods, returning about noon, the happy possessors of a real crested flycatcher’s nest containing the genuine snakeskin and some of the beautiful eggs.

Dinner was eaten under some shady apple trees in full bloom, and it tasted much better because of the great quantities of good, rich milk provided by our ever thoughtful Professor.

Many enjoyed boat rides in the afternoon and some of the party—mostly of the masculine persuasion—suddenly found that they had forgotten some important things about arithmetic and geography, and found it necessary to refresh their memories by visiting the rural school (or it might possibly have been the teacher).

The ride home was quiet because of anxiety felt for a certain few members of the class who were missing.

An exhilarating ride around the “figure eight” followed the ride home, and we quickly made ourselves known by good, hearty cries of, “Kemo, Kimo, Kero, Where,” and “Boom-Bates-Boom.”

At 4:30 we again reached the campus, weary and with voices somewhat impaired, but much delighted with the day’s experience and with hearts full of love and gratitude for dear Professor Stanton.

The Senior meeting of the three societies was held Friday evening, June 14th, being an unusually fine one. Mr. Roberts, last year’s president of Piæria, presided. The program included piano solo, Mr. Demack; original part, Miss Towle; vocal solo, Mr. Marr; recitation, Miss Caroline Libby; solo, Miss Irving; piano duet, Miss Brett and Mr. Goss; mixed chorus; deeds of 1901, Mr. Wilson; story of Winter’s Tale, Miss Goddard; statue scene from “Winter’s Tale”—Hermione, Miss Vickery; Perdita, Miss Gertrude Libbey; Paulina, Miss Towne; Leontes, Mr. Jordan; Polixenes, Mr. Moulton; Florizel, Mr. Moore; Camillo, Mr. Holmes.

BASE-BALL.

Our base-ball team has been greatly hampered through the lack of a trip south. It is to be regretted that, owing to the financial condition of the Athletic Association, this was impossible; however, although we have not been favored with a large number of victories, we can see that the team has improved greatly since the beginning of the season. The two games with Bowdoin were hard-fought battles, and our victory over Tufts was gratifying. But of the game with Columbia University, special mention should be made. "This was Bates' greatest game of the season, if not
in her history." The features were the catching of a difficult fly by Bucknam, and Towne’s pitching—he striking out ten men. The impartial work of Umpire Hassett during the season has been greatly appreciated by the team.

We give below the score of the games played with college teams:

University of Maine vs. Bates, April 27th, at Orono.

**U. OF M.**

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Deane out for intentionally being hit by pitched ball.
Columbia University vs. Bates, June 7, at Lewiston.

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Bowdoin vs. Bates, June 7, at Lewiston.

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Bowdoin vs. Bates, June 14th, at Brunswick.

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FIELD DAY.

The annual Bates Field Day was held Friday, May 24th, at Garcelon Field with the following results:

- Half-mile run—First place won by Ham, 1901; second, Holmes, 1901; third, Trickey, 1901. Time, 2.17m.
- Pole vault—First place won by Merry, 1902; second, Fuller, 1903; third, Allen, 1903. Height, 8 ft. 7 in.
- 100-yard dash—First place won by Munro, 1903; second, Piper, 1903; third, Flanders, 1904. Time, 11.3s.
- Mile-run—First place won by Luce, 1904; second, Lane, 1904; third, Holmes, 1901. Time, 5m. 22s.
- 440-yard dash—First place won by Rounds, 1904; second, Ham, 1901; third, Munro, 1903. Time, 54s.
- Throwing discus—First place won by Hunt, 1903; second, Bucknam, 1903; third, Flanders, 1904. Distance, 83 ft. 3m.
- Throwing hammer—First place won by Baldwin, 1903; second, Wallace, 1904; third, Hunt, 1903. Distance, 81 ft. 3 in.
- Putting shot—First place won by Hunt, 1903; second, Bucknam, 1903; third, Wallace, 1904. Time, 11m. 22s.
- 220-yards hurdle—First place won by Munro, 1903; second, Moody, 1902; third, Dunfield, 1904. Time, 21.5s.
- Two-mile run—First place won by Robbins, 1904; second, Luce, 1904; third, Trickey, 1901. Time, 11m. 22s.
- Running broad jump—First place won by Allen, 1903; second, Ham, 1901; third, Moody, 1902. Distance, 19 ft. 2 in.
- 220-yards dash—First place won by Flanders, 1904; second, Rounds, 1904; third, Piper, 1903. Time, 27.4s.
- Throwing high hurdle—First place won by Munro, 1903; second, Moody, 1902; third, Fuller, 1903. Time, 20s.

The summary by points:

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<tr>
<th>Event</th>
<th>1901</th>
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<td>12</td>
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M. I. C. A. A. MEET.

The seventh annual meet of the Maine Intercollegiate Athletic Association was held at Orono, June 1st. Bowdoin easily won first place, scoring 89 points; U. of M. was second, scoring 31 points; Bates third, scoring 10 points; Colby fourth, scoring 5 points.

The events were as follows:

- Half-mile run—Won by Nutter, Bowdoin; second, Silver, U. of M.; third, Thompson, Bowdoin. Time, 2m. 4.5s.
- 440-yard dash—Won by Gray, Bowdoin; second, Nutter, Bowdoin; third, French, U. of M. Time, 54s.

...
Two-mile bicycle race—Won by Kelley, U. of M.; second, Small, Bowdoin; third, Davenport, U. of M. Time, 5m. 30s.
100-yard dash—Won by Cloudman, Bowdoin; second, Hunt, Bowdoin; third, Allen, Colby. Time, 10s.
One-mile run—Won by Luce, Bates; second, Wheeler, Bowdoin; third, Blaisdell, U. of M. Time, 4m. 50s.
120-yard hurdle—Won by Hunt, Bowdoin; second, Thompson, U. of M.; third, Davis, U. of M. Time, 17s.
220-yard hurdle—Won by Rowe, Bowdoin; Hunt, Bowdoin, and Davis, U. of M., tied for second place. Time, 27s.
Two-mile run—Won by Trickey, Bates; second, Wheeler, Bowdoin; third, Blackburn, Colby. Time, 11m. 10s.
220-yard dash—Won by Cloudman, Bowdoin; second, Soule, Bowdoin; third, Davis, U. of M.
Pole vault—Tied by Hawes, Colby, Parker, U. of M., and Davis, U. of M. Height, 9 feet, 8¾ in.
Putting 16-pound shot—Won by Small, Bowdoin; second, Laferriere, Bowdoin; third, Elliott, U. of M. Distance, 35 ft. 10¾ in.
Running high jump—Won by Hamilton, Bowdoin; Soderstrom, U. of M., and Moore, Bowdoin, tied for second place. Height, 5 ft. 7 in.
Throwing 16-pound hammer—Won by Dunlap, Bowdoin; second, Small, Bowdoin; third, Elliott, U. of M. Distance, 122 ft. 3 in
Running broad jump—Won by Cloudman, Bowdoin; second, Hunt, Bowdoin; third, Hamilton, Bowdoin. Distance, 20 ft. 10 in.
Throwing discus—Won by Dunlap, Bowdoin; second, Watson, U. of M.; third, Small, Bowdoin. Distance, 108 ft., 6¾ in.

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<th>400 Yards Dash</th>
<th>80 Yards Dash</th>
<th>1 Mile Run</th>
<th>120 Yards Hurdle</th>
<th>220 Yards Dash</th>
<th>Pole Vault</th>
<th>Putting Shot</th>
<th>Running High</th>
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</table>

First place counts 5; second, 3; third, 1.

Glimpses of College Life.

Bates people all,
Both short and tall,
Both slow and spry,
Both fresh and dry,
Shut up your books,
Put by base-ball,
Don't stop, don't stay,
Come, haste away,
Vacation's here,
The college year
Is past and gone.
Can't something be done for the other ivies, to make them grow as well as 1902's is going to?

Dr. Freeman of Portland gave the sermon before the Christian Association on the evening of Baccalaureate Sunday.

The Sophomores celebrated our victory over Columbia by a reception at the home of Miss Miller in honor of their ball players.

1901, we wish you God-speed, we are sure you will reflect credit upon your Alma Mater. 1902 will try to be worthy of the place you leave for her.

The three societies chose their representatives at the Alumni Banquet as follows: Polymnia, Moore, 1901; Piaeria, Beedy, 1903; Eurosophia, Jordan, 1901.

Both Mr. Knapp and Mr. Pomeroy are to study at Harvard next year. So the rest of us, as well as 1905, will have some teachers to get acquainted with.

Several members of our ball team are to play during the summer season. Towne has signed with the Lewistons, and Allen, Stone, and Bucknam are also to play.

The Commencement Concert was unusually good this year and 1901 deserves a great deal of credit. To hear the Kneisel and Temple Quartets was a great opportunity.

We have been almost as musical as the birds this summer, with our various clubs and practising of class odes. We hope, however, that the quality of tone has not been too marked.

A rather novel social was held in the gymnasium on the evening of Field Day for the benefit of the Athletic Association. The order of the entertainment was marching, an interesting entertainment by college talent, and tucker. Miss Shea, 1902, Sanderson, 1903, and David, 1904, acted as readers, while the Young Ladies' Glee Club and the Young Men's Mandolin and Guitar Club furnished music.

The Student is much pleased at being able to publish at this time the foot-ball schedule for 1901. We feel the general sentiment is echoed when it is said that the schedule is an excellent one.

September 28—Exeter, at Exeter.
October 5—Harvard, at Cambridge.
October 15—University of Maine, at Lewiston.
October 19—University of Maine, at Orono.
October 22—Yale, at New Haven.
October 24—Massachusetts State College, at Amherst.
October 30—University of Vermont, at Lewiston.
November 2—Colby, at Lewiston.
November 9—Bowdoin, at Lewiston.

As announced in the last issue, Mr. Hoag will coach the team again this year. This is in itself enough to ensure a prosperous season.
This is the great term for electing officers. With so many, almost all of us ought to have some dignity.

Debating League: President, Dexter, '02; Vice-President, Beedy, '03; Secretary, Miss Ames, '02; Treasurer, Purinton, '03; Executive Committee, Felker, '02, Sanderson, '03, Spofford, '04.

Athletic Association: President, Childs, '02; Vice-President, Towne, '03; Secretary, Rounds, '04; Treasurer, Ramsdell, '03; Base-Ball Manager, Wall, '02; Assistant Manager, Catheron, '03; Tennis Manager, Lodge, '02; Assistant Manager, Purinton, '03; Track Manager, Clason, '02; Assistant Manager, Piper, '03; Directors, from 1902, Dexter, Blake; 1903, Bucknam, Munro; 1904, Briggs, Hayes; Advisory Board, W. F. Garcelon, W. W. Bolster.

Piaeria: President, Felker, '02; Vice-President, Beedy, '03; Secretary, Miss White, '04; Assistant Secretary, Miss Preston, '04; Treasurer, Rounds, '04; Executive Committee, Bragg, '02, Kelly, '03, Miss Emma Bray, '04; Membership and Decorating Committee, Miss Dean, '02, Dexter, '02, Miss Felker, '03, Trufant, '03, Miss Green, '04; Librarian, Smith, '04.

Polymnia: President, Blake, '02; Vice-President, Purinton, '03; Secretary, Miss Frost, '04; Treasurer, Bailey, '03; Executive Committee, Merry, '02, Miss Cornforth, '03, Dunfield, '04; Librarian, Lord, '03.

1902: President, Dexter; Vice-President, Moody; Secretary, Miss Dean; Treasurer, Park; Chaplain, Holman; Marshal, Donnocker; Executive Committee, Clason, Miss Pettengill, Harrington; Devotional Committee, Ohol, Miss Wheeler, Miss Tucker.

For Class Day officers the following: Oration, Childs; Historian, Merry; Address to Halls and Campus, Blake; Address to Undergraduates, Hamlin; Prophecy, Miss Pettengill; Poet, Miss Long; Odist, Miss Field; Musician, Miss Ames.

1903: President, Towne; Vice-President, Sawyer; Secretary, Miss Felker; Treasurer, Lord; Chaplain, Kelly; Marshal, Baldwin; Executive Committee, Ramsdell, Miss Donham, Miss Norton, Miss Jordan, Jordan.

1904: President, Spofford; Vice-President, Luce; Secretary, Miss Sands; Treasurer, Dennett; Executive Committee, G. L. Weymouth, Miss Wheeler, Allen; Devotional Committee, Senter, Miss Milliken, Dunfield.

To have a ride you Freshmen gay,
You must not choose the month of May.
Although you tried and tried to go,
The weather always was your foe.

The month of June is better far,
Its breezes soft and gentle are,
Its skies are blue and all serene,
Its grass, like you, is always green.
College Exchanges.

HOW fortunate that Stoicism did not become a universal philosophy, but taught its lesson of self-control and then passed into history. If that cold rigidity and heartlessness had continued, life to-day would have lost one of its sweetest characteristics: that of delicate sensibility to the beautiful. The aesthetic taste in man must have been intended by the Creator as one of his most prominent traits, because Nature is so delightful with all her charms, and in her various moods appeals so strongly to man. The exchanges this month impress this truth upon the reader; there is a strain of light-heartedness and good cheer running through the magazines, as if the joy of bursting bud and flowering shrub had awakened an echo in human life.

Perhaps the students feel a keener thrill of delight in the spring-time than in the other seasons of the year, because their own lives are unfolding into beauty. The Commencement numbers make one's being thrill, for all through them is the whispering of future hopes and aspirations, and the glimmering dawn of success. As the blossom foretells the fruit, so the verdant springtime of youth assures us of the plentiful harvest of manhood.

The Commencement number of the Peabody Record comes to us daintily bound in white and gold and tied with the university colors, garnet and blue. The attractiveness of the cover is indicative of the contents. No magazine which has come to our table this year has brought us such commendable material for careful reading.

Such orations as "The Ethics of Socialism," "Browning's Idea of Growth Through Effort and Trial," "Goethe's Idea of Culture," are comprehensive articles, where every word counts. This more serious reading is interspersed with delightful lyrics and sonnets, tales of thrilling devotion, and odd bits of pleasant and witty reminiscences. The excellence of the articles and their skillful arrangement, together with the photographs, makes this a choice number, above the average of even Commencement issues.

Some visitors are always welcomed with a little more cordiality than others; and the Sibyl from Elmira invariably receives a heartier greeting than the majority of magazines. It seems enveloped in a very atmosphere of culture and refinement. The contributions always maintain a high literary standard.

The writer of "The Development of the American Novel" shows an extensive and impartial acquaintance with many authors; and marked ability in definitely and clearly summarizing the peculiar characteristics of authors and their literary work and its value. It is free from bookishness and the musty scent of reference books; in short, it is original.

The "Study Fire" is a department devoted to short, vivid descriptions and to concise, pithy, logical, moral deductions; as an example of the latter, we quote the following: "There was a
man who had studied long and believed himself wise, yet he still continued to study. At last one day he laid his head upon his book and sighed, 'Truly, I know nothing.' And from that day men called him great.' Such writing is excellent practice and more difficult than one thinks at a mere reading. It corrects the common faults of circumlocution and ambiguity and cultivates terse, pointed statements, and the art of suggesting much in a few words. We wish many college magazines would adopt this excellent department.

Among the many praiseworthy characteristics of the Sibyl we wish to mention the comprehensive and clear book-reviews. These are of practical help to busy students, who are prevented from keeping abreast of the best publications of the day.

"Sidney Lanier," in The Kenyon Collegian, is written in a style comparable to Hamilton Mabie's, in that it so absorbs our attention that we are as oblivious as if we had tasted Lethe. The subject permits the author to digress on poetry and poets in general, in the midst of which he tells us that "Every great word, every great idea, every great deed is a poem." He relates the biography of Lanier in a very graphic way and gives a clear understanding of the poet's struggles, and of his genius.

We approve of the custom of signing one's full name and his respective class to whatever article one may write. Not to do this indicates either false modesty or shame to own the production. Print nothing, write nothing which you will not willingly claim as the work of your own brain and hand. This admirable habit of plainly signing one's own work has permitted us to become quite well acquainted with a few authors. We are always glad to see the name of Beth Bradford Gilchrist in the Mount Holyoke, or of H. O Winslow or of Howard B. Grose in the Brunonian, for we always know that something of worth precedes those signatures.

Although we devote our exchange column almost exclusively to college magazines, please do not conclude that the magazines from academies and fitting schools are consequently overlooked. This month we are pleased to commend the editorial on the "Russian Student Troubles" in The Bugle from Brigham Academy, Vermont, and the storiettes, particularly "Little Pietro" in the Greylock Echo from Adams, Mass.

POETRY.

THE FOG BELL.

The tolling knell of the weird fog-bell,
Sounding clear on the air, now far, now near,
Hath a music's spell as it rings and sings,
"Beware—take care,
Take care—beware."

It voices the depth of old Neptune's soul,
As over his face the mist-veils roll,
"Take care—beware,
Beware—take care."
And wins our faith in a hidden power
As it sings, “All's well,” in the clouded hour,
"All's well on the ocean's swell,
All's well—all's well."

ELIZABETH GOULD—The Education.

OUR LIVES.

Our lives are songs. God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or meter;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

One has a song that is free and strong,
But the music he writes is minor;
And the sad, sad strain is replete with pain,
And the singer becomes a repiner.

And he thinks God gave him a dirge-like ray,
Nor knows that the words are cheery;
And the song seems lonely and solemn—only
Because the music is dreary.

And the song of another has through the words
An undercurrent of sadness;
But he sets it to music of ringing chords,
And makes it a paean of gladness.

So whether our songs are sad or not,
We can give the world more pleasure,
And better ourselves by setting the words
To a glad, triumphant measure.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX—Morning Star.
We welcome to our Book-Shelf this month a volume of essays, sketches, and tales all "salty" with the breath of old ocean. A Sack of Shakings' is its name, by Frank T. Bullen. "Shakings," in order fully to understand the title, "are odds and ends of rope and canvas accumulated during a voyage." Most of its contents have been previously published in the "Spectator," but we are heartily glad to receive them in this compact form. They are all sketches of life on sea, or tales of fishermen, skippers, or sea-animals. They are fresh, original pieces of work, many of them really valuable in their novelty.

The first tale of the book is captivating in its newness. It is a history of the life of a whale, a great, blundering, clumsy whale, but it is most entertaining, nevertheless. We are carried to the bottom of the tropical seas and see all their strange inhabitants as we follow its course. "The Skipper of the Amulet" is a tale of the oddest skipper one ever saw or heard of. He was drunk, a good-natured drunkenness, from Monday to Monday, every week, and his vessel was as rickety a sea-vehicle as can be imagined. "Country Life on Board Ship" tells of the various animals kept on board during several voyages. Even the pigs are most entertaining creatures when described by Mr. Bullen. "Sea Etiquette," "Waves," and "A Battleship of To-Day," are instructive yet interesting sketches. "A Sea Change," "The Survivors," "Beneath the Surface," and "By Way of Amends," are typical sea "yarns," but are refreshing because of their utter lack of sentimentality.

A most winning little novel is Eugenia Brooks Frothingham's The Turn of the Road'. It is a tale of an American girl who went abroad to study music. Winifred Meredith and her sister Edith were the only daughters of a supposedly wealthy father, and when he died, leaving just enough to support his two children in a very simple manner, Winifred, who possessed a wonderful voice, took Edith with her and started for Europe to make a career for herself. She felt that she would surely become a famous singer, though the man who loved her with all his great power of loving told her before she left that she never could sing till she loved. Daniel Howard was a noted lawyer and politician of New York. His whole heart was given freely to Winifred, and the only desire of his soul was to win her. Winifred did not return his love, but went on her own way, leaving Daniel behind in America daunted not one bit by her steady refusals. Her life for some time was like that of many another musical student in Paris; though, occasionally, "Dan" made flying visits across the great oceans to see her. Each time he came his love grew stronger, though he knew that a terrible doom was overhanging him and that if it came his life must drop out of hers. At last it came—the awful darkness of total blindness, suddenly at the last. But Dan Howard was a man who could not be vanquished by fate. He yielded stoically to his destiny and fought it out like a brave man and, like a brave man, he tore his heart from Winifred. She, filled with thoughts of self and fame, was ignorant of it all. She went to Russia for a two years' stay, never dreaming of the real reason why "Dan" did not write her. It was on her return two years later that her heart was opened when she heard, on the homeward sail, of "Dan's" blindness. She hastened to him and told him how she felt. But he, feeling that it was pity and a sense of duty, would not accept her words. Nearly heart-broken Winifred returned to New York. She sang as never before, because her heart had been reached. When "Dan" heard her sing for the first time he realized how true it was that she loved him; and though his heart exulted over it, he feared to accept the truth. At last, though, all doubts and misunderstandings were done away. Winifred decided that "a career" was not the grandest thing in the world, after all. And "Dan" learned that blindness might be a sweet destiny.
It is a prettily written story, not much of a plot, yet enough to keep the interest. The conversation is good. The whole tone of the story is sweet, pure, and uplifting. Its heroes and heroines are noble men and women.

In sharp contrast to this delightful book is Milly: At Love's Extremes, by Maurice Thompson, author of Alice of Old Vincennes. It, too, is a tale of love, but it is one which does not wholly please. If the expression may be allowed, it is "coarse" in its delineations. The plot is not strong—simply a bringing together of the different characters, in one way or another. Moreton and Reynolds are the leading characters. Of the two, Moreton, an Englishman, is far more likeable. Reynolds, an old friend of Moreton, is described as a most attractive man, but withal, he seems lacking in manly qualities. Milly, a poor mountain girl, at whose home Reynolds lived for many years, is a simple, ignorant girl with a strange beauty which appealed to Reynolds. But as soon as he had left his mountain home he became infatuated with Agnes Ransom, the youthful widow of the man he had killed in a quarrel years before. That she returned his love when she knew the truth, transgresses the aesthetic most surely. In fact, there are a number of almost gross passages and scenes in the book, though, in sharp contrast, there are many beautiful descriptions, and simple, entertaining narratives. The dialect of the mountain family is excellently carried out. Their simple life is clearly pictured. The choice of words throughout is careful and accurate, though many expressions are repeated till they become tiresome.

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