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REALITY OF ART.

Art is the highest form of expression, and exists for the sake of expression. It is the highest manifestation of thought, of passion, of intuition. Through it thoughts and conceptions become manifest.

Why is it that we are so touched and inspired by the tender yet majestic strains of music? Why is it that we are carried far up and beyond all earthly ties, into another world of thought and of action? It is because music is the language of one soul to another. One's heart is thrilled with a feeling of joy, grief, or aspiration, and unconsciously responds. Music is the embodiment of all noble and beautiful thoughts and qualities. Why is it that we move away from a great painting, that melody of form and color, feeling that our lives have received an impression which can never be erased and that we shall be nobler and better for having seen it?
It is because of the noble conception in the artist's mind; it is owing to the wonderful portrayal of the noblest and best in his soul and because in it are collected the scattered perfections of the world.

A poor old man who had begged permission to carve in one of the largest cathedrals of Germany, was one day found dead before his work. He had chiseled in a secluded corner a face of marvellous beauty, the likeness of a loved and lost friend. This the artists pronounced the most wonderful work of all, for it was the work of love.

"The greatest statue ever chiseled is but a melody in marble." Every artifice of man expresses the sentiment of its author and of his time. Temples are but the expressions of man's recognition of the divine artist; national monuments are but the manifested national gratitude and appreciation. It is said Michael Angelo but directed the hose-pipe of a huge reservoir of treasure, power, national genius, and culture, when he played into the air that vast petrified fountain, curving down in domes, streaming down in columns, rainbowed with mosaic—St. Peter's.

The greatest paintings and the greatest statues have been painted and chiseled with words, and their message is as clear and forcible as if just fallen from the lips of man.

The effects of art upon the human life are many and important. It reveals nature to us and thus the very heart of the Divine Artist; it embodies the characteristics of artist and age; it educates the senses, training them to precision and sensitiveness; it creates in one the appreciation of the beautiful and of the divine infinitude.

But we are not all equally sensitive to the influences of art. Yet the Divine Artist gives us wonderfully constructed material instead of beautiful and complete structures. This material we are to use to imitate the highest and noblest model.

Man, as a finite being, images the Infinite One: he possesses, in a poor degree, the same reason, imagination, and perception of the beautiful and the good. The human mind and body—"That engine of living steel and throbbing marble, alike the workshop and palace of the soul"—is capable of the highest and most perfect development. It is a beautiful thought that spirits superintend the growth of flowers; but no less beautiful is the thought that the development of our minds, soul, and body is directed by the Great Spirit.

We are placed in a world of beauty, and of art. To those who are awake to the great truths therein found, the minute creation is constantly revealing itself. Every cloud that passes over them reminds them of their creator; every floweret that peeps from the sod and every star in the garden of heaven, smiles to them the smile of God.

Yet this world is not an art gallery for our amusement alone; it is a great school of design and of industry for the development of our souls. Much is said of the wonderful harmony of the music of Beethoven and Wagner; yet what is that compared with the harmony and proportion of a complete life? We often think of the wonderful
The great promotor of civilization from the first, has been the division of labor. In early times each man worked for himself, became farmer, carpenter, hunter, or warrior, as occasion demanded. As time advanced, men began to specialize in work, and exchange their services. This division of labor has increased until to-day we find a most complicated industrial organism. The advantages of the division of labor are evident: social intercourse and dexterity in the individual work, producing extra time for the individual and a more finished product. But is there no limit to the advantages of the division of labor? Will civilization increase in proportion as labor is divided, or is there a limit beyond which we can obtain only injury?

Let us look at the extent of the division of labor in our own country to-day. Look into our mills and factories. They are filled with people who spend their whole lives in the performance of one kind of work, insignificant in itself. Look at our men of science, whose field of labor is becoming more and more narrow, and who forget that the truth cannot be found except by a harmonious knowledge of all sciences. Look at our teachers, training themselves in special lines of study, without adequate knowledge in another. Look in any and every branch of industry, of hand or head and we find the same strong tendency of specialization, with the neglect of everything outside. And here, it seems, lies
the greatest peril of modern civilization. It is the extreme extent to which the division of labor or specialization is being carried.

It is a common desire to gain wealth and a good position in the world, and the easiest way seems to be specialization. But this extreme specialization of to-day is injurious to the individual himself, and to society at large.

Let us look at our brain laborers. In olden times, a good physique was necessary to maintain life. Men earned their bread by muscular strength and fought the enemy in personal conflict. To-day, we have machines upon machines, inventions innumerable which earn our bread, make our clothes, and fight our battles, while we superintend them by brain-power. But are strong, well-regulated bodies unnecessary on that account? By no means. Our bodies are complex organisms, whose parts are closely connected. Any defect in one throws the whole system into disorder. Only by vigorous exercise can we have good digestion, good blood, a good circulation. Only by good blood and a good circulation can we have well-acting brains. The Greeks, who stand pre-eminent in all intellectual culture, made physical training the basis of all their education.

Again, the mind must have a variety. The man who, day after day, year after year, works in one restricted line without attention to other forces at work about him, be he scientist or manufacturer, becomes prejudiced and narrow-minded. He is a quack in his own branch, while to cope with the world and fulfill his relations with his fellow-
THE BATES STUDENT.

obtain money, but to gain a fully developed body, mind, and soul.

MARY BUZZELL, '97.

THE INDIAN AND THE EUROPEAN; OR DETHRONING A MONARCH.

The fifteenth century was all but spent. The mellow fields and withering vegetation gave sign that the year was fast on the wane. The eleventh October sun had already set, and, peering over the summit of the eastern hill, once more he was ushering in a new dawn, the brightest by far, yet among the saddest of all history—dawn to a new world, darkness to a human race.

Looking out upon the waters, an Indian village was suddenly startled on beholding three strange objects: like phantoms they appeared in the gray, uncertain light; surely, they thought, a visitation from the spirit-land. 'Twas only a messenger from across the sea; a meeting of kindred, though now separated and changed beyond recall by the lapse of time and its ceaseless mutations; a coming together of old friends of a common household, whose recollections lay buried in a long forgotten past.

Since parting, both had traveled far, but in widely-divergent paths. Partly from choice and certain fixed laws, each had assumed strange features; new attributes, unlike gods. The one had expended his energies in the mastery of forest craft, his highest aspiration; the law of the talents, if ever known, he had long since forgotten; progress had gone out from his character, and, grown haughty of mind, though simple of heart, his loftiest conceptions were met in his all-surrounding nature, of which he had become but a part. The other came of a people now swayed by ambition; restive yet enduring and progressive; whose ideals still kept far in advance of attainments; schooled in all the arts; that sighed for fresh adventure, and dreamed of new heights to climb—new worlds to conquer.

The red man turned about. His estate was ample and secure, his lakes vast, his forests unbounded; before him he beheld the morning beams lighting up broad fields that stretched far out and beyond the horizon, a noble heritage, the lands of his fathers—the home of his own proud race; but the dark night-clouds that hovered round the pale brows of the strangers he saw not, as kindly he gave welcome and received them to his native shores.

The news of discovery went back and others came; pilgrims, fleeing persecution, searching for freedom, dedicated to liberty and eternal right. The Indian, friendly, took them in, gave lands and taught its culture, and, when hunger was about to claim its victims, brought them corn and fed the flickering spark that yet remained.

Gradually increased the strangers, and with numbers their manners changed; humbleness turned to dignity; doubt to confidence; entreaty to demand. The venturesome, aggressive spirit that braved the elements and tried unknown seas was no longer to be stayed; the struggle for mastery had begun—a struggle that could end only in extermination and death to
the weaker. For like blades of grass are the races of man that spring up from the same bed, by earthly measure each with equal right to exist, yet by higher laws one saps the life and flourishes on the ashes of its companion; the fittest alone survives.

The contest was not uncertain. Treaties might intervene, promises be held sacred for a time; the inevitable end was fast approaching. Already the dread war-song was becoming faint; slowly the circled camp-fires were ever narrowing. The Indian of stalwart form and death-defiant heart was withering from the earth. Once more he gathers his councils for a last desperate resistance; again the wild yell, the deadly grapple, breaks upon the still night, but all in vain. In the green mound, the stricken hut, he reads his hastening doom. Sadly he gathers his shattered remnants and begins his last retreat. The tall pine sighs, the panther skulks; the lord of the forest is being driven forth. Now he turns for a last farewell. Where are his once-happy villages? A few charred spots are all that now remain. Over the sleeping dust of his fathers he sees the furrow run unheeding. Eternal memories rush from his heart, but from his lips there comes no sound. Bewildered, he looks up to the heavens. Too late! His gods are fled, his star is set, and forever alone, yet fearless still, he climbs the mountain and looks off into the gathering gloom. Over his countenance sets calm despair. Homeless, and from henceforth a wanderer till his native earth shall close in peace over his wretched head, beyond reach of his pursuers, safely at rest. This is a fine ending. Let his exterminators prove not unworthy of the trust they have assumed, nor forget the fate of the Indian. Let them remember that progress only and virtue insure possession.

J. A. MARR, ’97.

INTIMATIONS OF INDIVIDUAL POWER.

"THE true philosophy of life is the endeavor to realize our aspirations, to live our best thoughts, which, like wandering angels, visit us in our better moments." Words by Joseph Johnson, in a book to young men.

Hours of quiet and retirement, when the throbbing world is barred admittance, bring to us those unseen visitants of our best selves; give us glimpses of life's possibilities and our own power of attaining.

To heed the voices when they speak, to live the life which then dawns upon him, is man's best and highest wisdom. Then the chief essential of life is to know what one lives for—the object and purpose of his being. Therefore self-realization is the highest law of life. Hence the burning question to a young man is, What shall I do? What shall I be? For it is not so much where one stands to-day as in what direction he is moving.

To be truly living means that each have ideals towards which he strives. But life is not dreaming. To be, not seeming to be, is the essential of all enjoyable existence. Yet the man without a definite plan, a living ideal, is but a plaything in the hands of fate, a football of destiny, which we make or mar.
But once that power is recognized and that living ideal is set up—far, far up the height it may stand, ought to stand—then the forces which seemed to hinder, lend their aid. Difficulties become stepping-stones; obstacles become stairways; a thousand voices seem calling to attainment. Music rolls with more triumphant note. Poetry inspires, for it tells of life as but the machinery which fashions each into his desired perfection, and of the appalling fact that each chooses the tools which shall shape him into a vessel of honor or dishonor. Oratory awakens all the latent powers of the soul, gleams the eyes, steel the muscles, and flashes victory through the dim, misty years.

These feelings are untranslatable; these words cannot be set to music. They are the voices of the soul calling, pleading. And to what do they call? To attainment, to victory, to power—power to elevate, to ennoble, to better the world; and such living ideals make Luthers and Lincolns.

And shall those intimations of power go unheeded? Shall those latent forces lie forever unused? Shall another of lesser talents take the crown from him, whom nature favored more? Wait each for genius?

Fichte says: "Genius is nothing more than the effort of the idea to assume a definite form." Who has not felt the struggle in his own breast? There is no genius like that which grasps the now. Such a genius holds the keys of the future. Yet some lives are spent wholly in the pursuit of means with which to kill time. Strange employment this, for an immortal being, with an eternal future before him!

When youth is gone, old age looks back through the vista of the past, yearning for those lost years.

The past lies dead; but flowers may spring from its grave, to sweeten memory. The present, a suppliant, waits. "Success rides on every hour." Grasp it! Make it a part of life! The future, the great, dim, shadowy future, upon whose islands we build castles of beauty; along whose bays and inlets we sail our phantom boats; from whose watch-towers we catch the gleam of distant lands; across whose mystic river we build bridges of victory; the future beckons!

"Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires,
We ourselves must pilgrims be.
Launch our May-flower and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea;
Nor attempt the future's portals
With the past's blood-rusted key."

As a shadow follows the body, so a shadow of what each one might be, might become, might do, ever walks by his side. Some one has said, "We are born mud; we may die marble." Yet it will only be through striving and struggling.

Is the passage from the furnace blast, the worker's bench, to the crown of the orator, the bay of the poet, a mere touch of the wizard's wand, and lo! the clown has become a prince; the mud, marble; and at an instant there flashes out a thing of beauty? Rather, is it not the heeding of those powers, the tireless pursuit of life's ideal, the coronation of a life of toil? And what shall be that twilight coronation? The ruined life of a Marlow, who might have surpassed Shakespeare in grace of
language, and from whom the "myriad-minded" poet drew his plots? The dream life of Coleridge, before whose majestic fancy there floated such visions as would have made our mother tongue of richer melody, had they been written? The pathetic words of Del Sarto, "All that I was born to be and do, ends only in a twilight piece"? Or shall those powers have been so employed that when the horizon is reached — life's labor accomplished — the flaws shall have been removed; the vessel shaped to honor; the water turned into wine; the mud changed into purest marble?

J. Stanley Durkee, '97.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE CRUSADES IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

"URBAN and Peter! The corpses of two millions of men lie heavy on your graves, and will fearfully summon you, on the day of judgment."

Thus would the crusades seem, to a superficial observer, to be a vast failure, a wholesale slaughter of men, the extremity of fanaticism. For more than two hundred years those so-called holy wars raged in Palestine, and the number of lives lost thereby has been estimated at from four to nine millions; and still the Holy Land remained in the hands of the Turks. Certainly the enterprise does look like a failure.

But there is another side to be considered. Although the crusades failed to dislodge the unbelievers from the Holy Land, they really accomplished results of far greater importance to the civilization of Europe, and met needs, the very existence of which was then unknown.

Perhaps the first thing noticeable in giving the crusades significance, is the fact that they were universal. All Europe took part in them. They were the first European enterprise. Indeed, Guizot says that until then Europe did not exist. They gave unity of thought to all nations and all ranks of people. Thus men were drawn from the individualism of the rude life of those times, into touch with, and sympathy for, each other.

Again, it opened up a new world to the thought and mind of christendom. "Europe lost the Holy Land, but she gained the whole earth." The East and the West were thereby brought together, and the old ideas and notions of the one stimulated thought and action in the other. From the Arab masters, many scholars of Europe came to learn the treasures of ancient Greece. The philosophy, logic, and natural history of Aristotle came to be studied and admired. In other ways learning was revived through the crusades; Greek and Jewish scholars, driven by the fury of the Turk from Constantinople, came to settle in Italy and France. The Greek and Hebrew languages came to be studied again in Europe; the history, poetry, literature, philosophy, and arts of the ancients were revived, and the wave was set in motion that swept over all Europe, flooding it with intellectual light. Poets, artists, sculptors, and historians, sprang up and gave to Europe a new intellectual status.

In the arts as well as in the sci-
ences, the crusades were instrumental in bringing the treasures of the East into the coffers of the West. Gothic architecture, so prevalent in Europe, with its grouped columns, its lofty peaks, and its interlacing arches, had its origin in the types of Eastern building, or still farther back, in the shadow of the stately palms and widely spreading banyans. The splendor of the Eastern structures, and the luxurious manner of living in Constantinople, Antioch, and Alexandria, were not forgotten by the returned warrior; and many new ideas of domestic life and comfort were thereby introduced into Europe. The castle began to look less like a dungeon; furniture, having more or less beauty, took the place of the rough benches and stools; carpets and mattings appeared; marble of varied color took the place of rough stone floors, and beautiful mosaics were introduced. The walls were ornamented with paintings, sculptures, and carvings. Candles and lamps gave light, instead of torches of pine knots. Thus home-life gradually took on new phases. Agriculture was likewise influenced by the movement; the sugar-cane, the plum, and the maize were brought back by the wanderers, and introduced into western soil.

Perhaps the influence of the crusades is most peculiarly marked in the great impetus given to trade and commerce. Merchants of both religions soon began to follow in the wake of the armies, and met each other. The rich silks and tapestry, the precious gems, the beautiful glass and China-ware of the East, were conveyed, by no longer unsafe nor unfamiliar routes, and introduced into Italy. A thriving trade sprang up between the various countries of the East and West. New needs became manifest, and men began to exert themselves to meet those needs. Ships were improved, and shipping interests grew with wonderful rapidity. The use of the mariner's compass became known, and so, longer voyages became known, and so, longer voyages could be made with safety. Thus the various parts of the world were brought nearer together, and opportunities were given for the interchange of thought and ideas.

As the conditions of life changed, social existence began to show new phases. People had new interests and occupations; they were drawn by trade into towns, and made to mingle more freely with each other. The growing towns began to create a demand for agricultural productions, and that led to a more systematic prosecution of that art.

Again, the crusades dealt to feudalism a mortal blow. Many of the barons who left their castles and went to the holy wars never returned, and their possessions fell into the hands of the industrial classes. Many others returned to find their retainers gone, and were unable to reach and maintain their former position and power. Many had been compelled to mortgage their estates to obtain means with which to equip themselves for the holy wars, and, returning impoverished, redeemed the mortgages by giving many of the cities under their control the right of self-government. Thus the lower classes came to know something of
freedom, and to rise in importance and dignity.

And while the crusades resulted in weakening the power and resources of the baronial lords, they strengthened the authority of kings, and established the proper government of law in place of the arbitrary will of petty chiefs, whose actions were controlled only by their impulses, or their selfish interests. The tendency of feudalism was toward disintegration; that of the crusades toward unity; and the latter spirit proved the stronger.

In military affairs the crusades wrought a great change. The characteristics of feudalism were peculiarly adverse to progress in military arts. Great stress was laid on individual prowess, and in general war, among so many independent and ever-rival chiefs, unity of action was impossible. The armies of the crusaders were at first simply masses of men, as wholly lacking in discipline as their leaders were in military science. But they in time became aware of some of the demands of warfare, and some sort of organization was naturally developed. As the chiefs became conscious of their inability to accomplish everything by their own valor, they gave better attention to the arms and discipline of their men, and thus learned the power of numbers in war. The Greek fire, so terrible to the crusader, suggested gunpowder, and thereby introduced a new era in the history of warfare.

Another result of the crusades, that must not be overlooked, is the barrier they raised to Mohammedan conquests in Europe. An invasion of Europe by the Turks in the twelfth century would have been a terrible calamity. The loss of millions in the Holy Land cannot be compared to it. Had the Turks, instead of the Latins, taken Constantinople, all Europe might have submitted to their rule. As it was, the sacred wars averted that capture several hundred years, and when it finally fell into Turkish hands, Christendom was strong enough to resist the Moslem power.

The crusades were a spontaneous movement, a great tidal wave, which swept over Europe. They bore away all classes of men; they effaced for the time all other interests. The movement was the great event of the times, giving tone and character to the middle ages. Great in itself, it must fill a large place in history. It cost infinite suffering and countless lives, but was that too great a price to pay for civilization?

M. E. STICKNEY, '98.
The key to the perplexing problem of a scheme of education is contained, it seems to us, in two propositions now before the educators of our country. The first is the replacement of our present system of weights and measures by the metric system. The German boy, we are told, on entering the gymnasium has completed the calculus, while his American cousin, entering a corresponding grade, the high school, is just beginning elementary algebra. Why the difference? Not because the former is the brighter, but simply because he has the advantage of the use of the metric system. The one trudges, for years, a weary road learning to reduce miles, bushels, and pounds, when the other in one-fifth of the time gains facility in reduction by the metric system.

Besides, the German boy has an advantage in the matter of spelling, and this introduces us to the second proposition, which is to dispense with the silent letters which exist in so many of our words. Why write *though* when *tho* answers the purpose? To be sure, such an innovation would cover up the etymological track in many cases; but the majority of people care nothing for etymology, while to the student the change brings no additional difficulty. Certainly the difference of time required for the American school-boy to master his spelling-book would be considerable.

The two proposals are indeed reforms; they strike at the very root of our present system. They can be established only gradually, with the passing away of a generation or two. Yet the thoughtful person must be convinced that in readjusting our education only that reform will have any efficacy in it that moves slowly and strikes deep. Once these changes are accomplished, learning's road may still be far from royal, but it will be much less disagreeable.

The annual meeting of the New England Intercollegiate Debating League was held at Boston, October 9th. On account of the few delegates present the meeting was adjourned one month. In the meantime the executive was instructed to write those colleges not represented, asking them for definite answers as to their intentions of remaining members of the league. Cheering news comes this morning
from Boston University, that she wishes to retain membership and is ready for enthusiastic work. Tufts College sent a representative to inquire into the workings of the league, and intimated that, if the league was full of life, she would consider very favorably the invitation to become a member. We hope that each college will respond to the appeal of the executive, and aid in making this year of debating among the New England colleges, one of marked success. It is certainly true that the league attracted great attention from the press last year. It seems to meet a demand of the public, that our colleges train men in forensic, as well as in athletic, skill. Certainly when the leading newspapers of the East devote editorials to praising those colleges which formed and carried on the league, it proves that we are in the right way in this matter at least. The executive committee certainly has a strong desire to see more colleges in the league, and a very enthusiastic meeting when it shall be again called in November. A hearty invitation is thus extended to all colleges to become members of this league.

"WHERE is unwritten poetry," declares the essayist, and the editor who labors hard to keep up the department of college verse doesn't deny the fact, yet cannot help wishing that some of "the poetry which is in all living hearts" would abandon its coyness and consent to being embodied in suitable form for publication. With two hundred-forty students in college it seems humiliating to be obliged to call upon the alumni for contributions in order to keep up a department of college verse in the Student. While the work of the alumni is always gratefully received, we look to the students to support the department in the main, and we desire to call attention to our lack of sufficient support from them in this line, and to request all who write verse at all to work up something and send it in. We promise to consider carefully everything received, and shall be glad to publish anything meritorious. We do not expect from busy students many long or elaborate poems; those of but few lines, if they but reflect something of the poetry of real life, are surest to be read and appreciated.

We hope that among the members of nineteen hundred there are many who can claim the friendly aid of the Muse, and to such we would especially extend this invitation and appeal.

HOW intimately connected with all the college activities is the college bell! About it seem to cluster all the experiences of our life here. In solemn accents it daily summons us to prayers, and with a peremptory tone it calls us to recitation. It is the herald of prayer-meeting, society-meeting, in short, of every college exercise. And this same bell is the messenger of joy. How every Bates heart glows with happiness when its exultant tone peals out "Victory," whether won on the diamond, the gridiron, or in the more subtle contests of the forum!

This bell of ours has a twofold mission. It trains us to promptness, and it helps us to love our college. May
it long continue to do this double duty for succeeding classes, and may many be the victories it shall proclaim.

Erelong, when the chapel bell rings, no more will we assemble at its call. Yet may we so well have learned its lesson, that when we hear the voice of duty, as if summoned by some echo from our college days, we shall be prompt to act. Erelong no more will we hear the college bell ring out triumph. And yet may we ever feel the same glow of loyalty in our hearts when we hear of any new victory won by dear old Bates.

The articles published in our last issue from the pens of Mr. Milliken and Miss Chase, were the Junior orations, receiving the first and second prizes, respectively, in the June contests. The article this month, by Mr. Stickney, was the Sophomore prize essay. These awards were made during last Commencement week.

A communication has been received from the Harvard Non-Partisan Sound Money League, giving an account of the formation of the League and urging that a similar one be formed at Bates. The object, as indicated by the name, is to advocate the principles of sound finance, particularly in the present campaign as opposed to the financial theories represented by Mr. Bryan and his associates. The organization is non-partisan and opens its membership to all students believing in the principles for which it stands. Now it has not been our custom to discuss political questions around this editors' table. Such discussions are, in general, likely to be without the sphere of a college magazine. The issue of the present campaign, however, is peculiar in this respect: the study of history and political science, the experience of our own country, and the opinions of leading financiers and political economists, all point in one direction. Heretofore there has been difference of opinion among experts; now all reliable authorities agree. The campaign is one of education, and college men, as men who are enjoying the advantages of education, are bound to speak with no uncertain sound. Therefore we desire to express our hearty and active sympathy with the movement inaugurated by the Harvard Non-Partisan Sound Money League, and our hope that the principle which it represents may be triumphantly victorious on November 3d.

The students of the College of Laws of Syracuse University have adopted the following descriptive yell:

Agency, contracts, bills and notes,
Equity pleadings, sales and torts,
Domestic relations; raw! raw! raw!
Syracuse 'Varsity,
College of Law.

It was a Yale Senior who, having proposed” to a young lady, was answered: "Yes, I will be yours on one condition." "That's all right," he responded, unabashed; "I entered Yale with six."—Ex.

"Oh hum!" yawned young Willieboy,
Waking one morn,
And his watch ticked at ten and a quarter;
"I find if I would
Be up with the sun,
I mustn't sit up with the daughter."—Ex.
HEARD ABOUT THE CAMPUS.

The bell fast is swaying,
The Trio is playing,
Attention to win.

The students loud chatter,
When lo! what’s the matter?
What husheth the clatter?
What stilleth the din?

Tucker is coming,
Hear his low humming,
Hush! he’s within.

The camera fiend is abroad.
The tuition has been raised to $50.
Colby has beaten M. S. C., 10-0.
Bowdoin has beaten M. S. C., 12-6.

Pay your term bill before November 1st.

D. F. Field, ’91, was in town recently on business.

Seventy new singing books have been placed in the chapel.

Bailey, ’97, is teaching the high school at Milton Mills, N. H.

Again the college band begins to play, after a year’s silence.

Emery, ’92, and Wilson, ’92, were about the campus for a few days last week.

Mr. John S. Stone of Boston has contributed a $1,000 scholarship to the college.

The Faculty have shut down on class rides, and the Freshmen have taken to walking.

The receipts from the Maine State game, October 17th, amounted to over eighty dollars.

Has everybody heard Sprague sing his song? The Dover, Exeter, and Portland press indorse it.

The daily foot-ball practice at Lee Park attracts a large audience both of the young men and ladies.

A large number from the college attended the Latin School reception on the evening of October 3d.

There are over forty taking the Bible study work in the new graded courses just established by the Y. M. C. A.

Bolster, ’95, Garcelon, ’90, and Emery, ’92, have assisted in the coaching in the absence of John Corbett.

"Now, Mr. T."
As with a kindly air
Over our class his glance swift sped,
"You may go on from there."

First sighed the youth unfortunate,
Then hope lit up his brow.
"Pardon me, Prof., the hour is late,
Your train is soon due now."

"My time is not exhausted quite,"
The Professor answer made.
"I can wait while you recite,"
And so the good Prof. stayed.

Sad is the sequel, all men say
As they tell it o’er again,
Poor A. D. T. he flunked that day,
But Prexy caught the train.

Dr. Penney of Auburn delivered an interesting lecture on Bible Study recently, before the Christian associations.

President Chase attended the meeting of the Maine Free Baptist Association at Bath last week, and made an address.

Mr. W. B. Millar, intercollegiate secretary, paid a visit to the Y. M. C. A.
Sunday, October 4th, on his way to the state convention.

The New Hampshire college game, scheduled to be played here on Friday, October 1st, was postponed on account of the stormy weather.

We are happy to have Professor Robinson with us again. He is drilling the Freshmen for their prize speaking, which occurs at the end of the term.

The Young People's Society of the Main Street Church proffered a very enjoyable reception to the Freshman Class on the evening of October 22d.

Bowdoin, we understand, is to have a revival of debating. President Hyde, in one of his Sunday addresses, recommended that they should occur regularly in the Senior year.

Corbett has returned to Bates and is giving the foot-ball squad vigorous coaching. The following is the general line-up of the two elevens during the week before the second M. S. C. game:

Stanley, r. e. l. e. Frost.
Sturgis, r. t. l. t. Mason.
Bruce, r. g. l. g. Tetley.
Saunders, c. Jones.
Wentworth, l. g. r. g. Palmer.
Bean, Sprague, l. t. r. t. Brackett.
Foss, l. e. r. e. Richardson.
Purinton, q. b. Pulsifer, '88.
Murphy, r. h. l. h. Griffin, 1900.
Pulsifer, '99, l. h. r. h. Collins.
Hinkley, f. b. Minard.

Beside these men, Brackett, '99, Griffin, '98, Littlefield, Parker, Hutchinson, and Powell, are with the squad, and Nason and Wright are temporarily laid off by sickness.

Among the habits recommended to the Psychology Class is the following, which we are curious to see tried by the whole college—to get up on rising. All are cordially invited to contribute results of their trial to the Local department for November.

The scholarship prizes for last year were awarded as follows: '97.—Foss, first; Milliken, second. '98.—Miss Tasker, first; Tukey, second. '99.—Merrill and Miss Hayes, both first prizes.

Within that staid reception room
Where gay students congregate,
Two merry youths are talking
With the maids on whom they wait.

When the clock upon the mantel!
Disturbs their mind's repose,
One short half hour, and that, alas!
Their Paradise would close.

The maidens too with anxious look
Survey that student's bane.
One, tripping slyly to the shelf,
Turns the hands to nine again;

Stopping the swaying pendulum,
Reverses the clock's fair face.
Till it is hidden from their sight
As if 'twere in disgrace.

The talk flows on; the hour is ten.
They dream not how tempos flies.
Where ignorance is bliss, my dears,
'Tis folly to be wise.

But list! a voice falls on their ears:
"I'm sorry, gentlemen,
I must bid you say good-night,
The clock has just struck ten."

Mr. W. F. Garcelon, '90, has been spending a few days at the college. At noon on October 12th he addressed the students on the foot-ball outlook. For a number of days he did some effective coaching for the teams.

The library has received a number of new books during September. The most important gift is that of a set of the Century Dictionary by A. B. Morrill, '87. About thirty books have been added by purchase, among them Poole's Literary Index for 1893-94-95.
Durkee, '97, as vice-president of the Intercollegiate Debating League, went to Boston about the middle of the present month, for the purpose of organizing the league for the coming year. We understand that the other colleges failed to send representatives, and the meeting was postponed for one month.

Four minutes hit by,
Freshies' watches are fast.
"What fun!" they cry,
A cut now at last!

"Sound forth the yell
With a jolly hurrah!"
How sad to tell,
Ere they reach "O mamma."
The Prof.'s hand is laying
On one Freshie's arm,
While others, fast straying,
Are stayed by alarm.

Now just notice take
When you try it once more,
Five minutes, cuts make,
But never do four.

The Divinity School tried its hand at base-ball on Saturday morning, September 26th, when the upper floor of Roger Williams Hall was pitted against the lower floor. They plainly demonstrate that ministers do know how to have lots of fun if they cannot play ball. The game resulted in a victory for the lower floor by a score of 17 to 6. Professor Anthony umpired very satisfactorily.

Each of the classes except the Freshmen have had a class ride this term. The Seniors on September 25th took barges for Mt. Apatite on a geological excursion. The Juniors have been to Mechanic Falls. It is whispered that on the return they lost their way. The Sophomores went to Poland Springs October 6th. They rowed on the lake and drank all the spring water they wanted, and reached the city by six o'clock P.M.

The annual Tennis Tournament of the college took place Friday and Saturday, October 9th and 10th. 1900 covered itself all over with glory, winning the championship in both singles and doubles, Summerbell taking the championship in singles and Summerbell and Stinchfield in doubles. Each class had large delegations present to witness the contests, and the Freshmen were not at all slow in showing their appreciation of the work of their representatives. The entering class argued the matter all by themselves in the semifinals, Summerbell defeating Pottle, and Stinchfield defeating Davis. In the finals Summerbell beat Stinchfield in a hotly contested denice set match. The struggle of the tournament came, however, in the championship round, when Burrill, '97, relinquished his right to the championship only after five well contested sets had been played. The following are the summaries:

**SINGLES.**

*First Round.*

| Summerbell, 1900, beat Emrich, 1900, . . . . . . . . . . . . 6-3, 6-2 |
| Courser, 1900, beat Goddard, 1900, 6-0, 6-2 |
| Pottle, 1900, beat Elder, 1900, . . . . . . . . . . . . 6-0, 6-2 |
| Bruce, '98, beat Minard, '98, . . . By default |
| Richardson, 1900, beat Hinckley, '98, . . . . . . . . . . By default |
| Davis, 1900, beat Sprague, '98, . By default |
| Conant, '98, beat Millet, '98, . By default |
| Stinchfield, 1900, beat Blake, '98, By default |

*Second Round.*

| Summerbell, 1900, beat Courser, 1900, . . . . . . . . . . . . . 3-6, 6-2, 7-5 |
| Pottle, 1900, beat Bruce, '98, . . . . . . . . . . 6-3, 6-2 |
Davis, 1900, beat Richardson, 1900, 7-5, 6-4
Stinchfield, 1900, beat Conant, '98, 1-6, 6-0, 6-4

Semi-Finals.
Summerbell, 1900, beat Pottle, 1900, 6-3, 6-2
Stinchfield, 1900, beat Davis, 1900, 6-0, 6-1

Finals.
Summerbell, 1900, beat Stinchfield, 1900, 6-3, 6-3, 6-3

Championship Round.
Summerbell, 1900, challenger, beat Burrill, '97, holder, 6-3, 6-3, 6-3, 6-1

DOUBLES.
Preliminary Round.
Blake and Griffin, '08, beat Hussey and Littlefield, 1900, 6-1, 3-1, 6-3

First Round.
Conant and Stickney, '98, beat Blake and Griffin, '08, 6-3, 6-4
Clinton and Bruce, '98, beat Courser and Emrich, 1900, 6-4, 6-2
Burrill, '97, and Pulsifer, '99, beat Sprague, '98, and Pottle, 1900, 6-1, 6-4
Stinchfield and Summerbell, 1900, beat Davis and Goldard, 1900, 6-4, 6-4

Semi-Finals.
Conant and Stickney, '98, beat Clinton and Bruce, '98, 6-4, 6-2
Stinchfield and Summerbell, 1900, beat Pulsifer, '99, and Burrill, '97, 8-6, 0-6, 6-1

Finals.
Stinchfield and Summerbell, 1900, beat Conant and Stickney, '98, 6-0, 6-1, 6-3

The foot-ball team has thus far played three games and scored three victories. Under Corbett's energetic coaching the gaps in the team left by '96 men were filled, and enough material left for good substitutes.

The game on September 30th with South Berwick on Lee Park opened the season. The visitors were heavy but unwieldy, and Bates made good gains by end plays. Two touchdowns and a goal were scored in the first half; the game was called in the second half after Bates had scored another touchdown and goal, in order that South Berwick might catch a train. Score: Bates 16, South Berwick 0.

On October 9th, Bates played New Hampshire College at Dover. The team was weakened by the absence of Bruce and Sturgis. Bates scored and kicked a goal in the first half, and scored again in the second. New Hampshire succeeded in scoring just as time was called on short rushes through Bates's line from the twenty-yard line. Score: Bates 10, N. H. C. 6.

On the following day Bates won from Phillips Exeter Academy in Exeter. The game was not in doubt after the first rush. Hoag of the Divinity School played a fast centre, and changes of the position of linemen made the line stronger than on the day before. Bates showed good interference and snap. Exeter scored on a muffed punt, the ball rolling over the line and being secured by an Exeter end.

The Bates line-up in these games has been as follows:

Right End—Stanley.
Right Tackle—Sturgis, Wentworth, Nason.
Right Guard—Bruce, Tetley, Wentworth.
Center—Wentworth, Saunders, Hoag.
Left Guard—Bean.
Left Tackle—Sprague.
Left End—Wright.
Quarterback—Parinton.
Right Halfback—Murphy.
Left Halfback—Nason, Pulsifer.
Fullback—Hinkley.

Bates played her second game of foot-ball on the home grounds, Saturday, October 17th. Her opponents were the Maine State eleven, and from the fact that Bowdoin and Colby had both beaten this team, much of the Maine foot-ball problem could be solved.
from the outcome of this game. Maine
State was confident of victory, from the
fact that she outweighed Bates seventeen pounds to a man. Bates, on the
other hand, placed reliance on her
speedy backs and the interference
taught her by Corbett. Both teams
played in a somewhat crippled condi-
tion, Sturgis, Wright, and Bean being
laid off from Bates; and Sawyer, Farn-
ham, and Noyes from M. S. C.

The crowd was the largest ever drawn
to a Lewiston foot-ball game, and was
impartial in its applause. Many Bow-
doin men came up from Brunswick.

Maine State chose the kick-off, and
lined up on the north side of the field. Gilman made a low kick to Sprague,
who advanced the ball twenty yards.
After one rush of ten yards by Murphy,
Abbott gave the ball to M. S. C. for
off-side playing. Bates held for four
downs, and then by brilliant running
got the ball to Maine State's five-yard
line. Purinton sent Pulsifer round the
end; he left his interference, and darted
out till he came near the side line, then
turned in and touched the ball between
the goal posts. Wilson decided a touch-
down, which was protested by Maine
State, on the ground that Pulsifer went
out of bounds. Wilson then changed
his decision and gave the ball on downs
to M. S. C. on the fifteen-yard line,
where it was alleged that Pulsifer went
out. The spectators were unanimous
in saying that Bates honestly scored a
touchdown.

From her 15-yard line M. S. C.
brought the ball to her 45-yard line,
when time was called, neither side hav-
ing scored.

Bates kicked off in the second half
to Sawyer, who entered the game at
this point. She then held for four
downs, and then by quick playing
pushed Pulsifer over for a touchdown
at the extreme corner of the field. This
made Hinkley's goal difficult to kick,
and he missed it by a narrow margin.

M. S. C. kicked off to Hinkley, who
ran 30 yards to the 40-yard line. Bates
lost the ball on Sprague's fumble, and
M. S. C. with her revolving wedge gradu-
ally worked the ball up the field till
Ellis was pushed over for a touchdown.
Gilman had the easiest kind of a goal
to kick, but the ball went wide, to his
own disgust and the joy of Bates, leav-
ing the score a tie, as it remained to
the end of the game.

Bates kicked to Sawyer again, and
the ball changed hands till time was
called with the ball in Bates's posses-
sion on Maine's 10-yard line.

The game was the hardest-fought
and most closely-contested ever played
in Lewiston. Bates outplayed her oppo-
nent, keeping the ball in her territory
all the time except the few minutes in
which Maine State scored. Bates sent
her backs round the ends for long runs,
while Bates's ends checked every rush
of Ellis and Palmer without gain. The
revolving wedge in which Maine massed
her heavy line on Bates's lighter for-
wards was her only means of advance,
but Bates's backs got into the holes so
quickly that it took three downs to get
five yards without exception.

For Maine State, Sawyer, Sturgis, and
Palmer excelled. For Bates, Murphy
was easily the star. Bruce against Law-
rence was invincible, breaking through
in every play and once blocking a punt of Gilman's, which gave Bates her chance to score. Sprague and Pulsifer advanced the ball well, and Bates's ends were impassable.

In rule 21 of the rule book there is a law to this effect—that when the man with the ball is stopped or the motion of the ball is stopped, the referee shall blow his whistle and the ball be down. Any piling up is punishable by a penalty of fifteen yards. Now again and again when Bates backs were stopped or called "down," the Maine State forwards piled upon their lighter antagonists and pulled and fought for the ball, while Abbott looked on and waited to hear in the tumult the cry "down" from a man at the bottom of the pile with the wind pressed out of him by two men like Gilman on his chest. This is not proper football. Again it is a question that Abbott may know how to answer best, if it is allowable for a man who is an official to coach a team between halves. A coach never ought to be an official any way, and if he is he should ignore those functions altogether while the game is in progress.

The line-up was as follows:

**BATES.**

Stanley, Right End. Smith.
Nason. Right Tackle. Wormwell.
Bruce. Right Guard. Gilman.
Wentworth. Left Guard. Lawrence.
Sprague. Left Tackle. Sturgis.
Foss. Left End. Pierce.
Parinton. Quarterback. Webster.
Murphy. Right Halfback. Ellis.

**M. S. C.**


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**Y. M. C. A. STATE CONVENTION.**

The State Convention of the Y. M. C. A. occurred at Waterville, October 16-18th. The Bates Association sent eight delegates. They have returned from the convention with renewed purpose to keep the religious activity of our college in the foreground with all others. It was inspiring to come in contact with other young men, who, though in different walks of life, have pretty much the same problems to be solved and ambitions to realize. But it was especially helpful to meet the Associations of the other colleges, and it is to this part of the convention that we shall devote our report. While the business man had his share of the programme, the college man was not overlooked. In fact, one officer of the State organization was overheard to remark that the best reports for the year came from the college associations. Hence it was not surprising that more time than in previous conventions was given the colleges at this convention.

On Saturday afternoon the conference of the colleges and fitting-schools took place at the Coburn Classical Institute. All four colleges, and Kent’s Hill, Hebron, Bucksport, and Coburn Classical, were represented. The fact seemed to be realized that at this conference is the only opportunity for the associations to come together on common ground, and mutually benefit one another by a frank and free discussion of the work and experience of the past year, whether successes, failures, new lines of work, or backward steps.
There were eight topics discussed, covering the principal lines of work of the association.

Each college opened two of the discussions by papers from two of their delegates. Bates presented the papers on Bible Study and Personal Work. We are glad to say that our representatives took an active part in the discussions, endeavoring to point out the means of our successes of the year, and to get ideas to solve the problems still before us. Saturday evening a college session was held in the Baptist church. There were reports for the year from each of the colleges, followed by an address by President Butler of Colby, on “The Place of the Young Men’s Christian Association in the College.” We wish here to acknowledge our appreciation of the cordiality with which President Butler welcomed the Bates men. Most of the delegates remained to the impressive farewell service, Sunday evening.

The State convention affords to the college man the opportunity of judging the religious status of our colleges. To all who attended this year it was certainly encouraging; not so much because great results have been realized, although these have been not a few, but the many problems which each of the colleges has presented as unsolved, indicates that there is being a great deal of serious thinking done, from which results must inevitably come.

**SONG OF THE HERMIT THRUSH.**

__Twilight curtains slow descending,___
Purple tints on hill-tops play;
Soft the stream its way is wending
At the closing of the day.

Peace the strife of earth is spurning
Weary men to free from care.
Finite souls have secret yearning
Towards the Infinite in prayer.

Yonder thicket and tangled brush
With music is welling,
Lo! the song of the hermit thrush.

Clear the tones as a silver bell;
There’s joy in his singing,
The copes are ringing,
Swell the bough in time with the song;

So sweetly he’s trilling,
My soul now is thrilling;
Notes like these to heaven belong.

**CLOSED GENTIAN.**

What spell is on thee, never-blooming flower?
Here in the roadside places where the wind
Talks gaily with the gossip golden-rod,
And crimson leaves a-whisper in the sun
Thrill to the bird-songs in the branches bright,
And all the social wood-folk revel keep,
Thou only standest somber and apart,
As if the sunshine and the joy of life
Found no response in thee this perfect day.
Art thou a living soul in bondage shut,
Denied expression, whether love or fear,

**Deepest darkness now is reigning**
Over forest, vale, and plain.
Thrush, from softest note refraining,
Silence brings akin to pain;

But I know that with the morrow
Earth will wake to life anew,
Sylvan songs will banish sorrow
From the soul that loves the true.

—W. S. C. B., '95.
PITY

[The alumni are respectfully requested to send to these columns Communications, Personals, and everything of interest concerning the college and its graduates.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Mr. Frank Albert Weeman, Bates, '88, died Saturday, September 5th, at the home of his sister, Mrs. F. A. Jones, College Street. Mr. Weeman, son of Jesse and Fannie Newell Weeman, was born in Harmony, Me., July 5, 1852. He prepared for college at the Latin School, entered Bates in 1884, and graduated with honor four years later. All who knew him in college will recall his scholarly spirit and attainments, his pure and exemplary life, and his natural and unalloyed refinement. He was a quiet student, with an individuality so marked that it made its own distinct impression alike upon stranger and acquaintance. A country boy, thrown early upon his own resources, and with no special favors of fortune or society, he was always, even when tested by a conventional standard, a thorough gentleman, with that utter absence of affectation which characterizes one "to the manner born." After graduating from Bates, Mr. Weeman engaged in teaching, attaining distinguished success in every position that he filled. He was principal, successively, of high schools in Wilton, N. H.; Stow, Mass.; Trinidad, Col.; and Crescent City, Cal. In every place in which he taught he won honor for himself and his calling. He had the love of his pupils and the confidence and regard of school authorities and patrons. His health, however, was never firm, and he was compelled to make frequent changes in order to reinforce his waning strength by alliance with more favorable climatic conditions. But the battle was a steadily losing one; and when in March, 1895, he left Crescent City for Southern California, although he had high hopes for regain-
ing his health and resuming his cherished occupation, it was to engage in a fruitless quest. He carried with him from Crescent City the tender sympathy and affectionate regard of the entire community. In the somewhat more than three years spent there he had made hosts of friends and raised his school to a standing that attracted the attention of the leading educators of the state. He was on the way to rare eminence, and that without awakening ill-will or envy. Said Judge Murphy of the Superior Court of Del Norte County: "To my knowledge he did not have an enemy in the whole county, but was universally admired for his talents and gentility."

In the pursuit of health Mr. Weeman visited in succession Southern California; Phoenix, Arizona; and Albuquerque, New Mexico. But every effort was futile. He found himself "dragging at every step a lengthening chain," and July 4, 1896, he started for the East, arriving on July 10th at the home of his sister, Mrs. Jones.

The last weeks of his short life were tranquil, undisturbed by laments or misgivings for the future. He died as he had lived, calm and courageous and trustful. So quiet was the transition as scarcely to be observed by the devoted watchers at his bedside. Funeral services were held at the house of A. M. Jones, Esq., College Street.

Two courses in Celtic and one in Russian have been established at Harvard.

JOHN EDGAR HOLTON.

The subject of this sketch was born in Boothbay in May, 1855, and passed his boyhood and youth in that town. It early became an object of desire with him to obtain a thorough education, and he set about this with the determination and painstaking energy that marked all his work. He prepared for college at home, lacking the advantages of schools whose special work it was to give such preparation. Sometimes a friend was found who was able and willing to give him private instruction; the schools of the town furnished opportunities to a certain extent, though their grade was not high; and when nothing else was available, there was always a chance to study by himself. This no one could take from him.

Preparing himself in this way, in the fall of 1877 he passed the necessary examinations and entered Bates with the Class of '81. The class included young men of excellent scholarship, who had taken regular preparatory courses of study; but he took a high position among them from the outset, and soon came to be recognized as easily first in his favorite lines of work. His classmates saw in him an almost ideal character. No matter what question involving moral principle might arise, he was always on the right side. Others who meant to do right might sometimes be led into little acts of dishonesty or of discourtesy to those in authority over them; but this was never the case with him. Yet he never assumed any credit for this. It never entered
his thoughts that he did better than others. He simply followed quietly and modestly his own instincts of right. He received one of the graduating honors at the end of his course, and for several years taught in different places whenever his health, never very good, permitted. In 1889 he became teacher of Latin and German in Maine Central Institute. Here he remained for four years, loved and respected by his pupils and by all with whom he came in contact. In the midst of physical weakness and pain he did all his work with the same painstaking care that characterized his whole life. At the end of this time, hoping that a year of rest might bring him needed strength, he went to his old home in Boothbay, where his remaining days were passed. During his last illness he exhibited his usual courage and patience. He was not afraid to die, yet he wished to live for the sake of his friends and for the sake of the further work that he might do.

He was a rare man in intellectual endowments. His love of books and of scholarly attainments was remarkable. He collected a library, not very large, but well selected, and thoroughly his own by right of loving appreciation. To those who knew him best the thought of him and of his books seemed almost inseparable. Extreme accuracy characterized all his work. There were no slipshod methods for him. He was a rare man, too, in the higher qualities of the heart. He was rare in his devotion to those who stood near him in ties of relationship, and rare in his faithfulness to those who were counted among his friends. To the value of his friendship very many can testify. He was a rare man in a moral and religious sense. He seemed always naturally to choose the right. Truly, a good man has fallen. Fortunate are they who knew him as a friend.

O. H. Drake, '81.

PERSONALS.

'71.—James N. Ham of Providence died in Lewiston, October 2d. A sketch of his life will appear in the November Student.

'72.—A graduate of the Newton High School, of which Professor E. J. Goodwin is principal, has taken the prize for entrance examinations at Amherst this year. This is not an unusual occurrence, as Prof. Goodwin's pupils have repeatedly taken the same prize in previous years.

'74.—F. L. Noble is a candidate for the attorney-generalship of the State.

'78.—F. H. Briggs is President of the Lewiston and Auburn Musical Association. This is an organization which has been recently formed for the purpose of fostering the love of good music in the two cities.

'79.—E. W. Given has been visiting friends in Auburn recently. Prof. Given has recently changed his residence from Orange to Newark, N. J., where he is teacher of Greek and Latin in the Academy.

'81.—O. H. Drake, Principal of Maine Central Institute, gave an address setting forth the work of the Institute, at the session of the Maine Free Baptist Association, at Bath, October 8th.
'81.—Hon. Reuel Robinson has returned from an extensive tour of the United States in the interests of the Masonic fraternity.

'81.—F. H. Wilbur lately read a paper before the Knox County Teachers' Convention, on "The Study of Longfellow in Grammar Schools."

'81.—C. P. Sanborn is connected with a chair-manufacturing firm in Gardner, Mass. His residence is 51 Tufts Street, Somerville, Mass.

'82.—Rev. O. H. Tracy was given a reception by the church and society of the Shawmut Avenue Free Baptist Church, Boston, on the evening of October 14th.

'83.—Mrs. E. S. Franklin is engaged in missionary work at Akola Bera, India.

'83.—Mrs. E. R. Clark has opened the "Waban" School for young ladies at Newton, Mass.

'85.—Rev. G. A. Downey is pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Buxton.

'87.—Mrs. Nancy Little Bonney came from Denver, Col., to attend the wedding of her brother, J. R. Little.

'87.—Prof. F. W. Chase is to deliver an address on "Consciousness and Habit," before the Ministers' Association at Lawrence, Mass.

'89.—F. M. Buker is principal of Green Mountain Seminary, Waterbury, Vt.

'90.—Miss Mabel Wood is teacher of mathematics at a select school in Walliston, Mass.

'92.—Mr. Jacob R. Little and Miss Mabel Hill Lowell were married, October 14th, at the home of the bride's parents, No. 2 Laurel Hill, Auburn, Me.

'83.—A. P. Irving, Superintendent of Schools at Rockland, Me., recently read a paper before the Rockland teachers on "The Position of the Teacher and his Relationship to his Pupils."

'94.—Howard M. Cook is studying law in Bangor.

'94.—Julian C. Woodman has entered the Harvard Law School.

'95.—Miss Williams is teaching in Wakefield, Mass.

'95.—Miss Hastings is studying library work in Chicago.

'95.—F. S. Wakefield has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, but is convalescent.

'95.—Miss Marsh is teaching at Isle au Haute.

'96.—L. G. Purinton will enter the Bowdoin Medical School.

'96.—A. L. Kavanaugh has been appointed Justice of the Peace at Manchester, N. H.

'96.—H. T. Gould is to take a special course in electrical engineering in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

DON'T YOU CARE.

When the cold wind sweeps the woodland,
Whistling through the branches bare,
And you hear old Winter's footsteps,
Spring will follow. Don't you care.

When your money fast is failing
And your pocket-book grows spare,
While your tailor waxes anxious,
Luck is turning. Don't you care.

When your best girl's heart grows frigid,
While another gets your share,
And you hear her call you "Mister,"
There are others. Don't you care.

When, with sorrows and with troubles,
Life's great load seems hard to bear,
And this old world palls and wearies,
There's a Heaven. Don't you care.

—F. Putney, Jr.
College Exchanges.

THE small number of fall exchanges received up to the time of going to press, furnishes the exchange editor very little material with which to work this month, and necessitates an abbreviation of this department.

It is plain that the Bachelor of Arts is very much alive to all the vital issues of the present time. In the October number is a fine article on "Democracy and Socialism," written in clear and forcible style, which denounces socialism on both philosophical and practical grounds. It is worthy the most careful reading of students. From "Lines to College Graduates of '96," in the same number, we quote the following:

No life is futile that is nobly bent
To honest ends, whose deed is of his best;
From out the cycles of our failures grows
The strength of better things; and whose lives
Unto the conscious truth within his soul,
Needs not the breath of praise or civic wreath;
For on his heart is wrought the word, Success.

No more pleasing variety could be offered than that furnished by the Tennessee University Magazine. Between its covers are always to be found in plenty, the solid literary part, poem, story, and fanciful sketch, and all is good. We clip this bit of verse from the current issue:

DISILLUSIONMENT.
The line that marks the seeming from the true
Is like that low-laid thread—that shadow dim
Which forms the sky and sea-lines welded rim.
Sometimes we look and then it seems the blue
Is wedded to the ocean's misty hue.

But sterner glance our judgment craves,
Revealing but a shadow on the waves,
While, far away, the sky-line 'spares our view.
Thus, in the tumult of this life of ours,
Anon we seem to know the truth as truth.
Then comes that moment—saddest of all hours
Which reads the final lesson to our youth:
We learn that truth, aye beauty, ever flies
And leaves a nameless wreath with hollow eyes.

The Dickinson Union contains some excellent remarks on extemporaneous speaking, and its usual number of well written literary parts.

In Education for October there is a long article entitled "The Proper Pronunciation of Greek," which may be read with profit.

INDIAN MAIDEN SONG.
Ghostlike and dim are the cypress-trees,
Silent and still is the rustling breeze,
And the blood-red moon
Streaks the black lagoon;
A fish jumps,—splashes, is gone.—
Indian maiden, sleep.

Wigwam fires are burning low;
Fire-flies sparkle to and fro;
Indian maiden,
Indian maiden,
Indian maiden, sleep.

Vine-twined branches are wet with dew,
A pale mist sleeps in the hushed bayou,
Through the chilly white
Shoots a crimson light;
A bird starts, chirps to its mate,—
Indian maiden, wake.

A poor little beam has lost its way
Down in the everglades veiled in gray,
Indian maiden,
Indian maiden,
Indian maiden, wake.

—Brunonian.
AN exceedingly practical and helpful book on English composition has been written by Professor Arlo Bates. *Talks on Writing English*¹, as it is called, treats in an interesting and individual way all the subjects usually included in a rhetoric, from punctuation to novel-writing and criticism. It is evidently the work of a scholar who has the rare gift of giving advice so that it is interesting and inspiring. The author is in sympathy with his readers and writes earnestly. The book makes one feel how invaluable is a good use of the pen, and how necessary to acquiring it is patient practice. The work is logically arranged, beginning with the simpler mechanical rules of composition and closing with the interesting but elusive subject of style. The last chapter is of special merit, inspiring the reader to be sincere and true to himself in his composition. Professor Bates calls style “the expression of selfhood,” and further says: “Style is the unconscious revelation of the writer’s attitude toward life, and if this be not serious all good gifts and graces of technical skill and mental cleverness, all adroitness of wit and strength of intellectual perception, even all vividness of imagination, will fail of making work great and permanently effective.” Incidentally, throughout the book the author states his opinion of many recent writers. No thoughtful reader can fail to find this work helpful.

*My Fire Opal and Other Tales,*² written by Sarah Warner Brooks, is a collection of seven short stories, dealing with prisoners and prison life. The author says in the preface that she writes partly from personal observation. The stories hold the attention and show a good play of the imagination. The incidents related appeal to our sympathy and deal almost wholly with the pathetic side of life—“behind the bars.” Sometimes the writer contrives to have the prisoner tell his story in his own rough way. Many of the tales bring out the craving after sympathy and the appreciation of kindness found among convicts. The author’s power in managing the wild and the terrible, and the vividness in many of the scenes, are specially commendable. She shows her skill best in the second number, *The Story of John Gravesend,* which relates how a kindly but rough man in a drunken frenzy murders his friend, and his subsequent remorse.

A little book on the very interesting subject, *Old Colony Days,*³ has recently been written by May Alden Ward. The work treats of New England’s early history, taken in several different aspects. We hear again the never-tiresome story of the Pilgrim Fathers. The author then dwells on the close relation of church and state in the early days, and the purity of the old-time magistrate, as typified in Judge Sewell. Next she discusses at length the witchcraft superstition, and closes with a chapter on the Puritan poets. The odd story of Judge Sewell’s courtships, the almost incredible details about the conviction of witches, and the quaint old verses quoted from the *Bay Psalm Book* and elsewhere serve to add interest to the book. Here is a stanza quoted from the third of the four ages of man:

> The Cramp and Gout doth sadly torture me,  
> And the restraining lame Sclerosis,  
> The Astma, Migrim, Palsy, Lethagrie,  
> The quartan Ague, dropsy, Lemacy.⁴

The book is written simply and well.

¹*Talk on Writing English.* By Arlo Bates. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York; $1.50.)
²*My Fire Opal and Other Tales.* By Sarah Warner Brooks. (Estes & Lauriat, Boston.)
³*Old Colony Days.* By May Alden Ward. (Roberts Bros., Boston; $1.25.)
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Printed at Journal Office, Lewiston.